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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 36.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

Our French exchanges are to hand, with comments upon the elections which were held on August 20th, and which are to decide the fate of France for the next four years. The republic has gained in stability, and the supporters of the Government form a majority against all the groups, even supposing they united together. The old Clerical party, which is now called the "Rallied" party, because it rallied to the republic at the plea of the Pope, has suffered greatly. The candidate who would not "rally" was abandoned by the clerical electors, while the candidate who would "rally" was not trusted by the Government supporters. The former supporters, despite the most earnest appeals, would not go to the polls in sufficient numbers, and the consequence is that of the twenty six Catholic Conservatives in the last Parliament only thirteen keep their seats. Against this loss of thirteen the Rallied party has gained two. Count de Mun, one of the first to follow the Holy Father in his appeal to support the republic, has been shut out; and Paul de Cassagnac, who from being an ardent Bonapartist had joined the new party, is obliged to go through the ordeal of a new ballot. We must not judge the Rallied party by the last elections. It was too young to have greatly influenced the vote, except adversely to itself. It will grow in numbers and power; and, like any other trust in the hands of the many, will yet make itself felt for better or for worse. One lesson even the present elections have taught the atheists who would expel every religious from the soil, that the French people favour moderation, and that the Republic shall no longer be the enemy of the Church and thus curb Radicalism, which threatens to be very strong in the new parliament.

The financial situation in the United States has already given signs of returning prosperity and reviving confidence. Although the repeal of the silver purchase clause is not yet law, still the majority it had in Congress acted tremendously on the trade nerves of the country. The premium on currency is now nominal. Foreign banks are offering loans at a reasonable rate. In the West money is at hand in large enough amounts to move the crops.

The action of the United States Senate upon the silver will be somewhat retarded by the strength of the Silver Rings in that house, but it is expected that there will be a majority of from 8 to 10 in favor of repeal. Whether any expression regarding bi-metallicism will be given it is hard to say, but the single metal advocates are fighting a hard battle and a slowly

losing cause. Commerce has increased its facilities of exchange so much that the stable immovable gold will fail to do all the work.

The London *Weekly Register* of the 26th ult. contains an account of a proposed investigation concerning an escaped nun, not Margaret L., but one whom they call Miss Golding. Miss Golding had been going around the country hawking her lies to the morbid crowds who are always eager for such filth. As our exchange puts it: "The accusation begins with impropriety and does not stop short of poison." She boldly states that attempts had been made upon her life for her money. She had forgotten to mention that she had only a life-interest in this money and that the nuns in question, for she named the convent, knew this fact. This wretch lectured at Bournemouth, where the priest confronted her. A proposal was made that a certain number of people should consider the charges. Names of most honorable citizens were suggested to the representatives of the Golding party, but to no purpose. The Evangelicals had determined to take no part in the investigation; they prefer to take her on trust. Thus do the well meant efforts of a zealous priest fall to the ground. We in Canada have had our experience in such things, and we find there is no use setting the vast machinery of law or public investigation to work upon such low contemptible subjects as Miss Golding. It is like electrocuting a wasp. The game is not worth the candle.

The *Illustrated London News*, in an article on "Seals and Arbiters," says of the Behring Sea Arbitration: "Apart from the public fame which the issue of the case confers on England's counsel and on her solicitors, Sir Charles Russell has come in for an unexpected compliment. The peroration of his speech has been bodily quoted in St. Paul's Cathedral. That a Catholic layman should thus in effect occupy the pulpit of metropolitan Anglicanism is surely a sign of the times. Of the two counsel for America, one—Mr. Conder—has religious convictions in common with those of Sir Charles Russell. Of the seven arbiters, Baron de Courcelle and the Marquis Visconti-Venosta are Catholics born, while Sir John Thompson is a Catholic made, having taken the long leap from Presbyterianism to the religion of Rome."

Not in America alone, nor so much there, but in England and in Europe the labor question presents the gravest difficulties, with which co-operative societies, tradesunions and religious agencies seem unable to cope. Never before did a quarter of a million refuse to work England's coal mines. The

only argument they would listen to for a long time was that of fighting it out; compulsion was the only thing which would make unchristian and greedy capital yield. Arbitration and sliding scales had failed the workmen before; they would not trust them again. Hunger and want won the battle which lack of organization could not maintain. This is a terrible state of affairs, that men who should work together are drawn up against one another in a policy of destruction and social hatred. France presents a somewhat better picture, where leaders of men are unselfishly striving to work on the lines of the Papal Encyclical to introduce a reign of industrial peace. The best speakers among the priesthood of France are stepping down from their pulpits, and, face to face with workmen, are proving to them that the best friends of the laborers are the priests, and that the Church holds the keys for the solution of the awful problems now agitating society.

Few words, even from labor leaders, are stronger than what were said by a Belgian priest, when addressing a meeting at Liege. He told a vast audience that "the new epoch had made its appearance, and one might say the old social mills were used up—let them fall." Again he says: "The Church comes on the scene at the moment when the social question is reaching fever heat, at the moment when it is taking us by the throat." And again: "Charity is necessary, no doubt, but if there was more justice in the world there would be no need for so many charities. We are dying for want of justice. Some people think they have done their duty when in charity they have given the tenth part of what they ought to have given in strict justice. We are not Socialists; so much the worse for us if Socialism succeeds, by this means or that, in securing to the workers the fruits of their toil."

At Bienne in Switzerland last April there was held a Congress on the Social Question, at which M. Decurtins, one of the leading Catholics, moved that the Catholic societies be invited to propose an international plan of action founded upon the Encyclical of Leo XIII. His letter to the Sovereign Pontiff calls forth a remarkable Papal Brief in reply. After expressing once more his solicitude for the working classes the Holy Father points out with his usual clearness the fact that the disunion between the employers and employees is at variance with the principles and policy of the Church. He feels and knows that this great Mother of Society can, by her prudence, charity and sympathy, decide the dissensions amongst her children, and heal the wounds inflicted on one side

or the other. When Socialists are displaying so much zeal and activity it becomes necessary for leading Catholics to help in the solution of the social problems and in the amelioration of the miserable. We print in full this paternal and statesmanlike utterance of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The notification of the excommunication of the "Old Catholic" Archbishop of Utrecht addressed by the Holy Father last February to the Archbishop, Peter Matthias, and his suffragan bishops, and to all the Catholics of the Netherlands, appears in the *London Weekly Register* of August 19. After the death of the former Archbishop the Chapter of Old Catholics met and elected one of their number, Gerard Gul, to whom the "so-called Bishop Caspar Rinkel" affected to give Episcopal consecration. The Chapter and the person thus elected informed the Holy Father of the proceedings. After using personal intervention in vain the Sovereign Pontiff declared the election unlawful and void. "In like manner we declare that the episcopal consecration of Gerard Gul is sacrilegious and uncanonical, and we hereby condemn, reject and utterly repudiate it. The person thus consecrated, the consecrator and all who, by help or counsel, have taken part in this detestable transaction are, each and singular, declared excommunicate, separated from the membership of the Church, and to be avoided of the Faithful as manifest schismatics."

The great arena of the House of Commons was cleared on Friday night last of that long continued fight of the Home Rule Bill. Not so demonstrative as was the close of the Committee stage, it was, and will remain, the most historic night of that historic chamber since the Emancipation bill of 1829, or until Home Rule Bill will have become law. Justin McOrthy, first speaker in the last scene of the great drama, remarked that while the Bill was no finality, as its opponents claimed, it must be, still it contained finality in principle. Mr. Morley closed the debate, which had really lasted seven years, and had been conducted with bitterness, with these memorable words: "This popular assembly, which is virtually supreme, is about to pass the Home Rule Bill for Ireland. Whatever may be done elsewhere to delay, resist or obstruct the bill, this solemn declaration could never be cancelled or recalled. Wherever Englishmen toiled, hoped, yearned; wherever there were Englishmen and Scotchmen, weary of the inveterate stain on the fame and honor of their country, they would presently know that this House had taken the final steps towards the true incorporation of Ireland into a united people." At the appointed time the Speaker put the question, and called for a division. Mr. Gladstone was the first to record his vote, which resulted in 301 for the motion and 267 against. Thus passed the Bill to the House of Lords, where a few moments later it was read a first time.

## A FEW TRUTHS.

BY ELLA WILLIARD ROWELL.

(Concluded.)

Have you forgotten, my dear sir, the many Catholics that suffered death in England during the reign of "good Queen Bess?" Has the tragic death of Mary, Queen of Scots, been forgotten? When you speak of the intolerance of the Catholic Church, do you not recall the record of bigotry that was written in America with the blood of many a priest? All of the colonies, excepting Pennsylvania, instituted an Inquisition of their own on a small scale. As late as 1740 Massachusetts punished the entrance of Catholic priests with life imprisonment; an attempt to escape was punished by death. New York, under Lord Bellamont, passed the same act; yet 1740 is over two hundred and fifty years later than the date of the Spanish Inquisition.

These records do not savor of an intolerant, bigoted religion? These are not the stories that are remembered when we are telling the children of the cruelties that have been perpetrated in the name of the Church. If the Roman Church is so intolerant, how do you account for the fact that the first colony in America, where every religious sect could find a foothold and home, was Maryland, under Lord Baltimore? Your Protestant colonists, with their open Bible, printed in as plain English as was attainable at that time, could not seem to find that little sentence of seven words: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The meaning of the golden text became distorted, particularly in Maryland, after it passed into Protestant governorship. To be sure they had the Bible: but they read it through the mists of prejudice and bigotry, which cruelly twisted the meaning of the words.

When, in this 19th century, the age of free-thought and reason, as you are so proud to call it, and in these United States where every person's religious opinion is entitled to respect, a body of so-called intellectual men, professing belief in the divine love of Christ, can league themselves against a Church which clearly traces its foundation back to the lowly Christ, and finds in their Christian brethren fit subjects for a foreign mission, we can not say that bigotry and the Inquisitorial spirit died with the uprisal of Martin Luther. When society, with its eyes wide open to grasp and examine every doctrine pertaining to the future life—when, with its loud protestations against all priest-bound ideas, it can ostracize one who, through thorough examination and study, deep and honest conviction, feels called upon to leave the easy and well-trodden path of conventional religious belief, and painfully tread alone the stony path that leads them on to a higher life, it seems as if Protestantism, Free-thought and Reason had not softened the human heart.

When you censure what you call the Jesuitical doctrine, and uphold your clerical friend, the Episcopalian, for believing in the doctrine Colonel Ingersoll expounds, you are, I think, inconsistent. I can see no difference between what you call "Jesuitism" and your friend's explanation. If he thinks Mr. Ingersoll is "ploughing the ground and preparing the field," why does he not alight from his carriage that rides so easily, and assist him in holding the plough to the furrow? If he does not believe that the truths embodied in the Apostolic and Nicene Creeds are such, why does he repeat, and require of his congregation the same, when it only serves to impress an error on their minds, and particularly of the young. If he does not believe he has the power to absolve the penitent from their sins, why does he at every service require

the worshippers to acknowledge their sins, and convey the idea to their minds that he can forgive their transgressions? He is, to me, the voriest kind of a hypocrite. Why does he not come out and preach honestly before the world what he believes to be the truth? If it needs men like Colonel Ingersoll to do the "sapper-work," why does he not, now that he knows what it needs, take a spade and help Colonel Ingersoll dig the trench?

Like England itself, the English Church, in its covetous desire for all Christianity, has a creed for every individual soul. With an utter disregard for the 89 articles, some have gone so near Rome as to be almost indistinguishable from the true Church. They have their religious orders, have introduced confessionals into their churches, a gorgeous ritual into their services. Others are as far the other way, hardly bowing their heads at the name of the Saviour, but all are Episcopalian. You can confess your sins, or you can go unshrined; you can partake of the sacrament simply as bread and wine, or you can take it in its most solemn meaning. You can believe in universal punishment or eternal salvation; you may wear a crucifix, scapular or other religious emblems, or you may be Puritanical as regards the paraphernalia of religion. Anything and everything, everything or nothing, so long as you acknowledge that the Church of England is the *True Catholic Church*.

I have tried to find out, but have been unable, which was the *original* Apostolic Church—the Low, High or Ritualistic? They condemn "the errors of Romanism"—why are they introducing the doctrine of transubstantiation, confession and all that the Roman Church has always taught? When you accuse the monks of twisting the meaning of the Scriptures, of what do you think the translators of the 19th century guilty? They have removed and added to and so distorted the truths contained in the Book as to make it unrecognizable as the words of Holy Writ in its new dress.

The Catholic Church does not discourage the study of the Scriptures. Instead, it puts into the hands of the children Bible histories, printed in large, clear type, beautifully illustrated—a book that is attractive to young and old. Not only is this done, but every Sunday a portion of the Gospels and Epistles are read from the pulpit or altar in plain English, or the language of the parishioners, and explained, and most of the prayer-books contain Scripture.

As one of the "poor benighted worshippers" you are so pleased to call us. I ask you back over the nineteen centuries that have elapsed since the birth of Christ in Judea. The babe who was born on that far away Christmas morning, whether believed to be Divine or simply like other babes, cast an influence over the world which has never been equalled. We know of the intense light that radiated from the lives of Buddha, Mahomet and other leaders of great religious bodies; we know of the immense numbers who have lived and died, and are living, believing in the divinity of these men, but we also know that under no influence has the world reached such a height of civilization as has been attained under the influence of the short life of Jesus of Nazareth. It is true that cruel and bloody wars have been waged in His name; it is true that persecutions have been practiced for His sake by religious fanatics, but it is also true that the greatest blessings have come from the Christian religion, and the Roman Church has been the able servant of Christianity. It would be more than strange if among so many millions of people who are in communion with the Roman Catholic Church there should not be found those who are lacking many of the virtues that make up the truly Christian character; but as we find,

among the twelve Apostles chosen by our Lord, one who thrice denied his Master, and one who basely betrayed Him, we must not look for perfection among the many professing Christianity since Christ's death.

When St. Peter and St. Paul came to Rome they found the pagan city sunk in the depths of infamy. Her nights turned into days, her days into nights; her religious festivals, drunken orgies; her sacrifice, licentiousness. Amongst the people of this dissolute city they established what has since existed—the Roman Catholic Church. Through long years of persecution the few disciples of Christianity builded slowly, but surely, the great structure, laying carefully one upon another the solid blocks of good works, cementing them together with brotherly love, securing them more firmly with the bolts of faith, and all upon that foundation of truth—the Rock of Ages.

Year after year, century after century, we see the influence gradually extending over the world. Gaul, Ireland, England, Scotland, Germany, Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Greece received the Gospel. Now and then some heresiarch lifted up his voice against the Church; but the movement he would create soon subsided, and it was not until Martin Luther, in the early part of the sixteenth century, protested against the Church that she received a blow that was felt, and although the wound upon her fair face was severe she did not succumb.

From the time of the Protestant Reformation the Church has been assailed by her enemies. Forgetting how much they owed to her fostering care, they added to whatever errors may have been committed in her name, until at the present day intelligent (?) Protestants repeat the most horrible stories of the crimes that have been committed by Catholics, and which are attested to as historical facts. But the power of Protestantism has been insufficient to crush her, even though her destruction has been foretold; and she exists to-day in this American Republic of the United States in a most healthy condition, and by her wonderful vitality and growth has given rise to much apprehension on the part of other religious bodies.

When you write so sarcastically of the symbols of religion you seem to forget what they may be to some poor soul who, with a body weary with labor and starved by poverty—one whose life has not had for a luxury the things we have scorned—such a one looks up to the image of the Infant Jesus with His virgin mother, or the sad representation of the Crucifixion of our Saviour, and feels that it is indeed true—God is the God of the poor—that for them, the poor outcasts of humanity, He died. One whose body and soul has been starved and beaten, whose only idea of life is labor and little to eat and wear, can form no conception of God, that is all love and goodness, excepting they can perceive with their eyes some representation of Him or His life. They must have something tangible whereby to form an idea of the spiritual. They have been so uneducated that the only object they have in looking at the sky is to see whether it portends fair or foul weather. It is the only chapter they ever read in the Book of Nature. To such, then, you would not take away the representations of God, and place instead your Bible?

When you write so forcibly and with such scathing sarcasm of "the biased and bigoted priesthood" you forget it is this same priesthood who have done so much to redeem the world from misery. The different religious orders that have taken for their life work the redemption of slaves, rescuing of fallen women, educating of the poor, nursing of the sick, and every object that could benefit their fellow-men, have done enough good to save their Church

from calumination. Such examples of charity, self-denial and self-sacrifice as the lives of the Jesuit missionaries contain should be one for the vices of those who scolded her pages with dishonor.

Is it nothing that the little volume written by the Augustinian monk in the fifteenth century has saved our soul from despair—has pointed out the way to peace that had been wholly lost? When your apostles of Reason shall write those truths which shall point a sinning soul to a better life; when they shall write the words that shall lift to hope the heart bowed down to despair, then I can more readily believe it is the religion of to-day. But it is to me the most barren outlook into life.

I look out of my window this morning. The ground is frozen; the trees lift their black and leafless branches to the sky seeking the warmth of the sun; but over the earth and through the naked limbs sweeps a cold, mori-less blast, driving all it can before it, breaking what is not strong enough to resist its force—and that is what your faith teaches me. I see a poor woman, whose soul is dark with sin, looking up, trying to find the sunlight of God's love. But no—there is nothing. Only the pitiless wind of fate that shall blow her farther down into the gulf of despair. What matters it to her whether evil is shadow or substance. She cannot stop to theorize—she only wants to live her little life better, to bring the soul she had dishonored cleansed to her God. Error is to her, not the shadow; it is real. It is something tangible, something she must fight physically. It may be the cloud over the sun, but it is one that will not wear off in this life. It is not how she stands before mankind, but how stands her soul before God?

Your creed, with its plausible theories, may do for joy, but what does it say to misery? I do not believe in anyone yielding up their individuality; but a priest can, with his knowledge of life and the world and humanity, so teach you that you will be able to baffle the waves of life and not get stranded. Individual reason teaches two great dependence upon individual strength. People, with only their personal inclinations to restrain them, do not realize too often how far they are going, and step into danger when a little counsel would have saved them. This is the mission of the Church—to point out the way to a better and nobler life, to save humanity from the consequences of their own misdeeds. She has been maligned. Her children have been persecuted. The sons she nursed in her very bosom have turned against her. Forgiving their ingratitude she points with her wounded hand to Him who sealed her brow with His life's blood, knowing He will not forsake her in her hour of tribulation. She is the embodiment of truth, and as such she knows she cannot die. "Lo I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world."

AT DEATH'S DOOR—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH—GENTLEMEN—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live when I commenced to use Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 lbs. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over thirty dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life as I never expected to recover when first I commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia.

Signed, JEAN VALCOURT,  
Wotton, P. Q. General Merchant,

## Workshop Theories on Equal Rights.

The Right Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B., contributed to the Conference of the Young Men's Societies the following paper on a subject which he has made a matter of particular research: A little learning lets in a little light a sixpence may be mistaken for a half-sovereign. Board schools have let in a little light, and cheap tracts and penny papers hold up a well worn sixpence, which in the dimness has the glitter of gold. Men in workshops, in clubs, and in public-houses, talk candle-light philosophy. With no one to gainsay, no one to bring in more light, they wax eloquent on rights and duties, on the rights of labor and the wrongs of capital, the equality of man and the inequality of wealth, their title to a living and the injustice of landowning. In the discussions certain maxims pass for current gold, accepted and untested, whereas more light would expose them as pieces of battered silver. Men are by nature equal: in the beginning all things were in common: all things are in common by the law of nature: all men should be made to work: every man has a right to live on the fruits of the soil: what man can make man can own, what no man made no man can claim as exclusively his: the land belongs to the nation, the State should be the only owner: property in land differs wholly from property in manufactured goods. Such and similar axioms pass from mouth to mouth as golden maxims, beyond dispute, definitely settled, and taken as the foundation of all argument.

These sayings are no new discoveries. They have been examined and discussed by learned men of the present and past ages. Two thousand years ago Aristotle and Plato treated of similar subjects. Philosophers and theorists of all times have speculated on the nature and rights of man, on his social life, on systems of government, on rich and poor, on the hundred questions that cluster round the connexion of man with his fellow-men. In our own day kindred subjects have been ventilated, and argued, and developed in scientific periodicals, and it requires the training of an expert to follow the reasoning on either side. The spread of education and the cheapening of printing have brought these questions within the range of the working man, and without giving the arguments that may be urged against them, certain propositions are selected that are specious and pleasing, and that bring hope of better prospects to his hard lot. They are supported by taking illustrations that excite the imagination, and they foreshadow a new era, a new state of society in which all shall be on a level. Not absolutely false, they contain sufficient truth to give them a glimmer in the dimness. They are true only in certain aspects, with certain limitations and distinctions. They have been debated and sifted by men of the keenest intellect and highest attainments, and they are now brought before men who have not the same advantages of learning and training, and who are asked to accept the principles without dispute, and to dwell on the dazzling future which the principles are made to foreshadow.

A Catholic workman hears these sayings and discussions, perhaps occasionally reads a Socialistic leaflet, and is naturally attracted by the golden promises when he feels the pinch of poverty, the drudgery of labour, or the lack of work. His instinct warns him that the fairy structure is unreal, that life without capitalists, without landlords, without poverty, with abundance to eat and drink and moderate labour, is like the beautiful things projected on a magic lantern screen he cannot see the lantern, and the pictures are very pleasing. A short paper cannot expose the fallacies of each maxim, for it would be necessary to refine and distinguish words and

meanings, and to track the principles to their many consequences and applications. Moreover, it involves a wider range of philosophic treatment than the education of an ordinary workman is prepared to master. Here rest the danger and the power of the maxims. It is easy, for instance, to assert that all men should be free, and it has a ring of plausibility; but it is not easy to mark out the limitations of freedom. Sufficient, however, may be stated to make an ordinary mind receive these sayings with great caution, and to point out that any renovation of society on their foundations would be dreamy, unreal, and delusive. At the outset it is assumed that the grievances of the working man of the present day are not visionary, but that he has solid and substantial wrongs. Starvation wages, wretched homes, grinding competition, heartless officialism, a blank old age, lack of recreation, absence of family life, the workhouse system, are evils that ring the heart of all who feel for the poor. The question at issue is not the existence of the evils, but whether the fancy schemes that are flaunted before the eyes of the working man provide a real remedy; whether the redistribution of property, the readjustment of capital, the abolition of a leisured class, the monopoly of State management, the levelling upwards and downwards are feasible, or, if feasible, whether they would after all produce a better state of things.

Existing in the world for six thousand years man has lived in every variety of circumstances. He has been sparsely scattered and has been gathered together in masses, in small villages and in huge cities, in fertile lands and barren wastes, under tropical sun and Arctic cold. During the long interval he has been subject to every variety of government and social condition: under a one man power, under the sway of a few, under the rule of the many, under autocratic despotism and popular democracy, under military tyranny and philosophic ordinances, with all their different shades and modifications. He has been in a state of barbarism under rough free institutions, and under highly cultured civilisation. The mighty cities of ancient Persia, Assyria, and Egypt, the long extending dynasties of China, the active and brilliant career of the old Greek States, the extended sway of the Roman Empire, suffice as instances of variety in ancient civilisations. The Italian Republics, the German States, the Spanish Empire, the vicissitudes of France, the Russian despotism, the American Republics, Colonial developments, the sway of the ineffable Turk, supply modern examples of variety in the past 1600 years. Now in all this range of time and place, of season and circumstance, of empire and kingdom, of race and character, one element is ever constant, ever present in all, and that is inequality in the condition of the people. In all there appear luxury and misery, leisure and labour, rich and poor, greed and oppression, domination and servitude. Whether called serf or slave, villain or free labourer, mechanic or legionary, servant or clerk, in all there is the larger class to undergo the drudgery or the toil, while the smaller class gives orders or takes its pleasure. At times the working classes have suffered the lowest state of degradation and misery, they have been bought and sold, have become mere chattels, have been treated simply as animals; at times they have enjoyed a fair share of freedom and social comfort, but in all cases the standing fact of the inequality is prominent to a greater or less degree. Yet both in ancient and modern times learned men—honest, upright and powerful—have devoted their knowledge, their energy and their influence to the amelioration of the lot of the working-class. Occasionally upheavals of society have led to the triumph of

this lower class and the establishment of the government of the people, but it has invariably settled down again to the constant inequality the upper class may have been somewhat rearranged, but the inequality continues. Without entering into philosophical speculations, does not a broad view, a common sense view point to something in the nature of man that causes this constant fact? Does it not seem likely that it is some quality, some defect in our common nature, that produces the same results under every variety of circumstances in six thousand years?

Furthermore, might there not be design in this inequality so universal and so constant? Might it not be a part of an all-ruling Providence disposing all things to the end that His wisdom intended? Take the analogy of nature, and in its sphere there appears the same mixture of rich and poor, of leisure and labour, of pleasure and misery. The bare mountain crag overhangs a fruitful valley, huge wastes of sand border on the fertile banks of the Nile. Vast expanses of land are sterile and barren, while similar tracts of alluvial deposit are luxuriant in vegetation. The centre of Africa and the shores of the Mediterranean, the frigid Lapland and the balmy South Sea Island, the hurricane and the trade wind, the lava of the volcano and the streamlet of the valley, present contrasts in nature as sharp as any in social life. The bleak mountain, the desert, Arctic cold, tropical heat, tempests, earthquakes, all have their purpose in the design of the physical world. The soil that brings forth the ear of wheat and the rose produces also the bramble and the deadly night shade, and together with the horse and the dog we have the goat and the viper. If, then, in the works of the Creator good and evil are blended, the beautiful and the loathsome, the nourishing and the noxious, the useful and the worthless, the wheat and the cockle, it should not cause surprise on turning from the physical to the social order to find a similar mingling and inequality. If this inequality amongst men obtains in every climate and race and condition of life, it is a reasonable inference that there is design and purpose in it, known to the Creator and perhaps but dimly seen by the creature, and that distress and subjection and poverty form part of the general scheme of social life, even as the mountain and the glacier and the desert form part of the physical scheme. Man may pierce the mountain, irrigate the sand, turn the course of streams; but if he attempts to interfere with the general design by striving to level the mountains, to dry up the sea, or to melt the Arctic regions his efforts will be vain and mischievous. So also in the social order man may ameliorate and improve, may modify and change within limits; but if he attempts there to interfere with the general design by projects of Socialism and universal levelling, his efforts will be equally vain and mischievous.

Another standing fact that bears directly on the social condition of man is his fallen nature. Swayed by passion, blinded by ignorance, led by ignoble motives, infirm of purpose, he never realizes the ideal of any scheme of social organization. Most of the wrongs under which the working classes of this, or any other, age have groaned have their origin in these weaknesses of human nature. Greed, ambition, luxury, love of power, self-interest, and pride are at the bottom of all the troubles between class and class. None of the proposed social reconstructions suggest any change in our common nature; and who shall guarantee that any new state of society shall not be marred and upset by the same passions and weaknesses, and that the ultimate state shall not be worse than the present? Theorists are fond of appealing to the state of

nature, the law of nature before governments and a privileged class meddled with it. But what is the fact? The state of nature gave rise to such confusion, uncertainty, and moral obliquity that a special positive law became necessary, the Ten Commandments; thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods. The Ten Commandments did not change the nature of man; they only made the law known and definite; so that men continued to kill, to steal, to bear false witness, and to covet. Is it probable that a new code issued by the theorists will be more successful than the Ten Commandments, especially when the tenets of the new tables are of doubtful utility? You shall be equal one with another, thou shalt not own land, thou shalt not heap up wealth, thou shalt not be poor, would fare worse than the Ten Commandments in contest with the passions and weaknesses of human nature.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Bed of the Atlantic.

Proceeding westward from the Irish coast the ocean bed deepens very gradually; in fact, for the first 230 miles the gradient is but six feet to the mile. In the next twenty miles, however, the fall is over 9000 feet, and so precipitous is the sudden descent that in many places depths of 1200 to 1600 fathoms are encountered in very close proximity to the 100 fathom line. With the depth of 1800 to 2000 fathoms the sea bed in this part of the Atlantic becomes a slightly undulating plain, whose gradients are so slight that they show but little alternation of depth for 1200 miles. The extraordinary flatness of these submarine prairies renders the familiar simile of the basin rather inappropriate. The hollow of the Atlantic is not simply a basin whose depth increases regularly towards the centre; it is rather a saucer or dish-like one, so even is the contour of its bed.

The greatest depth in the Atlantic has been found some 100 miles to the northward of the Island of St. Thomas, where soundings of 3875 fathoms were obtained. The seas round Great Britain can hardly be regarded as forming part of the Atlantic hollow. They are rather a part of the platform banks of the European continent which the ocean has overflowed. An elevation of the sea bed 100 fathoms would suffice to lay bare the greatest part of the North Sea and join England to Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France. A deep channel of water would run down the west coast of Norway, and with this the majority of the fiords would be connected. A great part of the Bay of Biscay would disappear; but Spain and Portugal are but little removed from the Atlantic depression. The 100 fathom line approaches very near the west coast, and soundings of 1000 fathoms can be made within 20 miles of Cape St. Vincent, and much greater depths have been sounded at distances but little greater than this from the western shores of the Iberian Peninsula.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Some persons are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. Discontent seems natural to such people; they have learned a bad habit of making the worst of things.





## CHAPLAIN JOHN IRELAND.

Reminiscences of One of the Heroes of the American War.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Catholic Times.

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

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

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

The Rev. father was a good chess-player, too, and always carried with him his little set of chessmen and board, and after camping for the night, first taking his supper of bacon and cracker, washed down by water or coffee, he was ready to give battle with his chessmen on his rubber blanket board to any of the men, no matter how rough or polished, ragged or otherwise.

After the siege of Corinth the Fifth Minnesota went into camp on the banks of a little river called Clear Creek. It certainly was not called by that name because of the clearness of the water, for it was the muddiest of streams. The soldiers were delighted, as they expected to remain in camp for some time, but their expectations were soon nipped in the bud by the stirring incidents of the war.

The troops passed one Sunday there and the day was made memorable, for it was on this day that Father Ireland gave the regiment his first sermon. The boys vied with each other in their efforts to construct a little rude altar and soon made a shelter for him from the burning heat of the sun by way of a canopy of branches of trees and green sapplings. I have never heard of a similar occurrence during the war. Very soon the voice of the father drew around him a large audience. Soldiers who were scattered over the place—under trees, loitering and playing cards and amusing themselves as soldiers usually do, were seen approaching from

all directions, and there, under the burning rays of the Mississippi sun, they listened to the eloquent and soul-stirring words of the young chaplain. The father handled his theme in a masterly manner, talked to the hearts of the boys, as he well knew how to do, and after he had finished he received such a cheer as would make the wolkin ring. The veterans cheered and cheered as he came down from his brush pulpit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Shrouded in Thy beauty now,  
Every wound for sinners pleading,  
Pain and anguish on Thy brow,  
Was it thus the Prophet saw Thee  
Through the night of ages dark?  
Low Thy look, despoiled and hidden,  
Stricken as with leper's mark?

Mirror of each inward feeling,  
Joy or sorrow though it be,  
Unto me Thy soul revealing  
Face Divine, I worship Thee  
Where is now Thy wondrous beauty  
Captivating every heart,  
Drawing just and sinner - Thee,  
Wounding with love's great dart:

Face of Jesus, bruised and bleeding,  
Covered o'er with awful sore,  
Molten by the tear-drop streaming  
As the scolding Jews would  
Ah, my sins, my sins, have clouded  
All the beauty of that Face,  
On which angels gaze enraptured,  
There my sins have left their trace.

Face of Jesus, bruised and bleeding,  
All Thy beauty still I see,  
Every tear each wound, each swelling,  
Speaks a world of love to me  
In that face I read my ransom,  
Head what Thou hast borne for me,  
Head Thy heart my pardon pleading,  
Thus Thy lovefulness I see.

There I read Thy meek forbearance,  
Loving those who cause Thee pain,  
Read Thy patient, sweet endurance,  
Seeking every heart to gain,  
Dearest Lord, will dost Thou teach me,  
By Thy pale and bleeding Face,  
Wrongs to bear in silent meekness  
Aided by Thy Holy grace.

Face of Jesus, bruised and bleeding,  
Unto God I offer Thee,  
Victim great, His wrath appeasing,  
In Thy Face, Lord, shelter me  
In the secret of the shadows  
That eclipse its loveliness,  
Hide me, Lord, from Thine own anger,  
Bid me there Thy mercies bless—

Hide me there till life is over;  
I would there by one stroke  
For the wrongs that sinners do Thee,  
For the evils I have done.  
Spare Lord, spare the proud blasphemer,  
Grant the wicked mercy, grace,  
Save the erring, keep Thy faithful,  
By Thy pale and bleeding Face.

By Thy Face, good Jesus, save me,  
When my soul unveiled shall stand—  
Stand before Thee, Judge and Saviour,  
Place me, Lord, on Thy right hand,  
By the torture and the anguish  
Written on Thy Sacred Face,  
I implore Thee, Jesus, save me,  
Grant my soul the final grace!

Face of Jesus, I behold Thee  
Veiled in sadness and in pain,  
In its glory, in its splendour,  
Show me, Lord, Thy face again,  
In the home Thy sorrows purchased,  
Bid my soul forever gaze  
On Thy beauty, Face of Jesus,  
In ecstatic love and praise.

**LEO XIII. AND M. DECURTINS.**

The following is the full text of the letter of His Holiness the Pope to M. Decurtins:

*Beloved Son, Greeting and Apostolic Benediction:*

Nothing is more welcome to us than an occasion for declaring the love and the solicitude which we feel for the working classes, whose unhappy lot we earnestly desire to see improved and rendered worthy of civilised nations, under the influence of that justice and that kindness which the Christian religion brought forth upon the earth, and spreads ever wider among the peoples. Indeed, the duty of our ministry demands that our succour should be ready at hand there where affliction asks for comfort, sickness craves protection, and poverty pleads for relief. Aware of this most noble of duties, and mindful of that which the Divine Saviour taught to humankind, we have spoken words of love and peace to the Catholic world by means of our Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*. In this document, treating at length of the condition of labours, we aimed at the settlement of the unfortunate dissensions agitating society, which is overhung by a threatening cloud of popular passions, the herald of the storm. We did not

omit to treat the cause of the labouring poor in connexion with the duties of civil authority, so that so great and so necessary a multitude of human beings should not be left unadvocated and undefended at the mercy of the rich or of greedy speculators on their poverty.

Therefore it was with no small satisfaction that we heard that you, dear Son, now tell us, as to the Congress at Bienne, in which delegates of thousands of working men from remote parts of the world and of all varieties of religion and of manners, unanimously applauded and welcomed this our Encyclical, recognising impartially the fact that its teaching is exceedingly well adapted to defend their just rights, and to lay those solid foundations (desired by all men) whereon may be built up an equitable order of things for the peace of a society rescued from the old conflict of employer with employed. And how much, indeed, the working of the Catholic Church makes for such an end may be judged from universal experience, and from the acknowledgment even of those who profess themselves aliens from that Church. By her nature and by her institution she is the mother and the educator of the people; she holds within her hand the rules whereby mankind in civil society may be guided to an easy as well as to an honest and a virtuous life. Thus she cannot do otherwise than labour with maternal love and generosity to soften all affliction and succour all privation. Let it be enough to quote the testimony of history to the work of the Church in wiping out the social stain of slavery. From the fact that she alone, of her own strength, was able to root up this reproach to human kind, inveterately, as it has fastened upon social manners, it is easy to augur what she will accomplish in the deliverance of the working classes from that distress into which the present condition of society has cast them. It is easy to see that for achieving this work of piety and humanity nothing will serve so well as an insistence upon the adoption into individual minds and into civil legislation of the Christian law and of the precepts of the Gospel, as a check upon the ways of men. And we hold to be extremely admirable, opportune, and fruitful the action you have in view—the instruction of all nations, by means of such Congresses, and especially the instruction of the working classes, in the principles we gathered together from the holy doctrines of the Church, and explained in our Encyclical aforesaid. It is much to be desired that, having thoroughly learnt those principles, the working classes should be persuaded that the advantages they lawfully claim are to be acquired not by an unadvised disturbance of existing order, but by the healthy strength and by the holy authority of that wisdom which our Lord Jesus Christ brought from Heaven to earth and gave for the guidance of the institutions of mankind.

Not less were we pleased to hear that the Congress of Bienne passed a resolution for the convocation of another and larger Congress of the working classes, which shall undertake to solicit from all Governments further legislation for the protection of women and children according to the suggestions of our Encyclical. Not many words are needed to point out the capital importance of this point; for if there is grave and imperative cause for the intervention of public authority with legislation for the defence of the rights of working men, no cause is graver or more imperative than the protection of women and children in their weakness; for with these are the origin and the beginning of the new generation, and from these in great part spring the strength and the wealth of every nation. Again, it is easy to see how imperfect would be

the protection given to the labouring classes if each State should propose different laws. For inasmuch as the produce of various countries often comes together in the same locality, a regulation imposed upon the labourers of any one nation and not affecting the others would cause the fruits of industry to be imported and exported in a manner resulting in local injury and injustices.

This difficulty, and others like it, cannot be overcome by the force of human laws alone. But they will be overcome and destroyed when Christian morality, everywhere accepted, shall bear fruit in the hearts of men, and when these shall direct their actions according to the suggestions of the Church. This granted, there will not be wanting the right action of those legislative powers which are possessed by all nations.

And to you, Beloved Son, who with ardour have devoted your talent and your energy to such noble ends, we have desired to present this public testimony of our affection, in the hope that you will persevere in propagating the teachings that have issued from this Apostolic See for the consolation of the poor and the strengthening of social order.

Given in Rome, by St. Peter's, on the 5th day of August, 1898, in the sixteenth year of our Pontificate.  
LEO XIII., Pope.

Love cannot be idle; he who loves God cannot live without giving Him continual marks of affection.



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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1893.

## Calendar for the Week.

- Sep. 7—Blessed Adrian III., Pope and Confessor.  
8—The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
9—St. Sergius I., Pope and Confessor.  
10—Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost. The Feast of the Most Holy name of Mary.  
11—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor.  
12—Fifth day within the Octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.  
13—Sixth day within the Octave.

## Reply to Archdeacon Farrar.

In answer to the violent attack of the Archdeacon of Westminster Mr. Knox Little comes forward as champion of the Ritualists, and devotes fifteen pages of the *Contemporary Review* of August to this purpose. The reply is divided into two parts, of which the first consists in remonstrances with Dr. Farrar as to his method of controversy; for he assumes a "tone of infallibility which is startling," and a violence of language which is as unexpected as it is unbecoming. Again the Churchman runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds. In striving to beat the Protestant drum, writing about the dangers of sacerdotalism, the Mass, the undoing of "the work of the reformation," he is appealing to popular prejudices, while he also poses as a martyr for the unpopular opinion of low churchism.

It was natural that the adversary should remonstrate. That a prominent clergyman should write of fellow-members of a Church as the Archdeacon wrote should not only call for remonstrance, but if there was a shred of authority in the Church it would call for action. Simply because there is no authority in the Church of England, either to define the faith or to enforce discipline, we have in one of the great reviews the pitiful spectacle of one minister calling a whole school of ministers bad names, and one of the latter on his knees, saying: "Now, brother, don't do that. That is rude, not becoming an English gentleman. You should have more generous consideration, a larger allowance for our diversities of view and Christian love."

It is also natural that this reply of the Ritualists should be unsatisfactory, illogical and evasive. The very position of Ritualism is unsatisfactory to every honest man who thinks seriously upon the subject; it claims the necessity of an historical priesthood, yet closes its eyes to the only quarter from which that undying stream springs and flows. It insists upon religious sacramental practices, *e. g.* confession, yet when pressed, yields upon the point. It all comes of there being no authority in faith or practice amongst them. But now for some unsatisfactory points in Mr. Knox Little's reply:

"The Archdeacon writes as follows: 'In the Apostolic age—the Eucharist follows

the Love Feast, yet there are clergymen who now teach that to receive the Eucharist unfasting is a deadly sin.' If there are clergymen who teach this (although I myself do not know of any such) one may well believe with the Archdeacon that they use very extreme language."

Now what is to be thought of the man who, while teaching the Real Presence, will not count as a deadly sin wilful irreverence towards it? He acknowledges that some clergymen teach that fasting before communion does not matter. This for the laity is the unsatisfactory part. One extremist says: You must fast under pain of deadly sin. The other extreme puts the case. It is desirable that you do not fast. Mr. Knox Little evidently requires fasting before communion, but seems to think a violation of it to be what we call a venial sin. Where are the poor lay people who are conscientious and who wish to be reverent? Are they in the same class with those who take a hot breakfast before receiving holy communion? What a mockery! It is no wonder that the Farrars cry to them to take off the mask. We are not, however, done with this point. Fasting communion being a long established custom of the whole Catholic Church, which is the pillar and ground of truth, and his own Church distinctly repudiating "the notion of striking at established doctrine, or laudable practice of the Church of England, or indeed of the whole Catholic Church," fasting with prayer being a devout custom—for all these reasons the Ritualists require fasting communion. Here is confusion. The fast before communion is one thing—the fasting with prayer referred to is entirely different. The former is reverence towards our Blessed Lord, and is an exercise of the virtue of religion; the latter is an act of the virtue of mortification. It is most illogical to reason from the fasting which the angel Raphael praised in Tobias to the fast which the Church commands as a bodily preparation for holy communion. No one should quote Scripture as fast as that.

Mr. Knox Little claims that there is a real priesthood in the Church of England. Here comes in the evasiveness of his answer. Insist as one may, and should, upon the priesthood of our Blessed Lord, it is a long conclusion to draw therefrom the reality of the priesthood in the Church of England. Nor is the case covered by arguing that Sacerdos—*i. e.* sacrificing priest—was used in the Latin service books at the time of its establishment, and was retained in English as "priest," and therefore they wished to maintain the sacrificial and essential function of the priesthood. Even if we grant that all through the history of the Church of England from Henry the Eighth she insists upon her ministers being styled priests and exercising the priestly offices of sacrifice and absolution, we have not reached the essential point in question—the validity of their orders. Not only does the weakness of the Anglicans consist in the fact that their ministers are divided as to what the Book of Common Prayer means, but the greatest weakness is to maintain the necessity of the priesthood and at the same time be doubtful about the validity of the Orders. We would be very glad if every minister

in the English Church insisted upon the want of sacerdotalism, because many more would then turn to the only port of safety; but all the insisting in the world will not form a single priest.

The second point, that upon Transubstantiation, is answered by a flat denial. "What our part of the Catholic Church does is this: she refuses to say *how* that mysterious Presence is given, and she declines to accept the teaching of the Roman part of the Catholic Church that 'the how' of the Presence is to be defined by the term, Transubstantiation." Our part of the Catholic Church! The part must be connected with the whole. Where is the connection? What mockery again! Are these Ritualist children, playing a part? Or do they trifle with the eternal interests of men?

"Confession, according to her (the Church of England) teaching, is a privilege allowed to her children if they choose to use it. She directs her priests to offer to her children the opportunity of making confession to their priest *if they choose*. She encourages confession to the priest in certain cases. It is a matter of liberty not of absolute necessity." There it is again—something wanting. Nothing definite, secure or satisfactory. No authority to teach or command. Mr. Knox Little maintains that it is God who pardons: "Of course every priest agrees with the Archdeacon that 'none but God can say *Abolvo te*,' but those who hold the doctrines taught us by the Bible and Prayer Book believe that God *does* say so to those who confess their sins with penitence by the mouth of the ordained priest." Where is the power to absolve in the name of the Lord, which Mr. Knox Little claims for himself? What is the meaning of the words which the English Church uses in its ordination service—Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven? Thus again does he evade the very essence of the question. Either the priest has the judicial power to pardon the sin himself or his function is merely ministerial. In fact he yields this point to his opponents.

He concludes by saying: "It seems to me that, 'quot homines tot sententia,' that in a great communion like the Anglican Communion there must be, and there ought to be, a very various ritual and large liberty in such a matter." We agree with him that there must be disunion and a variety of opinions in the English Church; for it will always be the case where there is no authority, no legitimate judge. But we deny that it ought to be the case in Christ's Church, otherwise unity would be destroyed and Catholicity would perish from the earth.

## Whither Are We Drifting?

It affords us great pleasure to call the attention of the Orange Order, the Equal Rights Association and the P. P. A. to the fact that not only are the Premier of the Government and the Leader of the Opposition in our Dominion Catholic, but there are other colonies belonging to the great Protestant British nation also children of the Church. Sir Ambrose Shea is

Governor of the Bahamas, and presented a very satisfactory report of the islands under his charge, showing that the revenue for 1892 was £50,704, being £3,800 more than the year previous. British Honduras has for Governor Sir Alfred Maloney. In a report lately sent this Governor gives comforting assurance of the future development of Honduras. The establishment of local government has been, and is, still under consideration. These reports were both made to a leading Catholic nobleman, Lord Ripon, Secretary of the Colonies, a convert, too, like Sir John Thompson. All these need investigation. It would be well for the P. P. A. not to bother with Margaret L. and devote their bitter zeal to prevent the advance of Catholics in high places throughout the Empire.

## Home Rule at Last.

The night of the 1st September, 1893, is destined to mark for ever an epoch in the history of the British Empire. Seven hundred years of misgovernment and of persistent persecution of a faithful and noble race of people were brought to a close on that memorable evening. From Westminster Hall, and from a full House of British representatives, the solemn declaration went forth that Ireland, henceforth and forever, enjoys the right of every other civilized nation, to make her own laws, and, under God's guidance, to carve out her own destinies. Many a fervent prayer and deep-drawn sigh from purest souls and well nigh broken hearts, went up to Heaven, year after year and day after day, in hopeful, enduring patience, that the God of all justice and mercy would look down on the sufferings of the people who only asked for peace and temporal prosperity, that they might the more freely worship Him, and the more abundantly share in the blessings which His providence lavished on the rich and beautiful sea-girt home of their birth. To-day that prayer of a martyred nation is answered; the voice of the British people is heard in thunder tones over every land and sea proclaiming that the poet's dream is a reality:

*Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears  
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.*

It is impossible for us, however, in the midst of rejoicing, to shut our eyes to the fact of the probable rejection by the House of Lords of so just, so long wished for, and so universally demanded an act of national reparation and humanity. But the whole people have spoken by their representatives, after having battled for seven years in the prosecution of so holy a cause, and after having struggled unflinchingly and with unflinching endurance and courage through a Parliamentary contest such as never before was witnessed in any legislature. Never in the history of English legislation was opposition so fierce, so unscrupulous and so determined, offered to any bill or to any change in the Constitution. Never we may add as a corollary, was there more righteous justification for party triumph and for national rejoicing and self-congratulation for the Irish people, whether at home, where a future of self-aggrandisement or servitude hung in the

balance, or abroad beyond the seas, where the still greater Ireland offered up prayers and gifts and sacrifices for so grand a consummation.

The House of Lords will reject the bill, and blast the hopes and crush the aspirations, and shatter the peace and destroy the happiness of the sister kingdom. Never, if Britons rule the seas. Never, if the voice of England must be listened to in the Councils of State. Never, if Ireland at home or abroad has a tongue to speak and an arm to lift. "England," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "represents a thousand interests, above all the interest of Labour—mechanics, agricultural labourers, farmers, shop keepers, sailors, traders, the whole busy fabric of modern civilization. The House of Lords stands for two—rent and snobbery—yet these 500 persons, some with abhorrent memories behind them—like the Castlereaghs and Clanricardes—others faithless and timid Whigs, like the Duke of Devonshire—others life long enemies of the people, like Lord Salisbury, others, again, more low evil lives and race-course notorieties—possess the supreme constitutional balance of England. Their pranks may not even be discussed with freedom in the House of Commons. We have only to think of it seriously, and the odious tyranny of it strikes us as keenly as it strikes foreign observers of our institutions."

It is not possible to conceive how free-born Britons, the masses of the English and Scotch people who uphold the Gladstone ministry and call for justice and fair treatment to the Irish people, may tamely, or at all, submit to so hideous an anomaly, as that the fortunes of a nation and the fate of the Empire should be left to the passions and prejudices of so unrepresentative and so unworthy a body as the British House of Lords. Let the Clanricardes, the Castlereaghs, and Salisburys rage and protest all they may, their impotent fury can have no weight with the determination of the great majority in the three Kingdoms to undo the wrongs of centuries. "Must we not admit," said the Grand Old Man in his last great speech, "that after 700 years of British connection with Ireland, the result of our treatment is that we have brought her to such a state that she cannot, without danger and ruin, undertake the responsibilities which in every other country are found to be within the capacity of the people and fraught with the richest benefits? We repel the charges which have been made by the opposition. We deny that the brand of incapacity has been laid by the Almighty upon any particular branch of our race, when every other branch has displayed capability on the same subject, and has attained to success which is an example to the world."

The great majority in the three kingdoms share in the convictions of Mr Gladstone—viz.: that during seven centuries Ireland has been cruelly and wrongfully treated as a nation, and that no brand of incapacity rests on her people. If a general election is called for, to oppose the rejection of the House of Lords, and protest against its unjust and tyrannical dictation, a cry may be raised

and a general move be advanced for the total suppression of so intolerable an incubus on the free choice and freely expressed will of a great and powerful nation.

But, however it may fare with constitutional changes in England, made necessary by want of foresight or imbecility on the part of the Lords themselves, nothing can now impede the onward march of Ireland to her glorious destiny of a free, self-governing and prosperous nation.

Not until the historic vote was taken on the night of the memorable 1st September could it be said that the prophecy of Erin's Bard came true:

The nations have fallen, and thou art still young.  
Thy sun is but setting while others are set.  
And the slaver's cloud over thy morning hath  
long.  
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.  
Erin, Oh Erin, the long in the shade  
Thy star will shine out when the pro-dest shall  
fade.

### The Church and the School.

The *Globe* in its issue of the 2nd instant, gives a synopsis of a pronouncement by Father Brandi, S.J., Editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, upon the School question in the United States. Our contemporary remarks that those who expected "a change of attitude towards the educational question in mixed democratic communities like the United States will receive a severe shock" when they read this letter, emanating, as it does, from a very high and indeed semi-official source. We do not see why even the most nervous should feel a shock in the case. If shock there was, it was from the other direction—that the struggles of years should be practically abandoned, and the principle of religious education driven out of the school-room. Though the Apostolic Delegate, by his decisions, could not have intended such a thing, still that was the interpretation put upon them by those who were never averse to rid themselves of the burthen of supporting two school systems. The Holy Father set the matter right in his letter to Cardinal Gibbons, and now the learned Jesuit brings out a pamphlet, dwelling exhaustively upon the Apostolic Delegation and the good which it is expected will result therefrom, both to the children of the faith in America and the universal Church.

The pamphlet is divided into various sections, the first of which treats upon delegates in general, the second upon the appointment of the Delegate to the United States, and the third to the Pontifical letter of which there is now question.

The power of an Apostolic Delegate is the very power of the Supreme Ruler of the Church, and therefore commands all honor, favor and obedience. This power of the Apostolic Delegate in no wise prejudices that ordinary and immediate power of episcopal jurisdiction wherewith Bishops "set by the Holy Ghost as true pastors over the faithful, rule and guide, each the respective flock assigned him." Other sections treat of the conditions of the Church in the United States and its relations to the Constitution, its progress during the century, and the special interest which the reigning Pontiff has taken in its welfare. Touching upon the school question he reminds his readers that the Holy Father, having diligently

examined the propositions drawn up at the meeting of the bishops, the publication of which he deemed inopportune, holds that all interpretations opposed to the wise decrees of the Baltimore Council are totally alien from the mind of the Delegate, "as they are assuredly from the mind of this Apostolic See." What is the mind of the Apostolic See is easily gathered from the Acta of Pius IX., and particularly of Leo XIII.; whilst the Apostolic Delegate has made his meaning evident, more especially in a public declaration in which he said: "That to us, Catholics, education morally speaking which is not Catholic is an impossible education. Schools without religion cannot be approved, because they are prejudicial to individual persons, to the family, to the State."

This resume gives a poor idea of an exceedingly able pamphlet upon the Apostolic Delegation to the United States, and some of the questions arising therefrom. But our attention is more closely directed to the ill grounded hope expressed by the *Globe* that there was some expectation of a change of front towards education. Discipline may change, but the principle of religious education will perish only with the Church, which can never yield up to another its commission of teaching. The difficulty is not of the Church's making; it has been made by the State insisting that its subjects should be educated in a certain class of schools in which conscience has no voice and no protection against dangerous surroundings. It is very true that where Catholic population is sparse, it is difficult, and sometimes impossible to maintain schools, just as it is hard to supply priests for scattered families. The principle is not thereby affected. The decision and solution lie with the Bishops who, in America, have guarded this trust, which was greatly exposed, with a truly apostolic zeal and a saintly prudence. Nor need the advocates of the public schools be anxious as to whether our teachers or the prelates who are responsible will not be true to the great charge in their hands. Those who work for conscience' sake are as fully alive to the interests of all concerned as the hirelings who toil for money; and wherever an independent comparison has been made, as in the World's Fair and in the Canadian House of Commons, the teaching of Catholic schools compares favorably with all comers. Written examinations, cramming, book learning are not the only elements in an educational system which will commend themselves to the thoughtful leaders of men. Moreover material success is not the desired end which is to be instilled into the mind by those who are forming future generations. That certain schools in Quebec are not up to the mark proves very little—least of all does it prove that the Church has not a sense of its responsibility in assuming the education of its people. If our friends in Quebec are too slow to adopt new methods in teaching and other matters, it is equally certain that the English speaking world is likewise too hasty in running after every new fad. A happy mean is a surer guarantee of progress and real success.

### Book Notices.

The September number of the *Donnell's Magazine* opens with a eulogistic article on Boyle O'Reilly, written by a very warm friend and admirer. One who sees no fault in his friend, and Mr. Mosley the contributor of this sketch, sees none in Boyle O'Reilly, has surely a kindly eye. He tells some interesting stories of the man whose name ranks high amongst the poets of a poetic race, and whose noble character deserved much of the admiration bestowed upon it by one who may well value the friendship and memory of such a man as Boyle O'Reilly. It is well illustrated with views from scenes of life passed in holiday season.

The article on Faith and Science by Father Zahm, C.S.C., is of a scientific character, and is written with the express hope that the day is near at hand when a synthesis of all the sciences will be found in the scheme of faith, and when an era of light and liberty will open upon the study of all sciences, human and divine. As the magazine is a popular one a question like faith and science fails to be treated with that completeness and technicality which are desirable and necessary.

A very interesting day, rendered more so by the illustrations, is spent at Hawarden with England's greatest statesman, the Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Many of the editorial notes discuss the financial situation of the United States, advocating bimetalism with considerable language and argument. The editor is in the hope that the money of the ideal future, the coin of his Utopia, will be simply a token, and have no commodity value.

*McClure's Magazine* for September presents a very readable lot of articles, principally biographical and fictional. Amongst the former are a life of Dr. Hale, Pasteur, and a thrilling sketch of an engineer on a fast express. Dreams go by Contraries, An African Story and Stranger than Fiction form the principal romances.

*The Cosmopolitan* for September has reached us. It is a memorial number of the World's Fair, and is most beautifully illustrated. The introductory to the article "A World's Fair" is the World's College of Democracy, and is by the Editor, Mr. John Brisben Walker. A first impression, by Walter Besant, takes us into "Dreamland," as the novelist terms it, and says it should no more be called the White City. The Foreign Buildings are well described by Price Collier, and also Notes on Industrial Art in the Manufactures Building, by George Frederick Kunz. An Outsider's View of the Woman's Exhibit, by Ellen M. Henrotin, is most interesting. Foreign Folk at the Fair, by Julian Hawthorne, is devoted to the Midway Plaisance. Mr. Hawthorne observes, "The midway Plaisance could not take the place of the Fair, but the Fair would not be half as delightful as it is without the Plaisance." The closing article of "A World's Fair" is by Benjamin Harrison. Jose. A Tale of Old Sorocco, is short and is finished in this number.

Selected Receipts.

**A DAINTY DISH.**—A most dainty dish can be made with rice, cream and any fruit, although apricots are, perhaps, to be preferred. Rich cream must be prepared the day before it is wanted.

**A BREAD PUDDING.**—Two cupfuls of bread crumbs, two eggs, four cupfuls of milk, a meringue made from the whites of two or three eggs. Brown in the oven if desired. Before serving dot with spoonfuls of jelly. This may be prepared the day before, or in the morning for the noon meal.

**FRIED EGGS.**—Pare the egg-plant and cut into slices about one inch thick, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Beat two eggs without separating, adding to them one cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of flour. Beat well, add one level teaspoonful of baking powder, beat again. Cut each slice of egg plant into quarters, dip them in the batter and fry in smoking hot fat.

**LEMON SYRUP.**—Roll the lemons backward and forward on a plate to soften their fibres, then press the juice into a bowl and strain out all the seeds. Boil the pulp in the water—not the skin. A pint of water to a dozen pulps. Ten minutes boiling is sufficient in a porcelain kettle. Strain that water into the lemon juice; allow one pound of sugar to each pint; boil for ten minutes longer, and bottle for use. Cork when cold.

**SALAD.**—Prepare a dressing by putting a teaspoonful of salt in an earthen bowl, pour over it five teaspoonfuls of melted butter, do not let the froth or salt go in, stir well, pour in slowly two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Have the lettuce washed in very cold water and drained; cut a few of the outside leaves fine with a sharp knife, and mix through the dressing, cut the tender leaves of the lettuce in a salad bowl, and pour the dressing over them.

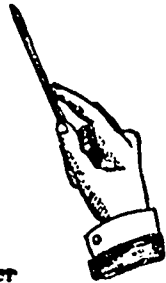
**GRAHAM BISCUITS.**—Three-fourths of a pint of graham flour, one-fourth of a pint of white flour, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, slightly heaping, one table spoonful of lard, also, heaping. Mix salt and baking-powder with flour. Rub the lard in the flour. Use enough water or sweet milk to make a stiff dough. Use a spoon for mixing, not using the hand at all. Work as little as possible, turn out on a kneading-board, roll thin, and bake quickly. Delicious for breakfast.

**COLD ROAST BEEF, STUFFED.**—Choose a cut of the flank, not too fat; wash it, but do not let it soak in the water; sprinkle the inside with salt and pepper; spread over the meat a dressing of forcemeat prepared as follows: To two teaspoonfuls of fine, dry bread-crumbs add half a teacupful of finely chopped fat salt pork, one table-spoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of summer savory, two teaspoonfuls of sage and one saltspoonful of ground cloves. Mix all well together with one well-beaten egg (if not moist enough, add one or two tablespoonfuls of water). After spreading the dressing evenly over the beef, roll the meat firmly together, tie with twine, place it in a pan with one sliced onion, one sliced carrot and one quart of water, and simmer until very tender; then remove it from the pan and place it in a dripping-pan. Press the gravy through a colander; pour it over the meat; place it in the oven until the meat is a deep rich brown, and let it be thoroughly cold before putting it in the ice chest.

Many people, not aware of the dangers of constipation, neglect the proper remedy till the habit becomes chronic, or inflammation or stoppage results. A dose or two of Ayer's Pills in the beginning would have prevented all this.

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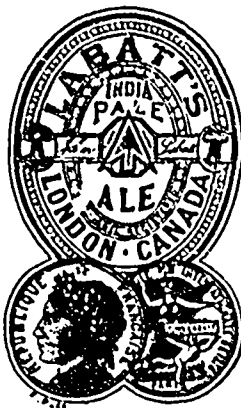
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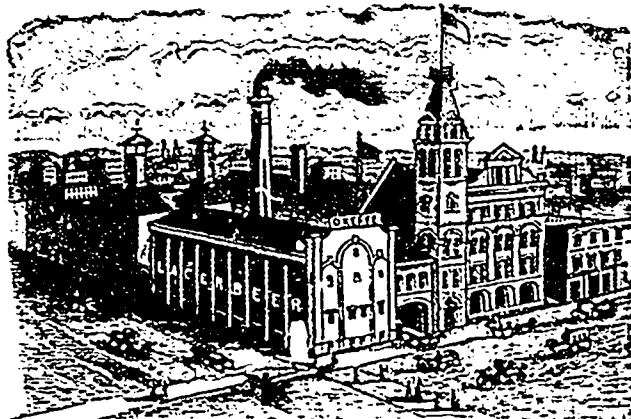
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11-7

**In Memoriam.**

Aggie McHenry, who died July 13, 1893.

I was sitting by the window  
As the twilight shadows fell--  
No sound to break the stillness,  
Save that of a distant bell.

And as I sat in the twilight  
I thought of the years that have fled,  
And the dear, dear friend that is numbered  
Among the silent dead.

And a feeling of sadness crept o'er me  
As I sat in the darkness alone,  
And thought of the years that have vanished  
The friend that forever is gone.

Forever: God grant not.  
When the cares of this world are all o'er--  
When the dark, dreary valley of death has been crossed,  
May we meet on the opposite shore;

Where sorrow and trouble are banished,  
Where peace, love and joy are unknown;  
Where the friends and the dear ones I cherished  
Are waiting to welcome me Home.

NELLIE M. QUINN.

**A Word Out of Season.**

It is the fashion of the thoughtful and thrifty person to look ahead, to provide things in advance. He is never caught napping, never discovered in a sudden emergency without a little put aside for just such an unforeseen occasion: never found off his guard by sudden calls upon his purse or sympathy; never surprised by the coming of the blasts of winter or summer's heat. If this person be a woman, she is even more a triumph of system and forethought. Her larder knows no emptiness, her family wardrobe no weak points. Unexpected visitors do not disconcert; monetary stringency does not alarm. She is so valiantly equal to any occasion that it may be said that she grows more cheerful with the adversity under which a less thrifty and admirable person would sink dismayed.

Just now this good creature is employing her summer leisure in gathering together or constructing various articles of more or less intrinsic value, which are to be distributed at Christmas time to an ever-increasing circle of friends and kinsfolk. In this she is abetted by the inane newspaper column supposed to be devoted to topics feminine. Well-meaning correspondents advise an anticipation of the gift season, and urge summer loungers, and women in general, to take time by the forelock by an early providing of a stock from which to draw at that busy time.

It is not too early for the thoughtful to venture a protest against this conventional Christmas prodigality, which masquerades as thrift; and to suggest that a vacation, if one is so fortunate as to have any, can be better employed than by assisting to perpetuate a custom which, innocent and suitable enough at first, has assumed proportions that threaten the real sentiment of the most holy and happy season of the Christian year.

The simple and delicate gift, once offered to a friend in memory of God's great Gift to mankind, has become metamorphosed into an expensive token which demands a like return. The bad taste and vulgarity of this exchange of valuables among the wealthy is obvious; among the poor it is a slavery. Occupation of a different sort from embroidering costly trifles upon a summer hotel veranda, or picking up art treasures in anticipation of the annual drain upon one's pocketbook and ingenuity, may result in partial reform. A country trip given to a city waif or an overworked sewing-girl, although it may consume the "Christmas money" so carefully hoarded, will be a more acceptable gift to Him who was once a little Christmas Child than any amount of the conventional and inappropriate barter which has become so great a burden, and which has no meaning, religious or otherwise.

Advice similar to this will, of course, be spread broadcast as the holidays approach; but it will then be too late: the thrifty person will have done her

work. Hence this unseasonable reminder. Catholics ought surely to keep to the spirit of the season, and midsummer is not too soon to begin to meditate upon the best way to effect a salutary and much needed change.

"He gives not best who gives most;  
But he gives most who gives best."  
—Ave Maria.

**Dairy Notes.**

A man at a recent dairy convention said he had given up dairying because he couldn't make it pay. Subsequently he said that when in the business he always used a one-legged stool—"it was so handy to thump a cow with."

How many men are constantly asking which is the best breed, or which is the best separator or churn or other thing to be used in the dairy? Nature does not seem to admit of any absolutely best in the world. There are so many points to cover that no one breed, animal or machine can possibly compass them all.

When cows, and especially heifers, come in in warm weather when the feed is good and their udders get full and hard, they should be milked before calving. There is no danger of injury from this course, while to neglect it is often dangerous. Heifers' udders are often permanently injured by too severe distension in hot weather without relief.

Professor Robertson says streaked butter may result from an imperfect mixture of the salt with it. Re-working after the salt is dissolved will remedy this. In all cases use fine-grained salt. Sometimes the retention of buttermilk in the butter will cause streaks. Remedy this by adding a quart of water for each two quarts of cream, after the granules appear and before the churning is completed.

When the results are reported of the operations of some successful dairyman it will be found that he used pure bred or grade cows. The scrub has never figured in a record, nor has any farmer ever given to the agricultural press his results with such cows. Yet the majority of dairymen will go on the highways or on the market, and buy their fresh cows without regard to their breeding or quality.

One of the undeveloped resources of the creamery is cottage, or more commonly called "Dutch cheese." Buttermilk, which is so plentiful and apparently of so small value, makes a fine, creamy cheese which seems to be very digestible. When creameries are situated near a city market this could be made a source of considerable revenue, especially as no additional apparatus is required beyond that used in the ordinary creamery.

**Useful Hints.**

Tar stains are removed by applying oil, and then removing the oil with benzine.

In packing gowns they will be found to crease very little if paper is placed between their folds.

Moist hands are frequently relieved by bathing them in lukewarm water containing a teaspoonful of borax or ammonia.

If a shelf in the closet is infested with red ants, carpet it with flannel and the tiny insects will not attempt to invade that limited precinct.

A sponge large enough to expand and fill the chimney after having been squeezed in, tied to a slender stick, is the best thing with which to clean a lamp chimney.

In some of the tests in bluing it has been discovered that certain properties in poor bluing, combining with qualities of certain soaps, will produce an iron rust or stain in the clothing.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is one of the few remedies which are recommended by every school of medicine. Its strength, purity, and efficacy are too well established to admit of doubt as to its superiority over all other blood-purifiers whatever. Ayer's Sarsaparilla leads all.



M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

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

**LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY,**  
256 QUEEN STREET WEST,  
Directly opposite Fire Hall.

Headquarters for Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Pharmaceutical Preparations and Family Medicine.  
ALSO SICK ROOM, NURSERY & TOILET REQUISITES.  
Liberal discount to Religious Communities.  
PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.  
Postal and Telephone orders receive immediate attention.  
E. C. LEMAITRE.

**- Church Pews -**

**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. Slavin; Little Current R. C. Church, A. P. Kilgannon, Esq.; Renous Bridge R. C. Church, New Brunswick, Rev. E. S. Murdoch. We have also supplied Altars to Rev. Father Walsh, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Kenly, Mount Carmel, Father McGee, St. Augustine, V. G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kenny, Guépph, Rev. J. C. Homan, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Roman, 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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Three doors South of Wilton Ave.

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**MUSICAL MERCHANDISE**  
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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus:  
**JAMES EPPS & Co.,** Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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**BOOK — AND — JOB**  
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NEATLY EXECUTED.

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Dry Goods  
House  
Of Canada.

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LINENS and Dealers in Domestic Manufactures

**We Always Lead—We Never Follow.**

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK.)

In the small space allotted to us we give prominence to two branches of our business:

## First. **THE ORDER DEPARTMENT**

**H**AVE you tried our Mail Order Service, which is a great success? We receive hundreds of **LETTER ORDERS** daily. Why? Orders coming by letter direct **take priority in execution**, and no matter whether the quantity be large or small it receives equally careful attention. We boast of **Promptness, System and Precision In Execution**. We keep a special staff of efficient hands for this Department, also a special entering and packing room. We ship goods in execution of Letter Orders on the day of receipt, and carry an overwhelming stock always assorted in every department. If we do not keep the article ordered we will do our best to procure it.  Be sure to mark the word "**ORDER**" on the outside of envelope, as all such letters are opened first.

## Second. **THE LINEN DEPARTMENT**

**W**E have inaugurated a New Administration of ideas in the management of this branch of our business, which has been attended with the most satisfactory results. Our sales in **LINENS** are enormously increased. Mr. Kennedy has taken special control of this Department, and knows all about the goods. We know the best markets. We buy in large quantities and **PAY SPOT CASH**, and are prepared to sell the **Retail Merchant** at as low a figure as he can lay them down at his own door, so that he need not carry a heavy stock. We carry it for him.

Please call and examine our value in LINENS.

44, 46 and 48 Scott Street  
and 15, 17 and 19 Colborne Street, - - - **TORONTO.**

Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Molbride Commandery, No. 228, R. C. U. K. of St. John, hold on September 4, 1893, the following resolutions were adopted:—Whereas, it has been the will of Divine Providence to remove from our ranks our esteemed chaplain and pastor, Rev. Father McBride; resolved, that by the death of our esteemed chaplain we consider that our commandery and church have lost one of their most energetic workers, who by his very action in life was an example of the true knight and Christian, and we sincerely condole with the bereaved mother and aunt in the loss which they have sustained. Be it further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, Daily Globe, and Weston Times, also the mother and aunt, and that it be entered on the minutes of the commandery. By order, W. J. Bourke, president; John Duggan, secretary.

At the last meeting of Branch 200, C.M. B.A., Toronto, held in St. Paul's Hall, President Rev. J. L. Hand in the chair, the following resolution expressing the Society's deep regret at the death of their esteemed brother, James Brennan, was passed, and called forth from the members words of praise for the deceased's efficiency as Recording Secretary, as well as the tenderest references to his many other good qualities.

Moved by C. J. McCabe, seconded by D. Harnett: Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His inscrutable wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved brother and Recording Secretary, James Brennan, of this Branch, while yet in his prime of life. And whereas the deceased James Brennan was active in organizing St. Paul's Branch of the C.M.B.A., and a Charter member of same. And whereas the said James Brennan has rendered valuable services to the Catholic cause in Ontario:

Be it therefore resolved (1) That this Branch extend its sympathy and heartfelt condolences to the parents and relatives of our deceased brother; (2) That our Charter be draped in mourning for the period of one year out of respect to his memory; (3) That the members of this Branch assist at the funeral and accompany the remains of our lamented friend to the tomb.

Toronto, 29th August, 1893.

John Macdonald & Co.

Our friends visiting the Fair should, before their departure for home, pay a visit to the mammoth dry goods establishment of Messrs. John Macdonald & Co., Wellington and Front streets. If in that line, they will find an immense stock, of which they can have their pick and choice, at moderate prices. Fair and honest deal has marked the business of John Macdonald & Co. from the founding of this celebrated house to the present moment.

THE MARKETS.

Toronto, September 6, 1893.

Table of market prices for various goods like wheat, barley, peas, etc. Columns include item name and price per unit.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, Sept. 6. — There was practically no shipping demand to-day, as cables from the Old Country gave a bad account of business there, and the quality of cattle offered as export was too poor to leave any possibility of profit if sent to English markets.

The business for butchers' cattle is not much better, being 3 1-2c the top price, grading down to 2 1 2c per pound, and even lower.

Lambs are somewhat weaker at from \$2.25 to \$3.50 each. Butchers' sheep were nominal, but sheep for export were being enquired for, though scarcely any were here.

Milk cows and springers were in small supply, not above a dozen being here. Good specimens are scarce and wanted at from \$35 to \$50 each.

Calves are unchanged, and choice calves are wanted.

Prices for hogs were a shade firmer, the best being quoted at from \$6 to \$6.25 per cwt. Everything offered sold quickly, and all grades are wanted.

You Can Save DOLLARS At Oak Hall

And you get the newest fall styles, a perfect fit, and the good wearing quality when you buy clothing at Oak Hall.

The saving which you can effect in buying your fall clothing at Oak Hall during the next 15 days is a matter of DOLLARS instead of cents. Our temporary premises are utterly inadequate to the requirements of our usual fairtime display of fine clothing for fall wear.

OAK HALL Temporary Premises, 118 King St. E., Next Door to the Cathedral.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of September, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

Table of postal schedules with columns for destination (G.T.R. East, O. and Q. Railway, etc.) and times (Close, Due).

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.

T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

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

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO.

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.

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POLICIES Issued on all approved and well-tried plans are Non-Forbiddable, Indisputable and Free practically from all conditions and restrictions as to residence, travel and occupation AFTER TWO YEARS

## The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Felicitas spoke firmly in a clear, resonant voice. What power over herself this strange young creature possessed! She scarcely raised her hand as the flood of passionate words poured over her lips.

"The thought that I must again confront that stony face excites me more than I can tell you, aunt!" she continued, drawing a long breath. "He will repeat in his heartless, soulless voice all that he has written for nine long years. Like a cruel boy who lets a poor bird flutter at the end of a string, he has imprisoned me in this terrible house and thereby made my uncle's will a curse to me. Can anything be more cruel than the way he has treated me? I was expected to have no mental powers, no heart, no sense of honor—such qualities were unbecoming a player's child; her shameful origin could only be expiated by her becoming what they call a hand-maid of the Lord, one of the pitiful creatures hemmed in on every side by the narrowest prejudices."

"I hope we are beyond that, my child," said Aunt Cordula, with a significant smile. "But his arrival will be a turning point in your life," she added, gravely.

"After various conflicts, Frau Hellwig gave me the consolation to-day that everything would then be over."

"Then I need not repeat that you must wait patiently down below, to honor the last wish of the man who received you into his house and loved you like his own child. Then you will be entirely free and can become your old aunt's nurse openly. We no longer need fear being separated from each other, for your guardians below will have resigned their rights."

Felicitas looked up with sparkling eyes, and taking the old mam'selle's little withered hand, pressed it to her lips.

"Do not think worse of me, aunt, now that I have let you look deeper into my heart," she said, gently. "I love my fellow-mortals, and have a very high opinion of them; my struggle against mental death has been partially inspired by the hope of being something more than a beast of burden. If some individuals have ill-treated me, I am far from extending my accusations to the world at large. I do not even distrust the mass of mankind. But I can not love my enemies and bless those who curse me. If this is a dark spot in my character, I can not change it, and, aunt—I do not wish to, for this seems to me the narrow boundary line between gentleness and feebleness of character."

Aunt Cordula silently fixed her troubled eyes upon the floor. Had there been a time in her own life when she could not forgive at all, or only after an inexpressible struggle with herself? She intentionally let the conversation drop, and took up her needle and thread. Both now sewed uninterruptedly, and when twilight came a big bundle was ready. Packed carefully away in the very middle was the silver, the small sum of money the poor carpenter had vainly begged from the "chosen of the Lord," and would now unconsciously receive from the hands of the so-called "infidel."

When Felicitas left the old mam'selle's rooms, there was a great bustle in the front of the mansion. She heard the widow's little girl, Anna, laughing and prattling, and the second story resounded with the loud blows of a hammer. The young girl darted through the corridor leading to the landing. Heinrich was standing on a ladder, fastening garlands over a door. At sight of Felicitas he made a queer grimace in which anger, contempt, but also amusement, contended for the mastery, and after dealing the luckless nails three or four more violent blows,

as if he meant to grind them to pap, he came down the steps. Little Anna had been gravely holding the ladder to keep it from falling; but when she saw Felicitas she forgot this important duty, tottered clumsily toward her, and throw her arms affectionately around the young girl's knees. Felicitas lifted her in her arms.

"Don't people act as if there was to be a wedding here to-morrow," said Heinrich, angrily, "and all for a person who will look neither to the right nor the left, and go about all day long as though he had swallowed vinegar." He held up one end of the garland. "Look at the forget-me-nots. Well, the people who put them there probably know why they did it. But Fay," he said, crossly, as he saw the little girl press her cheek to Felicitas' face, "do me the favor not to constantly take that sickly little thing in your arms; it hasn't a healthy drop of blood in its body, and may give the disease to you."

Felicitas hastily put her left arm around the little figure and pressed the child pityingly to her breast. The little girl, afraid of Heinrich's angry eyes, hid her ugly little face so that only her fair curls could be seen, and the lovely maiden, with the child in her arms, made the most beautiful picture of a Madonna that could be imagined.

She was about to make an indignant reply, when the garland door opened—it had doubtless been ajar, for it slowly swung back, affording a view of the room, which was decked as if for the coming of a bride. Vases filled with flowers stood upon the sill of the single window, and the young widow had just festooned a long garland in graceful curves over the writing table. She stepped back to view the effect of her work, and in doing so turned her head and perceived the group just outside. Perhaps the resemblance to a Madonna displeased her, for she knit her delicate eyebrows, called her maid, who was dusting the furniture, and pointed to the open door.

"Get down at once, Anna," cried Rosa, hurrying out. "Your mamma has told you not to let any one hold you. My mistress doesn't like to have Anna fondled and kissed by everybody," she added, pertly, turning to Felicitas, as she took the child and set her on the floor; "she doesn't consider it healthy."

She led the weeping child into the room and shut the door.

"Good Lord! What people those are!" muttered Heinrich, as he went down-stairs. "That's what you get for your kindness, Fay! Such people think their diseases are as aristocratic as themselves, and that the like of us ought to be grateful for permission to lay our healthy hands on their infirm bodies!"

Felicitas went silently down the stairs by his side. As they reached the hall a carriage rolled across the market-place and stopped in front of the house. Ere Heinrich could reach the street-door it was flung wide open. The hall was almost dark, and only the outline of a man's figure could be seen on the threshold. A few hurried steps brought the gentleman to the door of the sitting-room, which was opened from within. An exclamation of surprise from Frau Hellwig's lips, and the cold words, "Why, you have grown unpunctual, John; we did not expect you until to-morrow!" were heard; then the door closed, and only the carriage waiting outside and the delicate aroma of a cigar proved the reality of the apparition.

"That was he!" murmured Felicitas, pressing her hand upon her throbbing heart.

"Now it will begin!" grumbled Heinrich, but instantly stopped, and, with a smile, stood listening at the stairs.

It seemed as if the Wild Huntsman was abroad. The councillor's widow fairly flew down the steps, her fair

curls fluttering, and her white dress floating around her light figure like a cloud. Rosa and the limping child were left far behind and did not reach the sitting-room for several minutes later.

"Ah! Fay, now we know why those forget-me-nots were put into the garland, don't we?" said Heinrich, laughing, as he went out to attend to the traveler's baggage.

CHAPTER XII.

Early the next morning Felicitas took advantage of a leisure moment and slipped up to Aunt Cordula, to tell her that Heinrich had succeeded in his errand to the poor carpenter's family. On the landing of the second story Heinrich came towards her, grinning with delight, as he pointed his thumb over his shoulder at the door which he had decorated with garlands the day before. The flowers had vanished, a shapeless mass of wreaths lay on the floor, and several vases of flowers were ranged along the wall.

"Hi! they came down flying!" whispered Heinrich. "One, two, three jerks, and all the forget-me-nots were down. I came up just as he was standing on the ladder."

"Who?"

"The professor. He made an awfully wry face, for I had nailed the things up as though they were to last forever, and he had to pull with a will. But just think, Fay, he shook hands with me to-day, when I bade him good morning. I was astonished, I can tell you!"

Felicitas's lip curled—she was on the point of making a sharp reply, but suddenly turned swiftly round the corner of the dark corridor, hasty steps were approaching the door of the room.

When, some time afterward, she was on her way down-stairs after her visit, she heard the sweet tones of the councillor's widow—nothing could be more musical than this woman's voice—say pityingly:

"Oh, the poor flowers!"

"Why did you do all this for me, Adele?" replied a masculine voice; "you know I always abominated such decorations."

It was the same cold tone that had once made such an indelible impression upon little Fay—only the accent was somewhat deeper and blended with annoyance. Felicitas bent over the stair railing, fairly holding her breath as she looked timidly down. There he was, carefully leading little Anna by the hand step by step down the stairs. Nothing in his personal appearance seemed to harmonize with the title of "Professor." The young girl had always imagined these representatives of the realm of knowledge to be surrounded by a halo of distinction and majesty; but here she sought these qualities in vain. She saw a muscular, firmly knit figure, angular in movement, whose bearing, though assured, was by no means elegant; there was an obstinate, unyielding air about it—it seemed as if the neck could never bend, even in courteous greeting. And the face did not contradict the impression produced by the figure. He raised his head for a moment, but the features which had formerly borne so little resemblance to the evangelist's picture, had gained no added charm of expression.

A thick, curly fair beard, whose hue bordered slightly upon red, covered the lower portion of his face and extended almost to his breast, and there was a deep line between the heavy eyebrows, at this moment probably more knit than usual from annoyance at the decorated room. Yet, though neither aristocratic nor attractive, his person gained an air of distinction from its expression of manly vigor and strength of will.

Now he stooped and lifted the feeble little child in his arms.

"Come, my dear; the poor little legs can not yet walk easily."

His voice sounded astonishingly gentle and sympathetic.

"But he is not speaking to a 'player's child,'" thought Felicitas, and her heart swelled with bitterness.

The morning hours were very noisy for the quiet house; the bell of the street-door rang constantly. The little town, like every other place, contained plenty of people anxious to catch the sunshine of any renown, without considering that its radiance only served to make their own insignificance more conspicuous. These visits were very welcome to Felicitas, who, though she ardently desired a speedy end to her present life, shrunk from the first interview, and suddenly felt that she did not yet possess sufficient calmness and self-control—every hour's time seemed a boon. But the occupants of the sitting-room evidently wished to have the scene over as quickly as possible, for dinner had scarcely been eaten when Heinrich appeared in the kitchen, carefully examined Felicitas's dress, and said, with a somewhat troubled look:

"One of your braids has fallen a little over your ear, Fay; fasten it firmly; the man in there doesn't like anything out of place, you know. You are to go into my old master's room; they are in there. But why are you so frightened—you are white as chalk. Courage, Fay; he can't take your head off."

Felicitas opened the door and stepped quietly into the room formerly occupied by her uncle. Her lips and cheeks were still colorless, and this pallor lent her features for the moment an almost unearthly repose.

Frau Hellwig sat in her arm chair by the window, precisely as she had done on that stormy morning nine years ago. Beside her, with his back to the door and his hands crossed behind him, stood the man who had despotically condemned the young girl to the position of a servant, who had never permitted the slightest deviation from the line marked out, and who had been, even when far away, always ready to punish, without ever asking, "Are you in fault?"

Felicitas had been right in dreading this interview—at the first sight of him resentment and anger overpowered her, and yet never had self-control been more necessary than at this decisive moment.

"Here is Caroline," said Frau Hellwig.

The professor turned, and started in surprise. Probably he had never thought that the player's child, who had once stood in that very spot, stamping her foot and behaving like a little fury, could ever grow up and become calm and quiet. Now he saw a stately maiden, her tall figure proudly erect, though her eyes were fixed upon the floor.

He advanced toward her and made a gesture with his right arm. Was he about to shake hands with her, as he had greeted Heinrich? Her heart fairly quivered at the thought, her slender fingers closed convulsively on the palm of her hand, her arm hung motionless at her side, but she raised her lashes and darted a look of icy hatred at the man opposite to her—it was the gaze with which a bitter foe confronts his opponent. The professor doubtless understood it; he involuntarily drew back and measured her with his keen glance from head to foot.

At this moment some one knocked at the door, and the councillor's widow put in her fair locks and smiling face.

"May I come in?" she asked, in a coaxing tone, and before an answer could be given, she entered the room.

"Ah, I'm just in time to attend the trial," she said. "My dear Caroline, you will now see that another will rules yours, and poor Wellner's fate will be decided."





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