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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. VIII.—NO. 35.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Thursday—St. Rose of Lima, Virgin.
Friday, St. Raymond, Confessor.
Saturday—St. Elizabeth of Portugal, Widow.
Sunday—XIII after Pentecost.
Monday—St. Philomena, Virgin and Martyr. (In Peterboro' Diocese, Saints Cyriac, Martyr).

SACRED HEART CALENDAR.

Thursday—Mortification—\$48,950, for special favors.
Friday—Seeking God's Will—For Messenger Readers.
Saturday—Humility—1,220,570, for thanksgivings.
Sunday—Bonafico—105,382, for the Allied.
Monday—Desecration—181,700, for the Sick, Infirmary.
Tuesday—Lyon of Jesus—222,250, for Dead Associates.
Wednesday—Charity to the Poor—10,288, for Local Centers.

PRAYER FOR SEPTEMBER.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in Mass, for the petitions of our associates, especially this month for zeal.

Current Topics.

The Toronto Evening Telegram has the following special: The Duke of York expects to sail for Halifax in a few weeks on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which has been reconstructed. The Duke will visit Canada and possibly the United States.

The Manitoba harvest is now well advanced, and reports from all sources state that wheat will yield much higher than was expected. Cutting will be over throughout Southern Manitoba. On the Emerson branch cutting is reported as completed. Nearly all of the wheat has now been cut in Manitoba and in the Territories.

Julian Ralph in The Russian Daily Mail quotes from an Intreague diplomat of high standing, whose name is not given, who declares that Russia is vigorously endeavoring to secure American support, and to break the harmony existing between the United States and Great Britain. "England," says the diplomat, "has no first-class power except America, which offers the slightest ground for hoping for a friendly hearing of her case. The bitter feeling of to-day will generate war against her to-morrow Russia's plan, which is encouraged by Austria-Hungary, France, and Germany, is to strip Great Britain of all support—to leave her naked before such a war begins."

A despatch via New York says: The Pope has addressed a letter to the Cardinal-Vicar, in which he sets forth the dangers of the free propaganda of Protestantism in Italy, especially Rome. He observes that this propaganda is permissible by law, but goes on to show how painful to him is the situation resulting from it, since he cannot oppose the propaganda. He asks the Cardinal-Vicar to strengthen the work of preserving the faith, and he exhorts Catholics to unite in an effort to minimize, as far as possible, the damage caused by sectarian propaganda.

Private R. R. Thompson of D. Company, first Queen's Canadian contingent, is in Scotland. He is the Canadian who has received one of the Queen's scarfs for conspicuous bravery in South Africa. Her Majesty knitted four of these scarfs, one to go to a member of each of the four different colonial contingents in South Africa for conspicuous bravery. Pte. Thompson is a native of Ireland, and son of a large confectionery manufacturer in Dublin. Some years ago he was in South Africa in the Government service. He afterwards came to Canada, and for some time last fall was a guest at the Grand Union Hotel here. Shortly before the first Canadian contingent was raised he was in Buffalo, N.Y., on a visit to friends, but as soon as he heard of the troops from Canada going to fight the Boers he returned to Ottawa and enlisted in D. Company. Mr. Thompson is about 28 years of age. It is presumed here that the act which

won the scarf was Pte. Thompson's rescue of a wounded companion at Paardoberg. He rushed from the trenches, and in a hail of bullets carried to safety a soldier who had been wounded, and was lying quite a distance from the trenches exposed to the Boer fire.

Mrs. Lucy Parsons, leader of the Chicago Anarchists, was arraigned before Justice Sabbath on charges of disorderly conduct and rioting arrest. "I am an anarchist," all my life has been devoted to the cause of the downtrodden and oppressed. I am ready and willing to suffer for my belief. I will gladly give my life. All I ask is that our flag of red be draped around me when I die." Justice Sabbath fined her \$50 and costs. She refused to pay the fine, and announced that she would appeal, with the other defendants in the case—Paul Vandro, Herman Goodman, Olomout Plotzner and Abraham Edolotat, who were discharged with a reprimand.

The Journal of Canadian merce, New York, says: A movement is on foot to consolidate the leading store manufacturing concerns of Canada. The plan was originally taken up more than a year ago, and was confined to manufacturers in Hamilton, Ont., but at present it is proposed to cover a wider field. Among the concerns which it is intended to absorb are: Copp Bros, Hamilton; the McCarty Manufacturing Company, London; the Moffatt Store Company, Weston; Buller, Stewart & Milne, Hamilton; Tilford & Ware, Hamilton, and J. Hardy of Toronto. It is not intended to have the consolidation go into effect before January 1, 1901.

A Seattle, Wash., special says: A terrific storm raged at Nome, August 7. There was a heavy loss of life. The waterfront is lined with wreckage and stranded vessels of all descriptions. Out of 88 steam launches it is reported only five remained afloat, and of 72 barges all but seven drifted ashore. Twenty dead bodies were washed ashore and taken to the morgue for identification. A tale of desecration and suffering among the Eskimos is reported by Guy H. Stockinger, who has been directing a relief expedition sent out by the Government. Stockinger has returned from York, and reports the natives dying by wholesale, dozens of dead bodies lying around buried. At Teller City the sick natives killed the medicine man of the tribe in the vain hope that the act would appease the evil spirit. Thirteen deaths were reported from Teller City in one day.

Lord Iveagh, a member of the Guinness family, who accumulated a vast fortune, has just completed plans to relieve at his own expense some of the worst congested tenement districts in Dublin. He will raise all the buildings between St. Patrick's cathedral and Christ church, and will erect artificial dwellings of the most modern type. The scheme also provides a concert hall for the entertainment of the residents, a swimming bath, a wash house, and a public garden. Lord Iveagh expects to expend 2500,000, and will devote all the rents of the new buildings to the maintenance of the premises. Lord Iveagh long has been Dublin's most generous benefactor. He has already presented to the city the beautiful St. Stephen's park of fifty acres, built St. Patrick's cathedral and made other handsome gifts.

Because the General British Coal Manager of the Taff Vale Tied Up. Railway refuses to meet representatives of a labor union, not a pound of coal is moving at Cardiff, and thirty thousand colliers are idle, says a cablegram to The Herald from London. The railway is the main artery through which the great stream of Welsh steam coal flows down to Cardiff. The bulk of the steam coal used by the British navy and merchant marine is carried from the mines to the coast by the Taff Vale Railway. The strike on this railway, if not speedily terminated, must have a disastrous effect on shipping, and seriously embarrass the Admiralty, at a time when steam coal is a very precious article. No better time could have been chosen by the labor union leaders to stop this great coal carrier. Welsh steam coal has already touched record prices, and the Admiralty only a few days ago was

forced to pay an exorbitant price for 250,000 tons.

The annual report of Canada's the Geological Survey Minerals. for 1898 has just been issued. It shows that the grand total mineral production of Canada in 1898 amounted to \$38,001,010. The production of the previous year was \$26,061,400. The value of metallic minerals was \$21,705,854, and non-metallic, \$16,295,156, the balance—\$300,000—being the estimated value of products unspecified and unreported.

That the French government is preparing for war there can no longer be any doubt. This is the first sentence of a long article in the Pall Mall Gazette of Wednesday of last week. "The Eminence of War with France" is the subject of serious speculation in most of the periodicals. The Spectator considers a French invasion a nightmare, but fears that the persistent fomenting of national hatred is ominous, and may precipitate a conflict. The Spectator says it does not wish to encourage the scare, but it voices a caution that a strenuous watch should be maintained over the national defenses.

Lord Roberts is at Belfast, a few miles west of Mahadoodorp, where Bobba is reported to have concentrated the Transvaal army.

A general engagement is expected shortly. Two companies of the Liverpool Regiment were ambushed near Belfast on the night of the 23rd, and lost all told 88 men. Dewet is variously reported as having reached Orange River Colony and as having taken refuge in the mountains in the western Transvaal. General Baden-Powell, according to a despatch to the Standard from Pretoria, dated August 28, headed off Gen. Dewet, preventing his junction with the main body of the enemy. Dewet abandoned his transport and took to the hills, the command dispersing, some trekking south. Lord Kitchener has returned to Pretoria. A special from Pretoria dated August 24 gives details of the execution on Friday of the German officer, Lieut. Cordua, of the Transvaal artillery, convicted by court-martial of breaking his parole and plotting to abduct Lord Roberts and kill British officers. Cordua walked fearlessly to the garden behind the jail. At his own request he was not bound, and sat in a chair with folded arms. A Helona, Montana, despatch says: A Wormer of this city has made arrangements to purchase a large tract of land in the Yellowstone Valley on which he declares a large number of Boers from the Transvaal will locate.

The Pekin correspondent of The Times, writing last Saturday, says:

"Pekin is now entirely under foreign control. Looking in proceeding systematically. The French and Russian flags are flying over the best portion of the Imperial domain, where, it is believed, the Imperial treasure is buried. The Forbidden City is respected by international agreement, although any punishment will be ineffective until it is occupied."

Reports from the southern and central provinces continue to be disquieting, and Viceroy Chang Chih Tung's declaration that he will resist all attempts to extend territory, and the Viceroy of Szechuan's despatch of a body of troops to the Tonkin frontier are taken as an indication that both these powerful Governor's will stand by the Emperor-Dowager's Government, if it continues to exist. The march of large bodies of Black Flags towards the south also shows that the anti-foreign movement, so far from being checked, is spreading through the empire. In the capital itself the allies have a difficult task still, considering the vast population of the city, and the number of disorderly Tartar clansmen who have been assembling there for weeks past. General Doward's statement that a famine is imminent unless supplies can be forwarded quickly to Tientsin, points to another of the difficulties with which the allies have to contend. An attack from 30,000 Boers was anticipated, and to meet this the whole American force and the British artillery, according to a despatch to The Morning Post from Peking, dated August 1, were moved to the outer city wall. The Boers were reported coming from the south. Gen. Doward, in his report of the engagement outside Tientsin, August 10, when the Americans, British and

Japanese slightly defeated a large force of Boers. Killing over 800, says in a despatch dated August 16: "The lines of communication near Tientsin are now free from danger. The enemy has been treating the villagers badly. Several decapitated bodies were found near their camp. The villagers are now flocking to Tientsin at the rate of about one thousand a day. As there is not more than a month's food supply, there is every prospect of a famine shortly." No confirmation has yet been received, though possibly it may come to hand at any time, of the alleged capture of the Empress-Dowager and the Emperor. If they have got clear away, and are able to establish a central Chinese Government in Shantung province, it will be hopeless to attempt to follow them. At present a march of six or seven hundred miles into the interior of northern China is out of the question unless the powers could place a large army at the disposal of the allied commanders. A rumor comes from China to the effect that Russia, Germany, and Japan had declared war on China, and had invited England and the United States to retire. In neither official nor diplomatic circles, however, was the China rumor taken seriously. No information of such a character was received either by the Department of State or the Legations of the governments primarily interested.

Officer John Duffy, of Akron, Ohio, arrested a colored man, during the day, confessed to having attempted to assault the six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Maas, of Parkin Hill.

The prisoner gave his name as Louis Peck, aged 40 years. The story of his confession spread like wildfire through the city. A large crowd gathered about the city prison at 7:20 o'clock and forced the doors. The prison was soon packed with the mob, and the officers offered no resistance, as Peck, earlier in the evening, had been quietly taken away to Cleveland. Not finding the negro, the mob rushed across the street and forced open the doors of the County Court-house. The thousands of men and boys then rushed back to the city prison crying for the blood of Peck. The officers in the building appeared at the windows and began to shoot over the heads of the people. A man with a shot gun fired at the officers. It is said several officers were wounded. The crowd then began to smash in the windows of the city buildings, and the firing became general. Hundreds of shots were exchanged. Two people were instantly killed, and another person is lying at the city hospital. Many were wounded. Shortly after midnight the mob broke into a hardware store and stole all the firearms and ammunition they could find, including guns, revolvers and rifles, and proceeded to the city building and opened fire on the defenders, and finally set fire to the Columbia Hall, which adjoins the city building. At one o'clock the Mayor sent an urgent appeal to Cleveland for troops, because the National Guard Company of Akron had refused to turn out. At 1 o'clock the officers who had been panned up in the city building for two hours escaped through a rear window and ran for their lives, the mob was still firing on the city building at that hour, and the militia had been called for. One fireman whose name could not be learned, had been shot, probably fatally. The mob was making for the firemen, and as fast as lines of hose were stretched the hose was out. At 1:45 a.m. dynamite was being used in front of the city building. The first charge smashed all the windows in the building, and did much other damage. All prisoners had been released from the city prison. The crowd threatened to destroy the city building with dynamite. At 2:30 a.m. the mob ran away with the automobile race track. The city building is in ruins, and it was feared the fire would spread to adjoining buildings. 8:30 a.m.—Everything was quite about the ruins of the city building at this hour. In the destruction of the building the city has lost all the records of the city clock and also the records of the city engineer. Oily Engineer Payne said that the loss in his department would be fully half a million. With the approach of dawn the violence subsided, and the mob melted away, and when the sun rose the streets presented their usual appearance.

OTTAWA SEPARATE SCHOOLS.—Tenders for the rebuilding of St. Roch's and St. Famille schools, in Ottawa, which were destroyed in the big fire of last spring, were opened by the French committee of the Separate School Board. Mr. O. Beaudry's tender of \$3,310 for St. Roch's school, and of \$4,331 for St. Famille school, was accepted.

THE DRAIN ON IRELAND'S PEASANT POPULATION.

The Evils of Emigration Briefly Reviewed.

In a matter relating to the vital question of Irish emigration, I had a brief correspondence some years ago with the Right Rev. Mgr. Nugent, then the energetic head of the Liverpool Catholic Times, the strongest English-speaking Catholic journal, perhaps, in Europe. Through the columns of that great newspaper I had hoped that I would be allowed to say a good word for Canada as a favorable field for Irish emigrants, who could no longer earn a livelihood at home, or who were driven out of their native land by evictions and landlord evictions. I was quite aware, however, that the United States was the natural home of the Celtic race, who had to cross the Atlantic to escape oppression in their native land. But neither to the friendly Republic nor to Canada's would the venerable Mgr. Nugent consent that any more of his countrymen or countrywomen should go. He had labored for years in the slums of Liverpool, and with the ardor of an apostle, for the salvation of the Irish people committed to his pastoral care. Able churchman, statesman, temperance advocate, and zealous missionary, he saw from painful experience the many temptations and pitfalls that beset the Irish outside their own native land; he looked with scornful eyes upon the snares and artful deceptions that stood before the virtuous young Irishwomen, who left their own shores to make their way through the dangerous world beyond; and he also saw, with grief, that Ireland's population was being fast depleted by the exodus of the young and best blood of the nation; the ages of the great bulk of the emigrants varying between 15 and 35 years. Having a clear knowledge of the state of affairs, Mgr. Nugent wisely concluded that Ireland needed the presence of her own children on her own native hills, and he was, besides, firmly convinced, that nowhere else in the wide world was the moral and spiritual welfare of the Celtic Irish so secure as on the sacred soil of Erin itself. For all these reasons the zealous priest had set his face sternly against further Irish emigration to any foreign shore.

The Celtic Irish race have certainly a right to be grateful to the American and Canadian Governments for their welcome to the famishing exiles who were thrown upon their shores in helpless condition, in the sad plague-stricken years of '48, '47, and '49. In those dread epochs the wretched peasants were forced to flee from their own land in the hope of escaping certain death, hunger and privation therein. Thousands upon thousands of their miserable lives went out in the deadly hulks and fever-steeped, rotten ships that were used to carry them into exile. The hand of misfortune fell heavily upon the despairing, cholera-infected sufferers, and cruel fate seemed to meet them in whatever way they turned their face. To die in the coffin-ships that bore them away, or on a foreign shore was, perhaps, not more painful than to die in their hovels at home, unless that, to the tortures of the death-struggle were added the consciousness that their expulsion from their own humble freeholds was caused by inhuman treatment at the hands of alien rulers, and that their bodies might not rest in consecrated ground. Adding these bitternesses to the anguish of death itself constitutes a degree of suffering that language is unable to convey.

Turning aside from these painful events of the past, and looking broadly at the question of Irish emigration in the present day, we find conditions changed. In the forties, before the woeing out process began, Ireland's population was over eight millions; to-day it is less than five millions, of whom a large proportion is made up of the very young and very old. The vigorous and life-giving men and women of adult and middle age have gone to the American continent and to other foreign countries, thus depriving Ireland of the very citizens she needed most to maintain her national life and vigor. Another lamentable feature of the exodus is that thousands of the emigrants are attracted to the United States by a process of false reasoning, and under a mistaken idea of the real conditions existing in the Republic. The notions of life in the "free land of America" is a delusive dream in multitudes of Irish minds.

The aspiring young men and maidens accustomed to heat colored and unreliable stories of the comforts and independence of life in that land. Experience of the bitterest sort has, however, cast shadows over the prospects of many of them, who exchanged a life of affection and rural simplicity, and pure moral atmosphere at home, for the rash and voracious troubles, snares and uncertainties that beset the road of the simple-minded greenhorns in the large cities of the new world.

Statistics has alleged that in former years one of every four immigrants landing at Castle Garden remained in New York city. A certain proportion of those being without money or friends had to accept the meapest positions offered them, whether in Jolt street or in other contiguous quarters of the great metropolis. Can the imagination picture to itself the shocked feelings of the pure-blooded newcomers when they realized their surroundings and contrasted their lot in Ireland, poverty-stricken though it may have been with the boisterous, profane, unscrupled and immoral state of social existence in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, or in any of the typical communities in America. Aspirations are not stilled recklessly at the cities as a whole, for every Catholic writer knows that the Catholic Church puts forth supernatural efforts to save innocence and virtue from the fatal blight of moral and religious perversion and corruption, and that in the cities named above episcopal and priestly zeal is as unceasing and efficient as in any part of the universe, but the other side of the picture is black and threatening, because non-Catholic church government has but a loose hold upon its adherents, and wherever spiritual restraints are lax dangerous passions are sure to have a freer reign. In discussing the matter of Irish emigration the broad question of its temporal results come to the front and call for serious consideration. While the Irish Catholics have multiplied and many of their leading men have attained to high positions of honor in the Church, in the State, on the judicial bench, at the bar, in the House of Assembly, the Senate, in mercantile and industrial pursuits, the great body of Irish people in America have remained at the foot of the ladder of fame, condemned to struggle hard for a mere subsistence, subjected often to injustice, religious prejudice, deep poverty, and a high manner of reproach and calumny. That they have outlived much of these harassing and unjust imputations their growing religious, political, social and commercial influence amply test, but that they have much in the same direction to conquer for themselves is equally clear.

The malign spirit that dictated the creation of the Blue Laws, the Know-Nothingism, the burning of the churches and convents in the forties, the spasms of the present and the general aversion to the spread of Catholicity, is still slumbering in America, and is hard to overcome. The aggressive forces of Catholic missionary enterprises are zealous, watchful, energetic and highly efficient, and, considering their relative numerical weakness, they have done wonders in their field of missionary efforts and conversions. Still the odds against them is formidable. The contest is very unequal, when 19,000,000 of Catholics have to contend in the field of religious truth against the aspirations and errors of some 60,000,000 of non-Catholics.

It is clear of what is advanced above and remembering the fact that modern machinery has lessened the scope of manual labor, thereby narrowing the poor man's chances of profitable employment together with the imperative fact that Ireland needs the strength and labor of her own sons and daughters, it would seem an absolute necessity that the rising generations should stay at home and strive for the regeneration of their own country.

WILLIAM ELLISON.

THE POPE COMPLIMENTS ARCH-BISHOP IRELAND.

Last week, on the occasion of the feast of St. Joachim, the Pope's patron saint, there was a large gathering at the Vatican of cardinals, bishops and prelates of all countries. The Pope, who was in excellent health and spirits, spoke at some length regarding matters of Catholic interest, and then with a complimentary introduction invited Archbishop Ireland to address the assembly on matters of interest in America, and the relations of the outer world to the Holy See.

Ireland spoke glowingly of the fidelity of American Catholics to the Roman Church and the Holy See. He described liberty under the American flag, and set forth the necessity of the Pope as the head of Christendom being free and independent of any one civil power, "so as to be in fact as well as in right the sovereign teacher and ruler of all nations and peoples without special dependency on any special nation of people."

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Our Weekly Sermon.

VICTORY OVER DEATH

THE WONDROUS DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION

By Mrs. J. S. VAUGHAN

For the text of his excellent sermon on the occasion of the requiem for St. Basil's Church, which was read by John S. Vaughan took the words in the last day I shall rise again out of the earth' (Job xiv. 15). He said: The loss of anything which presents a loss of opportunity to do a good deed, is a loss of the future. We who have seen the joyous day dawning to a new and the sun shining lower and lower in the west, till all its golden splendour is swallowed up in the dark darkness of the night, how ready too do we contemplate the gorgeous sunset slowly yet surely stripped of all its wealth of light and colour, sinking into a leaden and a dusky gloom as much as a bud or a blossom in garden or in forest, and with scarce a note of music in wood or field. True! But oh! with what a far deeper and truer sense of sorrow do we sit and mourn and gaze through blinding tears on the wasted form, the withered oak, and the pined features of one we love, stretched on a bed of suffering. Scarcely can we contain ourselves as we see the dimming of the light, the gradual decay, and fast approaching death of the true and faithful friend whom perhaps of all the world we love the best. One, perchance, with whom we have long known, and learned to regard almost as a part of ourself, but on whose cold and marble brow we now find all too plainly written

THE FINAL WARNING. "PASSING AWAY." Death—yes, cruel, pitiless death, that darts the mortal arrow from his throne and the beggar from his hotel, and that spares neither rich nor poor neither good nor bad is now laying its lifeless hand on the friend, the father, or the child, the one who has been the strength and sweetness of disposition has possibly entered him to all hearts. Alas! my soul! These eyes whose fires were wont to kindle at our approach are closed; those lips which flowed such honeyed sentences are tightly sealed; the hands so often outstretched to grasp our own in friendship no longer stir to welcome us. The glow of health has vanished from the cheek, the features are rigid and motionless, the limbs are stiff and motionless, and the frost of death is on them all. With heaving breathe, and eyes all suffused with tears, we sorrowfully follow the lifeless corpse till we see it at last laid in its cold ground. Our loved one has gone! And with him seems to go the very light of day. Now we are indeed parted. The silver cord of union is broken; a gulf divides us. We are left standing solitary and desolate on the shore of this straining our eyes, and striving in vain to follow the departed one, at least in spirit, across

THE AWFUL AND MYSTERIOUS OCEAN OF ETERNITY. Who has not passed through the agonies of such a bereavement? Who has not felt the bitterness of parting? Who has not felt the anguish of being called upon to experience a similar pang? And what, my dear brethren will console us in our anguish and rob the wound of its bitterness? What, indeed, but the thought that death is not the end, but a brief sleep—a transitory rest—from which those who shall be awakened and arise once again, cheered, refreshed, and strengthened. Yes! Oh! glorious truth! The dead shall live! Our nation shall put on incorruption. The material shall be spiritualized, and the bodies that have crumbled into dust and wholly disappeared shall rise triumphant and put on immortality. His whose words are simple and life has so declared. The self-same God Who, clad in human form, raised Himself from the tomb and triumphed over corruption and the grave, has pledged His solemn word in a moment of the twinkling of an eye, at the blast of the last trumpet the dead shall rise' (1 Cor., xv. 52), and God shall manifest His power. "Arise," exclaims the inspired prophet, "and give glory to God, who has done this in the dust (Isa. xlii, 19). And see! The trumpet blast has no sooner rent the air, and made the walkin rug, than behold, from the four corners of the earth they come.

A MIGHTY HOST. composed of every race, and nation, and language, and color, and under King, and prince, and their subjects, patriarchs and prophets, and the nations to whom they were sent; priests and pastors and their flocks; and warriors and generals and the countless armies which they have led into battle, and whose bones have been left to rot in ten thousand bloody fields. The buried millions of every city, town and hamlet that is or ever has been shall obey the trumpet call. Even the very seas shall deliver up their dead. Who shall picture the millions upon millions that shall assemble at that hour? They defy all enumeration; they exceed all computation. The number of the stars in heaven, and exceed the very sands that lie the floor of ocean. That host shall include within its ranks every human being that has ever set foot upon this globe, from the days of Adam to the final crack of doom. Together will rise the patriarchs of a thousand years and the infant of a day. Cain will confront Abel whom he slew in jealousy, and Noah will look again upon the ark in which he was held overwhelmed by the waters of the flood. The millions of Christian martyrs shall stand once again in presence of their tyrants and torturers, but with positions reversed.

HENRY VIII. OF ENGLAND, and his martyred Chancellor, Blessed Thomas More; Queen Elizabeth and the saintly Sampson, whom she did to death with a cutting sword. But there is no time to particularize. Let it suffice to say that all are there. Not one is left unrecalled to moulder in the grave. Of that prodigious host

of the living and the interpretation of the text, which is the subject of the first of the series of lectures, in the other. Both Dean Farrell and Dr. Donnan continue as favorite lecturers, their work having steadily increased in the opinion of the students of the school. The course, which is being studied in the Shakespeare course this week, is somewhat different in scope and therefore requires some change in method from that of last week. In the absence of the comedy of The Merchant of Venice, Dr. Farrell reveals quite as great artistic appreciation and critical skill as in his lectures on the tragedy of Macbeth. The lecturer owned not only a broad and thorough knowledge of his subject, but also the power of imparting this skillfully to his class. Dr. Donnan in his discussion of the Parolphe, brought out the essential points of criticism in such a manner as to evoke a deep appreciation of all those who are continuing the work in the Dante course. For its breadth and accuracy of vision, and for its keen analysis of the poem, this course is quite a new departure. At 10:30 o'clock on Monday and Tuesday, the main lecture of the day or distinguished women, Maria Agnesi and Kathleen O'Meara took place. The lecturer was Miss Marion J. Brunow of Yorkville, N.Y. Money is being received by the pleasure in listening to her talk on Marie Agnesi, the distinguished Italian mathematician.

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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest News from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

GENERAL IRISH NEWS. IRISH PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

The arrangements in connection with the Irish pilgrimage to Rome are proceeding as satisfactorily as could possibly be desired, and everything points to the conclusion that the Irish pilgrimage to the Eternal City will be a gigantic success...

The strand they saw their friends' clothes on the beach, and looking towards the sea they saw a boat in a short distance from the shore. It was a boat with a white sail, and in the course of two hours or so the body was recovered.

KELLS.

The intelligence of the death of M. John McGrath, which took place at his residence at the age of 82, has been received with feelings of regret not only by the general public in this and the surrounding parishes, but also by a wide circle of friends in various parts of Ireland...

LETTERKENNY.

The dead body of William Collins, born in 1847, married, and with a family, was found by Alexander Wilson and James Hegarty in a deep dirty lane, into which he had apparently fallen from the roof of a barn...

ENNIS.

A report that a man named Pat. Vaughan, of Gortlough, Lough Granagh, in the parish of St. Michael's, was killed, has been received. Details are lacking, but as far as can be ascertained, Vaughan, who was 70 years of age, was attacked by several parties with stones, receiving horrible injuries.

PATRICKSWELL.

Mr. Denis McKenna, of Toomevara, Nenagh, met his death at Patrickswell, under very sad circumstances. He was returning from Charleville, where he had been on a visit to his sister, and stopped at Mr. Mullins' public-house in the town. He had a glass of beer, and was then sitting at a table when he was suddenly struck by a bullet from a revolver...

WEXFORD.

A very tragic occurrence took place at the village of Killybegs about seven miles from Wexford, by which a man named Wildes lost his life. The man named Randall informed the police that he had accidentally shot a neighbor named Wildes. The police having taken Randall into custody, at once proceeded to the scene of the crime. He informed them the occurrence had taken place. On their arrival they found that the statement was only too true. Wildes being quite dead, the cause of his death having lodged in his head, nothing but a fragment of his hand. Randall's story is that he was engaged cleaning the gun when Wildes entered, and sitting down beside him began to chat. Having finished cleaning the gun, in order to see that it was in proper working order, he put a cap on the nipple, the gun being a muzzle loader and pulled the trigger. He states that he had the remotest idea that the gun was loaded, and that he was not intending to fire. Wildes' mother, who was sitting quite close to Wildes at the time had a very narrow escape.

GALWAY.

The body of a woman supposed to be Mrs. Kate Lyuskey, from Knockmeena, Corra, was found floating in the bay at Galway. She was found by three fishermen named Coleman, Flaherty, Stephen Flaherty, and Patrick Mulkeenan, who were returning in their fishing boat. They immediately on seeing the body floating in the bay, placed around it and brought it to the shore and had word conveyed to the police. Constable Healy and Fox, were soon placed in charge of the body which they had placed on a stretcher and brought to the bank. It appears that the woman was missing from her home, but it was not expected that anything serious had happened. Her husband and father were very much distressed at the news of her disappearance, and a diligent search was kept on for her, but nothing happened until her dead body, which is hardly recognizable, was found in 7 feet of water outside the pier head. Her husband and father, who are both very old men, are on the pier awaiting an inquest.

BIRN.

A sad drowning fatality occurred in Birn. A young man named James Forman, aged 18, son of Mr. Denis Forman, well-known and extensive cattle-dealer of Crinville, accompanied another young man named Farrell to the bank of the River Birn, where they were then at full flood with a current running at ten knots an hour. Forman fell in and was at once swept away. His body has not since been found, although a gang of men were employed in dredging the river, and a horse was then at full flood with a current running at ten knots an hour. Forman fell in and was at once swept away. His body has not since been found, although a gang of men were employed in dredging the river, and a horse was then at full flood with a current running at ten knots an hour. Forman fell in and was at once swept away. His body has not since been found, although a gang of men were employed in dredging the river, and a horse was then at full flood with a current running at ten knots an hour.

BALLINA.

A young man named John McGovern, about 22 years of age, a National teacher, was accidentally drowned while bathing on the strand at Ballina. The deceased was with him at about 8 o'clock a.m., and was soon afterwards followed by his two companions. As soon as the two latter arrived on

KILBERRY.

A large flock of turf bog about 40 acres by 100 situated at Kilberry, on the property of Mr. Arthur Leport, was separated from the main portion of the bog and split into numerous blocks. The face of the bog, which was 18 or 20 feet deep, had been cut down some distance within the level or out-way bog in front, on which an immense quantity of newly cut turf was placed to dry, has been raised up to a distance of 18, and in some places 20 feet. In places there are large natural channels, through which water is now flowing in strong volume. A very large quantity of turf in process of being saved has been submerged and destroyed. This is due to the fact that the ground on the north or upper or uncut portion of the bog, as that spread on the surface below has been by slightly injured. To people living in the immediate vicinity have been great annoyance of the miles of bog extending between Athy and Kilkare railway stations, and of which this particular section forms a part.

DAMAGE TO CROPS.

The continued bad weather is giving rise to alarmist fears in South Meath. For the past four or five days, when the sun did make an appearance, there has been an almost incessant down-pour of rain. The bog is flooded to an extent unknown in recent years, and unprecedented for the month of August. Much hay has been carried away and a large quantity ruined. Grains are also being carried away, and in many localities it is feared blight has already set in.

ARDEE.

Not without the recollection even of the oldest tenants in the district, the weather here has been known to occur in the district. A month ago the harvest prospects of the farmer was indeed rosy. To-day, after the terribly incessant rains of the past three weeks, they look indeed gloomy and gloomy in the extreme. The corn crops, which were almost ready for the sickle are now lying flat owing to the heavy deluges which have occurred up until yesterday. The hay crops, which were in a considerable amount of difficulty in saving the hay crop, which is unfortunately except in some favored localities, been badly damaged by the frequent recurring rains. The corn crops have suffered most, and the blight or mildew is experienced, which tells its own tale of the existence of the dreaded "blight." The turnip crop also will be much damaged, as from the heavy rains, the plants are being watered, and moreover, from the soft nature of the ground, horses will be unable to work in the furrows. No crop has escaped, and the outlook for the farmer is gloomy. It is not difficult to see that he will have much difficulty that he will make any profit. The River Dea has overflowed its banks, causing great damage to the hay crop, a number of the cocks have been carried away, and the district a few miles from this town.

COUNTY DUBLIN.

It is doubtful if any portion of Ireland has suffered more severely from the recent rain than the county of Wick. During the last week of July an abundant harvest was anticipated, but the incessant rains and storms of last week, and this has left the agricultural districts in a deplorable condition. The large meadow farms, where the land was well tilled and manured, have suffered most by reason of the corn crops being exceptionally heavy and on an average eighty per cent of these crops is lying flat and saturated with today's rain.

COUNTY WICKLOW.

Being a very late county, many of the County Wicklow farmers were caught in the very grip of the rain during the last week of the past ten days. The state of affairs in the low lying fields is truly lamentable, and as the farmers in this county are as a rule poor, struggling men, their outlook is very gloomy. The corn crops are lying on the ground quite green, so that the prospect of their ripening before the end of the season is very gloomy. The high lands and mountain sides, where heretofore the crop was usually so short that it was scarcely worth cutting, its light nature being such as to be an advantage, and notwithstanding the fact that the corn crops are the brunt of the rainstorms, the effect has not been so disastrous as in the low lands. The potato crop was doing extremely well up to a week back, but a very serious percentage of what is now being taken out shows signs of going.

CASTLECOMER.

The harvesting outlook in Castlecomer and the surrounding districts is anything but comforting. The hay crop which was very heavy on the whole is much injured by the frequent rains, and the oat crop which was nearly beginning to ripen, is nearly all spoiled, so that if the weather does not take up it will be lost. The potato crop, owing to the continuous rains, which fell during the month of July, is blighted in a good many districts, and in no place is anything like as good as in previous seasons. The other crops—turnips, mangolds, and carrots—are fairly good.

SOUTH WEXFORD.

Throughout the whole of the south of the County Wexford considerable damage has been occasioned by the appearance of the blight, which has been noticed in the potato crop in the county. Up to a couple of weeks ago the crops showed an indication of being good, but since then blight has rapidly spread, scarcely leaving a field un-touched, and the air is heavy with a fog of spores. The blight has done some of the worst work that has ever been done in the county. It is a pity that the blight has done so much damage, as the general blight are those in which spray-

ing has been tested, and although the fields which have been treated seem in the majority of cases not to escape the blight, it is noticeable that the blight is less in quantity than in the untreated fields. It is a pity that the blight is less in quantity than in the untreated fields. It is a pity that the blight is less in quantity than in the untreated fields.

WEST LIMERICK. The prospects of a good and plentiful year, which was so hopefully anticipated from the junctural aspect of the country a few weeks ago, have sadly changed and the outlook for the farmer is extremely gloomy and gloomy. The harvest prospects are not so bright as they were some time ago, and the outlook for the farmer is extremely gloomy and gloomy.

THE MIDLANDS. On all lands it has been admitted that the extraordinary change in the weather has wrought much havoc amongst the crops, but it will be conceded on inspection that the midlands have fared so badly that wholesale destruction has been brought about. The recent heavy rains and the generally disturbed condition of the elements are the causes. The blighted fields of waving corn, which were thickly ripening, have been flattened out as if a large roller had passed over them. Irretrievable ruin has been brought about, and whilst it is impossible to calculate the amount of damage done, it is plain that it must be very considerable. Complaints are made with regard to the potato crop, as owing to the continued wet weather the tubers do not become so firm as they should be, and though the disease is not so prevalent, still it is feared that the tubers have done much injury. The other root crops are fairly healthy, as the weather, taken on the whole, may be considered propitious for them all through.

POTATO FAILURE IN MAYO. It is generally believed that the crops which looked so prosperous up to a couple of weeks ago, will be a total failure. The potato crop, the chief means of the support of the people of the west, is attacked by blight, and it is feared that spraying, which heretofore had the desired effect, will be no avail to save this crop from destruction. The heavy rain and storm had low the potato stalks. The oats and barley crop met with the same fate. If the weather does not change immediately famine stalks will not be nearly so people in the face. The turf is being stacked on the bogs as a result of the flooding.

BE THERE A WILL WISDOM POINTS THE WAY. The sick man pipes for relief, but he dares not send for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never contained. He has not the resolution to let a doctor come with compounds which smell unbecomingly of the shop. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Paroel's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

THE work of decorating the various chapels of the Church of St. Joachim presented to the Holy Father by subscription on the occasion of his jubilee, is going on with great activity. Each Catholic nation has had a chapel assigned to it, and the active work is another in their efforts to gloriously represent the devotion and religious glories of their respective countries. One of the finest chapels is the Polish one, and only of beautiful pictures of the Our Lady of Czotkowa and of several Polish saints.

Will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of being a Consumptive's grave, when you can buy a bottle of Dr. Paroel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup for the price of a few cents? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and as a cough, colds, rheumatism, etc., etc.

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A SUMMER TONIC in tablet form. Makes sick folks well and keeps well folks from being sick. Our Native Herbs TABLETS. TELEPHONE 1129. Special Household List. The Parisian Steam Laundry Co. of Ontario, Limited. 67 to 71 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.



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'Wait for the Wagon.' No trouble to have your laundry work done by us. Wait for our wagon, or call it up by phone; you'll be astonished at the promptness with which we respond, and you'll be astonished at the excellence of what we do. There's a cleanliness and a perfect finish about our work that means satisfaction.

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The Catholic Register.

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THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING COMPANY

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OFFICE, 9 JORDAN ST., TORONTO

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1900.

Dr. Garman's Travels.

We are told by the Globe of the 28th inst. that the Rev. Dr. Garman, general superintendent of the Methodist Church of this province, had made a trip through Europe and Palestine and had just returned. The doctor in an interview touched upon two points in his journey—Jerusalem and Rome—with his usual hatred of things Catholic. He stood "in the holy city" but could not see it for priests. There were Latin priests, Syrian, Chaldean, Armenian priests, white priests and black priests. It was horrible. They were in all the sacred places. When he went to the tomb they were there, and on Mount Olivet and Calvary they haunted him again. And the worst feature of the city was that there were only five or six Methodists in all Jerusalem. Let our readers think of it. Not ten Methodists in that favored city, and it has not yet met the fate of the cities of the plains. Whatever wrath the number of priests kindled in the self-righteous heart of the doctor melted into sorrow as he saw the want of Methodists. He evidently used only for the material looks of things. The city, he tells us, is "the dirtiest hole on earth." His reverence is naty and clean. No nice white cravats with starched collars on these priests. They wore shabby brown habits—without cuffs. Poor men, kneeling early to pray and keep alive by the holy sacrifice the memories of the places they guard for generations, they did not move the worldly soul who looked down upon them from his high stand, and who, with unclerical and unchristian language, now speaks of them as a drawback to the cradle of man's redemption.

At Rome and in Italy the Doctor meets the same gaze. Thraldom is upon the land and darkness over the people. The Church, he says, is the cause. Unlike most travellers, he had no curiosity to see the Holy Father. There are men who, if they acted like most people, under given circumstances, would never be heard of; but when they move in a course directly opposite their fellows, then they are seen and heard even though they are very small potatoes. This is exactly Dr. Garman's case. If he had gone in to see the Pope with the 80,000 pilgrims who were there at the time, the poor little insignificant man would have been lost in the crowd. But by not being curious, by not going to see the Pope, he has made himself notorious as well as ridiculous. Dr. Garman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, visited Rome and did not go to see the Pope! And still he Holy Father lives. But all jokes aside, he is a living example of those who, having eyes, see not, and ears, hear not. It is paffer far for him to stay at home. His cackle may be noticed here, but, strange to say, not abroad.

Progress in Christianity.

The question as to whether Christianity can progress, can put forth new doctrines, can depart from the teachings laid down by its founders, is a live one in these days of growing unbelief. There is not a single Protestant sect existing to-day that is fol-

lowing closely the rules laid down by its author; there is not a single denomination that is holding the beliefs and practising the regulation of its founder. Little by little they have allowed slight modifications to creep in until they are no longer recognizable. Little by little they have introduced new ideas into their forms of worship that the founders of the sect had issued strict injunctions against. They have all undergone changes to a greater or less degree in rubric details, but they have done more than that—they have attacked Christianity in its very foundations. In recent years doubt has been cast upon the inspiration of the Bible by many of their leaders; attacks have been made on such hitherto indisputable doctrines as the existence of hell: now "oracles" have been introduced or proposed for introduction; radical changes have been made in doctrines all along the line. Among Catholics there are no new introductions, no new schemes, no progressive doctrinal movement, so to say. We believe as our spiritual ancestors believed; we practice what they practiced, and we have not added one iota to their creed, to their articles of Faith. As the Apostles taught, as the early Christians practiced, as the Middle Ages firmly established, so do we teach, practice and fix. There are no changes among us. For two thousand years our doctrine has remained one and the same, unchanged, unvaried, unswerving; for two thousand years the one creed has been deemed quite sufficient, quite elaborate enough for us. We are Conservative. Our Lord Jesus Christ during his sojourn upon earth taught certain doctrines that have been handed down from generation to generation, and we believe to-day and practice to-day just as the early Christians did. Christ, as a man, has been dead for two thousand years, and there has not been nor can there be any change in his teachings; He has spoken and there has been no additional light thrown on His teaching. It is true that certain devotions and religious practices have grown up around our doctrines but they have not changed them ever so little. We have changed nothing; added nothing that would in the slightest degree effect the fundamental articles of our Faith. Every once and while in the history of the Church we find that truths have been defined; that councils have decided upon this or that article of Faith. That does not mean by any manner of means signify an addition to our creed—it simply means that the truth in question has always been believed, and that belief in it had been so unquestioned that it had never been deemed necessary to "define" it before. For example, we have the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception which was "defined" a few years ago. It was not adding a new belief to our religion; it was not changing any doctrine—it was simply fixing firmly a belief that had always been held but which had never been questioned up to the time of its definition. We are conservative in these matters, because Our Lord spoke but once and his teaching was never changed, nor can we. Our beliefs rest on the rock of truth, and there has never been nor will there ever be a change of base in the Catholic Church.

Orangism Up-to-Date.

The Orangemen of to-day, whatever they may have been in the past, are a credit (?) to Protestantism and are a worthy production of that section of Christianity. The order talks much and does nothing; it delivers itself of bombastic speeches, but it never acts; it threatens, but its threats are thin-air affairs. To-day the Orange order is a collection of ignorant—the more ignorant the better qualified for membership—men who are drafted into the assemblage because of their capacity as voters. It is a great political machine which is supervised by N. Clarke-Wallace and a handful of others who make political game of the society and march them off like so many sheep to the polls. If it were not for the order and its voting strength these political demagogues who are at the head of the lodges would never have been heard of—it was never ability that placed Clarke-Wallace at the head of the Orangemen in Canada, but it was the heritable qualities of the Orange vote. A collection of the drags of society; a gathering together of the lowest in the social scale; an assemblage of the rowdy element of the

towns and cities—that is what constitutes the rank and Orangism in Canada to-day. The masters and leaders are men of very ordinary ability, who because of the mobility of this non-reading, non-thinking mob are ousted by those in power and receive appointments that their own intellectual powers could never have obtained for them; they are men who are members of the order wholly and solely for what profit may accrue to themselves from their connection with a class of men who may be made to vote at the discretion of their leaders. If it were not for this personal advantage which these men derive from being members of the Orange order there would be no Orangism in Canada; if it were not for this influence-yielding body of voters these leaders would never be heard of. If it were not for the ignorance of the rank and file and the ease of leading them by the nose their present-day leaders would not stay with them for one moment and there would be no possibility of the Orange body existing for a single day. In the cities there are a few respectable men mixed in with the local polio who do not look for any personal gain, but who are members for—no one knows what; in the smaller towns there is scarcely a man of any standing in the community who has so demeaned himself as to join this corporation. The order exists simply because it is in the interests of the leaders of the body to keep it alive—they derive a good living from their connection with it. The religious aspect, the original intention, the publicly-announced policy of the order is the "Protection of the Interests of Protestantism" and the blocking of the "Schemes of Rome." They do absolutely nothing in the religious line simply because there is nothing to do, and, moreover, if there were, there is not enough spiritual knowledge in the whole order from the grand master to the latest raw recruit to know what the Catholic Church believes and practices. There is no need to guard against Catholicism, but there is need for certain politicians to hoist themselves into power; there is no need for Protestantism to appeal to Orangism for support, but there is need for Protestantism to begin an indefinite series of religious revivals among their defenders. Orangism is in very bad odor among Protestants themselves, who look upon it precisely as we do; they are ashamed of their being connected even remotely with such a mob, and they do not hesitate to declare their feelings. The idea of this gang setting themselves up as defenders of anything religious is preposterous. Ninety per cent. of the order never attend church of any kind at all, and when they do go it is not for the spirituality that may be gained from the services. They are the poorest class of people in Canada for attendance at church. Few of them ever go to all, and the majority of that few do so to be entertained. Of genuine religion there is scarcely a tinge in the entire society. Nice defenders of anything religious surely. They are a disgrace to Canadian education and civilization.

Missionary Work.

Off-hand critics of missionaries, says the 'Christian World,' constantly make the mistake of lumping together Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries, as if their methods were identical. In many cases Catholic missionaries do devote services, and in many cases, also, they adopt methods of gaining converts and of carrying on their work which Protestant missionaries utterly abhor. We might refer to China, but . . . Yes, indeed, you might refer to China, but there is not the least danger of your doing so. The spectacle the Protestant ministers are furnishing the world to-day is quite a sufficient "reference to China." These men who should be the consoling of their people in so dire a need as the present; these men who consider that Christ is not a sufficient safeguard for them; these men who turned tail, deserting their charges, and fleeing in the face of danger—these are sufficient references to China. Converting a native race to Christianity is not the sum-total of missionary work, at any rate, from a Catholic standpoint. These poor people, who have abandoned the faith of their fathers to accept Christianity, and that in the face of overwhelming loss in their caste or position in society; these poor

people scarcely yet made familiar with the teachings of Christ, but who are sufficiently acquainted with them to know that 'it was neither Christian nor charitable to be abandoned because death was swooping down upon them—these people needed spiritual assistance to keep them steadfast in their faith, and spiritual aid to help them to be strong to go before the throne of God. That is the moment when a minister of the Gospel is most needed, and that is precisely the time when the Protestant ministers failed in their duty to God and to their people. They snatched off bag and baggage and abandoned their converts, leaving them to face torture and death as best they could. What a spectacle to the natives! What a living example of Protestant care over its spiritual children! As long as things ran along smoothly and they might lord it over their converts; as long as they could in common decency draw their good fat salaries—fat in China—so long did they remain with their people. But as soon as danger threatened they scurried off to cover without a thought as to the fate of their converts. "We must save our own lives at all costs" seems to have been the cry, and save them they did, leaving their charges to get through they evidently cared not how. It was neither Christian nor humane, much less the act of these who should have taught the natives a lesson in the steadfastness of faith and of trust in Christ. The abandonment of thousands of converts—the leaving of them to face death without a single word of encouragement from their spiritual fathers, was as cowardly an act as the world has ever seen—but then Protestantism furnishes such spectacles to the world every day, and we shall have occasion in future articles to give several such instances of abandonment. One journal, in trying to excuse this cowardly desertion, says that it is all very well to be brave at this distance, but that it is quite a different thing when one is on the spot. Undoubtedly it is, but we do not notice many Catholic missionaries rushing through Canada on their way to their native countries; for the simple reason that they did not leave their people. Catechisms announce their slaughter every day in the midst of their flocks, which they did not desert. They were there as missionaries, as ambassadors of Christ, and remained where Christ had willed them to be to smooth the pathway of their converts to death. They are dying as martyrs to the cause of Christ, and to the greatest of all commandments—the love of neighbor. Protestant ministers have disgraced the calling of missionaries in this crisis but the people have not yet come to realize it—they will do so when, at the end of the war, the list of martyrs furnished for Christ and neighbor the Catholic Church has offered, is published. It will be a bitter pill for them to swallow. There is nothing mercenary in the Catholic missionary, but how will his Protestant neighbor in the same field answer to Christ's description of the "hiringling." It is truly a lesson to the world. As we began with a Protestant quotation, let us introduce another from The Canadian Churchman:

"Whatever the faults of the Roman Church may have been, or may be, it cannot be charged with neglecting the command to make all nations disciples of Christ. It has given its sons and daughters, 'as toll, its blood—the blood of martyrs for Christ among the heathen.' This is a just estimate, from a prejudiced source too, of the work of our Catholic missionaries. What shall history say of their Protestant friends who are at present enjoying a vacation while their people are being martyred? These missionaries who are now being interviewed throughout the land, who are the admired of their sects here—these men are a libel on the name of 'missionary.' What cause is there for admiration in their cowardly action? They are deserters—soldiers who desert their post in time of danger are shot; they are undeserving the name of Christian; they are a disgrace to Christ and his example. Did the apostles desert their posts in time of trial? It will be answered that, that being in the infancy of the Church, sacrifice, martyrdom, was necessary to teach idolaters the sublimity of Christian faith and Christian fortitude "to confound the heathen." Is not this the infancy of Christianity in China? Is not fortitude and sacrifice and martyrdom as necessary to-day in China as ever it

was in idolatrous Rome? Precisely the same conditions prevail, but the same faith and the same resoluteness are lacking. These runaways, these "hiringlings," these mercenaries, these deserters, these fluc-weather "missionaries," who are being feted, lauded and gazed at in open-mouthed wonderment, should rather be outcasts from all Christian society. They should hang their heads in shame, and bury themselves and their inglorious lives in some desert place where no man would ever see them again. We did not notice any tears from the eyes of those who remained in Toronto—they enjoyed themselves by excursions to Niagara and elsewhere, while their poor people were suffering torture and death. A legend says that St. Peter's cheeks were furrowed by the constant shedding of tears resultant from the compunction caused by the denial of our Lord. The Protestant missionaries are in no danger of such disfigurement—their danger lies in being wrinkled by self-congratulatory smiles at their escape from martyrdom.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Trades and Labor Council does not evidently approve of Public School Inspector J. L. Hughes' appointment as Hon. Lieut.-Colonel of the Public School Military Brigade. The last meeting were rather unanimous in condemning the appointment. It would seem that an Inspector of Public Schools in Toronto had enough to do in looking after his work without adding further duties. However, it is none of our affair. Perhaps it is but a temporary appointment until such time as the letter-writing warrior brother may find leisure from his duties as advance agent for himself to return to Canada and assume the responsibilities of the new job.

The Dominion Presbyterian does not think the Vatican library "a likely place for the discovery of Protestant literature." It was an unfortunate slip of the Presbyterian, for it showed his intense ignorance of the contents of the greatest collection of books and antiquarian curiosities the world possesses to-day. He it known to the Presbyterian that Protestant and every other kind of literature is to be found on the Vatican shelves, and he is further known that the Vatican inmates are thoroughly familiar with the writings and contentions of all Protestants of any note throughout the world, and of every generation. Catholics in authority are not as densely ignorant upon Protestant questions as Protestants are upon nearly everything appertaining to Catholicism.

The question as to who or what caused the war in China is intensely interesting just at the present moment. Catholic missionaries are too busy preparing their flocks for death to enlighten us on their opinions on the subject. The Protestant missionaries, however, having much leisure time on their hands, have devoted a little of the same to informing the public at large that the Catholic missionaries, because of their official standing and recognition in China, have been the prime causes of the movement of the Boxers. If the Protestant missionaries were where they ought to be—with their flocks—they would have no time to be backbiting their Catholic fellow-workers, who, because they are doing their duty and sticking to their posts, are an everlasting monument to the Protestant deserters' perfidy. Envy is a mean thing. Similar reports throw the onus on the interference of missionaries at large—some of them going so far as to state positively that the Protestant ministers themselves were the cause of the uprising. A Methodist minister in the Southern States claims that honor for the Methodist, and glories in the thought that it was Methodism that caused the trouble. Most of us were not aware that Methodism could sear up a good-sized street brawl in Pekin or elsewhere, but, according to the reverend gentleman spoken of above, the Methodist body must be quite a numerous one in China. It strikes us that the Methodist ministers in China did not remain long enough in the country after the uprising to learn very much about the whole thing.

The intended purchase of the Athletic Club by the Methodists of Toronto is a lesson to Catholics. They propose to continue the building as an athletic club, if they can secure it,

for their young men. The Methodists have grasped the want of clubs for Christian young men, and have gone about it in the right way. Catholics in Toronto have long ago realized the necessity of such places of meeting for their young men, and have been struggling along with what makes-a-shit they could. It will not be long before a good serviceable building will be erected for Catholic young men in at least one parish in the city, and it cannot be too soon. It is an excellent idea—the members of the parishes should be drawn together socially by some means or other, and this is the most acceptable way to do it. It introduces the young man to Catholic society, and mixes him up in it, whereas, without such clubs, he is only too prone to pick up with the meanest crowd regardless of religion or anything else much. Rubbing together takes off rough corners, and the contact of Catholic with Catholic cannot but produce excellent results. It is the club or the saloon; it is the Catholic society or that of Joseph. Young men have leisure moments, and if they are not spent in Catholic society there is great danger that they will be put in some place that is not by any manner of means acceptable to the Church. Let us by all means hurry this good movement forward.

The Canadian Churchman thinks that the Massachusetts' law imposing "probationary fines" on drunkards is a good idea. The judge is authorized to allow the offender a certain time to pay it, meanwhile placing him under the eye of a probation officer. The offender goes back to his family and his work, and it is contended that the influence of his surroundings will have a tendency to produce a reformation in him. This system might do very well for the occasional drunkard, but why not have the policeman take him home without bringing him up before the magistrate in all such cases. The real question for temperance workers to solve just now, as it seems to us, is the handling of chronic drunkenness. We have dozens of men who are never sober, and who are, under the present condition of affairs, a nuisance to society at large and a burden to their families. They drink all they can earn and more. These men it seems to us should be confined in some industrial home where they would be obliged to work, the proceeds going to their families. If the families can get along without their work then at any rate they might have the satisfaction of knowing that there would be peace in their homes, and they would not be in momentary dread of being disgraced besides the peace of mind that would result from a knowledge of the whereabouts of these skullwags. Something should be done in any case.

The Protestants do not seem to be taking advantage of that privilege of which we hear so much boasting—the unrestricted and free reading of the Bible. Complaints are being made through the Protestant press. One journal says: "The comparative neglect of the Scriptures seems to be generally acknowledged, but various reasons are assigned for the change. For example, when the Bible was first ordered to be set up in churches, there was for all practical purposes no history, no fiction, and hardly any poetry to compete with it. With this came a social change that has been unfavourable to the line upon line a precept upon precept with which the Bible was impressed on the child's mind in the Christian home of those days, where most Christian children learned considerable passages of the Bible by heart to be a possession for life. Family life has changed, life is more outside the home, the community is more, the social unit less. And so, because the home is no longer doing what it used to do, and the world is making greater demands than it used to make, the need of preaching the Bible from the pulpit and of bringing to the minds of men its philosophy of life is greater than ever. The Public school has in many parts of our country ceased to contribute even its morning mite to the child's knowledge of the Bible. Dissonance among Christians has closed the Book of Life on that desk. The Sunday school is capable of accomplishing much more than will ever be attained by the prevailing haphazard methods of teachers, whose main qualification is youthful zeal." Surely to the above might have been added the fact that the denial of the inspiration of the Bible

among the leaders of Protestantism has much to do with the growing indifference of the common people.

The Orange Sentinel says editorially in speaking of the Catholic Doctrine of Purgatory. "The pathos of the whole question lies in the fact that the people are taught that those who are nearest and dearest to them may be suffering in purgatory because a sufficient number of masses are not being said for them on earth. Under the pressure of this belief they pay vast sums in the aggregate for a service that in the opinion of Protestants is absolutely useless for any other purpose than the maintenance of the clerics."

Canadian Pilgrims Receive an Audience.

THE POPE MOVED TO TRANS. Four priests of the Ottawa diocese were among the Canadian pilgrims who were recently granted an audience by Pope Leo in Rome, Italy.

Rev. Father Labello, of Aylmer, in conversation stated that the audience which the Pope granted the Canadians was certainly a most special favor.

"On our arrival in Rome in the morning," said Rev. Father Labello, "our desire to have an audience was in due course laid before Cardinal Satolli. The Cardinal spoke to the Pope about the matter. The Holy Father asked who were the pilgrims and how many in number.

"Seventy-two Canadians are worth more than one hundred thousand Neapolitans," said His Holiness. "Let them come."

The audience was accordingly granted - "and in spite of the doctor's advice for, at the time the Pope was very feeble. The Pope did for us what he would not do for many others. We Canadians were accompanied by a party of Brazilian pilgrims of about the same number as ourselves. The Pope, on coming into the audience chamber was bowed in a cordial manner by four persons. Ordinarily the Holy Father blesses the people who kneel before him but on this occasion he went from one of the pilgrims to another, who were one by one presented by name. The Pope shook hands with each, caressingly laid his hand on the pilgrim's face, and for all had a pleasant word. Afterwards he was seated on a throne and lifting himself up, the weight of his years upon him, he raised his hands and gave the Apostolic benediction.

REVIEWS.

Everybody's Magazine—From cover to cover the contents of Everybody's Magazine for September are the most interesting of any issue of that remarkable periodical yet published. A new short story by S. R. Crockett, entitled "A Scientific Symposium," is written in his peculiarly delightful manner; the reader looks at the characters drawn, through the spectacles of the good natured, quizzical observant physician who tells the story, and the doctor does not hesitate to turn X-rays on human foibles. "How a Great City is Cleaned" is the subject of a very interesting article, and "Oyster Farming" is the title of an article in the Great American Industry Series, and its pages contain much more of greater general interest than would be imagined by the uninitiated. The "Simple Explanation" of the month is "The Light of the Sun," which subject affords a good deal of simple and entertaining instruction. Among other illustrated stories and articles, of which there are many, are "Aristic Models," beautifully illustrated with photographs; the continuation of Stuart Robson's delightful autobiography, "A Lucky Hazard," by Mary Monour Parker, and "Queen Victoria and her Family as Artists," with illustrations from drawings by the Queen and her daughter, the Empress Frederick. Altogether a great ten cents worth.

The Century—The Rev. Dr. D. Z. Sheffield, President of the North China College and Mission at Tungchau near Peking, was in America when the Boxer riots began, but immediately prepared to return to his post. Before sailing from San Francisco late in June, he learned of the burning of his college. Dr. Sheffield left behind him the manuscript of an article which will appear in the September Century under the title of "The Influence of the Western World on China." As a result of the author's thirty years' experience as a missionary, he is said to argue strongly against the dismemberment of the Middle Kingdom. Equally timely will be a paper by R. Van Bergen in the same number: on "The Revolution in China and its Causes." The fiction of the September magazine will include a characteristic story of about 20,000 words by John Luther Long—"The Prince of Illusion."

St. Nicholas—Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, widow of the famous Indian fighter, contributes to the September number of St. Nicholas a sketch of a boy nicknamed "The Kid," with numerous anecdotes illustrating the traits that prove his kinship to an Indian-fighting father. The lad grew up as an army post commander by his father, and as a result of the Indian wars acquired in his hours of tramping, was able on one occasion to save the garrison from being surprised by hostiles. Interesting glimpses of the Paris Exposition are given in an article, by Grace W. Curran, devoted especially to the lighter aspects of the great show. The pedigree of the clothing of the present day is traced back to Assyrian times in a paper by George MacAdam entitled "About Clothes." "Pretty Polly Perkins" and "The Junior Cup" are continued, and there are short stories by Josephine Daskam ("The Imp and the Angel"), Armour F. Payson ("The Midnight Rhyer and the President's Spies"), and Lucy H. Sturdevant ("Joseph and Phob Ann"). The verse-makers of the number are Mary Austin, whose "Rocky Mountain Sheep" is the subject of a frontispiece drawing; Grace Fraser, Gertrude Norton, and Tudor Jenks. Three of the five departments team with illustrations, and one of them, "Nature and Science," is seasonably full of outdoor interest.

Literary Digest.—The Digest for last week contained some very interesting summaries of religious questions. The following was its list of religious topics:—"The Democratic Christians and the Vatican, Rivalry of Religions in Japan, Presbyterian Creed Revision in France, A Church with a Roof Garden, Famous Roman Catholic Astronomer, Chinese Anti-Christian Cartoonist, Dr. De Coste on 'The Chained Bible,' Jerusalem at the Close of the Century, Religious Notes. The usual masterly summing up of other interesting questions of the day is up to the usual standard.

The Saturday Evening Post is proving weekly in its master and style its first article last week was a sketch of the famous Marquis Ito, creator of Japanese civilization. It is usual number of excellent stories was well to the front—in fact nothing is spared in the Post to make it a successful, interesting, and instructive weekly.

Cassell's—The weekly issue of Cassell's National Library series of Edmund Spenser's "The Faerie Queene" is a beautiful work. Professor Henry Morley is the editor. The Cassell's Company cannot be given too great praise in presenting this from week to week, a cheap, well-edited, and beautifully gotten up edition of the best English classics. It is precisely what the people want, and the cost (10c. a week) is phenomenally low. They deserve all manner of success in their endeavour at educating

ing the people to the reading of stand ard works.

We have just received from the publishers, Messrs. Davis & Lawrence, Co., Limited, of Montreal, proprietors of Every Child's Bible, a few copies of the latest edition of the sixth of their publications, "Nursing the Sick." This booklet, long written by a professional nurse, has not only the approval of the medical profession but is considered an invaluable acquisition to every household, being literally a first aid to the wounded, or a simple medical and surgical handbook. It is published in French and English, and may be obtained by enclosing a two cent stamp to the above mentioned firm.

How to Grow Flowers feels that no public agency ever had a more exalted mission than has been given to its magazine in connection with the wider movement for public health. As the recognized organ and exponent of the forces which seek to make attractive the outdoor life of all America, the editors fully realize the fact that a great responsibility is placed upon their journal. It is their purpose not only to furnish the news of the movement in such form that its success in one place will serve as an inspiration to those elsewhere seeking to accomplish similar ends, but to give our readers the best thought of the age along these lines, that organized effort for the promotion of outdoor art may be everywhere directed in the most helpful channels. This month's special attention is being given to a National Convention which is called to meet in the city of Springfield, Ohio, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 10-11, 1900, for the purpose of organizing a national league of village improvement associations. All persons who are interested in the success of the wider movement for public beauty are cordially invited and respectfully urged to attend this convention, in the deliberations of which they will be cheerfully accorded the privilege of participating.

The Catholic World.—The September number of The Catholic World is a credit to the editors. Every article is sound and interesting and every one is worthy of the place of honor. All could not have that, however, and so it is that the editor's choice "On the Irish Monthly Endure?" The writer is an Italian, thoroughly conversant with his subject. He is not greatly impressed with the new king, John E. Graham advocates "Home Relief" as the best form of organized charity. There is also an interesting and instructive article on "The Prospects of the Catholic Church in China," reviewing the work done in the past and giving a lucid and statistical account of what our missionaries have done. "The Bible in the Life, Thought, and Homes of the People" is the monthly contribution of the scholarly convert, Dr. De Coste. It is an able one and is deserving of careful perusal as are all his articles. Leopold Katscher has an article on "Profit-Sharing as a System of Economics." It is a thoughtful advocacy of the system, bringing out his arguments plainly and clearly. A general review of the work of the O. M. I. missionaries in our great North West is contributed by Marion Prunove. Katharine F. M. O'Shea has a cleverly written article on "Christian Art: Its Mission and Influence." "The Jew in Europe: The Christian's Antagonist," is the subject chosen by Rev. Charles O. Starbuck, a New England minister who has been contributing much trenchant articles against the Vatican of Protestantism. He contends that the Jew has been a disintegrating and dangerous force in Christendom. He goes into the question fully and at some length. "Pioneer Catholic Missions in the North-West," by E. A. Bridges, pictures the Idaho Missions of Father De Sonet. The usual number of sterling stories are to be found within the covers of this truly Catholic Magazine. It is a credit to Catholicism.

September Atlantic—Judge Francis Dowell opens the September Atlantic with The American Boss—his rise and source of power. Brooks Adams follows with Russia's Interest in China—a very present question ably discussed, and a picture of the wonders of Oklahoma, and Canon Rawley sketches Ober-Ammergau. Mr. Footo begins The Prodigal—a brilliant short story. A notable group of great interest comprises Paul More's Ancient Fend,—a prosop of Tolstoi; Margaret Miller's Gerhart Hauptmann,—on the recent German Renaissance; Canon Everett's James Martineau; Ogden's The Press and Foreign News,—in praise of old methods; Trent's Old Southern Newspaper,—with appetizing extracts; and Ferraldi's dissection of a modern kindergarten Child. Reviews of Art Education for Men, Recent American Fiction, and Books on Japan; attractive short stories; brilliant poems and a lively Contributors' Club also appear.

A Berlin despatch states that the upper house of the Baden Diet has passed the bill readmitting all foreign orders to the territory of the grand duchy. The passage of this measure probably marks the close of a fierce agitation which has troubled the grand duchy since the imperial law of 1878 was put in force.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

On the Feast of "Our Lady of the Snow," the two clergymen who assisted at the High Mass in St. Boniface's Cathedral, Plymouth, England, viz., the celebrant, deacon, and sub-deacon, as well as the eloquent occupant of the pulpit, were a few years ago, distinguished and respected clergymen of the Church of England. Each gave up their rich livings and their emoluments, and entered the one, Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. Truly the Catholics of Plymouth ought to be proud of the number and importance of the conversions which are recently, and so frequently occurring in their midst.

The Basiliian Fathers, to the great regret of the Catholics of Plymouth and its surrounding towns, have given up their college at Basconsfield near this city, and have returned to the Mother House in Canada, the most revered and illustrious prelates of the diocese, Drs. Vaughter and Grabain, are contemplating the opening, at an early day, a Catholic college in the city, both the restoration of a distinguished president whose priestly life has been spent in one of England's foreign colleges.

We gladly copy from the truly National and Catholic Western People's (Ireland) the following:—"THE NATIONAL BANK—Mr. Charles J. Mollet, second son of the late Mr. J. P. Mollet, has been changed on promotion from the National Bank, Cahir, Co. Tipperary, to cashier of the branch in Galway. Mr. Mollet was educated at the V. College, Castleknock, and it is a pleasure to find that the early promise he gave of a bright future is being happily redeemed."

Another proof, if any were needed, of the continued success which always follows in Church and State, those fortunate pupils of the Sons of St. Vincent de Paul—those Apostles of Charity, Castleknock has a world-wide reputation as a seat of learning, and its Alumni are to be found filling the most responsible positions in every part of His Majesty's Dominion, and prominent among them is the noble President of the Castleknock Union, Lord Russell of Killowen—Lord Chief Justice of England. Sit perpetua. Grateful, truly grateful and obsequious it is to those good fathers to see their pupils reflecting credit on their "Alma Mater."

Ireland mourns sadly before the bier of one of the most illustrious names in the long heraldry of her most distinguished sons. All Catholic Ireland, yes all the sons of St. Patrick in every land and beneath the skies of every clime, to which the sad news of the unexpected death of England's Catholic Chief Justice has been heralded, weeps over him, who in the life of Ireland and well so far afield, for his long years, who served his Church so faithfully, and so devotedly, the greatest of aristocrats, the purest of Judges is no more. The land that elevated him to the rank of one of the highest of its dignitaries to-day joins in the solemn requiem and sends from every grade of her society, the intellect and nobility of the nation, and the elite of its aristocracy to represent his universal sorrows. In the Church in whose aisles reaches the mournful design, and within whose sanctuary is performed the most plaintive and solemn of its ceremonies, immense crowds are gathered and heartfelt "De Profundis" are uttered and entered. May the holy presiding light of the grass grow greener, and the bay leaf over the honoured remains of one whose memory will have ever a ivy freshness and sweet natural perfume. Even here in England in every Church throughout the land the Holy Mass has been said, the prayer and Holy Communion been offered to-day 'till the happy repose of the genial and faithful patriot in Lord Russell of Killowen. May he rest in peace.

An important admission is made by the "Spectator." It is that the country is profoundly dissatisfied with the Government. This admission from so influential a newspaper is significant. In spite of the country's dissatisfaction with them, the "Spectator" thinks that the Unionists will be successful at the general election, not because of their merits, but because of the disorganised condition of the Liberals. Should the Unionists be returned again to power, the "Spectator" pleads for a reconstruction of the Cabinet. It urges that Mr. Goschen ought to leave the Admiralty and Lord Lansdowne the War Office, so as to make room for fresher and more energetic men. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is suggested for the First Lord and Mr. Chamberlain as Secretary for War. This is taking time by the forelock with a vengeance. It is not certain that the Unionists will be successful at the general election. Even on a short issue they ought to be beaten, because of the Government's stuporous mismanagement of the war. There is not a blunder that it has left uncommitted.—Plymouth Magazine.

An extraordinary score, attributed to the Naval Manoeuvres is reported by a Preston correspondent to have occurred among the Irish harriers in the Elyde district of Lancashire. It seems that rumours have prevailed

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among the peasantry on the seaboard of Ireland that the French were about to land troops in Erin. The appearance of the British warships off the coast during the manoeuvres was accepted as proof of the imminence of the invasion, and letters were received by several of the Irish harvesters in Dublin, advising them to return. These passed from hand to hand, and soon state of panic occurred. During the course of one night over two hundred Irishmen left one district alone, and it has been ascertained the majority of them booked for Dublin. It is estimated that considerably over 1,000 labourers have disappeared without giving their employers warning.

IRISH IMMIGRANT MONUMENT. The unveiling of a monument at Capo Rosier, Que., over the graves of 100 Irish immigrants who perished on the vessel Carriack in April, 1847, was most imposing. Mayor Foley presided. Ten thousand persons from all parts of Gaspé district were present. The monument was sent by Father Quinlivan St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, in recognition of the greatest exertions was put upon its foundations in eighteen hours. It stands eight feet high, and is a permanent landmark. On the platform, which was profusely decorated, there were, besides the Mayor, Father Landry, de Tremaisons, and many prominent ladies and gentlemen. The monument was blessed by Father Landry, surrounded by thirty surpliced choir boys. Twenty instances of the Government's generosity Aberdeen lined the front of the platform. Speeches were made by the Mayor, Mr. Guerin and Inspector O'Farrell. The monument was unveiled by Mr. Justice Curran, in the name of Father Quinlivan and the parishioners of St. Patrick's. An address was presented to the judge and read by Miss Costin. In his reply, the judge warmly thanked Hon. Mr. Bourcier, acting Minister of Marine, for the assistance given by the officers of the department, and his instructions, and read a sympathetic letter, which was accompanied by a generous subscription from Mr. Lemieux, M.P., for the county. No such gathering has taken place in that section of the province for many years.

GRATITUDE OF THE GRAIN SHOVELLERS.

At an enthusiastic and largely attended meeting of the Buffalo Grain Shovelers held last week the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, That the Grain Shovelers' Union, Local 109, takes this occasion to show that after a year and a half the Buffalo scopers hold in grateful remembrance the efforts of those who helped them in the great dock strikes and thank heartily Rev. James E. Quigley, bishop of Buffalo; Hon. Rowland B. Mahany, Very Rev. M. P. Conroy, Rev. Father Gravin, Rev. C. O. Albertson, Rev. C. R. Seavey, Rev. Father Langigan, Rev. L. M. Powers, Rev. Father McConnell, Dr. Israel Axtell, Rev. Father Bideu and Timothy E. Donovan, and extends to them an invitation to be the unions' guests on Labor Day and at our picnic.

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at three dollars a week and ten years later was a partner in the law firm. The part of his career best known to the public was the fifteen years which he served as recorder of the city and for his absolute fearlessness and stern justice. Practically he made over several sections of the city which had been so lawless that no citizen was safe after dark and no respectable woman dared to pass through the streets.

Many of the Spanish-American Catholic papers publish every week a chapter from the Bible or the Gospel of the Sunday at hand. This is interesting, in view of the charge frequently made as our opponents say, that the Church keeps the Bible from the people in Latin America.

A distinguished member of the Society of Jesus is Pere Laurent Li, a native Chinese, who, besides being master of his own native language and literature, is an accomplished Latin and French scholar. He is editor-in-chief of all Chinese publications of the order—papers, magazines and books.

The Home Circle.

EVENING CHANT

Adelaide A. Proctor

Strew before the lady a picture—
Roses—flaming like the sky,
Where the lingering western cloudlets
Watch the lingering daylight die.

Violets steeped in dreamy colors,
Dumblie as the Mother mild,
Blue as were her eyes when watching
O'er her sleeping Child.

Strew white Lilies, pure and spotless,
Beating on their stalks of green,
Bending down with tender pity—
Like our Holy Queen.

Let the flowers spend their fragrance
On our Lady's dear shrine,
While we claim her gracious helping
Near her Son Divine.

Strew before our Lady's picture
Gentle flowers, fair and sweet,
Hope and Fear, and Joy and Sorrow
Place too, at her feet.

Hark! the Angelus is ringing—
Ringing through the falling night,
In the heart of every blossom
Leave a prayer to-night.

All night long will Mary listen,
While our pleadings fond and deep,
On their scented breath are rising
For us—while we sleep.

Scarcely through the starry silence
Shall one trembling petal stir,
While they breathe their own sweet
Fragrance.

Peace to every heart that loves her!
All her children shall be blessed;
While she prays and watches for us,
We will trust and rest.

AGE NOT FROM YEARS.

An interviewer of Sarah Bernhardt
speaks as follows on her retention of
youth:

Sarah Bernhardt is 50 years of age
at least.

She looks to-day not an hour over
fifty and thirty.

I am not speaking of Mme. Bernhardt
as she appears upon the stage
to her audience but as she is in real
life, away from the glare of the
footlights.

No woman has worked harder than this
greatest actress of the century.

The motto of this unique woman's
life has been Quand Meme, which, freely
translated means despite obstacles,
despite poverty, despite pain,
despite anything.

She has been Quand Meme, which, freely
translated means despite obstacles,
despite poverty, despite pain,
despite anything.

When I asked Mme. Bernhardt
the secret of her beauty and her youth
she said, as I knew she would, "Temperance
and cleanliness, ma chere.

Soap and water are my best cosmetics—
hot water—lots of hot water and
soap. For stimulants I have my work—
my art. I cannot grow old. I love
my art—I spend my life absorbed in
it. I am happy, never bored. How can
one have lines of age or weariness or
content when one is happy, busy, never
fatigued; when one's spirit is ever
over young? When I am tired it is not
my soul, just my body. Well, then, I
refresh myself with a hot bath. After
the theatre always a hot scrub—all
the make-up thoroughly washed away. If
I feel weary before the theatre—
I rarely do—I take a bath, a tepid
bath, to rest me. I begin the day
with a bath; and it with soap and
water. Voilà—that is the Alpha and
Omega of my toilet.

"I never drink wines or stimulants
of any kind. I never have worn a
tight corset, although I may have
more than I require. You Americans,
you really eat too many sweets.

"I say to the young as I have said
to the public, Quand Meme, I shall con-
quer you. I am young to-day. I was
young a year ago, and I shall be
young again. I was a little pensionnaire
of fifteen, ah, then, ma chere, then I was
old. You like. I have no lines or
wrinkles, you say. Why should I have
wrinkles? I do not draw my brows
or pull my mouth down to make
them."

Sarah Bernhardt has discovered the
fountain of youth in temperance,
cleanliness and work.

Premature age, decay, wrinkles and
all the foes to beauty that women
fear, yet not enough to avoid their
causes—they almost may be summed
up as the anti-theosis of Bernhardt's
words. Intemperance, cleanliness,
illness—these are the beauty-
destroying demons of every age, every
nation.

LAUGHTER A DUTY.

There is a mission for humor. The
woman who can make others laugh is
a great blessing to her fellows. There
are times in one's experience when a
bit of fun is better, more a means of
grace, than a serious sermon would
be. There are times when the best
help we can give to a friend is to
make her laugh. The wise man
says, "A merry heart is a good medicine."

A hearty laugh would cure
many a sickly feeling, driving away
the blues and changing the whole as-
pect of life.

We may set down laughter, there-
fore, among the Christian duties.
There may be no commendment in
the decalogue saying, "Thou shalt
laugh," but Christ certainly taught
that joy is a duty, one virtue which
every Christian should cultivate. St.
Paul also makes it very clear that we

With the Children.

QUESTIONS FOR THE EDITOR.

Mr. Editor, please do you know
where the white comes from when
put on the snow?

Why does it flavor it sometimes
with blue?
And color it crimson, like raspberries?

No one can tell me—do you understand
Baby's entreaties to swallow his
hand?

He does it, and says "uggie-uggie" be-
tween.
What a tin Jervel from, and what
does it mean?

What is the square root, and where
does it go?
And how is it extracted? I'm anxious to
know;
I've dug till I'm tired, all over the
ground.

But every root I exposed has proved
round.

Why does a goose bow his head to the
floor?
When it enters a pen or a barn, at
least the door?

Is it for manners, or is it instinc-
tive?
From an ignorant view of the light of
its head?

I heard a man say that he looked well
and at a young man's going along
with a bag or a chain, or what
and when you fall in, does it hurt
you or not?

Why does an insect all obstacles find
Which it might well walk round with
less trouble and time?
And why, tell me why, has the Manx
cat no tail?

FRANCE'S WALKING MOUNTAIN.

An object of the greatest interest
to continental Europe at this minute
is a walking mountain in Gard,
France, which is moving toward the
river of the same name, at the rate
of fifteen feet a day. Its advance
has destroyed the machinery and
pits of the Grande Combe Colliery,
and has also destroyed nearly a mile
of the Alais railway. New channels
are being prepared for the Gard and
Gardon rivers, which are sure to be
checked up when the landslide comes.
Six hundred persons have been obli-
ged to leave their homes at Grande
Combe. The lower strata of the moun-
tain, which rises steeply from the val-
ley, is composed of green muds, and
both have given away owing to the
infiltration of rain.

INTERVIEWED THE POPE.

Harry Steele Morrison, an American
boy has interviewed Pope Leo XIII.
for the New York Journal. He visited
Rome with a letter of introduction to
the Papal secretary, who, after
learning that Morrison had inter-
viewed Queen Victoria, the President
of France and several other dignitaries
of Europe, presented him to His Holiness.

"So you are an American," said
the Pope in pure English. "I am very
glad to see you. I do not believe I have
had an American boy to call upon me
for a long, long time, and I am very
glad to hear of you. I suppose you
are from New York?"

I bowed and said "Yes," writes
young Morrison.

"That must be a great city," con-
tinued the Pope. "Have you seen the
cathedral there?" I told him that I
had visited the cathedral many times.

"It must surely be very beautiful,"
said the Pope. Then, continuing, he
said, "I have had many Americans to
see me, but you are the youngest. Many
hundreds of them came over on our
ship, and they were all in St. Peter's
one day. It was a great compliment
to me that they had come so far, and
it is a compliment to me that you have
come in all."

"You have seen many things that I
have never seen," he said. "It is a
good thing for a young man to travel.
It gives him broad ideas and a wonder-
ful knowledge of the world. I advise
all my young friends to see as much of
the world as they can while they are
young, because they will later be ob-
liged to rest in one place. Do you not
feel that your travel is an education
for you?"

"Yes, indeed," I said. "I am sure
it is the best education I could have."

"But you must have another kind
of education with it," said the Pope.

"You must know something of books.
Can you read?"

I had to confess that I could not.

"You should study it, then. It is a
wonderful training for a young man's
mind."

His Holiness then asked me to tell
him something of the people whom I
have interviewed, and of the ways in
which I succeeded in seeing them. He
seemed vastly amused at some things
that I said, and was much interested
in all.

"You American boys have great
perseverance," was all that he said
when I finished.

"What do you expect to follow as
a career?" was his question.

"I hope to be a newspaper man," I
said. His Holiness hesitated before re-
plying.

"That is a good career if you fol-
low it properly," he said. "But a writ-
er who is not a newspaper man is not
responsible. The press is a power-
ful agency for good or evil in the
world, and every person connected
with it should be careful that his in-
fluence is on the right side. Newspa-
pers can make wars and they can
destroy character, but they can also
prevent wars and bring about justice.
It is a wonderful thing to think of the
power of the press."

"You are an American, was just now,"
said I, looking he would have something
to say in regard to them.

The Pope smiled. "Yes," he said, in
a low voice, "very, very many. It is
very interesting. And that was all
he had to say on the subject."

He turned to his wife and began
to examine some of the papers there,
so I looked at the secretary to see
whether he wasn't time I was leaving.

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prelates at sea will have power to hear

confessions without making any applica- tion to the Ordinary at the place of embarkation provided they have facilities for their own vessels.

Another monastic Order, the Pas- sionists, expects an early affiliation with the Catholic hierarchy in Wash- ington, D.C. Like the Franciscans, it is affiliated with the institute two years ago, this community ranks among the most rigorous in discipline in the Catholic Church. The Pas- sionists have large monasteries at West Hoboken, N. J., Pittsburg, Baltimore and several other points in the United States. The indications are that eventually every body of "regular priests" in this country will have its distinct affiliation with the University, while remaining under the government of its own Provincials. This was the scheme at the institu- tion's opening in 1880, and it is being fulfilled.

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Mr. Chubb.

Mr. Chubb of Peckham, London, E. W. lay on the ground all cramped up with his leg twisted like a note of interrogation. He was wondering whether he was dead or alive.

On the whole, Mr. Chubb rather believed himself to be dead. He had a vague recollection of a lone, dreary march under a blistering sun, of an extraordinary feeling of emptiness; traces of much laughing and firing, and rubbing forward again.

After that things became slightly mixed. Something hit him in the leg. It didn't hurt, you know, but it made him very angry, because he was very busy shooting boars. So he had to sit down, or lie down; and that's about all he can remember.

Yes, Mr. Chubb felt tolerably comfortable. He was now a dead man and was surprised at his own indifference. Somehow his thoughts turned to Peckham, and he remembered certain bank holidays spent on the Rye. Mr. Chubb chuckled at the mere thought of it. He had been most surprisingly drunk that day. Not that being drunk was an unusual occurrence but this was a swell affair. It was a kind of red-letter day, and had ended in a really delightful fight with a man from the country, whose wife had called Mrs. Chubb a "woman."

It was too funny for words—so Mr. Chubb thought, as he lay there in a heap. A policeman arrived on the scene and requested the pleasure of his company as far as the station, and Mr. Chubb, being exuberantly happy, knocked him down, and proceeded to jump on him. Finally he required four constables to persuade him to visit their official residence; and Mr. Chubb clearly recollected singing "It's a great big shame" the whole way, followed by an appreciative and admiring crowd.

Lord what a day it was. And what glorious times he had before this "adjective" silly war broke out, and he was "adjective" silly fool enough to enlist for it.

Just then Mr. Chubb felt a splash of rain on his face. Also he noticed that the atmosphere was cold; and he concluded from this that he was not dead, but very much alive.

He turned the motion over in his mind for some time. It was rather amusing, this being alive. There might still be time for some more fun. On the whole, he might as well get up and find out where the other "blokes" were.

So Mr. Chubb proceeded to rise. Then he made a discovery. His right leg was up to his own expressive phrase—"all over the shop." He was no more able to stand, or even sit up, than he was able to fly, or swim, or walk, or "lead and lead."

Presently he heard a half-suppressed groan. "Ugh!" said Mr. Chubb hoarsely. "Oo's that sighing?"

"It's only me," said a faint voice. "And you're only me when 'tis at home!" said Mr. Chubb.

"I'm Field, of the Horse Artillery," said the faint voice. "Never heard of you?" said Mr. Chubb. "Who are you?" said Field of the Horse Artillery.

"Me?" said Mr. Chubb. "Well, I'm Chubb of Peckham, at present serving with her glorious majesty's booming rifle brigade. Where are you?"

"In the stomach," said Mr. Chubb was silent for a minute, and then he said in a somewhat gentler voice: "Where are you hit, matey?"

"Right leg, matey," said the voice, very faintly, indeed. "Garn!" said Mr. Chubb, promptly. "You ain't done for—not by a long way! Cheer up!"

"Where are you hit?" said the voice. "Right leg," said Mr. Chubb, in a tone of deep disgust. "Still, I s'pose I ought not to grumble. It don't hurt when I keep still—at least, nothing to speak of."

There was silence for a few minutes; and then Field of the Horse Artillery whispered: "Did you say you come from Peckham?"

"Yes, No. 14 Angel Terrace, Queen's Road," said Mr. Chubb. "I know Peckham," said the faint voice. "Lovely place, ain't it?" murmured Mr. Chubb, sarcastically. "Wonderful sea breeze you get all the way up from the Elephant. And the view you gets from the giddy 'ights of Camberwell is enough to turn your head."

Mr. Chubb then, helpfully, smacked his lips at the note. Again the conversation flagged. Field of the Horse Artillery being too weak to talk, and Mr. Chubb of Peckham being very busy turning over an idea in his mind.

"You'll excuse me," he said presently. "But ah! you the bloke that 'elped my missus and the kids when I was pinched?"

"Some friends of mine sent money to them," said the faint voice, in a husky whisper.

"Lathum!" murmured Mr. Chubb. "What a rum thing I should meet you here! So it was you sent 'em some money every week? Well, I'm dashed!"

Mr. Chubb was so taken up with the remarkable coincidence that, after careful thought, he uttered: "Well, I'm jiggered!"

Ten another idea struck him, and with much difficulty he got out a small metal flask, in which he always carried a small supply of spirituous refreshment.

"It ain't likely there's a drop left," he muttered. "I never do leave much behind."

But on being shaken the flask gave up a slight splash, and then there was perhaps a tablespoonful of brandy in it. This was almost more surprising than meeting an unknown friend, and Mr. Chubb's remarks cannot be recorded with propriety.

"Don't be afraid to take it," said Mr. Chubb, in a tone of deep sincerity, and in spite of the most excruciating agony, Mr. Chubb of Peckham proceeded to drag himself along the ground as best he could.

The pain was intense, and, although he was not a highly strung individual, the perspiration broke out on his face and head, and he clenched his teeth in a resolute determination not to cry out.

In the meantime, Field of the Horse Artillery, who was rather recovered consciousness, and was vaguely aware that something was happening.

"What are you doing?" he groaned. "I've got to give you a nip of brandy," said Mr. Chubb, in a steady voice.

"Oh, I shall be glad of it!" murmured the other. "But don't you trouble if it hurts you."

"Urra me!" said Mr. Chubb, in a tone of deep sincerity, and in spite of the most excruciating agony, Mr. Chubb of Peckham proceeded to drag himself along the ground as best he could.

Ten minutes later he could just manage to reach Field of the Horse Artillery with his outstretched arm.

"Here you are, matey," he said, "Flinch it up."

"Have you had some yourself?" murmured the other, doubtfully.

"What do you think?" said Mr. Chubb. "Did you ever know me lose a chance?"

So Field of the Horse Artillery swallowed the tablespoonful of brandy, and Mr. Chubb smacked his lips at the thought of the drink which he had not had.

Proving a Proverb.

"Fine feathers do not make fine birds," said Bartlett, in a manner to convey his opinion that that settled the whole matter beyond any possible dispute.

"What nonsense!" cried Lathum. "they do, and all the proverbs in the world cannot prove the contrary. Proverbs are usually misleading, to say the least, and yet people accept them as truth just because they have a common place. Facial resemblance alters them with an air of authority."

"That's not an answer," Bartlett remarked, with ungrammatical good humor.

"For the moment, yes," Lathum admitted, "but I'd just as lief take my turn at it. If I were to make a proverb, I'd express my idea of the truth, I'd come out flat footed, without any metaphors, and proclaim that clothes make the gentleman."

"But you don't believe it?" "Oh, yes," Lathum said.

There was a lull of protests, for among the dozen or so debaters, Lathum was a minority of one. It was the Stay-at-home club, after dinner, and the conversation was an what membership in the Stove-stain implied, wealthy young men who had never done a stroke of remunerative work.

"I'd like to see you," he put that proverb of yours to the test. You wouldn't say, for example, that if your valet put on your clothes he would thereby become your equal as a gentleman?"

"I would," declared Lathum, who was a stout, middle-aged man, "provided the clothes fitted him. I must say that equality isn't in the discussion, but I'll bet that you, for the general principle is the same. My valet is trained to be polite and courteous. He has the turn of mind in demeanor, or I'd turn him off. He is honest, or he would have cleared out long ago with my valuables. He speaks as good English as many a gentleman I've met."

The men were not convinced that good clothes would make this valet anything but a menial, and after some fruitless arguing Bartlett returned to the attack with renewed vigor.

"If your proverb is true," he said, "the reverse should be true. Suppose you were to put on a menial's livery, would you be a valet, or would you still be the gentleman that you understand?"

"I don't know whether I should be a valet," Lathum replied, "for that takes special training, but I should not be a gentleman any longer. Of that I am certain."

"It would be interesting to prove that," murmured Bartlett, thoughtfully. "My footman left me to-day, and I haven't yet selected his successor. Why not take his place for one evening and see how it goes? If the livery makes you anything but a gentleman, come on I'll pay you a hundred dollars that you can't stand the test."

Lathum colored and nodded unobtrusively. He was recognized by lots of people," he said, "and that would be unpleasant."

"Well," suggested Bartlett, becoming deeply interested, "you can give yourself a real test. You'll be a valet for a week. You'll know what it's like to be a valet. You'll know what it's like to be a valet. You'll know what it's like to be a valet."

"I have," he answered promptly, "and I'll take your wager on the understanding that no one outside those present are to be informed of what is going on."

"Sure!" cried Bartlett. "For if you didn't keep it private the test wouldn't be fair."

There was a deal of rallery at Lathum's expense during the rest of the evening. He was looked at curiously, and expressed perfect confidence that he would win Bartlett's hundred. Next morning, therefore, he sent for a barber to remove his beard, and then he went to a tailor to get a new suit of clothes with a shudder of apprehension. Smooth lips and cheeks seemed to be no disguise whatever. To his own eyes he appeared dreadfully familiar, but he comforted himself with the thought that he was only a valet for a week.

Bartlett was ready for him, and the next morning he was off to the office. Lathum had put on the livery and stood waiting for orders. "For the rest of to-day," said Bartlett, "you are James. I am going to drive up the avenue. Lathum followed him to the stable and climbed to the footman's seat behind him. There he sat, both upright and motionless while Bartlett drove along the familiar streets. He was glib with words, conversing with the fashionable folk to the swell shops or to the parks for their morning airing. Many of them were acquaintances of both young men and Bartlett was half the time lifting his eyebrows at the manner of recognition. Apparently no one saw the men in the rear seat. Lathum began to feel easier. It seemed to him as if this fallow of his friends to so much as look at him went far to prove his theory.

the fashion, the "Grand White" he was behind him, and returned to the car in full view of the ever changing multitude. He saw many a lady who would have done to him had he been in any other costume, but, though he had painful doubts as to what instances approached not one of them as a man a glance. Once Bartlett pulled up at the curb and begged an elderly man into a long conversation about the merits of the "Grand White" in split, for the elderly man was the father of the girl Lathum was engaged to marry. The prospective father-in-law paid no attention to the footman and after they had gone on, Lathum remarked:

"It seems to me that was unnecessary."

"A good footman," returned Bartlett, "does not content upon his master's conduct."

"By the way, sir," said the "Grand White" and Bartlett suggested that he went down again after that, and waited at the house of Lathum's fiancée. Bartlett calmly went in to make a call while James kept company with the horse. He said very many things to Bartlett, who took pains to admit that he hadn't had such a good time for years, to which Lathum ventured to respond, "Nevertheless, I think I am proving my proverb and winning."

"Frankly, old fellow, I think you are," said Bartlett, "but the day isn't done yet."

All the afternoon they drove around town and in spite of the numerous services that Lathum had to perform, he never betrayed himself, and he was recognized only by the clubmen who were met from time to time. This was doubtless by prearrangement, for Bartlett frequently consulted his watch and changed his course as if he had an engagement somewhere at a definite hour. It was always after some circumstance that they would come upon a group of the clubmen, who would nod to him and make some remarks about his "servant."

Lathum won their admiration by the heroic way he stood the lather, never retorting, or even seeming to hear.

The sun was just setting when Bartlett pulled up at a grand hotel on upper Broadway. The clubmen were there, and after the usual chaffing directed at "James," they all went into the barroom. Lathum, of course, remained at the horse's head, and the clubmen were so noisily over and rejoiced in his victory. The men, having had their refreshment, came out and lingered in the doorway, reluctant to disperse and so refused to let Lathum go until they had seen him to the door.

While they stood there a plainly dressed woman came along. She had a little girl by the hand. A drunken loafer, leaning by, accosted her, much to her annoyance and, when he persisted in directing his remarks to her alarm, Lathum darted quickly to the fellow's side, caught him by the collar, yanked him away from the woman, and gave him such a vigorous kick that he went staggering half way across the street.

The man was immensely interested. Sure that he had never before returned to poster the woman. Lathum returned to the door and looked at her. Up to him then walked the woman.

"Thank you, sir," said she, gratefully; "you are a gentleman if ever there was one."

The assertion, overheard by the men in the doorway, set them into an uncontrollable roar of laughter. The woman turned upon them in amazement.

"He's much more of a gentleman," she cried indignantly, "than you well deserved men who ought to know better."

They did their best to check their laughter, for they perceived that the woman supposed that they were making fun of her, and she had a superior air altogether, and she hurried away protesting to the little girl that the man in servant's uniform was unmistakably a gentleman because his conduct proved it.

That was the end of the test. Lathum was inclined to deny that he had lost. "That woman is no judge," he argued; "she doesn't know a gentleman—"

But the other fellows shook their heads. "She recognized the mark of a gentleman in spite of your clothes and you'd better settle, old fellow," they said. And Lathum decided to do so. His stubbornness, which stood him in good stead during the trying day, inclined him to hold to his story, but he found no little satisfaction in the fact that the episode raised him higher in the esteem of his friends than he had ever before.

The sculptors are now very busy on the interior of the new dome of the basilica of Montmartre, Paris. Hammer and chisel seem to have no rest, for M. Robaut de Flourey says there are 400 strokes a minute nearly all day.

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