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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 14.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

The Budget for the Dominion of Canada was presented by the Finance Minister, Mr. Foster, in a very lengthy and able speech. Whilst other colonies of Great Britain had felt acutely the commercial depression, Canada, almost alone amongst the countries of the world, shows during 1892-93 an increased trade both in imports and exports, and an increased revenue of one and a quarter million dollars over the preceding year.

Coming to revenue and expenditure for 1893 the statement was not so favorable:

Revenue to March 10th, 1894	.. \$25,096,000
Revenue to March 10th, 1893	.. 25,771,600
Expenditure to Mar. 10th, 1894	.. 22,633,000
Expenditure to Mar. 16th, 1893	.. 22,235,600

Revenues have shown a decline for two reasons—first, from a general apprehension of a change of tariff; and secondly, from our people feeling the influences of the world wide depression and period of low prices. Whence it is concluded that if the expenditure is normal there will be a deficit at the end of the year.

Liquors and tobacco form the first schedule. The only change made is the taking off one-half cent per pound on malt duties. The next is the agricultural products. Animals living, which were formerly 25 per cent. have been reduced to 20 per cent. Fresh mutton, which was 3 cents per pound, has been changed to 35 per cent. Pork, which before had two schedules, light and heavy, is now put at a uniform duty of 25 per cent. As to grains—oats have been kept at 10 cents per bushel, and cornmeal at 40 cents per barrel; but two schedules have been formed with other grains. The first schedule contains corn and barley, which are kept as before; but an offer of reciprocity is made upon these products by a special clause. Wheat and wheat flour are kept at the former rates—15 cents per bushel on the former, and 75 cents per barrel on the latter.

The duty on books is changed from ad valorem to six cents per pound. An extensive free list is given, including prayer-books, two copies for University and College libraries.

A great deal of attention was devoted to the duty on iron. The policy is to keep upon pig iron the same customs duty and the same bounty as at present, the duty being \$4 per ton and the bounty \$2 per ton. It is further proposed to make the scrap duties on iron till the end of the year \$3 instead of \$2, and after the next first of January \$4 per ton. Blast furnaces are to have a bounty for five years from starting, of \$2 a ton upon puddled bar.

Two single items have been made of the whole woollen business. Yarns, woollen and worsted, which bore 10 cents a pound and 20 per cent. ad valorem, have been made to bear an ad valorem duty of 27½ per cent., and all fabrics and manufactures of wool have been put at the rate of 80 per cent.

With reference to wood, logs and round unmanufactured timber not specially enumerated or provided for in the act; firewood, railroad ties, ship timber and ship planking are free, and other woods mentioned in the schedule are free. This is a special concession to Manitoba and the North-West.

The total reduction of revenue resulting from the changes, taking as a basis the imports of last year, will amount to \$1,500,000 to \$1,600,000.

At a meeting of the Alumni Association in connection with Toronto University College there were some good speeches. The guest of the evening was Dr. Angell, President of Michigan University. After being happily introduced by the Hon. S. H. Blake, who said "he had some fears when reading the other day the long list of articles included in the new tariff, that there might be some impediment placed in the way of importation of such matter as Dr. Angell represented." Dr. Angell said, "he rejoiced in the fact that he was not numbered among the taxable commodities yet," and with this happy introduction to his subject Dr. Angell continued: "It was impossible to stop the free interchange of what was the most valuable product of all-thought. They on their side, shared with us our heritage in the wealth bequeathed to us by our Shakespeare and Milton and Bacon, and we also had a common share with them in Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and Hawthorne." The Speaker said, "that we in Ontario were blessed by nature with lavish gifts, encircled by a zone of beautiful lakes and rivers, were given a soil that filled the barns and granaries of our farmers to bursting, with mineral wealth whose greatness was only beginning to be suspected. Speaking of State education Dr. Angell declared "as unworthy of our people the idea that the duty of the State was done when it had provided for primary education. Education should be so free that the poor man's son should have just as good a chance as the rich man's son. God had scattered the seeds of genius impartially, had placed some of the richest jewels in the poorest settings. All history showed this. The speaker referred to some notable examples—to the son of the Ayrshire peasant, who sang the sweetest songs that ever were sung upon the Scottish hills; to the poor lad to whom the

electric currents paused a moment to reveal their secrets; to him who harnessed steam and revolutionized all locomotion; to the poor American boy who led his country out of slavery and degradation. If such was the case, he pleaded, should not our university doors be thrown open to all alike? In Europe this was the case. The present Emperor of Germany sat side by side with a blacksmith's son in the Gymnasium. The great medieval schools of Europe had been, through private munificence and the efforts of the church, open to all classes alike. And what were these schools? The map of Europe had been changed again and again, dynasties had been set up and overthrown, Kings and Emperors had come and gone, but these had abided. And through them the strength of the lower classes had been diffused throughout the whole body of society. There could never be a surplus of men of thought and training. There might be a surplus of fools and dandies, but never of these."

Mr. S. H. Blake, in referring to Dr. Angell's remarks, gave some plain facts about the needs of Toronto University. Mr. Blake spoke of what had been done in other cities by generous minded individuals for the benefit of higher education. In our own country he mentioned the magnificent donation of Mr. W. C. Macdonald to McGill, of \$1,000,000. Mr. Blake thought the moneyed people of Ontario should come forward and assist our University of which they professed to be proud.

In the Church of St. Patrick, Limerick, at the celebration of Ireland's patron Saint, the Very Rev. Prior Glynn, O.S.A., of St. Patrick's, Rome, after giving an eloquent and vivid description of the work of St. Patrick, alluded to the Holy Father's feeling towards Ireland. He said: "From the lips of the late Cardinal Joseph Pecci, the brother of his Holiness, he frequently heard that the Pecci family—the parents as well as the children—made a deep study of Ireland. The father of the present Pope, Count Pecci, was an officer under Napoleon. The Cardinal told him that his father during his travels had frequently met with Irish soldiers in the service of France, the men of the Old Brigade, and that they had spoken to him in tender accents of the wrongs of their country. Count Pecci was always deeply moved by what he had heard, and when the wars were over, and he returned to his mountain home at Carpieto—the birthplace of the Pope—he and his children came to the knowledge and love of Ireland. It was his privilege for many years on the vigil of our National festival to present the Pope with a bunch of

shamrocks from the green hills of Ireland, and every year his Holiness assured him that for St. Patrick and Ireland he would wear our chosen leaf over his heart on the 17th of March. The shamrocks worn by Leo XIII. were taken from the heights of Singland, and from the grave of our Apostle at Downpatrick.

The Church of St. Agatha in Rome and the annexed Irish College attracted a great number of visitors on St. Patrick's Day, "thanks to the special interest and kindness," says a Roman correspondent of an exchange, "shown by the rector, Mgr. Kelly, to all the Irish in Rome. The Rev. Monsignor O'Bryen preached an eloquent and deeply interesting sermon in the temporary chapel of St. Patrick, which is situated within the walls of the splendid new Augustinian College, and which does duty while awaiting the realisation of the great project of raising a grand monument to the apostle of Ireland." Monsignor O'Bryen has been a frequent visitor to Toronto, and was here as recently as last autumn, the guest of Mr. P. Hughes, Jarvis street.

A good deal of excitement is aroused at the Vatican, owing to the announcement "that the holy Father, notwithstanding his great age, has consented to go through the cures prescribed by the celebrated Mgr. Kneipp, of Worishofen, in Bavaria. Father Kneipp had been staying in Rome some time, when Cardinal Monaco della Valtorta, who was gravely ill placed himself under his care. The treatment completely re-established the Cardinal in health, and when he visited Leo XIII. Cardinal Monaco spoke about Mgr. Kneipp in the most enthusiastic manner. As the Pope was just then suffering from a severe pain in the knee, he immediately sent for Father Kneipp and placed himself unreservedly in his hands. The treatment prescribed was severe. After making sure that the circulation of the blood was vigorous and complete, Father Kneipp administered cold douches to the venerable patient, condemned him to eat black bread with vegetables and to drink only specially prepared malt coffee. At first the pain seemed to increase, which surprised the Bavarian priest; but on making the discovery, that the holy Father wore flannel, which he does not think healthy; Father Kneipp ordered that linen should be worn instead. Although some of the attendants were a little alarmed at these extreme measures, the prescription has been strictly followed with beneficial results.

On May the 5th will commence a series of fetes to celebrate the anniversary of the late Pope, Pius the IX. On the morning of that date, a solemn Requiem Mass will be celebrated in the Basilica of San Lorenzo, after which a panegyric will be read on the life of the late Pontiff. And on the same day the beautiful mosaic crypt which contains the remains of his late Holiness will be inaugurated.

## IRISH INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISES.

From *Mulholland in the N. Y. Catholic Review.*

The great institution of the asylum for the Blind at Merrion, near Dublin, which employs and supports four hundred souls, is instanced as a type of a work of women which is beyond all praise; and yet another unique among all, is that of the Hospice for the Dying at Harold's Cross, near Dublin, instituted and carried on by the Sisters of Charity. In this kind of women's work in Ireland the religious orders, of course, take the lead—their enterprises dwarf all those of their secular sisters, whether Catholic or Protestant. Yet it is pleasant to know that a great many useful industries have sprung up throughout Ireland, many of them initiated and carried on by Protestant ladies, and the histories of some of these works make particularly interesting reading. Most people who are concerned about Ireland know how remote from the world are the peasantry of Conamara, surrounded by their lonesome mountains, many and many a mile from a line of railway, cut off from employment, and from all market for the product of any labor they might undertake. At a place called Letterpack, beside the Twelve Pins of Connemara, a kind hearted lady named Miss Sturge has taken up her abode for the purpose of instructing the young people in the art of making wicker-work. Her plan was to bring over a skilled wicker-worker from France, and thus she succeeded in doing. A loan of the court-house of the district was obtained as a workshop for the first start, and afterwards a technical school for the teaching of the art was erected, besides a factory, all enclosed within a large iron building which is now a centre of industry, sending forth beautiful delicate work in wicker, all kinds of useful household articles, including beds, chairs, tables, book cases. Almost any article can be made in wicker, to order, by Miss Sturge's clever young people, who are said to possess great delicacy and taste in the style of their work. The employment given, of course, brings its remuneration, for Miss Sturge manages to find a market for the goods produced, and the condition of the peasantry of the countryside is materially improved by her brave enterprise.

Another highly successful undertaking for providing remunerative employment for the population of very poor districts of Ireland is carried on by Mrs. Rogers at Carrick in Donegal, and Carna in Connemara. Mrs. Rogers had engaged to provide a large number of knitted gloves of a particular and difficult pattern for the English market, and came to Ireland to seek for workers. At first, on arriving at Carrick, she met with great difficulties. Everyone distrusted her, no one would put her in the way of getting what she wanted. It happened fortunately that she had brought with her an Irish Catholic young lady who bethought her of making known the wishes and intentions of the travellers to the parish priest of Carrick. The priest of course soon perceived the blessing which Providence was sending to his poor half-famished flock, and warmly entered into the plans which Mrs. Rogers hastened to lay before him. On the following Sunday he addressed his congregation from the altar on the subject of the proffered employment, and urged the women and girls of the parish to come in their numbers and receive instruction which the ladies were anxious to give them, and which would enable them to earn food for themselves and their families.

Very touching is Mrs. Rogers account of the haste and ardor with which the poor women responded to the priest's appeal; of how they travelled long miles from the hills and valleys, and crowded into and around the rooms where she was prepared to

receive them, in such numbers and with so great eagerness that she was at first almost impeded in her movements for their benefit by the intensity of their desire for the work. The intricate pattern of the knitting was a difficulty even to practised knitters and these poor women were quite un instructed in the use of the needles, yet with patient and determined persistence they came and went long journeys every day to and from their distant homes, and labored indefatigably until one obstacle after another was overcome, and each ignorant beginner developed gradually into a skilful and experienced worker.

After six months' of hard struggle and incessant toil, life began to look much brighter for the women about Carrick. Steady wages were earned, great packets of goods were sent off to London, and in one year the money received by the knitters amounted to £1,000, a vast sum in a district where there had been "no earning," and where the people had been accustomed to live in a state of semi starvation. For two years the women of Carrick were kept busily employed in knitting gloves, and when these gloves went out of fashion, Mrs. Rogers instructed her workers in the knitting of children's underclothing. Carrick has developed into a prosperous little town; most of the miserable huts have disappeared, and nice new cottages have taken their places. Shops with plate-glass windows have lately appeared. Seeing the thriving state of Carrick, Mrs. Rogers was induced to carry her industry to Connemara, to a place called Carna, where the people were in a state of terrible distress. Here she was welcomed and assisted by Father Tom Flannery, who had long been fighting almost single-handed to keep famine away from his flock. In both instances Mrs. Rogers owes her success to the zealous efforts of the priest of the district to which she brought her enterprise, who from the altar steps, Sunday after Sunday persistently urged the women to persevere, and encouraged them with promises which they could hardly have believed in from any other lips but his own.

Miss Dorothea Roberts, another English lady, has established a somewhat similar industry of knitting in another remote corner of Ireland, known as "the Rosses." In Irish "Ross" means headland. For ten years past an average of ten pounds a month has been paid into the Rosses for work done. Recently an order for thirteen thousand pairs of Army socks has been executed by Miss Roberts' knitters, and much exceptionally fine work done by them has been purchased all over England. On account of her enterprises Miss Roberts writes:—"Our Rosses stretch out into the Atlantic like the fingers of some giant hand. America we say, is our next parish. The great new world seems all the closer because there is not a family in our parish which has not some of its members living there across the wild Atlantic billows. By that stern seaboard the harvest of the land is scanty, grown only on such washings of soil as can accumulate in cups between big rolling, stony mountains. The harvest of the sea, rich as it is, remains ungathered for the most part, awaiting such generous help as that which has turned Baltimore, in the county of Cork, into a busy hive of industry. For half a century past the women of Rosses have been excellent knitters. The late Lord George Hill and Mr. Foster, his agent, greatly encouraged this work by industrial shows and prize giving in the neighboring parish of Gweedore.

"Ten years ago the excellent parish priest of the Rosses, Father B. Walker, received my first banks of wool, which he promptly returned to me in London, knitted into shapely stockings. The work begun by me in so small a way

has grown and flourished by the kind help of sympathizers all over Great Britain. Our parish lies remote from the Donegal centres, where agents give out yarns for Scottish and other hosiery. These beneficent new railways which I see opening up who congested districts elsewhere can scarcely climb over our rugged mountains, or cross the long fords which wind up amongst the cliffs of our western sea board. The parcolpost, is our main dependence at present, both for delivery of yarns and export of goods.

"The eager, bare-footed, Irish speaking women who crowd in from remote islands to my agents when the news of the coming of a bale of wool has spread, are quick to seize new ideas, and very quick with their fingers too."

In this book is found a slight record of one work by a remarkable Irish-woman, who has during this month passed away from among us, one whose great and good works—intellectual and charitable—would fill a long record. Mrs. Sarah Atkinson will be known to many as the author of the "Life of Mrs. Aikenhead, foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity." Of this important book and its author I hope to tell you more another day. The paper in "Woman's Mission" alludes to the work done many years ago in the South Dublin Union Workhouse by Mrs. Atkinson and the late Mrs. Ellen Woodlock, who with great difficulty effected an opening for lady visitors into that dismal interior, devoting their energies to training and assisting the young woman who had grown up from infancy under the blighting shadow of the walls of "the House."

## Mrs. Hart's Irish Village.

Mrs. Ernest Hart's Irish Village is fated not to be forgotten. The doors of Drogheda Gateway had not closed upon the public in the Midway Pleasance before Mrs. Hart had received an offer from Mr. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, to transport her village, with its cottages, its spinners, weavers, dyers and lace-makers, to his great store, which covers not less than fifteen acres of floor space was set up a street of cottages, where under the thatched roofs and beside the hooded chimneys, the boys and colleens were again to be found dyeing the wool in the potato pot from the wild plants of the bog, spinning the thread on the humming "wee wheel," and weaving the solid "Hand and Heart Home-spuns" which Mrs. Hart had made so famous. Here the "Kells Linens" of brilliant colors are again woven, and a splendid exhibit of linens of iridescent tints and magical colors just invented and imported by Mrs. Hart, attracted the attention of all visitors.

The village ran for two months and was visited by thousands of people, and excited a most lively interest. Exhibits and shows are, however, only temporary and a means to an end. The end being a solid and permanent business in the country in which attention had been attracted by the exhibit. So much attention has been aroused throughout America by the exhibition of the beautiful linens, woollens, laces and embroideries, shown at Mrs. Hart's Irish Village, and which obtained for their excellence no less than thirty-five medals, being a higher number of awards than was obtained by any other exhibitor at the World's Fair, that we feel sure that all those who are interested in the development of Irish industries will be glad to learn that the products of Mrs. Hart's industries are to be found in most of the leading retail houses in America. At Messrs. Arnold and Constable's, of New York, the beautiful colored Kells Art linens, the "Hand and Heart Home-spuns," and the popular Irish laces are to be obtained, and Messrs. Hollander, Hovey and Stearns, of Boston, Wanamaker,

Homer and LeBoutillier of Philadelphia, and Marshall Field, of Chicago, have all either placed or promised orders for the products of Mrs. Hart's trained workers.

It will thus be seen that Mrs. Hart is not content with merely creating a public impression and arousing enthusiasm. She has established permanent industries in the poorer parts of Ireland, and she aims at obtaining permanent outlets in the wealthier parts of America. In selecting to place her goods with the leading distributing houses of America she is showing accurate business judgment, and the great houses in placing their orders for these goods demonstrate that they are in the highest degree marketable and excellent. Mrs. Hart has also opened an office at No. 209 Rothschild Building, West Broadway, New York, where all information can be obtained and where communications should be addressed to her.

Not neglecting, however, the exhibition element, she has at the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco a large space in a prominent place in the Manufacturers Building for a collective exhibit of Irish industries. To this effort to introduce Irish goods to the notice of our compatriots of the West all Irishmen should give a warm and hearty support. The Irish stall at the Midwinter Fair will be found opposite the main entrance and next the offices of the Commissioners of Great Britain and Ireland.

We should not forget that Mrs. Hart was the first to hoist the Irish flag at the World's Fair, and to maintain it there to the end, and for this service alone all Irishmen should serve her, as well as for being the promoter of the Irish cottage industry movement. The success of her enterprise in America means the removal of much of the poverty of Ireland.—*Chicago Citizen.*

## Seeing Rome in Four Hours.

Seroux d'Agincourt, the learned archaeologist, who loved the Eternal City intensely, and who knew it, if I may be permitted the expression, from basement to garret, received a visit one day from an Englishman. Introducing himself with characteristic brevity, he said: "Here is a letter from Lord N.; he recommends me to you. Will you give me a rapid programme of what I can see at Rome in four hours?" "Four hours!" Seroux d'Agincourt, although of a calm, even phlegmatic temperament, was quite agitated and at a complete loss for once in his life. He had drawn up plenty of plans for visiting Rome in eight, or even four days; but he had never thought of making one for four hours. However, as there was no time to lose, he gave the following brief orders to the coachman, which were faithfully executed:

"Conduct his Excellency to St. Peter's, drive round the Piazza, but do not allow him to enter the Basilica, it would be lost time. From thence go to the Coliseum; useless to get out of the carriage. After this drive to Piazza del Popolo, passing by way of the Forum and Capitol. Go slowly, but never stop. You will name all the monuments you may happen to pass, without, however, giving any explanation. Then take his Excellency back to his hotel, for he will require the remaining hour to take his tea." He then turned to his visitor and said: "Good bye, sir; bon voyage. I will not shake hands so as not to detain you."

On February 28th, the Assizes were opened in Longford by Justice Johnson, who was accompanied by the High Sheriff (Mr. H. B. Armstrong), Mr. J. Robinson, Sub-Sheriff, and Christopher Reynolds, Clerk of the Crown and Peace. Addressing the grand jury, Judge Johnson said he was happy to inform them that the county was in a peaceable and orderly condition, and there were only four trifling cases to go before them.

## A LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.

A Mysterious Memorial of the Great Apostle of Ireland

St. Patrick, it is said, came from Ireland to Gaul to visit St. Martin, attracted by the fame of his sanctuary and miracles. On arriving, in the midst of a snow storm, at the banks of the Loire, not far from the spot on which the church now stands which bears his name, he sought shelter under a thorn bush. It was Christmas-tide, and the winter was a severe one. The shrub, out of respect for the saint, extended its branches, and shook off the snow which rested on them; when the servant of God arose to continue his journey, it appeared covered with snow-white flowers. St. Patrick crossed the Loire on his cloak, and, arriving on the opposite shore, again rested under another blackthorn, which at once burst into flower. "Since that time," concludes the chronicle, "the two shrubs have never failed to blossom at Christmas-tide in testimony of the sanctity of Blessed St. Patrick."

Another version of this beautiful legend runs as follows: On his return to Ireland after a visit to St. Martin in Gaul, St. Patrick came to the left bank of the Loire; he requested some boatmen to take across the stream, promising them the blessings of heaven if they complied. But these rude men gruffly repulsed him. Thereupon the saint laid his mantle upon the water, and directing his course by means of a branch of a blackthorn which he had broken from a bush near by, floated safely to the opposite side. The boatmen were overcome with astonishment. St. Patrick planted the thorn branch, and, kneeling down, gave thanks to God. The branch took root, and grew into a bush which blossomed each succeeding winter in honor of the saint.

So far the legend. Before giving an account of the phenomenon, we may remark, with St. Patrick's latest and best biographer, Father Morris, of the Oratory, that it would seem as if nature would fain repay the saint for the way in which he had honored the inanimate creation when he made high mountains his altars, and "bound to himself" the elements as attendants in the service of his Lord. Natural monuments are a distinguishing feature of St. Patrick's history in Ireland, and it is certainly very remarkable that the same characteristic should attach to the record of his life in France.

It is a fact, one for which science is still unable to give any satisfactory explanation, that a tree in a little town on the banks of the Loire, not far from Tours, named after St. Patrick, unfailingly, every year at Christmas, is seen covered with flowers. Some few years ago the flowers appeared during the entire octave, when the mercury was constantly below zero. It frequently happens that the bush is at one and the same time white with the snow of winter and the blossoms of its own flowers. Thousands came to gather those fleurs de St. Patrice, which are believed to be an undying witness of St. Patrick's connection with St. Martin of Tours. These trophies of the apostle of Ireland are also objects of religious veneration. M. Damont, better known as the holy man of Tours, always kept a branch of the fleurs de St. Patrice hung in his room. "The whole neighborhood," as Father Morris remarks, "is redolent of St. Patrick." Besides the village, the commune bears the name of the saint; and the ancient parish church, dating from the tenth or eleventh century, is dedicated to him.

The following account of the mysterious tree, from the pen of Monsignor Chevalier, president of the Archaeological Society of Touraine, is given in Father Morris' admirable life of St. Patrick. It has for title, "Extrait des Annales de la Société d'Agriculture, Science, etc., du Département

d'Indre et Loire, t. xxx, année 1850, p. 70."

"On the banks of the Loire, a few leagues from Tours, a very remarkable phenomenon is repeated year by year, and from time immemorial—one concerning which science as yet has given no satisfactory explanation. This phenomenon, too little known, consists of the blossoming, in the midst of the rigors of winter, of the *prunus spinosa*, commonly called the sloe. We have lately verified this circumstance with our own eyes, and can vouch for its truth without fear of contradiction. We can appeal to the testimony of thousands who, at the end of December in each year, are eye witnesses to its repetition, and we have ourselves gathered these extraordinary flowers. This remarkable shrub is to be found at St. Patrice upon the slope of a hill not far from the Chateau de Rochecotte. The circulation of the sap, which should be suspended in winter, is plainly revealed by the moist state of the bark, which easily separates from the wood which it covers. The buds swell, the flowers expand as in the month of April, and cover the boughs with odoriferous and snow-like flowers; while a few leaves timidly ventured to expose their delicate verdure to the icy north winds. Shall I venture to add?—to the flowers succeeds the fruit, and at the beginning of January a small berry appears attached to a long peduncle in the midst of the withered and discolored petals, which soon shrivels and dries up.

"This singular growth of flowers is almost unknown, although it has been repeated every year from the time immemorial. The oldest inhabitants of St. Patrice have always seen it take place at a fixed period of the year, no matter how severe the season of the year may be, and such has also been the ancient tradition of their forefathers, while legend seems to attribute a very remote origin to the fact; but as the shrub itself appears quite strong, it is probable that it is renewed from the roots. However, this phenomenon is limited to the locality and to the shrub in question. Cuttings transplanted elsewhere have blossomed only in spring, and the hawthorns which grow amidst the sloes do not manifest any circulation of sap."

The incredulous will object that, after all, this circumstance is not more extraordinary than the flowering of the lilac in November, when the buds, by an unwary mistake, suppose that in the still mild temperature, they have found the soft breath of spring. Our reader must not be deceived; the blackthorn of St. Patrick "grows, develops and bears fruit in the midst of the rigors of winter, in the most icy temperature." Although growing on the slope of the hill, this shrub is no way sheltered from the north wind; "its branches are encrusted with hoar frost, the icy northwest wind blows violently against them, and it often happens that the shrub is loaded at one and the same time with the snow of winter and the snow of its own flowers."

The author refutes the hypothesis of the proximity of a thermal spring; the ground, he observes, remains covered with snow, and the other shrubs do not blossom.

## Memories of Sir Walter Raleigh.

It is now about three hundred years since Sir Walter Raleigh lived in Ireland, but, according to Sir John Pope Hennessy, very many traces of his residence there can still be seen. The richly perfumed yellow wall-flowers that he brought from the Azores and the Affane cherry trees are still found where he planted them by the Blackwater. Some cedars he brought to Cork are to this day growing at a place called Tivoli. The four venerable yew trees, whose branches have grown and intermingled into a sort of

summer-house thatch, are pointed out as having sheltered Raleigh when he first smoked tobacco in his Youghal garden. In that garden he also planted tobacco. A few steps farther on, where the town wall of the thirteenth century bounds the garden of the warden's house, is the famous spot where the first Irish potatoes were planted by him. In that garden he gave the tubers to the ancestors of the present Lord Southwell, by whom they were spread throughout the Province of Munster.—*Garden and Forest.*

## The Rosary.

The history of the Rosary opens with a golden period of prosperity and fervor, wherein, for more than one hundred years, the devotion grew and spread under the welcome and zealous teachings of the Dominicans. At the close of this first century there occurred a change, the disastrous result of many evils. The horrible plague of 1348 swept over Europe, slaying its thousands and tens of thousands, and carrying off the religious until monastery after monastery was left desolate. The learned, the loving, the devout and faithful souls, which are the heart of the Church on earth, left few to fill their place as teachers and guides. Terror-stricken and demoralized the survivors of their once carefully instructed flocks found themselves lonely alone, despondent, helpless, and forgotten. The new generation of religious were young and unversed in spiritual lore, and, for a time, showed themselves less faithful to Our Lady's Confraternity than the earlier sons of St. Dominic. Gradually the devotion of the Rosary fell into disuse with the many and, from 1350 to 1450 there was an entire cessation of the monthly meetings and other prescribed duties. But a few among the thousands remained faithful to the teachings of other days and to their beads. About the year 1460—not long before the birth of Luther and the discovery of America—the Blessed Alain de la Roche was moved to great exertions in behalf of the almost forgotten Confraternity by a vision in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to him with her Divine Child and kindled anew his love and fervor for his favorite devotion by the most tender and earnest words of council and advice. So faithfully did he respond that he has been recognized by following ages as the restorer of the Rosary. For fifteen years he preached it without intermission, resembling and reforming the fraternities in Germany, France, Flanders and Holland. From thence the new spirit spread into the neighboring countries, and the former practices were resumed. With more or less steady growth the devotion has reached in our day the beginning of a second 'golden period' and almost 'possesses the land.' It has recovered a new impetus from our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, who has again and again recommended it to his children, and has earnestly and lovingly asked them to unite with him in the daily and fervent recital of its simple yet sublime prayers. Linked by its slender chains of adamant steel, there is a girdle of the earth not to be riven asunder, and Our Lady is offered a Rosary of praise by day and by night.—*Adapted from the Rosary Magazine.*

## A Protestant Truth.

It has been admitted before this, and by non-Catholics, too, that New England, once the stronghold of Puritanism, is now partially Catholic, and another declaration of similar import was made last week by Rev. Dr. Cutler, a Protestant preacher of Newport, R. I., who told his audience that "that Roman Catholics already control Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and promise to have the country." This declaration was not made in any A. P. A. spirit; but simply as its author's belief, that the Catholic Church counted more ad-

herents in the two States mentioned than any of the sects. Dr. Cutler said furthermore, that there was too much strife of jealousy and rivalry between the various Protestant sects, and he spoke disparagingly of the methods employed by certain sectarian evangelists who recently preached a revival down in American Brighton.

## Clocks More Accurate Than of Old.

One of the notable changes in country places during the last twenty-five years is almost anywhere the clocks give a decent approximation of the true time. Formerly it was thought rather finicky to insist on too much regularity. The change has come about largely through the railroads, whose trains, waiting for none, have compelled the farmer who travels or ships freight to mend his ways. A suggestion of the precision that has become necessary in all that relates to the running of railroad trains is in the system already in use on twenty-six roads for the regulation and inspection of the watches of employees. On those roads no one may keep a watch that varies as much as thirty seconds in a week. He may choose his own maker, but if the watch falls short of that requirement he must get another.—*Hartford Courant.*

## Catholic News.

Mr. A. W. Hutton, M. A., has written a life of Cardinal Manning for the "English Leaders of Religion," edited by Mr. H. C. Beechings, M. A.

The wife of the new vice-Mayor of Vienna, Dr. Albert Richter, has been converted from Judaism to the Catholic faith.

The congregation of Rites has expressly prohibited the liturgical celebration of the birthday of any saint except the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist.

The editor of the *Moniteur de Rome* has been sentenced to eight months imprisonment and to-day a fine of 1,500 lire for having attacked the policy of the Quirinal toward the Vatican.

The death is announced from Rome of Prince Colonna, assistant to the Pontifical Throne. The Colonnas are amongst the oldest and noblest families of the faithful in the Eternal City.

The Attorney General of Illinois has rebuked a bigoted sheriff who refused to allow a prisoner privacy to make his confession, and denounced his action as bigoted and outrageous. The sheriff is an A. P. A.

Mr. Grant Allen in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for April gives an interesting article on Fra Angelico with engravings of his most famous pictures, all of which were, he concludes designed for the glorification of the Dominican Order.

Mother Rosina, the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity of New York, died on March 16th, at Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson, in her sixty-ninth year. She was stricken with paralysis the evening before and remained unconscious until her death.

It is proposed to erect a church, to bear the name of Our Lady of the Rosary, at Patras, on the Gulf of Lepanto, in commemoration of the famous victory which the Christian forces, under the guidance of Don John of Austria, won in those waters over 300 years ago; and a committee, at the head of which is Cardinal Parocchi, has already been organized in Rome to further the project.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris in response to the wishes of his people has ordered a Te Deum to be sung on Sunday, April 22, in Notre Dame to express the general gladness of France at the news that the cause of Joan of Arc has been introduced for beatification. The Dominicans having had the honor of advocating at Notre Dame the Cult of the Maid of Orleans, it is a Dominican, the Rev. Pere Feuilletto, who will preach on the occasion.

## IRISH IDEAS.

## Causes of the Separation of the People from the Landlords.

Under the title "Irish ideas" a number of addresses delivered by William O'Brien, M.P., during a period ranging from 1885 to 1893, have appeared in book form. It is not the purpose of the papers here published to set forth for the thousandth time the material arguments for Home Rule. These may be all summed up in one principle, that if you set a ruling caste to be aliens by profession in their own country, the inevitable consequences of their ascendancy will be loss of self respect and energy, followed by disaffection and decay, on the part of the subjugated nation. What is called the sentimental side of Irish patriotism is not so easily understood, and the purpose of reprinting these papers is to help outsiders to recognize that the passion for Irish nationality is at least so genuine that it is of more importance than all the other elements of the Irish problem put together. The special merit of these lectures is that they admit strangers to the inner sanctuary of the Irish cause and afford them some glimpse of the ideals which captivate youth and age alike in Ireland, and so much generous feeling and self-sacrifice are consecrated. There was another reason for publishing these papers. It is one of the stock taunts of the Unionists that Irish representatives have addressed meetings in Ireland in language which they dare not bring under the eyes of Englishmen. Now, the first of these lectures was delivered before a complete understanding with any English party on the question of Home Rule seemed possible, and they were all prepared for audiences of hot-blooded young Nationalists, incapable of listening without protest to doctrines which they did not fully share. As they are republished here without any alteration, the reader can judge for himself how far the Unionist taunt is deserved.

Of these eleven lectures, that which has had for us especial interest deals with the lost opportunities of the Irish gentry. The subject is discussed in an address delivered in Dublin in September, 1887, on the night before the Mitchelstown massacre and the prosecution of the lecturer. Mr. O'Brien says that there was much foundation for the notion which runs through Charles Lever's novels that Irishmen used to be nothing if not admirers of the old aristocracy, and that a man who was of ancient lineage might without detriment to his popularity, beggar his tenants and mortgage his property up to the eyes, get drunk every night of his life, put a bullet through an unfortunate tradesman if he asked for payment of his bill. According to the author of these papers, it is unquestionably true that the people did not like the Irish gentry the less because of their contempt for the law and their way of dealing with bailiffs, and, moreover, that in the case of men like Grattan, Lord Ed-ward Fitzgerald, Davis, and Parnell they never asked what was their religious faith or in what century their ancestors came over. It was one of the foibles of the Irish people, their fondness and yearning for leaders of birth and station. The aristocrats who led the volunteers of '82, with the exception of Grattan and half a dozen others, were bigots and rack-renters who had very little to recommend them except their volunteer uniform; yet their popularity knew no bounds. O'Connell tried to keep the Catholic lords and aristocrats in the van of the emancipation movement, and the Young Ireland movement also was very largely one with aristocratic aspirations. Yet, as Mr. O'Brien points out, the Irish aristocracy repaid their popularity in the volunteer times by their murderings and burnings and

floggings in '98. So, too, their answers to all the melting appeals of the orators and singers of Young Ireland was to seize the crops for the rent while two millions of people were dying of famine, and then to exterminate a million more of them between 1848 and 1853, when all national spirit was extinguished, and when the country lay gasping and helpless at their feet. Even in our own day the Irish gentry have had and have rejected opportunities of harmonizing their interest with those of the country of their birth and the people from whom they have derived their living. Mr. O'Brien recalls for example, with what shrieks of laughter the landlord received the first proposal of the Land League made under Mr. Parnell's hand, to buy out the landowners at twenty years' purchase of Griffith's valuation. Mr. O'Brien wonders what they would have given for Mr. Parnell's signature to such an offer some seven or eight years later.

What is the cause of the divorce which has now unquestionably taken place between the Irish gentry and the Irish people? Mr. O'Brien has no doubt that, next to the mistakes made by the Irish aristocracy, American influence has been the most effective agency. Every letter sent from the United States to Ireland has carried a lesson in democracy, and from the time that American principles took root in the Irish soil, it was all over with the ascendancy of the Irish gentry. The Irish people began to ask themselves who were these gods that looked down on those whose industry gave them rents to squander. They discovered that the gods were, in fact, a squad of Cromwellian troopers, a few generations removed; that the Irish gentry, for the most part, have nothing ancient about them but their prejudices, and nothing modern except their pedigrees. To exemplify the change in public opinion, Mr. O'Brien recalls the expression of a little old western peasant at one of the Land League meetings, when some speaker was describing the oppression and the haughtiness of the Irish land agents in the past—"Begob," said the old fellow, "we'll make them put their hands to their hat for us yet." That only described in an exaggerated way the change that has come over the face of the country. Nevertheless, according to the author of these lectures, the Irish democracy of to day is almost free from the features of bloodthirstiness and rabid class hatred which have sometimes made revolution a name of dread and horror in other lands. The Irish people have not, we are assured, the slightest dislike to a man merely because he comes of an ancient family. But the objection to Mr. Parnell's class is that it has produced one Parnell to ten thousand aliens and enemies or oppressors of the people.

—N. Y. Sun.

## Where Snow is Red.

Snow is sometimes found in Polar and Alpine regions, where it lies unmelted from year to year, and the annual fall is small, colored red by the presence of innumerable small red plants. In its native state the plant consists of brilliant red globules on a gelatinous mass. Red snow was observed by the ancients, a passage in Aristotle referring to it, but it attracted little or no attention until 1769, when Sansure observed it in the Alps, and concluded that it was due to the pollen of a plant. It was also noticed by the Arctic Expedition under Captain Ross, on Baffin Bay shore on a range of cliffs, the red color penetrating to a depth of twelve feet. Less frequent is a green growth on snow.—*March Ladies' Home Journal.*

Mr. Robert Bell, ex-M.P. for North Lanark, died at Carleton Place on Tuesday, April 3, at the patriarchal age of 86.

## C. M. B. A.

## Banquet and Convention at Niagara Falls.

On Tuesday, evening, April 31, Branch 18, C.M.B.A., of Niagara Falls, tendered a banquet to chosen delegates of the branches in the counties of Lincoln and Welland. After the business of the ordinary branch meeting had been concluded, Recording Secretary Burke read the following address to the visiting clergy and brethren:

Reverend Fathers and Brethren—I have been assigned this evening the privilege of extending to you a most cordial and hearty welcome from the officers and members of Branch No. 18.

We are especially gratified to see so many of our beloved clergy with us this evening, thereby manifesting their warm interest in the progress and prosperity of our Association, and proving to us that in the future as in the past, we can rely on their hearty co-operation in any work designed to increase its usefulness.

We have been honored beyond our expectation, as every branch in our own district and that of Lincoln has promptly responded to our invitation by sending delegates to share in the festivities and participate in the deliberations of the evening. We have also to express our sincere thanks to the distinguished representatives from Hamilton and Toronto, who have come to mark their approval of our efforts in the interests of our Association.

On such an occasion as the present we have thought it appropriate to have some of those members who are justly entitled to be called the Fathers of the C.M.B.A. in the persons of Chancellors Guyer and Martin of Branch No. 1 Niagara Falls, N.Y., by whose labors was founded the association, which now exceeds its beneficent influence over the greatest portion of our continent. We pray and hope that our meeting will lead to increased efforts on the part of those present, and that the result may prove of permanent value to the grand Council.

About one hundred and twenty were seated at the tables, which were presided over by the lady relatives of the branch members, to whom much praise is due. The ordinary toasts having been proposed by Rev. Father Dominick and Chairman Quillinan, the meeting resolved into a convention. Mr. J. C. Walsh, Priest, of Branch 145, Toronto, was made secretary of the convention.

The following recommendations to the Grand Council were concurred in by the convention:

1. That there be an allowance of one half the amount of his certificate to any member who shall be adjudged by competent authority as totally disabled, the remainder to be reserved to the ordinary beneficiaries as named in the certificate, at the death of the member.
2. That the expense attending the Grand Council meetings be reduced by decrease in the number of delegates thereto, such delegates to be chosen by district conventions, the expenses whereof will be borne by the branches direct.
3. That provision be made for payment of all or part of the amount of certificates upon the member reaching the expectancy of life.
4. That facilities be offered to women to obtain membership either in the C.M.B.A. or a similarly organized society for Catholic women.
5. That none of the per capita tax be paid to the Supreme Council of the U. S. until they agree to an exchange of withdrawal cards.

## DELEGATES.

The following delegates were present: St. Catharines—J. E. Lawrence, J. M. Butler, M. J. McCarron; St. Mary's—Rev. Father Allaine, J. Volard, T. Croy; Niagara—J. Healy, P. Donnelly; Fort Erie—Messrs. Mitchell and Kelly; Merriton—Rev. Fr. Lynett, J. H. G. Horey; Niagara Falls—J. Fry, P. Kelly, W. Burke, L. Drago, J. S. McDonough, Ed. Kelly, J. Quillinan; Thorold—E. J. Reilly, M. Butler; New Germany—Mr. Derlich and Rev. Fr. Best.

Also there were present by invitation: District Deputy W. J. Kernahan and J. C. Walsh, President of Branch 145 of Toronto, and Messrs. Lalor, Sheehan and Latrimonille of Hamilton.

At the regular meeting of Branch 56, C.M.B.A., Hamilton, held in the C.M.B.A. Hall, on Wednesday, 14th March, it was moved by Bro. Baby, seconded by Chancellor Filgiano, and

Resolved that as Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, having called to Himself our late brother, Thomas Brick, we, the members of Branch 56 of the C.M.B.A. desire to express our sincere regret in the loss of one of our Society, and further:

Resolved that our charter be draped in black for sixty days in remembrance of the deceased brother, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his widow and family, and published in the *Catholic Record* and *CATHOLIC REGISTER*.

B. J. CONWAY, Rec. Sec.

## Correction.

The name of Mrs. Hynes for \$1.00 was inadvertently left out in the St. Basil's list of the Home Rule collection.

## Home Rule Fund.

Toronto, March 24th, 1894.

E. C. McNeill, Esq., M. D., Cobourg, Ontario.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: I beg herewith to acknowledge receipt of draft on account of the Irish Parliamentary Fund, remitted by Mr. J. B. McColl, who asked me to acknowledge it to you. I am sincerely glad that you have been able to send this amount. I have already remitted to my brother this week \$2,000 of amounts collected. The money is very much needed, and any sum for the cause will be thankfully received.

Yours faithfully and obliged,  
S. H. BRACK.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS TO HOME RULE FUND.

Rev. Father Murray, \$5; Dr. E. C. McNeill, \$3; Messrs. Kerr & Kerr, \$3; George Garland, \$3; J. B. McColl, \$3; Jas. Bulger, \$3; George Plunkett, \$2; Thomas Downs, \$2; Ed. Gordon, \$2; Peter Keough, \$2; J. W. Kerr, \$2; G. T. Bickle, \$2; Andrew McGowan, \$2; George Mitchell, \$2; Arthur Mulhall, \$2; John E. Quinn, \$2; Michael Quinn, \$2; D. Rooney, \$2; C. C. Field, \$2; Sam Clarke, \$2; Wm. Maher, \$2; Cobourg World, \$1; Sentinel Star, \$1; Morning Post, \$1; E. C. S. Huycke, \$1; John Lavis, \$1; James O'Neill, \$1; A. Burns, Jr., \$1; P. Neville, \$1; J. L. Grosjean, \$1; Michael McGowan, \$1; Matthew Love, \$1; Tim Wiseman, \$1; S. S. Howell, \$1; P. Delanty, \$1; John Gordon, \$1; P. H. Gordon, \$1; Thomas McDonald, \$1; Patrick Duffy, \$1; Thomas Roddy, \$1; Mrs. Bulger, \$1; Wm. Niles, \$1; Dr. McPherson, \$1; Wm. Fox, \$1; Thomas Fitzgerald, \$1; Thos. Bulger, \$1; John Kaiser, \$1; C.M.B.A., \$25.—Total, \$109; Paid notices in three local papers, \$9; Not amount, \$100.

## Letter From Ottawa.

The well-known and popular Pastor of Brudenell, in the County of Renfrew, Rev. Father MacCormac, or, as he is affectionately called, "Father James," has been in Ottawa for some days, the guest of his brother, M. C. MacCormac, Esq., of the Parliamentary Library. The district over which the good Priest of Brudenell exercises pastoral jurisdiction is an extensive one, embracing a large portion of the North Riding of Renfrew. Hence it will be seen that his labours are of a most arduous character.

About forty years have elapsed since lands along this region were thrown open for settlement. Irishmen in large numbers worked their way westward from the Ottawa River, and made homes here. It had but few attractions; and often have I heard the name of my lamented friend, the late T. P. French, who, as Crown Lands Agent, was instrumental in colonizing it with so many of his fellow countrymen, execrated because he had caused so many of them to be transported to regions from which they would never be able to return.

Well, the Irishmen moved in along the Opeongo Road and the Valley of the Bonnechere, and to-day they can be seen returning in carriages to do business at the "Front." The neat school-house and the magnificent church go hand-in-hand—a fact which can be demonstrated by a visit to Douglas, Shamrock, Mount St. Patrick, Brudenell, Eganville, Ozeola, &c.

So much for the work of which poor T. P. French laid the foundation. RAMBLER.

## Obituary.

Another sad blow has fallen upon the family of Mrs. Thomas Brick, No. 418 Bay street North, Hamilton. Only a few weeks ago, when Mrs. Brick was in Denver, whither she had gone to bring home an invalid daughter, her husband, Thomas Brick, died suddenly of heart disease; and on April 2d her daughter Nellie, who returned with her mother, died. She was the oldest daughter, being 23 years of age, and had been ill for some time. The funeral took place on Wednesday, April 4th, at 8.30 a.m., to St. Mary's Cathedral; thence to Holy Sepulchre cemetery.

## St. Alphonsus Club.

The performance given by the minstrels of this Club in the Grand Opera House was a great success. The Opera House was crowded to the doors, and every one pronounced it one of the most enjoyable treats of the season. A full account will be given in our next issue.

## Personal.

We had this week the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Robert A. Goulden, son of our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Charles Goulden of Ottawa. We are glad to learn that the good folk at the Capitol are well and prospering.

We thank the music publisher, F. W. Holmwick, 265 Sixth Ave., New York, for a copy of the "Convent Grand March," composed by F. Nicholas, of London, Eng. It is dedicated to the "Sisters of Charity of America." Price 60 cents per copy. All readers of this paper, who will cut this out and send it with 30 cents to the above address will receive a copy by mail.

## SOME GREAT ESSAYISTS.

Until very lately, the laments over the decay of the essay were common. They are still heard from people who regard Addison as a model and who have a love for Macaulay's "Million," which neither time nor good taste can destroy — people who know neither Agnes Repplier, nor Mrs. Meynell, nor Coventry Patmore, nor Augustine Birrell. Here are essayists of sufficient value to redeem a century from dullness. Agnes Repplier, for instance, has wit, grace, lightness of touch and that ease which comes from an overflowing knowledge of her subject. Take her essay "On the Books that have Hindered Me." Charles Lamb never did anything better than her description of the effect of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," on her youthful mind. She had been prepared to look upon slavery as an unmixed evil; but from Mrs. Stowe's book, she learned to respect an institution which produced such angelic creatures as Uncle Tom and some of his satellites. Agnes Repplier has for us, too, an engaging quality. She is a Catholic; I do not mean to pretend that her being a Catholic adds anything to her literary style, or her talent, but it makes us safe in her hands. She is as safe in that respect as she is in all matters of taste. It ought to be a part of every child's education to read what Miss Repplier says about books. And what has been made a reproach is much to her credit; she praises no author simply because he is an American. She discourages a habit with which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner reproaches our literary patriots she does not seem to think that because a silver dollar made in this country passes for one hundred cents, we ought to force it on our English friends for the value of their gold. As long as Agnes Repplier lives and writes, we shall have an essayist who is the equal of any other French or English author of this charming kind of literature. You have only to dip into her pages anywhere to be delighted. She is never cynical; but there is a sub acid flavor which only the highest culture and ease can produce. The nearest equal is Augustine Birrell, whose "Essays About Men, Women and Books," have just appeared. Birrell's "Obiter Dicta" and "Res Judicata" deserved the reputation they acquired. The last book seems to be the best of all. Birrell is at once so humorous, and so true, that it seems as if he ought to be a Catholic. Now for instance this passage on the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff" (which by the way, has a fine antidote in that of Eugenie de Guerin.) "The eclipse of faith," says Mr. Birrell, "has not proved fatal by any means to the instinct of confession. There is a noticeable desire to make humanity or the reading public our residuary legatees, to endow it with our experiences, to enrich it with our egotisms, to strip ourselves bare in the market place if not for the edification, at all events for the amusement of man. 'A book like this,' he adds, 'makes one wonder what power, human or divine, can exercise such a demon of vanity as that which possessed the soul of this most unhappy girl. Religion indeed, can still show her conquests, and when we are considering a question like this, seems a fresher thing than it does when we are reading "Lux Mundi."

Alice Meynell's "Rhythm of life" is a new collection of essays which deserves to be put among the elect books. Indeed, with any two of Miss Repplier's books, the "Res Judicata" of Birrell, the "Religio Poetae" of Patmore, and, "The Rhythm of Life," one has the cream of the modern essay. Mrs. Meynell is the wife of the editor of the London Register, and the sister of another woman of genius, Lady Butler, the painter of "The Roll Call." Her first volume of poems "Preludes," with illustrations done by this artist,

then Elizabeth Thompson, is hard to get.

Mrs. Meynell is not humorous, and in this she differs much from Miss Repplier and Mr. Birrell. Her style is the most personal and unique in modern literature; she is, above all, an artist, and one enjoys her essays the more because of the feeling that we shall not be jarred, as she is a Catholic. Her book is a casket of perfect gems, to read it once is to read it again, her rubies are not dim but deep. The theme of her first essay "The Rhythm of Life," makes one think a long time — "If life is not always practical, it is at least metrical. Periodicity rules over the mental experience of man, according to the path of the orbit of his thoughts. Distances are not gauged, eclipses not measured, velocities not ascertained, times not known. Nevertheless, the recurrence is sure. What the mind suffered last week, or last year it does not suffer now; but it will suffer again next week or next year. Happiness is not a matter of events; it depends upon the tides of the mind. Disease is metrical, closing in at shorter periods towards death, sweeping abroad at longer and longer intervals towards recovery. Sorrow for one cause was intolerable yesterday, and will be intolerable to-morrow; to-day it is easy to bear, but the cause has not passed."

Coventry Patmore's "Principles in Art" were marvels of condensation—the whole firmament in a dew-drop. "Religio Poetae" is even more wonderful. Coventry Patmore is a thinker of the boldest and deepest kind; he feels the yoke of the Church in the Scriptural sense; he bears it, but he has all the freedom he wants. "Principles in Art" and "Religio Poetae,"—(the second appeared about the beginning of the year), are radical in the best sense: they go to the root of things. Coventry Patmore's insight is as deep as Cardinal Newman's, and he is even a greater master of the art of clearness. "The Catholic Church," he says, in his essay on "Distinction," "whose *forte*, I think, is psychological insight is peculiarly sensible in this, that, instead of encouraging uniform thought and feeling, as all other churches do, she does her best, in the direction of souls, to develop as wide a distinction as is consistent with formal assent to her singularly few articles of obligatory faith. She requires consent to the letter of the doctrine, but welcomes as many and seemingly conflicting ways of viewing it as there are idiosyncrasies of character in men, recommending each not to force his inclination, but to seek such good in the doctrine as best suits him. Thus does she encourage the immense diversity with which the final version of Truth shall be reflected in prismatic glories from the 'Communion of Saints.'"

What do our Protestant friends who imagine that all Catholics are slaves intellectually, think of such a declaration?

And yet it is the lightness as well as the firmness of Christ's yoke that makes His Spouse the Church of all nations, of all men, of Coventry Patmore and St. George Mivart, of Bossuet and Fenelon, and as well of the most ignorant criminal who repents on the scaffold. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For *Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions* Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

It is the recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Christ that has inspired the Catholic Church in her mission of love and benevolence. This is the secret of her all-pervading charity. The idea has been her impelling motive in her work of the social regeneration of mankind.

## Rosa Bonheur and her Lions

The souls of animals have for her no more secrets than they have for a Toussoul or a Cherville. She seems to have something in her o'ear, straight forward look which tames wild beasts. She passes the hand with which she wields her brush in such a manner without the slightest fear through the mane of the lion which she has just bought. For a long time she kept at By, in a cage, a lion which had been indomitable and untameable; he developed a real affection for her who came day by day with palette in hand to work before his cage. He would look at her and pass his great paw between the iron bars begging for a caress. When one does not shudder before such animals they eventually bow before one, and when one is just to them they return justice with love.

But one day, Rosa Bonheur was forced to give up her lion "Nero." The horses which were to drag the beast's cage to Paris trembled as they scented the odor of the fleashearer. Nero was as sad as if he suspected the coming separation. He seemed to interrogate Rosa Bonheur with his gold-yellow eyes, as they fitted the planks to the sides of his cage like the lid of a coffin. When the time for starting came he cast about him the saddest glances, almost of reproach upon those who were shutting him up; the eyes in the face from which the Greeks borrowed some of their attributes of Jupiter, were full of moisture and tears.

The lion wept!

They took him away to the Jardin des Plantes. He was less doted upon than at Rosa Bonheur's, but ophthalmia made him blind. The artist who had made so many wonderful studies from him went to see him stretched out on the board of his cage, humiliated by the curiosity of the idle crowd and dying, as Victor Hugo said—

"Tristo, comme un lion rongé par la vermine."

He could not see Rosa Bonheur in the crowd, but he heard her. Her call in a clear voice reached him, "Nero!" And the old lion lifted himself up, seeking in the gloom which enshrouded him to find and to feel his mistress.

Another animal, a lioness, died at the foot of the staircase of By, in the arms of the artist, her tongue as rough as a file and her large paws holding still the hands of her whom these last carcases seemed to say "Do not leave me!"

"To have wild animals love one," said Rosa Bonheur, "one must love them!"

In her solitude at By she must often compare—with the comparison not always in favor of humanity—these lions which are overwhelmed by the cowardice and cruelty of the ferocious human animal.

## An Admirable Arrangement.

I was dining out the other day, and was taken down to dinner by an intelligent person, who (as soon as we were seated and had unfolded our napkins and studied our menus) quietly asked, "Pray, what is your favorite hobby?" Taken thus abruptly I had not time to invent a suitable and unvarnished answer, and was therefore startled into a truthful reply: "The poetry, writings and designs of William Blake." "Mine," he answered calmly, "is the iron-work of Quentin Matsys; so if you will talk through soup and fish about Blake, then I will talk about Quentin Matsys through the two entrees, and then we can start fair."

I thought this was a splendid plan and heartily recommended it to all diners out who suffer from a desire to talk about their favorite crank.—*The Gentlewoman.*

*Mrs. Languish.* "Tired! Oh, so tired all the time!" *Mrs. Smart.* "Well, so I used to be until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine, and now I don't know what it is to have that tired feeling. Try it, my dear; only be sure you get Ayer's."

## Home Rule Fund.

## BROOK.

Frank H. McCrea, 50c; Duncan H. McCrea, 50; Martin Whelan, 50; Alexander Wm. McCrea, 50; Duccan J. McCrea, 50; Miss Mary McCarthy, 50; Mrs. French, 50; Wm. French, 50c; Mrs. Donovan, 50; John R. Campbell, 50; Dougal A. Campbell, 1; John U. McCrea, 1; Hugh Murphy, 1; Thomas Hardlog, 1; John McCleary, 1; Miss M. McClary, 1; Frank Daily, 1; Peter Doyle, 50c; Miss Leacock, 50; James Lyons, Jr., 50; John Coyle, 25; Wm. Leahy, 50; Martin O'Brien, 50; John Doyle, 25c; Wm. Curtin, 25; Miss Hogan, 25; Mike Malone, 50; John Malone, 1; James Doyle, Sr., 1; John Curtin, 50c; Ann C. K., 50; James Doyle, Jr., 50; Mrs. J. Doyle, 25; Timothy Doyle, 25; James O'Brien, 25; James M. Eary, 50; Rev. P. J. Kiernan, 50.—Total, \$30

## SCHOMBERS.

Rev. L. Minahan, 50; D. Hourigan, 50; Jas. Duggan, 50; P. McGuire, 50; D. Daniels, 50; R. Kennedy, 50; J. Kehoe, 50; A. Mullin, 50c; P. J. Trainor, 50c; J. Murphy, 50c; M. Murphy, 50c; P. Ryan, 50c; D. O'Reilly, 50c; W. King, 50c; J. McGillich, 50c; P. O'Neill, 50c; D. Doyle, 25c; Mrs. W. Wilson, 25c; Miss R. O'Reilly, 25c; J. McCabe, 25c; J. O'Neill, 25c; J. Traluer, 25c; W. Ashe, 25c; W. Hanlan, 25c; W. Deacon, 25c; T. Hanley, 15c. Total, \$19.55.

There are a few subscribers whose names have been lost, and which do not appear in the above list.

## Separate School Board.

At a regular meeting of the Separate School Board, which was held Tuesday evening last, Very Rev. J. J. McCann occupied the chair. All the members of the board were present. A number of communications applying for positions as teachers were read and referred to the various committees. On motion of Mr. D. A. Caroy, seconded by Rev. Dean Bergin, a deputation from the Federation of Trades was heard. Mr. Ryan, the spokesman, urged that the board make such provision that the union rate of wages may be paid on all school contracts. He said that this action had already been taken by the City Council and he thought that the Public School Board would follow suit. He urged very strongly that the men engaged on contract by the Separate School Board should be paid the union rate of wages. After some consideration by the board, a resolution was passed to the effect that in all building contracts of the board there should be inserted a provision to make the contractors pay the current rate of wages. The attendance for the last month at the schools was reported to have been 3,240. Contracts for the addition to St. Albans street School were let at \$3,420 and it was decided that the alterations should go on at once.

## Hamilton.

A large number of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, marshaled by Mr. James Lynch, marched to St. Lawrence Church at 9.30 on Sunday, April 1st, where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Brady. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. J. B. Nelligan, assisted by an orchestra, rendered excellent music. Rev. Father Coty, Chaplain of the A.O.H., delivered an excellent sermon from St. John xx, 19, 20: "Peace be to you." At the close of the service the orchestra played, as a processional march, "St. Patrick's Day," which was greatly enjoyed by the members of the A.O.H.

In the evening at Vespers Rev. Father Allain, of St. Catharines, officiated. Musical vespers were sung by the choir. His Lordship Bishop Dowling was present, and delivered one of his usual eloquent sermons. The St. Patrick's Branch of the I.C.B.U., marshaled by Mr. Samuel Cheeseman, marched to St. Patrick's Church, where Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Murphy of St. Mary's parish. Rev. Father Lynch, Chaplain of the Branch, being absent, Rev. Chancellor Craven briefly addressed the members.

## New Agent.

We are glad to add to our list of Agents the name of Mr. M. P. Morris, the able and efficient teacher at Bowersville in the County of Russell. Mr. Morris has full authority to take subscribers and grant receipts in our name, and any orders emanating from him will be honored at this office. We trust that our talented friend will have his hands full.

The whole world has been traversed to find material for the Easter Number of *The Literary Digest*. Almost every civilized language is represented. It is superbly illustrated, full of information; treating all questions of present interest, and all sides of those questions; presenting the leading articles in the foremost Magazines and Journals of the world. This number of *The Literary Digest* probably excels any other attempt to give the literature of the world in one issue. The Easter Number was ready Thursday, March 22.

## MONK AND FRIAR.

## Origin and Signification of These Names.

A Monk is one who has consecrated himself to God by the three solemn vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, in an order or congregation approved by the church. He lives in a monastery, or in a separate cell or hut, observes the rule and wears the habit peculiar to his institute.

If we take the derivation of the word—the Greek *Monachus*, a solitary—we are apt to conclude that it was or is only applied to one who retires into a desert, there to live apart from the rest of mankind, away from all intercourse with the world and occupying himself exclusively with his own salvation.

True, the word "monk" was applied to such solitaries, who, however, were properly known as hermits; but as at no period of their history these hermits did constitute the only form of monastic life, the word "monk" was from the first a generic term and included three classes of religious. This distinction is closely defined in Guizot's *European Civilization*, Vol. II, lecture 14.

The three classes were the Ascetes or ascetics, who lived indeed in monasteries, but were confined in separate cells or little huts, as are the Camaldolese of the present day, in Italy. They did not sequester in the first instance from civil society; they did not retire into deserts; they only obliged themselves to fasting, and to all sorts of austerities, the more especially in celibacy.

Soon afterwards others retired from the world, went to live far from their fellow men, absolutely alone, amidst the woods and deserts, in the depths of the Thebaid, and were known as hermits. This was the second form of monastic life. After some time, for causes which have left no trace behind them, yielding perhaps to the powerful attraction of some more celebrated hermit like St. Anthony, for instance, they collected together, built huts side by side, performed their religious exercises together, and began to form a regular community. It was at this period, as it would seem according to Guizot, that they first received the name of monks.

By-and-by they made a further step. They collected into one edifice, under one roof. The association was more closely knit, the common life more complete—they were in a monastery and were called cenobites (Greek *koinos*, common, *bios*, life). This was the third form of the monastic institution, its definite form, that to which all its subsequent developments, like the Benedictine and Western orders, were to adapt themselves.

We see then that the word monk, in its very origin, was applied to one who lived not separate, but in a community; that it became a general term to include three classes, and as such we find the first mention of the word—*monachus*—in a Council, that of Chalcedon, the fourth general council, A.D. 451. Sarnelli (*Litterae Eccl. tom. VIII.*) says the word did not exist among the early Christians either of the east or west.

The word "friar" belongs particularly, though not exclusively, to the mendicant order, like the Dominican and Franciscan, and would seem to have come into general use at the rise of these orders in the thirteenth century, though we shall find the word used a century previous. If we consider this word as derived immediately from the Latin—*frater*, Brother—we must go back to the sixth century to find Pope Gregory the Great styling the patriarchs, primates and archbishops—*Fraternitas Sanctissima*, and styling the bishops—*Fraternitas tua*. After him the Roman Pontiffs began to address the cardinals, arch-

bishops, etc. etc., under the formula—*Venerabiles, Fratres, Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem*—a form which has come down to Leo XIII.

This also gave rise in the monasteries to the custom of calling the members—*fratres*, brothers—an expression retained even in Latin documents written at the present day. But the true derivation friar would seem to be from the French—*freres*—and this title was first given by the French people to the Hospitallers of St. John, A.D. 1118. From this word "freres" the title was derived into all languages—Italian, *friari*; English, *friar*; modern Greek, *phrerio*; and even in the Latin chronicles of the time the word was "freril."

The new order of SS. Dominic and Francis, which arose in the thirteenth century, professed a rigorous poverty, were like so many popular fraternities or pious guilds of the middle ages, and the common people changed the word *friari*, or perhaps substituted the more Italian name "frate" or "fra," a contraction of "fratello," brother; and thus we have these orders from their very origin called friars preachers, and friars minor.

The expression "frate" now became a title of honor, and ever cardinals and bishops signed themselves "Frato," or simply Fr.

Men in the world, especially those distinguished in letters or the fine arts, usurped the title, and painters and sculptors signed it, just as members of benevolent orders to-day sign Bro. Jones. It was even in more general use than the "Abba" in modern France, and many of us have asked what claims had the celebrated composer and painter, Listz, to this last title.

Boccaccio was often called Fra. Boccaccio, true he died in a monastery, regretting the licentiousness of his *Decameron*, but neither the title nor the monastery made him a monk; he only went there to live in retirement and do penance for his former life.

This universal adoption of the title "Fra" causes much confusion to the student of history, and unfortunately when translated to Friar by those who are either too ignorant of, or perhaps too indifferent to its application, the religious orders are compelled to carry the odium and stigma of crimes committed by those who was never of their fold.—*Providence Visitor*.

## Power of a Hymn.

The Palm Sunday procession is not by any means a universal feature of the services of the day in the churches of the country. In many German churches the beautiful custom is carried out. Among the most popular of the hymns sung on these occasions is the following, in connection with which there is an interesting story:

To Thee, O Christ, be glory, praise and loud;  
To Thee, "Hosanna," cried the Jewish crowd.  
We Israel's Monarch David's Son proclaim  
Thou com'st, best King, in God's most holy name,  
Angels and men, in one harmonious choir,  
To sing Thy everlasting praise, conspire;  
Thou Israel's children met with conquering palms;  
To Thee our voices we pay with loudest strains;  
To Thee, on earth, with boughs they strew'd the way,  
To Thee, in heaven, we sing melodious praise.  
Accept this tribute which to Thee we bring,  
As Thou didst theirs, O God and gracious King.

Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, was the author of this beautiful hymn. In the reign of Louis the Pious, King of France, the Bishop was falsely accused of conspiracy against the King, and, therefore, cast into prison. As the procession passed before the prison on Palm Sunday he sang the above hymn. The King, who took part in the procession, was so well pleased with the hymn that he immediately liberated the Bishop and restored him to his diocese.

"Beauty" may be "only skin deep;" but the secret of a beautiful skin is pure blood. Those coarse, rough, pimply complexions may in most cases, be rendered soft, smooth, and fair by the persevering and systematic use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## A Minister's Just Wrath.

Rev. Dr. A. S. Crapsey, of Rochester N. Y., at the close of a recent sermon at St. Andrew's Church of that city, said: The fact that I spoke disparagingly last Sunday of a certain secret organization recently brought to notice has been the object of some comment, and as I am asked to explain I will show why I made the statement that the members of the A. P. A. are fools or knaves. First let me say that we do wrong thus to oppose a man because he may differ from us in some opinions. My ideas may differ from those of any others to-day. I may never bring myself to agree with my neighbor concerning certain points. But his opinions and his person have a right to my respect. When a man is guilty of deeds which tend to directly injure his brothers, if he strikes at the very root of justice and equality, he is worthy only of the strongest condemnation on every hand.

"The members of this society are forgers, liars and slanderers, and should not be endured. They circulated papers reputed to be signed by the prelates and leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, and when it was proven to their faces that this was untrue, they could only reply, 'Well, that is what they would say if they dared.' That is why I call them knaves, and the fact that their assertions have been believed by so many gives me ground for my other statements. I am not a Roman Catholic, nor does my study of history and human nature tend to bring me any nearer in that direction, but shall I be quiet when these slanders are spread abroad concerning any of my fellow-beings? It is inconceivable how Protestant ministers dare hold their peace when all this evil is carried on in the name of Protestantism. Know then that your rector not only condemns but despises the whole organization. Let us treat our neighbors of different faith with honor, sobriety and justice."

## Doctors in Germany.

Germany, whose population is about 50,000,000 had 21,621 physicians in 1893 against 20,500 in 1892; that is, an increase of 1,521. That makes about 4.37 doctors for every 10,000 inhabitants, but they are not equally divided throughout the Empire; for in some regions there are not even two doctors for every 10,000 inhabitants, while in other districts there are thirty of them for the same number of population. Germany possesses also 915 dentists and 4,988 druggists.

## St. Patrick's Day, Summerside, P.E.I.

On Friday evening 16th ult., a fairly good audience assembled in the Market Hall. The stormy night and bad roads prevented many persons from the surrounding country from attending. One of the best programmes ever rendered in Summerside was carried out in splendid style. Where all did so well it is needless to select the best, but the ones enclosed were the vocal solos "Dear little Shamrock," and the "Kerry Dance." The readings were by Miss Emiel McLean and Mr. W. R. Carmichael. The address—*Irish Day at the World's Fair*—by Rev. Dr. G. McDonald—was a masterpiece of composition.

The evening's entertainment was brought to a close by singing "God Save the Queen." The proceeds were for church purposes.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat lungs and chest.

The very sound of the name of Mary forever thrills our hearts with the sweetest truth in all creation—God has a Mother. Out of this little sentence flows, murmured forever, in every crimson ripple of the saving stream of the Precious Blood, the beautiful truth—God's Mother in ours.

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**Christ With Us.**

By P. J. COLMAN

"For the poor ye have always with you."

"Had we in Bethlehem been, when Mary came  
For shelter from the storm," we must in pity,  
"Our homes had not been shut to her in shame,  
She had not been an outcast from the city

"She had not passed, forsaken and forlorn,  
From kind of doors, an exile and a stranger,  
Her babe in royal purple had been born  
Nor lain, among the oxen, in the manger

"On bended knees had many a worshipper  
On Christ, the King in royal love attended,  
And subject hands had offered gifts of myrrh  
And frankincense and gold and jewels splendid."

Nay, nay, for Christ is ever at our door,  
For shelter sweet and kindly pity pleading,  
And we—we only, like the blind of yore,  
Discern Him not, hard-hearted and unheeding.

With beggar hands He asks of us for alms,  
He pines upon the threshold of the palace;  
We know Him not, but scorn His out-stretched  
palms,  
And while He hungers, drinks of plenty's chalice.

Daily we meet Him seeking mercy sweet  
With tender eyes of orphans, wan and wistful,  
He haunts us in the straggling of the street,  
Among the sad, the tearful and the listful.

For still He loves the lowly and the poor,  
And he who scorns in pride his outcast brother,  
Had turned of old the Saviour from his door,  
And barred his gates against his maiden Mother.

But ah! the crust, the cup of water cold,  
For Christ's sweet sake to whose needeth given,  
Will yield us gain of grace a million-fold,  
With rich requital in the courts of heaven.

**Difference Between Two Popes.**

The Romans are fond of telling two anecdotes which show the difference in character between Pius IX and Leo XIII, says a writer in the *Ave Maria*. When the people are admitted to an audience the Vatican etiquette obliges them, no matter what their religion may be, to kneel when the Pope draws near. If any one does not wish to kneel he need not go to the public audience. When tickets are given to an applicant he is asked whether he will observe this etiquette or not.

One day a young Englishman, a Protestant, was present at a public audience, and when Pius IX approached him the man stood bolt upright. There was a sensation; but the gentle Pontiff only smiled and said: "Well, well, my child, if you will not kneel to the Pope, at least kneel and get an old man's blessing." He knelt.

Another young fellow, a tutor in the family of an English Duke, attempted the same trick in the presence of Pope Leo XIII. There are four gigantic Swiss that follow the Holy Father as he moves about during an audience. One of these men seems to be about six feet eight inches in height, and his helmet, with its upright plume, makes him as big as St. Christopher. The tutor stood there, defiant, asking with his eyes: "What do you intend to do about it?" If he really had any doubt as to what was to be done the doubt was soon dispelled. The Pope noticed the insult to his dignity and he whispered to the Swiss: "Remove him." The fellow was removed so thoroughly that when he reached the Vatican door he must have thanked heaven, if he had any gratitude in him, that the Swiss are not Irish. When the news reached the Duke's hotel the tutor's baggage was removed to the sidewalk. The Duke dismissed him from his service and the English colony sent an apology to the Pope.

**Lost in Alaskan Wilds.**

Death from either starvation or exposure in the biting winter weather of southeastern Alaska, or perhaps suicide as the only means of avoiding the horrible fate in store for himself; such is the fate of M. Gross, a Canadian surveyor.

Gross, with four companions, left Port Wrangel on the 29th of last month, the party intending to hunt fish, and perhaps do some prospecting.

When they got to Portage Bay they made permanent camp. It was early morning, and Gross told his companions that he intended to dive a little into the interior and would be back before night. He was cautioned against going out alone, as it was known that he was not familiar with the surrounding country, and it was feared that he might get lost in the woods. He disregarded the advice of his companions, however, and at six o'clock the same evening, the other party heard a shot in the brush some few miles distant. They hailed, and by other signs tried to guide Gross back to camp, but were not successful. The whole of the next day was spent in the search, which had to be finally given up.

Gross is said to be from Victoria. He was last year a member of the Canadian survey party sent up to Alaska to officially determine the Territory's boundary line.—*Seattle Press-Times*.

**Third Order of St. Francis.**

Ever since the present Pope, Leo XIII, a number of years ago in a letter to all the Bishops expressed his desire that the third order of St. Francis should be established in every parish, numerous congregations have been formed wherever the pastors have been in favor of it, writes a member of the Third Order. His Holiness, who is a member of the Order, only a short time ago in audience given to the editor of the *Messenger of St. Francis*, said: "Work hard for the spread of the third order, for it is the Third Order of St. Francis which is designed to renew the world." What the Holy Father says weighs heavily in the scale of Catholic opinion.

The Third Order was instituted by St. Francis to aid persons living in the world to serve God more perfectly by the observance of certain rules of conduct and exercises of piety compatible with their secular state. The order is open to all who are sincerely desirous to lead a good life. It is for rich and poor, high and low, old and young, male and female. No state, no calling, no line in profession need prove a hindrance to any one joining it. In some of the congregations established there are found among the members men of learning and high position. Only a few weeks ago at one of the meetings, the congregation was greatly edified by seeing a young and very popular physician kneeling at the altar steps to give himself with the cord of St. Francis. Those who think that the Order has only women or "old maids" are greatly mistaken.

**Civilization Very Ancient.**

Not only the medical world but the laity also have been highly interested by the evidence adduced by Prof. Horsley in a lecture the other day, proving that prehistoric man in the stone age frequently performed the dangerous and delicate operation of trepanning. He had found sixty skulls in collections of these relics on which the operation had undoubtedly been performed. In one case it had been done by drilling a series of small holes probably with a bone implement, and then breaking small partitions and so releasing a piece of bone. Another operation seems to have been performed with a flint saw. A third method was scraping. This discovery is the most important proof yet discovered of the high intelligence of the unrecorded races.

**Young Women.**

Who have overtaxed their strength and men of mature years who have drawn too heavily on the resources of youth, and persons whose occupations strain their mental powers, or of business cares and of a sedentary life, will find a sure restorative in the Almoxia Wine for which J. D. Oliver & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, are the sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

**THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.**

Wonderful Advances Made in the Last Few Years.

Mr. John McGovern of Toronto Relates an Experience of Deep Interest—Utterly Helpless and suffered Greatly Before Relief Came.

From the *Toronto Globe*.

Very little is heard by the general public of the great discoveries in medicine, and the countless scores of lives that are saved by the advancing knowledge of medical science. People who a few years ago were left to drag out a miserable existence as hopeless invalids, or helpless cripples, are now, thanks to the advances medicine has made, restored to the fulness of health and strength. Mr. John McGovern, who resides at No. 1 Alpha avenue, in this city, has good cause to appreciate the truth of the above statement. Mr. McGovern was formerly an agent for agricultural implements, and is well known in different parts of Ontario. A *Globe* reporter who had heard that he had been restored to health, after an illness which threatened to leave him a hopeless cripple, called upon him at his residence recently, and was given the following interesting account of his case:—

"My trouble first began," said Mr. McGovern, "two years ago when I was living in the Village of Bolton, in the County of Peel. The trouble was all in my elbows and knees, and the doctors thought it was rheumatism. I couldn't walk a block without wanting to sit down, and even to walk down stairs was hard work. It afflicted me terribly. I was all right in other ways but for this terrible weakness. For a year and a half I suffered from this, but by sheer force of will held out against it, and managed to get about; but six months ago I broke down completely, and had to give up my business. I then removed to Toronto, and for three months after this I was in terrible shape. I was almost always confined to my bed, being able to come down stairs for a little while perhaps once a day. I suffered all the time from a terrible soreness in the joints, and at this juncture my appetite began to fail, and I was only able to eat the lightest food, and not much at that. I could find nothing to help me or give me relief. All this time I was unable to do anything, and had I not fortunately had a little money laid by which enabled me to go on, I would have been dependent upon my family for support. Well, while I was in this terrible shape, my eldest son prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and early in last July I began to use them, and I took them steadily during that month and the two following months. Before the first box was finished I began to get relief, and from that out I steadily improved until I was able to discontinue the use of the Pink Pills, feeling that I was fully restored to health. I am satisfied in my own mind that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have still been helpless and suffering, and I have much reason to be thankful that my son persuaded me to use them. Thanks to Pink Pills I am now a new man and intend soon to resume my work."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind; the other, that they haven't any business.

On March 6th, the Lord Lieutenant, as president of the Royal Irish Academy of Music, distributed the prizes to the students who had been successful in the recent examinations. Miss Alice Rowe, daughter of Mr. Howard Rowe, South Main street, Wexford, obtained first prize in the first grade for harmony.

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# The Catholic Register,

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THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894.

## Calendar for the Week.

- April 5—St. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor.  
6—St. Xystus I., Pope and Martyr.  
7—St. Celestine I., Pope and Confessor.  
8—Second Sunday after Easter, Feast of the Holy Family.  
9—St. Gabriel, Archangel.  
10—St. Benedict, Abbot.  
11—St. Leo I., Pope and Confessor.

*The Forty Hours' Devotion opens at Our Lady of Lourdes on Sunday next.*

## Mayor Stewart Mildly Rebuked.

His Worship Mayor Stewart of Hamilton is an avowed champion of the P.P.A. doctrine, which would shut out the Catholics of this Dominion from every civil right as remorselessly as they were shut out by the infamous Penal Laws in Ireland. His election to his present position was largely due to the influence of the P.P.A. organization; and he shows his appreciation of its confidence occasionally by denouncing Catholics, their Hierarchy and Church, in language unbecoming a Christian and a gentleman. He was especially ill-bred and offensive in this respect at a recent gathering of Mr. McCarthy's supporters—so much so, that his remarks challenged public attention, both in Ontario and Quebec.

In the latter Province Mayor Stewart's calumnies came under the notice of the Hon. Mr. LaBruere, of St. Hyacinthe, who replied by letter in a very temperate tone to his Worship's unwarranted strictures. Referring to the Mayor's onslaught on Catholic education, Mr. LaBruere makes the following propositions: "Compare, Mr. Stewart, without prejudice, the school legislation of Quebec with that of Manitoba. Put side by side the position of the Protestant minority of my province and that of the Catholic minority of our sister province. Is it not that the Protestants in Quebec are treated with that regard which is due to them, whilst they seek in Manitoba to do violence to the consciences of Catholics, and that they treat them very hardly by forcing them to pay taxes for the support of the schools to which they cannot send their children?"

And again Mr. LaBruere asks: "What would you say—what would the members of the P.P.A. say—if the Hon. Mr. Taillon adopted with regard to the Protestant minority the same line of conduct as Mr. Greenway has towards the Catholic minority? What would the Protestants of the province of Quebec say if the Legislature, refusing them schools of their choice, imposed upon them the obligation of sending their children to Catholic schools, and of paying taxes for the support of those schools? What

would one think in Ontario of the Prime Minister of Quebec, if in a moment of aberration, he exclaimed that it was necessary to crush Protestantism? You know as well as I, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there would be a formidable roar; they would cry against the fanaticism and the tyranny."

That the Catholics are not alone in claiming the control of their schools, Mr. LaBruere cites Mr. Alexander Logan, who brought suit against the city of Winnipeg to annul the school law of Manitoba. Mr. Logan contends that "it is illegal to assess members of the Church of England for the support of schools which are not under the control of the Church of England, and in which they are not taught religious exercises prescribed by said church and upon grounds appearing in affidavits (judgment of Privy Council, Manitoba Schools case, p. 10)."

The Right Rev. Dr. Machray, Anglican Bishop of Rupert's Land, in his declaration under oath in support of the pretensions of Mr. Logan, expresses himself as follows: "As far as I have had any influence I have always endeavored to influence public opinion and the Legislature as much as I could to have provision made for the religious training of youth, and by the Public Schools' act of 1890 I was deeply disappointed, and I believe that by that act if separate schools do not receive State aid as well as the schools under the act, the children of parents of the Church of England have been prejudicially affected."

Regarding this declaration as authoritative, Mr. La Bruere adds: "The Bishop of Rupert's Land reflects without doubt the opinion of the Anglicans of the West. Those of the province of Quebec are certainly favorable to the legislation which gives them the control of their schools. Now, if to the number of the Catholics of the Dominion, representing 1,992,017, we add the Anglicans, who are 646,059, we obtain a total of 2,638,076 persons who are unfavorable to neutral schools, and who stand up for the existence of their own schools. Now these figures of 2,638,076 inhabitants exceed by 221,457 souls the half of the total population of Canada. It is, then, to the majority that the partisans of the common schools desire to dictate."

Asking that Mayor Stewart reflect well on his remarks, Mr. La Bruere concludes thus: "God has permitted that there should be in this part of America different religious denominations and different races. The Catholics number over two-fifths of the total population, and the French-Canadians a third. This numerical force is such that it cannot be presumed that one day the country will be entirely Protestant or entirely Catholic. It is not in the designs of Providence, further, that the French race should disappear from the valley of the St. Lawrence. What, then, are we to do? The duty of the provincial Governments, as of the central Government, is to treat the religions and the nationalities with an equal justice, in order that, harmony reigning, the energy of the people be not made to swerve from the patriotic task which falls upon them of working for the good of the country."

## Louis Kossuth.

Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, died at Turin, Italy, on Tuesday, the 20th ult. His death was not unexpected, as he had passed his ninetieth year, and for several weeks had shown a marked decay of vital power. The death of one who was the central figure in a great revolutionary movement nearly half a century ago, and who at intervals since, though for the most part shunning public notice, has drawn upon himself the attention of the world.

Few lives exhibit the extremes of success and failure in a more marked degree than that of Louis Kossuth, few careers present more striking alternations of triumph and defeat. Beginning the struggle of life in very straitened circumstances, though belonging to what was once a distinguished family, his talent, industry and energy had soon started him on a successful career as an advocate. The quiet, commonplace career of an advocate, however, seems to have been but ill-suited to one of his ardent and enthusiastic nature. It was abandoned, therefore, for that of political journalist, which resulted in increased reputation, government prosecution and imprisonment for a term of three years. The outlook was discouraging for a time, but imprisonment brought him fame, sympathy, and the confidence and support of the most noble and powerful of his countrymen.

The struggle for the next few years was a series of triumphs for Kossuth, who became successively a member of the Assembly, dictator, and governor of independent Hungary. It was, however, but a short-lived triumph. Success, complete and apparently permanent, was quickly followed by utter overthrow. The power of Russia, invoked by the Hapsburgs, and the treachery, it is said, of associates, in the space of a single year, effected the downfall of the fabric of independence reared by the genius of Kossuth; and the latter, a fugitive from his own country, found at length protection in Turkey, and ultimately the means of quitting that country and reaching England and America.

His exile has been unbroken ever since. Several years of wandering in the different countries of Europe followed. He was biding his time, and watching his opportunity. But no movement on the part of his countrymen occurred, in which he could take part; no line of action was adopted that met with his approval. He waited patiently, but his opportunity never came. In 1862 he settled in Turin, and continued to reside in that city up to the time of his death.

The precise degree of reverence in which his memory should be held is difficult at the present time to determine, owing to the time elapsed since his active career closed and the obscurity in which he has since lived. But on the whole his qualities of mind and heart will, we think, always command respect. In the speeches he delivered in England and America the secret of his power to stir his countrymen to action was disclosed. All the records of the receptions given him in these countries represent him as a most persuasive speaker; and

when it is remembered that he was then speaking in a language but recently acquired, it will be readily understood that his appeals to his own people, in his native tongue, at a time of struggle and excitement, must have been irresistible.

Some have thought that his escape from the scene of final overthrow which involved so many of his adherents in ruin is a stain on his character, and the charge of lack of courage and over-much regard for personal safety is more than hinted at. But the charge does not seem to be well founded. Kossuth, it should be remembered, was a political, not a military leader, taking no part at the time in operations in the field, and for a member of the civil government to remain on the spot, after all had been done that could be done in his own special sphere, would have been simply suicidal, and a useless throwing away of life.

However this may be, his claim to the title of patriot is not to be disputed. We have seen that in the outset of his career, when prosperity was assured by the practice of his profession, comfort and personal freedom and all that men value most in this life were risked and lost, and persecution and imprisonment accepted in their stead without a murmur. It is certain that during any one of his long years of exile a return to home and friends could have been brought about easily; equally certain that honor and wealth and all that makes life agreeable awaited him there, if only he would give up his dream of freedom and independence for his native land. Yet he never hesitated. He clung to his dream, though every passing year made its realization more doubtful; every proposal of compromise was sternly rejected, and life in exile preferred to residence in Hungary, now prosperous indeed and content, but not free in the sense in which Louis Kossuth desired she should be free.

It is greatly to his credit also that in the pursuit of plans for the liberation of his country he never resorted to unlawful means. Unlike many disappointed political schemers who have been ready to accomplish right objects by wrong means, Kossuth always refused to adopt those methods of the secret revolutionary societies of Europe which have made their advocates infamous to all right minded men throughout the world. If Hungary was to be made free, her freedom was to be effected by means that were right and honorable. That he had connection with the Masonic body is no doubt true, but there is the best evidence that he never employed them for the furtherance of any of his political projects.

The close of his life was sad enough, but not without its consoling features, in extreme old age, having out-lived most of his kindred, with the discomforts of poverty added to those of age, he met death, it is said, resignedly, glad even that a pilgrimage so prolonged had come to an end at last. It is said too, that disappointments had failed to sour him, that his sympathy with his fellow men and his readiness to help them continued to the last.

### The Exodus.

This time it is to Canada from the States, and not, as the Grits delight to tell us, from this country to places beyond the border. We are not sure as to our information touching the stampede from the other side, coming as it does from an interested source; but as an item of news, it may be taken for what it is worth—with or without a grain of salt. The item is contained in a despatch from Winnipeg, as follows. "Officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway Land and Immigration Department say that indications point to a greater influx from the States than last year. There are numerous enquiries from practical farmers in Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas and Washington. The exodus from these states to Canada would be much greater, but from the universal difficulty that is experienced by the settlers in finding a market for their farms, their surplus stock and goods, implements, etc., that they did not require to bring with them, but in spite of this drawback a large number will cross the border. This is no sudden change on the part of United States farmers, and is only what was anticipated. There has been steady immigration from the States for some time, and those who have come are so well satisfied with their condition and prospects that they are urging their friends and relations to follow them while the free grant still remains. The great bulk will go to Northern Alberta this year, as it is a newly opened territory, and they are mostly going in for mixed farming, for which Alberta is admirably adapted."

If the officials referred to above are not simply endeavoring to bring grist to the C.P.R. mill, and drawing the long bow for that purpose, there will be a turning of the tables which will make the situation a little awkward for the fathers who bewailed the exodus in the other direction.

### A Lift for the Workingman.

It has long been the hope of the labor-reformer that the limit of toil prescribed for his class might be narrowed, so as to reserve to the toiler out of the twenty-four hours, into which day and night are divided, eight for sleep and eight for recreation. Vast strides, in these later years, have been made in the improvement of the workingman's condition and in the acknowledgment of the rights of labor; but it is still thought that until an eight hour day is made the universal standard the workingman will not have received his just due, nor be sufficiently recognized as a leading factor in the mechanical and industrial productions which constitute the wealth and prosperity of nations.

Objection has been taken to the curtailment of the hours of labor without a corresponding reduction in the scale of wages—the argument being that full pay for shortened time was so much money lost to the employer. This, on the face, appears plausible enough; yet the objection is quite staggered, if not upset completely, by the practical experience of an English manufacturing firm of large dimensions. The Salford Iron

Works—the establishment in question—are owned by Messrs. Mather & Pratt, the senior of the firm being member of Parliament for the Gorton division of Lancashire. For the past twelve months the employees in these works have been given an eight-hour day instead of nine hours without any reduction of wages.

Mr. Mather has made a report in which he states that "the experiment has proved in every respect a complete success. The output of the works has been greater than ever before without an increase of expense, despite the reduction of hours. The 1,200 hands employed in the works have worked cheerfully in double shifts during times of pressure upon the works, due to large orders, but they have never been paid, nor have they expected overtime, the reduction of the regular hours and the retention of the regular wages offsetting that. Converts to the 8 hour system, Mr. Mather says, have invariably been permanently won over. Mr. Mather has furnished the Government with full details of the working of the experiment in the Salford Iron works and recommends its adoption, even tentatively, in the Government arsenals, dock-yards and other public works."

No stronger argument than this could be advanced in favor of the eight-hour movement, and labor-advocates will be appreciably strengthened by it in their efforts to give the idea practicability and force. Here in Canada the matter has been freely discussed, and considerable headway made in favor of the principle. Were it adopted, with a proper regard for the interests of both parties, the gain to the employer would not be less pronounced than to the employed.

### Injustice to Cattlemen.

The Mayor of Liverpool, while addressing the Society for the relief of foreigners the other evening, complained of the expense the city was at providing for cattlemen from the United States. He said: "Almost constantly, these men are being left penniless and friendless in the dock districts and were saved from starvation and returned to America by the municipality." W. J. Sulis, C. S. Vice-Council, explained, "that the cattlemen in question had been deceived usually by American employers, who induced them to believe that they would receive \$10 wages besides free passage home. After arriving in Liverpool, the men found the ship-owners repudiated the bargain." The Consul hoped that steps would be taken to remedy the abuse.

The Archbishop of Florence will, says a Paris correspondent, pay a visit to Queen Victoria, as the representative of the Pope, to thank her Majesty for the full liberty accorded to Catholics in Great Britain.

Some idea of the size of St. Stanislaus' parish, the Polish American one in Chicago, over which Father Barzynski presides, and which is said to be the largest Catholic congregation in the United States, can be gained from the fact that no less than 4,447 children attending its parochial schools were recently vaccinated by physicians, at the suggestion of the zealous pastor, who looks after the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of his people assiduously.

### LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., March 23, 1894.

The most interesting topic of the week has been of course the speech of Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh. I have had the opportunity of discussing it with representatives of all parties, and I find that it has given the highest satisfaction to all but his political opponents. Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. William O'Brien had of necessity to be somewhat guarded in their utterances, but they have both stated that they were quite satisfied with the Prime Minister's declarations on the Irish question. They are convinced that there is no intention of the Government to lower the Home Rule flag, and as Mr. O'Brien observed in his speech at Newcastle on Saturday the Irish party will do nothing to imperil the democracy between Great Britain and Ireland.

Inside the House Lord Rosebery has been arraigned by Lord Randolph Churchill as having been guilty of a breach of the privilege of the House in addressing a meeting at Edinburgh when an election was pending in a neighboring constituency. I ought to explain that at the beginning of every session an order is passed by the House of Commons prohibiting peers and prelates from taking part in elections—a meaningless form, because, as Sir Henry James subsequently pointed out, the House of Commons has no power to punish any peer or prelate who disobeys the order. The farce is annually played, because no one takes the trouble to object to it—just as the beefeaters are summoned from the Tower to search the vaults of the House of Commons on the first day of a new session to see whether a bag of gunpowder, or its modern equivalent, a box of dynamite, has been placed in some out-of-the-way corner by a nineteenth century Guy Fawkes. The beefeaters, with their lanterns dimly burning, parade the cellars with due solemnity, simply because it is customary for them to do so, and as Mr. Labouchere aptly pointed out, the whole proceeding is as great a sham as the order against the Lords and bishops.

A great many folk were puzzled to know what might be Lord Randolph's little game. He acted without concert with Mr. Balfour. Does he contemplate a new departure? Is he about to form a new Fourth party? Faults of temper and of tact, so obvious as to be indisputable, lost him in the last Parliament every friend who would stand by him. As things stand at present, he is woefully discredited. He is hardly heeded. His campaign in Bradford fell flat, so far as general opinion was concerned. In the House of Commons he is hardly articulate as a rule nowadays. He has to build himself up from new foundations. This will be heavy work. But if he is content to become the chief of a department in a New Ministry, and to work loyally with his friends, he may in the end rehabilitate himself. But he will never lead the House of Commons again.

Another Grand Old Man has passed away. Louis Kossuth, the once famous Hungarian patriot has just died at Turin. His was an eventful career. A scholar, he was forced to be a politician; a politician, he had to do early the work of the statesman. A patriot he was early forced to roam over the world; and in the end his life's aim, the thing he thought indispensable, viz, the freedom of his country was not granted. He would have won but for Russian intervention; but he had his revenge. To his magnificent oratory was due the English feeling against Russia, which deepened until it produced the Crimean War. Kossuth

is said to have learnt English by getting the Bible off by heart. He fell into courtly life, and certainly had a fine English style, and he used it with tremendous effect both in this country and in the United States. In later days he fell into extreme company; and his association with Mazzini and Ledru Rollin did him no good. But the real design of his life was accomplished. He freed Hungary from the tyranny which will ever be associated with the name of Metternich; and his countrymen will cease to do worshipful honour to his memory only when they are such as to be fit only for the reimpement of the Hapsburg autoeracy.

The English Church is becoming more and more Catholic in its observance of Holy Week. The ceremonies of Palm Sunday were carried out in many of the London churches with all that grandeur and magnificence one is accustomed to see at Rome. There were brilliant processions in which all the choristers and priests carrying immense palms followed after the cross, veiled with erape. During the reading of the Gospel the celebrant held his palm, and all the choristers and people elevated their palms. When the words were read describing the death of Our Lord, minister and congregation knelt down and remained in solemn meditation for the space of half a minute. At St. Agnes, Kensington, quite a new line was taken this year. A sort of "Swiss," such as one sees in continental churches, was introduced. According to a correspondent of the *Westminster*, "he was attired in evening dress, knee breeches, silk stockings, silver buckled shoes, silver buttons to coat and waistcoat, with the Agnes Dei on them, an ancient silver chain round his shoulders, and a wide black watered silk sash to which was suspended a sword. This he drew and presented on the consecration of the Holy Communion."

That American growth the "New Humour" is slowly but surely finding its way into the Literature of this country. What it is would be hard to tell, for in some respects it defies analysis. It is quite different from Shakspeare's humour and Scott's; Dickens is supposed to be vulgar beside the new Humourist and Thackeray too bitter. The old humour (which does not require capital) came naturally out of an amused view of life, and was conscious of itself only after it was produced. The New Humour has self-consciousness, written across nearly every sentence. Here is an example of it: "It is affecting to see youth with its high hopes bold in innocence, its virgin pride, its sturdy persistence, its insatiable ambition, its steadiness of purpose, bending all its strength morning, noon and night—to the cultivation of a moustache." The New Humourist inflates his solemn language to lead up to a familiar conclusion, until we expect the grandiose introduction. He is so dry that at times we wish that he would never know moisture again.

There is now sojourning in that paradise of authors the West of England, a lady writer who has excited as much strong feeling both for and against her as a novelist of recent years. Sarah Grand has succeeded in retaining her pseudonym most wonderfully, and even when meeting her in ordinary life. She still remains Mrs. Grand to all but old personal friends. She is in reality a Mrs. McFall, the widow of an army officer; and is an elegant, but sad-looking woman rather under middle age. It was evident from the "Heavenly Twins," (a name by the way, which is now regularly applied in the House of Commons to the two Redmonds) that she knew thoroughly regimental life from the inside, and by birth she knows equally well the line of the upper ten who live at Morningquest Castle and such like places.

## Weekly Retrospect.

The Easter holidays, as usual, had its round of gaieties and its numerous attractions. Among one of the many pleasures of the week was the private view of the Exhibition of the Woman's Art Association, which is held in their studio, in the Canada Life Building. This is the sixth one of the kind, held by this association, and is deserving of more than one visit. The portrait of his Grace, the Archbishop, is the most attractive in the room, and is from the brush of Miss Claire Berthon, it displays great talent and accurate drawing, and we echo what one of our dainties said, that "it is, without doubt, one of the best on view." Miss Berthon is a daughter of the late Mr. Berthon, whose portraits of so many of the judges are in the Osgoode Hall, and is a grand-daughter of the artist known in France, in the time of the first Napoleon, as the "Little Berthon," and who was the court painter at Napoleon's court. There were some pretty studies of flowers, among which, mention must be made of "Chrysanthemums," by Miss Clara Galbraith; "Pink Roses," by Mrs. Dignam; "Poppies," by Mrs. Hemming; "Pansies," by Mrs. Mary Heister Reid. Two little gems of landscape were "Summer sketch" and "Autumn sketch," by Mrs. Talbot Macbeth. "Pleasant Reminiscences," by Miss Hemming is a clever little piece of drawing, and makes one almost share in those pleasant reminiscences too. Over forty ladies have contributed, and the many sketches are highly creditable to the association.

While speaking of pictures, we must not forget a portrait that has just been finished by Miss Edith Hemming, of the late Doctor Hodder for the Trinity Medical School, and which was unveiled Wednesday of this week. It is a beautiful piece of work, we heard one person exclaim "we could almost clasp that hand it is so life-like." Miss Hemming's flesh tints are so natural; the medical faculty of Trinity cannot fail but be pleased with this fine piece of art and excellent portrait of the genial Doctor.

We are constantly reading of the charitable works of those who are blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, but one which will be a source of pleasure to the poor working woman of London, England, is that of Lady Blanche Rosslyn. She has leased a house five minutes drive from Brentwood which is an hour's ride on the railroad from the great metropolis, it is called "Rosslyn Rest," and of course it brings up visions of a pretty cottage nestling in those lovely green hills, with the perfume of the "May" and jessamine around it. There is room for twelve of these poor women, who would never breathe the fresh air of the English fields if it were not for the charity of those who can afford to give little pleasures to the poor. Lady Rosslyn is responsible for rent, rates and taxes, also for the wages of the matron, cook and housemaid. What pleasure it must be to those weary, tired women to come to a home of almost luxury for two weeks, which is the limit of time for each visit, and find they have not a single care on their minds. There is seldom the number in the house, on account of the want of means, for the railway journey to Brentwood of these poor people.

Madame Miznie Hauk, so well remembered in her role of Carmen, left Genoa in March for a concert tour through Japan. She will return to England by way of America. We often wish we could visit that lovely land of flowers. How delightful its climate must be, the thermometer never falling below sixty degrees and is never higher than seventy eight. A Japanese gentleman in describing the beautiful chrysanthemums grown there, and not under glass either, said that the

Japanese young ladies were given one of these flowers large enough to use for a sunshade on the day they were presented to the Emperor and Empress. The chrysanthemum is called the imperial flower of Japan, and the cherry blossom the emblem of that far away island.

Some of the cloth gowns are piped with color and have very pretty effects, for instance a navy blue has a piping of red edging to a well hung skirt, a similar piping round the circular cut basque, collar and cuffs. A close-fitting bodice with its row of close-set gilt buttons, like an officer's mess waistcoat had over it a smart zouave jacket with revers of red, which lay in folds over the shoulder, narrow gold braid in loop design finished this costume. One rather strange feature in some costumes this season is that sleeves and skirt match, but bodices are in contrast. Black trimmings are the favorite, and black flowers of every description are to be seen, not in the florists of course, but in the many millinery windows. Some of the newest capes made are of the Charles II. period, and have a couple of frills of moire and velvet with handsome jet trimmings. There is a new reddish brown known as "Capuchin," and used very much in the novel mantles which have rounded folds at the back. Moire and brown velvet in this new brown are certainly artistic as well as stylish. A new black moire jacket had one peculiar new feature; the sleeves and the revers were cut in one, which seemed rather impossible, but it gave a good set to the sleeve.

## Wit and Humor.

Flip—"Did Miss Goldcoin recognize you when you met her in the park?"

Flap—"Yes."

"Did she bow or speak?"

"Neither one; that's how I knew she remembered me."

"By the way you remember Miss Krelinger, whom so many of the boys went wild over, don't you?"

"Yes, and I used to think she was a girl that deserved a good husband."

"Well, I married her."

"No! You astonish me!"

The small boy, after a morning's play in the road, was lazing around the house waiting for the dinner bell to ring, when his mother spied him. "Johnnie," she commanded, "go and wash your face for dinner." "Ugh," he grumbled, "if that's all I get for dinner I guess I'll change my boarding house."

Dutton. I say, Upton, when are you going to pay me that sovereign you owe me? Hardy Upton indignant, but dignified: Dutton, this is twice in three years you have importuned me for that money. I was once your friend, but this day severs all our relations, sir. And I wish you to understand, sir, that as long as I live I shall never borrow another sixpence from you. That is my ultimatum, sir. Good day.

Several girls were discussing matters together the other day. One of them had discarded her Christian name and adopted one which she thought more aesthetic. In the course of conversation one of the pert of the bery observed: "Well I wouldn't change my name, no matter how ugly it was." The girl to whom this observation was addressed turned and said calmly: "No, dear, there is not the slightest possibility of you ever changing your name."

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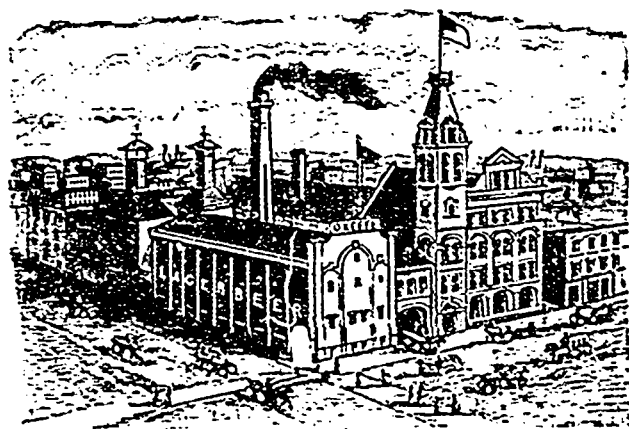
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**SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.**

**Louth.**

A largely attended meeting of parishioners was held on March 6th, in the Vestry of the new church, in Drogheda, in connection with the window to be erected in the Memorial Church to the memory of Father Ginnott, whose sterling worth and kindly deeds during his association with St. Peter's Parish will long be veridant in the hearts of the people he loved and served so well. It was resolved, as the fund raised for the purpose fell some £40 short of the required amount, to make a general collection in the town. Collectors were appointed, each being allotted a selected district.

**Mayo.**

On the evening of March 2d, a sad case of drowning occurred near Claremorris. A respectable woman named Cella Clarke, wife of a gauger on the railway, residing at Streamstown, had gone into town to transact some business, and between eight and nine o'clock she started for home. The night was very inclement, and it is supposed that she missed her way, and nothing further was known of her movements until her body was discovered by a girl named Walsh in a small river, at Castlemagarretts, next morning.

**Meath.**

At Navan railway station, on the Midland line, on the evening of March 6th, a porter, a young man named Francis Hanna was engaged in checking the tickets of the passengers on the 7 p.m. train, prior to its departure for Dublin, and having completed his task he essayed to step from the carriage (the one next the engine), to the platform, when he stumbled and was thrown towards the wheels of the carriage, which passed over his right leg, completely severing it above the ankle. His left arm was also broken. He was immediately conveyed to the County Infirmary, but was so much cut up, and had lost such a quantity of blood that medical skill was of no avail to save his life, and at 5 o'clock next morning death released him from his sufferings. He was a native of Roscommon, was about 22 years of age, and had only been in Navan a few weeks.

**Monaghan.**

On March 2d, the Monaghan Assizes were opened by Justice Holmes in the Crown Court, and Justice Murphy in the Record Court. The former, addressing the Grand Jury, said there were only five bills to go before them, and the offences concerned were not serious.

**Roscommon.**

At the Roscommon Assizes, on March 9th, what has been known as the De Freyne estate prosecutions collapsed, a *nolle prosequi* was entered by the Crown, in the case of Messrs. Patrick O'Brien, ex M.P.; William Field, M.P.; Luke Hayden, M.P.; John Fitzgibbon, Castlelea; Patrick Conry, Dominick Mulligan, Owen Mahon, John Lavin, James Greighton, Edward King, and Martin Roddy, who were accused of riot and illegal practices, and forcible entry, in connection with the evictions and house-burning on the De Freyne estate in September last. The case of Patrick Conroy having been selected by the Crown Prosecutor as a test case, and evidence being given, the defendants declined to produce any witnesses on their part; but Messrs. Field, Hayden, O'Brien and Fitzgibbon addressed the jury, who retired, and after a long session reported that they could not agree—eleven being for a full acquittal of all the defendants, while one "true blue" stuck out for a verdict of guilty. The next morning, at the opening of the Court, the Crown Prosecutor announced that the government had abandoned all the cases against the accused parties, whereat Judge Madden (who was the Tory Attorney-General when the Coercion Act was passed), said that he was "surprised."

**Sligo.**

An old man named John Black died a few days ago at Drumfin, at the great age of 101 years.

On March 6th, District Inspector Lee, with Sergeant Feehly and Constable Moorcroft, of Coolaney, arrested two men named O'Hara and Marley, whom they found making illicit whiskey at Gurtheekeran, near Coolaney. The "still," which was working at the time, and about five gallons of distilled spirits, were taken to Coolaney barracks, and the men were held for trial at the petty sessions on March 21st.

**Tipperary.**

A very sad accident, resulting in the death of one man and more or less serious injury to two or three others, occurred on March 2d, at the Killaloe Slate Quarries, some seven or eight miles outside Nenagh. A man named Daniel McCormack, while engaged at work in the quarry, was startled by a crash of rocks above him, but before he could get to a place of safety he was struck on the forehead by a stone of about four or five pounds weight, falling from a height of nearly one hundred feet, and was caught under the falling debris, by which he was fearfully mangled. Medical aid was at once summoned, and Dr. Morton and Dr. McKeogh came as speedily as possible, but the unfortunate man was beyond all human help, and died in a couple of hours. Rev. J. J. O'Halloran, P.P., Portroe, was with him in his last moments. McCormack was

not long after returning from America, and was engaged at the slate quarry as a skilled workman.

**Tyrone.**

On February 28th, an adjourned inquest was held touching the death of Doctor T. Craustoun Charles, of London, which had taken place a month previously. Deceased, who was forty-five years of age, was son of Dr. D. H. Charles, J.P. of Cookstown, and his eldest brother is Dr. J. J. Charles, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Queen's College, Cork. Deceased when a student had a brilliant career in Belfast Queen's College, and was eminently successful in his profession. At the adjourned inquest, after an analysis of the stomach, Dr. Bigg and Dr. Stephenson, the Government analyst, deposed that they had found a quantity of morphine. Deceased, however, was suffering from congestion of the lungs and bronchitis, which were sufficient to cause death, although it was accelerated by the morphine. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

**Waterford.**

A madman named Lyons attempted to drown himself, a few days ago, in a deep pool at a place called Glen Marcaragh. He was saved by a lad, and was sent to the Waterford Lunatic Asylum.

We regret to announce the demise of Mrs. Anne Walsh, formerly of Arundel square, Waterford, who died in Tramore on March 10th, after a tedious illness. Deceased was an old and greatly respected inhabitant of Waterford. Her remains were taken for interment to Knockboy on March 11th, and High Mass and Office were celebrated for the repose of her soul, in the Cathedral, on the 12th.

On March 8th, E. N. Power, Esq., Coroner, held an inquest in Ballybricken concerning the death of James Rea, of Francis street, Waterford, horse-dealer, who was killed on the previous day, at the Ferrybank goods station of the Waterford and Limerick Railway, by being crushed between a moving train and the platform. The jury, in their verdict, severely censured the railway company for its defective arrangements.

**Westmeath.**

On March 8th, the Kinnegad, Carrolstown, and Griffinstown farms, situate near Killucan, were sold by auction in Mr. P. McCormack's rooms, in Mullingar. Lot 1—Kinnegad farm, containing 69 Irish acres, held under judicial tenancy at a yearly rent of £75, was sold to Mr. John Connor for £670. Lots 2 and 3—Corralstown farm, containing 57 Irish acres, held for 999 years from May, 1845, at a yearly rent of £32 9s. 2d. were sold to Mr. Chr. Coyne for £1,720. Lot 4—Griffinstown farm, containing 54 Irish acres, rent free, subject to an annuity of £46 a year for life of E. Smith, now aged about 70 years, was sold to Mr. P. Dunne for £1,310. Messrs. Wm. Mooney & Son, solicitors, Dublin and Mullingar, had carriage of the sale.

**Wexford.**

Recently, in the New Ross district, two old ladies of different stations in life passed away at the remarkable age of over 100 years. One of them was the Hon. Mrs. Cooke, who died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. W. H. Bolger, J. P., Ballinabarna, Instiogue, county Kilkenny. The deceased, who lived to be 101 years of age, belonged to an old and respected family, and though not taking any active part in the affairs of life for some time past she was always much esteemed. She was interred on March 5th, at Enniscorthy. The other centenarian was Mrs. Margaret Ryan, who, on March 2d, died at Mary street, New Ross, and who was reputed to be over 100 years of age. The deceased was a native of the town, and up to lately enjoyed fairly good health, and was able to discourse on matters connected with the town in the early part of the present century. She became seriously ill some time ago, and died at the residence of her daughter. She was interred on Sunday, March 4, in St. Stephen's Cemetery.

**Wicklow.**

Mr. Edward P. O'Kelly, of Balinglass, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the Commission of the Peace for the county Wicklow. Mr. O'Kelly is one of the best known and most prominent Nationalists in the county. Mr. Robert Henry Davis, of 1 Marlborough terrace, Bray, and Rosina, Rathmines, has also been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for Wicklow. Mr. Davis is already a magistrate for the county and city of Dublin.

On Sunday, March 4th, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin presided at a meeting of the parishioners of Bray, convened by the recently-appointed pastor of the parish, Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, for the purpose of raising funds for the enlargement and improvement of the parish church. The present building, erected in 1824, has long since proved inadequate for the requirements of the growing town of Bray, and immediately on his appointment to the parish, a few months ago, the Bishop of Canea took steps to inaugurate a movement for the enlargement and general improvement of the structure. The result was a crowded meeting of the parishioners, in the church, under the presidency of the Archbishop, when it was decided to enter upon the undertaking at once, and to open a fund for the purpose.

**Miscellaneous.**

If you sometimes find yourselves so distracted by a number of duties that you cannot manage them all, do as much as you can and be content with that.

Good men are always preaching to the bad by the example of their lives, and in this way they often do more good than others who preach in the pulpit.—St. Francis Xavier.

I have obtained more easily what I have prayed for through the intercession of the souls in Purgatory than by the intercession of the Saints in Heaven.—St. Catharine of Bologna.

Without inverting the order of charity, you cannot postpone the care of souls and the service of God to the pursuit of early advantage or low temporal gains.—St. Francis Xavier.

All other religious systems prior to the advent of Christ were national, like Judaism, or State religions, like Paganism. The Catholic religion alone is world-wide and cosmopolitan, embracing all races and nations and peoples and tongues.

Let us fall to, then, with a determination to get the good of life as we go along—to take vacation from care and trouble every day, to live on the sunny side of every event, to have the fresh air of a happy temper and the bright outlook of a good conscience, and so really live while we live.

On March 6th, Dr. J. R. Cardiff, M.D., coroner, held an inquest at South Main street, Wexford, touching the death of Michael McClean, who had died suddenly on the previous day. Evidence was given that deceased had, for some time past, been in delicate health. On the morning of his death, he went to the parlor to lie down on a sofa to have a rest, and was soon afterwards found dead. The Jury returned a verdict of death from apoplexy.

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## A Vagrant Heart.

Dora Sigerson in Irish Monthly.

O to be a woman! to be left to pique and pine,  
When the sails are out and calling to this vagrant  
heart of mine.  
Whistle! it whistles at the windows, and how can I  
be still!  
There! the last leaves of the beech-tree go dancing  
down the hill.  
All the boats at anchor they are plunging to be free—  
O to be a sailor, and away across the sea!  
When the sky is black with thunder, and the sea is  
white with foam,  
The gray-gulls whirl up shrieking and seek their  
rocky home,  
Low his boat is lying leeward, how she runs before  
the gale,  
As she rises with the billows, nor shakes her dripping  
sail.  
There is danger on the waters—there is joy where  
dangers be—  
Alas! to be a woman and the nomad's heart in me.  
O chone! to be a woman, only sighing on the shore—  
With a soul that flits a passion for each long  
breaker's roar,  
With a heart that beats as restless as all the winds  
that blow—  
Thrust a cloth between her fingers, and tell her she  
must sew;  
Must join in empty chatter, and calculate with  
straws—  
For the weighing of our neighbour—for the sake of  
social laws  
O chatter, chatter, chatter, when to speak is miserv,  
When silence lies around your heart—and night is on  
the sea.  
So tired of little fashions that are root of all our  
strife,  
Of all the petty passions that upset the calm of life,  
The law of God upon the land shines steady for all  
time;  
The laws confused that man has made, have reason  
not nor rhyme  
O bird that fights the heavens, and is blown beyond  
the shore,  
Would you leave your flight and danger for a cage to  
fight no more?  
No more the cold of winter, or the hunger of the  
snow,  
Nor the winds that blow you backward from the  
path you wish to go?  
Would you leave your world of passion for a home  
that knows no riot?  
Would I change my vagrant longings for a heart  
more full of quiet?  
No!—for all its dangers, there is joy where dangers  
be:  
On, bird, and fight your tempests, and this nomad  
heart with thee!  
The seas that shake and thunder will close our  
mouths one day,  
The storms that shriek and whistle will blow our  
breaths away.  
The dust that flies and whitens will mark not where  
we tread.  
What matters then our judging? we are face to face  
with God.  
There is peace and resting for the vagrant heart in  
me—  
There an end to wishing to be aught but what we be.

## Selected Receipts.

**MINT SAUCE.**—Take three table-  
spoonfuls of finely chopped mint and  
put in a saucepan with two teaspoon-  
fuls of sugar and one-half of a cup of  
vinegar. Stir over the fire until the  
sugar is dissolved and vinegar heated  
through. Cool and serve with roast  
lamb.

**PRUNE PUDDING.**—Wash half a  
pound of prunes, cover with cold  
water and let stand over night.  
In the morning cook until tender,  
then press through a colander;  
add three-quarters of a cup of granu-  
lated sugar, stir until it is dissolved.  
Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff,  
dry froth, add them carefully to the  
prunes and bake twenty minutes in a  
quick oven. Serve at once with cream.

**VEAL PATTIES.**—Make a sauce as  
for the oyster patties, with one  
tablespoonful of butter, one of flour,  
one-half of a cup of mushroom  
liquor and one cup of stock or gravy.  
When it begins to thicken add one-half  
of mushrooms and enough chopped meat  
to make it the proper consistency.  
Season with salt, pepper, chopped par-  
sley and a few drops of onion juice.  
Fill the patty shells and serve. If  
desired a Bechamel sauce can be used  
instead of the above.

**PUREE OF PEAS.**—Boil one pint of  
fresh, tender green peas in one pint of  
water for twenty minutes. Add one  
quart of white stock, a young onion,  
sliced, one slice of carrot, a bay leaf  
and a sprig of parsley. Let the soup  
simmer for twenty minutes, or until

the peas are very soft. Take from  
the fire, press through a sieve, season  
with salt and pepper, and return  
to the saucepan; stir until thoroughly  
heated, let it just come to a boil, add  
one cup of cream and serve at once.

## A Few Household Hints.

After the juice has been squeezed  
from lemons the peel can be used for  
rubbing brass. Dip them in common  
salt, rub the brass thoroughly, then  
brush with dry bath brick.

To remove the odor of onions from  
kettles and saucepans, put some wood  
ashes into the utensil, add boiling  
water and let it stand for a short time  
on the back of the stove.

Nerve strain can be greatly lessened  
by a sandwich or a glass of milk when  
one feels a little done up, or even when  
you feel idle and disinclined to apply  
to household duties.

Very little, if any, water should be  
drunk at meal time, but if one feel the  
need of some liquid, let him take one  
cup of tea or coffee, as heat aids diges-  
tion, while cold retards it.

One of the simplest methods to re-  
move stains from linen or cambric is to  
place the stained part over a bowl and  
continue pouring boiling water through  
until the stain disappears.

A simple way to remove grease spots  
from wall paper is to hold a piece of  
clean blotting paper over the spot and  
press a warm flat iron over it. Repeat  
the operation until the grease is out.

Kitchen mineral soap or pumice  
stone may be used freely on all dishes.  
It will remove stains from white  
handled knives, the brown substance  
that adheres to earthen or tin baking  
dishes and the soot which collects on  
pans and kettles used over a wood or  
kerosene fire.

The value of flannel in making un-  
dergarments cannot be overestimated.  
It conducts away from the body all  
exhalations of the system, while it  
retains the bodily heat more perfectly  
than any other covering except fur.  
Flannel comes in all grades, from harsh  
and rough to the softness almost of  
velvet. Fine, soft, velvety flannel is  
very serviceable. Garments made of  
it, if carefully washed, will last several  
years.

## Careful Buying.

In buying China silks or challies be  
careful of being tempted by mere  
prettiness. You are a woman, not a  
sofa pillow, and the pattern suited to  
the latter will not look well possibly  
on you. Take stock of your disad-  
vantages, and in purchasing remember  
age, defects in complexion, form and  
general style, some women, really  
pretty and dainty in brown, are guys  
in green, and common in heliotrope.  
Because when you were a fresh young  
girl pink was your color, or blue, do  
not cling to it now when a quieter shade  
tones down those wrinkles and contrasts  
with that grey hair. There are just as  
many pretty women of sixty as there  
are of twenty, and if the older women  
would take care to dress with regard  
to their years, some of them would  
rival the younger ones. Women with  
grey hair do not look well in grey  
gowns and hats, neither should they  
wear black on all occasions, but should  
choose blue, green or golden brown,  
using judgment in colors of gowns,  
hats and accessories, and so tone a too  
vivid complexion or heighten one too  
pale.

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confound that standard healing agent—Dr.  
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oftentimes inflammatory and astringent.  
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ing and soothing when applied externally to  
relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when  
swallowed.

The love of God does not consist in shed-  
ding tears nor in experiencing sweetness and  
tenderness of heart, but in truly serving  
God in justice, strength, and humility.—St.  
Teresa.

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see in regard to certain medicines perform-  
ing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes  
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Philadelphia, Pa., "none  
impress me more than my  
own case. Twenty years  
ago, at the age of 18 years,  
I had swellings come on  
my legs, which broke and  
became running sores.  
Our family physician could  
do me no good, and it was  
feared that the bones  
would be affected. At last,  
my good old mother  
urged me to try Ayer's  
Sarsaparilla. I took three  
bottles, the sores healed,  
and I have not been  
troubled since. Only the  
scars remain, and the  
memory of the past, to  
remind me of the good

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now  
weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and  
am in the best of health. I have been on the  
road for the past twelve years, have noticed  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts  
of the United States, and always take pleas-  
ure in telling what good it did for me."

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impure blood, the best remedy is

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Accounts Collected. Prompt Returns.

Notes Discounted and Money Loaned.  
F. B. MORROW,  
61 Victoria Street

## REPUTATION.

The reputation of any medicine should be  
obtained from the merit it is found to possess  
in use, rather than from what it may be said  
to have in newspaper advertising. In adver-  
tising Hallam's Expectorant as a pleasant  
safe and effective cough medicine, we only  
ask the public to take our word far enough  
to give it a trial, as we are perfectly satis-  
fied its use is the only recommendation it  
requires. It is sold everywhere by druggists  
and only in 25 cent bottles. Ask for it and  
take nothing else, as nothing else is like it.  
The Toronto Pharmacal Co'y, Wholesale  
Agents.

**The Galileo Lie.**

The Galileo legend is about worn threadbare. For a century Protestants have been thrilled by the moving recital of how Galileo said "Still it moves," and was condemned to untold horrors in Vatican dungeons. The truth is beginning to glimmer. Principal Caird of Glasgow University, lecturing recently on the subject, must have surprised his hearers.

After narrating the leading incidents in Galileo's life, the lecturer referred to Galileo's final appearance before the Inquisition. He said that the long-received story of Galileo's trial had been stripped of something of the glory which popular estimation for a time rendered to him as the most illustrious of the martyrs to science. The popular story representing Galileo, old and feeble in body, but dauntless and intrepid in spirit, in presence of the Inquisition with noble fortitude, avowing and defending the impugned doctrine of the earth's motion before his judges, remaining steadfast even when his feeble frame was stretched on the rack, till at last, when flesh and blood could bear no more, he promised to recant. Then, broken and crushed by the final terror, and clothed ignominiously in penitential garb, he had scarce risen from his knees till he muttered famous words, "But it still moves." It was said that he was condemned to be deprived of sight and thrown into prison. Bad as the true story was, Principal Caird continued, the greater portion of the material horrors were the mere accretion which the popular imagination had gathered round it.

The true story told worse for Galileo and somewhat better for his persecutors. During his whole trial he was treated with marked external considerations allowed to remain with his friends, instead of in a dungeon, in a comfortable suite of rooms, attended by his servants. Even after his condemnation his sentence of imprisonment was very laxly interpreted, until it became nothing more serious than liberty on parole. He spent the last years of his life in a villa of his own in the neighborhood of Florence, and in the society of his friends and pupils.

Falsehood dies hard, but this should give the Galileo lie a bad shaking.—*Glasgow Observer.*

Ask not a man's creed. Ask his need.

Do not pray for crutches but for wings.

There is no harm in being respected in this world, as I have found out; and if you don't brag a little for yourself, depend upon it there is no person of your acquaintance who will take the world of your merits, and take the trouble off your hands.

Christian women, when your husbands and sons return to you in the evening after buffeting with the waves of the world, let them find in your homes a haven of rest. Do not pour into the bleeding wounds of their hearts the gall of bitter words, but rather the oil of gladness and consolation.

Father Renaud, S. J., Superior General of the Jesuits in Canada, has left for home on business connected with the Order. During his absence Rev. George Kenney, S. J., who is now stationed at Guelph, Ont., has been appointed Superior General for the province of Canada.

Mr. William Dillon, a brother of John Dillon, the Irish home rule member of parliament has become the editor of the *New World* of Chicago. Mr. Dillon was born in Brooklyn, during the residence of his father John Blake Dillon, after the failure of the Irish political movement of 1848.

In Pittsburg a man drank more than three ounces of laudanum, and after all the old remedies had been tried the doctors gave him the new remedy, permanganate of potash. After the fifth dose he looked up and asked, "Am I Tom or John?" As a matter

of fact he was George, but within an hour he was walking around.

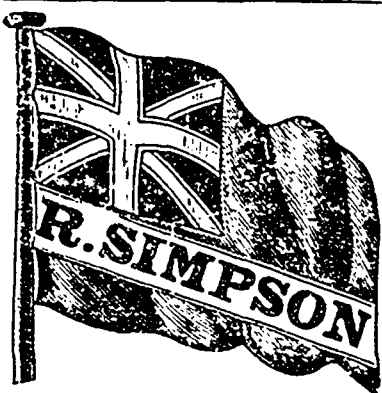
Sir Robert Prescott Stewart died of apoplexy in Dublin recently. Sir Robert, who was a doctor of music, was born in 1825, and since 1862 has been professor of music at Dublin University. He composed the cantatas, "A Winter Night's Wake" and "The Eve of St. John." He wrote books on "Irish Music," "Dance Forms" and "The Life and Works of Handel," besides contributing many articles to Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music." He was knighted in 1872 by the lord-lieutenant of Ireland in recognition of his musical attainments.

The sphere of love going out from a wife who is tenderly loved is perceived in Heaven as sweetly fragrant.

A cheerful disposition is not only a personal blessing but a public philanthropy in the good effect it has on others.

A man who during life had not thought of preparing for death, has no time to remember God when the necessity of death is upon him.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Jarvis White, of Glendarragh, a magistrate for Wexford County. He will sit for Taghmon district. Mr. Cornelius Furlong, of Killogran Castle, was offered the Commission of the Peace but declined to accept it.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.  
**BUILDING SALE.**

A GENERAL utility section of the house is the basement. Loads of every-day useful things. And building plans have influenced us to break prices in all lines.

- 10-quart Dish Pans, 15c, regular price 15c.
- 14-quart Dish Pans, 15c, regular price 20c.
- Sheet Iron Roasting Pans, 10 1/2 x 14, 9c, regular price 15c.
- 1-gal. Oil Cans, 15c, regular price 20c.
- Covered Tin Pails, 4 quart, 10c, regular price 15c.
- 10-quart Fishing Tin Pails, 10c, regular price 15c.
- China Egg Cups, 20c dozen, regular price 30c.
- Large Bark Brown Bowls, 3c.
- Rock Teapots, 13c.
- Special Vase Lamps, \$1.
- Flint Tumblers, 25c dozen.
- Copper Bottom Boilers, No. 8, 30c, regular price \$1.15.
- Lipped Preserving Kettles, onyxware, 25c, regular price 35c.
- Lipped Saucepans, onyxware, 1-quart, 20c, regular price 35c.
- Onyx Tea Kettles, stove size No. 8, \$1.50, regular price \$1.80.
- Tea and Coffee Pots, 2 quarts, 65c, regular price \$1.
- Tubs, 55c, worth 75c.
- Good House Broom, 10c.
- Basswood Bake Boards, 10c, regular price 25c.
- Kitchen Tables, \$1.25, regular price \$1.70.
- Glass Berry Seta, 12 fruit saucers, 1 large fruit dish, 50c, regular price 75c.
- Glass Tea Set, cream, sugar, butter and spoon-holder, 19c, regular price 25c.
- Opal Gas Globes, 10c, regular price 15c.
- "Doulton" 100-piece Dinner Set, \$8, worth \$10.
- White Castile and Oatmeal Bar Soap, 6c, or 65c dozen.

At the tea counters ask to see Simpson's Elephant brand coffee, fresh ground daily, in tins, 30c pound, regularly sold 40c.  
Fine Mixed Teas, 25c, regular price 40c.

**R. SIMPSON,**  
S. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Yonge at Entrance Queen at W. New Annex, 170 Yonge Street.  
Store Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

I AM GLAD in the interest of any, who may be suffering from Dyspepsia, to bear testimony to the fact that I have been greatly benefited by the use of K. D. C., when other medicines prescribed as remedies afforded no relief.  
(REV.) JOSEPH HOGG,  
Minister of St. Andrew's Church,  
Aug. 16, 1893. Winnipeg, Man.  
Free sample mailed to any address, K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

**The Cod**  
That Helps to Cure  
**The Cold.**  
The disagreeable taste of the  
**COD LIVER OIL**  
is dissipated in  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with  
**HYPOPHOSPHITES**  
OF LIME AND SODA.  
The patient suffering from  
**CONSUMPTION,**  
BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR  
WASTING DISEASES, takes the  
remedy as he would take milk. A perfect  
emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer.  
Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., 1.00.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE**

To Creditors of **MARGARET DORAN,** late of the City of Toronto, Spinster, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to R.S.O., c. 110, that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named Margaret Doran, who died on or about the eighth day of February, 1894, are required to deliver or send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned, the solicitor for the executor of the said deceased, a statement in writing, containing their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims, with vouchers, if any, duly verified by statutory declaration on or before the twenty third day of April, 1894, after which date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and he will not be liable for any claim of which he shall not have had notice as above at the time of such distribution.

FRANK A. ANGLIN,  
Cor Bay and Richmond streets.  
Solicitor for the Executor.  
Dated at Toronto, 12th March, 1894.

**St. Michael's College,**

(In Affiliation with Toronto University.)

Under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Full Classical, Scientific, and Commercial Courses.

Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board and tuition, \$150 per year. Day pupils \$28.00. For further particulars, apply to

L-y REV. J. R. TEEFY, President.

**NOTICE.**

In the matter of the Estate of James Tolland, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Gentleman, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O., cap. 110, 1887, that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of James Tolland, late of the city of Toronto, Gentleman, deceased, who died on or about the thirty first day of December, 1893, are hereby required to deliver or send by post prepaid, to C. J. McCabe, 69 Adelaide street East, Toronto, Solicitor for Rev. J. L. Hand, Executor of said deceased, on or before the 30th day of April, 1894, full particulars of their claims properly verified, with a statement of securities (if any), and name and address.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that immediately after said 30th April, said executor will proceed to distribute said estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been received as above required, and said executor shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof of said estate, to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received at the time of said distribution.  
C. J. McCABE,  
69 Adelaide street East, Toronto,  
Solicitor for Rev. J. L. Hand,  
the above named executor.  
Dated at Toronto this 29th day of March, 1894.

**Falcons as Messengers.**

Falconry may hereafter be restored, as it seems, though not as a sport, but as part of that terribly serious business, war. A Russian officer, Captain Smoiloff, has been taming falcons to serve as dispatch carriers. The falcon has several advantages over the carrier pigeon. Not only is he a more warlike bird than the meek cousin of the dove, but he is swifter in flight and capable of great endurance. The greatest swiftness ever known to be attained by the carrier pigeon is 15 German miles in the hour, but this is the rate of the ordinary flight of the falcon.

D'Aubusson, in his work on the "Falconry of the Middle Ages," tells several anecdotes of the extraordinary powers of the falcon and length and swiftness of flight. For instance, a falcon which was sent from the Canary islands to the Duke of Lerma in Spain made the return flight from Andalusia to Teneriffe in 16 hours, which was at the express speed of 16 German miles in the hour. A German mile is not far short of five English miles, so that the speed of this falcon must have been at the rate of about 75 miles an hour.

A further advantage of the falcon over the pigeon is the greater weight which it can carry. It is well known that a very slight burden is an oppression to the poor pigeon, so that dispatches are reduced in size by photographic copies in order to reduce the weight for the feeble little carrier. Captain Smoiloff says that he has found that a falcon can carry a weight of four Russian pounds, or 1,640 grams (30 grams to our ounce), without diminishing its power or swiftness in flying. Besides the carrier pigeon may fall a prey to the falcon, while there is small danger of any other bird taking the carrier falcon a prisoner.—*Westminster Gazette.*

Do not allow grass to grow on the road of friendship.

Marie Antoinette's lace shawl, which she gave on the scaffold to her father confessor, the Abbe de l'Orme, is still in existence. The abbe, who emigrated, left it at his death to the Prelate Strobach in Breslau; it has since passed through the hands of two or three clergymen, and was finally presented to the church at Neuneborf by Pastor Heinrichs.

**THE MARKETS.**

TORONTO, April 3, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 61	0 62
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 53	0 59
Oats, per bush.....	0 40	0 41
Peas, per bush.....	0 62	0 63
Barley, per bush.....	0 42	0 43
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	5 50	5 75
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 75
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 10	0 11
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Parsley, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Butter, per lb.....	0 21	0 23
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 11	0 12
Parasnip, per bag.....	0 45	0 60
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 35	0 45
Colery, per doz.....	0 40	0 45
Onions, per bag.....	1 15	1 30
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 90	1 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 30	0 35
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 45	0 50
Beets, per bag.....	0 65	0 75
Carrots, per bag.....	0 35	0 45
Apples, per bbl.....	2 50	4 00
Hay, timothy.....	9 00	10 50
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00
Straw, loose.....	5 00	5 50

**LIVE STOCK MARKETS.**

Toronto, April 3.—The buying for outside points was small, the local trade was dull, much of the cattle was of poor quality, and in consequence prices weakened and a good deal of the cattle was unsold. The best price paid to day was 3 1/2c per pound. For every good stuff it was difficult to realize 3 1/2c; many very fair lots sold at 3 to 3 1/2c, and some good second class cattle could not reach 3c per pound. Inferior grades touched 3c per pound.  
Stockers and feeders sold fairly well at from 3 to 3 1/2c, and occasionally 3 1/2c per pound. For very choice grass-fed lambs from 4 1/2 to 4 3/4c per pound was given.  
The best long half lean hogs sold at \$4.60 and \$4.55. Fed and watered hogs fetched \$4.25 to \$4.50 per cwt.

## THE CARPENTER'S SON

As He Appeared in the Judgment Hall of Pontius Pilate.

From *Barabbas*—A Dream of the World Tragedy, by Mario Corelli. *Barabbas* has just been taken from prison to be present at the trial of Christ.

Far back from the edge of the crowd, a woman's voice, sweet and shrill and piercing, scared up and rang out with a cruel music over all the deeper uproar.

"Crucify him! Crucify him!"

The clear vibration of the woman's cry acted like a strange charm to stimulate afresh the already feverish excitement of the people. A frozen hub-bub ensued—shrieks, yells, groans, and hisses filled the air, till the noise became absolutely deafening, and Pilate, with an angry and imperious gesture, suddenly rose and faced the mob. Advancing to the front of the dais, he lifted up his hand authoritatively to command silence. Gradually the din decreased, dying off in little growling thuds of sound down to a few inaudible mutterings, though before actual stillness was restored, the sweet soprano voice rang forth again melodiously, broken by a bubbling ripple of laughter.

"Crucify him!"

Barabbas started. That silvery laugh struck to his heart coldly and made him shiver—surely he had heard an echo of such scornful mirth before? It sounded bitterly familiar. Pilate's keen eyes flashed a vain search for the unseen speaker—then, turning towards the people with an air of pacific dignity, he demanded:

"Why, what evil hath he done?"

This simple question was evidently ill-timed and had a disastrous effect. The sole answer to it was a bellowing roar of derision—a thunderous clamor of wild rage that seemed to shake the very walls of the Tribunal. Men, women and little children alike joined in the chorus of "Crucify him! Crucify him!" and the savage refrain was even caught up by the high-priests, elders and scribes, who, in their various distinctive costumes and with their several attendants, were grouped behind Pilate on the judgment dais. Pilate heard them, and turning sharply round, a dark frown knitting his brows. Caiaphas, the chief priest, met his eyes with a bland smile, and repeated under his breath, "Crucify him!" as though it were a pleasing suggestion.

"Of a truth it were well he should die the death," murmured Annas, his portly colleague, casting a furtive glance at Pilate from under his pale eyelashes. "The worthy Governor seemeth to hesitate, yet verily this traitor is no friend of Cæsar's."

Pilate vouchsafed no answer save a look of supreme and utter scorn. Shrugging his shoulders, he seated himself, and looked long and earnestly at the accused. "What evil hath he done?" It might have been more justly asked, what evil could he do? Was there any mark of villainy, any line of treachery on the open beauty of that fair and lustrous countenance? No, nobleness and truth were eloquently declared in every feature; moreover, there was something in the silent presence of the prisoner that made Pilate tremble—something unspoken yet felt—a vast and vague mystery that seemed to surround and invest Him with a power all the more terrific because so deeply hidden. And while the troubled procurator studied His calm and dignified bearing, and wondered doubtfully what course it were best to pursue, Barabbas from his coign of vantage stared eagerly in the same direction, growing more and more conscious of an unusual and altogether wonderful fascination in the aspect of this man the people sought to slay. And presently his vivid curiosity gave him courage to address one of the soldiers near him.

"Prithee, tell me, what captive King stands yonder?"

The soldiers gave a short contemptuous laugh. "King! Ay, ay! He calls himself King of the Jews—a sorry jest, for which his life will pay forfeit. He is naught but a carpenter's son, known as Jesus of Nazareth. He had stirred up rebellion and persuaded the mob to disobey the law. Moreover he consorteth with the lowest rascals—thieves and publicans and sinners. He hath a certain skill in conjuring; people say he can disappear suddenly when most sought for. But he made no attempt to disappear last night, for we trapped him easily, close by Gethsemane. One of his own followers betrayed him. Some there be who deem him mad—some say he hath a devil. Devil or no, he is caught at last and must surely die."

Barabbas heard in incredulous amazement. That royal-looking Personage a carpenter's son? A common workman, and one of the despised Nazarenes? No, no! it was not possible! Then, by degrees, he began to remember that before he, Barabbas, had been cast into prison for robbery and murder there had been strange rumors afloat in the country of Judæa concerning one Jesus, a miracle-worker, who went about healing the sick and the infirm, giving sight to the blind preaching a new religion to the poor. It was even asserted that He had on one occasion raised a man Lazarus from the dead, after three days' burial in the ground; but this astounding report was promptly suppressed and contradicted by certain scribes in Jerusalem, who made themselves generally responsible for the current news. The country people were known to be ignorant and superstitious, and anyone possessing what was called "the gift of healing," in provinces where all manner of loathsome physical evils abounded, could obtain undue and almost supernatural influence over the miserable and down-trodden inhabitants. Yet, surely if this Man were He of whom rumor had spoken, then there seemed no reason to doubt the truth of the miraculous powers attributed to Him. He was Himself an embodied Miracle. And what were his powers actually? Much had been said concerning the same Jesus of Nazareth, of which Barabbas had no distinct recollection. His eighteen months of imprisonment had obliterated many things from his memory, and what he had chiefly brooded upon in his dreary dungeon had been his own utter misery and the torturing recollection of one fair woman's face. Now, strange to say, he could find no room for any thought at all, save the impending fate of Him on whom his eyes were fixed. And, as he looked, it seemed to him that all suddenly the judgment hall expanded hugely and swam round in a circle of bright flame through which he saw that angelic white Figure shine forth with a thousand radiations of lightning-like glory! A faint cry of terror broke from his lips: "No, no! No, I tell you! You cannot, you dare not crucify Him! Yonder is a Spirit—no man ever looked so—He is a God!"

As he uttered the word, one of the Roman soldiers, hearing, turned and struck him fiercely on the mouth with his steel gauntlet. "Fool, be silent! Wilt thou, too, be one of his disciples?" Wincing with pain, Barabbas strove to wipe the trickling blood from his lips with his fettered hands, and as he did so, caught a straight full look from the so-called Jesus of Nazareth. The pity and tenderness of that look pierced him to the soul; no living being had ever given him a glance so instantly comprehensive and sympathetic. With a quick, reckless movement, he thrust himself more to the front of the crowd to gain a closer view of One who could so gently regard him. A passionate impulse of gratitude moved him to

rush across the whole width of the hall, and fling himself in all his rough brute strength in front of this now-found Friend to serve as a human buckler of defence in case of need. But bristling weapons guarded him, and he was too closely surrounded to escape. Just at that moment, one of the scribes, a tall, lean man in sober-colored raiment, rose from his place in the semi-circle of priests and elders grouped on the judicial platform, and, unfolding a parchment scroll, began to read in a monotonous voice the various heads of the indictment against the accused. A great stillness now reigned in lieu of the previous uproar; a deep hush of suspense and attention in which the assembled mob seemed to wait and pant with expectation, as a crouching beast waits and pants for its anticipated prey. Pilate listened frowningly, one hand covering his eyes. During the occasional pauses in the scribe's reading, the noise of traffic in the outside stony streets made itself distinctly audible. The skies were changing rapidly from pearl-grey hues to rose and daffodil; the sun was high above the horizon, but its light had not yet found a way through the lofty windows of the judgment hall. It beamed on the crowd beyond the barrier with iridescent flashes of color, now flashing on a red handkerchief tying up a woman's hair, or on the glittering steel corslet of a Roman soldier, while the Tribunal itself was left in cold and unilluminated whiteness, relieved only by the velvet hangings pertaining to it, which in their sombre purple tint suggested the falling folds of a funeral pall.

The reading of the indictment finished, Pilate still remained silent for some minutes. Then, lifting his hands from his eyes, he surveyed, somewhat satirically, his companions in authority.

"Ye have brought me this man as one that perverteth the people," he said slowly. "What accusation bring ye against him?"

Caiaphas and Annas, who was then vice president of the Sanhedrim, exchanged wondering and half-indignant glances. Finally, Caiaphas, with an expression of offended dignity, looked appealingly on his compeers.

"Surely ye have all heard the indictment," he said, "and the worthy governor's question seemeth but vain in this matter. What need we of further witnesses? If yonder man were not a malefactor would we have brought him hither? He hath blasphemed; for last night we did solemnly adjure him in the name of the living God, to declare unto us whether he were the Christ, the Son of the Blessed, and he answered boldly and said: 'I am! And hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of Power and coming in the clouds of heaven!' What think ye? Is he not worthy of death?"

An emphatic murmur of assent went round the semi-circle of the priests and elders. But Pilate gave a gesture of contempt and flung himself restlessly back on the judgment seat.

"Ye talk in parables, and do perplex the ends of justice. If he himself saith he is the Son of Man, how do ye make him out to be the Son of God?"

Caiaphas flashed an angry red, and was about to make some retort, but on a moment's reflection, suppressed his feelings and proceeded, smiling cynically:

"Of a truth, thou art in merciful mood. Pilate, and thine Emperor will not blame thee for too much severity of rule! In our law, the sinner that blasphemeth shall surely die. Yet if blasphemy be not a crime in thy judgment, what of treason? Witnesses there are who swear that this man hath said it is not lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, moreover, he is an evil boaster, for he hath arrogantly declared that he will destroy the Holy

Temple. Yea, verily, even unto the Holy of Holies itself, he saith he will destroy, so that not one stone shall remain upon another, and in three days, without the help of hands, he will build up a new and greater tabernacle! Such mad ranting doth excite the minds of the populace to rebellion,—moreover, he deceiveth the eyes of the vulgar and uneducated by feigning to perform great miracles when all is but trickery and dissimulation. Finally, he hath entered Jerusalem in state as a King"—here he turned to his colleague in office—"Thou, Annas, canst speak of this, for thou wert present when the multitude passed by."

Annas, thus appealed to, moved a little forward, pressing his hands together, and casting down his pale-colored, treacherous eyes with a deterrent air of apologetic honesty.

"Truly, it would seem that a pestilence in this man's shape doth walk abroad to desolate and disaffect the province," said he; "for I myself beheld the people, when this traitor entered the city by the road of Bethphage and Bethany, rush forth to meet him with acclamations, strewing palm-branches, olive boughs, and even their very garments in his path, as though he were a universal conqueror of men. And shouts of triumph rent the air, for the multitude received him both as prophet and king, crying, 'Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the Highest!' Whereupon I marvelled greatly, and being troubled in mind, returned unto Caiaphas to tell him straightway those things which I had seen and heard. 'Tis an unseemly passion of the vulgar to thus salute with royal honor one of the accursed Nazarenes."

"Is he in truth a Nazarene?" inquired one of the elders suddenly, with a dubious air—"I have heard it said that he was born in Bethlehem in Judæa, and that the late King Herod was told of certain marvels at his birth—"

"An idlerumor," interrupted Annas, hastily. "We took him before the tetrarch yesternight, where, had he chosen, he could have made his own defense. For Herod asked him many questions which he could not or would not answer, till the noble tetrarch's patience, failing, he sent him on to Pilate to be sentenced. He is known to be of Nazareth, for his parents have their home and calling in the village so named."

Pilate listened, but said nothing. He was ill at ease. The statements of Caiaphas and Annas seemed to him a mere babble of words without meaning. He was entirely opposed to the members of the Sanhedrim; he knew they were men who chiefly sought their own interest and advancement, and he also knew that the real cause of their having denounced the so-called "prophet of Nazareth," was fear—fear of having their theories shaken, their laws questioned, and their authority over the people denied. He saw in the dignified Prisoner before him, one, who, whatever He was, or wherever He came from, evidently thought for Himself. Nothing more terrorizing to sacerdotal tyranny than liberty of thought!—nothing more dangerous than freedom of conscience and indifference to opinion! Pilate himself was afraid, but not with the same dread as that which affected the Jewish priests—his misgivings were vague and undefined, and all the more difficult to overcome. He was strangely reluctant to even look at the "Nazarene," whose tall and radiant form appeared to shine with an inward and supernatural light amid the cold austerity of the judicial surroundings, and he kept his eyes down, fixed on the floor, the while he hesitatingly pondered his position. But time pressed—the Sanhedrim council were becoming impatient—he was at last compelled to

not and to speak, and slowly turning round in his chair he fully confronted the Accused, who at the same instant lifted His noble head and met the anxious, scrutinizing regard of His judge with an open look of fearless patience and infinite tenderness. Meeting that look Pilate trembled—bald anon, forcing himself to assume an air of frigid composure, he spoke aloud in grave authoritative accents:

"Answerest thou nothing? Hearest thou not how many things are witnessed against thee?"

Then and only then, the hitherto immovable white-robed figure stirred,—and advancing with slow and regal grace approached Pilate more nearly, still looking at him. One bright ray of the risen sun fell slantingly through the side window and glistened star like on the bronze-gold of the rich hair that clustered in thick waves upon His brow, and as He kept His shining eyes upon His judge, He smiled serenely even as one who pardons a sin before hearing its confession. But no word passed His lips. Pilate recoiled,—and icy cold chilled the blood in his veins,—involuntarily he rose, and fell back step by step, grasping at the carved gold projections of his judicial throne to steady his faltering limbs, for there was something in the quiet onward gliding of that snowy garmented Shape that filled his soul with dread, and suggested to his mind old myths and legends of the past, when Deity appearing suddenly to men, had consumed them in a breath with the lightning of great glory. And that one terrific glory when he stood thus face to face with the Divine Accused seemed to him an eternity. All unconsciously to himself his countenance paled to a ghastly haggardness, and scarcely knowing what he did, he raised his hands appealingly as though to avert some great and crushing blow. The learned Jews who were grouped around him stared at his terror-stricken attitude in wonderment, and exchanged glances of vexation and dismay, while one of the elders, a dark-eyed, crafty-visaged man, leaned forward hastily and touched him on the shoulder, saying in a low tone:

"What ails thee, Pilate? Surely thou art smitten with palsy, or some delusion numbs thy senses! Hasten, we beseech thee, to pronounce sentence, for the hours wear on apace—and at this season of the Passover, 'twere well and seemly that thou shouldst give the multitude their will. What is this malefactor to thee? Let him be crucified, for he is guilty of treason, since he calls himself a king. Full well thou knowest we have no king but Caesar, yet yonder fellow boldly saith he is king of the Jews. Question him, whether or not he hath not boasted falsely of power!"

Pilate gazed round at his adviser bewilderedly—he felt as though he were entangled in the mazes of an evil dream where demons whispered dark hints of unworded crimes. Sick and cold to the very heart, he yet realized that he must make an effort to interrogate the prisoner as he was bidden, and, moistening his parched lips, he at last succeeded in enunciating the necessary query, albeit his accents were so faint and husky as to be scarcely audible—"Art thou the king of the Jews?"

An intense silence followed. Then a full, penetrating voice, sweeter than the sweetest music, stirred the air.

"Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?"

Pilate's face flushed, and his hand grasped the back of his chair convulsively. He gave a gesture of impatience, and answered abruptly, yet tremulously,—

"Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief have delivered thee unto me; what hast thou done?"

A light as of some inward fire irradiated the deep lustrous eyes of the "Nazarene," a dreamy, meditative smile parted His lips. Looking so,

and smiling thus, His glorious aspect made the silence eloquent, and Pilate's authoritative demand, "What hast thou done?" seemed answered without speech as if he said:

"What have I done? I have made life sweet, and robbed death of bitterness; there is honor for men and tenderness for women; there is hope for all, Heaven for all, God for all!—and the lesson of love—love divine for ever through My Name!"

But these great facts remained unuttered, for, as yet they were beyond mortal comprehension, and with the faint dreamy smile still giving a poetic languor of deep thought to every line of His countenance, the Accused answered slowly,—

"My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews. But—now is my kingdom not from hence?"

And, drawing His majestic figure up to its full height, He raised His head and looked up towards the loftiest window of the Hall, now glittering diamond like in the saffron-tinted rays of the swiftly ascending sun. His attitude was so unspeakably grand and suggestive of power, that Pilate again recoiled, with that sickening sense of helpless terror clutching at his heart anew. He stole a furtive and anxious glance at the chief priests and elders, who were leaning forward on their benches listening attentively. Caiaphas smiled satirically and exchanged a side whisper with Annas, but otherwise no one volunteered to speak. Surely against his will, Pilate continued his examination. Feigning an unconcern he was far from feeling, he asked his next question half carelessly, half kindly,—

"Art thou a King, then?"

"With a sublime gesture, the Accused flashed one burning glance upon all who waited breathlessly for his reply—then looked straightly and steadily full into Pilate's eyes. "Thou sayest!"

And as he uttered the words, the sun, climbing to the topmost arch of the opposite window, beamed through it in a round blaze of glory, and flooded the judgment hall with ripples of gold and crimson, circling the Divine brows with a glittering rainbow radiance as though the very heavens had set their crown and signet upon the splendor of a Truth revealed!

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It is said that the pilots of Dundalk are going to make an effort, independent of the Harbor Board to assert the principle of compulsory pilotage in the port. It seems the Jessie, whose owners were the first to refuse to pay the pilots, went ashore in the river recently, and the fact was quoted, not alone as a kind of poetic retribution, but also as an argument in favor of making even steamers take pilots.

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25c, in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



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Literary Notes.

The *Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States* is a new journal published fortnightly by George Barrie, publisher, Philadelphia. It is edited by Drs. Maurice F. Egan and Richard H. Clarke. This first number contains the biographies of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore and the Rt. Rev. Henry P. Northrop, D.D., Bishop of Charleston. Each article has beautiful illustrations of the exterior and interior of the cathedral churches of the respective dioceses, and also the residences of each prelate.

With the Spring time and Easter lilies come the *Loretto Leaflets*, and very welcome are they to our Sanctum. This number is unusually bright and interesting and too much praise cannot be bestowed on the editorial staff and contributors. The "Resurrection," a poem by Miss Lizzie Greenwood is a beautiful opening piece, and a fitting hymn of praise for this season. Maude E. Robinson takes us far away to "Merrie England" in her "Chaucer's Prologue," and we in fancy are in one of the dear old fashioned inns with its oak rafters now black with age. Josephine Lang contributes "Shakespeare and Dreams," which shows great familiarity with the great dramatist's works.

"A Tale of Feudal Times," we think, is scarcely a suitable title, as we expect to read of ladies at the tapestry work, or prisoners in a keep of a Norman Castle, instead, it is a tale in which the modern rifle is used and a young lady is calmly waiting in a modern library for the prisoner who is to be released. The "Literature of '94," by Florentine O'Leary is well written. "Tribute to Music," by Louisa Dwan, deserves special mention. "Sunday at Loretto," by Josie Monaghan, brings up many pleasant memories of convent life, and especially of the Abbey. "Woman in her true sphere," by Isobel Palmer, is also deserving a special mention.

We notice many improvements, one is the "Foreign Correspondence department," which will enable some of the old pupils to keep up a connection with their Alma Mater. We must not forget in our hasty review to mention the beautiful little poem "Easter Lillies," by Alice M. Gray.

Ontario's Earliest Shrine of St. Joseph

Of those who are at all familiar with the early history of New France, few are ignorant of the fact that St. Joseph was the first patron of Canada; but what is unknown even to the few who have made a special study of our religious annals is that the present Province of Ontario could boast of possessing as early as 1644 a privileged shrine of the Foster-Father of our Lord.

The inhabitants of Simcoe county tread on hallowed ground. It drank in the blood of martyred missionaries and of Indian neophytes, who were hunted down and slaughtered more especially for the reason that they were Christians. To that same county belongs the honour of having possessed the first shrine of the great Saint in the little chapel which stood close by the Residence of St. Mary's.

On February 18, 1644, Urban VIII. issued a brief, which is still religiously preserved in the archives of St. Mary's

College, Montreal, wherein he granted, on the usual conditions, for the space of seven years, a plenary indulgence to those who, after approaching the Sacraments, should visit on the feast of St. Joseph the little chapel in the Huron wilderness.

When, toward the middle of March, 1649, Fathers de Brebeuf and La'omant were massacred by the Iroquois, and the village of St. Ignace with its surrounding country utterly devastated, St. Joseph, on the vigil of his feast, by a visible protection, shielded the Residence of St. Mary's from harm; for the invading hordes were suddenly and unaccountably terror stricken, and fled the country. However, before the seven years the privilege was to last had elapsed, the remnants of the Huron nation were scattered to the four winds, and no trace of Christianity left in what was once a prosperous reduction.

We produce below the contents of the time-honored parchment, no doubt the first Apostolic document issued in behalf of the Church in what is now the Province of Ontario. It is rendered still more venerable by having passed through the hands of the valiant missionaries who sealed their faith with their life's blood. It is now just two hundred and fifty years old, but is as fresh and as well preserved as the day it was first written.

URBANUS, P.P., VIII.

Universis Christifidelibus praesentes litteras inspecturis salutem et apostolicam benedictionem. Ad augendam fidelium religionem et animarum salutem coelestibus ecclesiae thesauris pia charitate intenti, omnibus utriusque sexus Christifidelibus vere poenitentibus et confessis, sacra communione refectis, qui ecclesiam Praebitorum Societatis Jesu Residentiae S. Mariae Virginis, nullius Dioecesis, Provinciae Huronum Novae Franciae, die festo S. Josephi, a primis vespere usque ad occasum solis festi hujusce, singulis annis devote visitaverint et ibi pro Christianorum Principum concordia, haeresum extirpatione ac Sanctae Matris Ecclesiae exaltatione pias ad Deum preces effuderint, plenariam omnium peccatorum suorum indulgentiam, et remissionem, misericorditer in Domino concedimus Praesentibus ad septennium tantum valituris. Volumus autem ut, si alius Christifidelibus, in quocunque anni die dictam ecclesiam seu capellam aut altare in ea situm visitantibus, aliquam aliam indulgentiam, perpetuo vel ad tempus nondum elapsum duraturam concesserimus, quodque si pro impetratione, praesentatione, admissione seu publicatione praesentium aliquid vel minimum detur, aut etiam sponte oblatum, recipiatur, praesentes nullae sint eo ipso.

Datis Romae apud S. Petrum sub Annulo Piscatoris, Die XVIII Februarii, MDCXXXIV, Pontificatus Nostri Anno vigesimo primo.  
Gratis pro Deo et Scriptura.  
M. A. MARALDUS.

Waters Denser Than the Dead Sea.

A wonderful lake named Alia Paakai has been discovered on the Hawaiian islands. The waters are more salt than those of the dead sea. Samples of the waters have been analyzed in the laboratory of Oahu college, with results of peculiar as well as scientific interest. The water, which in dry weather deposits salt abundantly, is of course, saturated brine yet differs essentially from the brine obtained by evaporation to saturation of ordinary sea water. The difference is strikingly shown by merely mixing the two clear fluids, when a copious deposit immediately forms of sulphate of lime, so that the mixture almost solidifies. The sea water contains sulphate of magnesia in abundance, but scarcely any lime, while the salt lake waters contain chloride of calcium, lime salt, with only a trace of sulphate.

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N. and N. W.....	7.30	4.20	10.05	8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00	4.30	10.55	8.50
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C. V. R.....	7.00	3.00	12.15pm	8.50
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		noon	9.00	2.00
	6.15	4.00	10.50	8.20
		10.00		
U. S. N. Y.....	6.15	12.00	9.00	5.45
		4.00	10.30	11pm
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		10.30		

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