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"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen." -- "Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME 9 | LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888. | NO. 496

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Two Visions.

Bartimœus, mid the throng,
Hears that Jesus moves along;
Faith and hope inspire his heart:
"Mercy, mercy, Lord, impart!"—
"Say, what shall I do for thee?"—
"Lord," he says, "that I may see!"
Quick the withered eyeballs shine,
Gazing on that face Divine.

Saul of Tarsus lifts his eyes
Proudly to the Syrian skies:
"Vengeance, vengeance, Lord, I thirst
On these men of creed accursed!"
Dashed to earth bereft of sight,
Hear him own the heavenly light:—
"Lord, what wilt Thou have me do,
"Proof to give of sorrow true?"

Christian, learn with Saul to ask
What is thy appointed task;
Like the beggar, learn to cry
While the Saviour passeth by.
Let Him light or darkness give
So that thou but learn to live;
Raise thee up, or cast thee down,
So but thou His Presence own.
—T. E. B., in Irish Monthly.

AR CEILIDH.

In a beautiful library that I know well where the master of the house loves to gather his friends round him, when the shadows lengthen, and drawn crimson curtains shut out the darkness of the winter night, there is on a certain shelf, in a certain corner, a quaint old volume around which lingers an odour, half musty, half aromatic and wholly delightful. This little book is bound in leather, which for beauty of gloss and finish far surpasses anything within the ken of modern publishers in this degenerate age. It is about five inches long and three wide, and contains two hundred and seven pages of closely written Irish characters. In the exhibition of. . . . . it was catalogued "2. *Irish MS. Prayer Book.* The penmanship and binding are good, and the style of both is indicative of its age. This is a curious and interesting book. It contains, among other things, the calendar of Saints' days, Feasts, Fasts, etc., Prayers at Mass, the seven Penitential Psalms, Psalter of Jesus, Prayers for Confession and Communion, the Litanies, Vespers and other Devotions. Written about A. D. 1680.

So far the catalogue, but the book itself is much more interesting. On the yellow blank page, written in English characters, in a clear round hand, is the name Connel Murphy, 1691. Then comes the index, and then the calendar. The names of the months, although written in the Irish character, are easily discernable, with the exception of May and August. These bear little or no resemblance to their English synonyms. January and May are accorded but thirty days, which error must have resulted in wild confusion.

After the calendar follow the prayers and litanies, all in the neatest and most delicate writing, duly titled and paged, and finishing with the usual, Amen.

On the two hundred and ninth page is written in English:—

"The revelation of the Most Blessed passion of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

This revelation was made by the mouth of our Lord Jesus Christ to the three saints, St. Elizabeth, St. Bridget and St. Clare. Desiring they to understand somewhat in particular, of the most Blessed passion of our Lord Jesus Christ unto whom all light follows as after. First, I received 30 cuffs. 2ndly, I received 200 blows when I was apprehended in the garden. 3rdly, Coming to Anas house I got seven falls. 4thly, I received 8 cuffs on my shoulders. 5thly, they raised me from the ground by the hair of my head 620 times."

After this comes some writing, impossible to decipher, and then in a very clear and distinct hand is:

"Campoor a remedy for ye ague. Take two penny wort of the said campoor, and pout it in a little linnin rag and tye a string to the rag and tye it to the persons neck that is trobled with the ague, and let it be as long that it may reach to his nostrils, and lett him be always taking the sent of the said campoor until it wears away, which may be in less than three days space."

And then the end. No more does the quaint little volume divulge to those not learned in Celtic lore. To such as are familiar with the Irish language the book is a source of delight, the writing is so clear and so exquisitely neat. Strange little relic of the past, with time-worn cover and faint, mysterious odour, what vicissitudes have you not seen, what perils outlived, conned perchance by outlawed "papist," in the shelter of a mountain cave, or carried by fugitive priest, flying for his life, with a price set by the *Sassanach* on his devoted head. Breathing words of hope and love and admonition to the weary heart, then in later and less troublous times brought over the sea to the new land of the west, and now when your fair pages are dimmed and your quaint English is out of date, and your beautiful Irish out of our ken, you are one of the rarest treasures in an almost priceless collection.

Another treasure of my friend's library is one of the old Father Matthew Temperance cards, and as I feel certain that they are very uncommon now a days I think that a few words about this one may awaken many recollections of by gone years in the minds of some of the older Irish subscribers to the RECORD. I will, with the kind editor's permission, turn this *Ceilidh* into a *Shanahus*, and endeavour to describe the time honoured morsel of pasteboard. To begin with, it is about five and a half inches in length, by four in width. As close as possible to the upper edge a festooned banner held by two cherubs bears the inscription, "Founded by the Very Rev. Theobald Matthew on the 10th of April, 1838." Above the festoon, a cherub in a nimbus holds a crown and blows a trumpet. In the centre of the card is a representation of the famous medal, in size about equal to a silver dollar. On its face is a shield bearing the Agnus Dei, with a cross above it and the letters I. H. S. underneath. It is supported by a man and woman in neat attire. This worthy couple have an air of extreme prosperity, they triumphantly hold flags, and are being crowned by cherubs; at their feet are a small boy and girl, also radiant with happiness. Around the whole runs the legend: "In Hoc Signo Vincea."

On the reverse of the medal is a Maltese cross, on which is printed the famous and blessed pledge, as follows:

PLEDGE.

"I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, etc., except used medicinally and by order of a medical man, and to discontinue the cause and practice of intemperance."

Around this runs the words:

"Cork Total Abstinence Society. The Very Rev. T. Mathew, President."

Below the design of the medal we read:

"Mrs. X. Y. Z. has taken the Total Abstinence pledge this 6th day of April, 1841. Member, 4,023,591.

THEOBALD MATHEW, President.

Underneath runs a wreath of shamrocks divided by a harp, and below it the text:

"He reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." (Acts ch. 2, v. 25.)

At the right of the medal is a beehive, garlanded with the rose, shamrock and thistle, and under it a dove flying down towards a little domestic scene wherein two overladen cornicopias frame a neat kitchen interior, shewing a bright hearth and cosy couple, seated by "their ain fireside," while on the mantlepiece is a savings bankbook. This is *Temperance.*

On the left side a table holds a flaming candle round which hovers a moth, and a bottle round which a serpent coils. This tables rests on a scull; and near it is a crow. Underneath, framed in a pall, is a wretched hovel where a ferocious man is beating his miserable wife to death and two screaming children in rags try to stay his hand. This is *Intemperance.* The little card is lithographed in a very quaint and oldfashioned style. The delicate clear signature of the grand Apostle of Temperance is as fresh and legible as on the day whereon it was traced by his devoted hand. I suppose that in most Irish settlements one or more men will be found, who, in their youth, took the pledge from Father Matthew. One there is in Kincora, Prince Edward Island, who, a native of Tyrone, walked from his village home to Monaghan town, to hear Father Matthew preach, and who counted the fatigue as nothing, so well repaid was he by the grand discourse of the gifted priest.

"Took the pledge, is it?" says he, "I should think I did. Aye, there was scarcely a man that heard him could stand against his eloquence. We all took it, little and big, and by the help of God, I've kept it ever since, a matter of more than fifty years."

What a high place Father Mathew must have in heaven!

Here is another relic, which proves that craniums were crammed before our century dawned to diffuse knowledge among the masses.

In exquisite copperplate, on ancient yellow paper, is set forth under the heading *Education*, that

"Timothy Buggy and Richard Deneese inform their friends and the public that they will instruct youth with care and expedition in the following branches, viz: English, grammatically, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, geography, the use of the globes, Euclid's elements of geometry, plane and spherical trigonometry, mensuration, gauging, surveying, navigation, gunnery, fortification, drilling, astronomy, natural philosophy, algebra and fluxions, with their application to the above branches."

This is dated County Carlow, 1795. Certainly Messrs. Timothy Buggy and Richard Deneese were not stingy in their offer of instructing the youth of the neighborhood for a very modest honorarium; and it is very probable that their pupils spoke the English language with more correctness and purity than most of the youngsters in our modern government schools. Grammatical English is the last thing insisted on by the average enlightened trustee who is anxious to facilitate the "passing of the board" of some son or daughter of a neighboring farmer or village magnate. It is not long since I saw a monthly report of a little lad in a government school in the Maritime Provinces which was to the point, but scarcely classic, as it was thus worded:

"Silas is improving some."

A. M. P.

THEIR CHARACTERS ALWAYS BAD.

A correspondent writing in the Toronto *Mail*, of the 14th, in reference to the lectures of the notorious Fulton in that city, thus refers to the position of Catholics in Toronto, and quotes an extract from the writings of Cardinal Newman in reference to that class of perambulating scandalmongers, for which so many Toronto pulpits are ever open, to the shame, be it said, of both pastors and people:

"This kind of treatment of Catholics," he says, "is not new, but its day should have ended in Toronto. Nearly forty years ago Cardinal Newman answered similar charges in the following words, and yet some of the people of Toronto seem to think Dr. Fulton has unearthed something new, some accusation that has not been made and shown to be groundless over and over again a dozen times:—

"A writer of character, of honor, of gentlemanlike feeling, who has the *entre* of the first and most intellectual circles of the metropolis, and is the friend of the first Protestant ecclesiastics of his day, records his testimony against Catholicism; it is in the main true and it fails; a worthless stroller gets her own testimony put into writing; it is a heap of fables and it triumphantly succeeds. Let then the Protestant public be itself the judge. Its preference of Maria Monk to Blanco White reveals a great fact; truth is not equal to the exigencies of the Protestant cause; falsehood is its best friend. Nor let it be imagined that I have unfairly selected my examples in order to serve a purpose. Inhabitants of Birmingham ought more than others to acquit me of this. Only two years have I been here, and each of these two has been signalized by accusations against Catholics, similar in the disreputableness of their authors, and in the enormity of their falsehood, and in the brilliancy of their success, to the calumnies of Maria Monk. Two years ago it was Jeffreys; last year it was Teodore. You recollect how Jeffreys acted his part; how he wept and prayed, and harangued, and raised a whole population against an innocent company of monks; and how he was convicted of fraud and confessed his guilt, and was sent to prison. You also recollect how an imposter called Teodore declaimed such shocking things and wrote such indecent pamphlets against us, that they cannot have been intended for any other purpose than to afford merriment to the haunts of profligacy and vice. Yet he was followed for a time, was admitted into Protestant places of worship and honoured as a truth-telling oracle, till at length he was plainly detected to be what everyone from the first would have seen he really was, were it usual to do the same common justice to Catholics which every Protestant considers *his* due. Falsehood succeeds for a generation, or for a period; but there it has its full course and comes to an end. Truth is great and will prevail. The end is the proof of things. Surely we shall succeed, because they say all manner of evil against us falsely for His name's sake."

He then adds:

"For Jeffreys write Chiniquy, for Teodore Fulton, and for Birmingham Toronto, and the history of those weary years of outrage on us will be almost literally correct. Fulton, the sneaking coward, takes good care to utter his specific charges only against Italy, France, Spain or Lower Canada. Against us he make use of the cautious method of hint, inuendo, insinuation—no tangible specific charge that can be taken hold of to expose his thick hide to the lash of the law."

PIANO RECITAL.—On the 16th instant Mrs. Moore favored the young lady pupils of the Convent of the Sacred Heart in this city with another of those brilliant piano recitals which are deemed not only a very great pleasure, but a source of instruction as well. The following is a programme of the pieces rendered on the occasion:—

Hunting Song.....Robert Schumann
Studies in C Major.....Chopin
Studies in A Minor.....Cramer
Andante and Rondo.....Mendelssohn
Etude Melodique (Grace).....Carl Mayer
Crade Song.....A. Heusett
Tarentelle.....Stephen Heller
Wanderstunden.....Stephen Heller

PERSONAL.—We were exceedingly pleased last week to be honored with a call from our old and valued friend, Thomas Ryan, Esq., now a resident of Port Arthur. The occasion of Mr. Ryan's visit to London was in consequence of the serious illness of his mother. We are glad to be able to state that the estimable lady is now somewhat restored to good health.

Leave to everyone the care of his own affairs and disturb not thyself with what is said or done in the world.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

SEPARATE SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

The following letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto defines the relations of priests and people toward Catholic schools:

A LETTER BY THE ARCHBISHOP CONCERNING THE CONTEST IN ST. ANDREW'S WARD.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto,
April 14th, 1888.

REVEREND SIR—In our letter to you on the 24th March we recommended Mr. E. A. Cullerton as a competent person to fill the place of the much regretted Mr. H. Nolan, as Separate school trustee for St. Andrews's Ward; but finding that he was not sufficiently known in the west end of the ward, which contains the bulk of the voters, we requested Mr. Cullerton to resign his candidature, which he very gracefully did; and we are happy to announce that Hon. T. W. Anglin has accepted the nomination at our request, joined with that of his Lordship Bishop O'Mahony, of all the priests of the city, of a very large number of the Catholic ratepayers of St. Andrew's Ward, and of gentlemen of high standing in other parts of the city, for all the Catholics of the city are interested in seeing the School Board augmented by gentlemen of high talent, and highly imbued with religious principles.

It is quite erroneous to think that what appertains to the election of Separate school trustees is merely a secular matter, and does not touch religion. The Christian education of youth is a religious matter, one to be chiefly directed by the clergy, and especially by the bishops, who have to answer for the souls of those confided to their care, both parents and children. Now, the election of persons to aid the clergy in their sacred duty of educating youth is a sacred affair; just as the material building of a church is a sacred affair. To appropriate to oneself the moneys given for the building of a church would be sacrilege; so with moneys collected for the religious education of our youth.

The Church, justly and religiously, claims the right to define the bounds of her own rights and jurisdiction. Were this in the power of the State, the Church would not be permitted always to preach the true gospel of Christ. Now, we pronounce that the election of Separate school trustees is a religious affair and that each elector must answer before God for his vote.

A trustee must be a conscientious and practical Catholic. To vote for a man to be trustee who is seldom seen at mass and never at the altar of the Holy Eucharist, is a crime before God and man. We know that Mr. Anglin is a practical Catholic in every sense.

That a few Catholics here in Toronto should be complimented by the lying and filthy-mouthed Fulton, the calumniator of our nuns, on revolting against ecclesiastical authority here in Toronto as the McGlynn party were revolting against the Archbishop of New York, should open the eyes of any fair-minded Catholic to the true meaning of the present agitation. To be supported by the Protestant press in villification of God's anointed here is certainly not an evidence of a true Catholic, yet such has been the case here, to the disgrace of the whole Catholic body. Some men belonging to the good society of St. Vincent de Paul are in that category, but there are Judases everywhere.

We pronounce that those Catholics who will try to place on the Board of Separate School Trustees a non-practical Catholic to act in the sacred cause of the Catholic education of youth, commit a sin.

We never tried to control our Catholic people in their votes for purely secular concerns, such as for elections of Mayor, or of Aldermen, or of members of Parliament, etc. But the election of a Separate school trustee, being a religious affair, concerning the salvation of souls, it is our duty to interfere and see that proper men are elected.

We will conclude as we did in one of our former letters, "Obey your prelates and be subject to them, for they watch as being to render an account of your souls, that they may do this with joy and not with grief" (Heb. xiii., 17). God will not bless those who disobey their lawful ecclesiastical superiors in sacred matters.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
(Signed) † JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

P. S.—As we are bound to pray for all sinners, especially for those confided to our pastoral care, we ask you, my good people, to join us in beseeching Almighty God, through the intercession of His immaculate mother and St. Patrick, to dispel the darkness of error from the minds of these misguided men, deceived of the devil, that they turn to the author of all truth, and listen and obey the Church which they are commanded to hear and obey.

On our part we forgive them from our hearts the insults and obliquy which they have heaped on us, privately and publicly, in the Protestant press. May God forgive them.

Mr. W. J. Gordon, of Cleveland, Ohio, has presented to Bishop Gilmour and his successors a magnificent jewelled mitre, valued at $25,000. Bishop Gilmour wore it for the first time at Pontifical High Mass on Easter Sunday at St. John's Cathedral, Cleveland.

The seating—or, perhaps more properly standing—capacity of the eight largest churches in Europe is said to be as follows: St. Peter, Rome, 54,000 persons; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul, Rome, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Florence Cathedral, 20,000; Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark, Venice, 7,000.

There is the stagnant condition of some Catholics, and the vital, active, persevering condition of others. Choose ye; but the first class will have cause to tremble before the judgment-seat.—*Catholic Columbian.*

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

VILDAC AT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

Montreal, April 14th.

On Wednesday evening last the Academic Hall of St. Mary's was well filled to witness the performance of "Vildac" by the English speaking students of the college. Learned physicians, eloquent lawyers, eminent politicians and distinguished members of society might be seen among the audience that impatiently waited for the lifting of the curtain. The curtain or rather drop scene is in itself well worthy of inspection, it being a charmingly painted picture of Chambly showing the village street, the quaint old church, the tidy cottages and gaily dressed habitants of ye olden time. In the foreground, its massive towers reflected in the still river, frowns the fortress, and near it, rather an anachronism in the shape of a little white steamboat. Along the background stretches a chain of hills, the tallest of which is surmounted with a wooden cross. It is a peaceful and lovely scene. Before the stage and extending from the frescoed representation of Jacques Cartier to that of Christopher Columbus, sat the orchestra of the Gesu tuning their instruments and otherwise making preparation to gladden the hearts and ears of their fellow-creatures.

At eight o'clock, vociferious clapping on the part of the students heralded the entrance of the Reverend Father Turgeon, who, with the English-speaking Fathers of the College, the Abbe Le Claire of St. Joseph's Church and some other guests, proceeded to occupy chairs in the front row.

And then the curtain rose. "Vildac" is a drama translated from the French. The plot is nothing very original, but the play contains some good hits and there is scope for fine acting. The reigning count, Vildac, has, with the assistance of an ex-galley slave named Ricardo, confined his old father in a dark dungeon of his ancestral castle. After doing this, he had a mock funeral, and the world believes old Vildac to be dead. The usurping son suffers much anguish of mind, which is increased when he hears that his only son, Adolphe, is coming to visit him. Adolphe comes, accompanied by his foster brother William, and is much distressed by the coldness of his father's greeting. After having a quarrel with Ricardo, Adolphe decides to go away from the paternal castle, but, hearing from Tjozo, a sort of village simpleton, of a ghost supposed to haunt the dungeons of the castle, and having cognizance of a secret stairway, he determines to investigate the matter by passing a night in the subterranean regions.

He does so—and discovers his grandfather, from whose hands he strikes the chains. To them enters Count Vildac, who is filled with remorse, which he strives to express all too late, for the aged father, not able to stand the excitement of the scene, sinks down and dies. There is some excellent by-play introduced. Tjozo is capital. His make-up would do credit to any stage—nobody seeing the shambling, red-headed, awkward, toothless clown, would find it easy to believe that the disguise covered one of the most aristocratic looking young Southern gentlemen ever taught in a Canadian college. Brule Moustache, the recruiting sergeant, was well played by Mr. James Barry, whose troops of recruits were very funny and excellently made up, particularly one little chap who says he wants to be a soldier, and get the promised three hundred Louis d'or, but whether he is corporal or general it is all the same.

One of the prettiest scenes was a woodland glade in Vildac Park, where three little children picking wild flowers are caught by Ricardo and brought before the count for punishment. The boys, Masters Dunstan, Gray and Willie Hingston, plead so touchingly for forgiveness, and speak so tenderly of their dead father that in hearing them many an eye in the audience glistened with unshed tears. The gypsies Hassan and Alec, took their parts well, as indeed did all the caste, but the palm must be awarded to Mr. Joseph Walsh, as the old Count Vildac. The character is a very effective one, requiring sympathetic treatment and appealing largely to the feelings of the audience. It could scarcely be better rendered on the boards of any theatre than it was by Mr. Walsh. Tjozo, too, is deserving of great praise; his lively sallies were the life of the play, while his quotations from the wisdom of his grandmother, "God bless her bones," were very highly appreciated. Tjozo, although trained to "turn his words over seven times in his mouth before speaking," proves himself not capable of keeping a secret, at least he owned to having divulged it to "one-eyed Jim, and stout Madeline, and Father Phillips and only two others." Ricardo, the villain, is unmasked, of course, and is handcuffed with the shackles with which he once bound the hands of his old master, and led off in triumph.

During the performance and between the acts the orchestra of the Gesu played selections from Schumann, Gounod, Verdi, and other masters, while at the end of the third act, Mendelssohn's "Bridal March" brought the entertainment, as Tjozo would say "to the climax of a complete sufficiency," and shortly after ten the audience dispersed, their remarks being, to quote the same gentleman, interlarded with "superlatives of satisfaction."

These dramatic entertainments in the Academic Hall of St. Mary's have a very well deserved reputation—the acting is always good, the costumes handsome, and the music above criticism, while the audience invariably comprises the *elite* of the Catholic society of Montreal.

He who enters not into his own heart at least once a day, lives not the life of the true Christian.—Venerable John Tauler.

Special to the Record.

ST. THOMAS.

Rev. Father William, O. S. F., preached a very successful retreat in St. Thomas last week. The members of the C. M. B. A., to the number of seventy-five, went to Holy Communion in a body, and at least three hundred men not members of that association approached the holy table during the week. Rev. Father William's touching and eloquent sermons have been highly appreciated by the Catholics of this parish, and should he return, as all hope he may soon, still greater results may be anticipated.

Yesterday, Sunday, John Richard Doyle, Balaclava street, died very suddenly of heart disease. Father Flannery, when apprised of his dangerous condition, drove with all haste to administer the last sacraments. But death already throned in the abode of sorrow ere the priest's arrival. Fortunately, the deceased had been a member of the C. M. B. A., and in obedience to the rules of the society and the directions of the spiritual adviser, had, on the previous Sunday, attended the instructions of Rev. Father William and received Holy Communion. What a consolation for the bereaved widow and orphans to feel that however sudden the blow, it fell lightly on their beloved one, and that grief however poignant is assuaged by tears of comfort and exultation, as well as of sadness and of mourning.

Mr. T. H. Cray, merchant, secretary of the C. M. B. A., Branch No. 2, was on last Monday morning united in the bonds of holy matrimony, at the Church of the Holy Angels, by Rev. Father Flannery, to Miss Julia Casey, daughter of Thomas Casey, Esq., J. P., Fingal. Mr. Joseph Rivards acted as best man and Miss Lora McLaughlin of Fingal, as bridesmaid. The happy couple left by the C. P. R. for Toronto and other points east.

On Sunday last Mr. John King, of Her Majesty's customs, was elected to the presidency of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, established in St. Thomas about eighteen months ago, by the venerable patriarch, Mr. W. P. McDonald. Mr. King succeeds to Mr. Francis C. Flannery, merchant, who, through dullness of times in this city, has seen fit to remove with his family and business to the neighboring city of Brantford. Mr. Flannery's departure is very much regretted by the business community of St. Thomas, among whom he was a general favourite on account of his straightforward, manly independence of character. His absence will be deeply felt especially in the Catholic congregation, of which he was a practical, active and prominent member. He was a zealous promoter of the C. M. B. A's interests, indefatigable in the board of S. S. school trustees, and may be called the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in this city. Hopes are entertained here by many, that when trade revives, and St. Thomas recovers from its present apathy, Mr. Flannery may be induced to bring back his household gods to the baby city.

A CASE OF GENEROSITY.

Milwaukee Citizen.

Some time ago President Fitzgerald, of the Irish-American National League, conceived the idea of organizing a contribution of $1,000 each from wealthy Irish Americans. He started the fund by a personal contribution of $1,000 at the same time issuing an earnest appeal for the Irish cause in whose behalf the money was to be used.

Now the country has many Irish-American millionaires. The Rev. Fulton said recently that there were fifty-four of them in San Francisco alone; which statement does not obviate there being at least a dozen. And there are William R. Grace, Eugene Kelly, Joseph J. O'Donoghue and many others in New York city.

Nevertheless there was an "audible silence" of many weeks ensuing after President Fitzgerald's appeal. His $1,000 contribution grew lonesome, felt nervous and began to wish itself out of the public gaze. At last from the capital of Canada came a response. A gentleman with the modest name of Hayes quietly added his thousand to President Fitzgerald's. But since that time the pacific current of events has flowed on in undisturbed monotony, so far as the New York, the San Francisco and the Boston millionaires are concerned.

The merit of Mr. Hayes' contribution may be appreciated from the statement of a *Pilot* correspondent:

"Barry Hayes is not a millionaire, he is not even a rich man; he is a simple Government employee, with a salary of a couple of thousand per annum, yet he has come to the front with his limited means. There are hundreds of wealthy Irish-Americans to whom $1,000 would mean less than $20 to him. Where are they? Nor did Mr. Hayes and his good wife act thus out of any spirit of vain glory; on the contrary, I know for a fact that it was only when what the effect of the example might be was represented to them that they consented to have their action made public. Can nothing be done to stir up the supine?"

This is more evidence to the truth of a frequent observation: We find the best examples of public spirit and generosity among the middle class who, when the roll is called, are always there. Our men of wealth are not to be abused, but the simple fact is that *adequate* liberality on their part is exceptional.

Benziger's Catholic Home Almanac for 1888.

By the time this issue of the RECORD reachers our readers our first shipment of Almanacs will have arrived. They will be mailed to those who send for them in the order in which remittances are received. Send 25c in stamps or scrip. Address Thomas Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London Ont.