

Sing Me a Song of the Olden Time.

ABBE KISSER.

Sing me a song of the olden time— "Highland Laddie," or "Bonnie Doon;" Sing to me now in the fading light, For my heart goes back to my youth to-night— Sing me some dear old tune,

And I will dream as I hear your voice, Sweet, and tender, and strong, and clear, Like your mother's voice, when these songs she sang Long ago when we both were young— You are so like her, dear,

Take down her harp and touch the strings: Too long, too long have they silent been; My heart has long had of hurry and strife, And the care and the worry of active life— I long for the songs again.

Sing "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon;" Your mother sang that song to you While she rocked you there on her breast to sleep, Dear little daughter, do not weep— Sing me the old songs, too,

Sing "Logan Water" and "Land of the Leal," "Annie Laurie" and "Banks of Dee;" Dear old songs that we never forget; Over my heart they are echoing yet; She sang them all to me.

No music ever so sweet can be As the tuneful lays of the days of yore Sung by mother and sister and wife; And now, my child, in this later life I would hear those songs once more,

So sing me a song of the olden time— "Highland Laddie," or "Bonnie Doon;" Sing to me now in the fading light, For my heart goes back to my youth to-night— Sing me some dear old tune.

SURVEILLANCE IN IRELAND.

An Irish-American Runs the Gauntlet of Local Officials.

THE DISTRESS AND POVERTY SURROUNDING THE NEW NIOTE OF NATIONS GRAPHICALLY NARRATED—THE ROUGH MARCH OF BALFOUR'S TYRANNICAL HREK VIS IRELAND EVERYWHERE.

To the Editor of the Star:

Believing that a sketch of a visit to Ireland in the year of grace 1888, Balfour's ruling, would be interesting to your readers, and particularly so in view of the efforts now being made to raise a fund for the defence of Mr. Farrell, I beg to ask space for it in your influential and patriotic paper.

I landed in Dublin from Holyhead at 6 a. m. on the morning of July 23. From then till I left Belfast, some three weeks afterwards, I was the cynosure of all (selective) eyes, the observed of all (official) visitors. Having spent two years at the model schools on Marlboro street, I first meandered in that direction, my mind reverting to the many incidents of school life, and ever and anon drifting down the aisles of time to note how many of the resolutions of those days had survived the assaults of human passions and how many bright hopes then formed had been ruthlessly shivered on fortune's lance. Thus musing, my steps brought me to O'Connell street, and as the statue of the mighty Tribune had been erected since my time, I longed to gaze on the majestic figure of the Great Emancipator. It stands at the foot of O'Connell street, looking toward College Green, and is well worthy of him whose majestic form it represents. Nay, even the very soul of O'Connell beams forth from the pose of the figure and lines of the face. No statue that I have ever seen approaches it in conveying the idea of power, and in this respect it actually approaches the sublime. Through its instrumentality I had a faint idea of the influence of the great orator on an Irish audience.

The statue of Sir John Gray is in the rear of that of O'Connell between it and the Wellington monument. It is well worthy of admiration and reflection, but my mind was too much absorbed with reminiscences of O'Connell's life and times to give it special attention at that time. I subsequently paid it my devoted respects. Crossing the bridge (now widened) over the Liffey, I came to the statue of William Smith O'Brien, a well chiseled and expressive figure. Here I might have delayed awhile, but another figure caught my eye, away down in front of the old House of Parliament, and thither I sped in all haste. Whose could it be? It was not there in my time. There was only one figure that should be there just yet. Was it that? Yes, it was—it was the statue of the immortal Grattan, the personification of patriotism, the essence of inspired oratory. How then I blessed the noble art that could thus reveal the secrets of the past, and breathe into the cold marble every thought but life. I was wondering how soon another figure would adorn that triangular space, the figure of one who should again restore to Ireland her lost Parliament, and I leaped against a friendly lamp post to select an appropriate spot for its erection.

As I did so the grim shadow of a policeman fell across my path. At this time I had been sedulously and suspiciously watched. I started. Was I in a dream? Ah, no; this was the land of coercion. There was his living harness emblem. I cast a hurried glance at the statues of Burke and Goldsmith on the right in front of Trinity College and that of King William, heading off up Dame street (very appropriately as I thought), and sought a friendly inn to have breakfast. The liveried emissary of Mr. Balfour did not follow me, but I soon found I was not unwatched for. I had a companion at breakfast!

After breakfast I visited some stores to provide for a change of clothing. In doing so I thought I'd play my detective friend (if such he was) just a little ruse. There came some excitement on his part. What with suddenly turning corners, mounting on ton of street cars, taking jaunting cars and other apparent efforts to elude a pursuer, I got worked up to fine spirits. Finally I did stop to make a purchase, and sure enough in pops my friend. He blew a little hard, and discovered himself to my watchful eye by a quick glance at me when passing. The proprietor soon after very significantly

asked me if I had come from America, how long I intended to remain, where I expected to stay, and much to that effect, to all of which I answered as suited the occasion.

Leaving the store I drove to the house of a relative, where I proposed remaining while in Dublin. Here I thought I would surely be safe from prying eyes. I had stepped from the frying pan into the fire. My friend's daughter had been recently married to Mr. Crilly, M. P., and the house was a suspected house—had been, in fact, watched night after night. They had recently had a release from espionage, as Mr. Crilly was away in London, but my coming would add fuel to the flame. Well, if they could stand it I would, and they were willing to stand it. To make matters worse, I resolved to visit the rooms of the Irish National League. There I met my old friend Dan Gibson in charge. Mr. Leffington, M. P., came in soon after, and as I had been a medium through which many dollars had been cabled to him, my welcome was a cordial one. He immediately informed me that I would from that moment be a marked man, as all persons visiting the rooms of the League were.

I told him I was an American citizen and as such would do what I thought proper and say what I felt while in Ireland. I subsequently visited the office of the Freeman's Journal and United Ireland.

It had been my purpose to visit the scene of the Vandeleur evictions in Clare, but there was a cessation of hostilities, so I started for my home in the West. Now, again, came in the attentions of the Government. All along the line policemen were at every station. When I arrived at Ballina I resumed my mysterious tactics, shutting myself up in my room at the hotel (they have no registers for names in those hotels—in the Moy Hotel at least), and only plucked out to wait on the editor of the Western People, Mr. P. Smith, a red-hot Nationalist. Here again I was questioned. He had just come from the trial of Mr. McHugh, Mayor of Sligo, and editor of the Sligo Champion, who had received six months' imprisonment. We adopted the strategy of standing on the sidewalk in the middle of the bridge connecting Ballina with Ardarae and talked out our talk to the great tallization of Her Majesty's constabulary, who not unfrequently viewed us inquisitively from the other side. This was Friday. I promised him to come in and speak to his branch of the National League on Sunday. After this I drove to my sister's house, about eight miles.

Next morning a policeman from Ballina dressed in plain clothes called at my house, passing (by the way) to see some friends of his. Later on, on the same day, the head constable from another station (Tubbercurry) and the Sergeant from still another (Curry) came to a lake near by fishing, by the way. Perhaps it was all accident, but the visits of these gentlemen had been previously like "angles" visits, "few and far between."

On Sunday I addressed a meeting of the League at Ballina. We were not disturbed, I suppose the guardians of law and order had discovered by this time who I was. Mr. Smith and I visited Emisicrone, a watering place, in the evening, and were the objects of marked attention on the part of the Government.

The visits of the police to my sister's house while I remained, while apparently friendly, were noticeable for their frequency. Numbers of young men from the neighborhood were constantly calling to see me and this was a cause of annoyance to the police. One incident will illustrate the justice of a position in which these minions of the law sometimes find themselves. Two carloads of young men called at our house one day and I drove off with them. Immediately a posse of police marched to a neighboring station, and finding which way I had gone, followed in that direction to find that was only a red-headed young lady, who, being a priest's niece, was permitted to be married in her father's house. This had a sedative effect on the official nerves and I was not conscious of much police supervision afterward.

When I left home for America by way of Belfast, I was again spotted. At last I stepped on board of the Nebraska at Larned and breathed a sigh of relief.

What a picture this represents of the idocy of Tory Government in Ireland! The death of Mandeville is proof of its brutality. Persons are imprisoned and murdered there for the commonest right of humanity, the right of the infant in its mother's arms, the right of the brute beast, the right to complain. How long is it to last? How long? How long?

Mr. Editor, I wish to say through the columns of your paper that the Irish need financial help in the Parnell defence fight. The country has been artificially impoverished, and this year nature appears to have combined with man in that direction. The summer has been the wettest on record. Hay, corn, potatoes, turf, are all injured. Providence, however, has not been altogether unkind to this Niobe of nations. A new friend to Ireland has started up on the other side of the Irish Sea, in the shape of the Liberal Statesman, William Ewart Gladstone. Let Ireland's "kin beyond seas" do their duty in this hour of greatest need, and, trusting in Divine Providence, all will yet be well. Very sincerely yours,

M. F. DONOGHUE

"Boat, Ahoy," cried a man to a pleasure party whom he descried gliding swiftly down the stream toward the foaming cataract. And we would cry "Boat, ahoy!" to the one whose life bark is being drawn into the whirlpool of consumption, for unless you use effective measures you will be wrecked in Death's foaming rapids. Dr. Fergus Golden Medical Discovery will strengthen and restore your lungs to a healthy condition, and is a sure relief for coughs and colds.

THE FAILURE OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

PERE HYACINTHE'S ADMISIONS THAT PROTESTANTISM IS NOT A SUCCESS IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of the Catholic Review:

Allow me to confirm the testimony of the Tribune, as quoted in the Catholic Review of 8th inst., to the "Failure of Protestant Mission Work," by the recent admission on that subject of Pere Hyacinthe, so far as France is concerned. He certainly has had opportunity to know what he is talking about. The proceedings of a largely attended Congress of Anglican Clergy from different parts of the Continent," held at Montex, (Switzerland), on 2d May last, were reported in Galignani's Messenger of the 5th, same month. Right Rev. Bishop Wilkinson presided and opened the subject of "The Old Catholic Movement," speaking in strong terms of sympathy with it.

Two exhaustive papers were read by the Rev. C. D. Blomfield, of Munich, and the Rev. T. Archibald S. White, of Baden-Baden, on its history and present condition. Mr. White showed the great points upon which Anglicans and Old Catholics were agreed, and said their maxims should ever be, "In necessariis unitas in dubiis libertas in omnibus caritas." But "the chief interest of the day centered in an extempore oration by the Pere Hyacinthe in the afternoon." After conceding that "France is in the peculiar position of being unable to do without Catholicism," and taking upon himself to assert in the face of fact, "that she is now able to conform to it as presented to her by the Old Catholics," he then admits in the following words that: "PROTESTANTISM IS A FAILURE IN FRANCE."

"Another and more decisive fact as showing the adherence of the French to Catholic traditions is the failure of Protestantism. The word Protestant has many meanings. In one sense you are Protestants, and so am I, inasmuch as we protest. But Protestant churches—and I render homage to them for their men of learning, eloquence, honesty, virtue, and personal zeal—have not done much, notwithstanding the *cite* of their forces, for they have many of their members in the offices of State, and notwithstanding their command of the wealth, as of intellect. They have been carrying on a vast propaganda in France, and all that they have managed to do is to keep together the descendants of those Huguenots who made some of the best and noblest history of the country. They have received a very insignificant number of converts altho' they studied with the name of Catholic. As to reaching the masses, they themselves confess their utter powerlessness. My friend Pastor Pressense has on several occasions written that Protestantism of itself is powerless to reform France, or to win France up a reform in the cause of the Catholic Church the cause of Christendom is lost so far as the Latin races are concerned. The same admission has been made by an eminent Presbyterian clergyman who called upon me after visiting Spain. Possibly France might have been Protestantized in the sixteenth century under Francis I, and under a Lutheran form of worship. I have not, however, sufficiently studied that period of our history to affirm the proposition. What I say I say in regard to the actual state of France."

What a wet blanket on the hopes and generosity of the supporters of the Protestant mission, which has undertaken the identical task of converting the French people from Catholicism to Protestantism! Why, it is almost inconceivable ignorance not to understand that Protestantism has had a perfectly fair field in France since the beginning of the present century, and the additional advantage that in the past in that land there has been a great growth, "All religions there are full of grace, and each which numbers 100,000 adherents entitled to a grant." The only restraint upon the advocates of Protestantism has been that, at least, until the downfall of Louis Philippe, they were not allowed to publicly calumniate, vituperate and tell lies about the Catholic religion. But they have always been at liberty to assail it with all the fair, decent, temperate argumentation they could muster. The statistics for 1881 of religious denominations in France, taken from the Statesman's Year Book for 1888, show that there were then:

Catholics.....29,201,703  
Protestants.....692,500  
Jews.....53,430  
Persons declining to make any declaration of religion.....7,684,906  
(Rather a sad exhibit!)

Why could not the unbelievers last named be persuaded to go over to Protestantism? The above figures show even held it in high esteem, and were even held it was twenty five or thirty years ago, when its adherents numbered over a million. True, there has been an increase over the figures for 1873, which were only 584,757, but this can no doubt be rightly accounted for by the emigration from Alsace of Protestants who would not give up their French nationality. Lutherans were pretty numerous in that part of France.

The statistics of the Old Catholics given at the meeting above mentioned were far from being encouraging:

"It was shown that, according to the official statistics of the Old Catholic Church, its adherents had declined from 21,700 in 1877 to 15,000 in 1886 in Prussia; that in Baden they had fallen from 18,000 to 14,000, and that the same was true of their co-religionists in Bavaria. Bishop Wilkinson suggested that the reason was doubtless to be found in the suppression of the Government grant, for as long as the movement was supported by a Government it would have the adhesion of many persons for purely political reasons. Once withdrawn the grant, however, and these rats would desert what they believed to be a sinking ship."

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STORY OF THE STABAT MATER.

HOW JOHN BAPTIST PERGLIÈSE WROTE THE MEXICAN HYMN.

Venerabile populi matris! The truth of these words seemed to strike a young man who was standing on an eminence near the little town of Baize, from which all the splendor of this enchanting spot of God's beautiful earth could be taken in with one glance. There lay that fairy town extended at his feet, with her numerous cupolas and steeples, over which the bright sun shed a golden veil. A soft haze hung about the myrtle and orange groves, and shrouded like a rosy curtain the peak of Mount Vesuvius. The bright blue sea on whose glassy bosom innumerable white sails were flitting like snowy pinioned birds; the vine-clad hills and fertile comarca, with the undulating line of the coast reaching out, like a giant's arm, toward each end of the bay, and all the lovely scenery bathed in an atmosphere so transparent and canopyed by a sky so heavenly blue that it looked as if it were indeed what the Italians proclaim Baize to be, "A piece of Paradise dropped on earth."

At the side of the footpath which led down from the hill on which the youth was standing lost in contemplation of the splendid panorama, was a stone statue of Our Lady of the Cross. The young wanderer, who seemed faint and ill, knelt down before the cross and looked up to the agonized, yet heavenly face of the Mother of Dolours. A pensive and painful expression which he had never felt before, penetrated his soul at sight of so much suffering. His own grief, which he had hitherto been unable to express, had come here, disappeared before the mute word depicted on the sweet countenance of Mary, and he humbly bowed his head. While he was still absorbed in silent prayer, the melodious notes of "Ave Maria," sung by two beautiful female voices, struck on his ear. He lifted his eyes, and saw two young ladies, apparently sisters, approach the cross before which he was kneeling. They had a garland of flowers in their hands, which they deposited at the feet of our Holy Mother, and after having said a silent prayer, they slowly descended the hill.

The young man cast one look more at the sisters, and then, with a sigh, he turned away. "Bring me some offering worthy of the cruel pang which I endure upon the Cross, and I will grant your prayer." The young man, almost overpowered by the different emotions of his soul, left the place and wended his steps towards Naples.

A mysterious power seemed to draw him next day to the solitary cross. He had scarcely said his prayers when the two sisters came along. They had brought a basket full of flowers, and sitting down on the stone steps of the monument they began to weave their garlands. The young man entered into conversation with them and learned that since our Holy Mother had miraculously healed their mother, these two sisters, Maria and Ninetta, came every day here to make an offering of flowers to our Mother of Dolours. They sang a sweet hymn before they left, and the young man, who was passionately fond of music, who was an artist himself, thought he never heard more beautiful voices than those of the two sisters. He turned every day; faithful to their vow, he found Maria and Ninetta, who had offered at the rural shrine of Our Lady. A brotherly affection soon sprang up between the young man and the two sisters; all three were united by the ties of piety and music. Even during the winter months their pilgrimage was not suspended, for winter touches that blessed climate with a gentle hand. In the month of March, in rainy and stormy weather, flowers and mild, balmy breezes, the truest stickles out of the same for the young man, who was slower and more languid, and that his cheek appeared more sunken than ever, while his dark eyes glistened with a celestial fire.

"May I bring you to morrow a commission in my own hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin—can I sing for you, and help me to bring an offering to our Holy Mother for which she has promised me to grant my prayer? To-morrow, Friday, I will be here at the same hour."

The sisters readily assented to his request and they separated.

The following day the 16th of March, 1739, the two sisters arrived about noon at the Cross upon the hill. A few minutes later they saw the youth slowly ascend the eminence. Amalia went to meet him, offering him the support of her arm, for he seemed more than usually exhausted. He handed her a scroll in which were written words, which she read, and then sinking down before the cross, he raised his thin and transparent hands, exclaiming passionately: "Hear me, Mother of Dolours! I ask you another consolation but yours; I know that I am sure under your motherly protection, I leave myself entirely to you. Oh, Comforter of the Afflicted, accept my humble tribute!"

And near him, like clouds of incense, rose sweet and clear the two melodious voices, chanting these grand and sacred words: "Stabat Mater dolens Juxta crucem lacrymosa Dum pendebat filius."

No breath was heard among the leaves of the trees, no sound was heard, far or wide; nature herself seemed hushed before the sanctity and solemnity of this song. A deep, a silent melancholy vibrated in the clear and youthful voices of Amalia and Ninetta, every note falling like gentle tears to the ground.

The young man was wrapt in prayer and seemed to be almost transported from this world, his eyes were fixed on the features of the Blessed Virgin, and when the next words fell from the lips of the singers, "Quia est homo qui non flet, Christi Matrem sibi videtur in tanto supplicio," it seemed to him as if a quivering passed over the fixed, stony face of the Master Dolours, as if a sad, but inexpressible smile, mottled smile played around her lovely mouth, as the words of her pierced heart began to bleed. The sickening pain of the young wanderer ceased suddenly; his labored

breath came freely; a feeling of relief and expectation stole over him; he stretched out his arms to the cross; a bright and happy smile flitted like a sunbeam over his features; he sank back in the arms of the sisters who had hastened towards him to support his reclining form. When they raised him from the ground they saw that he was dead.

The lonely and chastened spirit was gone forever from this valley of tears.

Mary had kept her promise; she had healed his bodily pain; she had taken the weary-worn child to her maternal heart.

The composer who had written the beautiful hymn of her seven dolours, and had offered to Mary this everlasting tribute, was Giovanni Battista Pergolèse. The miraculous statue has long since crumbled to dust. The remains of the young artist repose in the cathedral of Vesuvioro, but the name of the composer of the Stabat Mater will live eternally in the hearts of all who love our Blessed Lady and are true lovers of music.

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC HEROISM.

The following is from the New York Sun: What spectacle of unselfish heroism can surpass that of the Roman Catholic priests and sisters who have gone to live and die among the lepers of Hawaii!

A while ago the Sun printed the story of a Danish priest, who took his life in his hand to minister to the poor outcasts on Molekai Island. He himself had been stricken with the dread disease whose victims had so deeply stirred his heart with compassion. Though bearing on his face, neck and hands the tokens of his inevitable doom, he moves like a ministering angel among his people, tends their needs, attending to the dying, and enlarging with his own hands the little chapel in which they worship.

"I believe there is no possibility of remaining here uncontaminated," writes Father Conrady, who recently left this country. And yet he has cheerfully leaving he will become a leper himself, he is willing to devote his life to assuage the afflictions of the unhappy settlement at Molekai. It is to the Sisters of St. Francis from Syracuse in this State that Hawaiian Government has intrusted the care of the hospital near Honolulu, where the poor patients are kept before being isolated for life on the leper island. It was a grand recognition of the self-abnegation and pure love for suffering humanity that animates these humble disciples of the Church of Rome, when a committee of the Hawaiian Government reported their conviction that it was useless to look for nurses for the lepers of the kingdom outside of the Catholic Church.

One of the Sisters in a Roman Catholic hospital of this city remarked when she heard that several members of her order had been massacred in China: "They are to be envied for having met martyrdom in so good and great a cause as theirs." Such is the spirit that sustains and inspires many thousands of these humble workers. The world sees and hears little of them as they go quietly about on their missions of mercy.

They have, however, the recompense of an approving conscience and the gratitude here and hereafter of the myriads who are aided and cheered by their presence in the dark hours of suffering and death.

BIGOTTED WOMEN.

Have you ever noticed the fearful ugliness of sectarian faces, which grows upon the class that always ask first of a new acquaintance: "Is she a Baptist or Methodist, Unitarian or Orthodox, Presbyterian or Episcopal?" and edge suspiciously away from all who do not eat pickles out of the same jar as they?

Dare, authoress of the Ugly Girl Papers. It is the ill disposition which prints itself in the features, and may be read there plainly as lunacy or disease, an imprint of low spirits, jealousies and grudges; a venom distilled, generation after generation, from the lean, lank apprentice faces of old English priests to the sharp-visaged colonists who whipped people for being Quakers or Baptists, and hung lone women for witches or Quakers, as the case might be.

The Baneful Spirit of Inquiry.

Cardinal Newman, on his conversion, more rigidly than before, set his face against that baneful spirit of inquiry into the mysteries of religion. He held, with truth, that it was fruitless and dangerous.

"Avoid," he cries out, "this species of inquiry for it will but lead you hither, where there is no light, no peace, no hope; it will lead you to the deep pit, where the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the beauteous heavens are not, but chillness and bareness, and perpetual desolation. Oh, perverse children of men, who refuse truth when offered to you because it is not true! Oh, restless heart and fustidious intellects who seek a Gospel more salutary than the Redeemer's and a creation more perfect than the Creator's!"

Yellow as Egyptian mummy, Was his pallid face, And he seemed a very dummy Of the human race. Now he's brimmed with sunshine o'er, His clear and sparkling eye Tells us that he's in his cover; Ask you the reason why?

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A Child Before the Altar.

BY FATHER RYAN.

I wish I were the little boy That locks Love's Captivity, And let Him out to go and free A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell That tinkles for the Host, When God comes down each day to dwell With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair, That holds the Blood of Love, When every flash of light holy prayer Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower So near the Host's sweet face, Or like the light that half an hour Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where As on His Mother's breast, Christ nestles like a child, fore'er In Eucharistic rest.

But oh, my God, I wish the most That my poor heart can wish, A home all holy for each heart That comes in love to me.

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD.

CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. ANSAS M'DONELL DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S.

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