Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

FROM QUEBEC.

Quebec, Dec. 10th, 1884.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—As I believe that the religious events of the last two weeks will greatly interest a large part of your readers, and the Catholic world in general, I think it but right to say a few words relative to the arrival and reception of His Grace Mgr. Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec.

It was ascertained late on Saturday evening, 29th Nov., by private telegram from Halifax, that His Grace, Elz. A. Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, would arrive the next evening at Levis. The citizens of Levis being duly apprised of his intended arrival in their midst, immediately organized a grand reception. Consequently, when the train from Halifax arrived at the I. C. R. depot in Levis, on Sunday evening, His Grace was met by the Mayor of Levis, M. P. Lefrancois, who presented a very touching address on behalf of the citizens of Levis. His Grace was then escorted to the parish church, where a solemn Benediction and Te Deum was sung. He then proceeded to the presbytery, the hospitality of which was kindly tendered him by the esteemed *cure*, Rev. M. Gauvrean. The next morning, Dec. 1st, about 9:30 a. m., after celebrating solemn High Mass, and accompanied by the band of Levis College and a large concourse of citizens, he descended to the boat and crossed over to Quebec. The previous Sunday the *cures* in the respective parishes kindly invited their parishioners to assemble in a body, in order to escort His Grace to the Basilica. The concourse of people at the landing was so great that all traffic was for some time generally suspended. A good many of the leading Irish and French societies, as well as the colleges, were in attendance. No sooner was His Grace perceived than a hearty shout of acclamation was heard. After the acclamations had silenced down a little, His Honor, Frs. Langelier, the worthy and esteemed mayor of Quebec, accompanied by Hon. ex Judge Taschereau, presented a touching address to His Grace, and, on behalf of the citizens of Quebec, warmly welcomed him back to the ancient city. In the meantime the procession slowly formed itself, and the archbishop in a carriage magnificently equipped, and surrounded by the Papal Zouaves, proceeded to the Basilica, where a solemn Te Deum was to be sung. The streets on the way to the church were lined with people, and bunting was liberally displayed. Upon entering the church and having prostrated himself before the Blessed Sacrament, His Grace proceeded to invest himself in his robes of gold. He forthwith proceeded to the high altar, the choir entoning the "Magnificat," after which His Grace solemnly entoned the "Te Deum" in thanksgiving to God for having brought him back safe and sound to his flock, and the devotion of the Forty Hours, which had been solemnly opened the preceding day, only seemed to add new lustre to his reception. After divesting himself of his pontifical robes he retired to the palace, where he was met by about a hundred priests and ecclesiastics from the surrounding parishes, who had managed to arrive in time to assist at the ceremony of his reception. All the religious communities in and around Quebec were likewise represented. M. Le Cure Auclair, on behalf of those present, presented the Archbishop with an address to which His Grace, "Chevalier Apostolique," replied in feeling terms, after which he invited those present to partake with him of a sumptuous repast. In the evening, notwithstanding that only the religious communities, colleges and churches, had been invited to illuminate, it was favorably noticed that the residences of a good many of the leading Catholics were also illuminated. Particular mention must here be made of the Laval University, which was the admiration of every one.

His Grace Mgr. Taschereau drove around in the evening in order to view for himself the various illuminations. And thus was brought to a close a day never to be forgotten in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada. As space does not permit me to say much more I will pass over the various events of the week until next week, and only notice the death of the Rev. M. Lagace, the zealous and much esteemed Principal of the Normal School in this city, who departed this life on Saturday last, the 6th Dec., deeply regretted by all who knew him and in whom education loses one of its prime factors in this Province.

J. G. LEBRENN.

DYNAMITE.

London, Dec. 13.—A terrific concussion startled the city at 5:40 o'clock this evening. It proved to be the result of an attempt to blow up London Bridge. The effort resulted in a failure, and the structure was uninjured. The only damage done, so far as can be ascertained, is the destruction of perhaps £50 worth of window glass in the warehouses on both banks of the river. A number of lamp posts were twisted into fantastic shapes, and a few travellers knocked over. One pedestrian, who was probably nearest to the explosion, is said to have been slightly bruised by being violently thrown against the stone parapet of the bridge. Had the outrage been carefully planned the result would have been most appalling. London Bridge is known to be the most thronged thoroughfare in the world. Four lines of vehicle traffic are with difficulty kept moving by policemen stationed within a few yards of each other, and the sidewalks are proportionately crowded for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. A year ago the strong police patrol between the city and the Southwark side was doubled in consequence of the threats of the dynamiters, but at the end of three months the scare died away and the extra force was withdrawn.

LET there be no mistake about this, that the Myrtle Navy tobacco is manufactured from the very finest Virginia leaf. No higher quality of leaf can be purchased for any tobacco made. It is selected with the very greatest care, and treated with the most approved processes for preserving the flavor of the tobacco.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.

Continued from First Page.

though he was a Frenchman. (Laughter) He was proud to see so many distinguished prelates from the United States present, and referred to the friendly feeling which had existed for so many years between the two countries. He thanked them for the high honor done to him in proposing his health. He appreciated highly the compliment which his Grace had paid to Mrs. Robinson and himself. He hoped they might be able, twenty-five years hence, to be present at a gathering similar to the one at which they were assembled with his Grace the Archbishop in the chair. (Laughter and applause.)

BISHOP LOUGHLIN.

Bishop Loughlin, Brooklyn, said he had listened with inexpressible delight to the sentiments of his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and those in reply by his Grace the Archbishop. Both these gentlemen had laid down the principles which should guide their future course of conduct. He knew Archbishop Lynch many years before he was raised to the episcopacy; he knew he was zealous in advancing the work of his Divine Master, advancing principles of honor and integrity which should govern the lives of those placed under his charge. (Cheers.) He was present at his consecration twenty-five years ago, and no one could deny that during that long space of time his Grace had been loyal to his God and loyal to his country. (Applause.)

ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

Archbishop Ryan expressed his great pleasure at coming to Toronto on this auspicious occasion. He had known the Archbishop for thirty years, and had always marked with pleasure his zeal during that time. He did not know but that between his Grace, who was not a politician,—(laughter)—the Lieut.-Governor, and his Worship the Mayor, there might be a conspiracy to annex the United States to Canada. (Laughter.) He might say, however, that they had already annexed the hearts of the prelates of the United States. (Applause.) He was pleased to notice the feeling of affection and tenderness evinced there that evening. He was glad to see that catholicity of social intercourse which existed among them, and hoped it would long continue to bind the two nations together in the bonds of friendship and love. (Applause.)

ARCHBISHOP TASCHEREAU.

Archbishop Taschereau was next called on. He said he had come there for two reasons. First, one of gratitude to his grace the Archbishop of Toronto, who was his consecrator, and secondly because he represented the old Church of Quebec, which once had for its jurisdiction the valley of the St. Lawrence, including, therefore, Toronto and the valley of the Mississippi. The Church of Quebec had always retained good relations with her children, and he hoped the bonds of friendship would become tighter after a celebration of that character. He thanked them for the kind manner in which he had been received, and he hoped their hearts would be in union with his in gratitude to his Grace for bringing them together on that auspicious occasion.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

Archbishop O'Brien (Halifax) said when he was a little boy he was inclined to talk a good deal—(laughter)—and his good mother on one occasion said to him, "Now, my boy, never rise to speak unless you know what to speak about, otherwise you will make a fool of yourself." (Laughter). He acted on the advice for some time, but finding that he still continued to go astray, he had come to the conclusion that he might as well rise when he did not know what he should talk about. (Laughter.) They had been led to believe there would be only two speeches that evening, and he did not think his Grace would go back on his word after twenty-five years in the episcopacy. (Much laughter.) The unexpected manner in which he had been called upon reminded him of a story as to how an Irish Yankee used to catch ducks. He would envelope his head and shoulders in the thick boughs of a tree, and then wade in the water among the ducks, who not suspecting the presence of a man in the waving bushes allowed him to approach them and drag them under the water by the legs. (Laughter.) They had made a descent on the ducks of the Lower Provinces. (Renewed laughter.) But there was this difference in the two cases, the Yankees went down without a noise, but the ducks of the Maritime Provinces would not die unavenged. (Laughter and applause.) After the manner in which they had been received in Toronto—if that were the manner guests were always received—they must say with certainty, not only was it the Queen City of the west, but the Queen City of social entertainment. (Applause.) He would not refer to the magnificent demonstrations which had taken place, but he might be allowed to say that in this country of ours there was real liberty, civil and religious—(applause)—where the problem had been worked out of each remaining true to his own convictions and at the same time recognizing the convictions of others and living in perfect harmony with others. (Applause.) They might go to some countries and see "Liberty, equality, and fraternity" blazoned forth on the walls of the buildings, but often these were nothing but a sham. He said this mindful of the presence of the distinguished prelates from the great Republic, but he must remind them that when they crossed the borders into Canada they were in a country where more constitutional liberty existed than in any other country in the world. (Loud applause.) He thanked them cordially for their great kindness manifested to him on that occasion. (Applause.)

MAYOR BOSWELL.

Mayor Boswell was next called upon. He said he felt in a somewhat peculiar position, seated as he was between two right reverend prelates. (Laughter). He could assure his Protestant friends, however, that no attempt had been made to convert him. (Renewed laughter.) He hoped when the bishop of his own church celebrated his 25th anniversary, if he did attain it, that he would be found following the example set them that evening. He was delighted to see the feelings of brotherly love and friendship which had been manifested there by their friends from the other side, and could assure them that they were heartily welcome to the Queen City of the West. He congratulated his Grace on the occasion which had brought them together, and trusted he might long be spared to his people.

HON. OLIVER MOWAT.

Hon. Oliver Mowat expressed his pleasure at being present. He had never seen so many bishops together before—(laughter)—the very air seemed Catholic, but it did not appear to have any bad effect on a Protestant appetite. (Laughter.) He had been delighted with the conversation of the two distinguished prelates he had had on either side of him, so much so that he would like to convert them into Protestants, even into Presbyterians. (Laughter and cheers.) He referred to the good feeling which existed among all the religious bodies in the province, and this he held to be in great measure due to his Grace the Archbishop. The prevalent good feeling which existed manifested itself in several ways. He rejoiced to recall that since confederation for a period of five years this province had been ruled by a Catholic Lieutenant-Governor. He could only conclude by wishing his Grace continued health and strength to carry on his work. (Applause).

BISHOP RYAN.

Bishop Ryan, (Buffalo) in a brief address spoke of the friendly feeling existing between the Republic and Canada. He retained a strong affection for the Dominion, inasmuch as he was Canadian born—(loud applause)—having first seen the light of day near Almonte. He hoped the beautiful sentiments which had been expressed that evening would be carried out in practice—(applause,) and that the two nations would ever preserve peace and good-will between them. (Applause.)

BISHOP WALSH.

Bishop Walsh, of London, who was received with cheers, complained of having been called upon to speak at that late hour, when they were already dazzled by the flashing eloquence of the previous speakers. The Hon. Mr. Mowat admitted that, though he sat between two Archbishops, there was no attempt made upon his faith. The Bishop protested against the attempt the Hon. Premier made on the faith of His Grace the Archbishop, and felt it his duty to warn His Grace against the seductive influences of the head of the Ontario government in his efforts to make him a Protestant (laughter). Having spent the best years of his life in Toronto, he could not help feeling proud of the spirit of tolerance manifested the previous evening by all classes, on the occasion of the great demonstration and public procession that took place in honor of His Grace. He well remembered the time when such a demonstration could not have occurred without provoking disturbance and lawless hostility. This country had made great progress in material wealth and prosperity, but it had made still greater strides in the path of religious toleration—in the mutual respect and kindly neighborliness of all classes towards each other—and in the other civic virtues that make a people great, prosperous and happy. (Cheers.) No penal law has ever sullied the pages of our statute book, but all are free to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, and to kneel in prayer and praise before altars made sacred to them by the rites of their religion and the memories of their fathers. We enjoy a common and rich inheritance in free institutions, just laws, and the possession of equal rights. We live under a form of Government which is the best balanced in the world, which combines liberty without license, and authority without despotism—which gives all its citizens the largest measure of rational and well-regulated freedom, whilst it affords ample protection to life and property. (Loud applause.) Amid such freedom the Catholic Church finds herself entirely at home; she herself is the best promoter of rational liberty and the nursing mother of Christian civilization. She shed the blood of her martyred children in torrents to assert and maintain the supremacy of the conscience and the independence of the free-born soul, which chains cannot fetter nor tyranny enslave, and she thrives and flourishes best where exist free institutions and just laws, and where her children breathe the bracing air of liberty. (Applause). In conclusion, he begged to thank the audience for the patient hearing given to him and sat down amid an outburst of cheering.

BISHOP O'MAHONY.

Bishop O'Mahony, auxiliary bishop to Dr. Lynch, also responded and said he had not been long in this part of the world, but he had been delighted with the principles he had just heard enunciated. They were the principles he had always endeavoured to follow. (Applause.) He wished to state publicly that he had never had warmer friends than among those who had differed from him on religious matters. (Applause.)

BISHOP CLEARY.

Dr. Cleary, bishop of Kingston, rose in response to repeated calls. He said he was in a sense the parent of the Diocese of Toronto, and in a sense the father of his Grace of Toronto. (Laughter.) The address presented to his Grace said that the dioceses of the province were affiliated with Toronto. That was not so. Toronto was a daughter of Kingston. Fifty-eight years ago Kingston came from the womb of Quebec, the first diocese of Ontario. Eleven years it took of correspondence between the Holy See and the Governors-General to form the diocese. The opposition was so strong that the Bishop of Quebec was obliged to send a bishop here surreptitiously. A bishop was quietly consecrated and sent as a Vicar-General, and he so passed here for three years before he could take possession of his see. His (the speaker's) see was affiliated with no see but that of Peter. His Lordship went on to speak of his gratification at the good feeling existing among all parties. After paying a tribute to Archbishop Lynch, he spoke of the prelates of the council at Baltimore, among whom he had been, men who were the aristocracy of virtue and talent. Men might say what they would but there was an aristocracy. All men were not equal. There were men greater than others. It was an honour to have these men among them. Among the archives of his diocese he found Toronto was only spoken of as "Little York"—(laughter)—the muddy city—(renewed laughter)—not great as it is now. It was then only great in giving trouble to his predecessor. He was proud of Toronto as his child—(laughter)—and of the archbishop. (Renewed laughter.) He went on amid roars of laughter to give fatherly advice to the Archbishop of Toronto, who was his child, and cautioned him to beware of the Americans whom he had brought over, because they might want to come back and take possession of the country. (Loud and prolonged laughter.)

Capt. Geddes then sang "Then You'll Remember Me," and Mr. J. F. Egan sang "Nil Desperandum," both songs being given very acceptably and receiving loud applause.

The proceedings of the evening, which were of a most enjoyable character, then terminated.

OBITUARY.

Rose Jane, the beloved wife of Mr. John G. Poupore, long of Chichester, died at the residence of Mr. John Poupore, ex-M. P. for Pontiac, in Ottawa city, on Friday last. The deceased, who was only a little over twenty-two years of age, has been ailing for some time, and went to Ottawa for medical treatment. The remains arrived in Pembroke by the evening train on Friday last, on the way to Chichester for interment, and were taken across by the steamer Walter B. We tender the friends our sincere sympathy.—Pembroke Observer, Dec. 12th.

It is with regret we have to chronicle to-day the death of Jas. Butler, Esq., which event occurred at the residence of Mr. C. W. Butler, his son, on Saturday, November 29th. His remains were conveyed from his late residence (Woodside Farm), to the Roman Catholic church at Pakenham, followed by a funeral cortege of some 80 or 90 vehicles, exhibiting the high esteem in which the deceased was held. Solemn requiem mass was sung by the Rev. D. J. Lavin, the esteemed pastor, who was ably assisted by the choir.

The altar, pulpit, etc., were heavily draped, presenting a mournful appearance, as the friends and relations crowded the edifice. After mass the funeral cortege re-assembled, and slowly wended its way to the Roman Catholic cemetery, where the final ceremonies were performed.

The deceased gentleman was born in Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1798. In 1829 he married Ellen Webb, whose demise occurred only four months previous to that of the late lamented gentleman. Mr. and Mrs. Butler removed to America subsequently in the year 1844, and settled in Fitzroy, where they ever since resided, and by their amiable dispositions, uprightness and charity, gained a large circle of friends who deeply mourn their loss. The deceased couple had the pleasure of celebrating their golden wedding some five or six years ago.

Six children survive, who, by the foresight of their parents, have been comfortably settled in the Ottawa Valley, thereby enabling them to witness the death-bed of both.

To the family we offer our sincere sympathy in their bereavement, and unite with them in this beautiful supplication to the All-Wise Supreme. "Requiescat in pace."

Arnprior, Dec. 9th, 1884.

FROM BROCKVILLE.

The Forty Hours devotion took place at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Brockville, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week. About eight hundred persons received Holy Communion. The Reverend Fathers Masterson, Donahoe, Murray and Walsh, kindly assisted, hearing confessions from early morning to late at night. The decorations of the grand altar, upon which was enthroned the Most Adorable Sacrament, surpassed anything before seen in this beautiful church of the loveliest of Canadian towns.—COM.

THE SKYE CROFTERS.

DEAR SIR,—Shoulder to shoulder still should be the war cry of Highlanders, and on every occasion when they stood so, either in their own defence or in the defence of their Queen and country, the foe of whatever nationality found in them a power hard to resist. The only foe known so far to conquer the Highlanders are the Highland landlords and these sneaking foes, not by fair play but by craft and intrigue, seem to be in a fair way of not only conquering but, to all appearance, exterminating them. It would take up too much of your valuable space were I to relate a tithe of the rascality of Highland landlords against the Crofter population, of which I have a personal knowledge. Of the Highland landlords' tyranny there are hundreds in this Dominion to-day who need not to be told anything about it; knowing from personal experience what eviction and oppression means; and hundreds who can remember the day when they were driven from their native glens—the home and inheritance of their forefathers—by heartless usurpers. Many, I have no doubt, who read scraps in the newspapers about the Crofter agitation, will naturally come to the conclusion that they are a lot of lawless people and unworthy of good people's sympathy. My object in writing this letter is, 1st to remove this unjust impression; and, 2nd to try if possible to get people's sympathy worked into cents and dollars to help these poor Crofters to obtain justice, for without this kind of assistance their cause is lost and they are doomed to a life of poverty and oppression to a greater extent than ever.

I have lived in the Isle of Skye for nearly 20 years, and having visited the Island several times since, I speak from personal experience, and boldly say that as a class there cannot be found a more moral, God-fearing and law-abiding people on the face of the earth. Part proof of this is in the fact that in a population of from nineteen to twenty-one thousand, not one murder was committed for 400 years on the island. And during my own recollection of the place, getting on for 50 years, I can say without fear of contradiction, that serious crimes were almost unknown there. And this character is not only applicable to the Crofters of Skye, but to the whole Crofter population of Scotland, and all this I attribute to their implicit faith in the Christian doctrine—the Bible is still taught in the schools there—they did not reach that refined pitch of civilization that takes the Bible out of the hands of the young by banishing it from the public-schools. These people were always loyal as well as virtuous, the one follows the other. These are the people who were offered £30,000 for Prince Charlie's head, dead or alive, and though poor their loyalty resisted that vast sum.

English bribes were a' in vain,
Tho' poor and poorer we maun be,
Siller cana' buy the heart,
That beats aye for thine and thee.

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
We watched thee in the morning gray,
Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gae
Oh, there is nane that would betray.

Did our good Queen ever doubt the loyalty of a Highlander? No, never! And never will.

Now these people are demanding justice and justice only, and without money to fight the battle it is well understood they will never get it. Is it not the duty of every Highlander and every man and woman with a drop of Highland blood in their veins to give their mite. Ten cents each would do it, if all would give. We give to Mission funds blindly, why not give where we know it is so much needed to free our kindred from slavery.

The English Government gave millions to free slaves abroad, but refuse to free slaves on their own soil. Charity surely does not always begin at home.

I trust Caledonian Societies and St. Andrew's Societies will take up this matter. Thousands, I am sure, are ready to give their mite.

"SCOTS WHA HAE."

Against the landlord's greed for gain,
The Crofter strives, but strives in vain,
Oh, hear ye not his sad refrain,
Groans neath tyranny.

The Crofter's cause we know is right,
With purse and pen then let us fight,
If Highlanders but give their mite,
He shall—he shall be free.

Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
For kindred and for native land,
Uphold the Crofter's just demand,
He asks but equity.

Yours, respectfully,
ARCHIBALD MAGFIE,
Chatham, Ont.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Pilot.

The glorious tidings are cabled from London that His Royal Highness, Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, who attains his majority next January, and is otherwise famous as being the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, intends to visit the United States and Canada next summer, if—but His Highness's name has made this sentence pretty long, and we will take a fresh start. "If the House of Commons will grant him $50,000 a year, as his grandmother has requested. The House of Commons will be pretty mean if it don't. Why, the President of the United States, who is nobody's grandson, gets that for just managing the affairs of 50,000,000 of people. But the low-bred English Radicals object to the allowance on the ground that Albert-Victor-Christian-etc. doesn't do anything to earn it. It would be a neat and gracious thing for Mr. Cyrus Field and a few other wealthy Anglo-Americans to put their hands into their pockets and pay it themselves. Or Mr. Barnum, we are sure, would gladly pay thrice the sum if the young sprig of royalty would exhibit himself in the greatest show on earth. Albert need not put off his trip for lack of money, for though we are not very prompt about subscribing to the Bartholdi pedestal fund, it would be different if a really noble object called for contributions.

Buffalo Union.

We read that it is the intention of the Nationalists to impeach Earl Spencer, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, for conspiracy to murder. And that the Irish party is determined to force a public enquiry into Spencer's crimes. Success to the Irish party! Carry the war into Africa. The Celtic heart and hand all over the globe will be with them. Yet, let the people of Ireland depend upon themselves as if America never existed, pondering on Byron's couplet:

Hereditary bondsmen know you not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!

Talmage dosen't think much of evolution. He says: "It is an old heathen corpse up in the morgue, and Darwin and Spencer have been trying to galvanize it." He further declared that "if a pair of apes had a man for their descendant, why should not all apes have that honor?" Talmage says that according to evolutionists "a man is a bankrupt monkey." Should Bro. Talmage continue to tread this path of darkness, he'll surely be excommunicated by the scientific brethren of the "Sweetness and Light" persuasion.

Ave Maria.

From the letter of an esteemed correspondent in Paris we take the following: "I forget if I told you some time ago about a witch who was believed in by this Government that is too enlightened to believe in Almighty God. A certain Madame Cailhava, a harmless enough old lunatic, had a magic wand, by which she said she could find out where treasures were hidden. She had ascertained, either through her wand or some other witchcraft, that there was a quantity of treasure under the crypt of the Cathedral of St. Denis (where the kings of France used to be buried), and she went to the Ministers and asked permission to go and find out this treasure, which would of course belong to the Government, she to get a certain small share in it. You will hardly credit it, but the Ministers who govern this great country believed the old dame, and gave her an official authorization to go and strike about in the crypt with her wand, placing men at her disposal for the carrying out of the wand's indications. When the story eked out, the public set up such a roar of laughter at the Ministers that they were obliged to call away the old woman, and hush up the affair. The ridicule of it went near upsetting the Cabinet. Madame Cailhava wrote to the newspapers, and many took up her grievance, chiefly, we may presume, out of spite to the Government, and it was the joke of the whole country for a long time. The poor, deluded old creature died not long ago, in her miserable lodging at Bellevue, bewailing to the last the treachery of the Ministers, who had broken their word to her, and robbed France and her of all the gold and silver which she would have found if they had let her. Nobody knows what has become of the magic wand."

Milwaukee Citizen.

There is one sovereign remedy for trouble of mind. It is work. Brooding over trouble is like surrounding one's self with a fog. Occupation of the mind prevents this; hard work, manual work even, gives the mind other matters of concern, tires the body so sleep will come. The ideal existence combines a little mental exercise with all manual work.

Fanatical social leaders quite frequently fail to practice what they preach. Dr. Ludwig Bamberger, a revolutionist of '48, says that the originators of German Socialism—Lasalle and his eulogist, Herwegh—were luxurious men of the world, for whose desires the voluptuous apparatus of modern cities alone sufficed. They won notoriety and popular acclaim, and that was their chief end.

Here is a powerful sermon, whose text is "fact:" The clerk of the circuit court of Edwards County, Ill., writes: "There has not been a licensed saloon in this county for over twenty-five years. During that time our jail has not averaged one occupant; we have but few paupers in our poor-house, sometimes only three or four. Our taxes are thirty-two per cent. lower than they are in adjoining counties where saloons are licensed. Our people are prosperous, peaceable and sober." For such boons would not every moderate drinker be willing to forego his luxury?

London Universe.

Sir William Harcourt admits that he has no right to hinder impostors from lecturing, consequently the prophet Widdows, formerly of a Canadian jail, is at full liberty to rant and roar and lie and leer and foam at the mouth against Catholics and the Holy Father when and where he wishes. He may curse God and spit on the crucifix, we suppose, but he must take care how he speaks of the Queen and the police officers. The best plan to pursue with this mendacious and sublimely audacious mountebank is to let him severely alone. To attack him is only playing into his hands. That makes him a sort of twopenny-halfpenny martyr, the pet of the old women of both sexes who have more money than brains. Widdows, you wag, we know you and can penetrate through your little game without Sam Weller's "double million gas microscope." Widdows, you are a pattern of morality and a perfect gentleman—after a fashion.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

The grand nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte delivered the laymen's address of welcome to the prelates at Baltimore. Among other things he said: "We live in an age of condoned dishonor, of prosperous fraud, when brazen guilt need fear no reproach, if only it has paid. There is something of the true Napoleonic cynicism in this.

"Five Catholic prelates speaking at a temperance meeting in Baltimore this week (says the Boston Republic) must convince even Bigot Burchard that there was not a particle of truth in that fatal alliterative sentence he used in the presence of Mr. Blaine." Bigot Burchard is like the Bourbons. He learns nothing and forgets nothing.

A writer in the N. Y. Churchman, a leading Episcopal journal, says: "As my church decoration has progressed so the attendance upon services has increased. And the more the Puritan old women have turned up their dear eyes in holy horror, exclaiming: "Awful! Shocking! Popery!" the more the young folks say: "We don't see it." 'Twere well if the young folks would fail to see the truth of many other statements of the "old women," male and female, who talk about "Popery."

Bishop Ireland Concludes His Sermon Before the Council at Baltimore as Follows.

"Republic of America, receive from me the tribute of my love and of my loyalty. I am proud to do thee homage, and I pray from my heart to the God of nations that thy glory may never be dimmed—*Esto Perpetua!* Thou bearest in thy hands the brightest hopes of the human race. God's mission to thee is to show to nations that man is capable of the highest liberty. Oh! be ever free and prosperous that liberty may triumph over the earth from the rising to the setting sun. *Esto perpetua*—but forget not that religion and morality can alone give life to liberty, and preserve to it a never-fading youth. Believe me thy surest hope is from the Church, which false friends would have thee fear. Believe me, no hearts love thee more ardently than Catholic hearts, no tongues speak more loudly thy praises than Catholic tongues, and no hands will be lifted up stronger and more willing to defend thy laws and institutions, in peace and in war, than Catholic hands. *Esto perpetua!*"

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

We have on hand at the CATHOLIC RECORD Office a splendid and varied collection of Christmas cards. Our cards are Catholic in design and signification, such as should be used by Catholics, instead of the meaningless pasteboards so much in vogue for the conveyance of Christmas wishes. Our cards are sold at various prices, but all are of neatest design. We guarantee making a suitable collection to parties forwarding us any specified sum, and indicating the quantity of cards they require. Address Thomas Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont.

CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC.

The numerous orders we daily receive for the Catholic Family Almanac attests its popularity and excellence. We urge on those of our patrons and friends who have not yet sent their orders to do so at once before our supply is exhausted.