

"Until the Day Break."

O woman, say, is our beloved sleeping
Where the day darkness and the lights
grow pale?
Throughout the land there is a sound of
weeping.
Behold, the hands of the sad watchers fall.
O woman, answer, is our mother dying?
The lips we loved so, are they closed and
white?
Must we behold our hearts' desire lying
Fast bound in shadows of eternal night?

O children, her best sons from her are taken,
Her hands with many chains are vilely
bound.
In the long night of death she lies forsaken,
Denied, disowned, dishonored, and dis-
crowned.
O children, let her slumber if you love her—
Her hands are wounded, and her veil is
torn!
Can tears efface her shame, or kisses cover
The brand of bondage her pale brows have
borne?

Her fate lies written low in dust and ashes
Of old fires that rose and died and died—
Would ye rewrite it where the cold steel
flashes,
In bloodstained letters on the bare hillside?
O children, see her feet are bruised and bleed-
ing—
The road was all too stony, and she fell;
She cannot bear the passion of your plead-
ing—
Behold she sleepeth. Surely she doth well!

Nay, ye sad watchers round our mother wak-
ing—
Draw back the covering from her still white
face!
Lo! the rose light of the far dawn is making
A pallid twilight round her resting place.
Nay, she shall wake, though iron links may
fetter
And deepen the dark scars with sharper
pain.
Through doubt and anguish, we, her sons,
shall set her
Enthroned and crowned in our fair land
again.

Yet, O our mother, when in far off ages,
Thy younger children stand disburthened,
free,
Remember them who toiled for bitter wages—
Remember the worn hands that wrought
for thee.
Tell them, O mother, how thy dead sons
sought thee
In the long bondage of the bygone years;
Tell them, O mother, how thy dead sons
brought thee
The only offering that was left them—tears,
October, 1881.

LONDON POST OFFICE.

Complaints have frequently been made that the affairs of the London Post Office were not in a satisfactory condition. We are personally acquainted with all the gentlemen employed in this department of the civil service, in this city, and we hesitate not to say that a more respectable and reliable class of men are not to be found in London. The Postmaster, Mr. Dawson, and his deputy, Mr. Sharman, are gentlemen in whom the public have implicit confidence. They perform their duties in the most satisfactory manner, and are at all times gentlemanly and obliging. The difficulty lies in the fact that there is not sufficient men to perform the work of the office. About five months ago an old and very efficient member of the staff, Mr. John McLaughlin, registered letter clerk, died. At the same time a number of the old hands were superannuated, and little or no provision made to fill the vacancies. The staff, one after the other, became incapacitated, from overwork, and hence the unsatisfactory condition of the office. Efforts have been made both in London and in Ottawa to have the office placed in good working order, but it seems very much like as though some subordinate between the two cities was continually throwing obstructions in the way for purposes of his own. The simple fact of the case is this: there is not enough hands, and more must be appointed. The statement made by a cotemporary that intemperance was one cause of the trouble, is entirely uncalled for. The man who penned the statement cannot be personally acquainted with the staff. Some of the men who are on the sick list have not tasted drink for years, and none have absented themselves from duty through intemperance.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

Contrary to the expectations of many, Gambetta has assumed the responsibilities of office. The names of his ministers have been announced only to be received with very emphatic disapproval in France, and open contempt everywhere. The new administration contains no man of prominence, if we except Gambetta himself and Mr. Paul Bert, who, by the way, holds the post of Minister of Public Instruction and Worship! Their prominence has been acquired and retained by means too well-known to our readers to need rehearsal. Of the other ministers, we feel assured that their selection was made, if not solely, at all events, principally, on account of their subservience to Gambetta. They are, as their course in the direction of public affairs will no doubt prove, mere creatures of the dictator. We can well understand the hesitancy of Gambetta in assuming office. He aimed at the Presidency of the re-

public, but by tergiversation made so many enemies in the ranks of the republican party itself, that he could not control sufficient support to procure his elevation to that post. The late elections taught him a lesson he has evidently taken to heart. His virtual defeat in the socialistic suburb of Belleville made it plain even to himself that he was not omnipotent in the republic. Republican as he professes himself to be, Gambetta never lost an opportunity to embarrass the republican administration of the day. Unwilling to take office—he would permit none of his own party who assumed its responsibilities to hold it in peace. After the late elections he shirked as long as he possibly could the course which honesty and candor pointed out—the formation of a ministry of his own. He has been, however, at length forced to this action and formed an administration which will certainly bring him to grief, if not political ruin. We do not yet know what policy the new government purposes to follow. If it take up the question of the *scrutin de liste*, and that of separation of church and state, its hands will be well filled. In a few weeks, at the farthest, the public will be in a better position to judge of the Gambetta Ministry. We look for no brilliant success or statesman-like achievement from an administration so devoid of every quality of executive prestige and ability.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

We direct earnest attention to an article on our fifth page, bearing the title of "Rome as the capital of Italy." In this number we publish the first, and in our next issue we will give the second part of this able paper taken from the Tablet. Catholics cannot too well understand the irrefragable grounds upon which the Papal claims for temporal independence rest. At no time since the spoliation of September, 1870, has the subject attracted more deep or serious attention. Our readers who give study to the article in question, will be amply repaid by a thorough, honest and Catholic view of a topic which there is none now more engrossing.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Rev. Father Patrick, a Capuchin monk, who was expelled from his convent in Paris, has asked and obtained permission to serve as chaplain to the French armed expedition to Tunis. The Rev. Father Honore, also a Capuchin, who was expelled from his convent at Angers, obtained a like permission.

This is the Monks' Revenge!

SAYS LA VERITE, of Quebec—"When shall we have a Canadian Governor-General? We protect our manufacturers; why do we not also protect our Statesmen? Why should we go to England for our Governors when we can produce as good material in Canada?" Certainly it is not the material that is wanting.

SAYS Le Journal de Quebec, the organ of a particular minister in the Quebec Government: "The Dominion Government have now an opportunity of rendering justice to our element in the Division of Alma, and we should regret to see them lose it. The population of that division is two-thirds French Canadians. It seems to us that this numerical superiority should remove all rivalry, and prevent any protest inspired by an unreasonable jealousy." Good and well—but let an Irish Catholic use such an argument and the whole vocabulary of both French and English press can scarce supply words strong enough to point out his unreasonableness.

JOHN WALTER, M. P., and proprietor of the London Times, has made a tour of the States. Canada was too unimportant a place to be taken notice of by this great man. He advises Englishmen wishing to emigrate to settle in the American union. We are sorry for this. We would like to see as many Englishmen as possible come to Canada, if for no other purpose than to show them what a beautiful and happy country we have, and all its affairs managed, too, by ourselves, without the slightest inspiration from Downing street. But, second thought, we trust Englishmen of the stamp of John Walter, M. P., will, if they purpose emigrating, go to—anywhere but Canada.

THE English correspondent of the Toronto Mail suggests that a number of English titles be distributed among Canadians, a suggestion which serves to prove that this gentleman is but very slightly acquainted with the people whom he desires to be thus honored. Royal taffy has no value in Canada. The climate or something else serves to throw cold water on every attempt made to introduce it. The feather-heads who worship royalty and hunger for royal distinctions are so few and so insignificant that they are not worthy even a passing notice.

THE Toronto Mail says: "It is no part of the business of Great Britain to look specially after the affairs of Ashantee, but if the king of that country has actually had two hundred young girls killed for the sake of obtaining a supply of human blood to increase the efficacy of the mortar used in building up the State house, he needs a few lessons in practical housebuilding that would end the practice of sacrificing human life very speedily. The dark places of the earth are full of cruelty." So far so good. But did it not strike the writer in the Mail that there were other "dark places full of cruelty" than Ashantee, and much nearer home? How about the—hundreds of thousands of lives which have been sacrificed in the "building up" of that system of "landlordism" in Ireland, which the Mail, day after day, and week after week, praises and defends? But the end is, thank Heaven, close at hand.

HAMILTON LETTER.

What to Read and Where to get it—Boys' Socialities—Night Schools—Why they should be attended—A Useful Invention—Union is Strength—The City Sewers—"Wait for the Wagon"—Dear Fuel and Cheap Ice—Mechanics' Institute—Miscellaneous.

GOOD READING. In this lukewarm age, and in a heterogeneous country like ours, one reason why so many young persons grow up without sufficient interest in their social and religious condition is their indifference to good reading. Many never read at all, others read matter which would be better left unread. To both classes the remedy is sound, healthy literature. In our Catholic library there are books suited to every proper taste and capacity. Persons unaccustomed to reading will find subjects that require but a slight effort for their perusal, and a taste once acquired, will gather strength by regular exercise. The same may be said for those who have become habituated to sensational literature. By sacrificing a little of their morbid desire for excitement they will find in a short time that a good moral tale will afford sufficient interest, and at the same time leave a better impression on the mind. Thence they may proceed by successive stages that lead to more valuable works. Regularity and steadiness in such a course will make reading a pleasure, will develop the understanding, exercise the memory, and enable a person to speak intelligently on a variety of subjects, and strengthen his faith and morals against the numerous dangers with which the world surrounds him.

BOYS' SOCIALITIES. The socialities for boys have been regularly organized. Meetings are now held on Sunday afternoons, and are so far well attended. The benefits to be derived from these societies are of the highest order, and will operate largely on the future welfare of these young people, if they attend to the duties required of them during their present membership. The clerical men having the socialities in charge are doing all they can to make them successful, and parents and guardians will no doubt fully second their effort. The work in connection with the socialities is not only morally beneficial but also attractive and interesting.

NIGHT SCHOOLS. The St. Vincent de Paul Society, of this city, have re-opened their night schools for the coming season—one at St. Patrick's school, Hunter street, and the other at St. Mary's, Park street. Young men and boys are earnestly advised to profit by the opportunity thus afforded. Experience in the workshop has no doubt shown the value of learning. Perhaps they have found the want of it a hindrance to their advancement in position, or to the improvement of their knowledge of the business in which they are employed. If so, it should take but little to persuade them into application to study under the guidance of the able teachers whom the society has engaged. They would derive a benefit in more than one way from such a use of the winter evenings. It would help towards freeing them from the dangers of idleness, and be a means of acquiring a store of learning that will enable them to obtain good situations and good wages.

NOVEL INVENTION. A most useful and altogether wonderful invention has recently been introduced into one department of the rolling mill in this city. It is called the "Hydro-Carbon Burner" and is used in connection with a blast furnace; and for that purpose possesses a power many times greater and more effective than any means hitherto in practice. Its simplicity makes it astonishing. A stream of oil from a common tank unites with steam from an engine boiler, in a small chest curiously contrived, and regulated by a tap. The union produces a powerful carbonic gas, which is injected into one end of the furnace with great force, and igniting at the very entrance, throws a tremendous blast of heat to all parts of the cavity. The metal within can be heated to any degree desired not only at the extremities but equally throughout its whole contents while a barrowful of coal will supply the purposes of ignition for a whole day. Mr.

H. A. Bradley, of New York, is the inventor and proprietor of this patent contrivance, and is at present a resident in this city.

THE CITY SEWERS.

Complaints are loud and numerous among the citizens with regard to the tardy way in which the work on the sewers is being prosecuted. They are all in the hands of a contractor who has not been limited to time, and so the work of construction drags its slow length along. As it happens, they are along some of the principal thoroughfares and these being in consequence rendered impassable, great hindrance to the free transaction of business is thereby caused. Another cause of aggravation is a difficulty raised by the contractor, who says he has met with obstructions which he did not foresee when the contract was made. He has struck upon a rock which he estimates to be two thousand feet long and from three to eight thick. This he says will entail on him a great additional expense, which he thinks the city ought to stand, otherwise he will have to throw up the contract.

COUNTY CITY MATTERS. The County Council proposes that the city shall join them in buying up the county roads, 65 miles in length, and worth \$146,000.

The pumping power at the Beach is said to be tending towards inefficiency, and people are anxiously asking if anything will be done soon to put the machinery in proper condition.

Wood is scarce and prices are rising. Bad roads and heavy freight business done by the railways prevent a large supply from being conveyed into town. With coal \$6.50 a ton and wood \$6.00 a cord, many persons are already groaning for the balmy days of spring.

Some Hamilton druggists deny that there is any collusion between them and the physicians in the matter of making up prescriptions. So says a Spectator reporter, who held an "interview" with them.

The time for holding the municipal elections is fast approaching, and there is the usual speculation as to "fit and proper" candidates. There will certainly be a contest for the mayoralty, but it is expected that in some of the wards aldermanic candidates will be elected by acclamation.

Examination day falls this year on the 26th of December. Saturday last was another business killer. This makes seven successive Saturdays on which the nature of the weather left retailers with long faces and slim purses.

Ice ought to be cheap next Summer. It is said that some dealers have large quantities of last season's ice still on hand, and if the coming winter be only averagely favorable for the business the market will be full in the spring.

MISCELLANEOUS. The charges against the chief of police have been declared insufficient, and that officer has been duly acquitted.

The jail van that set in on Saturday night hardened the roads somewhat, and temporarily turned public attention from muddy streets to coal bins, wood boxes and stoves.

A by-law will be submitted to the citizens at the coming municipal elections to grant a sum of money to help the Mechanics' Institute library over its present financial difficulties.

The Times slightly hints to young people against flocking into the teaching profession. The supply is greater than the demand, and wages suffer in consequence.

The same paper, alluding to the location of the Lord Court in Merion Square, Dublin, says it was the presumed birthplace of Wellington. It might be mentioned that Daniel O'Connell once resided in the same locality.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL. A Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, on Tuesday morning, for the repose of the soul of the Most Reverend John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam.

The net proceeds of the recent Bazaar amount in all to the handsome sum of \$6,000. The earnings of the St. Patrick's tables being \$2,700 and of the St. Mary's \$3,300.

CLANCAHILL.

OTTAWA LETTER.

The appointment of the Rev. M. J. Whelan as Parish Priest of St. Patrick's Church in this city has been followed by that of the Rev. Thomas Cole as assistant pastor. Father Whelan, as Administrator, conducted the affairs of the parish for some months before his formal appointment as pastor. His zeal and success during that period led all those over whom he is now placed to earnestly desire his permanent appointment and to feel the utmost satisfaction over it.

The bazaar in aid of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum was brought to a close on last Thursday, having been open for over two weeks. The display of fancy and other articles on the tables was, perhaps, even superior to that of many former years, and although the proceeds will not reach the figures of some past occasions, a handsome sum will be realized—about sixteen hundred dollars.

The various charitable societies whose ministrations are in behalf of the poor and needy will be felt during the coming winter have fully entered on their work for the season. The different conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and the several societies, will have many calls upon them, but, as in the past, they will be found equal to the task.

Among the later societies, that of the Children of Mary in connection with the Convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame, Gloucester St., occupies a prominent place, as it draws its members from all the families of the city, so the poor in all sections are reached by its beneficence. It is wonderful the amount of clothing distributed during a winter by this society, nearly one thousand different articles.

The Congregation, Ottawa. The following were the pieces sung: Ave Verum (Millard), by Miss Leduc; Salve Regina (Meraclante), by Miss Amund; Tantum Ergo (Berge), solo by Madame Christin, with chorus. The organ solos and accompaniments were played by Miss Feron, with that touch and finish, that true sympathy with and living appreciation of all that is beautiful and glorious in the harmony of sweet sounds, for which Miss Feron is so well known in Ottawa. She is soon to take up her residence in Strathroy, and will be an acquisition to musical circles in that thriving town.

The convent and separate schools of the city are working with very large attendance, and with daily increasing efficiency. Ottawa, 14 Nov., 1881. St. CLAIR.

THE JUBILEE IN WINGHAM.

The devotions of the Jubilee took place here on Sunday and Monday. Father O'Connor, our worthy pastor, was ably assisted by Father Lamont, of Irishtown. On Sunday there were two masses said; at last mass Father Lamont delivered a most eloquent sermon on confession. During the morning and afternoon, confessions were heard. On Monday there were two masses, with a sermon on the Jubilee delivered in the Gaelic language by Father Lamont. The rev. gentleman is evidently at home in this ancient and beautiful language, and it was a great treat to those who understood it. A large number availed themselves of this opportunity to approach the sacraments, and it must be a source of much pleasure and satisfaction to Father O'Connor, to notice that although the people of Wingham parish do not receive the ministrations of the church very often, their piety and love for the faith of their fathers is as firm as ever, and they look anxiously forward to the time when they will be blessed by a priest residing in their midst, or at least when it will be more convenient to have mass somewhat oftener than at present.

Wingham, Nov. 15th, 1881.

TRIDUUM AT NORWICH.

On Sunday, the 13th instant, the jubilee mission of Norwich in the County of Oxford was begun and closed on the following Wednesday morning. Rev. John Carlin, the pastor, was assisted by Rev. Fathers Flannery and McKeon. Father Flannery preached on Monday evening, and Tuesday morning, and Father McKeon preached on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday morning Father Carlin delivered the closing sermon, which was on perseverance.

Many of the parishioners had to travel as many as eight miles in order to attend the mission; yet they were at the Church long before seven o'clock in the morning. Over 200 persons received Holy Communion on Wednesday and about 100 were enrolled in the scapular of Mount Carmel.

The church of this mission is about six miles from the town of Norwich. As there is quite a respectable number of Catholics in this town, which is improving rapidly, it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when our beloved Bishop will consecrate a neat brick Church there.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP McHALE.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a special meeting of the St. Patrick's Literary Institute of Quebec held last evening, and at which there was an unusually large attendance, it was, after a few sympathetic remarks in which he confessed his utter incapability to do justice to the motion—

Moved by Mr. Mathew F. Walsh, seconded by Mr. John Lane, and resolved unanimously,—"That we, the members of the St. Patrick's Literary Institute of Quebec, avail ourselves of this our first meeting since the sorrowful day on which it pleased Almighty God to call to the crown of the good and faithful servant, the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, to join our voices with those of the millions of Irish people all over the world in lamenting the great loss which has befallen the Irish Nation, on the death of 'The Lion of the Fold of Judah.'"

Moved by Hon. John Hearn, M. L. C., seconded by Mr. John Gidlin, J. P., and resolved unanimously,—"That during an eminently distinguished public career of nearly three score years and ten, as Priest and as Prelate, the Great Archbishop of the West, as well during the expiring days of penal disabilities during the comparatively freer times of a later date, ever proved himself the staunch defender of Religion and Nationality in his own dear land and the uncompromising enemy of tyranny and oppression everywhere."

Hon. Mr. Hearn in proposing the motion said that his first idea was to follow the example of the mover of the first resolution and let his motion speak for itself. Ireland boasted of many men, the peers in every respect of the men of other nations, which cut a larger figure on the map of the world and which stood more prominently forward among the nations; but seldom did she possess and seldom did she deplore the equal of "the great Archbishop of the West," whose less they, in common with millions of their race all over the world, were called upon to lament at the present moment. This feeling of regret would, he felt assured, find a response in not alone the hearts of those present, but in the heart of every man of right feeling.

Moved by T. J. Walsh, seconded by John Kiley, that the present resolutions be published in the city papers and that a certified copy of the same, under the seal of the Institute, be transmitted to the family of the illustrious deceased.

The reading and passing of the resolutions, as well as the remarks of the speakers, were characterized by a subdued enthusiasm which plainly showed that they had given voice to the feeling of sadness which filled the hearts of all.—Quebec Chronicle, 15th inst.

Father Stafford.

The second part of Father Stafford's interesting account of his European trip reached us too late for this week's Record. It will appear next week.

OUR DEAD.

The Deliverance of A Soul.

Father Faber.

Make a composition of place—flames sobbing on the shore of purgatory, like the chafing of the tide upon the rocks—awful dreary light of the far stretching land of fire—angels white as falling snow when the sun shines on it, winging their way about—in all that land no sin, nothing but heroic virtues and beautiful tranquillity.

I. Of the souls who are in that land the night, some have been long there; some have forgotten them though ingratitude or worldliness, or false thoughts of their goodness, or low views of the exceeding holiness of God. Some are just arrived there, with all yet to go through. Some are just ready to come out.

All know that they are saved all know when their punishment will end, but oh! wearying, lagging lapse of time, which seems so long.

II. But we will take one soul; he was poor, had difficulties in keeping the faith, fought for fifty years with this hard hearted city, alas! not without sin—but had faith, sacraments, perhaps attendance at church, great devotion to mass; any how he is going to purgatory—his hour is at hand; it is depending on prayers, on the prayers of some of us, on the ending of this octave, on the procession of this night. Oh, how he yearns to see God!

III. A growing light—a sweetness—one comes whom all see beautiful exceedingly, more radiant than a thousand suns—loveliness gleaming from him like a divine vision—his presence seems to shed light and fragrance on every soul—he descends to the level outside of the fire, embraces—he the beautiful one—that pining soul, lifts it out of its bed of suffering—it grows beautiful in his embrace—he leaves purgatory; we see nothing, but through the still and gloom of night, St. Michael and the soul rise and rise with exceeding swiftness—come within sound of the harps of Heaven—and enter there. St. Peter welcomes his child—St. Michael takes him through astonished ranks of saints and angels to our Lady's throne and leaves him there—he has done her bidding—she is the queen of that dear soul—she rises from her throne, presents the soul to Jesus—and He to the Eternal Father. O happy soul—it would be bewildered were it not immortal—the music of Heaven sounds louder, and the choir of the angels was stronger while the new saint is set upon his throne, and crowned by God with the crown which he won in the dark streets and dull traffic of the city, but which his Heavenly Father had prepared for him before the world began. O happy, happy soul, happy beyond all words, happy now for evermore. Thou wilt think of us to-night, and thy thoughts of us will be blessings and graces in the morning. We too love Jesus, we too prize our faith, we too will fight our fight—and then our turn will come at last, our entry into Heaven, our marvellous coronation, our sight of our Ever-blessed God, the beginning, oh! who can think of it without trembling with nervous delight! the beginning of our beautiful eternity.

A STRANGE TRADITION.

The Semole Indians have a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say when the Great Spirit made the earth he also created three men, all of whom were fair-complexioned. He then led them to a small lake and bade them jump in. One immediately obeyed the command, and came out purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a while, by which time the water became muddled, and when he came up he was copper colored; the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and he came out with that color. After this the Great Spirit laid before them three sealed packages, and gave the black man the first choice, so that he might have a chance to amend his former misfortune. He closely examined each package, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest in preference to the rest, believing it to be the best and most valuable. The copper-colored man chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first contained spades, hoes, and other implements of labor; and the second unfolded fishing tackle, and hunting and warlike weapons; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper—the means of mental improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. H. Tambling slipped from the roof of a building in rear of Hawthorn's hotel on Friday last, and sustained injuries of a very serious nature.

On and after first December next, the Mail train on the London, Huron & Bruce Railway will leave London in the morning and Wingham in the afternoon.

Enquiries have been made of the Chief of Police here for Mary Gauld, from Essex. It appears her son John Gauld was killed recently in Detroit, and that his insurance policy was made in favor of his mother Mary, who is supposed to live in this city or vicinity.

Mr. Daniel Collin's ice house at St. Thomas was blown down during a recent gale.

An eight-year-old son of Mr. Wm. F. Graham, residing on Colborne street, was going to school on Wednesday last, and while crossing the G. W. R. the Atlantic express came along and he stepped back, not noticing the shunting engine approaching from the opposite direction. The unfortunate lad was struck by the engine and instantly killed.

Rev. C. Barker, Baptist minister of London East, died suddenly of heart disease on Monday morning.

Owing to slight indisposition the Rev. Father McGrath, of Bothwell, has been granted a few months leave of absence. He goes to Scotland.

Mould things aright while the day lasts, for when night cometh on they will harden into permanent form; and how can one sleep peacefully if that form be ugly?