

THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD.

ELOQUENT SERMON

VERY REV. T. N. BURKE, O.P.

[From the Dublin Freeman of January 26.]

Recently Father Thomas Burke preached the annual charity sermon in aid of the schools in North Anne street and the Presentation Female Orphanage, George's Hill, in St. Michan's Parochial Church, North Anne street. There was a large congregation present. At the end of the first Gospel the reverend preacher ascended the pulpit. He said:—The Gospel of this Sunday, the Feast of the Epiphany, is taken from the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew—"When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea, in the days of King Herod, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and we have come to adore him.' And Herod, hearing this, was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And assembling together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where Christ should be born. But they said to him, 'In Bethlehem of Judaea, for so it is written by the prophet, "And thou Bethlehem of Judaea, art not the least among the princes of Judaea, for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule my people Israel." Then Herod, privately calling the wise men, learned diligently of them the time of the star which appeared to them, and sent them into Bethlehem, said, 'Go and diligently inquire after the Child, and when you have found Him, bring me word again, that I also may come and adore Him, who, having heard the king, went their way; and behold that star which they had seen in the East, went before them until it came and stood over where the Child was, and seeing the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house, they found the Child with Mary, His mother, and, falling down, they adored Him, and offering their treasures they offered Him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And having received an answer in sleep, that they should not return to Herod, they went back another way into their own country.' Dearly beloved, the Jewish people had a tradition among themselves that when the Messiah came He would come only to save the Jewish race; that all the other nations, and peoples, and races of mankind were to be left in the darkness of idolatry and in the miseries of their sins—without light—without grace—without life, as they were in the olden time. But the Jewish Scribes and Pharisees were greatly mistaken when they thought to circumscribe the Almighty God—God, who commands the heavens to stand forth, and who sent the miraculous star into the heavens to call from the East the Gentiles, the wise men, to offer Him their gifts, to pour out their precious treasures. The views of the narrow-minded Jews were disappointed, the hopes of the proud and censorious were shattered. He who was to come was the God of all men, the creator of all men, and He came to be the redeemer of all mankind, and to shed His blood for all, and not for one race of people. On this great feast of the Epiphany, we who are not of the Jewish race, but are the descendants of the Gentiles, celebrate our calling from out of the darkness, the miseries and sins of the Gentiles, into the admirable light and fullness of the grace of the incarnated God—for what Abraham was to the Jews the Oriental kings are to us. Abraham was the father of the Jewish people, and our fathers in the faith were these Gentiles, who were first called to the feet of Jesus Christ. They are our fathers in knowledge, they are our fathers in the light, and they are our fathers in grace. We have but followed them. I come to ask you to look at them, to contemplate them, and to see what their action was, and, like the children of true parents, to imitate them in your action to-day. The magi were learned men, great in their knowledge of all human science, far and away beyond their fellow men in their knowledge of all that the human intellect can attain. They were men who spent day after day night after night, studying the stars in the heavens watching them, not as poor ignorant men would look upon them with wonder—oh, no—watching them with scientific eyes, making observations on every particular star, comparing them year with year, reading the magnificence of God and His eternal creation. For truly to them the heavens proclaimed the wisdom and glory of God and all those who spoke His name. While engaged in this study, observing these stars steadily, reading the glory of God, suddenly at midnight hour a star appeared among the other stars, but it shone brighter than any other. This star they never beheld before—a star that the scientific mind cannot account for. It came across their vision in contradiction to all the laws that had studied and formed their judgments on. The star that came was evidently created for some miraculous purpose. That silent star spoke to their scientific minds, because they were instructed to investigate its miraculous appearance, and to read its meaning, and in the midst of its brightness they recognized the new Jesus Christ. They rose upon the spot; they left their Oriental homes; they left all the joys of their lives—abandoned them; left their families and friends, and hastily gathering a few precious objects together, they set out on their journey, and as that star journeyed through the heavens, they followed it step by step, and when they rose in the morning, and after the other stars had given away to the rays of the great day-god, the sun, this star alone still continued faintly to burn before them, and day and night they followed on the star that was leading them into the presence of their God. Oh, how simple and strange was their faith! How great was their devoutness and firmness of purpose. The star leads its way over far deserts and through sandy plains. They laboriously followed and mounted over rugged mountains, and they spent all their strength in climbing through steep ascents, over deep and broad rivers, and with barely their lives still followed on. The star went its course until it rested over the little city of Bethlehem, in Judaea, until it seemed to stoop from the heavens, until it seemed to be lowered as if by God, who, Himself, was letting it down as if it were a lamp. The wise men, the men of royal blood, the men surrounded at all times with the wealth of this world, knew they had come to where God was to be found. Where was the king to whom they had come to offer their precious gifts? Where was the Royal Palace that housed Him? Where was the Royal Mother that bore Him like the beautiful Queen Esther of old? Where were all these? Nothing found but a miserable stable, an infant child but a few days born, and scantily clothed, because His mother was sorely poor; His bed a manger, where the beasts took their provender. His attendants none but St. Joseph, who was there kneeling and contemplating the Virgin. How sadly must the magi have been disappointed! If they were men of prompt rise up in this world, they had deceived us. There is no king here; no majesty here; no God for us to adore, and they would have turned upon their heels and gone. But did they do this? Oh, no. The same strong faith was in their hearts and minds. They recognized in the little poor, half-naked trembling child the God of Heaven and Earth—the God, the Creator of all. They recognized in the woman so meek and humble, that woman with the infant in her

bosom, the Virgin. They then cast down their eyes as devoutly as you do and I do at the elevation of the Mass. They bowed their heads and adored with all their hearts and souls the God there in form of a little baby. Opening their treasures they poured out the bright gold, they scattered it largely at the infant's feet. Another opened his treasury, and the stable was filled with the odor of the precious incenses of the East. He threw morsels of it around, and the fragrance went abroad filling the air and perfuming for hours that manger. This was the first human consolation which the child Jesus received at the hand of man. They came indeed to God and they found Him, but they came with minds full of faith; they came with hearts full of love, and they came with hands full of rich gifts to put before Him. They found their God, but how strangely disguised—a little child clinging to the mother who supported Him—a child so poor that He had no better bed than a manger—so young that the touch of a straw in the manger brought pain to His sensitive flesh. Young, helpless, Jesus Christ when our faith was found. Wisely did they take thought. They were the wise men, and did not come empty-handed to Him, so young who required it. Perhaps they have providentially thought that their gold would enable the mother to house Him better, to feed Him, and clothe our Christ, in that it would enable this more than wonderful Virgin to provide for Him; but, at the same time, they recognized in that child our God, and, therefore, offered Him their incenses. From what is the most proper way to contemplate the facts recorded in to-day's Gospel? Do we believe in them? Oh, yes, with our whole hearts and souls. We believe in them earnestly; we know them to be true; we are ready with all our hearts and souls to adore them. Behold the meaning of all this! Now, I have come here to-day to invite you to imitate the action of our Abraham, the father of our faith. For whom have I come to plead—for whom is this voice of mine to be raised up to-day? For eight hundred little children, all of them in their youth, the image of Jesus Christ. Not for one Christ but for eight hundred! The charity for which I come to plead is a two-fold one, and first of all for education. In this densely populated parish there are nine schools and eight hundred children in daily attendance at them. The second portion is for the poor, helpless, fatherless, motherless little orphan who cries to you to-day for food, for clothing, for lodging, for everything which is necessary for life, as well as for education. Youth in its most helpless for craving for succor. Childhood, in its greatest misery, deprived of the parental hand that would feed and the mother's heart would rear it in all its helplessness. Youth crying out, demonstrating youth's helplessness unless you help. The young, like Jesus of Bethlehem, ask you, like your fathers of old, to come and to assist Jesus Christ in the person of the little children. I ask you to recognize the God in the child, for He tells you that every one of these little children has the Christ in him—that it must be kept in him, must be developed in him until he comes to the fullest of truth in education. I ask you, therefore, not to come empty handed in this act of veneration to the infant poor and weak and wanting. I ask you to pour out, like the magi, your gold at the feet of these helpless children. I ask you not to be content with appearing here to-day to meet this great want, this want of education, the want of home—like itself. I ask you also to bring the fragrance of the incense of the incense of faith and of the magi's devotedness in giving your gifts of education. First of all, to give them worldly aid in putting out your gold. What is the most urgent want of a child growing into manhood? He has many wants; he must be fed; he must be kept clothed; he must be housed. But if we provide all this have we done all? Oh, no. There is one thing greater than all, and there is one want that must be provided for, and that is education—a Christian, Catholic, pious education. What avail would it be if a child growing up was well fed, well housed, well clothed, if he had no principles of faith to control his wishes, no power to destroy his passions or to curb his passions? He would, in a word, be a mere animal, a beast of prey, and the greatest intellect would be left without knowledge, without grace, without God. What would the child be when he has grown into his manhood? What difference would there then be between the beast and man? If he has not education and knowledge he is like to the senseless beast. With him there would be no hope of civilization, no bright, glorious purpose to urge him on; no single remnant of mental power, of mental fruit, of mental strength within him. Nay, it would be better for him that he had never been born. Existence in life itself is a curse when all the higher purposes are destroyed by the absence of education. If we educate the child, pour into his mind every element and every kind of human knowledge, teach him the history of his race, teach him all the elements of every human branch of science, and make him an educated man, but leave him without the holding of religious beliefs, what would avail if the greatest intellect would come to me and say, "With the power of knowledge and science, I have arrived at the conclusion that there is no God, no hereafter? And these words of blasphemy and atheism have been said by men of intellect of our own God, because they have received an education and they have known no God in this knowledge, and therefore, God make their knowledge folly. But we in Ireland, our common land, have and will perpetuate our glorious faith and great morality. It is for this I have pleaded first to-day, side by side with those whose wants are for the intellect, and who have fathers and mothers to house them, and only demand from you the blessed gifts of knowledge and a religious training. Side by side with them are others whose wants are far greater. What would Jesus Christ have done when the magi found Him in Bethlehem—what would the Christ have done if His Lord, the Heavenly Father, had taken Mary—had dried up the breast that gave Him the milk of life—had paralyzed that hand, had stilled that breast that warmed him? What would He have done if God His Father had taken away Mary, His earthly mother; and well did the Son of God recognize the maternal love that attended Him, and well did He feel the maternal affection that entwined Him in her arms with such love; well did He return for thirty-three years love for love, and there was at least one good left to the Man of Sorrows, and that was His mother. He loved her and she loved Him. That joy of help the orphan child is deprived of. These little infants for whom I plead have neither father or mother. The man whose sweat earned their daily bread is in his grave. The lacerated heart was clutched to them, and the woman's hand was then still lifted for them in the womanly toil which broke her down, and sent her broken-hearted to the widow's grave. They are gone. Father and mother have left them, and they are left alone, who will take them? For whosever will love His name is the father of the orphan and guide to the widow, and how will the Father take them? He will take them through your hands. When He wished to save His people He, though He could do it with His right hand, selected Moses, and He made him His instrument, and when the enemies rose against Him, when He wished to become man and to work out the purpose of redemption, he could have easily done it by forming Himself at once into a man. For He who had created Adam a human being might have easily created humanity for Himself. But no, He took the woman Mary and became flesh of her flesh, the bone of her bone, and the blood of her blood. So He who is the Father of the orphan can exercise His mercies in His own way. Why should He not if He chose, if He had not faith

in you, provide for His own by sending His angels, as they were sent in the loaves and fishes, or as He fed the prophets by sending them from Heaven the ravens, as He might? But He did not. He says: "Do you for me what I have sworn is My office. Be you to those voices what I say, and your action is Mine, and that which you do unto those little ones you have done as if for Me." To-day, in gratitude for the gift of faith that we first received on this feast, in gratitude to the God who sent forth this star and called us out of ignorance, in gratitude for all the favors we have received for all the dangers that He has turned aside from us—above all, for the merciful forgiveness that He has given to us for our repeated sins—for over and over again have we gone with shame and confessed our crimes, we have struck our penitent breast and heart for ingratitude—for in faith let us come to-day to visit the children who are in want, in helplessness, and scatter at their feet a worldly substance—that, as the frankincense of our faith, our father's faith, is that Jesus Christ loved to hide Himself in presence of the poor, our father's faith is that we cannot see God with the eyes of our body. Nay, "no one ever saw God" says the Scripture. Before we can see Him we must first die, we must first be born again in glory and rise before these eyes will be able to look on the face of God. We cannot see God now, and yet He loves to be with us, but He cannot come to us unless in some disguise. He comes to us in the tabernacle, we know Him to be there, and we come to Him in our sorrows pleading for His mercies and say, "Saviour, Master and God, these are our wants." And when He appears before us we bow down and adore Him, not caring that He is disguised, but we see only the appearance of what is bread, not bread, but the real presence of Jesus Christ. And when he came in the incarnation, He came disguised. Can we imagine anything so disguised as coming in the form of a lovely born helpless child, as that God whom the magi found, whom they recognized, and whom they adored? So thus God the Lord loved to have Himself in the presence of the poor. We have Him, moreover, that He had disguised Himself with the poor even. He says "If they are hungry give them something to eat." "You do it not to them but to Me." In that mystical presence He hid Himself for all purposes of grace and glory with the poor and little children. Therefore it is for the Child of Bethlehem rather than for the children I plead to you. You must come with veneration heart, and gifts, with that glory which may be combined with the frankincense of faith and devotedness to God. Do you likewise that which these high wise men from the East did who left their treasures at the feet of the child. Do you think that He let them go empty-handed? Do you imagine that God took all and gave nothing? Oh, no, it is not thus the God acts who has created us. God has never been outdone in generosity by man. God tells us that even the cup of water that we offer to the wayside beggar that comes to the door will not pass unobserved or without His acknowledgement. Do not imagine that the Son of God allowed them to go away empty, but for the gold and frankincense and gifts He gave them the light that they might see the God in the child—graces that made them saints. They went to His presence wise, learned men only, and they went away in the fullness of knowledge—saints of God—in the fullness of grace. They left in the light, and after those souls who had contemplated them from limbo had remained with Him that forty hours, these wise men ascended to be the glory of His kingdom. Lay your gifts at His feet, pour out the power of light of joy, of devotedness. Deal thy bread to the hungry, bring the needless and homeless into thy house; then shall thy light shine forth as the morning; the darkness that may have been is off, and then with the noon God will give the rest. Rich and poor among you come with your gifts, great or little, and purchase from your Lord Jesus Christ that light which will gather you up one day into the presence of His Kingdom, and that glory which will be yours for ever, the Heavenly joy with those who first give their gifts to Him.

MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP DARBOY.

HIS ASSASSIN KETED IN NEW YORK.

[From the New York World, March 29.]

A few days ago the annual banquet of the "Societe des Refugies de la Commune," the French Communist Society of New York, was given at Beethoven Hall, in commemoration of the establishment of the Commune in Paris, March 18, 1871. Edmond Megy, a French Communist Refugee, who was a leader of the party which shot Archbishop Darboy and the other hostages in the last days of the Commune, sat at the head of the table as President. Before the Republic was declared he had killed a gendarme, had been condemned to transportation for twenty years therefor, had been released when the Empire fell, fought in the French army till peace was declared, assumed the prefecture of Marseilles under the Commune, arresting his predecessor, and finally, returning to Paris, was given the command of Fort d'Issy. After burning the palace of the Legion and Honor and shooting Archbishop, he fled, escaping, via Geneva, to London. At the other end of the table sat citizen John Swinton, managing editor of the New York Sun newspaper, Vice President. Justus Schwab, the Tompkins square patriot, and MM. Finiel Martelet, Lacaz and other French Communists were present. Red flags and placards inscribed "Vive la Commune," and with like mottoes adorned the room. Citizen Swinton made the first and chief speech. He was proud, he said, to extend another annual welcome to the refugees of the Paris Commune, and "to those victims and martyrs of right and justice, those men who had been thrice condemned to death." He "could only say that he regretted not being able to welcome them to a republic that would be more worthy of their hopes and aspirations." Then he called for curses on the memory of Thiers. Megy contended himself with applauding Citizen Swinton's speech and with performing his duties as presiding officer.

PROTESTANT LIBERALITY.

According to the Ulster Examiner the Belfast municipal elections have ended by the exclusion of all the Catholic candidates. Those put forward by the Catholic ratepayers were beaten all along the line. Of Protestant support they got none. A more convincing proof of sectarian exclusiveness has rarely been witnessed. Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and other Catholic cities elect Protestant members of Parliament, mayors and other officials, but Orange Belfast believes that a man's religion unfit him for the performance of municipal duties. No matter what may be his qualifications, no matter how socially respectable, no matter how intimately connected by business transactions with the welfare of his city, no matter how large may be his property qualification, if he should happen to profess a certain form of creed he cannot hope to attain any position in Protestant Belfast. Says our Protestant contemporary: "Anybody may enter into the Belfast Council Chamber but a Papist." There is no use in appealing to honor and fair play in quarters where such principles are not kept in stock.

THE MALTA SCANDAL.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH CHALLENGING LEUTENANT STEVENSON.

[Irish Times' London Correspondence, March 21.]

I understand that the decision of the Court of Inquiry in the matter of the Malta scandal is now before the Duke of Cambridge for consideration. It is most unfortunate that the Duke of Edinburgh so far interfered in this deplorable case on behalf of squerry, Mr. Monson (a brother of Lord Monson), as to send Lieutenant Stevenson a challenge, which that officer at first respectfully declined, and subsequently accepted, though no meeting actually took place. In the Whitehall Review to be published on Friday the particulars of this affair are given, and in one of its trenchant articles the Whitehall Review criticises the conduct of all concerned. This article will cause great sensation for the writer deals with the whole affair in a very bold and spirited manner. I hear that much of the correspondence between Lieutenant Stevenson and the Duke is likely to see light in the columns of the Whitehall Review.

SCOTLAND.

THE RESTORED ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.

In spite of all the protests and threatenings of Presbyters and Presbyteries, the Roman Catholic hierarchy has been restored in Scotland. That ancient kingdom is now to be no longer looked upon as a mere "mission," and the Roman Catholic Bishops located there are to be no longer in *paribus*. And what difference does it make? None that we can see. Protestantism is not one whit weaker, and the Roman Catholic Church not one whit stronger. All religious sects have a perfect right to divide a country for their special ecclesiastical purposes in any way they please. Such divisions have no legal force, and give the parties who make them no legal standing. Episcopalians whether Anglican or Roman Catholic, arrange the into dioceses; Presbyterians set up into presbyteries and parishes; Methodists into circuits and conferences; and Congregationalists into "associations" and "unions." What although they make such arrangements simply to suit themselves and the better to work out their own particular Church idea. They have thereby control over none but such as deliberately place themselves under their jurisdiction, and are backed by no force but that of persuasion. It is unworthy and undignified in any to make an ado about another such division having been added to the many of a similar kind already made, whether in Scotland or anywhere. The Roman Catholics have just as good a right to have an Archbishop of St. Andrew's, if so please them, or the Protestant Episcopalians have, or as the Presbyterians to have a presbytery, or a synod, or a parish minister called after that ancient city. Toronto Globe.

SOUND AND FURY.

For a week or two past, meetings have been held in Scotland to protest against the Catholic Hierarchy, and public prejudice is being lashed into warmth. We expected all this, and more. It was not to be supposed that the spirit of John Knox was so dormant beyond the Tweed as to fall inactively at a critical juncture. Rome threatens the peace of Scotland. A Roman invasion is about to take place, and to sweep away every landmark of apostasy set up there since the days of the Covenanters. There is too much sturdy energy in Presbyterianism to suffer such an enemy to land unopposed, and the drums ecclesiastic and lay are being beaten with terrible earnestness. But all is "sound and fury, signifying nothing." The Hierarchy has been nominated, and in a short time it will be a living fact. The affairs of Scottish Catholics will be managed by six prelates, instead of three vicars-apostolic, and the dioceses will be rearranged for the greater convenience of the bishops. What is there wrong in all this? Why should an objection be raised to six bishops which was not applied to three? To be sure, the new pastors will take territorial titles, but this can only be a sentimental difference. Archbishop Eyre becomes his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Glasgow, but, beyond the change of designation, he can present no feature of novelty to the Presbyterian understanding. In truth, bigotry has been aroused into alarm because it is believed that the additional organization and prestige furnished by the imminent system of Church government will contain the power of gradually influencing the whole Scottish people. We think the fear is based on erroneous and exaggerated conceptions; but it exists and is manifesting itself under various disguises. All the talk about a Hierarchy being antagonistic to the act of Union, the Act of Settlement, and other acts of wisdom or folly, is so much eloquence thrown away. The arguments are a quarter of a century too late. We can say with Dr. Primrose that we have heard them all before, when they were urged as vigorously and as vainly. Over twenty-five years have passed since the re-establishment of the hierarchy in England, and no one, unless he be a harmless creature of one idea like Mr. Newdegate, ever thinks now that the country has suffered in consequence. The solidity of the Church's fold has been increased and she has gathered back many long lost sheep, but this work is so legitimate a portion of her right of existence that it cannot be taken into account in the issue. The bishops will come home to Scotland, heedless of the clamour, and they will discharge their responsibilities as if all were peace around them.—Catholic Times.

SIEGES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople has been besieged twenty-eight times since its foundation. The first siege, according to an article in the Fremdenblatt, was in the year 477 B. C., when Pausanias marched to the town after the battle of Plataea. In 410 B. C., it was besieged by Alcibiades; in 347, by Leo, General to Philip of Macedon; in 197, A. D., by Septimus Severus; in 313, by the Emperor Maximus; in 315, by Constantine the Great; in 616, by Chosroes, of Persia; in 626, by the chief of the Avars; in 656, by Moavia, General to the Arab Prince Ali; in 669, by Tesid, his son; in 674, by Sofia Ben Aaf; in 719, by the two sons of the Caliph Mervan; in 744, by Soliman, son of the Caliph Abdul Melek; in 764, by Pagnpor, King of the BPlgarians; in 786, by Haroun al Raschid; in 798, by Abdul Melek; in 811, by Hiramus despot of the Slavonians; in 820, by Thomas the Slavonian; in 886, by the Russian Varangians, under Ascolt and Diz; in 914, by Simeon, King of the Bulgarians; in 1048, by Tormicus the rebel; in 1081, by Alelus Comeneus; in 1204, by the Crusaders; in 1231, by Michael Palologus; in 1296, by Bajazet; in 1402, by the same; in 1414, by his son Musa; in 1422, by Murad II, son of Mohammed I. and in 1453, by Mohammed II, who captured Constantinople on the 29th of May in that year.—Full Hall Gazette.

EUROPE'S SOVEREIGNS.

AGES OF REIGNING PRINCES, COMPILED BY "J.E."

- William I, Emperor of Germany, 60.
William III, Emperor of Holland, 80.
Christian IX, King of Denmark, 56.
Alexander II, Emperor of Russia, 59.
Victoria, Queen of England, 58.
Charles I, King of Wurtemberg, 54.
Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, 52.
Albert I, King of Saxony, 48.
Oscar II, King of Sweden, 48.
Francis Joseph I, Emperor of Austria, 47.
Leopold II, King of Belgium, 42.
Louis I, King of Portugal, 39.
Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, 35.
Louis II, King of Bavaria, 32.
George I, King of Greece, 32.
Alphonso, King of Spain, 30.
Pope Pius IX, who died February 7, 1877, was born May 13, 1792, and was consequently at his death aged 85 years 8 months and 25 days.
During the reign of Pius IX, six Emperors and 20 kings died, viz:
Emperors: Nicholas I, Emperor of Russia; Napoleon III, Emperor of France; Maximilian I, Emperor of Mexico; Ferdinand I, Emperor of Austria; Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey.
Kings: Louis Philippe, King of France; Charles Albert, King of Piedmont and Sardinia; Frederick William IV, King of Prussia; Louis I, Maximilian II, Kings of Bavaria; Leopold I, King of Belgium; Ferdinand II, King of Naples; Christian VIII, Frederick VII, Kings of Denmark; William II, King of Holland; Maria, Queen of Portugal; Don Pedro V, King of Portugal; Frederick August, John I, Kings of Saxony; Oscar I, Charles XV, Kings of Sweden; William I, of Wurtemberg; Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy.

EDUCATIONAL, &c.

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