## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

## For THE POST and TRUE WITNESS. THE ANGEL'S SONG.

6

O'er Bethelem's fields the Angel's Song Rang through the tranquil night, From seruph hosts, whose lewelled wings Filled all the space with light.

Light, that to human eyes was new, Twould make the sunbeams dim, While from their harps angelic Burst forth the Christmas hymn.

Not to the high and mighty, The magnates of the earth, Did Heaven's envoys tidings bring Of Christ the Saviour's birth.

But to the humble herdsman, The watchers on the plains, They sang the first grand Gloria, The master-piece of strains.

First of their race, these shepherds The Prince of Peace to greet, First at the Mother's knee to kneel, And worship at His feet.

Oh fair and royal Maiden, While Lily of David's line, Thine arms sustained the Promised One, Thy knee His throne and shrine.

From that same throne He held His court, When Eastern kings adored, Low at His teet they laid their crowns, And hatled Him King and Lord.

And we, too, when the midnight bells Chime from their turrets high, Filling with music deep and grand The dawn of our Christmas sky.

Shall basten, ere the echoes fade To Bethelem's crib and shrine. And leave in Mary's tender care Our love, for the Babe Divine. AGNES BURT.

Christmas Eve, Dec. 24th. IRELAND AND THE IRISH !

An Address Delivered by Mr. T. O'Hagan Before the Catholic Literary Society. Belleville.

ME. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :--- My theme this evening is entitled Ireland and the Irish. 1 know of no subject so certain to win from you a generous interest as this, for it is a subject in which is bound up the glory and greatness of the Irish race in every land, a subject which contains within it the dearest and holiest relationships of life, the hallowed and sanctified affections of the family tie, the deep and cherished love which the dutiful son bears for his kind father and affectionate mother, the golden links of sacred love and encred memories that bind forever the tender hearts of sisters and the strong and manly hearts of brothers. I need, therefore. make no apology to you for choosing for my address this evening, a theme so dear to the heart of every Irishman as this, yes doubly dear to the heart of those whose lot has been cast on distant lands and who fain would stretch their eyes beyond the blue ocean's broad expanse to catch for a moment a glimpse of the glory which still lingers around the dear old land. We have all read of Erin, thought of Erin, dreamt of Erin. How often has my soul taken wings and flying far and fast upon the crest of thought hovered in moments of ecstasy beneath the ruined grandeur of Ireland. How often have I gazed in reverential wonderment upon those ivycrowned towers and ruined abbeys that greet the eye with the hoary prestige of centuries. How often have I stood within the aisles of each ruined church and chapel and seen the solenin procession of bishops, pricats and choristers move along in dignified array. How often have I beheld, as it were, the benedictions that fell from the lips of those saintly men of God take wing to gild the portals of eternity and then descend to rourish the hearts of the faithful in liquid drops of holy dew. O land of scholarly saints and sainted scholars, 'twill be my task this evening to follow your foststeps through the ages that are past, through a Red Sea of sorrow, fed by the rivulets of seven centuries, your long and dreary journey has been ever pointing with hope to the goal of a promised land. Embroidered with the darksome cloud of sorrow, I will endeavor to tell your story through the bright sunshine of hope, and while I sit by the grave of your departed glory and view the cold faces of your mighty dead I will bedew the bright myrtle which a nation's love has planted above your tomb, with the dew drops of a young and ardent heart. But it may be asked, what have we Irish Canadians to do with Ireland and the Irish? I say we have very much to do with Ireland. Are we not bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh? Do not the bones of our forefathers lie beneath the green sward of Erin, and shall we prove to ungrateful as not to revere and cherish the land which holds their sacred dust? No, no, this cannot, shall not be. We have a right to turn our eyes towards the Mecca of our race; we have a right, yes a sacred right, to lift our voices to plead in behalf of a down-trodden nation. This is only natural, this is only just. What have we to do with the wrongs that afflict Ireland? Aye, rather ask us what have we to do with the sorrows that swell the beart of our afflicted parent. Were we but bound by the common ties of humanity, the deep interest and sympathy which we should feel for our fellow-man would be-speak, for the Irish cause, our generous support, our generous love. But our relation to Ireland is dearer and holier than this; we are the offspring of Ireland's heart, we are her exiled sons. I will, therefore, ask your generous attention this evening while I sketch briefly the history of English rule in Ireland, while I sketch the growth of English liberty in Ireland-that Upas tree that has mocked nature itself and poisoned everything fair in the dear old land. Happy, thrice happy would it have been for Ireland and the Irish race had they been a united people when the myrmidons of Henry the Second invaded the country for plunder in 1172, for then they would have either driven out the invaders or have absorbed the new element by the strength of their own national integrity and national greatness. Unhappily for Ireland this was not the case, and the English took advantage of the petty quarrels and dissensions which prevailed at that time among Irish princes to gain a foothold on the island. The cruelty and inhumanity that marked of the human intellect, and Shakespeare England's government of Ireland at the first has continued through centuries and has only been softened down by the beneficent influence of a nineteenth century, while the utter subjection of the native people to an alien and unsympathizing aristocracy still goes on. The Englishman came as a stranger to Ireland and a stranger he remains. Юe came in the garb of a plunderer and for seven centuries he has nobly filled that mission. In fact, with the enlightenment of new their spoils in blasphemy and blood. During centuries be has added to his purpose an in- the reign of Elizabeth Ireland was rocked by creased knowledge of his work, for under the thin garb of a fictitious justice is he not at despuir made the wisest men mad, and obstipresent more assiduous than ever in draining | nate resistance to oppression rent the country

giving the Irish people in return the cold aspersions and deep wounds of an allen tongue. The Saxon, too, came to Ireland to sow dissension, and he has been continuing his mission ever since. He found the Irish people divided and at waramong themselves, and this unfortunate fact, perhaps more than any other, has been the cause of England's supremacy in Ireland to-day. Factions have ever been the ruin of that land; for a nation like a house divided against itself must eventually fall. History plainly shows that it was ever Eogland's wish to set Irish prince against Irish prince, and thus humble by a continual internecine strife a brave and great people, whom she could not subdue by her own strength. Thus century after century, stratum upon stratum of rebellion and confiscation was laid in Ireland till the word Irish has come to signify at least a half-a-dozen of different elements. First there was the old Celtic raco, then the Milesian, then the Danes, then the Anglo-Normans, then the Anglo-Saxon, then the Scottish Colonists, sent by the First James, then the troopers of Cromwell and the boors of King William. Wonder not, therefore, that Ireland has been for so many centuries a land of strife, where at the termination of every hundred years a new descent of robbers invaded her coast, wresting in the names of the Sovereigns of England, whole provinces from the Irish and rightful owners of the soil. For we find that while the national integrity of England was being consolidated and Saxon and Norman fought side by side in the great wars of the Roses, which had the good effect of breaking forever the iron arm of feudalism in England, the Saxon plunderer, like a mole in the dark, was burrowing into the wealth of Ireland's greatness, dispossessing the Irish chieftains of their land, fomenting discord and strife, and sowing the seeds of future misery and woe, so that we see, whether in the guise of the Catholic Anglo-Norman or Cromwellian Puritan, England has been for centuries Ireland's most deadly enemy. While Dane and Norman were being absorbed in the larger the course which he took through that land element of the Saxon race, during the twelith, thirteenth and succeeding century, lairs where he tore in pieces his prey. and those different streams pouring down, as Macaulay says, from the rugged wilds of the friends and fatal to themselves, who rent past, formed one great tide of English vationality, the current of Irish national- ] the Second. The Irish Catholics unfortunately ity was being gradually deflected by the arrayed themselves on the side of this cow-Saxon in Ireland from the channel of unity ardly and imbecile English King, and the and the strength of each national wave of green hills and smiling valleys of Ireland hope dashed upon the rocks of petty warfare and strife. It is often said that Celts of Limerick concluded this war, the terms of never feel happier than when engaged in a which secured to the Catholics the rights of fight of some kind. This is a grave mistake property, of liberty and of conscience; terms and a false and groundless imputation. The chief wars that have devasted Ireland during action of the Parliament in Ireland, and a the past three hundred years can be laid at the feet of English Kings and English statesmen. In fact, as if by a just retribu-tion, those portions of Ireland which were, to laws which, in the form of cold iron, cona certain extent anglicized, have been invari- tinued to enter the soul of Ireland for so ably the first to unsheathe the sword against E gland, Cromwell found his hardest task at Wexford, and the siege of Drogheda convinced the tyrant, with iron trame and heart armies and foreign courts. "Scattered all over of steel, that the Englishmen, who became Europe" says Lord Macaulay "were to be more Irish than the Irish themselves, possessed a daring courage which was made up of both desperation and bravery. Again it is often asserted that the Irish are hard to govern; no falser statement than this has ever been made. But if you wish to govern the Irish you must seek to do so through the sentiments of their heart-they will not be coerced, and herein has ever rested England's mistake in her attempt to govern Ireland. If you would wish to win the heart of the Irish people tell them that you will bring back the glory that once was theirs, that you will re-string the harp of Tara, and flood the land once more with the sweet and pathetic music of the Irish bard, and that the sunshine of fame on each number will light up once more the glorious face of the dear old | pulls down upon his country will assuredly land. With the Englishman in the matter of government it is quite otherwise. If you made up of a series of eventful changes and could have power over him and make him feel happy, tell him you will add fatness to Ireland's opportunity. The capture of Cornhis weal, that you hope to increase his larder, in a word, put money in his purse. I have said that England's mission in Ireland was to foment discord and strife among the Irish | arose, and with Henry Grattan at their head, chieftains and Irish people; that she succeeded in this history, alas, shows too plainly, and soon was added to the war of mees a new and terrible element of religious strife and religious persecution. The Tudor period, which was to Europe an era of greatness, when the spirit of discovery began to go abroad and commerce awoke from its leaden slumbers, when Columbus, the Moses of the seas, standing at the port of Polocca, in Spain, turns his piercing gaze towards the west and drew aside the veil which had hidden from Europe for so many conturies the bright countenance of a new and glorious land. This period which was the harbinger of a still brighter era, when beauteous France sent forth her Sacred chivalry of the cross to pene. trate the virgin forests of this land; when the French missionary, armed with but the breviary and the cross, and fired with the double purpose of religion and exploration, traced the course of our mighty rivers and planted on each summit wild the fleur de lis and cross. Yes, I think I see now the form of that great missionary explorer, Father Marquette, standing amid the primeval greatness that skirts Superior's shore, his tace is turned towards the great father of waters, the Mississippi, while his wand of discovery has already traced its onward course. This is the great man to whom Bancroft says that he hopes the people of the west will build a monument. I hope they will, and a monument to the memory of the many other brave and gallant knights of France, who breathed a chivalry and sanctity with the early being of this young and happy land. Who is he, says D'Arcy McGee, speaking of the early French missionaries in America, that I see piercing the virgin foreste of this land? Before the fire of the trapper's gun struck down his woodland game, before the edge of the exile's axe had caught a ray of western sunshine, the French missionary could be seen treading the virgin forests of this land, with his only shelter during the night the generous arms of a tree, and his chancel and his altar the quiet recesses of some lonely rock. While the sacred chivalry was baptizing the new world into the regeneration of civilization and Christianity, while a life of greatness was palpitating through the veins of every kingdom of Europe, while philosophy was instructing people with wisdom and poetry flooding the world with its music, while Bacon was sounding the depths fashioning his immortal plays, Ireland, that had for centuries been the cradle of learning and knowledge, the tomple from which went forth the evangilizers of Christian Europe, Ireland, that had been justly baptized into the title of the Island of Saints, was, during this period of golden hope for all Europe and America, canopled with a cold and starless night, she was nothing more than a ruin by moonlight, where pirates assembled to divide one continual tempest. The soil was ravaged

people slaughtered, yet did not subdue. The The arts lay dead, life was unsafe, and property in the true sense was scarcely known. Even the strong heart of Elizabeth at length was touched; humanity for once shot a pang to her breast. "Alas, alas!" she cried," I fear lest it be objected to us, as it was to Tiberius concerning the Dalmatian commotion-you, you it is who are to blame, you have committed your flocks, not to shepherds, of O'Connell, whose body lies entombed at but to wolves." Everywhere but in Ireland Glasnevin Cemetery, whose heart is in Rome. the Tudor period was filled with power and promise. Genuis and glory were bursting like a flood of light upon the world, the heart of civilization was beating with marvellous fancies and magnanimous passions, but Ireland, poor Ireland all this time was wrapt in the cold embraces of a dark and bloody tomb. James the First, who succeeded the murderer of his mother, added to the mismanagement and cruelty in his government of Ireland all the righteousness of a wholesale plunderer. He alienated without any pretext or cause six counties in the North and planted them with Scottish colonists. Charles the First succeeded James and endeavored to ingratiate himself into the favor of the Irish. You all know the terrible uprising of 1641, and what the Irish suffered through leaguing themselves with this miserable and imbecile King. The blood of Charles had scarcely clotted the block when he was followed by Cromwell, dealing death with his iron hand. This is the man whom Carlyle, the great hero worshipper adores, and whom the world is willing to enthrone, because of his death dealing hand and iron will; for among all the qualities that should constitute the greatness of a kingly mind, Cromwell possessed not one, and the inscription "exit tyrannus regum ultimus" was scarcely well completed when the sceptre of the unfortunate and arbitrary Stuart King was swayed by a bloody and self-acclaimed tyrant. No other English Sovereign has left such terrible memories in Ireland as Cromwell, and even at this day you can track as you would track a wild beast by the bloody The last of the faithless Stuarts, faithless to their Ireland with their miserable cause was ./ames were once more sown with blood. The treaty which immediately were annulled by the first code of laws enacted which would have put shame upon the very face of a Nero, I will laws which, in the form of cold iron, conmany years. The result was that the high born chivalry of Ireland sought homes upon the continent and soon were directing foreign found brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomatists, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish Knights of St. Louis, of St. Leopold, of the White Eagle and the Golden Fleece, who, if they had remained in the house of bondage, could not have been ensigns in a marching regiment, or freemen of petty corporations. During this period trade was impoverished in Ireland, the peasantry were starving, and the gentry were poor. An uncertainty of title disturbed industry, the soil withered under imperfect cultivation, absenteeism of proprietors left the laborers without protection, and the owners without profit, and thus is shown the fact, that man can never separate himself from his fellows, he cannot make their evil his good, for the darkness which he overshadow his own home. once more England's difficulty proved to be wallis at Yorktown gave birth to a new nation on the American continent. Immediatelywe find that fortythousand Irishvolunteers demanded independence. It was a sublime movement for Ireland and the guilt that had held her manacled for so many years was struck with fear. Grattan called Ireland up from the dust of most servile degradation. He put a new hope into her heart, which in after years withered into despondency. Speaking of Ireland at one time he asserts she is a nation. Speaking of her again he says, "I sat by her cradle, I followed her hearse. He loved Ireland with an enthusiasm that column. death only could quench. She was the passion of his soul, the devotion of his life mighty in eloquence and mighty in patriot. ism his speech made the proudest quail. Of a brilliant intellect and fiery passion, he was, in every way, suited for the task which he undertook. But the independence of the Irish Parliament was of short duration. By the contrivance of intriguing ministers and the bribery of the English government, who spent £3,000,000 sterling to bring about that most corrupt act, the Union, Irish independence was prostrated and the debt of the country at once raised from twenty-six to one hundred and ten million pounds. This was, indeed, a poor omen of the bright future which Pitt so eloquently painted for Ireland when he presented the measure of the Union in the British Parliament. Had the Union been honest, had it been the fair choice of the people, had it been cordial and reciprocal, had imperial legislation given emancipation at ence to the Catholics, and given it gene-rously and graciously, the act of the Union might have proved a bond of friendship and a reality. But no, the Union was the offspring of the basest corruption and bribery. and Catholic emancipation was only obtained after the fierce and continuous struggle of a quarter of a century. I cannot describe the progress of Ireland during her independence of parliament better than in the words of the Hon.John Foster, the then speaker of the Irish House of Commons. He says "the constitution of 1782, not only secured, but absolutely showered down upon Ireland more blessings, more trade, more affluence than ever fell to nor Ireland has had reason to regret the Papal expect." her lot in double the space of time that has elapsed since its attainment." And Lord Clare speaking of the period from 1782 to 1798. said. "There is not another country in the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation, in agriculture and manufactures with the same rapidity in the same period." Assuredly the Union has not produced social order. Are the fierce denunciations of the young Ireland party, the florid eloquence of Meagher, the concentrated passion of Mitchell, an index of the social order in Ireland brought about by the Union? Who can read the masterly speech of Richard Lalor Shiel. in defence of O'Connell in the state trials of in defence of O'Connent in the destruction of the 1844, and say that the destruction of the Irish Parliament was followed by social order in Irish parlish people. beld up both hands and said : "You cowardly with England is the desire of the Irish people. beld up both hands and said : "You cowardly don't dare shoot me." Fulkerson refused to don't dare shoot me." Fulkerson refused to is only deserving of contempt. Toronto is only deserving of contempt. Toronto is only deserving of contempt. Toronto the country of its wealth and capital and [ in twain. The vulors ect above the Irish | with Irish corn and beef were creountering were more words, but no blood was shed.

on their way to England American versels with the generous gales of charity swelling the sails, hurrying with alms to the mouths of a dying people. Call up the many brave frish spirits who departed during this terrible period wrapt in the cold shrouds of famine, and ask them if Union with England has been productive of good. Summon before the Bar of Euquiry, the great and immortal spirit and whose soul is with God. Ask of him who breathed into Ireland an immortal spirit, who called her up from the long sleep of submission, and gave her a place among the nations of the earth whose name shall be enshrined forever, not only in the liberty of Ireland, but in the liberty of man, and whose fame shall brighten and widen till there is not a slave to be found upon the face of the earth. Ask of the great Tribune the great Statesman, the great pleader of the Union has it been a blessing to dear old Ireland, and the millions of voices, whom the great liberator made free, will answer with him in one mighty diapason from their silent graves, no, no, a thousand times no ! I will not have time this evening to touch upon the more recent events in Ireland, such as the organization of the Home Rule party in the spring of 1870, but will leave this and the great land question for some future evening. But, gentlemen, let me conclude by conjuring you is Irishmen never to cut yourselves off from the glory of beloved Ireland. Oh, let us love her, not only dearly in prosperity, but doubly dear when sorrow loums above her head. Yes, I would rather be wrapt in a shroud of the sorrows of Ireland than dream through the centuries of an English nation. The clouds of agitation are now dark above her head, yet, I do not despair, for it is the clouds which brings the shower, and the shower that brings strength and vigor to the earth, after the shower comes the sun in beauty and grandeur, and the whole earth sparkles with the beauteous gems of bright hope. Yes, I see the rainbow of happiness arched above the dear old land; through the mists of time she appears more beautiful than ever ; I hear the winds in her valleys soft as the sounds of harps ; even sorrow in her crown has been crystalized into a bright gem of happiness and peace, every wave upon her coast chants the music of an eternal shore. Oh land of my fathers' and my fathers' God ! how often have I been wrapt in the bright draperies of your future hope, how often have the downy links of your memories enchained my soul within the bright folds of a dream-

I dreamta dream 'twas Ireland seen

I dream ta dream 'twis treamd seen In distant years beyond Enthron'd and crown'd a beauteons gem Earth's idol cherished fond ; And nations passed before her. And courtelers grac'd her halls; And the song of mirth and freedom Proved her battlement and walls.

The wounds and scars of many years

Had left her maiden brow; And manly hearis stood by her side. And swords spoke of a vow That Ireland dear old Ireland Should forever more be free ; And her patriot sons in union

Drive the Saxon o'er the sea. I saw the Shannon pour along In joyous accent clear. Its tide of music sweet and strong Each wave was filled with cbcer; And hastening on in proud acclaim Swept Barrow, Suir and Lee; For a nations neart was throbbing In each wavelet to the sea.

And the glory of the olden days Of valor and renown Lit up with golden splendor The sorrows in her crown; For lope shone now upon her In the fulness of theday, And through the tears of many years Beamed brighter in its ray.

0 land of wee and sorrow ! When shall come the vision bright ?
When shall beam a glad to-morrow ?
When shall fade this starless night ?
I have watched and waited for thee I have hoped for thee in fear;
I have caught the ray of subshine Through the occan of a tear

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE CONNE-MARA COLONY.

There are various ways of dispensing charity. The silent method, "not letting your right hand know," etc, has very ancient authority, but the new system, adopted by the Morris board, is to blow a trumpet not only blazoning forth their good actions, but loudly denouncing others for their neglect. That unexpected cold weather placed all the colonies in some difficulty with regard to fuel, but this trouble was soon arranged by prompt action of the railroad managers; and now it may be well to show the real motives of this sudden outbreak of charity amongst the Morris people. Ever since the building of a branch railroad to Graceville the Morris people feel hurt, injured in business, and when you touch the people's pocket you touch a sore point. They have been outspoken in their hatred to Manager Hill they declare that Bishop Ireland has been the prime mover in building up Graceville at the expense of Morris, and so the good people of Morrishave taken to violent charity. As a specimen of the way we do our charity out West, commend me to the following

CATECHISM OF THE PRIEST IN CHARGE :

A certain Mr. Hutchins, as a representative of the Board of Trade of Morris, after visiting the colonists, called on the priest at Graceville and opened thus :

Representative-Are you Father Ryan? Priest-Yes, sir.

Rep.-I am sent out by the board of trade of Morris to investigate into the condition of those poor immigrants. Priest .- Very kind of the board.

Rep.-I find that they are actually starving

under the noses of yourself and Bishop Ireland. Priest.-It is not so; they are all provided

with firewood and provisions. What have the people of Morris ever expended for those poor?

Rep.-Nothing in the past, but they will do so in the future. Priest.-Very kind of the Morris people.

Rep.-You're a blank, blank son of a blank Priest .- You're a gentleman. Rep .- You're a blank dash son of a dash

blank. HERE IT IS BETTER TO PAUSE.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, but the recording angel cannot easily blot out such a specimen of border ruffianism as the above. The representative of the board of trade of Morris ought to be ashamed of himself, and the board of trade ought to be ashamed of their representative. We all hope, however, that the people of Morris will continue their charity, for these poor colonists need all that can be collected.

Some of the colonists have refused to work stating that money had been raised for their support, and that it must be given them. The people of Gradeville, themselves new settlers. have done a great deal for their poorer fellowcolonists, but, strange to say, Mr. Hutchins could only find a few Samaritans in the whole district-an American and a German. The priest there has been working in behalf of the poor from morning till night, amongst a people soured by poverty, and for the first time feeling the rigor of an unusually cold winter ; but Mr. Hutchins has only the vilest language, not to be found in any vocabulary, for the reverend gentleman.

About ninety families have left Minnea polis for Graceville and its vicinity within the last two years, and there is not a complaint from one of them. On the contrary, they look forward to independence in the near future. Many of them, too, were very poor, but they thank God that they left this city in good time and secured a After a few years we hope farm. Connemara colonists in

Holloway's Pills .- There is nothing in the whole "Materia Medica" like these Medicants for the certainty of their action in lumbago, sciatica, tic dolorevx, and all flying and sottled pains in the nerves and muscles. Diseases of this nature originate in bad blood and depraved humours, and until these are corrected, there can be no permanent cure, The ordinary remedies afford but temporary relief, and in the end always disappoint the sufferer. Holloway's Ointment penetrates the human system as salt penetrates meat, and the Pills greatly assist and accelarate its operation by clearing away all obstructions, and giving tone to the system generally. The prophylactic virtues of Holloway's reme. dies stand unrivalled.

Very rough weather in Scotland. The Saguenay is frozen over as far as Labonte.

The French Sepate passed a vote of censure on the Government for removing religious emblems from school rooms.

"Mama" said an angel of four "way is papa's hair so gray, and his face so young? she sent the child to bed." but let us answer the darling, it is because your papa has not yet tried Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer, which removes dandruff, cleans the scalp and restores the hair to its pristine splendor. Sold by all chemists.

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lrish American. To O'Donovan Rossa

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LAW EXAMINATIONS.

SHERBROOKE, Dec. 22.—The following gentlemen were admitted to the practice of the law, at the quarterly examinations held here :- H. W. Mulvens, C. W. Cate and E. Chartier.

## BOGUS CERTIFICATES.

It is no vile daugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes lts own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," in another

DEATH OF GEORGE ELLIOT.

LONDON, Dec. 22,-Mrs. Cross (George Elliot), the distinguished novelist, died last night. Death was quiet and almost painless. She was seized with a sudden chill, which attacked her in the larynx. On Sunday, shortly before attacked, she received several friends, who left her apparently in good health and spirits. The attack did not give serious cause for alarm until six last evening. The physician soon discovered the pericardium seriously affected, and pronounced the case almost hopeless. She passed away quietly. The 6th May last deceased was married, as Miss Marian Evans, to John Walter Cross, merchant, in London.

ARCHBISHOP MACHALE TRUE TO THE

It is now nigh half a century since Lord Palmerston wrote to Lord Minto in Italy, to see the Pope, and ask His Holiness, on the point MacHale to the See of Tunm. Anybody but MacHale! His Holiuers replied to the request that no bishopric ever became vacant in Ireland that he had not a petition for its patronage from the British Government. In this matter he would exercise his discretion; and in the interests of the Church and her faithful people John of Tuam was appointed. From that time till now his Grace has witnessed many years of trial, has led his people through many a crisis of combat; and neither Rome choice. The first diocese in Ireland to tender its sterling sympathy to the traversers of 1844 was that of Tuam; and his Grace, now and long the doyen of the Irish Hierarchy, was the spokesman of his clergy and his lay flock to the Government of the day, as well as the medium of the tribute to the Liberator, who delighted to call his friend "The Lion of the Fold of Judah." The latest patriotic act of John of Tuam has been to send in his subscription for the defence of Mr. Parnell and the other traversers.

and C. T. Smith, a State Senator, met in a Mr. Bunting knew perfectly well, or

see the like hopeful condition ; in the meanwhile, however, let us all unite in aiding a helpless cause in our community, without making our charity the medium of venting petty spite and

nersonal bickerings. JAMES M. GOLRICK.

Minneapolis, Dec. 16.

A JOURNALIST BOYCOTTED.

The statement having been widely circuated that the dismissal of Mr. Phillip Thompson from the Mail was due to the expression of his views and sympathy with the Irish Land League, a World reporter this forenoon interviewed that gentleman in regard to the matter.

" Do you attribute your dismissal to that cause ?" said the reporter to Mr. Thompson.

"I can form no other conclusion. No reason whatever was assigned for my dismissal. I have now been with the Mail for seventeen months, and only on one occasion during that period, and that over a year ago, has there been any fault found."

"Then you don't think this is singular treatment ?"

"That was just what confirmed me in the dea that it was due to my moving the resoution of sympathy with the Irish Land League in the currency convention. Any employer having a valid reason would be apt to give it, but Mr. Bunting evidently wishes to exercise the functions of a dictator without the odium. He would like to control the individual opinions of his staff, without having the pluck to take the position openly that editors have not the right to their opinions as individual citizens. You will notice the coincidence between the suppart of the British Government, not to ap- posed offence and its result. The currency meeting took place on Wednesday of last week, and I got my notice to quit two days after wards."

"Since you" dismissal have you had any reason assigned."

"Yes. I wrote to Mr. Bunting at Ottawa in such terms that he could hardly avoid replying, pressing for a reason."

Producing the letter Mr. Thompson read the following passage: "You have not for months past given that attention to the duties of your position which I had a right to

"This," continued Mr. Thompson, "is a mere subterfuge; it bears falsehood on the face of it. Nobody who knows Mr. Bunting as a shrewd business man would suspect him of allowing an employee systematically to neglect his duties for months without a word of remonstrance. Had that been his reason I should have heard of it quickly enough." "Knowing that you were a man of pronounced views, was anything said about the course you were expected to pursue outside of your particular duties ?"

"Not a word from first to last. Other-Abraham Fulkerson, a Congressman elect, wise I should not have accepted the position. For sale by J. B. ROLLAND & FILS, Book-sellers and Stationers, 12 & 14 St. Vincent Street, Montreal.

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