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For these are the fadeless lilies
The angels love to cull;
And of incorruptible and gems,
Those dear old hands are full.

And the Master says (as He folds them
To His Heart)—"Thrice blessed be
For all that ye did to My little ones,
Ye surely did to Me!" —Ave Maria.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Freeman's Journal.

THE arrival of a lady noted as a "pro-
fessional beauty" in England has made
one of those sensations which excite a
suspicion that the Americans of New
York are as volatile as the Parisians. This
lady comes endorsed by the Prince of
Wales, who is known to be an admirer of
the beautiful. Her photograph has been
in every shop window in London and it
is now in every shop window in New York.
It has entirely taken the place of that of
the apostle of the sunflower and the lily.
This lady is to act in several plays. But
notably is attracted by the promise of her
expected to draw large crowds to the
theatre. Her name is Mrs. Langtry, who
American papers have made generally
known by this time; she has a husband,
her father is a Dean of the Church of Eng-
land, and she is travelling under the pro-
tection of Mrs. Labouchere, formerly an
actress, now legally the wife of Labouch-
ere, the notorious editor of London Truth
—a brilliant but infamous society paper.
Mrs. Langtry divides public attention with
the candidates—none of whom, except
Benjamin F. Butler, can bear comparison
with her, as a "professional beauty." Her
claim on public attention is that she has
been approved of in England; hence the
"Langtry craze." It is another symptom
of the Anglo-mania that has filled our
houses with cracked tea-cups and set half
the young women of the country at the
idle task of "decorating" everything
within their reach. Mrs. Langtry, who
comes here to make money may be an
estimable woman; but she is not one to be
imitated by modest American women.
She is not an object for their admiration,
as some of the newspapers would have
us believe. We are told pathetically that
her husband's money had been wasted in
the gayeties of London seasons, she
now "heroically" sets forth to restore it
by exhibiting herself on the stage to gaping
thousands. All this sentimental gush
does not conceal the truth that she does
this to put money in her purse—money
which the Americans, who will pay for
anything with an English stamp upon it,
are expected to furnish. We hope that
the advent of Mrs. Langtry will not lead
to an introduction of the "professional
beauty" business here. No modest
woman could merit her portrait to be
hawked in the streets; nor could she com-
plain if vile scandals were connected with
her name. Modesty is the most womanly
of virtues and the fact that this Mrs.
Langtry has been endorsed by some of the
sham "high society" of New York, ought
not to blind American women to the de-
gradation which a woman suffers when she
steps into public view, to be talked of by
libertines as a slave on exhibition in a
market at Cairo stalked of by the lascivious
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OPPOSITE
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ON
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ON
Sept. 4th.

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Secretary, Sep-
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LLER'S
COD-LIVER OIL
Cheapest
Best

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 5.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, NOV. 17, 1882.

NO. 214

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO.,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS.
A nice assortment of Imported
TWEEDS now in stock.
ALSO—
New Ties, Silk Handkerchiefs,
Underclothing, Etc.
N. WILSON & CO.

Pleading Hands.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.
Sister Mary John, a venerable and devoted
Sister of Charity, died at St. Joseph's Orphan
Asylum, Philadelphia, on September 13th.
She had more than attained the three score
years and ten of man's allotted span, and
had celebrated some of the Golden
Jubilees of her religious vows; but as the aged
pilgrim began at last, to pass peacefully into
the Valley of the Shadow of Death, her cha-
racteristic humility took alarm, and filled
her with fears of the approaching judgment.
After those blessed seventy years, coming
with prayers, penances, and works of mercy
and self-sacrifice, Sister Mary John lamented
that she had "nothing to offer" her Master
when she should appear before His Face.
One of the nurses, who was caring for the
humble complaint, pointed to the swollen,
gold-hardened hands of the dying woman,
and answered her with these swollen
words: "Only show Him your hands, dear
Sister, and our Lord will be satisfied."

Show Him your hands, dear Sister,
as you stand at the Bar supremo.
The searching light of His Judgment
About you, startled, stream—
Stretch forth your toll-worn fingers,
By generous service sear'd;
They are whiter, sweeter than lilies,
Those roughen'd hands and hard.

For they to the dear Lord Jesus
Will breathe the tale of the past;
Will tell of the heavenly treasures
By ceaseless toil amass'd.

The care for the helpless orphan,
The zeal for the suffering poor;
The deeds of a life devoted,
Lovingly, bravely and pure.

A hero's courage in crosses,
A woman's meekness in pain,
A sympathy 'mid all losses,
To cheer, to comfort, to bless—
This is the tale of those fingers,
Those trembling hands and old;
Fairer and sweeter than lilies,
Rarer than gems and gold;

For these are the fadeless lilies
The angels love to cull;
And of incorruptible and gems,
Those dear old hands are full.

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verts. They were required to stand up,
and with right hand raised, pledged them-
selves "to the presence of God not to play
ball or play marbles." A parallel to this
it would be hard to find, except in the
Methodist paper that once seriously dis-
cussed the question, "Is it sinful to laugh?"
WITH a priest and a few earnest lay-
men, a total abstinence society is a fact.
But they must be earnest; that is, they
must labor, and they must practice them-
selves total abstinence. Is it too much
to ask the practice of total abstinence for
the sake of others? The question, we
think, should not be lost in the Catholic
Church, the home of self-sacrifice, zeal
and heroic charity. What do we give up
in abandoning liquor? The pleasure of a
momentary excitement. What do we give
up for the sacrifice? We dry the tears of
wretchedness, we feed the hungry, we
raise up our race, we save souls, we honor
religion.

The Methodist *Christian Advocate* is
laboring to explain satisfactorily the dif-
ference (of which we have heard much of
late) in church attendance between Catho-
lics and Protestants. "Comparisons," it
says, "are sometimes made between the
attendance upon Protestant and Roman
Catholic Churches to the disadvantage of
the former." Comparisons of this kind
are not made by Catholics. They appear
from time to time in secular journals as
matters of public interest. People now-
adays, high and low, proclaim a decay of
Christian faith. There are more churches
to-day in the world, erected in the name
of Christ, than ever existed before; but
the worshippers are fewer. Protestants
build a church much as they build a hotel,
on speculation. It may succeed or it may
fail. The attendance depends mainly on
the preacher whom they "sit under." And
the inquiries of these secular journalists
invariably show that the attendance at
Protestant churches is in startling dispropor-
tion to the population calling itself
Protestant and who, if they believed in
the faith and doctrines preached to them
from a thousand and one pulpits, would
surely go to some church or other. Mr.
Barry Gould has been at pains to collect
statistics on this subject from Germany
and Switzerland. Germany and Switzer-
land tell the same story as Birmingham,
New York or Chicago. In all these
land communities there is a terrible falling
off in church attendance. On the other
hand the Catholic churches are always
crowded. Observant men note this fact as
significant, and try to account for it. The
natural inference is that if there be a
decay of Christian faith, it is at least not
on the side of the Catholics.

Baltimore Mirror.

In our notice of the relic of St. Ter-
esa—a portion of the miraculous heart
preserved at Mount Carmel, in this city—
we inadvertently said that age had re-
duced the precious particle to dust. A
close investigation of the relic proves this
to be incorrect, as it is intact, and, like
the larger portion of that vessel of
love at Alba de Tormes, is miraculously
preserved.

An article in last week's *Guardian*,
an Anglican paper, published in New
York, entitled "St. Teresa and Carmelite
Nuns," is interesting reading, in the
light of the abortive efforts made to
introduce the conventual system into that
sect. The *Guardian* is opposed to such
its prevention, as among Anglicans, just
now, imitation of things Catholic is in
vogue. From the cut of the clerical coat,
and styling their preachers "Fathers," and
the genuflection before a lecture desk,
vainly imagining it to be an altar, com-
mend us to the imitative faculty of the
modern disciples of Porter and Cranmer.

Its "vital objection" to convents is, that
the system is based on a false conception
of "Christian life," and in proof thereof it
asserts, that "young girls abandon home
duties at the sacrifices, not only of filial
duty, but in violation of God's positive
command." What knowledge can this
"Sir Oracle" have of the motives which
control novices seeking admission into a
religious life, or of the sacrifices made?
His failure to conceive the higher duty,
which calls many to abandon father, moth-
er, home and friends, to serve God in
the higher walks of "the Christian life,"
is strong evidence of the *Guardian's* un-
fitness to interpret the "counsels of perfec-
tion" which our Lord addresses to those
who are chosen to abandon all things to
follow Him, but is no proof that convent
life is a "violation of God's command."
The *Guardian* quotes as apposite to its
theory of "violation of God's command,"
the language of our Saviour's prayer for
His disciples: "I pray not that Thou
shouldst take them out of the world, but
that Thou shouldst keep them from the
evil." Neither the whole context of our
Lord's Prayer, nor the above lines afford
the flimsiest excuse for the bold assertions
of the *Guardian*. In its zeal to decry
the spiritual advantage of the practice of
ascetic virtues it is blind to the meaning
of our Lord's words: "He that loveth
father or mother more than Me is not
worthy of Me; and he that taketh not
up his cross and followeth Me, is not
worthy of Me." Or those words: "And
every one that hath left house, or brethren,
or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife,
or children, or lands, for My name's
sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and
shall possess everlasting life." But it
would be idle to discuss the unending
principle of monastic life with those whose
blindness and prejudice, to put it mildly,
have determined them to discountenance
a system to which some of their own sin-
cere and devout females may aspire, but
can never have the grace to reach. Un-
fortunately for them, God's grace does not
flow through Anglican channels, and they
can never rise to spiritual elevations higher
than the fountains of human creation, which

are alien from the true source of all grace
—the Holy Ghost—who abides only with
the Catholic Church. In this connection
we are reminded of a discussion which
took place during the Forty-third Con-
gress between General Butler and the late
President Garfield. Garfield was opposing
an appropriation for the Little Sisters of
the Poor, whilst Butler insisted upon the
fairness of it, as a similar amount of
money had been voted to the "Young
Women's Christian Association." In the
course of the discussion Garfield denounced
"Little Sisters" as a sectarian Order of
the Catholic Church, and asserted that no
Protestant lady could become a member
of it. Butler's reply was, that the reason
why no Protestant could join the Order
was, that there was none willing to make
so perfect a sacrifice of the things of this
world to serve God in a religious life. The
argument was a complete answer, and the
appropriation was voted. We commend
the late President's opinion to the consideration
of our friends of the *Guardian*.

Antiquarian Aurora.

No great organization exists—he it politi-
cal, religious, or any other—without using
emblems or images. The marked fondness
of the Free Masons for them is well
known, but never reprehended. What,
then, is a national flag if not a sort of
show, outwardly, their respect? Yes, ven-
eration, for the banner of the state to
which they look for protection at home
and abroad. We are told that in presiden-
tial elections in the United States the im-
ages of the rival candidates are often car-
ried, at the head of the processions, through
the principal thoroughfares of all the great
cities, and that the purpose of this is to
bring the masses, and of arousing feelings
of enthusiasm in the minds of the follow-
ers of each. So it is everywhere. Every man
interested in politics likes to honor the
representation, whether in marble or on
canvas, of the leader to whom he has
pinned his political faith; and every patri-
otic citizen would consider that something
was wanting at a large public meeting con-
vened to discuss a vital national
question unless the national flag floated
in the breeze high overhead. Against this
we say nothing. We only wish to ask why
it is that some men taunt Catholics with
idolatry whenever some of the latter form
a society, place it under the protection of
a saint in Heaven, and pay due respect to
the image of our Lord or of His Mother
carried at the head of a Catholic process-
ion? No sane Catholic, however ignorant,
ever worships the image itself. It is
simply an incentive to devotion. Surely
there are no grounds for designating
Catholics "image-worshippers" if a religio-
ous or benevolent Catholic society take
the name of a saint and set up his picture
to remind its members frequently
of him, of the trials he endured, of the
virtues in the practice of which he was
distinguished, and to encourage the mem-
bers to imitate those virtues. That images
are useful for this purpose we have at once
reason to believe from the frequency with
which they are employed for other pur-
poses less laudable.

Philadelphia Standard.

BETWEEN religious progress, true progress,
and the Church there is no "abyss," never
has been, never will be. On the contrary,
there is the most perfect union. Every
interest that promotes the real welfare
of mankind, primarily and above all, spiri-
tual, and subordinate to that and in-
imately connected with it, industrial, in-
tellectual, and moral, the Church is deeply
concerned in and strives to foster and ad-
vance.

The blunder of the world, its sad mis-
take, its wicked folly is that it constantly
confounds its own futile movements and
conflicting vacillations with progress, and
then becomes frantic with rage because
the Church will not conform to those va-
cillations and join with the world in ad-
miring and applauding them.

London Universe.

BISHOPS as by law manufactured are
becoming liberal. The Protestant Bishop
of Peterborough has arrived at the con-
viction that under no pretext or pre-
text should the opening of reading rooms
on Sunday would do a great deal of good.
He could go to his library on Sunday and
read; why, he asks, should it be wicked
and mischievous for a poor man to do in
his library or reading-room what was
harmless in private rooms? Exactly.
Wonderful as it may seem, nevertheless,
from such a quarter. There was a time,
not long ago, when for even a Protestant
layman to express such an opinion would
be rank heresy. But there is nothing so
elastic and convenient as the religion
which requires fresh legislation and fresh
revision every few years, and it would not
be at all surprising if, ere long, the whole
English hierarchy were to advocate even
the opening of theatres on Sunday.

In the people of Alsace and Lorraine
are losing every day a little more of the
dislike they used to have for their con-
querors, and of the love they used to have
for France, the French have them-
selves to thank for it. There is no mis-
take that the Prussian rulers of the new
dominion play their cards well in one
thing—they respect the religion of the
people. At the very moment when, in
Paris, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul
are turned out of their homes by the
police, the Prussians are making arrange-
ments for replacing the education of girls
in the hands of the religious. In Falk's
days, the poison of persecution had per-
colated from Prussia into Alsace, and the
Sisters of Divine Providence, of Rappolt-
weiler, who used to supply half the
teachers of Alsace and Lorraine, had been
informed that if they wanted to continue

teaching in schools, they must come to
Strasbourg to pass an examination. The
Sisters—being one of the most efficient
set of teachers in the world—did not mind
being examined, but they objected to
leaving their convent where they receive
their training. So a dissension arose,
through which the Sisters were excluded
from the schools for several years. The
Government have now found out their
mistake, and offered to send their ex-
aminers to Rappoltweiler twice a year to
examine the candidates presented by the
lady superior. The offer has been ac-
cepted, and the Sisters of Divine Providence
will once more undertake the
blessed work from which they had been
excluded by short-sighted tyranny.

Buffalo Union.

RELIGIOUS lunacy has culminated in
the production of the *Oak-Spe*, a book
modestly destined to supplant the Bible
and professing to relate the history of
heaven and earth for the past twenty-four
thousand years. It is a curious jumble of
all the mythologies, and its exceedingly
modern language does not lend itself
gracefully to the Biblical rhythm to which
the author would adapt it. There is no
normal halt, according to *Oak-Spe*, but
the heaven it pictures is an almost ad-
equate substitute.

The perverse ingenuity which many
people display in fitting the cap of
spiritual adoration to their neighbor's
heads, and seeing no possibility of its be-
coming to their own, would be ludicrous
were it not also sad. Nathan has his
parable for David, now as in the olden
time, and now, as then, David deems him
whose sins the prophet pictures, meets for
Heaven. He feels no kinship, much less
identity, with the miserable offender. A
good church-goer is our modern David,
and solicitors for his brethren's amend-
ment. He listens gravely to Sunday's
sermon, and charitably hopes that they to
whose follies or vices it so well applies,
will profit by it. In the same spirit, he
sees the columns of his favorite religious
journal. But he never hears the voice of
God's messenger speaking to himself in
script or sermon, denouncing his own
shortcomings and foretelling these conse-
quences, and would be the very image
of injured innocence and righteous indigna-
tion were Nathan to say unto him—
"Thou art the Man."

Catholic Telegraph.

THE Commercial does not approve of
the objections made by some journals to
the gloriously hypocritical Thanksgiving
observed in England for the success
of the Egyptian Slaughter-house
campaign. We call it a downright and
most blasphemous insult to the Almighty
God of infinite justice. The Commercial
says that a "superior Power" (that is, the
vague and indefinite name given to God
five times in a quarter-of-a-column article)
"has willed that war should take place,"
and that such services on the part of the
conquerors form a sort of vote of "confid-
ence" in such a Power. "God is Power,"
but power is not God. "Men without
knowledge of God," says Cardinal Man-
ning, "are cattle."

Catholic Columbian.

THE attendance and assisting at Mass on
Sundays and Holydays are obligatory on
all Catholics, under pain of mortal sin,
but attendance at Vespers and Benedic-
tion of the Blessed Sacrament is not so
binding. Hard the heart that must be
conquerors form a sort of vote of "confid-
ence" in such a Power. "God is Power,"
but power is not God. "Men without
knowledge of God," says Cardinal Man-
ning, "are cattle."

Of course those would-be scientists that
theorize about the earth's coming into being
and its continued existence, will naturally
look for some accidental means of
destroying it. Some of them think they
have found a way of disposing of the en-
tire globe by fire, and predict as a cause
of striking the sun by the comet that is
now visible. We Christians that see the
finger of God in all things and believe
that He created the foundations of the
universe about us and called universal
harmony into being, may feel secure that
the same all-governing Hand will not
leave us to fate or change. The earth
will not be destroyed by an accidental
clashing of moving bodies in space. Let
scientists speculate and grow proud in
their pretended wisdom, but there is One
who directs all things according to His
will.

THE Catholic Church has her millions
of faithful children throughout the world,
She has no need of any mortal to perpetu-
ate her existence, and those who imagine
that she holds out special inducements to
them and they are very independent in
refusing to heed her, are very much mis-
taken. She exists by the power of God,
and her reign on earth can no more be dis-
turbed than that of the course of the sun
through the heavens. She exhorts all
mankind to enter her fold, not because
they do a favor to her, but in order that
their souls may be saved to life everlasting.
What puny efforts, then, are those
put forth by her enemies! How prepos-
terous the independence of those who will
not hear her!

There are about 100 priests. There are
besides 22 chapels and stations. The
noteworthy features of Catholic Brooklyn
are set forth in the following figures:
priests, 100; theological seminary, 1;
colleges, 2; academies and select schools,
12; parish schools, 33; asylums, 9; hos-
pitals, 4. The Catholic population of
Brooklyn for 1862 is estimated at 110,000,
and for 1870 at 150,000 souls.—N. Y.
Times.

CONFIRMATIONS IN THE GUELPH MISSIONS.

The 26th and 27th of October will be
dates memorable in the annals of the
Guelph missions. On those days his
Lordship Bishop Crinon administered the
sacrament of confirmation to over nine
recipients. Accompanied by Rev. Father
Cleary, of Hamilton, his Lordship arrived
in Guelph on Wednesday evening, and was
met at the station by Rev. Father Dum-
ontier, S. J.

Thursday morning was devoted to the
House of Providence, the peaceful and
happy home of so many aged of both
sexes, and the hospital where the poor and
suffering are tenderly cared for by the
self-denying Sisters of St. Joseph.

Early in the afternoon His Lordship,
escorted by Rev. Father Macdonald, drove
out some twelve miles to St. Peter's
church, Eramosa. The sturdy yeomen
came seven or eight miles to welcome
their Bishop, and an ever increasing pro-
cession of horsemen, buggies and double
teams conduced him in triumph to the
consecrated ground. More tasteful pre-
parations had been made, for which His
Lordship tendered his grateful acknowl-
edgments. A row of balsams extended
along the cemetery, a handsome avenue
led up to the church, their dark green
foliage in striking contrast with the white
marble columns and tombstones. Inside
the church graceful festoons round the
body of the church, while the altar
was brilliant with lights and flowers and
costly silks. His Lordship was received
at the gate by the acting pastor. Accom-
panied by the clergy he passed to the
church through rows of acolytes in red
cassocks and snow white surplices, behind
whom were symmetrically ranged the
boys and girls who were to be confirmed,
the back ground being filled up by the
congregation, who had assembled in large
numbers. While the Bishop proceeded
to the sacristy the choir intoned the *Veni
Creator Spiritus*. After an interval His
Lordship, in sacred vestments, entered the
sanctuary, and delivered an impressive ad-
dress on the end of man, eternal happi-
ness and its only obstacle—sin. Assisted
by the rev. gentlemen he then conferred
the sacrament of confirmation on fifty
adults and children. After the ceremony
he addressed more words of encouragement
and advice and was listened to with
marked attention. Finally he drove to
Oustie, viewed the site of the new church,
expressing his satisfaction, and returned to
Guelph.

Friday forenoon the Bishop started for
Georgetown, accompanied by Rev. Father
Cleary, S. J., pastor of our Lady's church.
He was met at the depot by Charles Ryan,
a representative Catholic in the true sense
of the word, and other members of the
congregation. Edward Tyrrell drove him
to St. Patrick's church. Rev. Fr. Fleck,
S. J., commenced mass on his arrival. An
Ave Maria was creditably rendered by the
choir, twenty-four were confirmed.

In the forenoon His Lordship took the
cars for Acton where a goodly array of far-
miliarly welcomed him, and from which he
was escorted to Little Dublin by Thomas
Lamb. Eighteen received the sacrament
at the Bishop's hands after which he vis-
ited Matthew McCann, justly styled "the
pillar of the church."

This closed His Lordship's tour in the
Guelph missions.

A FRIGHTFUL HOLOCAUST.

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 6.—A fire broke
out at midnight in the eastern end of the
Provincial Poor Asylum, an immense six-
story brick structure in the south-eastern
suburbs of the city, containing about four
hundred people, and at 1.30 a. m. half of
the building was a mass of flames. The
fire originated in the bakery, where were
twenty cords of wood stored. The flames
catching this then spread with lightning
rapidity and soon had that part of the
building used as a hospital in their
clutch. The inmates rushed about the
building in great confusion, seemingly
almost out of their senses, and the work
of getting them out was very difficult.
There was no immediate danger, so the
officials of the Asylum did not take any
steps to remove the inmates. An alarm
was sounded, and when the firemen ar-
rived they found smoke issuing from the
windows all over the building, but there
was no flames to be seen. In the west
wing old women and children were seen
at the windows.

CRAVING TO BE LET OUT.

A sturdy axe-man dashed at the door lead-
ing from this wing into the yard, and
with a few vigorous blows knocked it in.
The stairway was crowded, and out came
the procession of women nursing infants,
old gray-headed grandams and feeble old
men, all wailing and screaming. And as they
squeaked the fresh air without they were
wild with joy. Then it became known
that those in the upper wards of that wing
were

and officials were trying to keep under,
spread to the base of the long air shaft or
elevator, reaching to the top of the main
building.

It is known that there were about
seventy patients in the hospital, and so
far as could be ascertained only half-a-
dozen were carried out before the flames
cut off all further approach to the place.
A medical man, who is in a position to
know, estimates the loss of life to be

NOT LESS THAN FIFTY.
The poor old people and little children
got out of their part of the building were
huddled together in a barn some little dis-
tance away, and were there packed away
with straw and blankets to keep them
comfortable till the morning.

ST. BONIFACE.

A Strange Story of Suffering and Mar-
vellous Recovery.

FATHER GOIFFRON'S ADVENTURES.

One night quite recently Archbishop
Tache was startled by the stamping of
some one on the doorstep of his residence
at St. Boniface, and on enquiring, says
the *Winnipeg Times*, as to the cause of
the noise was no less surprised than pleased
to hear that Father Goiffron had come
back to see him after an absence of
twenty-one years. Father Goiffron is
now sixty-four years of age.

In the annals of St. Boniface there is no
more interesting or remarkable story than
that of Rev. Father Goiffron. In the
winter of 1860 the rev. father was de-
spatched on a mission to Pembina. He
started on horseback. The weather was
intensely cold, and there was nowhere to
find shelter on the sparsely settled coun-
try of that day. As he drew near to the
end of his journey he felt that he was suc-
cumbing to the cold. But notwithstanding
that he felt his legs and feet freezing,
he pushed on as quickly as his benumbed
horse would permit him. When within
three