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And the Master says (as He folds them To His Heart)—"Thrice blessed! 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 "professional 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.

GOLD. Her photograph has been in every shop window in London and it is now in every shop window in New York.

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# 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 Jubilee of her religious vows; but as the aged pilgrim began at last, to pass peacefully into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, her characteristic 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 angels, who was carrying 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 supreme! The searching light of His Judgment About you, startled, stream—

Stretch forth your toll-worn fingers, By generous service scarred; 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, Unselfish, brave and pure.

A hero's courage in crosses, A woman's meekness in woes, A sympathy 'mid all sorrows, 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.

And the Master says (as He folds them To His Heart)—"Thrice blessed! 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 "professional 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 mostly is attracted by the promise of her expected large crowds to the theatre. Her name is Mrs. Langtry, which the London correspondents of American papers have made generally known by this time; she has a husband, her father is a Dean of the Church of England, and she is travelling under the protection of Mrs. Labouchere, formerly an actress, now legally the wife of Labouchere, 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 ten-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 has 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 goes 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 complain 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 degradation which a woman suffers when she steps into public view, to be talked of by libertines as a slave on exhibition in a mart at Cairo stalked of by the lascivious Turk.

### Catholic Review.

The Puritanical spirit of the sects was well illustrated recently, according to the *Scottville Courier*, of Virginia, at the Union Baptist (colored) Church on Sunday night, by the Rev. Mr. Cotterell, of Cottrelltown, Buckingham County, who gave his charge to twenty-one young con-

verts. They were required to stand up, and with right hand raised, pledged themselves "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 discussed the question, "Is it sinful to laugh?" WITH a priest and a few earnest laymen, a total abstinence society is a fact. But they must be earnest; that is, they must labor, and they must practice themselves total abstinence. Is it too much to ask the practice of total abstinence for the sake of others? The question, we think, should 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 by 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 difference (of which we have heard much of late) in church attendance between Catholics 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-a-days, high and low, proclaim a decay of Christianity. 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 not. 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 discrepancy 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 Switzerland land tell the same story as Birmingham, New York or Chicago. In all Protestant 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 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. Teresa—a portion of the miraculous heart preserved at Mount Carmel, in this city—we inadvertently said that age had reduced 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 introduction, but will hardly succeed in its prevention, as among Anglicans, just now, imitation of things Catholic is the rage. 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, commend us to the imitative faculty of the modern disciples of Porter and Cranmer. His "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 altar, 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, mother, home and friends, to serve God in the higher walks of "the Christian life," is strong evidence of the *Guardian's* inability to interpret the "counsels of perfection" 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 decri 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 he 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 sincere and devout females may aspire, but can never have the *grace* to reach. Unfortunately for them, God's grace does not flow through Anglican channels, and they may not 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 Congress 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 Extra.

No great organization exists—be it political, 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, in our opinion, is a national flag if not a sort of emblematic image? Yet all loyal men show outwardly, their respect, yes, veneration, for the banner of the state to which they look for protection at home and abroad. We are told that in presidential elections in the United States the images of the rival candidates are often carried, at the head of the processions, through the principal thoroughfares of all the great cities, and that the enthusiasm of the masses, and of arousing feelings of enthusiasm in the minds of the followers 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 patriotic citizen would consider that something was wanting at a large public meeting convened 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 His Mother as carried at the head of a Catholic procession? 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 religious or benevolent Catholic society take the name of a saint and set up his picture in order 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 members 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 purposes less laudable.

### Philadelphia Standard.

BETWEEN real progress, true progress, and the Church there is no "analysis," 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, spiritual, but also subordinate to that and intimately connected with it, industrial, intellectual, and moral, the Church is deeply concerned in and strives to foster and advance.

The blunder of the world, its sad mistake, its wicked folly is that it constantly confounds its own futile movements and continual vacillations with progress, and then becomes frantic with rage because the Church will not conform to those vacillations and join with the world in admiring and applauding them.

### London Universe.

BISHOPS as by law manufactured are becoming liberal. The Protestant Bishop of Peterborough has arrived at the conviction that under no pretext or reservation 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 concession, nevertheless. Wonderful that, 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 conquerors, and of the love they used to have for France, the French have themselves to thank for it. There is no mistake 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 arrangements for replacing the education of girls in the hands of the religious. In Falc's days, the poison of persecution had percolated from Prussia into Alsace, and the Sisters of Divine Providence, of Rappoltswiller, 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 Strasburg to pass an examination. The Sisters—being one of the most efficient sets 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 examiners to Rappoltswiller twice a year to examine the candidates presented by the lady superior. The offer has been accepted, 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 professed 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 hall, according to *Oak-Spe*, but the heaven it pictures is an almost adequate substitute.

The perverse ingenuity which many people display in fitting the cap of spiritual adulation to their neighbors' heads, and seeing no possibility of its being conning 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 amendment. 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 scans the columns of his favorite religious journals. But he never hears the voice of God's messenger speaking to himself in script or sermon, denouncing his own shortcomings and foretelling these consequences, and would be the very image of injured innocence and righteous indignation 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 "confidence" in such a Power. "God is Power," but power is not God. "Men without knowledge of God," says Cardinal Manning, "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 Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is not so binding. Hard the heart that must be compelled to be present at the august Sacrifice. Hard, indeed, and unfaithful the Catholic heart that will not care to receive the blessing of Christ in the Adorable Sacrament!

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 earth by fire, and predict as a cause the striking of 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 need 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 perpetuate 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 mistaken. She exists by the power of God, and her reign on earth can no more be disturbed than 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 live everlasting. What puny efforts, then, are those put forth by her enemies! How preposterous the independence of those who will not hear her!

THE Catholic population of Brooklyn is estimated by the authorities of the diocese at 200,000 souls. The relation this number sustains to the entire population is somewhat less than that of the Catholic proportion in the city of New York. In Brooklyn the denomination is hard-worked, but modest. There is little or no ecclesiastical display. Catholicity dates in Brooklyn back to about the year 1825. The present cathedral was the first church. At present there are 44 churches,

served by about 100 priests. There are besides 22 chapels and stations. The noteworthy features of Catholic Brooklyn are set forth in the following figures: churches, 44; chapels and stations, 22; priests, 100; theological seminaries, 1; colleges, 2; academies and select schools, 12; parish schools, 39; asylums, 9; hospitals, 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 Clery, of Hamilton, His Lordship arrived in Guelph on Wednesday evening, and was met at the station by Rev. Father Dumortier, 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 procession of horsemen, buggies and double teams concentered him in triumph to the consecrated ground. More tasteful preparations had been made, for which His Lordship tendered his grateful acknowledgments. A row of balsams extended along the cemetery, and a handsome avenue led up to the church, their dark green foliage in striking contrast with the white marble columns and tombstones. Inside the cathedral hung in 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. Accompanied 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 *Fund Creator Spiritus*. After an interval His Lordship, in sacred vestments, entered the sanctuary, and delivered an impressive address on the end of man, eternal happiness 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 Lory, 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 farmers 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 visited Matthew McCann, justly styled "the pillar of the church."

### 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 coils 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 arrived they found smoke issuing from the windows all over the building, but there were 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 leading 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 were screaming. And as they sought the fresh air without they were wild with joy. Then it became known that those in the upper wards of that wing were

ALMOST HELPLESS. some firemen, Aldermen, a clergyman and others who were among the early arrivals, hastened upstairs and willing hands were soon getting the blind, halt and lame down the long, winding stairs. The work was necessarily a slow one, but finally that wing was emptied. In the meantime the flames in the basement, which the Superintendent engineer

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 distance 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 Marvellous 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 despatched 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 country of that day. As he drew near to the end of his journey he felt that he was succumbing 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 or four miles from Pembina his horse fell dead on the roadside. To add to the father's other misfortunes, a severe snowstorm came on. Wrapping himself up as well as he could in his cloak, he crawled close to the dead animal in order to profit by any warmth it might contain. For five days he lay beside the beast, covered with snow, and satisfying the pangs of hunger by such pieces of flesh as he could cut from the frozen carcass with his pocket knife.

On the fifth day he gave up all hopes of success, and was about resigning himself to his fate, when he saw in the distance two horsemen riding over the plains. Summoning all his remaining strength he called out to them, and was fortunate in attracting their attention. They returned to where he lay, and as soon as they learned the circumstances of the case, one rode with all speed to Pembina while the other stayed with the priest. Finally a conveyance was procured and the half frozen man taken to Pembina, which he reached in a desperate plight. In order to save his life it was resolved to amputate the frozen limbs. Surgery in the Northwest twenty years ago was of a very rude character, and although the operation in the rev. father's case was performed with as much care as possible, it would have been called in these days a bungled job. Father Goiffron was removed to St. Boniface shortly afterwards, and was admitted to Bishop Tache's house. On the trip the bandages on the limb became disarranged, and he was apparently bleeding to death. On the 23rd December, 1860, preparations were actually being made for the funeral. When candles for use at the service for the dead were sought for, it was found that the supply had run out, and a fire which was lit in the Bishop's kitchen, the house then being attached to the cathedral, and a pot of grease put upon the stove with which to make the candles. A quantity of the grease happened to boil over, setting fire to the building. All efforts to extinguish the flames proved unavailing, and the occupants of the house turned their attention to saving such effects as they could. Father Goiffron lay upon a mattress, which was steeped in blood from the bleeding limb. The flames made rapid progress, and he was in danger of being burned to death. The priests at once set about removing him from the blazing building. He objected at first, saying that he might as well be burned to death in the house as die of cold outside, but notwithstanding his protestations the mattress was borne out and placed in the snow. The change to the intense cold of the open air had the effect of checking the hemorrhage, and to the surprise of all, the father rallied, and being removed to one of the church buildings began to improve. Later, he was taken in charge by the Sisters. When able to leave his bed he made a crash for himself and was able to get around with tolerable ease. He lived in St. Boniface a year and was then sent to St. Paul, where he has labored ever since.

Wendell Phillips tells a story to illustrate the influence of wealth in abolishing the prejudices of race.

"A dark-colored man once went to Portland, Maine, and attended church. He went into a good pew, when the next neighbor to the man who owned it said: 'What do you put a nigger into your pew for?'

"Nigger! he's no nigger; he's a Haytian."

"Can't help that; he's black as the ace of spades."

"Why sir, he's a correspondent of mine."

"Can't help that; I tell you he's black."

"But he is worth a million of dollars."

"Is he thought—Introduce me!"