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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The following letters are samples of those which we are constantly receiving from our patrons. We do not wish to draw any comparison between the Recogn and other papers published in Canada claiming the support of Catholics. We merely allow the people to judge for themselves which is most worthy of support. From the way in which the paper has been received and supported for the past few years we hope soon to be able to enlarge and add new features which will make it a still more welcome visitor to the homes of our people. We have not given premiums with the CATHOLIC RECORD. We do not find it necessary to sugar-coat it with cheap baubles in order to induce the people to subscribe. The paper has won its way into thousands of Catholic homes solely on its own merits. The following letters of Rt, Rev. Bishop of Halifax, and Rev. Father Carolan, to gether with the extracts given from letters we receive from day to day fully explains the cause of the great favor in which the RECORD is held by the Catholic people of

St. Mary's, Halifax, Nov. 7, 1881.

the Dominion:

St. Mary's, Halifax, Nov. 7, 1881.

I have had opportunities during the last two years or more of reading copies of the Carrifolic Records, published in London, Ontarlo, and approved of by His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, the Bishop of that See, I beg to recommend that paper to all the faithful of this diocese.

+ Michael Hannan,

Archbishop of Halifax.

Bonavista, Newfoundland, Dec. 2, 1881.

Thomas Coffey, Esq. Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find post office order, the amount of two years' subscription to your excellent paper the Carholic Record. Though the paper needs no word of commendation from me, and though the case were otherwise, such a word would be of insignificant weight, yet I can hardly refrain from expressing how happy I am to observe that it continues to hold undisputed possession of the high place it first so readily acquired in the ranks of respectable journalism. The good opinion formed of the Carholic Record in the earlier days of its existence, has been greatly confirmed by a more infimate acquaintance with it throughout the intervening period of its successful progress and the velopment Ait grows in years it seems to grow he send ness and vigor. I have not seen of a send of its which does not contain ange matters of vital importance to Catholics. In fact, it brings to the domestic contain ange matters of the Catholic pupit, the lecture hall, and lessons of the Sunday school in Christian doctrine.

I henders were the send of the culation it so I heartily wish it the wide circulation it so

eserves.
I remain, dear sir, yours truly,
P. Carolan, Priest.

Rev. B. Casey, Almonte. You deserve all praise for labor and care in the selection of religious matter, as well as for articles on the rights and duties of governments and peoples, and on the necessity of making edu-cation more Christian.

Oungah, Dec. 23, 1881.
r. Thos. Coffey. Str. I remit you two
ars and twenty-five cents for my subption to the RECORD and HARP. The dollars scription to the Record Record gains every number.

I remain, yours truly,

THOMAS SMYTH.

Sec. of State Office, Ottawa, Sept. 1, 1881.
Thos. Coffey, Esq. Dear sir,—Enclosed find four dollars for that queen of papers, the CATHOLIC RECORD.

James W. Grace, Marshall, Mich. As a Catholic journal it is second to none. Hugh Campbell, Exeter. No Catholic fam-ly should be without it.

John J. Bedford, Guelph. We hail the RECORD with pleasure every week. Joseph Bellepirche, Windsor. Your journal is highly appreciated by all its readers.

John Brennan, Eagle Lake, Wis. I feel happy every week when I receive your good Cathelle paper. atholic paper.

Mrs. P. Jackson, Windsor. Enclosed please
find four dollars, and continue sending the
RECORD. It has become indispensable in my

Wm. Chisholm, Saltford. Your paper is always most welcome and satisfactory. Bernard McKenna, Billings Bridge. I con-oder it the best Catholic paper I have ever

ead.
W. F. Scott, Culloden. Your paper is anxously read by my family. It is interesting
a Catholic matter and instructive to old and young.
Gerald J. Nagle, Rock Forest, Que. I am
well pleased with your paper.
Thomas Real, Dundas. All Catholics in
Canada should have the Record in their
families.

The Devil Has No Happy Old Men.

I met a man one day on his way to church. He had just passed the milestone of life labeled "seventy years." His back was bent, his clothes were old, his voice was husky, his hair was white, his eye was dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, he seemed still fond of life and full of gladness, not at all put out with his lot. He hummed the lines of a familiar hymn as his legs and cad cane carried him along.
"Aged friend," said I, "why should an

old man be merry?"
"All are not," said he.
"Well, why then should you be

"Because I try to serve God who is a good Master." 'Are none others happy at your time of life.

"No, not one, my friendly questioner," said he; and as he said more, his form straightened into the stature of his younger days, and something of inspira-tion set a beautiful glow across his count-

enance.
"Listen, sir," said he. "to the truth from one who knows, then wing it round the world, and no man be found to gainsay my words: The devil has no happy old men!"

MISSION IN WALKERTON.

The Redemptorist Fathers Miller and McInerney will open a mission in this place on New Year's Day. We doubt not the results of these religious exercises will be highly gratifying to the good fathers who are laboring in this important parish.

The Catholic Telegraph notes the fact that the late Archbishop McHale lived during the pontificate of no less than seven Popes. He was born during the

The Little Kings and Queens,

ву н. н.

Monarchs whose kingdom no man bounds No leagues uphold, no conquest spreads. Whose thrones are any mossy mounds, Whose crowns are curls on sunny heads.

The only sovereigns on the earth

No fortress built in all the land So strong they cannot from it fre No place made too rich, too grand For them to roam triumphantly.

No tyrant so hard-hearted known Can their diplomacy resist: They can usurp his very throne: He abdicates when he_ts kissed.

No hovel in the world so small, So meanly built, so squalid, bare, They will not go within its wall, And set their reign of splendour there,

No beggar too forlorn and poor To give them all they need to thrive: They frolic in his yard and door, The happiest kings and queens alive Oh, blessed little kings and queens, The only sovereigns in the earth!

The only sovereigns in the ear heir sovereignty nor rests nor l On pomps of riches or of birth. Nor end when cruel death lays low In dust each little curly head.

In dust each little curly head.

And other sovereigns crownless go.

And are forgotten when they're dead But these hold changeless empire past, Triumphant past, all earthly scenes: We worship, truest to the last, The buried "little kings and queens." —Harper's Magazine.

HERE AND THERE IN IRELAND.

A Few Notes from James Redpath and His Irish Friends.

From the Boston Pilot.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25, 1881. My Dear Boyle O'Reilly:—I see, and am delighted to see, that our friend, "Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby," is accused of exaggerating his reports of Irish distress and of British tyranny in Ireland—that it has been said of him, as it were, that he is a Land Leaguer, and the truth is not in him. Nasby, in politics, is a saint of the modern school, who believes in resisting the devil, to the end that that great friend of Irish landlordism may "fiee from him." The more that Nasby is abused for telling he truth the more truth he will tell, and thereby help more efficiently to make Americans understand what Irish landlord-

Mr. Locke's first introduction to Irish landlordism, under my guidance, was at the Galtee Mountains, in Cork, where the people, although extremely wretched, are not so wretched as in many districts of Mayo, Galway, Kerry, and Donegal, that I have personally investigated. ENGLISH AND AMERICAN INVESTIGATORS IN

As Mr. Locke, his son and myself were driving out from Mitchellstown to see the homes of the peasantry of the Galtee mountains, we met several battalions of the British army returning from aiding in the eviction of the poor tenantry of the infamous Countess of Kingston.

for themselves whether the Irish people were justified in their determined resist-ance to the exactions of the Irish landlords. Like Mr. Locke, a few days before, and like myself, eighteen months before they came to Ireland with the belief that the wrongs of the Irish peasantry had been grossly exaggerated. They went back, not with the belief, but with the knowledge (as we all went back with the knowledge) that the hundredth part of the truth had not yet been told about these agrarian miscreants, for whose sake Ireland had been kept in pauperism and robbed alike of her prosperity and population for ten

enerations.

Miss Cragan's companion (whose name I have forgotten) read a short statement of their observations on the Countess of

the rain falls on the rotten floor, and on the wretched apologies for beds. The bedding and bed-clothes were filthy, reeking masses of rags and straw. The smell from this mass of filth was something aw-ful. We could scarcely bear the

without fainting. "How they are FED AND CLOTHED.

"There is no distinction made between the farmer's and laborers' food. It consists of Indian meal stirabout, or potatoes, from year's end to year's end. There-

ore the people have a starved and famished appearance.
"The families of the laborers had no clothes, only what were on them, which

had to do double duty, as they were obliged to use them as bed-clothes at night.
"Some of them would have died of starvation only for their neighbor's bounty. The laborers never have enough to eat. REPRESENTATIVE CABINS ON A RACK-

"REPRESENTATIVE CABINS ON A RACK-RENTED ESTATE.

"In one place we visited, the roof had fallen. They had replaced it by furze bushes. We had to crawl in and could not stand upright or turn round when we got in. There was an old woman, 75 years of age, crouching before a few sparks of fire, trying to warm stale cabbage and water in a cup. She told us that was all she had for her dinner. I did not see a mouthful of anything else. An old armchair, without a seat, was the furniture. She had no clothes, only an old filthy woollen dress, which is her only covering at night. She has no underelothing."

Did the noble Countess relieve this poor and lonely old woman? Oh, no! If The writer continues: "But for her neighbors she would have died of starve." not stand upright or turn round when we

The writer continues: "But for her neighbors she would have died of starvation. They also gave her seed for a quar-

darkness. There was not a single thing in this damp, dark, and foul-smelling hole. Only a heap of filthy rags and rotten straw, on which a family of eight have to sleep every night. This was the inner apartment; the outer one was lighted by a hole with a way of straw in its Accordance. with a wad of straw in it. A couple of old chairs was the only furniture. Women and children, starved looking things, were in rags. Miss Gragan burst out crying when she saw this deplorable sight. She said, humanity was outraged by such a state of things. The castle of such a state of things.

the Countess of Kingston cost a quarter of a million of money (\$1,250,000); the walls enclosing the domain are seven miles in circumference, and cost \$50,000. Comment is needless." The Buckley estate.

These ladies also paid a visit to the Buckley estate on which most of the tenants whose condition was described by Mr. Locke are living, They say of these poor neonle.

poor people:
"The wretched state of the people on Galtee Mountains is something alling. The thatch was rotten, holes appalling. here and there in it, through which the rain fell. There were large holes in the bed-room floor filled with rotten water. The smell from the festering mass of bedclothing was sickening. The people have not enough to eat, nor a possibility of buying a half-penny's worth of soap." Mr. Locke and myself saw these and

milar sights there.

From south let us now go north, and ee how the people fare there under Irish

landlords.

Here is an unpretending picture of peasant-life that is seldom so vividly portrayed in the ambitious writings of portrayed in the amoitious writings of historians. It is given in a private letter to me from Father McCabe, of the parish of Glenade, in the diocese of Kilmore. This diocese include nearly all of Cavan and part of Leitrim and Fernanagh.

WITHE PARISH OF GLENADE,"
writes Father McCabe, "has its name from two Light words.

two Irish words, Glan-avdha, or Fodha, which latter word by contraction has which latter word by contraction has obtained its present form. It means a long valley. It is in reality as well as in name. This valley lies between two lofty mountains, and runs towards the Atlantic Ocean. It is separated from the sea by a strip of land two mile wide. The mists from the sea are caught by the mountains, and fall upon us in very heavy showers. The howling of the wind through this place is quite enough to heavy showers. The nowing of the wind through this place is quite enough to terrify a stranger. You might imagine some giant was whistling for his dog that had gone wild after some mountain spirit!

The winds are wild, anyhow, unroof houses, tear down trees, and scatter in their fury the furze (for there is little or no corn) that has been gathered with much difficulty. It is a churlish, bleak, and dreary place.

'HOW ITS PEOPLE LIVE." "How ITS PEOPLE LIVE."

"About 400 families live in this place.
They are sober and virtuous. They live by finding a little stock. They are good hands at butter-making. They rear calves, and sell them at the approach of winter, as the cold would kill them. On the mountain side which is a common

and one-third in Sligo. I suppose the population is 2,000. There are only four Protestant families in this parish.

"The average size of farms is what we call, five cows' place." By economy, by which is the control of the parish is the parish is the parish is the parish in the parish in the parish is the parish in the parish in the parish in the parish is the parish in t

live when the stock gives a good price.

In every house, there is one and often two wheels. All the females can spin and dress wool. There are also many looms for weaving linen, flannel, and frieze, and other can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in other can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in other can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in other can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in other can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in other can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in other can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates in the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates and of the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates and of the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates and the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates and the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates and the can be a place with no fewer than eight gates and the can be a place with a plac for weaving linen, flannel, and frieze, and other coarse stuffs that make gowns, etc., for the women.
"There are six schools, well-attended,

and in efficient hands.

"THE LANDLORDS OF GLENADE
"The land is cold and bad. Yet the
oor people are rack-rented. The rents of their observations on the Countess of Kingston's estate at a private meeting of the Ladies Land League of Dublin. It was not published. I obtained a copy of it. Let me make a few quotations from it. Let me make a few quotations from it. Manorhamilton, near this place. There was not published. The countess of Kingston's Manorhamilton, near this place. There was then thirteen tenants; now there are

lands are all rack-rented. "In the bad days past" (Father McCabe is now replying to my question, What the landlords did for the relief of their tenants during the famines of 1847 and 1879?) "the landlords contributed nothing to the support of the poor people they had robbed.

"Sir Henry Gore Booth is an exception. At the relief committee he was indefati-gable. Week after week he came long ourneys to assist me in the just distribu tion of the alms that our friends at home and abroad contributed. He owns the Sligo portion of this parish. His lands are not so highly rented as other lands, but "duty days" and "bog money" make them too dear. He is a humane landlord, and takes an interest in his people. He not an absentee.
"All the other landlords would be too

bad in Botany Bav." So here is one good Irish landlord! But, alas! he is so mean that in addition to the rent he charges for the bog-bog which must be removed to make the land arable; and he is so despotic that he re-tains the feudal custom of serf-labor or unpaid labor called in the West of Ireland "duty work." This impost was a reasonable one during the feudal times because the lord did give protection (to be sure much of it was of the wolf and sheep order), for the service or "duty" rendered by his tenant. But now that the tenant supports the landlerd, what a monstrous impertinence it is to exact "duty work from the peasant? My advice abolished it in Western Mayo and Western Galway; and I trust that here will be a strike against it wherever it may yet linger in the lonely parishes of the West of Ire-

Jacques Cartier's Pilgrimage and Vow to Our Lady of Roc Amadour, at Quebec, in 1534.

Even in our New World, devotion to Our Lady is no new thing ; all but three hundred and fifty years ago there was a formal act. It was in the heart of a Can-adian winter. A little band of French Catholics, who sailed from the port named after the Irish Saint Malo, set out with the Bishop's blessing on them and their bold undertaking, and had planted the cross hard by the Indian village of Stadacue, on the heights of Quebec. Priests were with them, devoted men of the an-cient Order of St. Benedict. Far to the north, in Greenland, snow and ice had gathered for three-quarters of a century around the roined Cathedral of Garda and the fallen convent and chapel. Eight years the vegetation of Virginia had run wild over the crumbling Dominican chapel on the Chesapeake; but far and wide over this fair land, except here on the St. Law-rence, there was no trace of Catholicity and Christianity till you reached the foot-hold which for a decade and a half Cortes had been struggling to maintain where he had planted the banner of Our Lady in Mexico. Cartier's settlement of the Holy Cross stood alone amid almost Arctic snows, with no Christian neighbors within thousands on thousands of miles.

To add to the loneliness of their winter-

ing, scurvy set in, and dath began to thin the settlers.

"There were eight dead and more than fifty for whom there was no more hope of life," says the account of Cartier's voyage. "Our captain, seeing the misery and malady thus spread, summoned all to prayer and devotion; and he caused an image in remembrance of the Virgin Mary to be borne over the snow and ice and set up against a tree at bow-shot distance from our fort; and he ordered that on the Sunday following, Mass should be celebra-ted at the said place, and that all those who could walk, both sick and well, should go in procession, singing the Seven Psalms of David, with the Litany, praying the said Virgin that it would implore her dear Child to have pity on us.

The Mass said and celebrated before the

cession that wild December day over snow and ice to hear Mass said before the leafless tree on which the picture or statue of Our Lady was placed! And, when the last Gospel had been said, brave Cartier wowing a pilgrimage to the far-off shrine of Mary! And what was that shrine? Far remote as Cartier's pious act seemed to us now the sanctuary of Roc Amadour is These tenants had been visited, a few days before, by a well-known English woman, Mrs. Cragan, and another English lady, who had come from England to see for themselves whether the Irish people Two-thirds of the parish is in Leitrim with boulders, tower to the skies rugged, rocky mountains whose height appals you.

"The Darksome Valley," sometimes a
stone-encumbered ravine, sometimes a
mountain-torrent, is hemmed by precipneeds pass to reach the staircase leading to the church. On a peak above the tower yet rises, though sadly shattered by time, by Huguenot and infidel, the Church of Roc Amadour, surrounded by rocks that seem to protect it, and where once in clois-tered homes pious nuns poured forth their

"Momes of the Countess of Kingston. The places of the Countes of Kingston. The port people had to fly were more like the lairs of wild beasts than the counter of the Countes of Kingston. The places at a rack-rent, for fear the counter of the Countes of Kingston. The poor people had to fly were made a lew quotations from the counter of the Countes of Kingston. The places of the Countes of Kingston. The places of the Countes of Kingston is a considered the counter of t Mary. Great was the confidence in Our Lady of Roc Amadour and her intercession when the brave heart of Cartier, amid the horrors of his wintering on the St. Lawrence, turned to her for aid; and near the church, on the let, beneath an overhanging cliff, is a narrow cell cut in the rock, where Saint Amadour lived, and where he was buried, to be found years afterward, and make the rock to which he gave his name a mighty pilgrimage, not in his own honor, but in that of the Mother of God.

And who was Saint Amadour? If we lay aside wild dreams that seek to connect him with Zaccheus of the Gospel, he seems nim with Zaccheus of the Gospei, he seems to be St. Amator, Bishop of Auxerre, and predecessor of St. Germain. With this latter holy prelate St. Patrick was con-nected, and in all probability he accompanied St. Germain when he visited Britain to check the Pelagian heresy, and obtained by his prayers a miraculous vic

tory for the Christians over the heathen Now, according to the Book of Armagh St. Patrick, on hearing of the death of Palladius, having been already appointed by the Pope, "turned his journey, as well as those with him, to a certain wonderful man, a very high Bishop, by name Amathorex, dwelling in a neighboring place, and there St. Patrick, knowing what was to come to pass, received Episcopal Consecration from the holy Bishop Mathorex." St. Germain succeeded to the See of Auxerre in 418, and, by the resignation of St. Amator, the latter might still have consecrated St. Patrick for his wonderful

nission in his church at Roc Amator.
It is impossible, indeed, to give this ighest authority as a fact of undoubted history, but there is nothing to prevent our piously believing that the Saint Ama-tor from whose hands the Apostle of Erin

THE EARLIEST PUBLIC HONOR TO mariners afar off were environed by peril and offering their prayers to Our Lady of nor a Rome under the laws of which an

not to their own skill or travery, but to the miraculous banner of Our Lady brought to them on the eve of the battle from the Church of Our Lady of Roc

Amadour.

Thus we can understand why the pious Jacques Cartier in his hour of need implored the intercession of Our Lady, and plored the intercession of Our Lady, and made himself her pilgrim; nor can we doubt but that he kept the vow uttered under the leafless tree on the St. Lawrence, and made his pilgrimage to the Church of Our Lady of Roc Amadour.—John Gil-mary Shea, L.L. D., in Ave Maria.

ROME FOR THE POPE.

WHAT THE PIEDMONTESE SEEM NOW TO BE WILLING TO GRANT THE POPE-RESULT OF THE PRESSURE OF EUROPEAN PUBLIC OPINION-PREPARING FOR THE PIED-

Paris Correspondence of the LondonTimes. You put lished on the 10th of October a letter giving a conversation in which an Italian patriot advocated the deporture from Rome, not of the Pope, but of the King, who would fix on some other city as the capital of united Italy. This idea of a sincere and enlightened patriotism, em-bodying a really practical and Italian solution, made no little impression. It has called forth speeches, articles and pamphlets, and though it has excited certain objections it has not provoked the anger which might have been expected. It has even been the subject of repeated conversations in circles where repeated conversations on such a subject indicate early, if not immediate, practicability.

Nor is this surprising,
Precisely because in one of the leading
countries of the Continent, the signal of
an anti-religious campaign has been given by a Republican Government. Monarch cal Europe feels the common interest at stake in the conflict between two prin iples of Government, and the inecessity of safeguarding one of the greatest auxil-The Mass said and celebrated before the said image, the captain declared himself a pilgrim to our Lady of Roquemado, promising to go thither if God idid him the favor to return to France."

What a picture! Sick and well chanting the Litany of Our Lady and the Seven Penitential Psalms as they went in proper procedure. The same procedure is the said of t ti is felt that the assault threatens all creeds alike. At the advance of materialism every religion feels that its turn is approaching, and that war has been declared against all. This is what now approaching, and that war has been declared against all. This is what now alarms all the regular Powers, and this is the reason of the effect produced throughout Europe by M. Paul Bert's appointment as Minister of Worship. The news was received with stupefaction, and every body expected that this time the Vatican would rise an outcry, and that the Nuncio would rise an outery, and that the Nuncio would in some way or other protest. Cur-iously enough, however, Leo XIII. has not said a word, and Monseigneur Czacki has given no sign whatever. Europe could hardly realize, in view of the immobility, that the French Portfolio of Worship was entrusted to a man who less than three months ago declared that religion declined as morality advanced, and who ridiculed the belief of the vast majority of France.

A MORE STRIKING SPECTACLE can scarcely be conceived. Never did a Power so openly menaced show such cool-ness, and never has the curiosity of those watching this silent conflict been more intense. No idea can be formed of the intense. No idea can be formed of the turn men's minds have taken since M. must Bert's nomination; or of the sudden un-eading looked for, almost illogical and unreflect ing sympathies which have been aroused for the weakly, pale, tired looking pre-late, whom the nomination seemed to cast into the lion's den. It is not merely the idea of the religious conflict which thus attracts attention. No, the spectacle constant prayers.

Two hundred and seventy-eight steps cut in the rock led up to the Church of Mary and the twelve rock-cut chapels. Kings of England and France in the olden times came here to honor Mary and heave their rich votive offerings. The leave their rich votive offerings. The

etween to sat hand when the set of a great in become aggressive, that a general assaurathreatens all the moral forces on which nearly all Europe still rests. The fate of the Papacy interests them because it is attacked as the personification of one of those moral principles. They feel that every blow at the Vatican will be followed by blows at ramparts thenceforth easily blows at ramparts thenceforth easily blows at ramparts thenceforth easily blows at ramparts the provided by blows at private by blows at ramparts the provided by blows at private by blows at provided by blows at provided by blows at private by blows at provided by blows at private by blows at priv

kept, of course, well posted up in the general feelings, and as to the preliminary negotiations he has instigated, writes me to-day: "I did not expect so simple and this subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what astonishes me and what I tell you frankly vexes me, is that it has been thought I desired to see an atom of the unity of my the control of the unity of the control of the control of the unity of the control of the unity of the cont desired to see an atom of the unity of my dear and gracious country sacrificed to the convenience of the Papal See. God forbid. May everything perish rather than unity so patiently won by my country. It is because I want to see Italy united, great and strong, and the great Italian Royal house, the valiant House of Savoy, on the throne, that I am for leaving Rome to the Papas for abandoning a glooner to the Royal For abandoning a glooner of great italians. to the Pope, for abandoning a gloomy, uncomfortable capital, for placing side by history, but there is nothing to prevent our piously believing that the Saint Amator from whose hands the Apostle of Erin received the apostolic succession was the same who made Roc Amadour such a famous pilgrimage, a shrine to which the mariner's heart turned when the perils of Ocean threatened his frail bark, or other dangers lowered which seemed to bar for ever his hope of ever seeing his home and friends again. How often had the bold seemed to sole Sovereign there and have a police the laber region of Pius VI, was just nine years of age when Pius VII, ascended the Chair of Peter, and was elevated to the priesthood in the same reign. He became a Bishop in 1823, two years after the enthronization of Leo XII, and afterward enjoyed the confidence of that Pontiff's successors, was the lonely parishes of the West of Ireland.

Yours truly,

JAMES REDPATH.

New York, Dec. 21, 1881.

New York Dec. 21, 1881.

New York, Dec. 21, 1881.

New York, Dec. 21, 1881.

New York Dec. 21, 1881. want dour, which tolling of itself amid the still-ness of sight, told priest and religious that those of all Italy, nor a Rome whence full Holiness, the Pope.

mariners afar off were environed by peril and offering their prayers to Our Lady of Ros Amadour.

And, centuries before, the Christians of Spain attributed the great victory won almost bloodlessly over the Saracens at Navas de Tolosa, in 1212—where one hundred thousand of the enemy perished—red thousand the enemy perished thousan in a Rome freely administered by him, and, I repeat, subject to the laws of united Italy. I want a free Pope, extending his hand to the free King of free Italy. A Pope who will give Italy new strength, adding to the strength of the common country its spiritual strength, laying aside the blunted weapon of excommunication. the blunted weapon of excommunication, and in no case using them except against the enemies of Italy. What I look for-ward to is that the honest king who governs us should deliver us from the perpet-ual nightmare of a Papacy ever ready to make a truce with any nation except Italy, and you may be sure that all Europe,—I do not speak of revolutionary Europe, but of our Europe, liberal and monarchical Europe—will rejoice when the struggle between the Quirinal and the Vatican courses to an end. Europe—was all of Vatican comes to an end. For we are all of one mind; we do not wish to let loose the mob which deal us a mortal blow—mortal for itself as well as for us. Do you not think that Bismark would have felt more self-complacency if he could have boasted of never again having negotiated with the Pope? But he has too great a mind not to have seen that moral force is a patrihumanity must not be impoverished of it. Only the presumptuous, ignorant, and violent can propose that material forces should prevail everywhere. Bismark is not of the number, nor is king Humbert either. I have faith in him and reckon on him. I am convinced that the day will come when he will offer his hand to his spiritual fellow-laborer in Italian greatness, and when, having restored Rome to the Pope, he will restore the Pope to

THE EPHIPHANY.

Father Faber. There is no history in the Gospel more strange, more singular or more apart. Lesson:—God will lead the most unlikely Lesson:—God will lead the most unlikely people in the most unlikely ways to Jesus, rather than they should miss the salvation of their souls. Yet though it is so singuar a mystery, there is none which describe more faithfully what has happened or will happen to ourselves.

1. We are to be led to Jesus, the end of

our creation: how sweetly our Father cares for each of us.

II. We were unlikely people; alas! who more unlikely?

III. We were afar off; ob, yes,! how very far—by sin, by coldness, by ignorance, by

relapses.
IV. We were led in unlikely ways—let ns look back on our lives—how strange is all God has done—and how plain it seems, when we are far enough off to get a good view of it. Yet all tends to the one direc-

view of it. Yet all tends to the one direction, which is the true faith.

V. What is all life but stars of Bethlehem? This is the meaning of everything.

Every sorrow is a star to lead us to Jesus.

Every joy is a star to lead us to Jesus.

Every change in life is a star to lead us to Jesus.

This is the simple view of life what is life reither Get view of life, what is life without God, without Jesus? How it passes away in without Jesus? How it passes away in joy; how it lingers in sorrow; how peril-ous, how anxious, how doubtful it is when it comes to end in death! Oh poor, poor life of man! it means nothing, but poor life of man! it means nothing, but only one thing—Jesus Christ and Him crucified, the Son of Mary, the Babe of

crucified, the Son of Mary, the Babe of Bethlehem.

The mystery of the Epiphany must be narrated in detail to be fully understood.

I. The three Kings present a bright example of lively faith in their long journey. How much more sure are we than they? Yet how do we act? in coming to Mass in coming to Confession in a coming to Confession in the control of the coming to the confession in t they? Yet how do we act? in coming to Mass, in coming to Confession, in putting ourselves out of the way in coming to Benediction. II. Their journey is a pattern of the pilgrimage of life. 1, in constant change, letting us have no abiding home. 2. In dangers and difficulties. 3. In disappointments, as when we lose our star. 4. But our end is the same—Jesus. 5. And we have a better star—even May.

the scenes.

MEANWHILE CHRISTIAN GOVERNMENTS ARE for Baptism, and shed their blood in mar-CONSULTING ON EVENTUALITIES.

An intimate solidarity has of late existed between them. They feel that the hour lave kissed His feet not once only, but An intimate solidarity has of late existed between them. They feel that the hour is at hand when the intolerance advocated by the authorities of a great nation will by the authorities of a great nation will be tween received His blood in penance, Himself in communion—how many, many times—and an eternal vision of Jesus between the difference between the difference between the control of the con between them, is at hand when the intolerance advocated by the authorities of a great nation will become aggressive, that a general assault threatens all the moral forces on which threatens all the moral forces on which all Europe still rests. The fate of those who love and those who love not. We dear children! O why will you not is

no rude word, no rough oath, no lcud immodest word awaken the sleeping Babe: let no angry tempers, or evil deeds hegoliations he has insugated, writes he to day: "I did not expect so simple and logical an idea to produce so intense a sensation, for what has been whispered on this subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject is more serious than what he was the subject in the subject is more serious than what he was the subject in the subject is more serious than what he was the subject in the subject is more serious than what he was the subject in the subject in the subject in the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject in the subject is more serious than what has been written or published. But what he was the subject in the subject

of coal; Adams & Co., a nice lot of gro-ceries; Mr. D. McCarthy, one turkey; ladles of the Sacred Heart, a large quan-ity of figs and candies; Mrs. J. Roach, one turkey; Mr. J. P. O'Higgins, a valuable

Cardinal Howard has been appointed successor to Cardinal Borromeo by His