

An Old Glove.

Ah, little glove that once so white,
Upon my love's hand pressed,
You wake again fond memories bright,
That sleep within my breast.
You bring me back to days of old,
And the scene of love and glow,
While beneath the trees, sweet Kate and I,
The old, old tale told over.

Could my love wait? Yes, she could wait;
Her love for me would bear it,
In after years, when my fate,
Her heart was mine to share it.
And so I told her of my love,
And won her love's favor,
But the youth that went with morning chimes,
Came back at eve grown graver.

For the strife was hot, my dear old glove,
And the dreams of youth near over,
Yet my heart was true to the woman's love,
That I won and the day and glow.
Long years passed by, I met Kate,
With her children playing around her,
I turned away and cursed my fate,
And a woman's love—confound her.

She wed my rival, old Bob Finn,
He made all his cash in caudles,
His long, thin back was a grin,
Like a clown without his tricks.
You are all that left, old faded glove,
Of my past so bright and gay;
Of my old love, Kate, who lies above,
And the scene of the new-day day.

BISHOP RYAN AT BALTIMORE.

His Sermon at the Re-opening of the Cathedral.

THE SERMON.

RT. REV. DR. RYAN took for his text:

"My house shall be called the house of prayer to all nations," (Mark ii. 13.) and said:

"The occasion of the re-opening of this metropolitan church, after its enlargement and beautiful ornamentation, is one of more than ordinary interest, because of the great ecclesiastical associations of this place. The Cathedral of Baltimore holds a prominent historic place in the annals of the American Church. It is the Mother Cathedral of the country, and though some of the daughters be more stately and magnificent, all of them lovingly recognize this maternity. In this sanctuary, just fifty years ago, the first meeting of the American bishops took place. It consisted of six bishops. Some of you, brethren, may remember that event. Then, as Council succeeded Council, you beheld, in the increasing numbers of prelates, the evidence of the marvellous advance of Catholicity in this land. You have heard within these walls the voices of men like England and Kenrick, Hughes and Spalding, proclaiming the faith and the trials and triumphs of the young Church, speaking words of wisdom to further its progress until, in the Plenary Council of 1866, no less than forty-five bishops assembled here, and even this number did not include all the American prelates. At present over seventy mitred heads would appear in a full assembly. Surely the time has come to hear and to heed the voice of the prophet Isaiah, saying: 'Enlarge the place of thy tent and stretch out the skins of thy tabernacle, spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes, for thou shalt pass to the right hand and to the left, and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles.' Besides these general ecclesiastical associations connected with this place, you, brethren, of this city, have tender personal and family recollections that render this spot most sacred to you. The sculptured angel at the door of the Cathedral, pointing to the altar, and seeming to speak the warning of God to his people, 'Reverence My Sanctuary who enters, not for you, who must always reverence and love this hallowed spot. Nevertheless, it is useful to all of us from time to time, especially on occasions like this, to renew our fervor by considering the great supernatural tides the house of God has to our regeneration and affection. The one I have selected for your consideration to-day is that of 'The House of Prayer.' It was because of this title that our Divine Lord demanded and enforced reverence for the Jewish temple. He who was meekness itself, He of whom the prophet had said, 'The bruised reed He shall not break, and the smoking flax He shall not extinguish.' He who treated with infinite tenderness the vilest sinners, and forgave and pleaded for even the sinner of the city when her heart, like her alabaster box, was broken at his feet, and sent up the odors of sweet contrition; He who received with patience the traitor's kiss and the menial's stroke, and the insulting gibes of the rabble, He cannot bear the profanation of the House of Prayer. The lamb becomes a lion; and in His fierce diabolical anger scourges the buyers and sellers from the temple. These strong mercenary men see their money-tables overturned and themselves driven forth by a single man, when the zeal of God's house had fired His heart and moved His arm, and whom they dare not resist. He gives His reason for the act: 'It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves.' This title should not only exclude all profanation, but it should ensure all reverence and love. In proportion as we esteem prayer itself shall we reverence the house of prayer, and hence I direct your attention to this important subject.

"The great mission of the Church of God to man, the mission of apostles and confessors—the mission to promote which so many prelates have met and preached in this sanctuary—is the mission of holy prayer. 'For whosoever,' says the apostle, 'shall call upon the Lord shall be saved.' How, then, shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him, of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent? Here we behold salvation dependent on prayer, prayer dependent on faith, faith dependent on hearing, and hearing dependent on mission. The great object of mission, then, is to lead to prayer as the cause of salvation. To some it may appear strange, that the mere praying to God, who already knows our wants, should be made so important a condition of salvation. If, however, we examine the subject more closely we shall discover the true and adequate reason for such importance. God created man a dependent being, and prayer is the expression of that dependence, and without such expressions the sense of dependence soon ceases to exist. Hence it is a natural impulse. Wherever a man is found he is found believing in a Supreme Being; and praying to Him. In the hour of peril, the cry, 'O, my God, help me!' is the cry of nature's voice. But he created man, at the same time, so noble and Godlike, to His own image and likeness, that he is sometimes liable to forget his dependence and, like Lucifer, to seek to be like unto the Most High. God made man free, but he did not make him independent. Thus, for instance, He limited him in knowledge, and he has to depend on intellect superior to his own. Man, if he could, would have all knowledge. This Lucifer knew. He tempted Eve, saying to her that if she partook of the forbidden fruit, she and Adam would be as gods—Independent of God—having knowledge of good and evil. And because

man would be thus independent, God's malediction has fallen upon our race, looking out on the world as it is, in its desolation and misery, we are tempted to ask, 'Is this the world over which the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted with joy?' Nothing can be more agreeable to God than the sense of dependence on Him; and nothing more excites His wrath than its denial. Dependence implies many virtues. It implies faith, for we cannot depend without believing in Him. It implies hope and humility, for we cannot depend without feeling our weakness and His strength. Now, infidelity in the nineteenth century whispers like Lucifer, 'Reject God's authority—be independent as well as free, and you shall be as gods. It is folly to pray, for all nature is governed by unchangeable laws. We are dependent on nature alone, and nature means ourselves; that is, we are dependent on ourselves and independent of God. We owe him no adoration, praise or thanks, for all we receive comes through inflexible law. It is folly to ask anything from Him out of this order of law, for that would be to ask Him to suspend the order of creation for individuals, and to degrade His Godhead by an act of mutability out of harmony with His original plan.'

"To all this specious reasoning, Christianity replies that the laws of physical nature are arbitrary. God made them, and can suspend or modify them as He pleases—the suspension of all is as easy to His omnipotence as that of any one; He is not a man fatigued by overwork. He could and did foresee the prayer that asks for the suspension, and it argues no new acquisition of knowledge, no degrading mutability. This limiting of God's power and knowledge is an unphilosophical as it is unscriptural. Christianity teaches us what prayer is, and how to wield this power, and this protects her child from the pride and independence of infidelity. She teaches them to elevate their souls to God, to adore Him, to bless His holy name, to praise His goodness, to return Him thanks for all His benefits, and to petition for favors for soul and body. Hence, prayer is not merely petition. There are higher kinds of prayer than this. There is a supreme prayer of adoration, which can be directed to God alone, and by which we acknowledge His divinity and our created dependence. To the Blessed Virgin and the saints of God we may address prayers, asking them as we ask one another to pray for us to God; but the Lord our God we should adore, and Him only should we serve in this supreme acknowledgement. There are the prayers of praise, and blessing and thanksgiving, all superior in kind to the prayer of petition. We behold in the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' which we have just heard, an illustration of what I say. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we adore Thee, we glorify Thee, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory'—then comes

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

'Thou who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us, receive our prayer,' and the soul rises again into the region of praises. 'Quoniam tu solus sanctus.' 'For thou alone art holy: Thou alone art Lord: Thou art most high, Jesus Christ with the Holy Ghost in the glory of the Father.' And in that great model prayer, the prayer of prayers, composed by our Divine Lord Himself, we commence by praising, not by begging. 'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' and then we ask for our daily bread, forgiveness, protection from temptation and delivery from evil. In the Preface alone of the Mass, which you will soon hear sung by the celebrant at the altar, we hear a sublime prayer without a word of petition, except for permission that our voices should be permitted to join the celestial choir where angels praise, and dominations adore, and powers tremble. And how that prayer, even the Gregorian tones in which it is sung, brings us back to the ages of primitive fervor; could some one who slept in death for thirteen centuries return to life, he would find no vestige of the songs of his youth; but let him enter the Cathedral to-day, and he would stand in wonder to hear this prayer sung in the very tones he heard it thirteen hundred years ago. It is to be feared, brethren, that we often forget these higher kinds of prayer, especially that of thanksgiving for benefits received. Of this our Divine Lord most touchingly complained when, having healed ten lepers, only one returned to thank Him, and He said: 'Were not ten made whole? Where are the nine? Is there none left to give thanks to God but this stranger?' Let us, brethren, often lift up our hearts to our great benefactor, and exclaim: 'My Lord and my God, how good thou art to me. With my whole soul I thank Thee.' There is a beautiful Jewish legend which narrates that, when God created and fashioned the world and showed it to His angels, one of them dared to suggest that the work would be perfect if, from mountains, valleys and oceans, there should ascend to Him touching streams of beautiful music as the expression of thanksgiving on the part of the creature to the great Creator. But God would a higher tribute—the music of thanksgiving from free human hearts—whose chords should vibrate with holy gratitude. But, though not the highest, the most important and most generally used form of prayer is that of petition for favors which we need. Our salvation depends on its proper use. It is of universal necessity. By its agency, the greatest sinner may gain back all that he has lost. 'My flesh being consumed,' says holy Job, 'my bones have adhered to my skin, and that there is nothing left but lips around my teeth.' Spiritual strength, and even vitality seem almost to have departed; but there yet remain the lips around the teeth, the power to pray, to cry out: 'O God, be merciful to me, a sinner,' and by this power, lost vitality may be restored; and the eye shall beam again with its pristine brilliancy, and see the things of God; the enfeebled ear shall hear again His words of warning and of tenderness; the heart shall beat again in heartfelt throbbings of His love, and the tongue, before paralyzed, shall proclaim them; the whole spiritual being shall be reinvigorated by the power wielded by these lips around the teeth.

THE OMnipotence OF SUPPLICATORY PRAYER.

"But that these beneficent effects may be produced, we must know that first quality of successful prayer is the dependent confidence of which I have spoken. If you examine the circumstances of the miracles performed by our Divine Lord you will find that He sought this dependent confidence first of all. It is sometimes called faith, but on reflection you will find it includes also humility and hope. We read, for instance, in to-day's Gospel of two remarkable instances. A ruler comes to Christ, and says to Him, with unbounded confidence, 'Lord, my daughter has just now died, but come, lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live,' and Christ raised the dead girl to life. 'On his way to effect this miracle, a poor, suffering woman exclaimed: 'If I but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be healed; and Our Lord said to her: 'Thy faith has made thee whole,' and she was cured that hour. When our Lord came to Bethsai after the death of Lazarus, Martha

said to Him: 'Lord if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died, now also I know that whatsoever thou shalt ask of God, He will grant to Thee.' It might seem as if some vague hope were expressed by these words. Martha had heard of the restoration to life of the widow's son and the ruler's daughter, but dared not ask for so great a miracle in the case of her dead and buried brother. Jesus said to her: 'Thy brother shall rise again.' 'I know,' she answered, 'that he shall rise on the last day in the Resurrection.' 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' said Christ; 'He who believeth in Me, although he were dead, shall live, and every one that liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever. Dost thou believe this?' She answered: 'Yes, Lord, I have believed that Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God, who had come into this world.' Immediately our Lord proceeds to call forth the dead man from his sepulchre. But perhaps the most striking instance of the union of all the qualities of holy prayer is found in an incident to which the Fathers of the Church draw attention in their instructions on this great subject. A poor woman, not of the Jewish race, beholding the miracles performed by our Lord, cried out to Him as He passed: 'Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David, my daughter is grievously troubled by a devil.' Our Lord answered her not a word. The disciples besought Him to send her away, as she so cried after them. Jesus said that He was not sent but to the sheep that were lost of the house of Israel. But she came and adored Him, saying: 'Lord help me.' He answered: 'It is not good to take the bread of the children and cast it to the dogs.' Here was the trial of her humility, perseverance and dependence. Did she turn away in scorn and say to herself, 'This teacher of Israel is proud and cannot come from God. He compares God's rational creatures to dogs.' No, brethren, she acts and speaks not so, but takes Him, so to speak, at His words. In deep self-abasement and persevering confidence, she exclaimed with all the intensity of her soul, 'Yes, Lord, for even the whelps do eat of the bread that falls from their master's table.' As if she had said, 'Dog as I am, I will still yelp for food from beneath Thy table until Thou shalt hear my cry.' And Jesus wondering, said to her, 'O woman great is thy faith, be it done to thee according to thy word.' Thus doth the prayer of the humble pierce the clouds, and depart not until God shall hear it. Brethren, we cannot possibly overestimate the power of such prayer. Its effects, often invisible to us, do not more us as the effects of other works of charity, as almsdeeds, attending the sick, clothing the poor, and so forth, but they are not less holy and meritorious. You have in this privileged city a community of Carmelite Nuns, wholly devoted to this sacred exercise. The world does not understand them, and the worldly element in each of us cannot appreciate them, but we must remember that Christianity is a supernatural system, and that there are invisible agencies at work for good or evil, of which we take too little heed. Of what use are these praying nuns? Why do they not come out into the battlefields of the world and do good, where so much good is needed? There are sufferers unnumbered, whilst they in their ascetic selfishness hide themselves in security. Behold a scene described in the Holy Writ. The armies of Israel are fighting her enemies in the plain. The tide of battle seems to ebb and flow. On the mountain above the battlefield is desecrated a venerable old man with uplifted arms in holy prayer for Israel's victory. Whenever his arms alight and he ceases to pray, her enemies prevail, and victory again attends their uplifting. What natural connection is there between the man in prayer and the victory gained? Who will dare to ascend the mountain and rebuke him, saying, 'Thou art a friend of Israel, its leader and father, and remainest here in security. Go down into the plain and fight the battles of the Lord.' 'In God's economy every man hath his place. 'Tis mine to pray on the mountain, and yours to fight on the plain. Behold, my prayer is stronger than Israel's soldiers. So in the battle being waged now between infidelity, aided by the strong battalions of the triple alliance of the world, the flesh and the devil on the one side, and the friends of God on the other, we need such Moses to pray in solitude on the Mount of God. But you may say to me, brethren, it is true that prayer is omnipotent when properly performed; but alas! amid the trials and distractions and sorrows of human life, how can we attain to the fervor of the true children of God, and feel that humility and dependence of which you speak. We repeat prayers and the very sameness of the words distracts us. I reply that at this moment in every part of the world there are men and women engaged in as fervent prayer as was ever offered to Almighty God. What they are doing, you can do. I need not tell you that unwilling distractions impede not the flight of your prayer to God; but that we have many of them may be accounted for by our being guilty in their cause, by neglecting to cultivate more recollection and what is called a spirit of prayer. Though you repeat the same words, you can certainly vary the ideas they express. It is told of St. Francis of Assisi that he could spend hours repeating the same words, 'My God and my All!' but what a world of thought and feeling and tenderness in the ideas conveyed by these words. He was travelling on one occasion with a lay brother, and they had to sleep in the same room. The brother had heard that sometimes Francis arose soon after retiring and spent the whole night, like our Lord, 'in the prayer of God.' He resolved to remain awake and watch him. When Francis supposed the brother asleep, he arose, and looking up to heaven, repeated his favorite words, 'My God and my All!' The time passed on—the midnight hour was tolled—hour after hour found him in the same position of prayer repeating the self-same words, 'My God and my All!' The rising sun lit up the mountain tops, and shone on the transfigured face of that earthly seraph, as he still whispered 'My God and my All!' Now how many thoughts and reflections passed through the intellect and heart during the long night? My God, Creator, Redeemer, friend, lover—God of the earth and the sea, of the mountains and the valleys, of all that is great and beautiful in heaven and on earth, and so his mind, taking in creation as God's works, saw him in all things He contemplated—'My All' for time and eternity; 'My All' for the day I laid my mantle at my father's feet, and liberated from everything, cried out to Thee 'My Father in heaven!'

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Yes, I have returned home from Baltimore after a very pleasant experience, said Mr. E. Giroux, the noted lacrosse player, in answer to the greeting of a Post reporter.

And you inform me what was the object of your visit?

Yes, last October Joe Pennington, Secretary of the Baltimore Athletic Club, wrote a letter to Mr. Morgan O'Connell, Captain of the Shamrock team, asking if he could be supplied with a good lacrosse player, capable of "conching" (roughing) the Shamrock team. Mr. O'Connell replied, recommending me. One said, "Am I not ready to reply, asking me to 'come on' at once? That was on Wednesday night, and on Friday morning I landed in New York, where I spent a day."

LACROSSE IN THE SOUTH.

How is lacrosse regarded in that city? Clubs are forming, and great interest is manifested in the game, said the enthusiast.

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What is the standing of the club?

The members are principally sons of wealthy merchants, with a good sprinkling of merchants themselves. The club is organized, and all the members present, and in the afternoon I attended the first practice match played in Lexington Park, Pennsylvania, road, I entered the dressing room, and arranged myself in my silver gray, always worn at Montreal matches. On making my appearance I found my costume the subject of a great many complimentary remarks. One said, "Am I not ready to reply, asking me to 'come on' at once? That was on Wednesday night, and on Friday morning I landed in New York, where I spent a day."

What was your first undertaking?

My first move was to inaugurate a change of system. The home men were taught to throw overhead, and the defence was instructed in "tobogganing." The fielding was incomplete, and unaided by the team playing, the members of the club were apt students, and rapidly improved in the new method. After three weeks of constant practice, the Baltimore team contested the lacrosse supremacy with the Montreal team.

How was your time occupied after that?

Well, I joined several members of the Club in a duck-hunting expedition to Virginia, and after two weeks' pleasure, returned to Baltimore, thence to Montreal. I was asked to remain for Thanksgiving Day, in order to accept of a match with the Shamrock team, but owing to the unavoidable postponement, I did not do so.

What were your terms of agreement?

They were unexplicated, but all my expenses were paid, and they desired to force the acceptance of a salary on me, but this I declined.

Did the Baltimore press criticize the game?

They devoted too much attention to individual play, and thus neglected to render a descriptive account of the game as a whole. This was particularly noted in the American's reports, which, though the best, were characterized by ignorance of the most brilliant "shots" and "moves."

Mr. Giroux is loud in his praise of his hosts' hospitality, and announces his intention of returning South in the spring, in accordance with the terms of an engagement.

MARK TWAIN ON BABIES.

A New-Fashioned Toast.

At the banquet given to Grant in Chicago on Thursday night by the Army of Tennessee, Mark Twain was called upon to respond to the toast of 'The Babies; as they comfort us in our sorrow, let us not forget them in our festivities.' Mr. Clemens said: 'I like that. We have not all had the good fortune to be babies. We have not all been Generals, or poets, or statesmen, but when the toast works down to the babies we stand on common ground (laughter), for we have all been babies. (Renewed laughter.) It is a shame that, for a thousand years, the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby (laughter), as if he didn't amount to anything. (Laughter.) If you will stop and think a minute—if you go back fifty or one hundred years to your early married life (laughter), and remember that he amounted to a great deal, and even something over. (Roars.) You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters he had a hand in your resignation. (Laughter.) He took entire command. You became a lackey—his mere body-servant (laughter), and you had to stand around, too. (Renewed laughter.) He was not a commander who made allowances for time, dis-

tance, weather or anything else. (Convulsive screams.) You had to execute his orders whether it was possible or not. (Roars.) And there was only one form of machinery for his manual of tactics, and that was the double quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect—(laughter)—and the bravest of you did not dare to say a word. (Great laughter.) You could face the death storm of Donaldson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. (Roars.) When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries, and advanced with steady tread, but when he turned on the terrors of the war-whoop—(laughter)—you advanced in the other direction, and mightily glad for the chance, too. (Renewed laughter.) When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remark about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? (Boisterous laughter.) No. You got up and got it. (Great laughter.) When he ordered the pap bottle and if it was not warm, did you talk back? (Laughter.) Not you. (Renewed laughter.) You went to work and warmed it. (Shouts.) You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff—(laughter)—just to see if it was right, three parts water to one of milk—(tumultuous laughter)—a touch of sugar to modify the colic—(laughter)—and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccupps. (Roars.) I can taste that stuff. (Laughter.) And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young folks still take stock in the beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin—simply wind on the stomach, my friend. (Shouts.) If the baby proposes to take a walk at his usual hour, two o'clock in the morning—(laughter)—didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday School book—(laughter)—that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? (Great roars.) Oh! you were under good discipline—(laughter)—and, as you went flustering up and down the room in your undress uniform—(laughter)—you not only prattled undignified baby talk, but even tuned up your martial voice and tried to sing 'Rock-a-bye baby in the tree-top,' for instance. (Great laughter.) What a spectacle for an Army of Tennessee. (Laughter.) And what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. (Laughter.) And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise (laughter: 'Go on!'), what did you do? You simply went on until you dropped in the last ditch. (Laughter.) The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself. (Laughter.) One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to. (Laughter.) He is enterprising, irrepressible, bristling with lawless activities. (Laughter.) Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. (Great shouts.) Suffice it unto the day is one baby. (Laughter.) As long as you are in your right mind don't ever pray for twins. (Laughter.) Mr. Clemens is the father of a pair. Twins amount to a permanent riot. (Laughter.) And there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection. (Upbraiding shouts.) Yes, it is high time for a toast to the masses to recognize the importance of the babies. (Laughter.) Think what is in store for the present crop! Fifty years from now we shall all be dead, I trust (laughter), and then this flag, if it still survive (and let us hope it may), will be floating over a Republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of State (laughter) will have grown into a leviathan—a Great Eastern. The cradled babies of today will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. (Laughter.) Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething (laughter); think of it, and putting in a word of dead earnest, articulated, but perfectly inarticulate profanity over it, too. (Laughter.) In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way with but liquid interest, poor little chap; and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet nurse. (Laughter.) In another the future great historian is lying, and doubtless will continue to lie (laughter) until his earthly mission is ended. In another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of State than what the mischief has become of his hair so early (laughter), and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers, getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time. And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the American armies is so little bigoted with his approaching grandeur and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his big toe into his mouth—(laughter)—an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of this evening turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded. (Laughter and applause.)

New Method of Preserving Butter.

A discovery is said to have been made in England, in connection with the preservation of butter, which may revolutionize the trade in that article. On the 24th July last Mr. A. Allender, the Managing Director of the Aylesbury Dairy Company, took a quantity of butter made on the premises of the Company, and worked in with it a patent preparation, the ingredients of which are at present a secret, but which is without taste or smell. Not a particle of salt is used. Some 100 pounds of the butter thus prepared was placed in an open firkin and exposed to the air, and remained sweet from last July to the present time.

Liverpool, November 28.—A leading grain circular says:—The grain trade was generally steady. Prices at the county markets were well maintained, and in some instances rather exceeded last week's, though with little or no improvement in the demand. Cargoes at ports of call were more firmly held, which checks business. Only twenty cargoes, however, remain undisposed of. A fair number were sold or withdrawn. Cargoes on passage were quiet. At Liverpool since Tuesday there has been a fair business in wheat and corn. To-day's market was fairly attended. A moderate business was done in wheat at Tuesday's prices. Choice white wheat generally favored sellers. Flour was steady at unchanged prices. A smaller quantity of corn was offering, and prices advanced.

Liverpool Provision Market.

CHEESE.—Up to this week buyers have scarcely realized the true position of the market. They looked upon the quotations as asking prices, but they find on coming into the market freely that they are not only selling prices, but that holders are very firm, and will not clear out their stocks except at an advance—as there appears no hope of replacing them by purchases in America at the current values here. The stock here is small of grades, but especially small of strictly choice mild flavored keeping qualities—and if the stocks of America and Canada are as small as they are represented to be, we shall probably run this season out with higher prices than we have seen for some years past. We have to report a good demand this week for September make at 23s to 25s (10 advance), and August at 25s to 26s per cwt. There is also a good enquiry for summer makes—fair condition at 25s to 26s, but there are not many to be had. Total shipments leaving New York and Canada this week, about 30,000 boxes.

BUTTER.—There is a good enquiry for all grades, but the very extreme prices now asked for fancy creamery checks business in this description. We quote choice creamery 120s to 130s per cwt., and choice dairy butter 105s to 115s. The best remade butter, sweet and in good condition, at 90s to 100s, sells readily; below this grade there is none offering. (Hobson Bros. Circular, of November 15.)

London Grocery Market.

LONDON, November 28.—The Mining and metal markets have lost much of the last month's activity, and speculation is now confined to a few leading articles. At the Netherlands Trading Company's sale of coffee on Wednesday last the reserved prices were exceeded 1½ to 3c, good ordinary Java bringing 7½ to 50½, against 47c to 47½ in October. This result has steadied the London market. Good qualities of foreign sold at better prices. Ordinary Brazil was unchanged. In plantation Ceylon there was a fair demand, and business has been done for arrival at high rates. Indian tea is now as low as before the recent excitement. China tea is dull and common grades are easier. Rice was inactive. The transactions in sugar were unusually small, and prices were 6d to 1s lower for crystallized Demerara, of which the supply is large. Refiners have neglected other West Indian sugar for three weeks. Low Crown descriptions are nominally unchanged. Beet sugar from second hands sells below the Continental rate. Refined sugars are unsettled and prices favor buyers. Saltpetre maintains the highest rate last quoted, but buyers restrict operations. At the quarterly cinnamon sales competition was animated at an advance of 2d to 5d per lb over the price in August; the offerings were nearly all cleared out. Black and white pepper tend upward.

Commercial Items.

—In the Island of Hayti, the coffee crop is small, about 55,000,000 pounds, but the quality is good.

—Production declined in price in Halifax, N. S. market. Potatoes are selling there at 23 cents per bushel, and good apples are worth \$2.50 to \$3 per bushel.

—The total of coastwise shipments this year is 50,000 bush, as against 30,000 bush last year, and the aggregate therefore shows a total of 540,438 bush, this year against 627,517 bush, for 1878, a decline of 25,079 bush.

—The S.S. Nestorian arrived at Liverpool yesterday. Out of her live-stock cargo of 162 head of oxen and 107 sheep, 18 head cattle died during the voyage.

—The Canada Shipping Company held a special general meeting at their office in this city yesterday afternoon, and re-opened the subscription book.

—A grain freight from this city to Liverpool, via Portland, has been offered at 8s 6d; flour, 1s 6d; ashes—pots, 50s; pearls, 60s; butter and cheese, 60s.

—The exports from Montreal during October show an increase under the heads of agricultural produce and animal products, and a decrease of \$85,880 in Canadian produce, and of \$312,719 in goods not the produce of Canada.

—Several shipments of deer have been received in this city from the Perth district during the past few days. The deer are in good condition and are worth 10s to 50s per brace.

—(Hullam (N.B.) shipped 57,000 superficial feet of dead this season, compared with 57,250 feet last season, and 5,777,942 pullings against 5,999,963 last season. The price of 28s to 30s per ton was engaged in the trade, last year 10s per ton of 57,000 tons. The season is now over.

—Prices of Cod Oil are advancing rapidly and the markets of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia are about 10s per barrel. Newfound and Cod Oil is very scarce and quoted at 22s per ton, or over 10c per gallon, and all is wanted for England and in the Islands. The stock here is very small and in the hands of a few speculators.

—The report of the Lord Board of Inspectors at Philadelphia concerning the collision between the Champion and Lady Evelyn, declares that the accident was due to the negligence of the latter ship's crew, and that the former ship was in proper lookout on the Champion, and that the fault rests mainly with Mr. Leonard, first mate, of the latter ship. The officers and crew of the latter ship were ordered to be discharged, and they went to the rescue of the passengers and crew of the wrecked steamer.

—Round lots of hops have been sold in this market recently at 6s per cwt. South of our brewers are large holders of all last year's growth, when stocks they had in at 6s to 9