

An Old Glove.

Oh, little glove that once so white, Upon my love's hand pressed, You wake again fond memories bright, That sleep within my breast.

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 iii, 27.)

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?'

"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. 'Gloria 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 also 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 dominions 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 no one left to give thanks to God but one sinner?' 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 is just now dead, 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 hath made thee whole,' and she was cured that hour. When our Lord came to Bethania 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 compareth 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 move 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 unheeded, 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 fall 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 Assisium 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 transfixed 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!'

LACROSSE IN THE SOUTH.

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.

Did you not enjoy me what was the object of your visit? Yes, last October Joe Pennington, Secretary of the Baltimore Athletic Club, wrote a letter to Mr. Giroux, asking if he could be supplied with a good lacrosse player, capable of coaching the club's representatives. Mr. O'Connell replied, 'I will be glad to do so, but I am not in Baltimore in 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.

How is lacrosse regarded in that city? Clubs are forming, and great interest is manifested in the game. The enthusiasm is not confined to the old school lacrosse men. Mr. Flannery, and his energetic example has served to render the game popular. At present he is working hard to secure a strong team, and to that end has secured the services of several of Montreal's best players. Mr. Flannery is excellently fitted to coach, and his efforts, and the introduction of the game is due to his labor. Next day I was in Baltimore, and at 10 o'clock went to see Mr. Pennington, who found him at the club rooms. They are completed in an elegant four-story marble front building, owned by the club, and unexcelled for beauty in the city.

What is the standing of the club? The members are principally sons of wealthy merchants, with a good sprinkling of merchants and clerical men. The club is open to all the members present, and in the afternoon in Lexington Park, Pennsylvania road, I entered the field, 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 remarks. I believe that I had the most beautiful lacrosse stick in the city.

What was the principal feature of the Baltimorean's play? They played too independently. When a man started to pass a disc, he tried to retain it for a length of time. They did not play to one another, but would always throw for the goal every time. They threw very well, and were very accurate in their throwing, but not having any practiced idea of the game, their shots were generally misdirected. If a ball propped from the lacrosse falls three or four feet outside the lines, the player is greatly chastised. Their catching is excellent, and for making they are alone. Some of the men could apparently run all day without exhaustion. On the subject of the lacrosse stick, the material for the future champion team of the United States.

THE BROOKLYN ATHLETIC CLUB.

The match transpired in Baltimore in the presence of a vast assembly, comprising large numbers of ladies. In the Brooklyn team were Messrs. Crowley, Crane and Blank, but notwithstanding this additional strength the visiting team was defeated by two to one. The first game was taken by Brooklyn in 25 minutes, and the second by Baltimore in 21 and 25 minutes respectively. This overwhelming defeat was attributed to the assistance rendered by the Brooklyn coach. This concluded the season's play.

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 ladies. 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). We have all been babies, 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 you 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. (Renewed laughter.) He was not a commander who made allowances for time, dis-

sitting at the right hand of the power of God, and that He shows these wounds to His Father, that they may be like so many eloquent mouths to pray for us. This is no mere aesthetic fancy; it is the cool reality of the Apostles' Creed and of St. Paul.

'Let us brethren, in fine, not forget at this season to pray for the dead. Private Catholic devotion has consecrated this month of the dying year, the month of falling leaves and withering flowers, to devotion to the sacred dead. This place should remind you of them. Here you kneel with them before God's altar, and followed them from this sanctuary to the grave, whether also men shall bear you in your turn. Beneath this sanctuary sleep the great priests, who, in their day, pleased God, and were found just, of whom any Church in the world may be proud, and for whom, as your bishops, you should pray. Venerable sanctuary, inhabited by essential life within the tabernacle, and by death in the vaults beneath, crouching, as it were, at the feet of life. It is your sacred privilege as Catholics, it should be your consolation to pray for the dead. Of all the robberies of the Reformation, the most appalling was that which deprived these dead of the prayers of the Church. We are justly horrified when we hear of dead bodies being robbed of any article of value which may be attached to them, still more are we scandalized when calumniators, like grave rats, gnaw at the coffins of the dead. We feel that dead, as well as living, men have a right to their reputations; but these are but trivial robberies compared to that which deprived them of the prayers and sacrifices of God's people, and delayed their union with God.

'Let us, brethren, pray fervently for these holy dead, that they may meet them before God's throne, when the prayer of petition shall cease, and those of adoration, praise and thanksgiving be continued through the eternal years.'

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. Alexander, 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 1000 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 23.—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 the 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 63s to 65s (10 advance), and August at 58s to 60s per cwt. There is also a good enquiry for summer makes—fair condition at 50s to 51s, 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, at November 15.

London Grocery Market.

London, November 23.—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 1/2 to 3/4, good ordinary Java bringing 7/4 to 5/3, against 4/7 to 4/7 1/2 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 India 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.

Produce has 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 500,400 bush, this year against 627,517 bush, for 1878, a decline of 25,047 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.

lance, 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 tap 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 medical 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 fluttering up and down the room in your address uniform—(laughter)—you not only prattled undignified baby talk, but even tugged up your martial voice and tried to sing a '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 of itself. (Laughter.) One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to. (Laughter.) It is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. (Laughter.) Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. (Great shouts.) Sufficient 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. (Uproarious 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 justifiable profanity over it, too. (Laughter.) In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way with but blind 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 benefited 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 YORK LIVE STOCK MARKET. Over 5,000 head of Canada sheep and lambs sold in the New York market on Monday as follows:—489 sheep, weighing 48 to 128 lbs each, at 4 1/2 to 4 3/4 per lb; 158 do, averaging 107 lbs, at 5 1/2; 2,921 lambs, weighing 70 to 80 lbs each, at 5 1/2 to 6 1/2; 65 sheep, weighing 105 to 115 lbs each, at 4 1/2 to 5 1/2; 178 lambs, averaging 55 lbs each, at 5 1/2 to 6 1/2; 44 sheep and lambs, averaging 85 lbs, at 5 1/2.

HEROISM OF A FRIAR UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Quebec, November 23.—On Sunday last the Rev. Father Church of St. Felix, St. Charles, was the scene of an accident of a most untoward though not of an exceptional nature. It appears that the congregation, were in attendance at High Mass, and that the Rev. Father, who was the Rev. cure of the parish, had just reached the solemn stage of the service known as the consecration of the Host, when suddenly the sanctuary lamp, supported by a pillar of alabaster, exploded, and spread the burning contents over the Rev. gentleman's person and the drape of the altar, which took fire. Apparently the Rev. Father, who was at the altar, perceived the danger the Rev. gentleman proceeded with the ceremony of consecration until he had completed it, when with the assistance of his hands, he proceeded to extinguish the flames, which they finally succeeded, though not before they were badly burned about the head and hands. The occurrence threw the congregation into the greatest consternation, during which a number of ladies present, fainting, being the flames were extinguished.