

Gladstone's Eighty-Fourth Birthday.

Many Congratulations Extended to Him.

LONDON, December 29.—Mr. Gladstone is in excellent health on this his 84th birthday, and this morning arose at an early hour looking strong and virile. The scene at his official residence in Downing street throughout the morning was one of unusual animation. The hourly mails were extraordinarily heavy, and messengers were arriving and departing with bewildering rapidity. Telegrams, messages, and cards of congratulation, the text of some of which will be printed later, are constantly arriving. Already Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales and prominent members of both of the English political parties, have tendered their congratulations. A large number of congratulatory messages have been received from America, the continent and Australia. Many Liberal societies have adopted resolutions of felicitation, copies of which have been forwarded to the Premier. Mr. Gladstone after breakfast attended personally to his letters, and at noon presided at a meeting of the Cabinet. He was deeply affected by the warmth of the greetings and congratulations of his colleagues. Peals were rung on the bells at Hawarden, near which place Mr. Gladstone has his residence.

When Mr. Gladstone entered the House of Commons this afternoon he was given a most enthusiastic welcome by his supporters. As he passed down the aisle to his seat the Liberals sprang to their feet, and waving their hats cheered him again and again at the top of their voices. The Prime Minister smilingly bowed in acknowledgment of their vehement greetings.

As soon as Mr. Gladstone had taken his seat the Right Honorable A. J. Balfour, the leader of the Opposition in the House, arose and in well-chosen words offered to the Prime Ministers the sincere congratulations of himself and his party. Mr. Balfour's little speech was received with extremely hearty and prolonged cheering. Mr. Gladstone made a brief response, thanking the leader of the Opposition for his great courtesy.

The members of the Diplomatic corps called upon Mr. Gladstone during the day and congratulated him upon his anniversary.

LONDON, December 29.—Mr. Gladstone is 84 years old to-day and the Times devotes an editorial column to the birthday article, which is a curious mixture of blame and praise. After congratulating the Premier upon the full possession of his powers, which has been proved by his marvellous energy and courage since his last accession to office, the Times asks whether it is for the public interest that a man past 84 should remain premier, and then answers the question by citing Mr. Gladstone's opinion of twenty years ago, that nobody ought to be Premier after his 60th year. "Gladstone's experience is that of Nestor," continues the Times, "but never did he try to play the part of Agamemnon or Achilles. The position of an independent adviser whose knowledge and criticism would be always at the nation's service would benefit Mr. Gladstone better."

LONDON, December 29.—The Scottish-Liberal association has adopted an address to Mr. Gladstone, partly endorsing his policy and declaring their belief that the House of Lords ultimately will be compelled to yield to the people's will in regard to home rule for Ireland.

Congratulatory letters and despatches were received by Mr. Gladstone from conspicuous Irishmen in Dublin, Cork, Kingstown and Liverpool. An exceptional number of messages was received by him from Americans.

A Kindly Donation.

Miss McDonnell, the able directress of one of the best elementary academies in the city, has been the recipient of several beautiful presents for Christmas. Amongst others are a handsomely bound prayer book, a silver brooch, and a number of medals for the pupils. The donor is a member of the Board of Public Instruction and one who seems to take a special delight in encouraging the lady teachers. We congratulate Miss McDonnell and her assistants and wish them all success for the coming year.

Mount St. Louis College.

The pupils of Mount St. Louis college gave a very enjoyable musical and dramatic entertainment on Thursday last as

a new year's greeting to parents and friends. The dramatic productions were "The Lost Hen" and "Le Siege de Colchester," the several characters in which were well taken by the students. The musical portion was also rendered with much ability.

A MISSIONER'S ADVENTURES

Remarkable Hardships of Father Lynch, Afterwards Archbishop of Toronto.

The pioneer missionary in many states of this Republic had an empire for a parish, spent three-fourths of his day in the saddle visiting his scattered flock, endured more hardships than did the settlers, and had the mysterious ways of Divine Providence as his daily experience.

When the late Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, first came to America, he was bound for the wild mission of Texas. He was then in the thirtieth year of his age and the third of his priesthood. He had left his native Ireland at the entreaty of Bishop Odin, and as soon as he reached the Lone Star State, he was appointed pastor of Houston and all the surrounding country.

After setting in order the spiritual affairs of this central congregation, the young missionary began to make a visitation of his extensive parish. His exploration took him as far north as the Indian Territory and all through that part of the commonwealth that lies between the Barzos, Colorado and Trinity rivers. His tour was full of perils, toil, sorrow, suffering, consolation, surprises and merit.

In after years the Archbishop (says the Ecclesiastical Review) was fond of relating to his intimate friends his adventures on the frontier, and some of them were so edifying that they may well be treasured even as twice-told tales.

Mounted on a horse, and with saddlebags stuffed with a scanty priestly outfit, Father Lynch set out from his headquarters in Houston, without purse or scrip, and unaware in the morning where he was to lay down his head at night. His first sojourn was made at Spring Hill. Next he proceeded to San Jacinto, where Captain William T. Sherman was then stationed, and later he went from settlement to settlement, mostly along courses of the rivers, or wherever in the back woods he heard of the presence of a Catholic family. He traversed boundless prairies. He forced a way through dense wildwoods. He swam broad rivers. He advanced across pathless stretches of country. He preached in hotels, court houses, schools, halls, stores and the open air. He catechized children. He administered the life-giving sacraments to many persons who had not seen the face of a priest before in years. He anointed the dying. He buried the dead.

Often he lost his way, and then when night came upon him before he had found shelter in that immense but at that time, sparsely settled region, he hobbled his horse and lay down on the ground, sometimes without food, with his saddle-bags for pillow and the canopy of heaven for his coverings, in the midst of savanna or forest, with the cry of the coyote or the howl of the wolf for his lullaby. Worn out with fatigue he needed no rocking to put him to sleep. Once, as he thus sought rest on the plain, he was partly aroused by a snake crawling over his face, but so utterly exhausted and drowsy was he that he had not energy enough to brush the reptile off.

Frequently, too, when he had thus strayed away from his bearings he came unexpectedly upon the very persons of whom he was in search, or upon others who equally needed his services but of whom he had not heard.

Once, for instance, on his way to the Barzos river, he lost the trail in the woods. He went back a bit to hunt for it, but could see no sign of it, then he pressed on in the direction in which he thought that the route lay. The daylight gradually faded into darkness. There was no moon until late but myriads of fireflies flashed in the gloom. Still he kept on, for bears and other beasts of prey were numerous in that neighborhood, and he was afraid that he would be attacked by them in case he should go to sleep. Finally he reached the river; but he did not strike in at the ferry. He shouted and shouted, but no answering hallo came back upon his call. He rode along the bank, whooping at intervals for an hour or

more. Then he heard a shrill hail from across the river. This was followed by the rattle of a chain as it was taken into a boat. Soon a skiff, rowed by a man and a girl, emerged from the haze on the water and came to shore. Father Lynch explained his situation and was invited to spend the rest of the night at the settler's cabin. On the way over he informed his host that he was a priest. The answer was:

"Then you're more welcome than ever. My wife's a Catholic, so am I; so are the children. This is my darter—one of 'em. I wuz born here in the niney woods, but my wife, she's Irish. After we wuz married, wife learned me her religion from a catechism and a prayer-book. Some years back a priest came by here and baptized me and the children—them that wuz here then. I never seen one before nor since. Nor ever wuz I in a Catholic church. But we try to remember what we ought to do, and my wife—well, won't she be glad to see you!"

Glad she was, and most hospitably did she receive her unexpected guest. They all stayed up some time talking and, as the next day was Sunday, Father Lynch, before retiring, gave the family the good news that he would say Mass for them in the morning. Bright and early the next day he offered up the Holy Sacrifice for them in their rude dwelling, and gave the husband his First Communion and the wife her first in many years.

Before saying the Mass the missionary was told something that pestered him as a temptation to distraction on all the way through it. Of course he needed an assistant and was told by his host that if he would wait for the stage coach up, the driver of it would act as his acolyte.

"Then he's a Catholic?" he said inquiringly.

"No, father; he's a preacher."

"A preacher?"

"Yes, father, the Methodist preacher."

"Well, we'll get along without him."

How a Methodist preacher could know how to serve the Mass was what bothered the priest, until later in the day, when he met that versatile individual, he learned from him that he had been brought up a Catholic and had been an altar boy in his youth, but that having drifted to the backwoods of Texas, remote from church, he had occasionally attended the meetings of the Methodists and eventually, having a fluent tongue, he had developed into a parson. Stage driving was not highly remunerative and preaching added to his income the sum of fifteen dollars a month.

"But I never preached against the Pope," he said apologetically. "I just give 'em moral sermons."—*Catholic Union and Times.*

Her Excellency Pleased.

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen has written to Rabbi Veld of the Temple Emanu-El expressing her gratitude for the kind interest he is taking in the Women's National council, and adding that Her Excellency is greatly gratified that the Jewish ladies are willing to take part in the movement, and that he had undertaken to explain its objects to them.

Greeting to Archbishop Fabre.

Archbishop Fabre was honored on Saturday morning by the annual visit from between fifty and sixty priests of the archdiocese. They came to wish His Grace a Happy New Year and to renew their pledges of devotion. The visit was almost informal. The priests remained to lunch at the palace and spent several hours in a pleasant conversation.

Miss Mackay's Academy.

We are pleased to learn that the good spirit that has been going about conferring benefits upon our leading elementary schools, has knocked at the door of Miss Mackay's Academy and left a splendid Christmas box for the encouragement of that admirable institution and of its directress and her assistants. We are anxious to see this Academy a success, for truly does the principal deserve all the good fortune that can possibly fall to her lot. May the year 1894 be a bright and prosperous one for the pupils, teachers and principal is our fervent wish.

When does snow look most poetical? When it is turned into rime.



Clifford Blackman

A Boston Boy's Eyesight Saved—Perhaps His Life

By Hood's Sarsaparilla—Blood Poisoned by Canker.

Read the following from a grateful mother: "My little boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, and it left him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became so inflamed that his sufferings were intense, and for seven weeks he

Could Not Open His Eyes.

I took him twice during that time to the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Charles street, but their remedies failed to do him the faintest shadow of good. I commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon cured him. I have never doubted that it saved his sight, even if not his very life. You may use this testimonial in any way you choose. I am always ready to sound the praise of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

because of the wonderful good it did my son." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance

THE CRONIN MURDER.

Mr. Davitt Replies to the Rumors Circulated Alleging That He Advised the Removal of Dr. Cronin.

In reply to a despatch sent to Mr. Michael Davitt, the distinguished Irishman, on Dec. 24, the following letter was received yesterday, dated from Ballybrack, county Dublin, Dec. 27:—

I am obliged to Mr. Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, for asking me to reply through the Associated Press to statements made in some of the Chicago papers, alleging that I had advised the removal of Dr. Cronin. I can only answer that it would be just as true to charge me with having advised the removal of Julius Caesar or Abraham Lincoln. I never even heard of Dr. Cronin's name or existence until the spy Le Caron spoke of him at the Parnell commission hearings and the news of his brutal murder came to Europe. The further allegation, that I wrote a letter to Detective Coughlin, at that or any other time, is without the shadow of foundation, as I neither knew him nor heard of him, nor wrote to him, directly nor indirectly, nor have I been written to by him nor by any one in his behalf in my life. The whole story is a monstrous fabrication from beginning to end, and must emanate from some madman, or perhaps from some interested knave, who wishes to satisfy some feeling of malignity in coupling my name with the commission of so foul and cowardly a crime. I am reluctantly compelled to say, in connection with this infamous slander, that the press of America is the only press in the civilized world to-day through which ruffianly attempts like this at the moral assassination of public men can be made with impunity.

An auctioneer's motto—"Come when you are bid, and bid when you are come."

Cobble: How do you find trade? Stone: That's the great trouble. I can't find it.

The Reason Why—The reason that rich men have so many friends is because they are capital fellows.

What a deal of labor would be saved if the sweeping glances we read about would only take the dirt from carpets.