

The following are the orders of the Government of India as to the style of addressing eeclesiastical dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in India in official communications and to the use of the term "Roman Catholic." Extract from a letter from the Hon. L. C. Porter, C.I.E., education secretary, to the chief secretary to the Government of Bihar and Orissa, dated Simla, January 10th, 1913: "It has been recently brought to the notice of the Government of India that the term 'Catholic' has been occasionally used in official communications as synonymous with Roman Catholic. As the claim of the Church of Rome to exclusive Catholicity and to the exclusive right to be styled 'the Catholic Church' is disputed on historical and other grounds by other churches, the Governor-General in Council desires that such loose phraseology may be carefully avoided in the future, and that in all official communications the Roman Communion and its authorities may be addressed and described as 'Roman Catholic.'" The above is accompanied by an extract from a despatch from London, of January 5th, 1888, to the effect that Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops are addressed as follows in England: "The Most Rev. Archbishop A.," and "Most Rev. Sir"; the "Right Rev. Bishop B.," and "Right Rev. Sir." "The territorial title is never used." No rank or precedence has been specially or authoritatively assigned to them either in England or the Colonies .-Church of Ireland Gazette

#### DEATH NOTICE

GRASETT—At Simcoe, on Tuesday, December 9, Margaret Letitia Yule, widow of the late Canon Elliot Grasett, in her 85th year. Funeral Thursday, Dec. 11th, 2.30 p.m.

OFFICE AND YARDS-

### One Christmas' Morning.

NCE there were three little kittens who all lived together, not in a basket of sawdust-oh, dear, no-but in a big Dark Hole in a haymow. Every morning, nearly, the sun used to shine in through the cracks in the wall and the light would lie in long ribbons over the hay, and then the little kittens would come out to the door of the big Dark Hole, and blink their little eyes, and play with one another's tails, and paw at the long ribbons of light, wondering why they could not pick them up. But sometimes the sun would not shine, and snow would drift in through the cracks. At first the kittens looked at the snow with wonder, and touched it very gently with their tiny paws, but the cold white stuff made the poor little paws feel queer, and so they shook them, and shook them, and then hurried back into the Dark Hole where they could sit on them in peace, and warm them up again.

You see, these little kittens were not at all afraid of the dark. No one had ever told them foolish stories

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about it, and they knew there was nothing in the Dark Hole to harm even a little kitten. Indeed, Mammy Cat used to say, semetimes, "Come in, my deats, it is very cold out today," or, "Come in, my dears, there is a strange dog out there." The kittens wondered very much what queer things "cold" and "a dog" might be, but they never asked any questions, but only cuddled around Mammy Cat, and curled their soft, fluffy tails around their little feet. It was so cozy and warm in there, and the hay bed was so soft, and the timothy heads hanging around the door of the Dark Hole looked so like a pretty fringe. The little kittens loved to look at them.

Sometimes Mammy Cat used to tell them about a little girl called Sylvia, but as the kittens had never seen anything in all their lives but sunshine, and hay, and snow, and the sparrows up under the roof, they could not imagine at all what a little girl could be. Most of the time they thought of her as a little sparrow, and when, one day, Mammy Cat said she had golden hair, they at once thought of a sparrow with fur all over its body the colour of sunlight—a creature very much like the little chickens and ducks that hatch out in the spring, you will think, but not much like little golden-haired Sylvia.

By and by the little kittens came to need so much food that it seemed very hard for Mammy Cat to get enough to satisfy them. Sometimes she would bring a poor little mouse, and sometimes a bit of cake which, she said, Sylvia had given her. But the kittens did not really know how hard it was for Mammy Cat to keep enough on hand, and so they ate their fill, and got fatter and rounder and fluffier every day, while poor Mammy Cat got thinner and thinner until she was as lean as an old black crow.

Then, one day when Mammy Cat was away a queer thing happened. Two awful monsters appeared at the door of the Dark Hole, two queer long things came in right through the dark, and although the little kittens squeezed up as tightly as they could in the very farthest, darkest corner,

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it was of no use; awful claws seized them and dragged them out into the light. Of course, they tried to scratch and get away, but the terrible giants held them fast, and so they gave up struggling and lay very still, with their little hearts going pit-a-pat.

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