BY BICEARD BEALF.

We have no riches in bonds or stocke,
No bank book shows our balances to draw
yet we carry a safe key that unlocks
More treasures than Orosus ever saw.
We wear no velvets or satins fine,
We dress in a very humble way;
But oh, what luminous lustres shine
About Sunbeam's gown and my woole
gray.

No harp, no dulcimer, no guitar Breaks into singing at Sunbeam's touch; But do not think that our evenings are Without their music; there is none such In the concert halls where the lyric air In pa pitant beliews swims and swoons; Our lives are as psalms and our forehead

wear The calms of the hearts of perfect Junes.

When we walk together (we do not ride
We are too poor), it is very rare
We are bowed unto from the other side
Of the street—but not for this do we care
We are not lonely; we pass along—
Sunbeam and I—and you cannotsee
(We can) what tail and beautifull throng
Of angels we have for company.

When cloudy weather obscures our skies, And some days darken with drops of rail We have but to look in each other's eye, And all is balmy and bright again.
Ah! ours is the alchemy that transmutes The dregs to elixir, the dross to gold; And so we live on Hesperian fruite—Sunbeam and I—and never grow old.

Never grow old, and we dwell in peace, And love our fellows and envy none; And our hearts are glad at the lasge increase Of pleateous blessings under the sun. And the days go by with their thoughtful And the shadows lengthen toward the But the wane of our young years brings n

Sunbeam's hair will be streaked with gray, And Time will furrow my darling's brow i But never can Time's hand take away The tender halo that claspe it now; Se we dwoll in wonderful opulance. With nothing to hurt us nor upbraid; And my life trembles with reverence, And Sunbeam's spirit is not afraid.

To harm our harvest of quiet rest.

## INTERESTING MISCELLANY

Times comes and go, and men will not believe that that is to be which is not yet, or that which is now only continues for a season, and is not eternity.

It is better to fall among crows than among flatterers; for they only devour the dead, but the others devour the living.

Rev. Sir Herbert Newton recently observed: "I would have the prosperous man and happy woman visit the homes of the very poor, and the healthy man and woman call at the great hospitals and witness the sufferings in them. Then think of the union of poverty and crime."

The public will, with regret, learn of the death, in Paris, of Miss Kathleen O'Mears, the gifted authoress. She was, as her name indicates, of Irish descent, and was a relative of the Dr. O'Mears who attended Napoleon in his last days, and wrote the "Voice from St. Helena." Miss O'Meara, it will be remembered, was the writer of the able and magnificent 'He writer of the able and magnificent 'Life of Ozanam," and the recently published work, "Madame Mobl and Her Friends." which met with such a hearty reception

The Duke of Abercorn is convinced The Duke of Abercorn is convinced that the Irish have natural business capacity, and at the Arts Club, some nights sgo, he told a story to prove it. In Tory Island, off Donegal, there is no resident doctor because the inhabitants are so healthy. The other day one had to be fetched from the mainland, and insisted with great cruelty upon receiv. insisted with great cruelty upon receiving his one guinea fee before trusting himself to the islander's boat. When he had done his work and started for home he naturally required a boat, and was then informed by the thrifty island ers that the fee to take him away from the island was two guineas, which he

That was a grand ceremony which recently took place in Catholic Spain. The coronation of the Blessed Virgin of all Graces in Barcelona, was carried out with the utmost pomp in presence of an mmense crowd of the faithful. The crown placed on the head of our Lady by a Bishop specially delegated by the Pope, is in the style of the twelfth century. tury. The procession, in which took part the entire municipality, and some 6,000 priests, friars, clerkes, and nuns, bore the same statute from the cathedral, amid thundering of artillery and universal rejoining of all classes.

A private letter from Paris, dated Nov. 16, says: "Last Sunday afternoon I had the pleasure of hearing played by a splendid orchestra, to an audience of several thousand, a 'Symphonic Poem,' composed by a brilliant Irishwoman, Augusta Holmes, and entitled 'Ireland.' What a subject! I wonder that no composer has thought of it before. The work consists of three parts: the first telling of Ireland as she was, the second of Ireland as she is, the third as she will be. Car't you the third as ane will be. Cart you imagine the sweet, happy movements of the first, with just a touch of the minor, barely suggested the coming griefs, and the wild minor strains of the second movement, portraying the wrongs and blood and tears of Ireland to-day? Imagine, then, the grand triumphant strains that tell of the happy future! Well, the performance was most enthusi-astically received by the immense audience of music-loving, as well as critical

A lax Catholic is a favorite with the world. There is nothing the world loves so much as a bad Catholic, with one exception only. A good Catholic is a rebuke to the world, because his life is founded on a high standard, but a lax Catholic, whose life falls below that standard of the constant of the catholic catholic whose life falls below that standard of the catholic cat Catholic, whose life falls below that standard, gives a consolation and a relief to the lax conscience by which the world lives. There is comething, however, worse than this. A bad priest is the world's saint. When the world finds a bad priest, it fondles him with all manner of indulgences. Can anything be more in the spirit of the world than this? There is only one thing worse than a bad priest, and that is a bad angel, who fell from the presence of God himself. And the world, in reciving a bad priest with so much love and favor, is acting in accordance with the spirit of the bad angel, who is the god of his world,—Cardinal Manning.

Miss Jennie Flood, the daughter of the California millionaire, who is dying of Bright's disease at Helderberg, will, by her father's deeth become the most wealthy woman in the world. She will step into a fortune of \$50,000,000. She is already rich in her own right. During the period when her father, James C. Flood, was making his biggest bonanza strike on the famous Comstock lode of Nevada, he one day presented her with \$2,500,000 of Government 4 per cent. bonds. She was seated in a sewing chair at the time, and he quietly dropped them into her lap. This is probably the most valuable lapful of which any young woman in the world could boast. Miss Flood was at one time said to be engaged to marry U. S. Grant, Jr., and the fathers of the young couple undoubtedly desired such a union. She was also said to have received and declined an offer from Lord Besumont, of England. Her father was born in New York city, but went to California in '49, where he started a restaurant, which, being a recort of mining men, gave him an opportunity of securing knowledge on which he made his fortune.

ERIN'S HARP.

ERIN'S HARP.

The earliest allusion to the use of the harp in Ireland is made in a description of the Hall of Tara, written (as Petrie in forms us) in the sixth century, wherein it is stated that in the third century places were set apart in the hall for the harpers. There is still extant, also, a poem on the death of Columba written in 595, which was originally sung with harp accompaniment and the fact duly chronicled. Later, a harp was found carved in an ancient stone cross in Ullard church yard, County Kilkenny, which from its battered and time worn appearance, is presumably older that the famous cross of Monasterboyce, which was erected in 830.

— Musical Herald.

RAISING & SIEGE.

During the siege of a German town, many years ago, the garrison and the inhabitants were reduced to great straits owing to the scarcity of provisions. This state of things became at last so intolerable that the people of the town insisted on a surrender. A knight of the shears, more courageous than the rest, then hit upon a clever ruse. He dressed himself up in the skin of a goat, and paraded the walls in full view of the enemy, who, deceived by the loud bleating of the supposed animal, concluded that the town was amply supplied with provisions, and gave up the siege in despair.—A. F. Langbein.

TEN HOURS OF SLEEP.

James Payn, the novelist and correspondent, has come to the conclusion that the salvation of our writers and literary classes in general lies in going to bed early, getting ten hours sleep, and understands that the brain work needs more complete and certain recuperation than ordinary physical labor. The office and necessity physical labor. The office and necessity of sleep is getting to be better appreciated Little is heard nowadays about burning midnight oil. Obedience to physiological laws, alone, will enable a man to escape mental breakdown at an early age. Genius cannot override nature. It is impossible to turn night into day, or to habitually do two days' work in one Common sense and method are better than brilliance, and judgment is in the end ahead of genius.—Alobe Democrat.

ANCESTORS OF THE ENGLISH. England and the English do not, after all, derive their names from the Angles, according to the long rooted tradition, so according to the long rooted tradition, of declares a German government professor. Dr. Bening. After extensive researches, he has discovered that the word "English" originates from the "Engern," a numerous and powerful Saxon race, liv-ing near the banks of the Weser, on the North sea. This theory rests also upon the authority of the old British monk, Gildos, who lived much earlier than Bede, and who speaks only of the Saxons who colonized Britain. Further, Dr. Bening points out that our supposed ferefathers, the Angles, dwelt on the Baltic, further off, and that their country was much smaller than the land of the Engern.—

Frank Leslie's.

ON THE SIDE OF THE IRISH. Walt Whitman, "the good gray poet," as he is called by his admirers, in a con wait whitman, "the good gray poet," as he is called by his admirers, in a conversation with Mr. William Summers, M. P., one of the Liberal whips in the British House of Commons, declared his sympathy with Ireland when that gentlemen met him recently. "If I were a young man," said the author of "Leaves of Grass," "as you are, I would certainly throw myself into the conflict on the side of the Irish. I have many kind friends who write to me from Ireland in favor of Mr. Gladstone's policy, and my wish, my desire, my animus, would certainly be on the side of the just, wise, brave and sensible Irish people." On this the Dublin Nation compliments the poet thus: "Walt Whitman is no politician, but he sees in the Irish question something far above the jarring feuds of contending parties. Like other souls of a superior character, his is up to the level of the situation, and sympathises with the Irish in their struggle for independence.

A WONDERFUL ECHO, A WONDERFUL ECHO,
Talking about echoes, Colonel Ogeechee
claimed that he had one on his place, a
few miles from Savannah, which beat
everything he had ever heard or read
about. One, in fact, which could clearly
repeat whole sentences. A party of
gentlemen were interested, but incredulous, and agreed to accompany Col.
Ogeechee home the next afternoon to test
the wouderful echo.
The Colonel found on getting home

The Colonel found on getting home that in the heat of the discussion he had claimed more than the facts justified. Determined not to be beaten he called in

Determined not to be beaten he called in his Irish laborer.

"Pat," says he, "some gentlemen are coming home with me to-morrow afternoon to hear the echo. Now, I want you to go across the river before the time for me to arrive, so that you can answer back whatever we may call out." whatever we may call out."

"You mane fur me to play echo, sir?"
asked Pat, grinningly.
"That is it, exactly," said the Colonel.
"Now, do you thoroughly understand that you are to answer back exactly what

"Oh yis, sir; ye can depend upon me entirely."

The next evening the Colonel took his friends to the river bank, and all were waiting for the experiment.

Taking a speaking-trumpet in his hands the Colonel roared:

"Are you there?"

Back came the sound with startling distinctness:

tinctness:
"Yts sir-r-r-r; I've been here since four o'clock."

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

A young Spanish gentleman, in the dangerous days of the Reformation, was making a name for himself as a professor of philosophy in the University of Paris. He had seemingly no higher aim, when St. Ignatius of Loyols won him to heavenly thoughts. Then, and forever after, Francis gave himself to gain souls to God. After a brief apostolate among his countrymen in Rome he was sent by St. Ignatius to the Indies, where for twelve years, like enother St. Paul, he was to wear himself out, bearing the Gospel to Hindostan, to Malacca, and to Japan. Though vested with the dignity of Nuncio Apostolic and Superior over his religious brethren, he only used his authority to take for himself the largest share of the tolls and dangers of the work. Thwarted by the jealously, covetousness and carelessness of those who should have helped and encouraged him, neither their opposition nor the difficulties of every sort which he encountered could make him slacken his labors for souls. He was ever preaching, baptizing, hearing confessions, discussing with the learned, instructing the ignorant; and yet all this was done with the greatest pains, as the elaborate instructions and the long letters which he has left prove. The vast kingdom of China appealed to his charity, and he was resolved to sisk his life to force an entry, wher God took him to Himself, and he died, like Moses, in sight of the land of promise. ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. and he died, like Moses, in sight of the

FAREWELL TO FATHER BRENNAN.

Picton Gazette, Nov. 30.

The people of Picton were astonished when the announcement was first made that Father Brennan, who has been the parish priest here for a period of about eighteen years, was about to be removed. The first official announcement was made at the church service on Sunday, 17th inst., and the occasion was made memorable by the evidences and manifestations of affection which existed between the pastor and his flock. The entire congregation were in tears, and Rev. Father Brennan, when addressing them, broke down completely and wept Picton Gazette, Nov. 30. them, broke down completely and wept like a child. During his stay in Picton Rev. Father Brennan has endeared him self to the entire community, irrespec-tive of creed or denomination, and his departure will be a source of sincere regret to all. These expressions of some regret to all. These expressions of regret bave taken a more tangible form than mere words, and below will be found a series of addresses that testify to the feelings of the community towards him: CONGREGATION'S ADDRESS.

Rev John Brennan: DEAR FATHER-DEAR FATHER,—As you are about to take your departure from your devoted congregation of St. Gregory's church, over which you have presided for the past eighteen years with all that gentlemanly deportment and never-ending zeal for the weifare of your flock and the propagation of our holy religion, together with the inculcation of sound Catholic doctrine into the youth of our town and county, we can assure you Catholic doctrine into the youth of our town and county, we can assure you, Rev. Father, that we, the members of your congregation, in whose midst you have spent so many days, feel deeply pained that you now sever your connection with us as our parish priest. When we think, Rev. Sir, of the ready advance you have always made when duty called you to the bedside of our dying friends, regardless of all or any of the most loathsome and contagious diseases, we feel our loss of you the more deplorable—but we thank God, and feel proud to bear testimony here to day, on the eve of your departure, that your generosity knew no bounds; that in you the poor and sflicted found a refuge, regardless of creed or country. Before saying good bye, we take this opportunity of presenting you with this purse, not on account of its intrinsic worth, but as a token of the value and esteem in which you have ever been held by your as a token of the value and esteem in which you have ever been held by your loving and devoted children, and now, dear Father, we have to request that you will ever remember us in your prayers, and particularly when offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. May God bless, direct and protect you. Trusting in His divine mercy, that, though parted for a time on earth, in Heaven you may again be united with your old congregation of St. Gregory.

Signed on behalf of the congregation. J. Redmond, T. Burke, D. Mcauley, D. Sullivan.

D. MCAULEY, D. SULLIVAN, T. SLATTERY,
P McMahon,
John Prinyer, F. McManus, F. Hourigan, PATRICK CALL ALEX SHANNON, PATRICK BOND.

REPLY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—The manifestations of devotion to your pastor, so emphatically and universally expressed in your farewell address this evening, is quite in keeping and harmony with the many tokens of love and sincere affection of which I have been the recipient during my pastorate among you. I shall never forget the unanimous demonstration of heartfelt regret that took place in St. Gregory's Church on a recent occasion when I announced to the congregation the news of my departure from the mission. Indeed I should feel within my breast that I were destitute of human instincts did I not realise in your sobstant to the state of REPLY. instincts did I not realise in your sobs and tears how keenly you felt the inteland tears now keenly you left the intel-ligence of my withdrawal from among you. I have, no doubt, bowed in humble submission to the fiat of my superior, and in an affair so grand and moment-ous, where the honor of God is con-cerned, labored with much difficulty to overcome all human considerations and bear with resignation the crucial ordeal,

bear with resignation the crucial ordeal.

The presents you have made me are so many and varied that I am really at a loss to know how to repay your kindness towards me. During the past week I have been the recipient of so many costly and useful articles, from persons of all denominations, that in my mo-

ments of solitude I began to think within myself that the people would like to make me the Governor General of dear old Prince Edward. However, as I never sought honors, or coveted preferent in Church or State, it is likely I would refuse any position of emolument that my fellow-citisens would be willing to confer upon me. I will ask you to pardon me now when I tell you with all the candour and sincerity of an out-spoken man, that the marks of respect and esteem that you have shown me in my hour of trial, and on every occasion, will stamp forever

anye snown me in my hour of trial, and on every occasion, will stamp forever the Catholics of this parish as a loyal and devoted people, whose unswerving attachments to their spiritual guides is one of the brightest evidences of the strength of their faith. I will ask you, in God's holy name, to prove yourself true and grateful children of the grand old church, for the satablishment of true and grateful children of the old church, for the establishme which, on a lasting foundation, our peo ple and our race have so nobly worked ple and our race have so nobly worked in every land, and made so many great and such heroic sacrifices. You will now be pleased to accept my very sin cere thanks for your warm hearted address and costly gifts, and feel assured that when I look on those costly presents, your old pastor, though absent in body, shall be with you in spirit.

THE YOUNG MEN OF THE CONGREGATION

THE YOUNG MEN OF THE CONGREGATION SPEAK.

Dear Father Brennan:—One of the most painful acts that the young men of St. Gregory's congregation has ever been called upon to perform is that which today brings us before the altar rail to bid you adieu. Eighteen years have now rolled by, Rev. Father, since you first assumed control of this parish, and commenced to instil into our minds the benefits to be derived from leading good and holy lives. Many of the young men who were here to greet you on your arrival as their priest have paid the penalty of life, and are sleeping the last sleep of death—some beneath foreign soils, others mingling their ashes with those of their fathers in the old grave-yard of St. Gregory's, while some repose beneath the shadow of the cross that surmounts the summit of beautiful Mt. urmounts the summit of beautiful Mt. surmounts the summit of beautiful Mt. Olivet. The resting place of their bodies is of small importance, but their immortal souls, we hope, are in Heaven, awaiting the time when they can welcome you, their earthly guide, to the realms of eternal bliss. Many others of those, dear Father, who still can remember the kind words and smiles with which you greated them on your fort serviced in Directors. greeted them on your first arrival in Pic-ton, are now living in lands remote from the place of their birth, still remember-ing your kind words of advice, your anxiety as to their future welfar the blessing given them by you on the eve of their departure, will hear with regret that as the priest of their native home they will know you no more. But to us who still remain and form part of the congregation of St. Gregory's; to us who still remember the instructions we received from you preparatory to the receiving of our first commmunion; to us who so often have listened to the religious discourses delivered by you while standing before the altar of God; to us who have learned to love and admire you not only on account of your religious ervor but also on account of your character and kind disposition, knowledge of your departure will be felt the most, and as a small mark of the the most, and as a small mark of the cateem in which you are held by us, we ask you to accept this Oil Portrait of yourself. Hoping that you may be spared for many years in health and strength to advance the interests of our

strength to advance the interests of our Holy Religion, and asking you, as a part-ing request, that you will sometimes remember us when offering up the all-atoning sacrifice on the altar of the living God, we are, on behalf of the young men, Thos Burke, L KEARNEY, F. P. HORRIGAN,
L. H. REDMOND,
W. G. L. CAMERON, Jas. E TURLEY.

Rev. Father Brennan delivered a very affecting reply to the above on the occasion of the presentation yesterday

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN EXPRESS KINDLY FEELINGS, AND PRESENT TOKENS OF

REGARD.

On Wednesday, the 28th ult., the sad duty of saying farewell to their beloved pastor, Rev. John Brennan, devolved on the pupils of St. John's school, Picton. The scene was a most pathetic one; the sobs and tears of the children told how dearly they loved their pastor how dearly they loved their pastor. sobs and tears of the children told how dearly they loved their pastor, how keenly they felt his departure, and how firmly their young hearts and affections were entwined around him. Mise Katharine McManus, daughter of Mr. Frank McManus, Clerk of the First Division Court, read the following address in a manner which elicited encomiums from all who heard her:

REV. AND DEAR FATHER: - Oh! How sad and sorrowful the task that devolves on us, your loving children, to day! How deep the gloom that shrouds us! How the light and gladness seem shut out from our young hearts as we approach to say farewell! What mournful memoto say farewell! What mournful memo-ries are ever stirred by that word, always so hard to utter, but, oh! thrice hard when it heralds the severance of hearts bound by ties the most sacred and holy. Sacred and holy, fond and loving, indeed, are the ties which bind us, dear father, to you—whose anointed hand it was that to you—whose abointed nand it was that poured over us the cleansing waters of Baptism, bathing our souls in a flood of light and grace—to you, whose lips pronounced over us the solemn words of absolution—to you, from whose hand we so often received the "Bread of Life" so often received the "Bread of Life"—
to you, who since the first light of reason
dawned within us, so carefully guarded
our every thought, our every word, our
every deed—to you, to whom we turned
instinctively in every childish doubt and
trouble, ever sure of touching a responsive chord in your heart. But now those endearing ties are to be severed; we are to lose the tender father, the wise coun sellor, the kind and generous friend. No marvel, then, that it is with sinking hearts and tearful eyes we approach to tender to you our fondest love and express the great sorrow which fills our hearts. Oh! how we shall miss you!

eadly shell we miss our own "Soggarth Aroon," and here in this beautiful school room, for which, dear father, we are indebted to your untiring energy and seal; in this school room which so often received the words of enecuragement and plety which were wont to fall from your lips, your memory shall be enshrined in grateful hearts. How we loved to listen to your words, always so carnest and forcible, and yet so perfectly intelligible to our youthful minds, that they will never be effaced from our memories, but will be the more deeply ergraven there as we advance in years, encouraging us to walk in the paths of virtue and holines, and ever leading our thoughts from earth to heaven. heaven.

And now, dear father, please accept this souvenir as a token of our love and esteem, and be assured that though separated from you our hearts will be ever

yours.

Oh! may our Heavenly Father have you ever in His holy keeping; and may she, the "Sweet Star of the Sea," guide you safely over the stormy see of life; may she caim its billows and still its tempests; may the shield of Mary, "Virgo Potens," interpose to guard you from every ill; may our sweet mother "Stella Matutina," shed round your path the balmy effulgence of her rays, and light you at length to your heavenly home.

Muse Stella Sullivan then presented a beautiful sliver cup, and Mise Margaret

Mits Stella Sullivan then presented a beautiful sliver cup, and Miss Margaret Sullivan a sliver goblet to the Rev. Father on behalf of the pupils.

Father Brennan replied in the most feeling terms, thanking the children most sincerely for their beautiful address, and assuring them of the love he had for them, and of the interest he would always take in their spiritual and temporal welfere. Dr. Platt, M. P., who was present, expressed the deep sympathy he felt for the children, and testified to the great grief of the whole community at the departure of Rev. Father Brennan from Picton.

CITIZEN'S ADDRESS.

REVEREND FATHER BRENNAN:—We, the undersigned inhabitants of Picton, beg respectfully to express the sincere regret we feel at your approaching departure from among us. Your uniform, courteous and genial deportment, not only to your own congregation (who are so grieved at your resignation), but of those of other denominations, have not falled to win their sincere regard and esteem. We, therefore, in biding you farewell, express our own individual regrets, and best wishes for your future weifare, and feel that those sentiments are shared by the public generally, which we may also therefore confidently convey to you. We are pleased to hear that your new parish is not remote from us, and therefore CITIZEN'S ADDRESS We are pleased to hear that your new parish is not remote from us, and therefore entertain hopes of often seeing you at Picton, where you will be always cordially welcomed by your many friends.

PHILIP LOW, Q. C.,

JAMES GILLERFIE, Sheriff,

HENDY D. FOR SHEET,

HENRY B EVANS, M D., ROBERT P. JELLETT, Judge. ROBERT BOYLE, County Treasurer, R. J. B. CROMBIE, Bank of Montreal. Signed on behalf of the signatories

R J. B. Crombie, Bank of Montreal.

Signed on behalf of the signatories.
Picton, 21st November, 1888

Subscribers to a testimonial to the Rev.
Father Brennan, P.P., from the Protestants of Picton, Nov., 1888: Judge Jellett, Sheriff Gillespie, Robert Boyle, County Treasurer, G. Curry, Police Magistrate, Rev Dean Loucks, Walter Mackenzie, Registrar, T. Bog, H. B. Pristol, R. Crombie, Bauk of Montreal, Dr. Evans, Philip Low, Q. C. E. Merrill, E. W. Case, Dr. Stirling, J. H. Allan, Francis B. Wycott, C. B. Allison & Co., W. H. R. Allison, Q. C. Thos. Shannon, Postmaster, John A. Wright Barrister, John A. Rawon, John Richards, C. S. Wilson, H. Chadd, J. B. and Geo. McMullen, S. M. Conger & Bro., Gazette, Dr. J. M. Platt, M.P. R. Hadden, John W. McLean, Tsmes, W. M. Shannon, Standard Bauk, A. C. Tobey, W. M. Owene, B. Gillespie, Cardwell & Hicks, Isaac N. Wait, L. T. Vorce, Moxon & Barker, W. A. Carson, Clark & Roblin, R. A. Norman, Jr., Jamieson Bros, W. Boulter, John T. Wigg, George E. Fraser, H. S. Welcocks, Z. Sch. Herrington, W. J. Porte, Mayor R. Ringer, W. J. Carter, H. M. Bunbury, J. N. Carter, J. F. Beringer, E. Morden, T. Wilson, A. W. Hepburn.

REPLY.
Gentlement The average of acters.

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN, -The expression of estee

GENTLEMEN,—The expression of esteem and regard, conveyed by you in your beautiful address, for my person, in the name of the good people of your town, is a source to me of deep gratification, after eighteen years of peaceful residence among you. In my official capacity, as well as in my private intercourse at large, it was always my pleasing duty to meet every one, w.thout distinction of creed or racial extraction, in that same kind and Christian spirit in which I have been greeted by persons of all denominations since I assumed the pastoral charge of St. Gregory's Catholic congregation. I must frankly acknowledge that I have always been an ardent advocate of union and peace among all sections of the people, and that I have ever denounced on every occasion the fomentors of strife and disunion in your midst as the greatest enemies of Canadian liberties. While I deeply regret my departure from Picton, with leeply regret my departure from Picton with its picturesque surroundings, will remember with pleasure the cordi will remember with pleasure the cordial intercouse that existed amongst us during the term of my humble pastor ate. No doubt those bonds of amity that have continued unbroken during such a lengthened period will not relax under the fostering and paternal care of my successor whom you will learn to my successor, whom you will learn to respect and esteem after a very brief residence amongst you. You will now please accept my warm thanks for the kind and generous sentiments expressed in my regard, and may I venture to hope that on my return to Poten to visited. that on my return to Picton to visit old friends my vision may be blessed with the pleasing object of seeing the old St. Gregory's church transformed into s new and stately edifice that shall endure for ages to come, an ornament to your pretty little town and a lasting monu-ment of the zealous labors of my worthy

An address was also presented by the altar boys of the church, which, together with the reply, we sre obliged to omit

for want of space.

Rev. Father Brennan will probably he had ach to deave for his new parish, at Brewer's and exhills our cessor will be has not yet transpired, although the probabilities point to Father O'Donoghue, of Carleton Place.

Picton, Sunday, Nov. 18, 1888.

At a large and representative meeting of the congregation of St. Gregory's Catholic Church. Picton, held in the school house immediately after mass to take into consideration the painful information received by them to day, viz, the resignation of Father John Brennan, as parish priest of Picton, the following resolution was moved and it is unnecessary to say, was carried unanimously:

Whereas: We were greatly pained to hear from the lips of our much eteemed pastor, the Rev. John Brennan, that with the kind permission of His Lordship, the Bishop, he now resigned his position as our parish priest, and we as a congregation are pained at the thoughts of being separated from him.

Be it therefore resolved: That this meeting, representing the Catholic pepulation of Prince Edward county.

Be it therefore resolved: That this meeting, representing the Catholic population of Prince Edward county, send a deputation to Kingston for the purpose of interviewing His Lordship, the Bishop of this diocese, requesting him to ask Father Brennan to reconsider his decision, and remain in his present position as pastor of St. Gregory's Church, Picton.

D. Mc&ULAY, Chairman, H. REDMOND, Sec.
OYSTERS.

OYSTERS.

H. REDMOND, Sec.

OYSTERS.

As Father Brennan was to leave Picton on Friday morning of last week, the Citizens' Band, to show their appreciation of his past kindness, proceeded to his residence on Church street, and played several beautiful selections for his benefit. He had understood until the last moment that the band was not going over and was, greatly disappointed, but as the first few notes struck his ear it is said he sprang to his feet and moved about as in the days of his youth—he being very fond of music. After an erj yable time at the door of the pastor's house, three of the young men of his congregation were ordered to escort the members of the band to the Coffee House and there treat them royally with oysters. Mr. Fitz. Hourigan assumed the reeponsibility, and when the boys reached Mr. Bongard's they found everything in readiness for a good feed of oysters. Mr. George Farrington assumed the position of chairman and proposed the following toasts: 'To the'Queen, Father Brennan, our host and hostess, and the ladies. Mr. Thos. Hourigan was the first one called on to respond to the toast, "the Queen," and others followed in rapid succession until others followed in rapid succession until to respond to the toast, "the Queen," and others followed in rapid succession until the list was completed, Messrs. Joseph Redmond, jr., and Will Ward amused the boys with several songs of their own selection.

A clear head is indicative of good health and regular habits. When the body is languid, and the mind works sluggishly, Ayer's Cathartic Pills will assist in the recovery of physical buoyancy and men-

EVERY CATHOLIC FAMILY should have memsiger's tathelic stame Almanae for 1889. It is the most intenseiv interesting and instructive one yet issued. Send 25c. in stamps, or scrip, to Thomas Confey, London, Ont., and you will get a copy by next mail.

A Postmaster's Opinion.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil," uns usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh, postmaster of Umfraville, Ont., "having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it." Much distress and sickness in children

is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

A Severe Trial. Frances S. Smith, of Emsdale, Muskoka, writes, "I was troubled with vomiting for two years, and I have vomited a. often as five times a day. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds

of sorns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE is a great aid to internal medicine in the treatment of sprofulous sores, ulcers and abscesses of all kinds.

EXPEL THE WORMS by using the safe and reliable authelmintic Freeman's Worm Powders.

Powders.

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.

To Invigonate both the body and the brain, use the reliable tonic, Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine.

## To Save Life

Frequently requires prompt action. An hour's delay waiting for the doctor may be attended with serious consequences especially in cases of Croup, Pneumonia, and other throat and lung troubles. Hence, no family should be without a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has proved itself, in thousands of cases, the best Emergency Medicine ever discovered. It gives prompt relief and prepares the way for a thorough cure, which is certain to be effected by its continued use.

its continued use.

S. H. Latimer, M. D., Mt. Vernon, Ga., says: "I have found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a perfect cure for Croup in all cases. I have known the worst cases relieved in a very short time by its use; and I advise all families to use it in sudden emergencies, for coughs, croup, &c."

A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middletown, Tenn., says: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly

stant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."

"I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," writes E. Bragdon, of Palestine, Texas, "believ-ing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died."

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. So.a by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.

W. J. THOMPSON & SON, Opposite Revere House, London, Has always in stock a large assortment of every style of Carriages and Sleighs. This is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the Dominion. None but first-class work turned out. Prices always moderate M ISS ELEANOR COPPINGER, TEACH-ER of Violin, pupil of Prof. Henri Appy, Rochester, N. Y., will receive pupils at her residence, 397 Central ave., London Terms reasonable.

The De BY I

DECE

The hero's blood
They laid him
And o'er his fran
And bore him i All day he fough False Pescaire's The belied knigh And Bourbon e

All day he fough Each Spaniard For God, and Kir And for the lily Till, faint with le That he can figi And through his That reacheth

And when they ! The Spaniard sto Beside his dying Their victor souls And bitter tear

For Bayard was a And Bayard wa No truer man bro No nobler frame Ah! never did the See grander kni He looked up to it With sweet tran But when the tra To weep the he Great Bayard's et Though they h

"Weep not for me
"But weep that
Was raised in the
Against your k And with these w His face sweet! The first of Franc Great Bayard w

Ab, no !- not des Must live eterni Within the abrine That throbs for For when earth's For feedom any Be sure that Bays And Bayard's s Special to th

A VISIT TO TH CHRISTIAN BE AND ONTABIO Some few mor numbers and in General of the C place of reside erected Ontario province, and part of surpassin tor. The Brothe exercised jurisdi the Visitorshop bec. Archbisho at Halifax, whic work under the

the N. Y. Prov. But although On province, presid Superior called quently qualified scholasticate for however, all post the community to the beautiful Province, known and situated at country place, i chester, about t New York city. distance from L great city receive too, and in this letters, Washing To this beau more majestic

was taken one m of last July. A

cans (for Amaw milk supplying city,) we left th pair of sturdy hor Institute, and a

closing to our a turn, as it win broken country more enchanting hind, all of which when compared in whose bosom, as the blossom couches the n Brothers. Assur the charms of the plain, woods and make St. Joseph beauty. Surrous bids defiance to t rush over the rus ground, in their cave of Æolus, wh reserve their he bappy home of th bout are well luxuriant trees, ered with fruitf of the main build gardening unsur be seen in the gre now, after supply water and keep gardeners' ingeni

ripples to join abelow, lulling the little color the little color descending from a coup d'oril beauty unmarre mark to my cowould'nt be hap went over the diff wards and encou qualifying them bood, I certain evidence of happ large number of to sixteen years,