

The Two Glasses.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."-"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."-St. Pacian, 4th Century,

### NO. 13.

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### ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

December, 1878. Sunday, 29-Sunday within the octave of Christmas; Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury ; double, Monday, 39-Office of the fifth day within the octave of Chistmas. Tuesday, 31-St. Sylvester, Pope and Confessor ; double, Jacobian 1970 January, 1879. Wednesday, 1-Feast of the Circumcision of Our Lord Jesus Christ; a holy day of obligation; double, scond class Thursday, 2-Octave of St. John the Exangelis. Saturday 4-Octave of St. John the Exangelis. Saturday 4-Octave of the Holy Innocents. January, 1879.

ANOTHER LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RT. REV. DR. WALSH, BISHOP OF LONDON.

ST. PETER'S PALACE, London, Ontario, Nov. 13, '78.

WALTER LOCKE, ESQ.-

DEAR SIR,-On the 22nd of September we approved of the project of the publication of a Catholic newspaper in this city. We see with pleasure that you have successfully carried into execution this project, in the publication of the CATHOLIC RECORD. The RECORD is edited with marked abillty. and in a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and we have no doubt that as long as it is under your control, it will continue to be stamped with these characteristics. Such a journal cannot fail to be productive of a vast amount of good, and whilst it continues to be conducted as it has been thus far, we cordially recommend it to the patronage of the elergy and laity of our diocese.

> I am yours, Sincerely in Christ, + JOHN WALSH,

LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. DR. CRINNON, BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON, Nov. 5th, 1878.

### LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1878.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim On a rich man's table, rim to rim. One was ruddy and red as blood, And one was clear as the crystal flood. Said the glass of whe to the paler brother. "Let us tell the tales of the past to cach other. I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth, And the proudest and grandest souls on carth. Fell under my touch as though struck to bilght, Where I was king, for I ruled in might, From the heads of kings I have torn the erown, From the height of fame I have hurled men down; I have blasted many an honoured name, I have taken virtue and given shame; I have taken virtue and given shame; For than any arm beneath the sky. I have made the stuture a barren waste, Far greater than a king am I. Or than any arm beneath the sky. I have made the stuture a barren waste, For the safet of the lost were sweet to me; For they said " Behold how great you be! Fam, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall, And your might and power are over all." " "Ho' ho' pale brother," langhed the wine, "Can you boast of deeds as great as mine." Said the water glass, "I cannot boast Of a king dethroned or nurdered hosis; But I can tell of a heart once sad. By my crystal drops made light and glad; Of thirsts Five quenched and solid Five saved; Of hands Five could and solid Five saved; I have leaped through the valleys, dashed down the mountain. Flowed in the river, and played in the fountain. Stept in the sunsitive, and dropped from the sky And every where gladdened the landscape and eye; I have eased the hot forchead of fever and pain; I have and the parched meadows grow fortile with grain; Leget inforthe powerful wheel of the mill entrance into the room of the parish priest, Rev. Father O'Shea, who upon learning I was a casual constributor to the RECORD, very gently, and yet very firmly insisted upon my remaining for the evening. I did as he wished; and, let me tell you, I have no reason to find fault with my accepting his invitation, for I would be only too happy to re-ceive the same treatment in every house I enter, when I enter it on behalf of the RECORD. But as everything must have an end, so our pleasant even-ing's talk was brought to an end upon our being handed the subjoined programme, which was to be carried out immediately. Upon seeing it, I, some how or other, concluded it was only the beginning of the end; and so it proved to be. Here is the feast of music, song and eloquence that was soon to be given us: I have made the parened measures given return grain; I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill That ground out the flour and turued at my will; I can tell of manhood debased by you That I have lifted and crowned anew, I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid, I gladden the heart of man and maid; I set the chained wine-captive free, And all are better for knowing me.

#### be given us GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

OPENING OF THE

NEW CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

LECTURE

#### Right Rev. J. Walsh, D D. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11th.

#### PROGRAMME. Part I.

1. Opening Chorus-O Cor Amoris Victima. ....Lambilotte

CATHOLIC CHOIL. ters relating to our choir, none of which you have 2. Duet -- What are the Wild Waves' Saying ...

MISSES DOV[E<sup>4</sup>AN<sup>4</sup> Registrook, 3. Recitation—Mary Stuart's Last Prayer, .....

MISS T. MCDOUGALL 4. Solo-Sweet the Angelus was Ringing .... ..... Operti

Miss A. McIntosh, 5. Drama-The Talisman. MISSES MACDERMONT, DOYLE, SHANNON,

COOK, SAVAGE AND MACARA. 6. Solo-Killarney..... Miss Robinson.

Thinking a few days of recreation would prove most enjoyable, the question, "Where is it to be found?" naturally suggested itself to my mind. Here the temptation came to go where it would be possible to see both land and water. I yielded, went, and yet I am not sorry for either yielding or going, for I met, when alighting from the train, and quite unexpectedly, a real friend. He insisted uneon measure to sentedaw, of the basilitative di hierore di hare singing of the "Angelus", the pro-

going, for I met, when alighting from the train, and quite unexpectedly, a real friend. He insisted upon me going to partake of the hospitality of his own home. I complied quite cheerfully, I can assure you. But the rogue! What do you think, dear Editor? Without ever notifying me, a poor correspondent of yours, one who is striving to make an honest living by the scratch of his pen, he suddenly ushered me into a record, there to be confronted by His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Bishop of London, the Very Rev. Dean Murphy, Rev. Dr. Kilroy, Rev. Father Breman, and another whose name I chanced to hear but cannot now call to mind. My embarrassment, however, was quickly relieved upon the entrance into the room of the parish priest, Rev. Father O'Shea, who upon learning I was a casual constributor to the Broton, very gently, and yei very firmly insisted upon my remaining for the state as one of the oranaeut of Goderide-mot even ing's talk was brought to an end upon our being handed the subjoined programme, which was to be arried out immediately. Upon sceing it, I, some how to other, concluded it was only the hearts and strong arms so successfully given his time and so willingly devoted his energies to the creation. We were how the subject of the provide the subject of the subject of the subject of the subject of the prist priest, Rev.
constributor to the Broton, very gently, and yei very firmly insisted upon my remaining for the eventing. I did as he wished; and, let me tell yot, I have no reason to find foult with my accepting he subject of the extend as one of the creation. To be all for the Recore. But as everything must have an end, so our pleasant even ing's talk was brought to an end upon our being handed the subjoined programme, which was to be avor other, concluded it was only the hearts and strong arms so successfully completed the grand undertaking they had so recently begun, even though the commercial defully completed the grand undertaking they had so fully completed the grand undertaking they had so presently begun, even though the commercial de-pression now prevailing throughout the land must have made their pockets feel lighter in Goderich, equally as it has done elsewhere. He forthwith with it in a logical way throughout, and an ex-haustive one too.

haustive one too. He reminded those present that it was their bounden duty—a duty most imperative—to see that their children received the benefits of a good education, and likewsse, that it was also their duty to sweetly induce others to lend a helping hand in furthering the good cause. In a manner truthful and logical he showed how education without reli-rion could be of no eartily mod, not exceline of gion could be of no earthly good, not speaking of the spiritual good we sacrifice, when we do not en-deavor to make religion and education walk, like twin sisters, hand in hand—both walking in accord-ance with the wishes of our Creator—the Fountain

ance with the wishes of our Creator—the Fonntain from which all true knowledge is desired. Here His Lordship became the defender of that religion that is so near and dear to his heart Where, he asked, or how can the world find fault with the Church to-day? The world says: "The Catholic Church has ever been an obstacle to the spread of education." He contended—"Well, I say it is not. No ! by facts and figures I can prove the contrary, and I will do so this evening." The Cath-olic Church, he claimed, was ever the zealons guar-dian of both science and art, nor did she ever lose one solitary mark of this her happy and well-carned title to so queenly a preogative. But those who find so much fault with the Catholic Church never seem to give a single solitary passing thought never seem to give a single solitary passing thought to the fiery ordeal through which she had to pass. Let us wale back through entruries now long past, and witness the throes of our infant Church in, you may say, its cradle. During the first three centuries of her existence the Emperors of the Roman Em-pire awarded her only the direct persecution. Their pre awarded her only the direct persecution. Their tyranny drove her from cottage, hanlet, village and town, until she found a home in the cata-combs. Here it was the early Christians played that part so beautiful and touching, that prompted Cardinal Wiseman to make it the foundation of his able work, "Fabiola," Yes, those were days of trial Undar such discurstances what could the trial. Under such circumstances, what could the Church do in behalf of education? Subsequently to this the barbarian infidels swept Christendom with besom of destruction. Swarms of them, issuing forth from their native Scandinavian hives, overran the Roman Empire. Led on by an Alaric, a Gen-serie, an Atilla—who gloried in styling himself "The Scourge of God"—all animated with the most intense hatred towards Christianity, they led loose fierce destruction upon it. They plundered its rich abbeys and sacred shrines, robbed ard burned its gorgeous churches, pillaged and de-stroyed its magnificent cities, and massacred its adherents without respect to age, sex or condition. Its desolation was their joy, its destruction their pasttime, and its extermination seeningly their aim. What could the Church do in the line of education, situated as she now was? Well, she did much: ye situated as she now was *t* Well, she did much; yes, very much. Thousands of invidious foes yearly gazed upon her, and asked the very importinent question, "What has she done?" Some of these were foolish, some were wise. The foolish prate and write about the ignorance and superstition we have drank with our mother's milk—so they say The wise, on the contrary, stand amazed and delight ed with all the eye sees, the ear hears, and that their intelligence can grasp. The latter see in her the patron of all we prize most highly to-day, the art of painting, of sculpture, of music and song, and of architecture. If our artists wish to handle the brush in order to climb the ladder of fame, whither do they resort? To Rome, the seat of Catholicism. There they find a Raphael and a Michael Angelo to There they find a Raphael and a Michael Angelo to inspire them with ideas of the chaste, lovely and beautiful. And our sculptors who wish to draw out from cold marble the very semblance of life, to where do they have recourse to study their models? To Rome. And those the darling of whose hearts is music and song, and they wish to cultivate it, as you would ahouse plant, to whom do they go to find choice music? To Mozart and Hay-den, etc., etc., all Catholics. And the architects of our day who boast so much of their skill, where did they obtain their knowledge? \_It was by studying they obtain their knowledge? It was by studying those grand old cathedrals of Europe and ruined abbeys that Catholic genins created. And as to literature, who preserved for us to-day what the barbarian sparsed? The north and wisest Who Interature, who preserved for us to day what the barbarians spared *l* The monk and priest. Who preserved for us the very Bible itself? The monk and priest. Who discovered for us the land in which we live? A Roman Catholic—Christopher Columbus, And by whom was he aided in accom-plishing this grand work ? By a Catholic King and Queen—Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. Who made the Roman calendar that is now used through-out almost the entire civilized world ? A Catholic Pope. Yes, it is to Catholic Rome all must go to secure all that is good and true. She was once styled the mistress of Nations, and she most de-

ful or desirable—and no one will doubt for an in-stant that a good education is something most desir-able—hunted by reckless and wicked sportsmen for eighteen centuries, yet still at bay, holding a charmed life, beautiful, pure, and strong in the defence of what she abways believed and taught, and just as zealous in guarding everything she ever prized. His Lordship resumed his seat amidst the hearti-est annuaue.

est applause. The "Talisman" was played in a manner almost inimitable. The ladies who took part in it should feel happy in having succeeded so well in their ef-forts to make others happy. I know it is not quite the shappy of the shappy. forts to make others happy. I know it is not quite right for me to single out any one particular lady as more deserving of praise than the other, for all did well. But there was one who impersonated charity. I have read and heard a good deal about charity, but never did I see it exemplified in all its simplicity, and yet in all its grandeur, until that night. Who knows but what she who told us so well what charity was, and portrayed it so well, well what charity was, and portrayed it so

simplicity, and yet in all its grandeur, until that night. Who knows but what she who told us so well what charity was, and portrayed it so well, even while toiling, always scattering peace and sun-shine in the paths of others—who knows but that which she then repeated may be the seed sown in the hearts of all that were present from which will spring charity in all its fairness and beauty. As for No, 6 in the programme, I will say nothing. "Killarney" was only the gem of the evening; so pathetic in its words, so sweet in its tone, and so charmingly song by the cantatrice to whose lot it had fallen, it could not expect less than the well-merited applanse it got. See here, dear Editor, if you only give me one-half of the profits of the RECORD, I will take a start across the sea, find out where Kil-larney is, see what it is, and then come back and re-port to you whether she sang the truth or not. The "Burial March of Dundee" was recited in a style truly effective. Were it not that my eyes were open I believe I would have positively asserted it was some loyal admirer of Wallace and Bruce who was addressing his clan. What kills me out and out was the apathy manifested by all in not going out to see if the foe had already reached their shores. But then, dear editor, you know His Lordship was right in front of us; now, what could we do ! We are not afraid to meet the enemy, and never were. Anyhow, to make a long story short, had His Lordship not been there, we, upon hearing that lady's append, would noby turn, out and see what was the trouble, for many of us are "sons of Scotland, who love their country," and the lady im-pressed us with the idea that once more we were either on the Highlands or Lowlands of old Scotia. "The Harp of Tara" told well. It showed that there were some present who heard that strain on Old Erin's sod, whether upon the hills or down be-neath in the valleys, I know not. How could I find fault with them in manifesting their joy upon hear-ing an irs od ear to them when it was proffered to th

ing an air so dear to them when it was proffered to them at the hands of the talented pianist who did it so well.

it so well. The double duet of part 2nd was *heavenly*. The way their fingers travelled over those two pianos was astonishing, their time most exact. The way it was rendered shows they are very promising lovers of music, ones who will soon make their mark if they will resolutely persevere in practice. The next in order was the "Masterpiece." Let me tell you it held its own. One of the prominent characters in it was the *Acgress*. She had previously appeared in the characters of mother and aunt; but last of all, yet not least of all, in the character of a *Slave*. She did everything so truly, I can give her no more credit than was given to her, and that is, Slave. She did everything so truly, I can give her no more credit than was given to her, and that is, the name given to her, Miss Flyabout. If she did not "Fly about," killing spiders in the corner, up-setting pails generally, professing her ability to do everything her mistress would require of her, then I am no longer "Little Pluckie." By-the-bye, here I must tell you something that amused me immen-sely. There were two strangers, whose names I could not learn, sitting a few feet back of His Lord-shin. "Her waid the deepest attention to all that ship. They paid the deepest attention to all that was said or sung; but when the curtain was droppad they, joking I suppose they were, or telling some furny story, would laugh untill all before them and those around them could not help but laugh too. One of them was a very tall man, the other a very small man. It would seen that both the North and South Poles had met for the first the North and South Foles had not for the first time to shake hands, that is judging from the the height of the head of the one above the other. However, when passing ont, I heard the latter of the two remark that he was not married, and hoped the two remark that he was not matrice, and hoped he never would be, for he had some presentment that if he did marry someone, that someone would prove that he was a Mr. Flyabout. God help us! What is the world coming to ?" The "Beggar Girl" here made her appearance. We have so her before telling us what "charity" was, We have so her butting in to practice what he then We here see her putting into practice what she then said. In a strain most heartrending she appeals to said. In a strain most neartrenning size appears to the passer-by to purchase some *pins* from her, from the proceeds of which she will be enabled to pro-cure some nourishment for her aged and sick mother. But "Beggar Gin" though she may ap-pear upon the stage, all admit she should have no eaon to regret she undertook the performance of hat *role*. Well done! One of the loviest features of the evening was the "Cantata"—so simple and childish, yet so hearty and true. Honestly the singing was superb. But the appearance on the stage of the children, from the appearance on the stage of the children, from the knee-height of a grasshopper to those who were a title above that height, was actually bewitching. They all came to crown their governess, as we both heard and saw. "We come! we come!" rung out in silvery notes from their young throats. Really those little children deserve a holiday. But the crowning scene was the most touching of all. Two little cherubs placed her crown upon her brow, and then with upturned eyes and hands upraised, breathed the simple prayer, "Holy Mother, guide her footsteps," all participating. Distant chimes was rendered in such a way that I became puzzled. The ladies of the Convent had a three-pronged candlestick stationed between their two pianos. Would you believe me, dear Editor, two pianos. Would you believe me, dear Editor, the glass pendants on that candlestick played along the glass pendants on that candlestick played along with the instruments. This is no joke, for there are everal whom you know who can vouch for it. I wonder was it some sleight of hand triek, or the pressure of the weight upon the floor that did it. Last of all came "Good Night," a piece sang so feelingly as to make us, one and all, regret we were compelied to say it. We knew we had to make a virtue of necessity, and so, after singing the Na-tional Anthem, we in our minds were obliged to say, "Good night! Good night!"

OUR CATHEDRAL CHOIR. [To the Editor of the Record.] DEAR SIR,-I have already sent you several let-

thought proper to insert. I can readily understand that the proprietor of the RECORD should feel a little delicacy in inserting anything in his journal criticising the choir of which he is a member. But sir, are the private feelings of the proprietor always to be considered before the feelings of his subscribers, I should say not. According to the prospectus of the paper, the RECORD is published in the interests

These are the tales they told each other, The glass of wine and its paler brother, As they sat together, filled to the brim. On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not responsible for the opinions of our correspondents. All correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the editor of the Catholic Record—not the publisher, and should reach this office not later than Tuesday morning.]

LONDON.

WALTER LOCKE, ESQ .---DEAR SIR,—Your agent, Mr. Gooderich, called on me yesterday to procure my recommendation for the circulation of your paper in this diocese. I willingly grant it, and earnestly hope that your culation. 1 remain, dear sir,

Bishop of London.

enterprise will meet with the hearty encouragement of the priests and people of this diocese. Your paper is well written, and contains a great amount of Catholic news, and what is still better, it breathes a truly Catholic spirit ; so desireable in these days when rebellion against Ecclesiastical Authority is so rampant. I am glad that you are free from all political parties, and therefore in a position to approve of wise legislation and to condemn the contrary. Wishing your paper an extensive cir-

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HILDREN.

**DS.**, DON,ONT Yours very faithfully, + P. F. CRINNON, Bishop of Hamilton.

Bro. Tobias, Director of the Christian Brothers, Toronto, writes :-- "We like the first numbers of the CATHOLIC RECORD very much. It bids fair to be the best Catholic journal in Ontario.

#### **OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**

Boston Pilot.

The CATHOLIC RECORD, published at Ontario, Canada, is making a good start. It has been in the field scarcely two months, yet it shows signs of able journalism. We wish it every success.

Lockport Catholic Visitor. We are pleased to notice the establishment of a new paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD-at London,

Ontario. Walter Locke is the publisher. It is a large well printed sheet, and offered at \$2 a year. We wish the RECORD success.

Hamilton Times. " THE CATHOLIC RECORD. "- This is the title of a

new religious weekly paper published in London, which was found to be a long felt want in the dioceses of Western Ontario. The first number came out on October 4th last, and is an eight page sheet of creditable appearance and much promise. One page is devoted to editorial matter, and able writers have rosperous career.

New York Tablet.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., Canada The CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Oht, Canada comes to us this week. It is a bright, well edited journal, conducted with taste and judgment. It displays in its efficient department much talent and, if it continues as it has begun, we hesitate no, to say that it will be successful. It is, apart from the able manner in which it is edited, Catholic through and through. It has our warmest wishes for its future.

Editors of our non-Catholic city journals, but give me the space I require. I promise not to overburden you with correspondence on this topic. It is well known that for some years past our choir has not been what it ought to have been for some reason or other and several changes have been made in the directorate or post of organist. No doubt these changes were necessary. At least we obtained the services of a nale organist. One whose reputation was uncurrent on the city. This centleman was was unsurpassed in the city. This gentleman was ushered into office with a great flourish of trumpets, unlimited as to expense, in order to see what a great change he would immediately effect. What efforts were put forth to strengthen his hands. Singers were drummed up from all over the city and a really strong choir was formed which for a short time gave much promise. But the strength of the choir soon dwindled away, was again in the same old groove, was again not one whit better than when under the direction of the predecessor of this new "grand" organist. How has it been during the whole term of his office ? Why continual breaking downs,—the responses a disgrace—these last though of the greatest impor-tance, being worse than ever before, while now the musical portion of the service of the church is car ried out in a very slip-shol manner. What has be-come of our beautiful hymn for this season of the year the "alma"? When do we bear the hymns proper for the different seasons of the year given in their proper place? Seldom indeed. At first we heard all sorts of tales as to what was soon to be done and all was expectantors. The large organ was to be put in order amongst ther improvements, but all our great expectations soon vanished into thin air, and very wisely the congregation was not put to the expense of repairing the large organ for obvious reasons. Now sin, is it not in order for some one to speak? A year will soon have elapsed since the inauguration of this new regime, yet still we are no better off. Is it not high time that another change was made? We could not make a mistake. We could not be worse off than we are. was unsurpassed in the city. This gentleman was ushered into office with a great flourish of trumpets,

Yours &c, A SUBSCRIBER. Dec. 20th, 1878.

### FLASHES FROM BIDDULPH.

DEAR EDITOR,-A person whose name I will not mention-for by so doing I might incur his displeasure-recently told me that, as you had not heard from "Little Pluckie" for an age, you at once concluded something had happened-a somecharge of that department. We wish the RECORD a thing that, perhaps, sent him to heaven. Well, a something did happen, but that something did not unfortunately bring me to heaven; it only brought me to the next door to it-the famous salty place, Goderich. While there I witnessed a scene that well nigh convinced me for the moment that I had reached that happy abode to which you fancied I had gone. But no ; I find I was completely mis-I tell you all I heard and saw.

Recitation-Burial March of Dundee... MISS MACDERMONT. Instrumental Solo-The Harp of Tara ... Miss G. McMicking. Watts MISSES COOKE, SERGMILLER, MACARA 3. Solo—The Beggar Girl. Miss L. Cooke. Anor ...Gilbert 4. Cantata .... CHILDREN OF THE SCHOOL. 5. Duct-Gently Sighs the Breeze........ Misses McIntosh and Cooke. Glove 6. Chorus—Distant Chimes...... Extire Class. Glore

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The first mentioned in the programme, "O Cor Amoris Victima," composed by L'Abbe Lambilotte, was rendered in a very truly effective manner. The sweetness of its melody, so skillfully combined by L'Abbe Lambilotte, with harmony in this piece, did not fail to produce an impression upon the intelli-cent and/ence present. Sweetly were its solos surg. gent audience present. Sweetly were its solos sung and powerfully rung out its choruses. No wonder then the audience applauded. No wonder the those who took part in it felt a just pride; they merited the honor by their perseverance in practice. Long may they continue to cultivate the voice that did so well on the evening of the 11th, now past.

past. No. 2 of the programme, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" seemed to have caused each and every one of those present to ask themselves "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" The voices of the singers in the duet seemed so sad and mourn-ful, one and all thought over the many lives lost in these effectives. "Wild waves "and for the heat those selfsame "wild waves," and of the hearts broken by them. This charming piece received ample justice in the voices of the two ladies above-

ample justice in the voices of the two fadies above-mentioned in the programme. No. 3 of the programme, "Mary Stuart's Last Prayer," Oh! what doleful reminiscences this re-citation brought to the minds of many who were present. The last prayer of Mary Queen of Scot-land, who to the end remained true to her faith, and better than all, true to her God. When called upon to be been been upon the block to review the error to lay her head upon the block to receive the cruel blow of the executioner's axe, nobly did she yield to the tyrant's decree, and with Christian fortifude, to the tyrant's decree, and with Christian fortunde, if history tells the truth, she met her faith. This part of the programme was carried out to perfec-tion by a young lady, who bore a countenance sad and careworn—lone, yet not honely—dressed in the weeds of mourning. The morning of her grief had dawned, rather her happiest morning, for she thought of heaven; she breathed her last prayer preparatory to meeting her God. The recitation

#### LITTLE PLUCKIE.

. .... "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaventhat is to say, not as it is done in hell, where it is accomplished by constraint and force; not as amongst had gone. But no; I find I was completely mis-taken, for here I am in Biddulph once more. Now patience, dear Editor; do try and be patient while I tell you all I heard and saw. had gone. But no; I find I was completely mis-taken, for here I am in Biddulph once more. Now patience, dear Editor; do try and be patient while I tell you all I heard and saw. had gone. But no; I find I was completely mis-servedlyholds that tile still. Look at her (the Church) in whatsoever light we may, the world can only behold the panting deer, all spotted and unchanged, the guardian of all that is good and lovely, beautii-with intelligence and love,"--Oznana,