Thy Will Be Done.

WRITTEN FOR THE RECORD, When sadness whelms my sinking sout,
And cloud-like hides Thy light from me,
Fair Father Christ' yield sweet control,
And make the shadow pass from me,
For all are glad who feel that they
by they are shined upon. By thee are shined upon; And who in strait and trial pray, "Thy will, not mine, be done!"

At times 'tis hard to compass fear.
To foil temptation, cope with care;
At times the "Narrow Path" seems drear,
The Broad Broad road how very fair!
The apple glitters in its place
The ancient branch upon;
Christ in thy mercy lend us grace,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Thy ways are ways of pleasantness.

And all Thy paths are paths of peace;
Thou art the San of Righteousness;
Our saddening souls from cloud release!
For none are sad, and none can sigh
Who cling to thee alone;
And who in all their trials ery
"Thy will, not mine be done?",
Washington, D.C., Jan. 17, 1879.

FATHER BURKE'S SECOND LECTURE IN WATERFORD.

"THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICITY ON THE IRISH CHARACTER."

The Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P., delivered his second lecture in St. Saviour's Catholic Church, Bridge Street, Waterford, on Friday evening, November 29, before a still more crowded vudience than that which greeted him on the occassion of his first lecture. The Rev. P. Nolan, Trinity Without, occupied the chair. When the enthusiastic applause which greeted the great orator's appearance had subsided, the very reverend lecturer commenced his discourse by laying down the axiom that amongst all the agencies brought to bear in forming the character of a people, the most powerful and the most beneficial was acknowledged to be religion. As in an individual, so in a nation-which was no more than an aggregation of individualsthe influence of religion showed its power. As long as a man had no sense of religion, as long as he lived outside its influence, and as long as he shut his heart to its awakening principles, so long would such a man be found with a vacuum in his character, without any settled rule of conduct, and, may be, found to be a dishonest man, a bad father, and a false friend; but once that religion takes hold of his mind and of his heart, he is roused to a sense of his responsibility to God, and he has his mind open to the fate which is now before him-one of ineffa-

ble, unending joy, or one of eternal sorrow. The same rule applies to a nation, which was, as he had said, the congregation of a multiplicity of persons under one government. Applying this principle to the character of the Irish people, he proposed to himself to show them that evening the prominent features which the Catholic religion had brought out in the character of the Irish people, repudiating at the outset any intention whatever of claiming that the people of this country are the greatest saints, or are far and away the most perfect people on the face of the earth. The first of these traits of character to which he would draw attention was the perfect purity of the people. Look back at the history of Ireland. (Hear, hear.) That history was a record of mournful, but not dishonorable, events on their part. (Hear, hear.) That history was a record of mournful, but not dishonorable, events on their part. (Hear, hear.) They might weep whilst they were studying that checkered history, but they would never find cause to be ashamed. (Applause.) It is hard for a man of any other nationality to say as much for the listory of his country. (Hear, hear.) The Review of all was the perfect purity of the people. Look back at the history of Ireland. (Hear, hear.) That history was a record of mournful, but not dishonorable, events on their part. (Hear, hear.) They might weep whilst they were studying that cheekered history, but they would never find cause to be ashamed. (Applause.) It is hard for a man of any other nationality to say as much for the history of his country. (Hear, hear.) The Roman of old, Titus Livius, when he took pen in hand and wrote that magnificent history of ancient Rome, had to present to the world a record of fearful injustice inflicted; of unjust wars engaged in; of people oppressed; of brave men draged as captives at the chariot-wheels of the conqueror, and of fair women consigned to the most terrible form of degradation and of slavery. The Englishman reading the history of his country finds many a glorious page therein, but, at the same time, how many adares deed is there also recorded; how many aggressions committed on peaceful, unoffending states—(hear hear)—how many unjust wars originated by the ceaseless ambition of man; how many deeds of which even the most-admiring Englishman must feel called upon to be the apologist of the world. (Hear, hear.) The Frenchman of to-day, reading the history of his country, comes to episodes the most terrible. He finds when his land flowed with invested that teaching with all the list of the caseless ambition of man; how many aggressions the history of his country, comes to episodes the most terrible. He finds when his land flowed with invested that teaching have attained his civic right she tells limb have attained his civic right she tells have attained his civic right she tells limb have attained his civic right she tells limb have attained his civic right she tells when he shall have attained his civic right she tells limb have attained his civic right she tells have attained his civic right she tells have attained his civic right she tells have attained his civic right the brish committed to his civic right she tell (Hear, hear.) The Frenchman of to-day, reading the history of his country, comes to episodes the most terrible. He finds when his land flowed with innocent blood; he sees when one of the best kings France ever had was brought unjustly and ignominiously to the scaffold; when altars were pulled down, and when a degraded woman was put sitting on the great altar of Notre Dame, and immodestly edesed in her person. The Irishman in reading the on the great altar of Notre Dame, and immodestly adored in her person. The Irishman in reading the history of his country may find cause for grief; he may storm with indignation at reading that tissue of divisions which tended so indirectly to the submay storm with indignation at reading that tissue of divisions which tended so indirectly to the subjugation of his country; when he sees chieftain lighting against chieftain when they should have been banded together for the well-being of their native land; but where is the deed of dishonor in its pages to make him blush with shame? (Hear, hear.) Where is the erime of the people; where is the foul black deed to be found staining the pages of that sad but most honorable, most glorious history? (Hear, hear.) Take the great misfortunes which fell on Ireland in the twelfth century, when the invader landed on their shores to divide, to dishonor, and to tyrannize, and let them ask themselves what was the occasion of that misfortune; what was it that smatched the crown from the royal brow of Ireland, and left her ever since in a condition of subjection? and left her ever since in a condition of subjection?

Dermod, King of Leinster, took away another man's

wife; he scandalized the heart of Ireland; the Irish kings and princes rose up as one man; they drove the adulterer from the land, declaring that he should the adulterer from the land, declaring that he should not find standing-room on the fair, pure soil of Ireland. (Immense applause.) The expelled king turned him then to a more congenial people; he went to a country where his little failing was not so much thought of, where it was rather the fashion of the day; and he there found strong arms ready to much thought of, where it was rather the fashion of the day; and he there found strong arms ready to aid him and to fight for him. He brought over the Normans to Ireland with their Saxon henchmen, and the last was heard of Ireland's independence. They would say to him, perhaps, what had Catholies to say to this virtue of purity which was to be found in the history of all Ireland? It had a great deal to say to it; far more than any other religion deal to say to it; far more than any other religion on the face of the earth. (Hear, hear.) The Catho-lic Church inculcates and exacts perfect purity of life; the Catholic Church will not admit one of her children through her sanetuary, or to approach her altar, until he shall have first sworn to observe this virtue; and in a similar way does the Church regulvirtue; and in a similar way does the Church regulate the admission of their daughters to the cloister, clothing them with her robes and giving them the Dright example of Mary, who was the purest of virgins and the tenderest of mothers, who was as true a mother as ever brought forth a child, and

affection or of Veneration for sacred of the present day. Well, if he meets a sacred object he takes it—(laughter)—and he is ilke all other Italians, beginning with Victor Emmanuel, who took all upon which he could lay his hands. (Hear, hear, and renewed laughter.) Take the average Irishman. They might find vice in him, and no doubt would find it in him, but is the presence of sacred objects, and of sacred verent manner, he takes off his hat, and, in a reverent manner, passes by the house in which he knows dwells the Holy of Holies; and this would be found to be the case with Trishmen. knows dwells the Holy of Holles; and this would be found to be the case with Irishmen in every land, and it was one of the noblest attributes of man. (Hear, hear.) It was not superstition, not one bit of it, for an Irish Catholic to be filled with veneraof it, for an Irish Catholic to be filled with venera-tion for holy objects, for that feeling he possessed, and could possess, without losing one iota of the manliness of his character. (Hear, hear, and warm applause.) In America nothing struck him more remarkably than the respectful attitude of Catholics and even Protestants on the occasions, and the whole time he was there he never experienced any-thing like insult, except once. (Hear, hear.) On a thing like insult, except once. (Hear, hear.) On a certain occasion he was travelling in a railway carriage, and in it were also some three or four young men apparently returning from college. Their con-duct was marked with the levity of thoughtless youth; they indulged in raillery at him, and began to scoff at the priest. He (Father Burke) let their words pass unnoticed, and at the next station the door opened, and in came a tremendous carriage door opened, and in came a trememous big Irishman—a slob of a fellow, apparently, if not touched, but clearly an ugly customer if excited. (Hear, hear.) His first act was to salute his reverence—(hear, hear)—and his next was to glance at the four Americans who were talking. Presently one of the young men said to the others, "I guess we had better clear out at once, for this is an Irishman." (Hear, hear.) They felt they had been insulting the priest, and that their wisest course would be to clear out at once. Out they went at the next slob of a fellow, apparently, if no be to clear out at once. Out they went at the next station, and at the moment he (Father Burke) happened to say to the Irishman that these young me vere trying to amuse themselves at the expense of he priest. On the instant up jumped the Irishman to the door as the train moved on. "Hold on, there!" he shouted as he tried to get out, but when he couldn't succeed be turned round and said, "Oh! was it not a shame for your reverence not to tell me in time." (Hear, hear, laughter, and warm applause). In no way was this feeling more remarkable than in the veneration in which an Irishman

Charles Dickens, who understood his country men well, and who was biassed in their favor, depicts this feature of forgetfulness strikingly in 'Pickwick.' is Sam Weller has not seen his father for years, and neither has enquired for the other during that time. They meet, at length, and the father says: "Is that you?" Sam looks for a moment, and then cries out: "O my old Prussian Blue, is that you?" (Roars of laughter.) The next great distinguishing feature in the Irish character was their tender care and veneration for the dead and for the memory of the departed. (Hear, hear.) In no country in the world were the graveyards held so sacred as they were in Ireland; in no country in the world was the memory of the dead so warmly cherished as it was in Ireland. (Hear, hear.) The Catholic Church was the creator and preserver of this beautiful sentiment, for, seeing that for ages there was such little joy in the life of this country, death had come to be regarded as a sort of release; it was not constantly with terror, as it is viewed in other lands.

such little joy in the life of this country, death had come to be regarded as a sort of release; it was not regarded with terror, as it is viewed in other lands. The heart of Ireland went into her churchyards to mourn and to pray for her dead, and it seemed as if she had nothing else on which to expend her love. He remembered once seeing an old woman as if breaking her heart over a grave in the west of Ireland—a grave on which the grass and the thistles had luxuriantly grown. There knelt this poor woman with a sorrow as keen and as fresh as if the cause had taken place but the day before, although the last interment in it had occurred

if the cause had taken place but the day before, although the last interment in it had occurred years long ago. He went to her and begged her to mitigate her sorrow. Turning her face towards him and lifting up her eyes she sobbed out: "All I ever loved on earth is in that grave, and the only comfert that is left to make its pray for them." (Senfort that is left to me is to pray for them." (Sensation.) The Catholic Church teaches that death is only as it were a passing from one room to another. There is no bond broken by it. The Church taught that they could still be in communion with the dead, that the survivors could perhaps do more for them after death than before by the doctrine of for them after death than before by the doctrine of purgatory, a doctrine so soothing and so natural to the heart of man, and a doctrine which imbues the heart of the Irish Catholic with such a reverence for the churchyards in which are interred the remains of their relatives, which makes him guard them so realwals, from descention that were a which to

of their relatives, which makes him guard them so zealously from desecration that were a suicide to be buried in one of them the people would drag the body from the consecrated ground in spite of an army of soldiers. (Hear, hear.) Father Burke quoted the story of Mrs. Gamp, from Dickons, and her relation of her deceased husband's wooden leg, to show what little effect death has in England as elsewhere, men the survivors and then said his to show what little cheet deam has all his next great point was that the Irish people were remarkable for their great cheerfulness, no matter alwest under what circumstances. He (Father

who still was the Immaculate Virgin. (Hear, hear.)
Portraying how this feeling of true modesty was strikingly evident in the matrons and daughters of Ireland, Father Burke said that the influence of the Catholic Church, sinking deeply into the fruitful soil of the Irish heart, was the mainspring of the great work which, in this respect, made Ireland so prominent amongst the nations of the earth.

The next great feature in the character of the Irish people he took to be a sense of veneration for sacred objects or for holy persons. Take a French Republican of the present day. He would tell them he was a Catholic, but he had not one particle of affection or of veneration for sacred objects, or for holy persons. Take an Italian of the present day. Well, if he meets a sacred object he takes it—flaughter)—and he is ilke all other Italians, beginning with Victor Emmanuel, who took all upon which he could lay his hands. (Hear, hear, and renewed laughter)—Tish the average Irishman. They might ter)—Tish the average Irishman. They might tery in him, and no doubt would find it in him.

could lay his hands. (Hear, hear, and renewed laughter) Take the average Irishman. They might find vice in him, and no doubt would find it in him, but in the presence of sacred objects, and of sacred persons, they would find he was filled with deep veneration and respect. (Hear, hear.) If he is smoking a pipe as a priest passes by, that moment he pulls the dhudeen out of his mouth and puts it behind his back—hear, hear, and laughter); if he is passing a church, he takes off his hat, and, in a reverent manner, passes by the house in which he knows dwells the Holy of Holies; and this would be ment he left for eternity; if that man believed that God took account of every word he said in life, and if he was not afforded some means of escape

and if he was not afforded some means of escape from that hell, then that man was at once condemned; but the Catholic Church taught the consoling sacrament and practice of confession. The Catholic Church holds that a man, no matter what his crimes may be, no matter if they are numberless as the stars in the heavens—if they are red as scarlet—if once he repents, he is pardoned by God, by means of the Sacrament of Penance. (Hear, hear.) No man receives a greater joy than he does by those mercies. He did not wish to speak in a pointed manner of any persons, but he (Fathe: Burke) should say, unreservedly, that if he was a Protestant, and, as such, had not his confession; if he was not aware that all he had to do was to kneel to God at confession in sorrow and repentto kneel to God at confession in sorrow and repent-ance; if he had such a blister at his heart as would ance; if he had such a blister at his heart as would be created by a want of this knowledge, he believed he would not leave Waterford that night, or the next morning, but would go down and throw himself off the bridge into the river. He remembered a man once coming to him to confession—a fine, able man—when that man wept at receiving absolution—and weep he did. He stood before him (Father Burke), threw out his arms in a vigorous, hearty manner—and a fine pair of arms they were (Father Burke), threw out his arms in a vigorous, hearty manner—and a fine pair of arms they were—and said to him, "That's more, your reverence, than I have been able to do for many a long day." This was the secret of the undying mirth which was to be found in the Irish character. In the next place, and lastly, the Catholic religion had so impressed itself on the Irish heart as fully to develop within it the faculty realizing the consciousness of the unseen. (Hear.) He remembered at one time hearing a Protestant gentleman denying the Real

hearing a Protestant gentleman denying the Real Presence, and his only argument was he could not Presence, and his only argument was he could not see it. Arguments from Scripture in his favor there were none; proofs from history were against him, and he had to fall back upon the only one argument at his command: he could not see it. Now, who ever saw God? He (Father Burke) was in daily appropriated by with God on the altar, and he never ever saw God? He (Father Burke) was in daily communication with God on the altar, and he never saw God. They would not see God until his presence would be opened to them by the resurrection; and yet were they to deny that there is a God? (Hear, hear.) A French infidel once said he would have been supplying which he could not see. An (Hear, hear.) A French innder once said he would never believe anything which he could not see. An aged priest standing by asked him, "Did you ever see your own heart or your own liver?" "No," replied the infidel. "Then," said the priest, "ac-

replied the infidel. "Then," said the priest, "according to your own argument, you have neither one nor the other." (Hear, hear.) The Catholic Church teaches that faith is essential in matters of religion unseen to a believer, and when religion seizes on a people as it has seized upon the people of Ireland, then this faculty of realizing the unseen because were and more developed, and forms the becomes more and more developed and forms the distinguishing attribute of that people. One could not remember when he made the first act of faith, not remember when he made the first act of faith, and that was because they were making it from the first moment of their birth, from the moment they first came to their mother's breast. Not a man among them could tell when he first made that act of faith, and yet there was not a man among them who did not fully realize that Jesus Christ was really who did not fully realize that Jesus Christ was really present on their altars. (Hear, hear.) Beautifully depicting the fanciful ideas which sprang from time to time into the sensitive minds of the Irish peasantry arising from this faculty of realizing the seen, the gifted lecturer dwelt for a moment or two

seen, the gifted lecturer dwelt for a moment or two upon the popular idea that when a baby smiled in its sleep an angel was whispering to it; and then, to illustrate the charming attractiveness of the idea, concluded by reciting, in the most finished, yet natural, manner, that ever-favorite ballad of Lover's, "The Angel's Whisper," and at the last word the noble temple rang with the bursts of enthusiastic applause, repeated again through its expanse, and amid which the eloquent lecturer resumed his seat. Dr. Scott. J.P., then came forward on the platamid which the eloquent fecturer resumed his seat.
Dr. Scott, J.P., then came forward on the platform and proposed a warm vote of thanks, amid renewed applause, to the Very Rev. Father Burke for the brilliant lecture with which he had favored them the brilliant lecture with which he had lavored then that evening. Reviewing the features so eloquently dealt with in the lecture that he had heard, there was dealt with in the recture that he had heard, there was one feature, and that was that eloquence was a distinguished feature of the Irish character, so many proofs of which gift they found in history from the days of the great Edmund Burke down to the pre-

days of the great Edmind Burke—(immense applause) sent day, when another Burke—(immense applause)—had been delighting an audience with the grandeur of his eloquence and the beauty of his ideas. (Renewed applause.) Perhaps so eloquent, so instructive, or so attractive a lecture he had never structive, or so attractive a lecture he had never heard, and all he had to say on the point was that heard, and all he had to say on the point was that had it been permitted to Demosthens that evening to cross the River Styx, and cross that "Bundle of Sticks"—within a few yards of where they then were—(laughter)—and to have heard that lecture, it would have killed him with envy. (Hear, hear,

and renewed laughter.)

Alderman P. A. Power, J. P., seconded the reso

Intion.

The reverend chairman, in putting the vote of thanks, said that nothing could be clearer as to the Irish character than was shown by the Very Rev. Father Burke in his beautiful lecture that evening, and he (Rev. Father Nolan) was able to endorse every word from an experience gained by a long residence among them. He was sure they would pass a cordial vote of thanks to Father Burke, exsive of their deep gratitude to him as a priest and as an Irishman,

and as an Irishman, and he would now give them the opportunity of doing so.

The vote of thanks was passed by acclamation, again and again repeated, for which kindness Father Burke returned his acknowledgments.

Dr. Scott, J.P., was then moved to the second chair, where a vote of thanks, on motion of Alderman Ryan, seconded by Mr. McEnery, T.C., was cordially passed to the Rev. Father Nolan, which he duly acknowledged, and the proceedings ended.

As at the previous lecture, the Thomas Francis Meagher Band played before and after the lecture, before the convent in King Street, and through

Meagner Band played before an anel the recease, before the convent in King Street, and through other parts of the city. It should not be omitted that on each evening, prior to and after the lecture, Miss Whitty Quay, played some choice musical played street and that it is the choice before an each of the convention o

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER.

What can pass before the sum without making a shadow !—The wind.

It was a Boston girl who referred to Beaconsfield's ew honor as "the order of the elastic

The Chinese Encyclopædia meets a long felt want, and no family should be without it. It is published in Pekin in 5,020 volumes, and at the price of £2,000 is the same as given away.

Customer (in quest of a particular brand of eigar): "Are those these?"—Dealer (affably): "Yes, sir, these are those."

The wolf changes its hair every year. The young lady of the period does better—she changes hers every afternoon.

How some people keep from freezing in the win-ter—By keeping themselves constantly in hot water with their neighbors.

"I wouldn't be shopman in an oilshop," said a young man to his friend.—"Why not?"—"Because

t's a serv-ile position." Said he, "Matilda, are you my dearest duck."-Said she, "Augustus, you are trying to stuff me."

—She was too sage for him.

A man's ambition is to be credited with some great feat, while a woman is only happy with small feet

And so we go. "Ah, your grace," said Lord Palmerston to the lovely Duchess of Sutherland, "your beauty kills time."—"And time always kills beauty at last,"

"Judge," said a lawyer to "his honor" during

lull in a case on trial, "what do you consider the best illustrated paper?"—"A thousand pound bank-note," growled the judge. numbers ?"—The class are uncertam.—Professor: "What would be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?"—Freshman (triumphantly): "Hash."

"I never thought but once," said old Smith, "that it was a sin to steal an umbrella,"—"And when was that?" asked a friend.—"It was when some thief stole my new silk one," answered the old 'un.

Jodkins felt complimented when he was told that he could be selected from the common herd at a glance, but his spirits fell when the flatterer added, "I mean from the common herd of respectable

Child; "Ma, dear, we must be great people. Here's our name upon a boat."—Ma: "Yes, dear, The owners select the names of great or famous people for their boats, and the 'Darlings' have alays been their greatest pets."

thrice married, that the first wife cures a man's romance, the second teaches him humility, and the third makes him a philosopher. "Yes," said an old lady, reflectively, "it is now

It is the confession of a widower, who has been

very common to telegraph, and they say it'll soon be more common to telephone, but I think it'll always be more common to tell a fib."

William came running into the house the other day, and asked, eagerly, "Where does charity begin?"
—"At home," was replied, "in the words of the prophet."—"Not by a good deal," replied the boy. "It begins at sea!" (C.) "Ma," said a little girl, "if you'll let me buy some

sugar candy I'll be real good."—"My child," solemn-y responded the mother, "you should not be good You should be good for nothing.

"How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a very homely friend. - "Well, you see," he reof a very homely friend. "Well, you see," he re-plied, "after I'd vainly tried to win several girls that I wanted, I finally turned my attention to one that wanted me, and then it didn't take long to fix

A tenant had been importuned so frequently for his rent that in a climax of exasperation, the other day, he turned on the landlord with the cogent and day, he turned on the landford with the conclusive retort: "Now you needn't put on so many airs, old man. Why, I owe enough in this many airs, old man. Why, I town to buy all your old houses.

A Danbury boy asked his father the other day A Danoury boy asset his rather the other day, what was a philosopher.—"A philosopher, my son? Why, a philosopher is a man who reasons,"—"Is that so?" said the boy, dejectedly. "I thought it was a man that didn't let things bother him."—The father silently patted his son's head.

"If Colonel — goes on drinking as he does,he'll soon not have a coat to his back," said one friend to another.—"Nor to his stomach, either," remarked a physician who was standing near.

"Father," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother."—"Why not?"—"Because every time she drinks it she blows

A traveller in Portugal was informed that widows over fifty cannot marry in that country.—"That may seem a hard law to you," said his informant, "but it amounts to nothing, for there never was a vidow in Portugal over fifty.

"I hav'nt enough work for another servant," said a lady to a girl that applied for a situation.—"Oh, yes, you have, ma'am. It'll take precious little to keep me busy," was the naive response.

A lady inquired of a neighbor how a certain friend of theirs-notorious for his laziness-who had been ill, was getting along, and the reply was, "I believe he is now able to sit up at his meals, but still has to lie down at his work.'

Husband: "Maria, my dear, you seem to be very lonesome in my company. Do you not love me now as you did before our marriage?" Wife: "Why, of course, Gerald; but you know since our marriage we have become one, and I feel lonesome without a second party."

An old Scotchman, on marrying a very young wife, was rallied by his friends on the inequality of their ages.—"She will be near me," he replied, "to close my een."—"Weel," remarked another of the party, "I've had twa wives, and they opened my

An agent who had sold a Dutchman some goods vas to deliver them in the afternoon at the residence The Dutchman gave him the of the purchaser. of the purchaser. The Ducchinal gave him the following directions:—"You shoost goes behind the church; den you turns up to de right for a while till you sees a house mit a big hog in the yard. Dot's

and opens the carriage door: "I told you I lived at the top of the hill, not at the bottom, you blunderhead."—Cabby: "Whist, your honor, whist! I'll merely slam the door, and the baste'll think you're out, and go up the hill as if the Ould Gentleman were afther him.

Having been presented with Bosnia, Austria i now fighting for it.—"To you, John," said a dying man, "I will give ten thousand pounds."—"Why, father," said the son, "you know you hav nt a penny in the world."—"Of course I hav nt!" exclaimed the indulgent father. "You must work for it, John -you must work for it !"

PUZZLER'S CORNER.



Aue! be as merry as you can.'

We cordially invite contributions to this corner with the name and address of each contributor

Answers will appear two weeks after each set of Solutions must reach us by the "Monday" revious to publication.

"PUZZLER," "Catholic Record" Office,

388 Richmond Street, London Ont.

PRIZES TO PUZZLERS,

PRIZES TO PUZZLERS.

To be awarded on St. Patrick's Day, 1879.

1st. Prize, a handsome Bible; value \$10.

2nd. The Life of the Blessed Virgin; value, \$5.

3rd. The Carliolde Record for one year, and any book from Sadlier's list of value \$2. Total value \$4.

4th. The Carliolde Record for one year, value \$2. If preferred, any book of the same value from Sadlier's list will be sent instead of prizes, 1, 2 and 4.

To encourage our young friends, we allow them to compete for all the prizes, while not more than two will be awarded to competitors over 18 years of age.

We hope our youthful readers will, forther own improvement, take a special interest in the "Corner."

THE CHRISTMAS PUZZLER'S CORNER

will be open for solutions till 1st March, 1879. Take notice of the special prizes offered for it.

95. ANAGRAM PROVERB. I never sit in this net. Ten homes of Coy.

96. ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My first is in prince but not in king,
My eighth is in birds but not in wing; My third is in oyster but not in fish,
My ninth is in goblet but not in dish;
My second is in window but not in glass,

My second is in Window My fourth is in money but not in brass; My seventh is in Galway but not in Athlone, My fifth is in Kilkenny but not in Macroom; My sixth is in Dublin but not in Cork, My tenth is in England but not in York; My eleventh is in Waterford but not in Clonmel, My twelfth is in Belfast but not in Leighlin My whole was a great injustice to Ireland.

Je suis a la tete de vignt-cinq, et sans moi Paris st pris.

Contributed by H. G. Von Hoxar. 98.

Name, locate, and tell how acquired by Great Britain, four places, British territory, the capital of each of which is named after Her Majesty Queen

At what rate per cent. Compound Interest will money treble itself in ten years?

The simple interest on a certain sum is \$220, and

the true discount for the same time and rate is \$180. Find the sum.

 $x^{2} + x^{4} y^{3} = a$, and $y^{2} + x^{3} y^{4} = b$. Find x and y. SOLUTIONS.

83. George Washington, Anthony Wayne. 84. 1, Island Falls; 2, Presque Isle; 3, Mechanic

Falls: 4. Danville Junction. 85.—(A.) Oliver Goldsmith; born at Pallas, a small village in the parish of Forney, County of Longford, Ireland, on 10th November, 1728.

The verse is from "The Traveller."—France

(B.) Thomas Gray; born at Cornhill, London,

England, on 26th Dec., 1716. The verse is from the "Elegy, written in a Country Church-

86. Since thickness is the same, the square of diameter of new plate = $3^{3} + 4^{2} = 25$. diameter of new plate = 5, and circumference = diameter \times 3.1416, = 5 \times 2.1416 = 15.708 inches. 87. \$1.25 more on a yard makes a total difference

of $\$1.00 + \$12.25 = \$13.25 : 13.25 \div 1.25 = 10\$$ 88. The body of the fish has to sustain a pressure

equal to the weight of a column of water having a base equal in area to the surface of the fish and a height equal to the depth of the fish beneath the surface of the water.

Volume of water sustained by body of fish = 4

× 100 = 400 cubic feet. Haven the surface of the surface of the water.

 \times 100 = 400 cubic feet. Hence pressure = 400 \times 62. 5 = 25,000 lbs. 89. Saltpetre is Nitrate of Potassa= K O, N O, 5

Atomic weight of 1 equiv. of K = 39 =K + N + 6 O.

of Saltpetre= 101

Then $\frac{39}{100} \times 120 = 46\frac{34}{100}$ lbs. of Potassium. $_{\frac{14}{101}} \times 120 = 16_{\frac{64}{101}}$ lbs. of Nitrogen. $^{101}_{^{181}} \times 120 = 57_{101}^{101}$ lbs. of Oxygen.

Correct Solutions received as follows:—"Cora" and "Amica" 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89. Maggie O, and Kate O, 83, 88. F. J. G., 85, 87.

Some Polish Roman Catholic Priests in the Province of Grodno lately succeeded in inducing their parishioners to abandon the use of alcoholic liquors. The local authorities com plained of this to the Governor, which thereupon ordered an inquiry. The priests were found to have acted solely for the purpose of benefiting their parishioners; but the Gover-ner of Grodno ordered them to be transported to the interior of Russia, in order to give them time to reflect there on the presumption of depriving a paternal Government, by preaching sobriety, of the revenue from the duty on spirits .- N. Y. Sun.

A few years ago the church-wardens of a church in Norfolk called on the Bishop and complained that their minister had preached the same sermon on three successive Sundays. 'Perhaps," said the Bishop, "it was to correct some crying sin in the parish. What was it about?" They both declared they did not know. The Bishop quietly said:—"Go home and I will write to the clergyman to preach the same sermon again next Sunday. After that you may know what it is about."