

and fierce communing faith inward feelings, it droops and falls, prone upon the earth, stained with sin, wounded and ready to give up the good fight; then it is that the weary eye may fall with hope and comfort upon the Church, and that the Christian taking up his cross can go seek at the foot of the altar strength and courage. And when calumny and malice has made the soul weary, even weary unto death, what a cheering thought it is that, in the House of Him who suffered every sneer, and endured every insult under His Crown of Thorns, the Victim of the world's cruel judgment may find consolation and hope. And the mother's heart saddened by a child's ingratitude, or praying for a beloved one's happiness or recovery from illness, or heavy from any of those thousand sorrows which a parent's heart alone can know, where will it find solace, but in the Church at the feet of that Mother, who was called the Mother of Sorrows. Ah! Mr. Lyman, would you deprive us of our dearest hopes! Would you rob our country of those noble monuments of piety and art?

INCENDIARISM.

"Where London's column pointing to the skies, Like a tall bully lifts its head, and lies." So wrote Pope of the monument commemorating that great fire of London, on which suspicious and malevolent authority had placed a subscription to the effect that the destruction had been the work of Papists. But history has long ago absolved the Papists from any share whether as principals or as agents in that terrible destruction. The monument has long ceased to lie, though it continues to lift its head.

We take this from the Herald of this (Wednesday) morning. Perhaps our contemporaries are not aware that we regard the word "Papist" as offensive. Noticing the fairness with which it generally treats Catholic subjects, we think it must be ignorant of this fact, or else we opine it would not use it.

AGENTS.

Mr. E. Pollan is our authorized agent for Huntingdon and surrounding district, and is such entitled to receive subscriptions.

Mr. John Gough is our Travelling Agent, and is fully authorized to receive monies and grant receipts as such.

THE POWER OF THE CZAR.

The war correspondent of the London Times writes of the individual influence of the Czar thus:—

The Emperor himself is the greatest and sole fountain of military honor. He watches all personally. The theory is that no act escapes his eye. Certainly to see how his every word and gesture is followed by those around him he would appear the earthly incarnation of supreme power. And his personal bearing enhances the reward in every case. A generous word, a friendly look, the well-chosen expression of praise to suit the individual, home to the heart of the recipient as much as the highly-cherished reward itself. Two hundred officers of all ranks breakfast and dine daily at his table. From the youngest to the oldest every eye is fixed on him. Before the meal, in the assembled circle, as the Czar appears, it is seen one day that an aide-de-camp behind him carries a cushion with crosses on it, and, perhaps, half a dozen sword knots of honour—the ribbon of St. George, orange and black—to be worn attached to the sword hilt. Instantly expectation is at its height. The Czar's voice calls the chosen name, all make room for the envied man to pass, he comes blushing and flushed, receives the prize, bends low to kiss the Imperial hand, and returns bowing at every step, a made man for life, the admired and courted of all beholders. Then he has to go through the usual embracing and kissing on both cheeks from his friends. The effect of the system is like magic; it is to concentrate all power and authority absolutely in one centre. The Czar is the earthly Providence of the soldier and officer, as well as the embodiment of the military power and glory of his country. I have seen old officers so overcome with this mark of distinction that they went about for ten minutes after like children, weeping with the prized decoration in their hands, showing it round, half dazed. No system can be imagined more calculated to stimulate individual efforts to the utmost.

FATHER BURKE.

SERMON IN AID OF ST. SAVIOUR'S ORPHAN-AGE.

The annual charity sermon in aid of St. Saviour's Orphanage was preached on Sunday, October 14th, in St. Saviour's Church, Dominick-street by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P. The sermon was as follows:—

"Unto thee is the poor one left, and thou shalt be a father to the orphan." These words, dearly beloved, are taken from the Book of Psalms. Amongst the promises that Almighty God made from the beginning to that holy immaculate, and imperishable Church which was to be His spouse there was this—"Thus saith the Lord," says the Prophet: "I will espouse thee to Me in faith, and I will espouse thee in justice, and I will espouse thee to Me in mercy and in commiseration." Thus dearly beloved, faith, justice, and mercy became the bridal ornaments of the immaculate spouse of Jesus Christ, of whom the Apostle said, "Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for her, that He might make her all pure and bright and beautiful, without spot or wrinkle, but worthy to be His spouse." The bridal gifts were faith, justice, and mercy, and dearly beloved, even as the eternal Son of God espoused to Him His Church, and united Himself to her, so in like manner does He appear to every individual soul amongst us, for, says the Scripture, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." And elsewhere He uses the words, "Oh! my son, open thy heart to me," and if we are also called to the same union with God, to the same espousals of Divine grace, so the gifts that He gave His Church must be also our gifts, and we must approach to God through faith, through justice, and through mercy. And now to-day, dearly beloved, it is my privilege to stand before you to advocate the sacred cause of faith, justice, and mercy which for 95 years has been put before the faithful of this great city and for 95 years has met with no general response that it is to-day more flourishing than ever it was, and the most ancient charity in Dublin and the oldest orphanage is able to present to God and to you the sight of these 50 children, who are trained up

in the love and fear of Almighty God to be good citizens of this world and to be citizens of the Eternal City of the Almighty God in the reign of the just made perfect. Ninety-five years, it was in the year that recalls to every Irishman's heart some of the most stirring and the brightest recollections of our national history—it was in the year when Ireland stood erect as a nation, when she was able, almost for the first time in her later history, to point to her serried army of brave and disciplined sons, when the nation stood up, sword in hand, to defend the most sacred cause of liberty and national independence that was then under the shadow of the sword of Ireland's Volunteers, when the first rays of religious and civil liberty and independence were beginning to beam upon this long clouded and darkened land, that the Church also, the mother of all true freedom, began to breathe a little more freely and at once she showed the life immortal that was in her by beginning her great public works of mercy. Then in that glorious year of '82 the orphanage for which I speak to-day, the most ancient of all the charities of this city, first found its life of mercy. For 800 years the Catholic Church, oppressed and enslaved, had to fight for the mere battle of faith, robbed of all her material resources, driven from her churches, hidden away in the rocks and fastnesses of the land, hidden still more deeply in the hearts of the afflicted people, she could only live, and she lived because the life that was in her was immortal; she could not work, she could not put forth any sign, at least any external sign, of that third beautiful attribute of her espousals, namely, mercy. But as soon as ever the chain ceased to galling her, as soon as her burthen was ever so little lightened, up came the vigorous and immortal nature of the Church, and up around her sprang those manifold works of mercy in which her spirit is manifested, which surround her to-day in this land and form the crown of her brightest glory. And now, dearly beloved, this work has gone on for very nearly a hundred years; let us consider it to-day, consider it deeply, consider it well, consider it as a personal question to every man amongst us, because to-day we are called upon to further, and to perpetuate, and, if possible to extend that glorious work which our fathers began in the days of their great affliction, and which has grown with their growth, prospered with their prosperity, and has sent them the angels of this great work of mercy to be crowned by the hand of Him who has declared "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy;" and we must consider this work all the more deeply because I say it is a work of union between you and God. You cannot live without God; you may enjoy all this world's blessings, you may feast on all earthly joys, but if there be a man amongst you without God, if there be a man amongst you without the grace of God, if there be a man amongst you separated from Christ, between whom and the Lord that made and redeemed him is the cloud of sin and the angry face of God who curses all iniquity, of what avail is your life to you, oh most miserable sinner; oh most miserable of men, whose very faith, the radix, the root of eternal salvation, is turned into the root of bitterness whose eternal soul dried up is left to the cruel stings of an unavailing and despairing remorse, whose journey towards eternity means a journey to hell? Of what avail is life without God? Oh, Lord Jesus, the only joy of our hearts and of our lives, it was better far that we had never been born unless we live united to you! How is this union to be accomplished? He has said, "I will take thee to me, I will join heart with thee, I will espouse thee in faith, in justice, and in mercy." None of these three can be left out; not one of these elements of union with God can be dispensed with; faith without which it is impossible to please God; justice, that is to say, personal holiness of life, unity of will, victory over our passions and inclinations, without which there can be no grace of God in the soul. Faith and justice must be prolific in that which is their united crown—namely, the glorious attribute of mercy. But I will go further than this, and I say that the very work of mercy, because it is the last perfection and ornament of justice, embraces them both, so that the work which I call upon you to perform to-day is the work of faith, of justice, and of mercy. First of all, dearly beloved, it is a work of faith. "Thou art wonderful, oh Lord," exclaims the Psalmist, "in all Thy works, and Thy name is wonderful, but Thou art most wonderful in the things that are holy." Mirabilis Deus in Sanctis suis. Now the holiest thing on earth is the Holy Catholic Church, the only Divine institution, the only work immediately coming from the hand of God, the only work perfectly worthy of the God who made it; for while nature has been spoiled by sin, whilst the beauty of the material universe, once so beautiful, is marred, interrupted, and spoiled by those punishments which are the consequences of sin, the Church alone—the Church alone, in all her undying virgin beauty, retains every gift with which her Divine Lord and Creator adorned her, has kept all that she received from Him, has lost not one of the charms of His grace or the features of the loveliness of His sanctity; and therefore God is most wonderful, and truly He is wonderful in this Church. This Church that for 1,800 years has been a militant Church, as it must be unto the end—that is to say, the Church, against which every power of earth and every power of hell can be set up from the depths of hell rise up to make angry, incessant, but fruitless and vain opposition and war. Behold her to-day—let us not go outside the fair shores of our native land—behold her to-day in this very city in all the splendour of her organisation—a Prince of the Church ruling over her, her bishops in stately order in her cathedrals, the monk in his cloister, the nun in her convent, the student in his college, fair churches spreading over the land, fairest altars rising to the honour and glory of Him whom they enshrine within the golden gates of the tabernacle. Who would believe that this great, fresh, glorious Church, so strong, so prolific, so hard-working and zealous, so generous even to the very world which persecutes her—who would believe that this is the Church against which all that earth and hell can devise make war for two terrible hundred years, and made war in vain? Who would believe that this is the Church that for year after year was left without a place of worship, without a priest at the altar, without a bishop upon his throne, without the sacrament of confirmation—whose ministers stole by night like guilty beings from cabin to cabin of the land in fear and trembling, and ended their brief missionary career by shedding their blood like martyrs? Who would believe that this is the Church that has sprung up to-day in all the energy and glory of her youth, who can say to her divine spouse, "Thou art immortal as am I, and therefore my youth is renewed like the eagle's." Is not God wonderful in His Church? But, dearly beloved, the sort of her strength lies here, that more than all that this earth can offer her she prizes one single soul of her children, more than the earth's toleration, more than this world's glory, more than its wealth, than its prizes and its favour; she would "sacrifice" all this rather than lose the soul of one of the least of her little ones. Why? Because that with the eye of faith she recognises in every individual soul of her children a being created for God, a being created for Heaven, and whose destiny through grace is to become on earth a living image of Jesus Christ; and to become in the glory of Heaven an image of the same Jesus Christ who reigns there. Faith, dearly beloved, faith is the secret of the Church's immortality; faith it is that nerves her arm in the day of battle and faith it is that crowns her, for it is written "the victory that conquereth the world is mine." And even so when we come to examine the evidence of this Church's faith, when we come to demand of her a visible argument

of the faith that is undying in her, amongst her many works which she puts before the world, seeming to say "Behold them see if I am not a loving mother," foremost in these works of faith is her protection of the orphan, her preservation of those whose youth was blighted by a too early sorrow, her fostering and tender care for those whose youth was blighted by a too early sorrow, her fostering and tender care for those upon whom grief and affliction came before their little hearts were strong enough to bear it, who knew sorrow before they were old enough to appreciate or to taste the joys of life—those who may be said to be born in sorrow, only learning the first rational impulses of filial love, and the object of their affection—the strong father, the tender mother—to be taken away from them by the hand of death, and disappear to appear no more, and leave a stricken and abandoned child on this earth in sorrow. Behold them. Then comes the Church, and in that poor little soul, in that poor child whose trembling lips are only able to repeat the words of the Prophet "Oh, Lord God, Father and Mother have left me. Thou, Oh Lord, hath taken me," the Spouse of Jesus Christ, she takes them up so tenderly, she folds them so lovingly in her bosom, she bears them away as Hagar bore Ishmael in the day of her grief out into the wilderness—she takes them away from the world, she finds for them a safe shelter and home, a home where holy influences are at work, she fosters them, clothes feeds them, houses them but, above all, educates them, and whilst fitting, for that interior combat in which a man must conquer not only the devil and the world but his own very self and his own passions, that victorious he may touch the crown reserved for him by Almighty God. She fashions and forms them carefully and lovingly into the fulness of their manhood, and when that bright day comes upon them and they have to go forth from the orphanage and face the battle of life, Jesus Christ in the fulness of His grace is with them. And all this, a work of faith, all this the Church must do, for wherever a child of her perishes, she perishes; wherever a child of hers is in danger she herself is in danger; wherever a child of hers is lost there Jesus Christ Himself is lost in that soul. Therefore St. Paul spoke in the language of the Church and interpreted her mind when he said "Who amongst you is infirm and I am not made infirm, who amongst you is scandalized and I am not set on fire with the rage and indignation of holy zeal?" Such is the faith; of the Church. And now dearly beloved this Church is made up of the congregation of the faithful; you and I, we are the Church of God; she is governed by her bishops, and the supreme Pastor; but the body, the very body of the very Church that is governed is made up of you and me. If therefore we would approach the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, if therefore we would be united to Him, and wedded to Him by charity, oh dearly beloved the first step in the sacred road or high and holy union must be made in faith like that of the Church, and consequently a faith that will go out from you to-day to secure as most precious in the sight of God and his Church the souls of these little orphan children. Is it not therefore a work of faith? How is the grand inheritance, the only inheritance that our fathers have left us, the greatest inheritance that they could leave us, and the heritage that they handed down to us, even though stained by their blood shed in its defence, how I say is this glorious inheritance of Ireland's faith to be preserved, and to make her now as of old the wonder of the nations, and the admiration of all mankind? It must be through your faith and my own, rescuing from the hand of the destroyer and the enemy every precious soul, and giving generously to the succour of these little ones in proportion to the danger to which they are exposed, and the dire necessity which is upon them. Moreover it is a work of justice. Justice, dearly beloved, is defined as that particular form of virtue which makes a man prompt, ready, and energetic to give everyone what belongs to him. *Justitia reddit unicuique quod suum est.* Mark this definition; it is the theological definition of justice, and a man is said to be a just man who gives to every man what is his right; laws are said to be just when they give every citizen his rights, and guard those rights; a man in business is said to be just when he pays all his debts, fully recognises all his legitimate obligations; and so justice, again I say, consists in giving to every one whatever belongs to him, whatever he has a claim to, whatever he has a right to. Now, if this be the definition of justice, I stand here to-day, to appeal to you not for justice as between man and man, but for justice as between you and God. Therefore if this virtue consists in giving to everyone what which is his own, in ensuring to every man as far as we can his rights, in making up for any wrong that may be done to him by the necessary restitution, if this be justice, then we must first of all consider what are the rights and the claims of Almighty God, and we must give not only to Caesar, that is to say our fellow-men, the things that are Caesar's but we must also give to God the things that are God's. And it were vain, dearly beloved, to be zealous in the cause of human justice if we deny the justice we owe the eternal God. It were vain, indeed, for any man on his death-bed to say "I never defrauded my neighbor, I never betrayed my friend, I never circumvented any man in business, no man can come and stand by this death-bed of mine and say "You deceived or robbed me," it is a great boast, but a very vain boast indeed if God in Heaven could say, "But you forgot what was due to me, you never considered my rights, you never asked yourself what I had a claim to." And now, dearly beloved, from this it follows no justice of man to his fellow-man will save him, unless he renders to God, God's rights and acknowledges all His claims, and amongst those claims, amongst those rights of Almighty God, amongst the things that belong to God, and that God demands from you and from me, the most sacred of all is the soul of every orphan child. They are God's for God made them; they are precious in the sight of God, because God loves them for their very innocence; they are most precious in the sight of God, for it was for them that the eternal Son of God; incarnate of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, and made Man, shed His blood upon the cross, that He might purchase them and make them His own by the second title of great price that he paid for them; whilst the previous title of creator they are God's, and because that they belonged to God, and because that they are God's by right; therefore, the enemies of God, the conscious or unconscious, try to rob Almighty God of them, and to steal them away. Enemies of God, the conscious enemies, the powers of hell, the devil who, like a roaring lion goeth forth amongst the creatures of God seeking whom he may devour—robbing the Almighty God of His own—for every soul that is lost is an injury and an injustice done to Almighty God; the devil of ignorance, the demon of sin that goes out ravaging even amongst our children—the neglected children whom we see in hundreds in our streets—whom we see mourning, and noon, and evening out on these seminary's of every vice, the public streets—the little children whose young lips are already attuned to the language of cursing and blasphemy—whose little fingers are made adept in the art of stealing and robbing—whose young hearts are deprived before their time, because their young senses are defiled by the sight of everything most revolting, and wicked and impure. Here the demon of ignorance, in the neglected, uneducated children—the demon of impurity, and vice and blasphemy, in the children who, perhaps, partly educated, are allowed the un-

trammelled liberty which is the most fatal of all things that can come to man. Here the conscious enemies of God are at work. But there are also unconscious enemies of God, for Christ our Lord spoke of such when He said to His apostles—"And the day will come when they shall put you to death will imagine that they are doing a service to God." The unconscious enemies of God, who, with the adorable name of Jesus ever too frequently and far too familiarly on their lips—those who are going through the length and breadth of the land talking of the conversion of benighted Romanists—speaking misapplied and misquoted words of the Holy Scriptures—denying every mystery of revealed truth—crying out in the public places error after error, writing their books, in which they proclaim that Jesus Christ was not God—that He was never baptised, that He was never slain; or, again, crying down every practice of that holy religion which brings every iota of its practical devotion down from the very days of the apostles to our own—these unconscious enemies of God are also trying to rob Him of these immortal souls; but they belong to God, and it is from you, my brethren that the Almighty God, as a matter of justice, demands them, and therefore, He says in the language of my text, "To thee," to thee individually rich and poor, every man amongst you, "to thee," my brethren, is the poor one left, and thou shalt be a father to the orphan." Thus we see it is a work of justice, but above all it is a work of divine mercy, of the divinest, highest, most absorbing attribute of the Almighty, of that sweet attribute of God, which God Himself loves to speak of in the Scriptures, saying "His mercy is above all His works, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him plentiful redemption;" that noble attribute in which the infinite goodness and supreme omnipotence of God are combined with one great act of mercy, that attribute which is the very essence and nature of God which goes before His justice; which exercises itself throughout the length and breadth of His all but unmitigated creation, that attribute that saved the angels in the day of their peril, that attribute which found the word of comfort for the afflicted heart of man in the first day of his sin that noble attribute that was strong enough to send forth from the bosom of the Eternal Father the co-eternal and uncreated word that with human nature, but in the Divine Person, the mercy of God might be leavened and scattered broadcast over this earth in the blood that flowed from the loving veins of Jesus Christ. It is, above all, I say, this work of mercy. Oh, my dearly beloved, although I may appeal to your minds on the ground of faith, although I may appeal to your intellects and your wills on the ground of justice, I confess that my strongest hope to-day is in appealing to your hearts moved with Divine love of God and Divine pity for these poor children. Think of it; there is nothing in this world, my brethren, so helpless and so touching in its misery as the poor little orphan child standing in a strange bewilderment of young sorrow over the freshly covered grave where the mother that reared him upon her bosom lies cold, where the father that upheld him in his strong arms and reared him with so much love has gone down for ever. Every other being on this earth can do something for himself, but the poor child has scarcely yet found even a voice wherein to make known the greatness of his misery. I have known some of these very children brought into the orphanage at such a tender age that they could not realise, never realised, the great loss they had sustained; and one when I spoke to him of his mother, whom Almighty God took away from him and left him without father or mother on this earth, he was only able to answer with an eloquent flash of tears, which coursed down his cheeks, "She was gone to the blessed God." But the Church of God survives, the Church never dies, the charity of her faithful never dies, and as long as the Church remains and as long as the charity is in the hearts of her children, so long the orphan will find a mother on this earth, so long his sorrow will be soothed and alleviated. And blessed be God, it is not a blessed thought and a consoling thought to us that amongst these children there were some who were orphaned before they could realize their loss, and that loss has been so well filled up by this orphanage that they shall never know the want of a father's care or a mother's love. And, dearly beloved, it is not enough that we should feel for them and commiserate them, but we must also help them, for it is written, "If thy brother be in need, and thou say to him 'Be comforted,' yet give him not the things to comfort him, of what avail is thy love?" Therefore, says St. Paul, "Let us not love in words only, but in deed and in truth"—for it is the works of mercy, and not the sentiment only, which shall be crowned by the living God. And in this orphanage, for which I plead to-day, there are no rules beyond the necessary rules of discipline. These children are not drilled, they are not dragooned under any military system; the joys of home are made familiar to them; they look forward with the brightness of a young heart to this feast or that when their superiors freely mingling with them will try to create the feeling of childish family love—they are taught to love the altar of God, and to serve it; they are taught to love the names of Jesus and of Mary; they are taught to love their native land, its history and its traditions; they are taught to love you, their fathers and mother, whom God has given them, blessed by His holy name, to take his office for those children, "the Lord is his name who is the father of the orphan;" and all this teaching has reality in this, that this morning when the sun was rising when I, all unworthy, clothed in sacerdotal garb, was dispensing at those rails the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, there came before me, before the very altar of the Sacred Heart, a flock of innocent children, and they turned up their trusting eyes, and innocent faces and guileless lips to receive into their young hearts the Lord Jesus Christ, who said "Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." They turned up innocent faces and guileless eyes, full of trust, of knowledge, and of faith, strange in their earliest infancy able to realise the adorable presence of Almighty God, and the prayer that was upon their lips, the desire that was in their hearts was that the angel of God's mercy might descend upon their hands and hearts to-day, and that that angel might bring not only the spirit of mercy, large, magnificent, generous, tender to them through you but that he might also bring with him those collateral gifts which are the ground of mercy, prosperity of a temporal kind, health, peace of conscience, the grace of God to enable you to lead pure and holy lives, and finally at Heaven's gate the immortal and imperishable crown which Christ our Lord holds in His hand, and which shall never descend except upon the head of the merciful. Therefore, dearly beloved, to rich and poor amongst you alike, I appeal to you to-day—I appeal for these fatherless and motherless orphans. To the rich amongst you I say give abundantly, and I am only quoting the words of the Holy Ghost. And to the poorest amongst you, to the very beggar, if he be here, I say like the widow Sarephtha break the last mite and divide the last farthing for not even the poorest amongst you can afford to appear before God without some sign of mercy. Then, what reward can I promise you? It is written "Break the bread to the hungry, bring the naked and barbourless into thy house," this orphanage is your house, if thou seest one naked cover him, and despise not thy own flesh, thus shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy justice go before thy face, and thou shalt find rest continually, and the Lord God will shield thy souls." A collection, at which a large sum was realised, was made after the sermon.

PERSONALS.

FORREST—Ex-Confederate General Forrest is dead. DRAPER—Chief Justice Draper was buried yesterday at Toronto. MACKENZIE—The Hon. Mr. MacKenzie is in Montreal. SULLIVAN—Mr. A. M. Sullivan's great work New Ireland, is expected to appear this week. GLADSTONE—Mr. Gladstone is spending his time between the Lords Powerscourt, Meath, Fitzwilliam, and the Duke of Leinster. BAZAAR—St. Patrick's Bazaar is to commence in the Mechanic's Hall, Montreal, on the 22nd inst. It will end the following Wednesday. ATTORNEY—The City Attorney of Montreal states that the city is bound to pay the volunteers for duty on the 16th July. MISSION—Two very successful missions on at St. Patrick's and the other at Ann's, are being held in Montreal. SOULLY—Mr. T. Scully has been elected President of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Cadets of Quebec. MANNING—The rumours of Cardinal Manning having been summoned to Rome is contradicted. It is said that the Pope is very weak. MEANY—Mr. Stephen J. Meany returned to Ireland from New York, on a special mission on Saturday last. CALLAGHAN—Mr. Callaghan bought the printing and the folding machines of the "Sun" last week. MALOUIN—On Saturday Mr. Malouin was returned by acclamation to represent Quebec in the House of Commons. DOWLING—On Sunday week at St. Basil's Church Brantford, Rev. Father Dowling lectured on his pilgrimage to Rome to an immense audience. DE BOUCHERVILLE—The Quebec Government has issued its proclamation setting aside Thursday, the 22nd instant, as a day of thanksgiving. POPE—The Council of the Vatican has, it is said "been engaged in discussing the right of veto in the election of the Pope hitherto exercised by France, Austria, and Spain." FOSTER—The sudden death, in Montreal, of A. B. Foster created quite a painful sensation, and parties who should know predict considerable change in the management of the Canada Central Railway. EARTHQUAKE—A violent shock of earthquake was felt at two o'clock on Sunday morning at Ottawa, along the St. Lawrence from Cornwall to Montreal, in north-eastern New York and in the New England States. O'DWYER—Two surgeons were killed by the Turks while they were attending to the wounded at the battle of Plevna under the protection of the Red Cross flag, and one of them was an Irish-American named O'Dwyer. BOURBEAU—A petition against the return of Mr. Bourbeau in Drummond and Arthabaska has been filed. The grounds on which the election is contested are bribery, corruption, and undue influence. ALLEYN—Mr. R. Alllyn, Q.C. (Conservative) will it is said, be a candidate for the vacancy in the Assembly, caused by Mr. Hearn's election to the Legislative Council of Quebec. The writ will probably be issued shortly. KIHOUACK—The names of Messrs. Kirouack and Abdon Cote are respectively mentioned as probable opponents in the Conservative interest of Mr. Laurier, should he present himself for election in Quebec East. BEAUDRY—The Witness says that the Rev. J. N. Beaudry and Mr. Aubin were outrageously assaulted while distributing tracts on Bonsecour Market. If our contemporary is correct we hope that whoever assaulted the gentlemen named will be punished. CONROY—The Apostolic Delegate, it is said, will visit New York City next month. The priests of New York, Brooklyn and the neighboring dioceses, who were educated at All-Hallows College, Ireland, will give the Delegate a grand reception. ROSS—Wallace Ross's friend have not lost confidence in him by his defeat at Toronto, and next year will probably witness another race between him and Hanlan. An order has been sent to Swadwell & Winslip, England, to build Ross a new boat, and a second boat is being built by Mr. R. Dalton, of Idandtown, who will also repair the *Sportswoman*. PHELAN—The late Sergeant John Phelan, of Her Majesty's army, who died here a week ago, has bequeathed his property, subject to the life interest of his wife, to the Montreal General Hospital. The bequest will amount to about \$3,000, at the present price of property and stocks. NORFOLK—The marriage of the Duke of Norfolk, England's only Catholic Duke, and Lady Flora Hastings is to take place at the Brompton Oratory on Wednesday, the 21st November. Cardinal Manning, who was expected to officiate, will be unable to do so, as he is compelled to leave for Rome before that date. O'GRADY HALY—It is stated that Gen. Sir W. O'Grady Haly, K. C. B., received his promotion on the 1st inst., and then he will be relieved of his command of the forces in North America about the 1st of May next. His successor is likely to be Gen. Sir E. Selby Smyth, K. C. M. G., at present commanding the militia force of the Dominion. LAURIER—The Conservatives state that they are determined to oppose Mr. Laurier for Quebec East should he present himself for that constituency. They held a meeting at St. Saviour's the other night at which Garneau, Angers, Caron and others made speeches; who the candidate is to be has not transpired, although several names are mentioned. CHEFKET PASHA—Chefket Pasha is hastening to the relief of Osman Pasha with a view to the relief of Plevna. It is said that the Turks are in fine condition and are well supplied with provisions. If a junction of the two Generals can be effected, and a combined movement made, a different aspect may be put upon affairs. A late despatch from London announces that Moukhtar Pasha is falling back, and that the Russians have occupied Erzeroum; but the reports lack confirmation. FORBES—Mr. Archibald Forbes is in Scotland, recovering from the effects of his campaign in Bulgaria. He has been invited to "Balmoral" by her Majesty. Although he was with the Russians, he is not pro-Russian in his political views. But emphatically states that all tales respecting Russian "atrocities" are untrue, and that, so far as he could discover, no Turkish woman was ever maltreated by a Russian soldier. This evidence of a man who, more than any one else, has had an opportunity to test the truth of the "Russian atrocities" is important.