

ants to arbitrate the question of rents had been spurned, and the tenants now stood with their backs against the wall defying oppression, even the oppression of the law, because their position was morally impregnable. The tenants everywhere in Ireland were willing to pay fair rents, but the speaker believed it all the deposits banked under the plan of campaign by the small farmers (and which represented the utmost they were able to pay) were put into a common fund the sum would not suffice to pay three months' rent on the basis demanded by the landlords. The amendment was rejected by a vote of 352 to 245.

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Columbian.

Ruskin had better take care. Should he follow Newman, Manning, Faber, Wilberforce and the hundreds of other English shining lights, into the Catholic Church, all his great reputation as a profound scholar and art critic would not save him from being called a madman.

In the course of his remarkable speech in the House of Commons last Monday night, Mr. Parnell said: "The government talked loudly and glibly about the robbery of landlords by tenants, but almost every title to land in Ireland, and England, too, was founded upon robbery, and landlords had long been robbing their tenants of the products of their labor." This is precisely what we have often told readers of this paper.

The New York Independent must have its fling at Catholicism once in a while—perhaps to prove its claim to be Protestant, and not too independent. Speaking of the process of the Beatification of the English Martyrs under Henry VIII. and others, it sneeringly remarks: "Somehow Rome has neglected the more numerous martyrs under Queen Mary. The Independent, if it knows the lessons of history, ought to know that More, Fisher and their companions were martyrs for their faith, whilst those who fell under Mary were martyrs to their politics. The Catholic martyr seeks a crown that is not of this world."

Another case of the miraculous operation of the Water of Lourdes is recorded in *The Monitor*, of San Francisco. Mr. Thomas Hallahan, a New York business man, has recently experienced a remarkable cure. The facts, on his own authenticated testimony, are as follows: Mr. Hallahan contracted spinal disease several years ago, and was finally obliged to use crutches. Various doctors were consulted without success; but Mr. Hallahan died a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, and his faith was weakened in this time of trial. Having gone to Philadelphia to consult the most prominent specialist in that city, who, after a thorough diagnosis of the disease, pronounced it incurable, he paid a visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor, who gave him some Water of Lourdes, and advised him to make a novena. He accordingly did so, but neglected to complete the novena by receiving Holy Communion. Notwithstanding this, he was partially cured. Some months afterwards, however, his disease returned with increased severity; and finally his strength seemed altogether gone, when, happening to pay a visit to Brooklyn, he again received some of the Lourdes Water from the Sisters of Mercy. He began a second novena, at the end of which he rose from bed a radically cured man. In a true spirit of gratitude, he left this country almost immediately for France, that he might repair to the Grotto of Lourdes, in fulfillment of a promise he made to the Blessed Virgin.

J. G. Shea in the American Catholic Quarterly.

There was a time when the holidays of the Church were the godsend of the poor toilers for bread; a time when the churches of the living God were lived in by the poor, to whom they were homes, houses of prayer, galleries of art, incentives to devotion. Time, in the sense of the Church, is a respite, a privilege given to men to save their souls; time, in the sense of the modern world, is a term when the many are to labor to enrich the few; a term so precious that more of it can be spared for the many to save their souls.

Boston Pilot.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is very indignant with Senator Ingalls for his late invective against English arrogance and greed, and asks if it is not strange that, "of two portions of the same race that have only been separated for a single century, one should be a mass of ruffianism, cowardice, bullying, insolence and everything else that is vile, while the other has arrived at such a pitch of virtue, civilization, civility and urbanity as to produce Mr. Ingalls?" Mr. Smith proceeds upon the assumption, not uncommon with people of his sort, that the population of the United States is made up of the descendants of Englishmen, instead of being, as it really is, composed of people of every other race in Europe with a minority of English. But supposing he were right in his assumption, there would be nothing remarkable in the difference to-day between Englishmen and the American descendants of Englishmen. The Englishmen who left the old country, not a century, but over two and a half centuries ago, were liberty loving men who abandoned their native land because they could enjoy no freedom there. The slaves and cringes and lackeys did not come over with John Smith, or Lord Baltimore, or William Penn, or Miles Standish. They remained behind, to produce descendants like Mr. Goldwin Smith.

"Paul Bert," says the *Journal des Debats*, "died well, in the opinion of Tonquin," where he lived. Tonquin is a pagan city. Paul Bert died irreverently; and, consequently, in the opinion of the pagans, he died well. Auguste Roussel, in *La Verite*, calls this well a horrible apotheosis of final impotence.

In the mining town of Leadville, Col., there is said to be a congregation of 4,500 Catholics, and 600 children in the parish school.

## Written for the Catholic Record. Chosen.

He sat within the fading light,  
The sun had set upon his hair,  
As if the guardian angel bright  
Had laid his hand a moment there.  
Below, with many a weary wave,  
The ever restless river lay,  
To woods and lawns its message gave,  
And hastened on its onward way.  
His thoughts went with it flitting fast,  
His meadow green and garden fair,  
The old familiar places passed,  
And stood amidst the city's glare.  
With new delight his heart overflowed,  
For fancy's gleams were all so fleet,  
His sweetest was every path he snowed,  
She watched him, till of pleasure tired,  
His wandering thoughts went drifting on,  
Then showed, where their ship's keel sped,  
A pointed path where they had gone,  
The soldier's sword—the poet's pen—  
The magic art—whose light drew hand  
Bade smiles immortal shine on men,  
Though perished by a mortal hand—  
Grave slumbering with glorious aim—  
Fair science with her thoughtful lore  
And patient hands, before him came  
To offer treasures from their store,  
And he was young—his voice was loud,  
While Pride was there in soft disguise,  
To whisper of the wandering crowd,  
And joyful light in loving eyes.

A sheen of light twinkled from the hill,  
The dreamer started at the sound,  
He sat beside the river's side,  
Though night had drawn her curtain round,  
The stars were brightly set on high,  
In quiet he watched their glittering  
Till wafted from the distant sky  
He seemed to hear the angel's song,  
The song which sang along ago  
The starry night the Hermit's tale,  
He listened to the strain, and lo—  
A sweetening chord the sweetness thrills.

For him—he felt it spoke to him—  
The boy who mused beside the stream,  
Then fancy's light grew pale and dim,  
And grey the rays of his dream.  
He thought of all the years that passed,  
The lowly Nazareth had trod,  
The human tears in pity flowed,  
For him, the earth's second son of God,  
Now darker grew the cross of sorrow,  
Then ought the world had ever bestowed,  
And brighter than the cross of Fame,  
The wreath from which the dark drops  
Drooped down.

As one who moves half-unaware  
He knelt upon the footstool way,  
His lips had uttered many prayers,  
"I was only now, he seemed to pray,  
"Dear Lord I am unworthy all,  
But yet I hear thy gentle call,  
And feel thy love o'erwhelm me,  
Thy love of this new life the bliss,  
A life which draws Thy child as near  
As if this spot were all the earth,  
And if this only image here,  
My will has faded into mine,  
My self is lost in fading Time,  
How dare the sense that asks a sign  
Of thee and thy eternity.  
It is not that I feel thee shine  
Like light upon the morning's face,  
But that my being lies in Thine,  
As earth lies in the arms of space—  
I scarce can feel, but yet I know,  
(Thy holy word the record bears),  
That in the heart which loves thee so,  
Thy love shall come to scatter tares.  
Then watch me with those tender eyes,  
From slum of sin Lord keep me free,  
On love me while thy tempests rise,  
And all thy storms sweep over me,  
O, let me feel that sorrow's face  
Is brightened by thy touch divine,  
And in thy life keep sacred place  
For every grief that entered mine,  
Then when I fall—as fall I must—  
Be thou the only perfect way,  
A little child, still let me trust,  
And at thy feet the failure lay,  
Thy love shall be the world's reply,  
Thy chastening hand I shall not fear,  
But count my pains as waves of joy,  
Thou hast me to thy waiting near.  
The night is past—far in the east  
I see the flash of morning rise,  
Be Faith the altar, Love the Priest,  
And Life the joyful sacrifice."

Lucan, Ontario.

## LORD DUNSAUDLE'S GRATITUDE.

Milwaukee Citizen.

Nobody speaks well of the Irish land-lord. Travellers from every land—France, Germany, Italy, America, India and England—have come, seen and satisfied themselves of the utter unrighteousness of the landlord class.

John A. Butler, son of a former Mayor of Milwaukee, tells the following anecdote in one of his letters to the American press: "Before going over to Ireland, a venerable old gentleman of this city, a colonel in the English service who is an outspoken conservative, told me the following anecdote of Lord Dunsaulde, which was related to him by an eye witness: An English visitor at the castle of Lord Dunsaulde, near Athenry, Ireland, was out shooting one day with his lordship when both gentlemen were caught in a shower, and went into a peasant's cottage for protection from the weather. The house externally was bad enough, and badly enough situated, but it bore within evidences of cleanliness and thriftiness. The housewife naturally felt honored by her company, and offered every service in her power. She dried their wraps, seated them at the table, and generously prepared a lunch of cold boiled ham with bread and butter, and placed at their disposal the contents of a small flask of spirits, regretting very much that she could not offer them wine. The reader may be assured that these were exceptional luxuries in an Irish cabin of the average sort, and the experience was an exceptional one for Lord Dunsaulde himself. Accordingly he remarked that evening at dinner upon the hospitable kindness of his hostess of the afternoon with enthusiasm, and concluded a somewhat eulogistic narrative by saying to his agent: "By the way, T. J. O'Brien was able to offer us cold ham and a glass of spirits this afternoon. I think you had better raise her rent." At this his English visitor exclaimed in amazement: "Dunsaule, you don't mean to take advantage of that woman's hospitality, do you?" But the protest was said to have called forth an emphatic affirmative, and the man who is famous as Lord Leverhulme for his fondness for using "crowing brigades" in evicting tenants, was ready to actually begrudge a dependent and humble neighbor a morsel of decent food, and probably soon reduced her to the fare of boiled potatoes on a bare board, like the majority of Irish farmers."

This is but one of a series of similar instances, all going to show that any evidence of thrift on part of their tenants

is used by the Irish landlords as a lever to raise the rents. Extra industry put forth brings extra rent, and thus, under the curse of landlordism the people have been educated in the habit of improvidence, no matter how much their natural energy has struggled against it.

## NEW HORRORS IN IRELAND.

The Houses of Tenants set on Fire—A Holocaust at Glenbeigh.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Dublin, January 22.

The "Law of the Land" is making—day, has made—an inferno of Glenbeigh. As sad and dismal as those corridors of suffering through which the spirit of Dante walked; as outraged and violated as the wail of Glencoe, over which the muse of Scott mourned, this Kerry glen has been filled by the hand of oppression with associations as depressing, terrible, as those of the "Law of the Land." Better the government should send their soldiers at once and loose the dogs of war, as was done, with the Clan McGreggor, than aid, and inspire the inhuman and miserable process of legal savagery that has marked the events of which I have to tell. Your readers have probably heard ere this of Winn of Winn's folly, the folly being the reckless expenditure of the hard-earned rents of the tenants in absurd extravagance; but the corollary of the folly, unfortunately, is barbarity, which will add a new dimension to the desolation of our island. Winn's Castle, erected by a compact with London Jews, in which the value passed was virtually the value of the property, the folly of any time is an eloquent index of the ways and means of landlordism; but, illuminated by night from the burning of the tenements, it overtopped, it looked a flaming monitor, as direct and warning as the pillar of fire that lit the path of the wandering Israelites. The evictions on this Winn property were commenced in the forenoon of last Tuesday, under the instructions of the agent, Mr. Roe. The usual bailiff and the family police protection party marched to Downy, where their presence at first merely called forth the usual deprecation always attending what a great statesman characterized as a death sentence. But when it was discovered that matches and petroleum formed part of the "legal" paraphernalia, and to prevent recalcitancy, it was actually intended to burn down the homes of the evicted, every one felt sickened and shocked to a degree I cannot adequately describe. Poor old Pat Diggins tottered out into daylight sick to death, with his seventy-five years written distinctly on his frame, and on his face the reflection of the eviction curse that had banished and blasted his fathers before him, and his own four bones more than once. The furniture was pitched out in the customary style.

THE POOR EVICTED WRETCH stood a moment looking around, and then with a little child stood over by the ditch. Then the devilry began. The roof in a few moments was in flames, and every crackle of the oil saturated thatch met a responsive groan from the aged outcast, whose tears reflected the fire-light that destroyed his roof-tree. The scene recalled the worst phases in our tear-blotted history. It was hard to realize, as one stood there in the light of the smoking, burning roof, that it was the nineteenth century, with men and women walking Christ's world to preach His Gospel of peace, that statesmen were shaking, Sampson like, the pillars of iniquitous State for justice; that in every London alley and slum popular princess and fashionable divorcees were appealing on behalf of the poor and the wretched; that there was indignation for Burmese atrocities, and sympathy for Russian rebels; in fine, that we lived in days when there was a shibboleth for every act and a defence for every default. Old Pat Diggins did not seem to realize the fact that Christ's world was blessed time, as he looked around at his shelterless boulders and stones, and eyed the looming hills. This was, however, bad enough, but it turned out that the progress of the Sheriff was to be a Cromwellian march, marked by fire and devastation. About half an hour's march from OLD GLENBEIGH CHAPEL one comes on the home of Michael Griffin, and it can hardly be wondered at that the people resolved to offer some resistance to the scandalous and inhuman work that had opened at Downy. On the 14th inst., when the sub-sheriff's deputy, Goodman, accompanied by a force of seventy-five police, came to Michael Griffin's house, they might have read in the faces of the bystanders that things had been forced across even the extended line of the forbearance of Irish tenants. The house was barricaded, and within it were crowded resolute men, who considered eighteen months' imprisonment from Chief Baron Palles quite as tolerable as ruin and vagabondism at the hands of the Sheriff and Mr. Roe. The widows being taken to their apartments formed the port-holes of defence, from which at times issued substantial menaces. Goodman, the deputy, a raw-boned youth, who seemed as proud as if he were engaged in one of the most heroic missions, flourished his revolver and looking back on the excited crowd of onlookers as if appealing for witnesses of his devotion, rushed at the door, but in another moment was back with his hand on his ear seeking protection from the police. The bailiffs finally smashed in the door with a hatchet, and Goodman, his henchman, and the police entered. They had gotten from the

FIRE.

and an angry howl it was for a while. At length they succeeded in arresting those within, but not without some cause for remembrance of the effort. Needless to say, the poor fellows, some twenty-two in all, were marched off the ground for Glenbeigh county jail, thereafter to be dealt with by some stolid pedant administering the sharp side of a Constitution that has driven this sensitive people to distraction. Were these few details all complete, even in this instance, the matter would not be so harrowing, but they are not. With Michael there holds in a sort of joint tenancy Thomas, who has nine in family—wretched starvelings,

such as I saw on the Kirwan and Berridge properties in Carraroe—children whose eyes had no sunlight, and whose lips could scarce frame smiles. As they came forth they hardly seemed to mind, merely trotted across the lawn in their little bare feet in a sorrowful heedlessness that bespoke their heritage of sorrow. While the struggle was ensuing within Michael's house some women and girls escaped through the windows and a scene of the wildest excitement. The crowd were about to make another onset towards aiding those who were being captured inside, when Mrs. Griffin, the sick wife of the man whose home was being wrecked, was brought out in a swoon and laid down in the slushy wet yard. As I stood near the poor woman was dead, and Mr. E. Harrington, M.P., said some words of appeal to the people to restrain their feelings; adding, to pray for the poor woman if she were dying.

ON THE OLD FAITH OF THE CELT, the old refuge and sustenance of the Celtic breast through suffering centuries—towards the crowd then and there in the mire and the wet, and there was a momentary lull in the distraction of the hour, when the people were raised high in lamenting prayer. In a short while after when the moment came to bring away the prisoners, handcuffed as they were two and two together, excitement almost blinded the people into desperate work, but again discipline stood them in good stead, and Mr. Harrington's feeling appeal was once again hearkened to. As for the quality of the land, which patches of earth scraped together between the tenements, by the hands of the starving tenants, fretful and repulsive mountain sides, narrow, rutty roads and badly-enclosed bogs, recall the lonely deserts of Ir Connaught, while the wretchedness of the homes make the hopeless faces of the wretched slaves who dwell therein no unexpected apparition. The homes are roofless, the walls charred, the members of the burning score extinguished. To enter into the details in this would be impossible. At this moment, notwithstanding the outcry that has arisen on every side against this latest outrage upon humanity, it is understood that the name-letters of Johnathan are also

DOOMED TO THE EVICTOR'S BRAND.

The people are in momentary terror of the sheriff's visit, and the approach of a stranger is eyed with alarm and suspicion. There is a lull just now; various rumors account for it in various ways, but the most unlikely of all is that the heart of the agent has been touched by remorse. At present there is nothing but suffering and misery for the evicted ones under the cruel weather, prosecution and jail for their gallant defenders, and hopelessness and utter fear for those who stand by. And yet not so. Human hearts have responded in touch to the aspiration to the cry of indignation from this lonely glen; there will be aid and succor for the afflicted, able defence for the accused, and the accretion to the cause of our motherland of another tremendous protest against the ruthless foreign system that would make her plains as deserts and her homes as graves.

## "BEAUTY" UNADORNED.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"At Mr. George Bancroft's reception and dinner to Cardinal Gibbons," writes a correspondent from that gay city, "the ladies were asked to appear in high gowns. Several declined, for the reason that they had no such thing as a high gown. One brilliant diamond appeared in a dress unusually low."

The correspondent may or may not be telling the truth about the "brilliant diamond"—by which title we suppose he meant to designate a wife of one of the foreign ministers. And it seems improbable that the wife of any foreign representative would have forgotten good breeding and decency so far as to deliberately insult her host by relaying point blank to comply with his request.

The correspondent tells us that "society" in Washington had been shocked by the insinuation that there could be anything wrong in the low-cut gowns adopted by ladies who imitate English and Continental fashions, and that "society" considers it remarkable that the host of the Cardinal should make such an unparalleled request. When Dean Farrar was in this country, when certain other Protestants of Episcopal dress were here, when American Protestant bishops go out to dinner in top hats, it was not considered that a stipulation is made that the ladies shall not appear in "half dress," which, interpreted, means "full dress." The correspondent goes on to say that the Rev. Bishop A. Cleveland Cox has been known to take a lady down to dinner who was remarkably décolletée, and also that the reverend bishop seemed rather to like it. But the correspondent forgets that the same Victoria herself, whose head Queen Victoria herself, who is the Right Rev. A. Cleveland Cox belongs, wears the lowest possible gowns herself, and insists that enough stuff shall be cut out of the tops of the dresses of the ladies presented at court to make a very long train. The Right Rev. Bishop Cox probably regards low-necked dresses as part of the discipline of the Protestant Episcopal Church, symbolical of the condition of Eve before she left Paradise. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* And the Right Rev. Bishop Cox seems never to think wrong of anything except the Catholic Church.

Some "society" people in Washington have come to the conclusion that the Catholic Church is very evil minded because it objects to women going in public dressed half-dressed. Of course the conclusion of these "society" people is the conclusion of hypocrites, who, without any suppositions and pretend that there is no shame in exposing the bosoms of their wives and daughters to the gaze of any libertine at the opera or at a crowded reception. The appalling nakedness of some "society" women in public is a snare seemingly set that "men may commit adultery in their hearts."

We are told that no English lady goes to dinner on state occasions unless in "full dress." But it ought not to disgust an American lady's womanly instincts so that she will so stifle them as to go among men in a state of undress which might make Nell Gwynne or any of the beauties of the reign of the English Charles II. almost

blush with shame! The English have their good points, and among them are some admirable social customs, but this one that requires a woman never to be seen by candle light unless she is half-dressed is one that the laws of modesty, common sense and health forbid.

People not in "society"—and the people not in compromise the less frivolous part of the community—do not usually see women in "full dress" at their assemblies, but if they do, they begin to entertain doubts as to their character. Their wives and daughters do not hang their gowns to the shoulders by nearly invisible shoulder straps, or keep them on by some mysterious muscular contraction similar to that by which an English "well" holds a glass in one eye. They may come to it by and by, when Anglomania has invaded all classes. But at present the lowest cut gown among them is prim and prudish compared with those exhibited by the "smartest" ladies in the opera boxes here in New York. Juvenal, commenting on the gaudy habits of certain females of old Rome, might have expressed the opinion of a moralist with truth and frankness. It would be hard to do it without going beyond that propriety of expression that must be maintained in these columns.

There is no greater suggestiveness in the apparel, or lack of apparel, of the modern ballet dancer than in that of the women who represent "good" society at high festivals or in the opera boxes. And the Protestant Episcopal bishop who condemns the wantonness of the ballet in the American Opera, with a lady sitting next to him at dinner in a dress that readily suggests Venus rising from the sea with her just out of the water, offers a beautiful and edifying picture of a society. It is understood that men in "good" society think no evil while gazing at the be-diamonded nude in the opera-boxes, but that they are smitten with temptation the moment the dancers—often less nude than the "roses" and "rosebuds" of society—make their entrance on the stage.

To his ministers of religion do not put to shame modesty in high places, who will? If the Church does not force itself out, in spite of the customs of the world, who will? And we thank God that the Church, knowing the weakness of men, protects and guards them against sins of thought.

## FAREWELL SERMON.

Last Sunday week, a farewell sermon was preached by Rev. Father Corcoran, in St. Columba's Church, on the occasion of their separation from Parkville parish. It is most pleasing to note the hearty esteem in which Father Corcoran was held by the people of the district alluded to, as evidenced by a very complimentary address presented him by the following prominent gentlemen of the parish:

ANGUS MORRISON, jun., farmer.  
DAN MORRISON, sailor and farmer.  
ALLAN McLEAN, farmer.  
JOHN McLEOD, farmer.  
P. STEEL, farmer.  
C. McINTYRE, etc. etc.  
L. C. McINTYRE, J. P.  
JOHN McNEALD, ex-Councillor.  
DONALD STEELE, farmer.  
ARCHY McLEOD, Post-Master.  
DONALD McLEOD, farmer.  
JOHN DOYLE, farmer.  
NEIL McMICHAEL, farmer.  
NORMAN McMICHAEL, farmer.  
D. McMICHAEL, farmer.  
Dated at W. Williams, February 4th, 1887.

## PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

MAN'S PRIDE RECEIVED ON THAT DAY ONE OF THE GREATEST LESSONS EVER GIVEN IT.

The forty days of Mary's Purification are now completed, and she must go up to the temple, there to offer to God her child Jesus. Before following the Son and His Mother in their mysterious journey, let us spend our last few moments at Bethlehem in lovingly pondering over the mysteries at which we are going to assist.

The law commanded that a woman, who had given birth to a son, should not approach the tabernacle for the time of 40 days, after which time she was to offer a sacrifice for her purification. She was to offer up a lamb as a holocaust, and a turtle or dove as a sin-offering. But if she were poor, and could not provide a lamb, she was to offer in its stead a second turtle or dove.

By another ordinance of the law, every first-born son was considered as belonging to God, and was to be redeemed by six sicles, each sicle weighing according to the standard of the temple, 20 shekels. (The obol was about seven cents of our money.)

Mary was a daughter of Israel—she had given birth to Jesus. He was her first-born Son. Could such a Mother and such a Son be included in the laws we have just quoted? Was it becoming that Mary should observe them?

If she considered the spirit of those legal enactments, and why God required the ceremony of Purification, it was evident that she was not bound to them. They, for whom these laws had been made, were espoused to men; Mary was the chaste spouse of the Holy Ghost, a Virgin in conceiving and a Virgin in giving birth to her Son; her purity had ever been spotless as that of the angels—but it received an incalculable increase by her carrying the Son of God in all sanctity in her womb, and bringing him into this world. Moreover, when she reflected upon her Child being the Creator and Lord of all things—how could she suppose that she was to be submitted to the humiliation of being ranked as a slave, whose life and person are not his own.

And yet the Holy Spirit revealed to Mary that she must comply with both these laws. She, the Holy Mother of God, must go to the temple like other Hebrew mothers, as though she had lost a something which needed restoring by legal sacrifices. He, that is the Son of God, and the Son of Man, must be treated in the same way as though he were a servant, and be ransomed in common with the poorest Jewish boy. Mary adores the will of God, and embraces it with her whole heart.

The Divine will was dear to Mary in this as in every circumstance of her life. The Holy Virgin knew that, by seeking this external rite of Purification, she was in no wise risking the honor of her Child, or failing in the respect due to her own virginity. She was in the temple, Jerusalem, when she was in the house of Nazareth, when she received the Archangel's visit; she was the hand maid of the Lord. She obeyed the law, because she seemed to come under the law. Her God and her Son submitted to the ransom as humbly as the poorest Hebrew would have to do. He had already obeyed the edict of the Emperor Augustus, in the general census. He was to be obedient even to the death of the Cross. The Mother and the Child, both humbled themselves in the Purification, and man's pride received, on that day, one of the greatest lessons ever given it.

## LENT.

The holy season of Lent begins this year on the 23rd of February. It was instituted by the Apostles after the example of our Lord, who fasted forty days in the desert. In the early times of Christianity it was very strictly observed by the faithful, only one meal a day being taken; but in modern times, owing to changed conditions under which men live, the obligation of fasting has been greatly modified by the Church. The chief duty of the Lenten observance is not, however, to deprive the body of the food, but to withdraw the mind from wickedness, and to practice the virtues of the great virtues which the Christian religion inculcates. "Be converted to Me," saith the Lord, "with all your hearts, in fasting and weeping and mourning. And rend your hearts and not your garments, and turn to the Lord, your God, for He is merciful." To mortify our evil desires, as did St. Paul, and prepare for the reception of the Divine Lamb, at Easter, by temperance in food and drink, by prayer and sacramental grace, to render God satisfaction for past sins, and with contrite hearts seek His mercy and forgiveness, to make these rules our daily practice during this period, is the wish of our mother, the Church.

The opening day of this penitential season is Ash Wednesday. It is so called because on this day the priest places upon the head of the faithful a little ashes, saying: "Remember man, that dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." The custom dates from the time of Jeremiah, the Prophet, when God commanded the Israelites to put ashes on their heads as a sign of repentance.

Lent, then, is especially a time of mourning and penance. St. Bernard says: "Since all the members of the body sin, why should they not also fast? The eyes should be made to abstain from vain objects, the ear from listening to idle talk, the tongue from distraction, but far more, let the soul abstain from sin and evil pleasures. Without this fast, none other is acceptable to the Lord, for it is written: 'Behold in the day of your fast your own will is found,' that is you fast as it pleases you, not as God requires."

## ST. JOHN, N. B.

ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION BALL—A GRAND SUCCESS AND BRILLIANT GATHERING.

The ball in the St. John roller rink, Tuesday evening, Feb. 10, under the auspices of St. Patrick's Association, was a brilliant success, there being over one hundred and sixty couples present. The committee is to be congratulated on the success which characterized the whole affair, and to them it must have been a source of gratification to hear the many complimentary remarks bestowed upon the ball and its entire management by those present. The rink was very elaborately and artistically decorated, and under the brilliant glare of six electric lights presented a scene never surpassed in any ball room in this city. Card rooms were nicely fitted up on either side of the entrance, while at the upper end were the ladies' and gentlemen's cloak rooms. All around the rink flags were arranged in excellent taste, and between the arches were Chinese lanterns. The band stand was beautifully trimmed with flags, the Irish flag looking out prominently in a jag, while at either side of the stand stood two large harps, decorated with shamrocks. The committee to whom belong the credit of the extensive decorations are Messrs. Edward Finigan (chairman), John Flood, Ald. Lantulum, Ald. Morrison, John Jenkins, Henry Finigan, Geo. Murphy, Philip Grannan, J. P. Fitzgerald, John Lenihan and John O'Regan.

The supper room, which was lighted by two electric lights, was situated at the lower end of the rink and partitioned off from the ball room by some bright and pleasant scenery from the Mechanics' Institute.

From 8 till 10 o'clock the reception committee was kept busy receiving their guests. This committee was composed of the following: Francis McCafferty, Thos. P. Regan, Ald. Lantulum, Robert Coleman, James Ryan, J. E. Fitzgerald, Edward Finigan, Richard O'Brien, Ald. R. F. Quigley, Ald. Hayes, John Flood, Dennis McGrath, John Lenihan.

Shortly before nine o'clock the City Cornet band, who it might be here mentioned, gave the highest satisfaction with their music, played the grand march, in which the president, Francis McCafferty, Esq., and Mrs. R. J. Ritchie, and the vice president, Mr. Timothy O'Brien, and Mrs. James Col lead off. At the conclusion of the march, the first quadrille was formed and dancing then commenced.

Mr. John Barry acted as floor manager and performed his arduous duties with entire satisfaction, being assisted by Messrs. Edmund G. Owens, Philip Grannan, J. W. V. Lawlor, Henry Finigan, John O'Regan, John Jenkins, and Ald. J. F. Morrison.

The dresses of the ladies were elegant and beautiful and it has been some years since so large a number of richly dressed ladies graced a St. John ball-room. The executive committee was composed of the following: Messrs. Francis McCafferty, Thos. P. Regan, Timothy O'Brien, Robert Coleman, Ald. Lantulum, Ald. R. F. Quigley.