

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI Nomen EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IN MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME 9.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY JAN. 7, 1888.

NO. 481

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO
SEE OUR
**GLOVES, UNDERCLOTHING,
AND SOCKS.**
THE BEST GOODS IN THE TRADE.
112 DUNDAS STREET
NEAR TALBOT.
GRIMMAN IN DENVER, COLORADO.

At Vespers on Christmas Day, in St. Mary's Cathedral, the Rev. Father Wm. O'Ryan, of the Diocese of Cashel, in Ireland, preached a powerful sermon on the joy of the Nativity of our Blessed Lord, Father O'Ryan, though in delicate health, spoke in terms of once eloquent and impressive. We regret that we have but a very imperfect report of the sermon to present. Suffice it to say that it was one of the very ablest we have ever heard. We submit the sermon:

"Behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy."—Luke II, 10.

My DEAR BRETHREN,—There is certainly no season when the Church is gladder than at Christmas. The sad colors and gloom of Advent, that told the story of an unrepented people sighing for their Saviour, have all passed away with Advent; now the Church puts on the white garments of joy; her organs burst out into glad music; her offices are a jubilee of joy. To-morrow, indeed, she puts on red robes to honor her first martyr, Stephen; in a few days she will don purple, in sympathy with Rachel mourning for her children, the Holy Innocents; but there are exceptions; on every other day of the twelve following Christmas she shows the joy and gladness in her white robes, of which the angels sang; she shows the beauty of the Divine Son that has arisen and is shining in Bethlehem; she shows the spotless purity of the Virgin Mother. No wonder that she is glad; for her Founder is born, Emmanuel is with her. Through Advent she commemorated the long years of waiting and preparation through which the holy ones of the Old Testament sighed for the Son of the Virgin, who should crush the serpent's head. Before the birth of our Lord, for centuries of sin and sorrow, through weary decades of oppression, the Jewish people, prophets and kings, had been crying for the Redeemer to hasten His coming. They mourned for the pure one who should cleanse Jerusalem, for the Deliverer who should rescue his people; for the king who should free them from bondage. They cried out and preached to the world to make straight the way of the Lord, to prepare His path. The Jews, freshened by the sight of the Messiah, and with the cries and tears and preaching and expectation of the prophets the Church identified herself in Advent. But now the sadness is gone, the winter of her grief is past, and the spring has come; her labours and travail are forgotten, for a man-child is born to her, yes, a child and her found—has come. The Babe lies in the stable; He has come to his own at last; the darkness that hung over the world is scattered before the Infant; it is the memorable time that brought hope to a hopeless world; that gives back the lost inheritance—Emmanuel, He is with her.

Now the world, too, is glad and, thank God, not alone with material gladness. And remember that the merry-making and pleasure of Christmas have all sprung from the same idea as the joy of the Church—a Gifted born. Once Christmas joy was entirely Christian; once among Christians when the world was better and purer, and men were not ashamed to serve God, Christmas joy centred around Bethlehem. But even yet the Christian idea, the little glimpse of Heaven, has not entirely left the world's Christmas. Everywhere we see, if even only for a time, old troubles beset; old grudges forgotten, and men are cheerful and happy because better; charitable deeds are done; God's poor are not forgotten and poor and rich are gladder for goodness shown and received.

Yes, it is a joyful time for the world. The angels have brought indeed good tidings. "I bring you tidings of great joy," said the angel, to the shepherds watching their flocks on the Jordan hillsides on the night our Saviour was born, and surely great joy to the world it was, though the world slumbered on unconscious of the great things that were being done for it. Sunk for the most part in degrading paganism, its lot was sad indeed. The life of men was burdened down with fear of Gods that did not exist; the Thor and Woden of the Saxons and Scandinavians; the Minerva and Apollo of the Romans and Greeks; the Sun god and serpent god of the Celtic and Oriental races. To avert these gods' anger they sacrificed often their children's lives, often their maiden's purity. That there was a God who loved them, who needed no propitiation save their hearts' service, they knew not. After death they saw no Heaven awaiting them; for their martial heroes, indeed, they hoped a happy life in some imagined Olympus or Valhalla or Tir-na-oge, but for themselves they expected but a miserable Tartarus. To the pagan world then surely great joy had come—their dreaded God—their awful future should pass away like a hazy dream—a God greater than Appollo and Thor and Woden—THE GOD to lead captivity captive, to bring the scattered sheep into one fold, to lift men to angelic heights by His ennobling grace.

And to those, the Jews, who knew the true God, it was a joyful time. The Messiah of their hopes had come. The heavens had rained down the precious dew their prophets spoke of; the oppressive yoke of the Mosaic law should no longer press them down. And the God, the Messiah who opened the long closed gates of Heaven, was not only human, not only clothed with man's nature, but was of their race, a Jew, a descendant of their ideal King David. To them God had been almost unapproachable; he was known only from his greatness, his power, his heavy judgments on a sinful world and on their stiff-necked race. The memory of the flaming sword that drove Adam and Eve from Paradise pictured God to them as a powerful and strict Judge of the world. The flood by which he avenged sin; the fearful fate of the cities of the plain; the majesty with which he announced the Law on Mount Sinai; the punishments he meted out to their erring forefathers; the plagues with which he humbled Egypt; the overwhelmed Egyptians in the Red Sea; the madness and death of Saul, the penalties imposed on David his servant, for his sin; the captivities of Babylon, their divided kingdom and broken sceptre—all these memories haunted them and associated God in their minds with fear and power and vengeance. The sinner saw in Him but a swift avenger; as a Father, Friend, Counsellor, they could not think of Him, they could not go to his knee for pardon and speak to Him in broken accents—Father forgive.

Indeed, the tidings of the angels were of great joy to the Jews. God, before unapproachable, was now among them; a weak infant to win them; the ruin of Adam was now to be repaired, the Redeemer had come; the kingdom Satan had exercised over the world was now to be abolished; the Peace-maker who should reconcile them with their offended God had come. Penance, before no surety of forgiveness, was now its certainty. The vast debt for sin that the tears and labours and virtues of men had been unable to pay was now to be paid abundantly; sin that raged over the world like a plague and fell on all men was now to be drawn away; the Healer, the Divine Physician had come; the spiritual darkness, worse than any physical darkness, was to melt away before the new sun of righteousness that had arisen; the light had come that was never more to fade or grow dim, a light that not only guides but cheers men in the pathway Heaven-ward and glorifies them with its purities.

No wonder the new born joy of men should have brought the angels from Heaven to sing their beautiful songs around Bethlehem, and joy was born for the angels themselves, for now at length were the thrones, left empty by the fall of Lucifer and his spirits, to be filled up with the ransomed sons of men, with the souls Jesus had left Heaven to save.

And another reason was stirred to joy that first Christmas night, the region where the souls of the saints of the Old Testament reposed. They, too, had waited long for the coming of the Saviour; all the glory of the Bibles, from the time of Job to the time of the Virgin Mary, was denied them—the beautiful home of their Father was closed against them, but He who was to open them had come, Jesus—the Messiah. Adam and Eve must surely that night have been very joyful—their seed—the promised one had come that their offence might be forgotten. Abel, the just one, must have been joyful, and Abraham, the father of all the just, and Moses too, and Joshua, leaders of God's people; and King David—the penitent who sang his sorrow, his inspired melody must have moved to wondrous gladness, for the King of this race was born, he who was to be known as the Son of David. Job's constant heart, chaste Susanna's soul, Daniel and Isais who foretold him, and the valiant Machebees, what a wave of joy must have passed over them and awaited them from rest, to sing canticles of praise to God in the Limbo of the Fathers.

Yes, to Heaven and earth and Limbo that first Christmas brought great and manifold blessings—but where are we to look for him who brought the joy? Surely among the grand philosophers of Athens who taught with wisdom. Ah! not so, you know how He came, and where he appeared. No home but a stable, no friends but a poor carpenter and his spouse had this jyntring on his entrance to the world. Christmas is a time of gifts; but the only gift Christ received was the repulse his mother met at the doors of Bethlehem. An ox and an ass made room for Him in their stable; their manger was the cradle of the infant God. And yet, look at that Child; He is born of that poor Virgin a few hours and no home has received him yet. The shepherds came in the night to adore Him; the angels to sing his birth, but now we have only his mother and foster father near Him. St. Joseph no doubt through the day after his birth had gone into the village to try again for a house that would receive the Virgin and Child, but the great crowd assembled for the census had not yet departed; the innkeepers looked at the garments of St. Joseph—poor and stained with the journey from Nazareth—and decided not to trouble themselves to find room for paupers in their houses. But let us not think of their rude repulse, let us look only at the Child. See him in his mother's arms. He is little different in appearance from any other child; is a weak infant born some hours and that poor woman is His mother. Yet, think of it, an eternity has passed by since he was—longer than men's life can think of He has been King and Ruler. At the dawn of time He fashioned the earth and set the sun in its course, the stars and all the glory of the earth and sea are the work of his hands. And more, that child, intent on his mother's breast, is holding ten thousand worlds in the hollow of his hand. He seems too infantile to recognize His mother, yet He is watching the secrets of the hearts of men; he is guiding all things in their course; the fall of the sparrow—the course of the avalanche—the destiny of universes.

But where is the glory of which St. John spoke: "We saw his glory." There is no glory apparent in the cave. Yes!

There is glory if our eyes could but see it. There is the glory of a goodness beyond our conception; a God has left his Kingdom and throne, and left the wings of adoration of the angels for a manger and the whistle of midwinter winds, that he may win to himself a few more human hearts. There is the glory of poverty—poverty so repulsive to man is glorified in the cave, for a God chooses it for his portion. Those swaddling clothes that enwrap him are more glorious than the purple imperial Cesar wears, for they tell a story of infinite love and pity. There is the glory of weakness: a God of almighty Power is a weak infant for our sakes. There is the glory of humility that shames and scorces our little pride.

"Glory to God in the Highest," sang the angel poets around the stable, and surely a God that does so much for men deserves to be glorified. Let us give glory and thanks to God, the thanks of loving hearts and faithful service for that he has done for us; let us draw near to Bethlehem and cherish our proud hearts and soften our hard heart and curb our lustful hearts, and have done with all affectations except those that lead us to Him.

And remember, brethren, that for us, for our sakes, he has come from Heaven. Oh! shall it be in vain. Can I think that Jesus Christ has been born in Bethlehem for you and for me and that we find no love in his heart for him? Has the tidings of great joy been brought to us and we have refused to partake in the joy. Has a Redeemer been born, and do we still prefer to stay in the bondage of sin, has the Heavenly Physician come and do we still prefer our loathsome maladies? Has the guide come to lead our faltering feet to Heaven and do we refuse his services and bend our steps to Hell? Has the Prince of Peace come and do we still war with God by holding sin in our hearts? O surely not so, surely no one here is unwilling to share in the blessing the Babe came to scatter on earth. What heart can refuse to love him, and love is enough; the love that begets sorrow for the days we kept away. He waits all alone; he is not for the sake of the good alone he comes; it is not the holy and good who draw him to the world, he has come to save sinners, to bring back the lost sheep, to cull the poor prodigal: "I came not to save the just but sinners." "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost." The good will not satisfy Him; He wants sinners; He wants the cold heart to become warm; the spiritually dead to live, the blind of soul to see; the halting one to walk firm and upright. To the poor man born blind he said, "G, wash in the pool," and now to every sinner he says the same, "Go wash thy soul in penance that thou mayst see me. Jesus of Nazareth is here now, sinner, as he was near blind Bartimeus at the gates of Jericho; a great crowd of graces accompanying Him. Lift up your voice and cry for mercy. However you may have wandered you can find rest and welcome in Bethlehem. There is no harshness in the infant God; that infant God will not break; the soul that folly and sin have wounded He will tenderly care for. "There is joy in Heaven for one sinner that doeth penance," the child of Bethlehem tells you. O think of these words, "There is joy in Heaven for one sinner that doeth penance." What a wonderful thought for you and me that one man's conversion can send a thrill of joy through the Heavenly hosts, that the angels are stirred to some newer gladness, that to God's great glory some additional glory is added. And this is all due to the Child of Bethlehem, for Heaven was far away from us until His eyes saw the face of His Mother bending over Him in the manger.

Alas! there are many for whom He has come in vain, who will reject the light of His grace and walk on in darkness; but we who are of the number! The Son of righteousness has arisen with healing on his wings; Jesus of Bethlehem sends the rays of his grace to our hearts to-day. Often they shone on us before, now prompting us to good, now restraining us from evil, now to be fervent at prayer or in our receptions of the sacraments, and we refused the light. But, now we arise and follow it, now and forever we shall let it light up every dark corner of our souls that we may be bathed and refreshed by the love of Him who lies in Bethlehem; his weakness wins us, his infinite love and infinite abatement softens our hearts. The veil of sin, if it covers our hearts, we tear away; we approach him without fear; for it is his love for us that has brought him from Heaven. We hear the counsels of the wise men approaching, they bear Him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrror—but we bear him better gifts—the gold of earnest, loving hearts, the sweet-smelling incense of sorrow for sin, the myrror of resolution for the future. Let us all to-day bear him these gifts. Let us ask of him in return the peace and joy the angels announced, the joy of brotherhood with Him, of adoption by the Father. Let us ask him for grace never to cease to be true sons of His Father by keeping His commandments and by His grace in our souls. And he will bear us; he that stooped to the stable can bend to our lowliness. Do not fear him; go to him with affectionate boldness; speak to him with confidence; seek his pardon and love. None are too great, none are too small for Him; there is room for everyone in the stable. O may you and I seek him to-day, may our hearts find resting place in the love of the Child Jesus. Ad that is the happy Christmas I pray for and wish to you all, the happiness of peace with God, the joy of the love of Jesus of Bethlehem.

Benziger's Catholic Home Almanac for 1888.

By the time this issue of the Record reaches our readers our first shipment of Almanacs will have arrived. They will be mailed to those who send for them in the order in which remittances are received.

Send 25c in stamps or scrip. Address: Thomas Coffey, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO A WORTHY PATIENT.

On the evening of the 31st December a number of gentlemen, members of the Cathedral congregation, met in St. Peter's school house, for the purpose of tendering Rev. Father Tiernan, parish priest and chancellor of the Diocese, their congratulations on the twelfth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The sentiments contained in the address will, we feel assured, be heartily concurred in by every Catholic in the city of London.

The address, as follows, was read by Mr. Thomas Coffey, after which Mr. Patrick Walsh, on behalf of the Committee, presented the rev. gentleman with a beautiful coat, cap and mitts, all made of Persian lamb, together with a purse containing \$132 in gold.

To Rev. M. J. Tiernan, Chancellor of the Diocese of London.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—On the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of your ordination to the holy priesthood, we take the liberty, on behalf of the congregation of St. Peter's Cathedral, to offer you our warmest congratulations. Twelve years have passed since you were created a priest of the holy Catholic Church by our beloved Bishop, in the old Cathedral which a few years ago gave place to the beautiful structure we now possess. During all those years you are not has been cast amongst those who now address you. In all the magnificent works designed by His Lordship the Bishop of London for this city, you, Rev. Father, have taken no small share of the labor, and the satisfactory results visible on every hand amply prove that our good chief Pastor had chosen an able and painstaking priest to carry out his directions. We cannot, more particularly, overlook the onerous duties devolving upon you whilst St. Peter's Cathedral was in course of construction, and to your great energy and watchfulness may be attributed largely the satisfactory condition of every thing connected with the undertaking. But it is not, after all, Rev. Father, in matters of this kind you have made yourself most highly esteemed by your people. It is assuredly as a priest of God's Church we know you best. For twelve years you have been our true and faithful parish priest. You have been every ready at the call of duty; and that duty has been performed in a manner to render your name revered and beloved amongst our people. The most loyal amongst us know you best. The poor and needy have always received from you words of comfort and encouragement, as well as substantial assistance. Many a needy one has been helped when help was sorely needed—many a cheerless heart has been made glad by your liberal alms giving—many a saddened face has been made joyful by your liberal donations—many an emigrant stranger has found in you the first one to give a hearty helping hand to enable him to make a beginning in our fair and free country. The sick and the sorrowing and suffering have known in you a true and faithful friend and wise counsellor. Following the example of your Divine Master, your greatest delight has been found in going about doing good.

You will permit us, Rev. Father, to offer you our sentiments of sincerest gratitude and beg of you to accept these small tokens of the esteem and love which we bear you.

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Aid O'Meara | P. Walsh, |
| John Denehy | Thomas Coffey |
| John Curry | T. Lewis |
| Stephen O'Dwyer | John A. Millar |
| Peter McGlade | Michael O'Meara |
| J. Huff | Patrick O'Neil |
| Jam's Dewan | J. B. Murphy |
| J. McCarthy | A. Tilmann |

FATHER TERNAN'S SPEECH.—The spontaneous manifestation of your kind feelings and good will to me has so overwhelmed me, that I find myself utterly unable to express to you in adequate terms, the feelings of heartfelt and sincere thanks that I wish to extend to you. This magnificent and costly offering, together with the beautifully worded address, are far more than I deserve. True it is I have spent twelve years of my priestly life in your midst, working for your interests, but in looking back over those years I fail to find anything that would entitle me to receive at your hands so generous an act of kindness, as I am this evening the recipient of. I only did my duty, and perhaps on many an occasion I failed even to do that. All the undertakings in the cause of our holy religion that have been begun and successfully carried out in this city since I came here are owing to the wise administration and prudent guidance of our beloved Bishop. I was simply an instrument in his hands, carrying out his wishes and helping him to promote God's glory and the honor of His religion among you. Now, in conclusion, what you have done for me this evening will serve as an instrument for me to work for you more faithfully and more zealously in the future, and I can assure you that I will never cease to remember you in my prayers, and particularly when I am offering up the divine sacrifice of the Mass, my chief motto to our blessed Saviour will be for the good people of London.

OBITUARY.
Mr. James Fitzgerald.
The subject of this notice died suddenly of heart disease, at his residence in Dunwich on Dec. 29th, in the eightieth year of his age.
The deceased was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, and came to this country about forty years ago. He resided

for some time at Port Stanley, where he is still remembered by the oldest inhabitants of that place. About the year 1857 he settled in the township of St. Stephen, and endured all the hardships of pioneer life. Twelve years ago he moved to the township of Dunwich where he lived till his death. His remains were interred in Mt. Carmel cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.
ESSEX CENTRE LETTER.

OPENING OF THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

On New Year's day, Sunday, January 1st inst., the new Catholic Church of Essex Centre was dedicated to the service of God, under the title of the "Holy Name of Jesus." The day was fine, but a cold south west wind was blowing, which made the weather feel chilly. When the time for commencing the ceremonies had arrived about two hundred and fifty people were in the church, comfortably filling all the seats in the body of the church and gallery. About eleven o'clock, a m., eastern standard time, a carriage arrived from the parsonial residence at Maidstone Cross, containing the Right Rev. Monsignor Bruyere, V. G., Rev. D. O'Connor, O. S. B., President of Sandwich College, the Rev. Fathers McBrady, and Cote, O. S. B., also of Sandwich, and the parish priest, Rev. Father O'Connor. The Rev. Father Hodgkinson arrived from Woodale somewhat later.

As soon as the clergy were vested the Right Rev. Vicar-General Bruyere, began and performed the dedication ceremonies accompanied and assisted by the Rev. clergy in attendance, at the conclusion of which Monsignor Bruyere addressed the congregation, among whom were many of the leading merchants and residents of the non-Catholic population of the village.

Monsignor Bruyere explained that the church dedicated everything it used in the service of holy Religion by blessing it, as by the ceremonies they had just seen this building had been dedicated to the service of God. It was a place place where they might come and offer their prayers in their necessities, and learn to humble themselves before their heavenly Father.

He praised them for their generosity and spirit of self sacrifice in erecting and completing so fine a building in which to have the Holy Mass offered up, and concluded by wishing all a Happy New Year.

The Rev. Father Cote then began High Mass, the first ever celebrated in Essex Centre. The choir of the Maidstone Church, assisted by Miss McKeon, of Comber, and all the available local talent rendered the several parts of Peters Mass in "D" with excellent effect. After the first gospel, the Rev. Father McBrady delivered the most learned and masterly sermon that was ever yet delivered in this village. It was a full and comprehensive exposition of the Catholic doctrine of "Faith" and it is impossible to do justice to the profoundness of thought and the erudition of this learned preacher without having taken down short hand verbatim notes at the time; He showed that the Mass guided by the "Star" left every other consideration to seek "Jesus" which they did guided by the prophecies of old without heeding the scoffs of unbelievers, or the indifference of the Jews. There was an exemplification of faith which he defined to be the hope of things unseen. The world rejected mysteries, faith believed in them because they were the revealed word of God. Miracles were wrought daily in the church at the present time, but the world rejected its belief in them, because it refused to examine the proofs. He cited facts connected with the annual occurrence of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, at Naples, the miracles of the Grotto of Lourdes, and of St. Ann's below Quebec, to establish his contention of the existence of miracles at the present day. The Rev. Father delivered one of the most eloquent and elaborate sermons on the gift of faith through the good of God that it has ever been our good fortune to listen to. He concluded an hour's discourse by thanking in the name of the Rev. John O'Connor, all who had contributed in any way towards this church, and more particularly those of our separated brethren who had kindly and generously contributed towards its erection, as it showed a spirit of harmony which he said he hoped would continue. He mentioned the fact that as was the case always, and buildings cost money, and he therefore exhorted his hearers to give as liberally as they could in the collection that the Rev. Father O'Connor would take up presently towards defraying the cost of the edifice. At the conclusion of Mass the Te Deum was sung by the clergy and choir.

At 1:30 p. m., Eastern standard time, the Rev. clergy departed for St. Mary's Rectory, Maidstone Cross, where they partook of the hospitality of the Rev. John O'Connor.

Monsignor Bruyere, V. G., with Rev. Denis O'Connor, O. S. B., left for Sandwich by the first o'clock express train. In the evening at seven p. m., the Rev. Father Cote again officiated at Vespers. The Rev. Fathers McBrady, Hodgkinson and John O'Connor were also seated within the sanctuary. The Rev. Father McBrady again preached a most eloquent sermon on the spirit of God as it was infused into the Apostles by the reception of the Holy Ghost on Pentecost Sunday. In the most beautiful language he pictured the sufferings of our Saviour's heart on the eve of His chosen apostles, during His trials just preceding His cruel crucifixion and death, and until the day of Pentecost, with the zeal and fervour they displayed

afterward; and portraying clearly the infinite power of God in infusing His spirit into weak mortals. He showed that infallibility in matters of faith must of necessity, be one of the attributes of God's Church. In conclusion he exhorted all Catholics present to make a fervent prayer before their blessed Lord, who was to appear to them on the altar, that they might be led frequently to that church, and so learn to love and serve that Jesus who had given His life for their salvation.

Miss Collins, assisted by Mrs. Peter Tiernan, presided at the organ at both services. Miss McKeon sang "O Salutaris Hostia," at the Benediction and Mrs. Tiernan sang the "Ave Maria." The collection at both services amounted to about one hundred dollars.

Four altar boys from the Parish Church at Maidstone Cross, served at Mass and Vespers.

The members of the Essex Centre Church are greatly indebted to the Rev. John O'Connor, then pastor, for the great trouble he has taken to have the dedication performed by the Vicar-General, who represents his Lordship the Bishop during his absence in Rome, and for procuring such an eloquent and capable preacher for the occasion. They are also grateful to the members of the Maidstone choir, and the other ladies and gentlemen who volunteered their assistance to make up the musical portion of the services so impressive and grand, to the altar boys and to the ushers, who received the audience at the doors and seated them with such good judgment and discretion. In fact, everything passed off exceedingly satisfactorily. In the evening the church was brilliantly lighted, and well heated, and filled to about the same extent as at the morning service.

LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

In view of Lord Salisbury's declaration that the Government will not grant to Ireland any measure of Home Rule, the revelations made by Mr. Justin McCarthy are interesting. In a speech recently delivered at Hull, Mr. McCarthy stated that before last election Lord Carnarvon had proposed to him to accept any measure of Home Rule for Ireland which would be acceptable to the Conservatives, provided the latter would support the Conservatives. The negotiations were conducted solely between Lord Carnarvon and himself. The collapse of the negotiations was owing to the fact that Mr. Parnell considered Mr. Gladstone was the most reliable man to deal with. It is thus evident that the present opposition of the Government to Home Rule arises from motives of personal spite, and a desire to cling to office, and not from patriotism, which is the mark befitting which the Government are now hiding their deformed features.

Chief Secretary Balfour has been subpoenaed to attend the Portumna Assizes in January, as a witness on the appeal of Mr. Wilfred Bam, who was sentenced to two months imprisonment for attending a political meeting.

The American Confederation of Labor, an organization similar to the Knights of Labor, though not so powerful or numerous, and with fewer foreign members, in proportion to its numbers, held a Convention lately at Baltimore. A unanimous vote was passed in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. The principle of Arbitration in international disputes was also approved, though not unanimously.

At a convention of landlords in Dublin, Mr. Trench, Lord Londondown's agent, advocated a scheme by which the Government should advance money to pay off the landlords' mortgages, taking the rentals as security. This shows the straits to which the landlords are reduced. No Government dare propose such a measure. The plan would, of course, make it the intent of all taxpayers to keep the rentals at the highest possible figure. It won't work.

The *Vyestnik*, a Russian paper, published at Odessa, while commenting on the commitment of the Lord Mayor of Dublin to prison, recommends Lord Salisbury to lay aside the half-hearted and pusillanimous adoption of the Russian method of Press censorship. It adds that it would be more honest of the Government to go the full length after the manner of Russia.

Three hundred Non-Conformist ministers of Lancashire, Cheshire, and the North-West riding of Yorkshire have signified their intention of holding a meeting to protest against the manner in which the Government is administering the law in Ireland.

A Home Rule League has been established in Oxford University. The chairman of the meeting at which the League was inaugurated, was Mr. A. Sidgwick Corpus, a near relative of Mr. Balfour. Many of the most famous members of the University were present, amongst whom were Professor Freeman, the celebrated historian, Mr. Birkbeck Hill, Editor of the most celebrated edition of Baswell's "Johnson," Dr. Alexander Murray, compiler of the great English dictionary, now being published by the University, and Mr. McGregor, President of the Oxford Union.

Lord Harrington has been very coldly received by his constituents. He cannot hold an open meeting, as indications are that he would be met with a vote of "non confidence." This is made evident by the fact that at every meeting held in the constituency by Mr. Scarborough, Mr. Arthur Patton and other Unionist lecturers, has passed adverse resolutions.

The Trappists have accepted an offer of 300,000 acres of land which the government of New South Wales offered to any religious body that would Christianize and civilize the aborigines in the colony. Missionary work will begin there at once.