

## ST. JANUARIUS.

The feast of St. Januarius, called in Italian San Gennaro, occurred on the 19th of September, and was celebrated in the Cathedral of Naples with the usual solemnity, and amid the intense excitement and enthusiasm of the people, which always accompanies the annual celebration of the festival, and another celebration which takes place on the first Sunday in May.

The immediate cause of the general enthusiasm of the people on these occasions is the occurrence of the miraculous liquefaction of the saint's blood on these days and for several days following, the time during which the miracle is repeated being usually eight days, or, in ecclesiastical language, an octave.

From an early hour on the morning of the feast, the cathedral was thronged by the inhabitants, as well as by a large number of strangers, especially from England and America, all anxiously awaiting the occurrence of the standing miracle.

St. Januarius was Bishop of Naples in the early years of the fourth century, and was beheaded at Pozzuoli on 19th Sep., 305. He was at first condemned to be thrown, with his companions, to the wild beasts, but as the animals would not harm them, he was beheaded, and two small phials filled with the Bishop's blood were obtained and presented afterwards to Severus, Bishop of Naples, and in or about the year 400 the remains of St. Januarius were transferred to the city cathedral, where they are kept in a shrine beneath the high altar.

On the special days we have named it is customary to convey the phials from the chapel where they are kept to the main altar, and to bring close to them a glass case containing the head of the saint, where upon immediately the hard dark substance which is seen in the phials begins to bubble and rise, and to fall again, becoming at the same time of a clear blood red color; and observers at Pozzuoli notice that at the same moment a bloodstain on the stone on which the martyr was beheaded also, assumes a blood-red color.

This phenomenon has been investigated by many scientific men of various creeds and nationalities, and several hypotheses have been invented for the purpose of giving a plausible solution to it without miraculous intervention, but they always assume that the Bishops and priests of Naples, many of whom have certainly been men of very great piety, have been all impostors palming a delusion on the people for centuries. It is evident that any such hypothesis is untenable.

Sir Humphrey Davy, the eminent chemist who invented the miners' safety lamp, was among those who made examination of the facts, and he declared that they are inexplicable by any known physical laws. To this must be added the consideration that the clergy could not, if they would, deceive the many thousands who witness the miracle twice every year, and if they could deceive for once or twice or for several years in succession, they would not presume to repeat so frequently a deception which must eventually be exposed at some time, in perhaps, a most unexpected manner.

There cannot be entertained a reasonable doubt of the reality of the miracle, and on those occasions on which the liquefaction does not take place, which has sometimes been the case, the Neapolitans believe that God has good reason for being displeased with them.

On various occasions, when the city was visited by plague, or threatened by eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, the relics were brought out for public veneration, and the evils have been stayed or entirely averted. Hence, in addition to the regular days appointed for the public ceremony, the celebration takes place also in case of public calamity.

At the recent celebration of the saint's anniversary, at 9 o'clock a. m., when the phials were shown to the people, the blood was solid, and all knelt in fervent prayer. Fifty three minutes later the blood liquefied, and the fact was announced by the firing of a gun from the dome, whereupon a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the fortress, and the enthusiasm of the people was unbounded. Drapery were hung from the windows, business houses were closed, and the whole city joined in demonstrations of honor to the great saint and martyr, who is regarded as the special patron of the Neapolitans.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare miss it, are desperate.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

ALREADY, in consequence of the unsatisfactory so-called settlement of the School Question, agreed upon between the Dominion and Manitoba Governments, ten new Separate schools have been opened by Archbishop Langevin in his diocese. They will be under His Grace's immediate supervision, as no arrangement can be made with the Government under the delusive terms of settlement which have been attempted to be imposed on the Catholic minority. Four of the new schools are in St. Norbert, two in St. Jean, one in Letellier, one at St. Adolphe, one at St. Joseph, one at Labroquerie. They will be supported by the voluntary contributions of Catholics.

Mr. HENRY FURNISS, the English caricaturist, a couple of Sundays ago attended the church of Dr. Parkhurst of New York, and his comment on the occasion is:

"In the sermon I heard last Sunday there was more of sound money than of sound doctrine."

It was one of the features of the late presidential campaign that in thousands of Protestant pulpits the political issue was the subject treated instead of the gospel. The Catholic churches were conspicuous for the total absence of political harangues, though in a few cases we learn that as citizens some priests took an active part on one side or the other, as they had the right to do. In no instance, however, did they desecrate the House of God by preaching politics. It has been the custom with the persons to pretend that Catholics wish to trip the country under the rule of the Pope, but the campaign has proved that they are themselves the men who mix politics with religion. It has been the same way in Canada. The persons who protest most loudly against clerical influence in politics are the very men who advocate in their pulpits that political disabilities be inflicted on Catholics.

This Anglican Bishop of Marlborough has astonished the people of England by a sensational story he told a few days ago at a meeting of the Bible Society at which he presided. The story is that "an eminent Roman Catholic priest was sent by the Pope on an important mission, and then came to London to ask him (the Bishop) to prepare him for conversion to the Church of England. As soon as the preparation of the convert was completed, he was traced and kidnapped and brought to France under restraint, and is still detained there." The London papers do not accept the Bishop's story as gospel truth, and are demanding that further details of this Münchhausen story be given, as there are laws which can be put into operation for the release of the prisoner, if the story be true. Lord Salisbury only a few days ago ordered the release of a Chinese doctor who was captured by the Chinese legation for deportation to China, and if the details were known he could easily procure the liberation of the priest. The Bishop of Marlborough has not given the details demanded, and it is certain he will not do so, as the story is an evident fabrication.

SOME letters have appeared in the St. Mary's Journal in reference to a statement made by Rev. W. J. Taylor, the Anglican incumbent in that town, and repeated in the Mail and Empire to the effect that the Pope's Bull declaring Anglican Orders null is a "colossal monument of Italian arrogance." The Rev. Mr. Taylor, refuses to be drawn into a controversy with "a Catholic Subscriber," who ably brought him to task for such impertinence. The reverend gentleman is very fond of airing his views on theological subjects in the papers, but when he finds an opponent ready to dispute his statements he deems discretion the best part of valor. "Catholic Subscriber" shows that the Holy Father, animated with charity and love of truth, and in response to requests made to him by Anglicans, caused the investigation to be entered on, and published his decision solely in the interest of truth. The Holy Father's action was certainly void of arrogance, as it was simply an authoritative pronouncement on a matter of fact, on which he was appealed to even by Anglicans who desired to have recognition of their orders from so high an authority. But the facts would not allow such recognition to be given. The Rev. Mr. Taylor found himself in a sad quandary when called to account, and he retreated as rapidly as possible when such was the case.

## DEATH OF REV. J. HALTER.

We regret very much to chronicle the demise of a most esteemed priest of the diocese of Hamilton, Rev. Father Halter, of Berlin. The Record of that town made the following reference to the event in its issue of the 27th ult.:

The sad intelligence of the death of Father Halter, at Guilford, came as a great shock Thursday evening and spread rapidly this morning. Not alone among the students of St. Jerome's and the parishioners of St. Mary's was the news received with sadness, but by the whole community, for he was deeply esteemed by the citizens of Berlin generally.

Father Joseph Halter was an esteemed member of the staff of St. Jerome's College and St. Mary's. His death occurred on Thursday evening, Nov. 25, in St. Joseph's Hospital, Guilford. The deceased, who was a son of Mr. Edward Halter, of New Germany, was born in that place on March 4, 1857. Having received an ordinary education in the Public school of his native village, he spent several years of his youth in commercial pursuits in Guilford. Then he resolved to take a classical course of studies, which he did at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and St. Jerome's College, Berlin.

In 1879 he went to Rome, where he joined the Order of the Reparation, completed his philosophical and theological studies in the Gregorian University and received Holy Orders June 19, 1886.

Having completed his studies, he was sent by his superiors to act as professor at St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Ky. A few years later he was called to Chicago, where he founded St. Stanislaus College, which he directed for two years. In 1894 he returned to Berlin, where he labored as master of studies and professor of the college, and as assistant in the parish of St. Mary's.

The deceased was a deep student and ripe scholar, a thorough and efficient educator, and a clear, logical and convincing lecturer and pupil speaker. Being endowed with the finest qualities of mind and heart, and an indefatigable worker, he was eminently successful in whatever he undertook, and was esteemed and loved by all who came in contact with him. His giant frame and sound constitution seemed to promise a long life of exceptional usefulness. But a very severe attack of the grippe, in 1895, which again returned in 1896, undermined his health, and gradually brought on heart disease, resulting in dropsy. In order to give him all the care and treatment possible, he was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, Guilford, where his condition grew rapidly worse until he breathed his last. He bore his long, and at times severe illness, with great Christian fortitude and cheerfulness, retaining consciousness to the end.

He was buried at New Germany on Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

May his soul rest in peace!

## LAKE ST. ANN.

Alberta, N. W. T., Nov. 14, 1896.

Sir:—Having recently had access to your valuable paper I must say I rather admire its elevated plane of literature, and, although a Presbyterian, I add that if papers of other denominations would adopt your system—vividness of practical ideas—your mode of conscientiousness and unprejudiced line of thought, the dawn of seeing through the glass alike would be in the near future.

But what I desire to write, and to which I would direct your readers' attention on this occasion, is missionary work in the North West.

Lately having duties devolving on me to go Lake St. Ann, fifty miles north west of Edmonton. On arrival, as can be readily understood, as there are no hotels or public boarding-houses in this locality, only a few scattered half-breed houses and Indian lodges, I arranged with the kind and affable Father Z. Lezza, the head of the mission here, to abide with him for five weeks.

This mission was founded over half a century ago, by the pious Father Thibaud, under very arduous and trying circumstances.

The mission consists to day of a fair-sized church and a manse of medium dimensions, containing five rooms on the first floor, one being fairly large, which is used as a reception room, from which through to and fro, continuously all day, and almost all night, a stream of Indians and half-breeds, and invariably after the spiritual needs have been administered to the noble red man's acute appetite must be satiated and load after load disposed of, which must be a great drain on the stock of provisions at this point.

One thing to be observed above all others, is the indefatigable, zealous, and faithful manner in which the kind Father worked at all times in the vineyard of his Master. The writer having been in the North-West Territory for the past fourteen years, thought he knew well the situation of affairs throughout this country; but he had a very slight conception of the difficulties of missionary work—and how much less must others who live in luxury, and in the midst of all the modern improvements of the age have of the trials and vicissitudes of the poor missionary beyond the bounds of civilization.

I will give an account of one incident of the good work done at this point. On the 10th November, 1896, a cold and dreary day, one of the Sonny Indians came to the manse, seemingly in haste, with a pressing message of a sick call. After all partook of repast for the journey of eight miles, chiefly through bush, and as my duties called me that day in this very direction, Father invited me to accompany him.

I readily complied. As a matter of course, before starting, the sleigh must be loaded with provisions for the Indians, and a collection of all conceivable dainties of the North-West was bundled into the sleigh. The road being rough and bad for want of time snow, our progress was somewhat slow. Finally our call from the bush brought a number of Indian lodges in view. On entering these encampments, which consist merely of poles erected at right angles and covered with canvas, an eastern person, accustomed to style and fine warm houses, would naturally imagine that such abodes for a hale person would not be very congenial, much less for an invalid.

Nevertheless there the sick were prostrated on a few spruce boughs, spread on cold ground, with very meagre covering, battling, apparently, in the very jaws of death. After the Father had ascertained all the preliminaries, the cause and effect of the sickness, etc., it was soon known that the sacraments of baptism and Holy Communion were to be dispensed.

The child, which was a few days old, being baptized, the dispensing of the Holy Communion to its mother, who lay throbbing in desperate agony under the ravages of the disease, was begun and was gladly accepted and highly appreciated by the patient.

I must say that any one of a Christian turn of mind being present, seeing the administration of these sacraments under such conditions, would probably consider such moments the most impressive in life—with these poor Indians acquiring these sacraments with such decorum and high spiritual appreciation, which clearly demonstrates the wonderful hand of God.

In conclusion I must remark that the Father, this assiduous disciple, is to start a monthly newspaper of eight pages, beginning on the 1st January, and containing current news of the progress of religion, and instruction in shorthand, which characters the Indians are extra apt to learn.

The paper will be written in French, English and Cree languages. The plant consist of stylograph received from Paris, France, of a recent patent, and as the learned Father is master of all these languages, the outfit will be the paper and ink; but I hope that all Christians will give it their hearty support, as such publication will be a wonderful instrument to implant the true Christian spirit in the natives.

Yours truly,

Malcolm McKilay.

## DEATH OF MR. PATRICK KELLY.

It is with sincere sorrow we chronicle the demise of Mr. Patrick Kelly, Governor of the County Jail of Middlesex. For the past twelve months he had been in delicate health, but his friends hoped it was only a temporary illness, which, however, proved not to be the case. Cancer of the stomach was the cause of his death.

Patrick Kelly came to this country from Dublin, Ireland, accompanied by his wife and two children, in 1917 for the purpose of carving out a home for himself and family, by frugality, industry and honesty. Some time after his arrival in London, he was appointed turnkey of the county jail, and on the death of the late governor, was promoted to that position. So popular had Mr. Kelly become, and so trustworthy was his character, that no opposition whatever was offered to his appointment. Since 1893 he has filled that position in such a manner as to deserve the praise of all parties concerned.

Most strictly, but at the same time the heavy hand, the bitter word, the impatient gesture, the parade of authority, were never employed to make the lot of the hapless prisoner more miserable. Indeed it was noticeable that many who left the jail were benefited by the kind advice and Christian conduct of Governor Kelly. In all his dealings he was the soul of honesty, and quiet and unostentatious was he at all times. His word was his bond, and amongst his fellow citizens he was held in as high esteem as it is possible for man to attain.

He was a sincere Catholic, and always attentive to the obligations of his faith.

Mr. Kelly leaves a widow, one son (Mr. Joseph Kelly, of Erie, Penn., U. S.) and one daughter, Mrs. McLean (wife of Mr. Hugh McLean of the Customs Dept., London).

The funeral took place on Wednesday morning, December 2, to the cathedral, where solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of the departed soul, after which the funeral cortege proceeded to St. Peter's cemetery, where interment took place.

May the Lord have mercy on the soul of the pure-minded, honest and good-hearted Patrick Kelly!

## PRESCOTT SEPARATE SCHOOL.

To the Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

A few days ago Inspector Prendergast paid his customary official visit of inspection to our Separate schools.

He subjected the pupils of the different rooms to a very searching examination in the various branches of study prescribed by the Education Department, with the result that they acquitted themselves very creditably indeed.

To the average juvenile mind a school inspector is a very formidable personage, and his awe inspiring presence has a depressing effect on most school children, so that they can hardly do themselves justice; but the pupils of the Prescott Separate school came through the ordeal very successfully, judging from the favorable report which Mr. Prendergast sent to the trustees a few days after his official visit to the school.

The character of the answers and the accuracy and despatch with which the work assigned was performed form a good criteria of the manner in which the teachers discharge their duties in the different rooms. The Inspector commented very favorably on the discipline, progress, and general efficiency which he noticed. Special mention was made of arithmetic, spelling, and penmanship, three subjects in which this school excels in a marked degree since the present efficient Principal, Mr. W. J. Bruder, assumed control nine or ten years ago. Mr. Bruder has the reputation of being one of the most successful teachers of penmanship among the teachers of the Province. Not a few of his former pupils, some of whom are known to the writer, are now occupying good positions in some of the large cities of Canada and the United States, to the attainment of which their fine penmanship, no doubt, contributed not a little.

The trustees and supporters of the school are to be congratulated on having such an efficient staff of teachers, and it is to be hoped their services will be secured as long as they are willing to remain.

Yours, etc.,

Prescott, 30th Nov., 1896.

A. B. M.

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## DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

Rev. Joseph Halter, C. S. R., for a number of years a professor at St. Jerome's College, Berlin, died, on Friday last. He had been in delicate health for some time, but his illness has met with a great deal of improvement, a giant in physique, and a giant in intellect, nature seemed to have fixed him in a hard and useful career. He was a favorite with all who knew him—kind, hearty, whole-souled, never thinking of self, but always ready to give of himself to the good of others. He was a man who was ever ready to lend them a helping hand in the difficulties of their college studies.

May he rest in peace!

TALKED OF SOUND READING.

The concert and lecture given last evening in St. Mary's hall under the auspices of the Literary Society attracted a large audience, notwithstanding the inclement weather. Mr. J. O'Reilly occupied the chair. The chief part of the program was a lecture by Rev. Father Burke, of Oakville.

The subject of Rev. Father Burke's lecture was Sound Reading, and he landed it in an effective and interesting way. In introducing the subject, he said it was one of the highest importance, and he was pleased to undertake a mission in another domain, and had spoken upon it recently. The pulpit could not do too much to encourage a love of pure literature. Literature without did not mean a man's knowledge, but it did mean a man's knowledge and virtue did not go hand in hand. It was a surprising thing, the lecturer said, that with the many opportunities for literary advancement culture did not advance in like degree. Gibbon said that a man received two educations, one that he received from others and the other which he gave himself. The schools gave the first, but where was the second to be got? In the saloons? No. In the cigar stores or on the streets? No. In the library, by the aid of that grand combine, the literary society.

Father Burke was severe in his condemnation of the up-to-date novel, which was nothing but the highest mental froth, at the best, while in some of its forms it was most pernicious. He was not opposed to bright, healthy, vigorous fiction, and for a moment he specially referred to the Pickwick Papers. He recommended his hearers to store their minds with the best literature, whether of fiction, fact or song. Children, he thought, should read little outside their school work; but for them there was no more interesting and profitable than the story of Joseph and his brethren, as amplified by the Catholic Church. In closing, Father Burke defended the Index Librorum Prohibitorum of the Church, for it was doing grand service in preventing the reading of impure books.

The musical portion of the entertainment was as follows:

Instrumental duet—Miss Jassop and Miss Zingales.

Song—"My Heart Is Where the Heather Blooms"—Miss Tensie Stuart.

Recitation—"The Queen of Scots"—Fred Peaire.

Song—"The Rose Tree"—Miss Delorme.

Song—"The Rose Tree"—Miss Matheson.

Song—"The Rose Tree"—Miss Hunt.

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were pouring in to the Irish fund since the convention, he made sanguine predictions. In moving a vote of thanks to the speaker, which was seconded by W. T. Griffin, and heartily carried by those present, Dr. Burns expressed his appreciation of the speakers, and being able to attend the convention personally, but expressed confidence in the ability of Rev. Father O'Reilly to represent his countrymen there. After he had spoken encouragingly of the Infant Literary Society, he closed with a stirring appeal to the lovers of the Irish cause to stand united in the struggle for freedom for their native land, irrespective of creed.

Following and following the address was a programme of two parts continued by some of the most popular entertainers of the city. No appreciatively was it intended to that the numbers had to be invariably supplied by encores. Miss Tensie Stuart being also the recipient of a handsome bouquet. Those who took part were: Miss Tensie Stuart, Miss O'Brien, Miss Hunt, Miss Matheson, E. T. Martie, J. A. Cox, M. P. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morrissey, and the Literary Society Glee Club.

A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

Despite the inclemency of the weather, a large crowd was present at the opening of the bazaar in St. Lawrence's hall last evening. The affair was presided by the energetic priest of St. Lawrence's church, Rev. Father Brady, and to what might be deduced as a Christmas tree entertainment, combined with incidental amusements and a sale of fancy work. The hall is surrounded with tables, where charming young ladies are willing to sell anything from the easiest kind of an easy chair, to the most handsomely decorated with hunting and evergreen and although there was a large crowd, it is the intention to have selections from an orchestra and platform entertainment every night until the close of the bazaar, which will be two weeks hence.

For the beautiful appearance of the interior thanks are due to the following who compose the Bazaar Committee: Mrs. T. O'Brien, Mrs. Thomas Kelly, Mrs. A. Kennedy, Mrs. Coulson, Misses Mary Fagan and Maggie Yocell.

Those who dispense light refreshments are: Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, Mrs. T. Kelly and Miss Louise Proulx.

The fancy goods table is in charge of Mesdames Burns, P. F. Melville and A. McAndrews.

The musical committee consists of Mesdames Warren, Fanny Yorrell, Nellie Warren and Annie Keegan.

At a fish pond, where every representative of the sexes who visit the bazaar, have been courteously received, the following young ladies preside: Misses Annie Keegan, Nellie Warren, Sarah Keegan and Mary Stauchman.

At prices beyond the dreams of avarice sweetmeats are served by Misses Fannie Yorrell, Mary Noonan and Lydia Harris.

The bazaar hours are looked after by Miss Annie Phillips, and a splendid gallery of photographs is on hand.

It is the committee of management of the whole affair: Mrs. B. Burns, president; Mrs. K. Yorrell, vice president; Miss Annie Clark, secretary; Miss Maggie Yorrell, treasurer.

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

The conversion of Mr. Henry E. Abbey, the theatrical manager, whose funeral took place Monday from the Paulist church in New York, was brought about through the influence of an invalid son, who, after careful and earnest preparation, was received into the Catholic Church some time prior to his death, which occurred several years ago. Mr. Abbey was deeply impressed by the strong convictions and edifying life of his son, to whom he was devotedly attached. The young man on his death bed exhorted him to investigate for himself the claims of the Catholic Church and live according to its teachings for the only reward worth striving for. The famous manager appears to have at least partially kept the promise. At any rate, during his last illness he called in a priest and obtained at his hands such religious consolations as he was prepared to receive. Mr. Abbey achieved international renown as a promoter of huge amusement enterprises. His fortunate change of faith was the last investment he ever made.—The Catholic Universe.

The long winter evenings should be given up in every household to family life—to music in which all can take part, to games in which all can join, to readings in which all will be interested, and so forth. In many houses, after the evening meal, the father hides behind his paper, the mother dozes into her sewing basket, the older children go out in search of diversion, the younger ones study their lessons or rump in selfish noise and glee. There is no common life—no community of action or entertainment, no obligation felt to contribute to the general happiness, no friendship cultivated between parents and children, no desire to make of home the dearest place on earth. This lack of solidarity is all wrong. It deprives family existence of its chief joy. The evenings spent by the members of a home together happily in a common pleasure, will be the brightest spots of memory after years. If there be only so much as a half hour's reading of some delightful book, a new tip will be formed to bind all together more closely, a mutual source of conversation will be opened up, and a fund of knowledge can be gained. And then if music adds its charm to the fireside circle—with the singing of old ballads or favorite hymns—a grace will be added to the gathering that will refine as well as please. The home that has a common family life of the elevating sort, is a crystal palace, no matter what its furnishings or where its site.—Catholic Columbian.

## Bonfield Bazaar.

The Bonfield bazaar will begin on Monday, December 28, and continue throughout the week. Its organization is in the hands of the presbytery, the foundation for which has just been laid. The construction of this much needed presbytery will enable His Lordship Bishop, Lord of Pombroke, to give two priests to that place—a change which will give a great impetus to religion and colonization in that part of the country. We hope the charitably disposed people throughout the country will contribute liberally towards this most worthy undertaking. Remittances may be made direct to Rev. Henri Martel, P. P., Bonfield, Ontario.

Death is on the trail of every man, but we have grown used to him and heed him not. Crime and sin are following us, will surely find us out, and some day will open the coffin and show us the death's head. But more terrible than these, because more physical, real, is the knowledge ever present that a relentless human enemy is on our track.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

If you are anxious to find the most reliable blood-purifier, read in Ayer's Almanac the testimonials of those who have been cured of such terrible diseases as eczema, rheumatism, and scrofula, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then govern yourself accordingly.