

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892.

NO. 690.

What My Clock Says.
Hold fast, dreamer—do not fret!
Everything will come right yet.
Life holds nothing worth regret—
Let the sun rise—let it set.
I have seen the young grow old;
Seen the fond turn stern and cold;
Seen the selfish, vain, and proud;
Feed the worm, and create the shroud.
Do not sigh;
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.
Pearls, and gems, and jewels fine,
Fished from sea or dug from mine,
Silken raiment, filmy lace,
Vanish all, and leave no trace.
Those who walk and those who ride
Yet must lie down, side by side,
When their cruel master, Death,
Seals the eyes and steals the breath.
Do not sigh;
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.
I have seen the high brought low,
Seen the seasons come and go;
Fields of bloom and wastes of snow,
Sunny skies and winds that blow—
And I mark out all the hours
Whether there are frosts or flowers—
Night and day and day and night
Feeling sorrow nor delight.
Do not cry;
Do not sigh;
All will come right by and by.
Some days come, and shadows bring;
Then come joy, but they take wing;
Nothing matters, here, to me;
Time drifts to eternity,
And like streams that southward run,
Mingling in the sea as one,
So tend all things—every way—
To oblivion and decay.
Do not sigh;
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.
I have seen the pure and sweet
Smothered with mire from the street;
Seen Sin and her daughter Vice
Look as chaste and cold as ice;
Seen the hungry and the poor;
Like a shadow on you all,
Beg for bread from door to door;
Yet—for all the rich man's load—
God widens not the Narrow Road.
Do not sigh;
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.
Nothing matters! Nothing can
In the destiny of man.
Vain, alas! all tears and sighs;
Vain, reproaches—vain, replies,
Silence and decay must fall
Like a shadow on you all.
And He who made your life a span
Will judge as never judges man.
Do not cry;
Do not sigh;
All will come right by and by.
—Nelly Marshall McAffee.

"THE HOLOCAUST."

An Article Which Caused Its Publishers to be Sent to Jail.

Appropos of the anniversary of the hanging of the Manchester martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, which was observed Monday, the following article, which appeared in a special edition of the *Irishman*, on the morning of Nov. 23, 1867, and is, perhaps, one of the ablest literary works which ever adorned the columns of an Irish newspaper, is printed. For its publication the editor was sent to jail, and the Attorney-General, who prosecuted, said of it at the trial, that "it was written by no ordinary pen," and he told the jury—"Perhaps he may live many years—you may drink deep of the stream of literature, but, I believe, you will seldom meet in your reading an article of more power, or more vigor, or more stirring eloquence, than that article 'The Holocaust.'" It was at first attributed to the glowing pen of the illustrious Isaac Butt, but it is believed to have been written by one who still lives, and whose pen has frequently rendered splendid services to the cause of Ireland—the learned Dr. Sigerson of Dublin. It was headed "The Holocaust," and read as follows:

Dead to all warnings, however ominous, spurning alike the argument of the just and the prayers of the merciful, the Government of England has this day done a deed of blood which will overshadow its name before the whole world.

Nothing can account for its perpetration, against all the urgings of statesmanship and humanity, save alone the blindness which falls from heaven upon overweening pride.

Clouds of passion and prejudice have wrapt their terrible as ever fell the black night of darkness upon the Egyptian land "because," said the Lord God Israel, "ye would not let my people go."

Hapless people! Fortunate only in the protection of one sovereign—The King of Kings, the Judge of Judges, THE AVENGER OF OPPRESSED innocence, who shall surely mete out to all offenders, retribution with interest to the uttermost farthing.

Hapless people! They have been required to build without stones, to make brick with straw; and when their task masters have found the task not completed, the lash has been laid unsparingly on their backs.

For they were deprived of their lands, and punished for being poor; deprived of their liberty and scourged for being serfs; deprived of their teachers, and slain alike for learning and for being ignorant.

Those days, they explain, have passed and gone away. We have long desired to govern you mildly and well. Thus they cry out. And since when, we ask, has the change been shown?

Was it in the Relief Act?—granted merely through fear of civil war?

Was it in the prosecutions of the tribune who won it?

Was it in the famine, which slew its millions under their flag?

Was it in the exile of those gallant men whose counsels would have guided them to avert the popular death?

When and where can we behold this beneficent change of policy? Let it not be hid from the nation.

Was it in the mouthing of the viceroy, who incessantly proclaimed

that Ireland was proper only for brute beasts, not for men?

Was it in the millions' exodus fleeing from all ports, before his fiat, to the uttermost ends of the earth?

Was it in the refusal to this day to change a system of land laws which plunders them of their hard-won earnings, and drives them out bare and miserable, sick and dying, in the heat of summer, and

IN THE ICY CHILLS OF WINTER, from the homesteads of their fathers, from the native land of their race?

Let it be shown to us this change which should make us glad.

Is it to be found in the benignity of rulers whose faces we never see, but whose swords we have often felt?

Is it to be found in a denial that we have a right to a voice in our government—like Hungary, like Australia, like Canada, like any colony soever of the empire, however small, provided it be not Ireland?

Finally, the wrongs and grievances of the country are admitted. English statesmen have denounced them in the harshest terms. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer has declared them sufficient cause for revolution. When young men know this—when young men hear this—when, too, they see those statesmen not only justify revolution at home, but foster it abroad—then, stung into desperation and madness, should they act upon the lesson taught, where is the exonerator, where is the mercy?

On a vitiated verdict; on tainted testimony; on evidence which has admitted that of false swearers or perjurers—on a verdict avowed to be flawed with error—two men and a youth—in the eye of the law an infant—are done to a cruel death.

Behold England's justice in the conviction and condemnation—behold England's mercy in the sentence and execution of the political prisoners—Allen, Larkin, O'Brien!

There, indeed, written large and deep, written in letters indelible—written in letters of blood—read the mercy and justice of England!

They died

FAR FROM THE LAND THEY LOVED—far from the nation they would fain have served—foully slandered by the organs of a sanguinary aristocracy, in the midst of five thousand bayonets. It was said as an excuse they were offenders against society; but an army had to interfere between them and the people to prevent a rescue. It was said as an excuse they were non-political criminals; but they offered their lives to save those of two fellow-men, and they died with their faces turned to the West, with trust in God in their souls, and in their lips the patriotic cry—"God Save Ireland."

DEAD, DEAD, DEAD. But there are those who think that in death they will be more powerful than in life. There are those who will read their tributes from their bones, *esortare aliquis ex ossibus altior*, and we foresee troubles and trepidations, which might have been averted by a humane policy, which we would fain have averted, and which we pray, by wiser council, may yet be saved the nations. Mistaken as these martyred men may have been, they shall be remembered in their native land along with those who have gone before them; nor shall their deaths shake her desire for legislative independence, nor her trust in its speedy consummation.

From the morning watches even to the night, Israel shall hope in the Lord.

Because with the Lord there is mercy; with Him there is a plentiful redemption.

And He shall redeem Israel from all who work in iniquity.

Archbishop Walsh Pleads For Peace.

The appended letter from the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, to the editor of the *Evening Press*, might have been headed by both parties with advantage to Ireland: Archbishop's House, Dublin, Dec. 7, 1891.

DEAR SIR—I have no desire in any way to mix myself up in the deplorable political conflict by which the Nationalist forces of Ireland are now, as it seems to me, ruinously, and all but hopelessly divided.

I therefore abstain from expressing any opinion as to the wisdom of the course of political action suggested by Mr. Davitt, and discussed in the leading columns of to-day's *National Press*, in reference to the postponement of an electoral contest in Waterford until after the general election.

But I would venture to suggest that something should be done to secure that Ireland may, at all events, be allowed to spend the Christmas time in peace.

We are now within little more than a fortnight of Christmas Day. This time last year all Ireland was in a ferment of excitement over the events of the contest in Kilkenny. Surely it is not desirable in any interest that at such a time of year the country should be plunged into another such ferment.

I venture, then, to suggest that whatever steps may be deemed necessary should be taken to bring about an honorable truce, so as, at all events, to stave off the Waterford contest until after the feast of the Epiphany. I re-

main, dear sir, most faithfully yours,
WILLIAM J. WALSH,
Archbishop of Dublin.

A CANDID PRESBYTERIAN.

The Rev. William Wilkinson, a Presbyterian clergyman, who has been lecturing on "Catholicism as I found it in Rome," among other things said these words, which are well worth chronicling:

"I had not and have not the slightest intention of ever becoming a Roman Catholic, I am perfectly satisfied with the religious views I hold, but this shall not prevent me doing, to the very best of my ability, ample justice to every man, whatever faith he holds, and to every creed as I understand it. When we put aside prejudice, there is to-day no part of the Church of God which can with more reason ask at the hand of all, as an act of simple justice, a calm consideration of those principles which have for sixty generations made it a power, and which have charmed and captivated some of the choicest minds known to fame. There is no delusion more absurd than that which is held by many persons that education is sure to lessen the power of this branch of the Church. In literature, in art, in sculpture, in architecture, in music, in science and in letters for a thousand years the members of this Church held power which was almost absolute. And to-day it probably has 200,000,000 members of its communion, 8,000,000 of whom are our fellow citizens on these shores.

"A Church which can through more than 250 Popes show an unbroken chain of work does not need to speak with undue abjection when it says: 'Gentlemen, we ask you to consider our history. We admit it is not perfect, but in its sanctions millions of men have sweetly lived and without a single fear have died, some of whom have done service for the world which has made it their debtor forever.'

"It was with these and other feelings that I entered Rome in July. I knew there could be no effect without a cause. So I looked with studious care to find in present men and actions things which, if practised by men in other days, would give the historic results we know to have taken place. I was not disappointed. I met Mr. O'Connell, the Rector of the American College in Rome. A man he is of vast reading and accurate observation. If for an instant you admit his premise you must his conclusion. I can well understand how such a man as he is finds rest in the faith of an infallible Pope, which doctrine settles for him many doubts and vexed questions. I had three long interviews with the Rector. Americans have given more than \$100,000 for the work of endowing the College. So it may go on to the end of time, training young men for the American priesthood.

Rome knows how important it is that her teachers shall, on the one hand, know perfectly and love truly the Church, and on the other, be well informed in the genius of the people among whom they are at work. We have in our midst striking examples of both these facts in the head of the Roman Catholic Church in the State. So every nation has its college, in Rome, and there are about two thousand students for the priesthood there all the time. Each year as they end their student days they are sent to any place to work where authority appoints for purpose of Propaganda. This is a vast power, and it has again and again shown what it is capable of, for in the new world with comparative ease amongst its own people, it repeats in complicated conditions its old-time Middle Age triumphs.

"These are not accidental coincidences. They are the result of wise, deep and far-seeing design, and of a conviction amongst priest and people that they work for eternity and for God. It is a popular mistake to think that the Catholic Propaganda are out of sympathy with the nations in which they work; that they are in profound ignorance of what is being done and said by Protestants; for the contrary is the case. The Rector of the American College at Rome knows what the scholarly Baptists like Professor Harper are writing and planning, as well as the Baptists here know it.

"The same is true in regard to Professor Briggs, and the German Rationalists, and the English Churchman, Dissenters, and Atheists. In Rome I soon found out that the loss of the English people in Reformation times is looked upon as one of the greatest Roman faith ever had. The celibacy of the priesthood, the concentration of power, the obedience to authority, the splendor of church architecture, the magnificence of its liturgy and wondrous song would not have been available to make it the power it is had it lacked other qualities. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the great historic churches of Christendom, the Greek, the English, have never denied to the Church of Rome the claim of a true Church with valid ministry and sacraments. They have said much about its traditions and assumptions. They have said it was a 'noble faith spoiled,' and the like. That it has principles which are deep in the heart of God has never been denied except by fanatics. The grandeur of the churches throughout Europe are

owing to the truth that those who trust they did believe in God. He was very near and very dear to them. Law was impervious, sin terrible, Christ a mighty Saviour, judgment at hand, purgatory, hell and heaven not myths. These things lent impetus to missionary enterprise and sometimes led to which are not to the honor of the Church, as zeal without discretion is at all times dangerous. We must not judge men of other faiths and olden times by our enlightened days, or we shall err. In Rome I learned, as I have never before, to think that the faith which saw the very inception of the highest civilizations which flourish to-day would not be abolished by the designs of men of our own times. For good or ill, the Roman Catholic Church is here to stay."

STAR PREACHERS.

Appropos of the question, what would become of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, should Mr. Talmage die, a Philadelphia paper remarks upon the fleeting character of the influence of churches erected for some celebrated preacher rather than for the service of God. The Tabernacle is essentially a building of this type. It was built at great cost as a suitable place for the display of Mr. Talmage's talents as a platform speaker, and is sufficient to accommodate the vast crowds of strangers, curiosity-seekers and lovers of sensation who go to hear him every Sunday.

Mr. Talmage, as a star preacher, is worth the large salary he draws. There are few men more entertaining on the public platform, and his sermons are even more attractive in their way than his lectures. He is dramatic, startling, pathetic and amusing by turns. Alternately his listeners laugh and weep. He has great command of language and acts out every part of his subject. Once he was travestied by Howson, in a comic opera; but Howson, though mirth provoking, was not half as droll as the original.

Of course there is no denying that a public entertainer of this sort is worth money, and Mr. Talmage commands it. And, as he requires a hall of his own, where his talent as an actor may be displayed to the best advantage, his congregation have liberally provided him with one. "But," as the Philadelphia *Press* remarks, "should Talmage die what orator is able to summon these thousands and obtain from them the financial support necessary to sustain so splendid and expensive an edifice?"

Star performers of this class are difficult to find, and usually, when they disappear from the scene, their congregations sink into obscurity or go to pieces. Who hears a word about Plymouth nowadays? Yet not many years ago Mr. Beecher attracted large audiences as Mr. Talmage does at present. The present pastor of Plymouth is an estimable gentleman, but a dull one, and he is one of the last persons a stranger in New York, looking for Sunday amusement, would seek out.

The *Press* observes that "there is a great tendency in these days to make our churches ecclesiastical club houses." Our churches, however, he adds, do not run this risk. Churches are not built to meet a sudden demand for phenomenal fleeting eloquence, but for the worship of the living God. The writer further proceeds to say that "if cathedrals had been simply created to attract attention to some rapt, brilliant orator of a monk, wandering about in the middle ages, preaching his faith, they would long since have gone into abandonment and decay. They were built for the faith. Whether the men lived or died, whether they were eloquent or silent, the cathedral stood and God was worshipped."

Nothing could be more true than this; but many things have changed. The whole world was Catholic when the great cathedrals to which he alludes were built. We are now, however, at the end of the nineteenth century. There are thousands and tens of thousands who do not go to church to worship God, but for entertainment. They go, not to hear the word of God, but to hear Dr. So-and-so, "a different thing. When a platform orator like Mr. Talmage dies, the hall where he was in the habit of appearing is useless. Such a man has no influence beyond the present, any more than the actor on the boards. The spirit of the living truth is not there; having served to amuse an idle hour the mission of such an individual is ended."—*Baltimore Mirror*.

The Defeat of Davitt.

The election of John Redmond to represent the city of Waterford will not tend to promote harmony in the ranks of Ireland's parliamentary representatives. On the contrary, it will increase the factional strife which has so long menaced the cause of Home Rule. It demonstrates the sad fact that the unhappy division among the leaders has taken root with the people. This is to be regretted, but it cannot be helped now.

The efforts made some time ago by Archbishop Walsh and other distinguished prelates in the direction of harmony have failed, and the crushing defeat of Davitt will not be apt to improve the prospect of a truce. The humiliating feature of this last contest

is the unconcealed glee of the Tories and Orangemen over Redmond's victory. It is not that these enemies of Ireland have any love for Mr. Redmond, but because they see in his triumph a prospect of continued strife, and continued strife means a new lease of coercion.

In view of the near approach of a general election the perpetuation of the factional quarrel is to be deplored. Instead of a united people concentrating their whole energies to elect a solid home rule delegation to the next Parliament, there will be witnessed the sad spectacle of two hostile divisions fighting each other at every point and giving to the coercionists and Orangemen the opportunity to steal away several seats which would be surely Nationalist with a solid, undivided party. Such a fight must not only be detrimental to the cause of Ireland, but needlessly expensive. Duplicate organizations must be maintained; duplicate canvassing committees will be pressed into the service. All these luxuries will cost money. And the people of Ireland and their friends abroad must pay the bills.

We sincerely trust that the factional leaders will come to their senses and realize the fact that they are jeopardizing the best interests and brightest hopes of their unfortunate country. The time for union has not passed yet.

PURGATORY AND PRESBYTERIANS.

If the Presbyterians would only have the good sense to believe in purgatory they would be much happier and have less theological bickering. They need have no difficulty in understanding our doctrine that God has given some revelation to man which is not contained in the Holy Scriptures. All that is there contained is revealed doctrine, but no plausible reason can be alleged for supposing that the Scriptures contain the whole of revelation. Of course, if it be claimed for any statement that it has been revealed by God, the burden of proof is on him that makes the claim; a burden which the Catholic theologian is prepared to bear. It follows that the mere silence of Scripture on any point of doctrine is not conclusive against the truth of the doctrine. We might, if necessary, freely grant that there is no trace of the doctrine in the written Word, and nevertheless be able to show conclusively that this doctrine is part of the deposit of revelation. The mere silence of the Scripture is not equivalent to denial. If anyone do not admit this, the burden is on him to show that silence is equivalent to denial—a burden which is too heavy for the broadest Protestant shoulders.

But it is a different thing if the Scripture appears to contradict the doctrine. In this case the matter must be investigated, and if the contradiction turns out to be real, the doctrine must be abandoned, for the Scriptures are certainly the word of God, who cannot contradict Himself. He cannot have said in one place what is contrary to that which He has said in another. But if the doctrine be part of the teaching of the Church, it will always turn out on examination that the contradiction is not real, but merely apparent. The text will be found to admit two meanings, one of which—perhaps the more obvious—is opposed to the doctrine, while the other is consistent with it. When this is so, there is no sure contradiction, and the text must be put aside as having no clear bearing on the controversy.

It will be found that there are comparatively few cases where a text is clear and unambiguous. It is very hard to be sure that we see the full sense of a text; careful investigation is needed before the text can be quoted as decisive.

We have been led to make these remarks by noticing that many popular writers seem to consider that the Catholic doctrine of purgatory is inconsistent with various passages of Holy Scripture, which teach that man's eternal destiny is determined unalterably at the instant of his death. This is beyond doubt the doctrine of the Scripture; it is conveyed, for instance, in the passage of Ecclesiastes ii. 3; "If the tree fall to the south or to the north, in what place soever it shall fall, there shall it be." When a man dies, he either has the grace of God abiding in his soul, and he is sure of a happy eternity, enjoying the sight of God; or he has not this grace, and he will never be admitted to this blessed vision. But in face of this tremendous distinction it is of comparatively little moment whether the admission of the first class to heaven take place immediately on their death, or is delayed for a time. All time is short and insignificant compared with eternity. The text quoted, and all others to the same effect, are silent on the point, for it was not to the purpose. They therefore do not contradict the teaching of the Catholic Church that there is a purgatory, where some of those who depart this life in the grace of God suffer for a time on account of their sins. The proof of the doctrine must be sought elsewhere, but we hope that we have established the futility of one common objection raised against it.

It is a great mistake to try to put our best thoughts into human language.—*Hartington, Marble Faun*.

The Pope's New Year's Greetings.

A Rome despatch says the Pope on the 1st received the various diplomats in Rome who called upon him to express the customary New Year's greetings. His Holiness devoted an hour to the audience, and extended a most cordial reception to his visitors. He enquired of Count Lefevre de Beaulieu, the French Ambassador to the Vatican, concerning the health of President Carnot. All the diplomats remarked the healthy appearance of the Pope, and spoke in high terms of the extreme lucidity of ideas expressed by him.

Home Rule For India.

At a meeting of the Indian National Congress, at Nagpur, a resolution was adopted declaring that it is necessary that a legislative structure shall be established in India, to which the people of India shall elect representatives. The resolution also says that it is imperative that reductions be made in the expenditures of the army of India. The destitution of the masses in certain sections is greatly due to the fact that they have no parliamentary representation, and that, consequently, they are unable to control such expenditures. The Congress sent a despatch to Mr. Gladstone, upon the occasion of his eighty-second birthday, expressing the hope that many years of his life of usefulness may be vouchsafed to him.

HARTINGTON'S VACANT SEAT.

No by-election during the existence of the present Government has approached in interest and vital importance the coming contest for the Rossendale seat, vacated by Lord Hartington. Both parties are fully alive to the fact that the loss of the seat will be accepted throughout the country as an almost decisive test of the fate of the ministry in the coming elections, who will strain their resources in money and local influence, and be alert in the use of every known electorizing art in order to compass a triumph. Lord Hartington held the seat partly in family interest, partly on account of personal popularity, and partly as a Unionist. The vote will decide whether the electorate, which is fairly representative of the whole of Lancashire, is on purely political grounds Gladstonian or Unionist. The dissidents will throw their full strength into the contest. Sir Thomas Brooke, the dissident candidate, is Lord Hartington's own choice. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Henry James, T. W. Russell, Mr. Bright and a number of other Liberal members of the House of Commons will speak in the canvass of electors. The Gladstonians already muster twenty-five members of the House of Commons working for their candidate. Mr. Maden, who is a young and eloquent speaker, almost an orator, with strong family connections in the district, Mr. Schaffhorst will reinforce his twenty-five speakers by Mr. Broadhurst, M. P., the trades union wire puller, and Mr. Hart, M. P., the miners' member, besides selected factory delegates. Lord Hartington's valedictory to the electors has no special bearing on the contest. He says that he does not regret the rupture with his old Liberal friends, and that he trusts the country from a violent constitutional change, that the statesmen whom the disruption of the Liberals placed in power have proved to be able and vigorous administrators, passing practical and businesslike measures, and that he trusts that Rossendale will continue to support the dissident party. In reality the Unionists dread the issue, a rapid canvass of the district already made having disclosed a surprising Gladstonian bias.

CHRISTMAS IN INGERSOLL.

The feast of the Nativity of our Lord was celebrated with more than usual solemnity at the church of the Sacred Heart, Ingersoll. There was a large attendance at all the services, and a great number approached the holy sacrament, thereby showing that the congregation heartily cooperated with the earnest endeavors of their good pastor to make the festival both holy and happy. The altar, decorated with beautiful natural flowers and illuminated by various colored lights, showed the excellent taste of the good Sisters of St. Joseph. Masses were celebrated at 6 and 10:30 a. m., Rev. Father Molloy, P. P., officiating and preaching a sermon appropriate to the occasion. The choir sang in a beautiful manner, Paschall's Mass by Lamblotte was rendered by the choir, with orchestral accompaniment, in good style, and reflected great credit on the organist, Miss Allan. The solos were beautifully sung by Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. O'Neill, Miss Everett, and Messrs. Stacey, Daly and McAll.

In the evening Rev. Father Molloy, officiated, and Rev. Father Brady, P. P., of Woodstock delivered a very interesting course on the birth of our Lord. The choir sang the musical Vespers very effectively. Miss Keating sang the *O Salutaris*, Mr. McAll the *Adeste Fideles*, the *Tantum Ergo*, with violin accompaniment, was given with exquisite taste by Mrs. Dunn. The singing was ably sustained by Messrs. Stacey, Molten, and Daly with clarinet, violin and violoncello, and it is needless to say that the music throughout was of the finest order.

After High Mass, at the kind invitation of the pastor, the choir met at the pastoral residence, where a very pleasant half-hour was spent; all wishing their good parish priest a long life and many pleasant returns of the day.

Peel Items.

Monday evening, Dec. 21, a party of young folks of this vicinity assembled at Mr. E. Conroy's residence and surprised their teacher by presenting her with a very beautiful and liberal contribution accompanied by the following address which was read by Miss May Connolly:

Miss Emma Miller, teacher: Dear Miss Miller, I think you have been with us only a short time, but during that time we have learned to love and respect you. Hence it is with joyful hearts we assemble here this evening to perform the pleasing duty of expressing our appreciation of the interest you have evinced in our school, and also for the zeal you have shown in your duties as organist of our church. We feel that words cannot convey the great pleasure that we experience in having our minds wafted above by the devotional strains which have filled the school office under your skillful direction. How well you have succeeded as teacher is known to all. You spare no pains, left nothing undone to promote the individual as well as the general interests of your pupils. It would you to depart on your vacation without expressing to you our sincere thanks. At the same time as a souvenir of your sojourn among us and as a pledge of our esteem for a beloved teacher and friend we ask you to accept this slight token. It is but a trifle and represents but feebly our true gratitude and affection. We pray that God may extend to you the blessing of this holy season, which we wish you a safe journey to your home, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

On behalf of the congregation, M. Conroy, J. McCarty, H. Casey and M. Courtney.

The teacher then responded by expressing her heartfelt thanks for the very pleasant hours the party then withdrew again to their respective homes.

To my mind music is an important part of education, where boys have a turn for it. It is a great restorer when they are thrown on the world; it is a social amusement perfectly innocent, and what is so great a point, employs their thoughts.—*Cardinal Newman*.