

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Archbishop Elder recommends that the De Profundis bell be rung in every church of his diocese.

Right Rev. John S. Foley, D.D., Bishop of Detroit, will start for Rome during the present month.

There are nearly 800 Catholic orphan asylums in the United States, sheltering about 30,000 orphans.

Monks from Brittany are to settle in Wales with the special mission of converting the Welsh people.

The health of Count Albert de Mun, who has had a slight stroke of paralysis, is said to have considerably improved.

The venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Paris will celebrate the golden jubilee of his ordination on the 27th of December.

The editor of the well-known Catholic review, the Civiltà Cattolica, has been fined 500 francs and the manager 1,000 francs for an alleged libel on Signor Raffaele de Cesare.

The Catholic Church in England is not only rapidly gaining strength but wealth as well. It has just been bequeathed a legacy of \$1,000,000 by the late Mrs. Lyne Stephens.

Mgr. d'Hu'st has been authorized by the Comtesse de Paris to publish an account of the last moments and death of the Comte de Paris. This publication is likely to appear next month.

A complete collection of the Concordats arranged with the different States during the Pontificate of Leo XIII. is about to be published in Rome. It has been edited by Cardinal Galimberti.

The Holy Father was greatly interested during the sickness of the Russian Czar, and prayed for his restoration to health, as he considered him the best pledge for peace in Europe.

Brother Joseph, the head of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, has been confirmed in his position by the Chapter lately held in Paris, and will thus serve for another ten years as Superior-General.

There are more Catholic Sisters in the country than people generally imagine. Four orders, the Franciscans, Sisters of Notre Dame, Sisters of St. Joseph and Sisters of Charity, count, altogether, nearly 16,000 members.

The White Fathers have entered upon the evangelization of the French Soudan. Three Fathers and one Brother have already started on that expedition. The mission will be established at Timbuctu, the most celebrated town of that region.

Monsignor Stopani, vicar-general of the diocese of Aberdeen, and administrator of the Cathedral, died recently in his 64th year. The deceased cleric was a native of the city of Aberdeen, and, as the leading priest of the locality, was largely connected with public life there.

Active preparations are being made for the approaching marriage of Signor Crispi's daughter, Prince Lingualesa, the expectant bridegroom, was formerly a pupil of the Jesuits and is a good Catholic. Signorina Crispi is being carefully instructed with a view to receiving the Sacraments. Her dowry is said to be three million lire—six hundred thousand dollars.

Last Sunday at the Carmelite Convent at the monthly meeting of the Confraternity of the Holy Face, it was announced that there are now 13,590 members of this association. Large numbers were enrolled in the past month from Washington, Wilmington, Trenton, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Wilkesbarre and other places.

FOR THE VILLA MARIA BAZAAR.

AN ABLE SERMON ON EXTREME UNCTION.

At St. Patrick's Church, on Sunday evening last, the collection taken up was in aid of the recently closed Villa Maria Bazaar. The intention was to afford every person an opportunity of contributing to this splendid object. During the course of the evening service a very eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Father James Callaghan on the important sacrament of Extreme Unction. The necessary preparation for this sacrament was most fully explained and the importance of that last sacred rite of the

Church was dwelt upon in terms both lucid and eloquent. As usual, there was a great deal of the practical in Father James' sermon, and the congregation went away with a better idea of the importance, necessity and requisite dispositions, as well as the method of administering Extreme Unction.

THE OLD CHURCH.

[Written for THE TRUE WITNESS.]
Say, must we leave the old Church, that humble little frame,
Are we compelled to sever, e'en though we would remain?
To its shabby, unpretentious roof forever bid adieu,
And bury in oblivion all the past, both false and true.

You ask why should I linger beside this mouldering ruin,
And drink the dregs of sentiment repulsive in their gloom,
What tends there to allure me from yonder opulent grand,
Whose haunting pillars soar above in tenacious command?

With compressed lips I answer, for reason must give way,
To the inner language of my heart lamenting its lost ray,
I know there's naught enchanting beneath its rocky dome,
And fain would think monotony is centered in its tone.

Withal to me it's sacred, each crevice, nook and cell,
Recall sweet memories of the past which time no'er seems to quell;
Its tarnished walls, its ceiling dim, its antiquarian bell,
Brings naught to you and yet to me there's soothing in its knell.

Within its dingy attic, where spiders' webs protrude,
Reminiscences dim as there I can't elude,
The fence around the doorway, now sullied in its glow,
Where men to-day had cut their names when boys of long ago.

This lowly house of homage, the worldlings may pass by,
Contemptuous head uplifted, my heart reaches why?
Perhaps its more endearing to him who rules the earth,
Since poverty preceded Christ where Mary gave him birth.

The blessed spirits hovering round its little rustic pass,
Through which in life they oft did cross to list at Holy Mass;
In vision bright they come to me, in dreams of bliss sublime,
With whisperings of a long ago that's faded into time.

They tell me of a "Father John" they used to love so dear,
And "Fahey Tom in Reverence" with countenance beaming clear,
They speak of youths whose genius great foretold their future bright,
Whom served upon this Altar to the worshipper's delight.

Of girls whose traits angelic had marked their course of life,
Whose daily morning vigils here oft swayed opposing strife.
In fancy, then, I hear the sound so doleful in its din,
The old church bell rings out, methinks it's me they're calling in.

I wander towards its barrack lone, the night is dark and drear,
The fitting thoughts impressive seem, I fain would shed a tear;
I gaze within, around, about, there's nothing there anew,
My dream is out—awaking find my eyes are wet with dew.

Then must we leave the old church? Ah! well, it must be so,
But let us kneel "together" once, at least before we go,
Let wrongs all be arighted, forgiven and forgot,
Contortion must be buried in this unretrieving spot.

Let's gather 'neath its covering all with sense of Christian love,
We must forgive if we expect forgiveness from above,
'Tis better far that strife should not be fondled in the heart,
But crush it on this threshold now, since we're about to part.

A. W. DUNN.

St. Gabriels, Oct. 15th, 1894.

PRINCESS BISMARCK DEAD.

BERLIN, November 27.—Princess Bismarck died at Varzin at 5 o'clock this morning. Her elder son, Count Herbert, arrived at Varzin yesterday evening in obedience to a summons, and other members of the family are on their way there.

Prince Bismarck is completely broken down by the death of his wife, although her death was not altogether unexpected. Dr. Schenenger, fearing serious consequences in the case of Prince Bismarck, owing to symptoms of a recurrence of the Prince's old troubles, is concentrating his attention upon the ex-Chancellor. Prince Bismarck has for some time past had a premonition of catastrophe to himself or his wife here before they should leave Varzin, and has recently said repeatedly that if Princess Bismarck could only go to Friedrichsruhe

in tolerably fair condition all might be well. He now has fears that he himself may not make the journey in safety. Prince Bismarck this morning sent a telegram to the Emperor, apprising His Majesty of the death of Princess Bismarck, in reply to which the Kaiser wired the ex-Chancellor a long message of sympathy. The funeral of the Princess will probably take place at Schoenhansen.

CHINESE SHOPKEEPERS.

AN IRISH MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT GIVES A GRAPHIC SKETCH OF STREET LIFE IN CANTON.

In the November number of the Century, Florence O'Driscoll, M.P., has an entertaining paper, "In the City of Canton," wherein are given many graphic sketches of Chinese life. Mr. O'Driscoll says:

The shops were of all sizes. Some were seven or eight feet square, with the back premises closed from sight; some were twenty or twenty-five feet wide, reaching back thirty or forty feet. Perhaps an average sized shop, in a fashionable neighborhood, was about fourteen feet wide and twenty-two feet deep. It was open, of course, to the street, with no shop front, but generally there was a counter along one side, and another at the back.

There was almost invariably an oblong opening through the roof, to admit light and air, unclosed to the sky in summer, but with provision for a glazed light in winter. In the poorer class of houses this skylight could be shut by drawing a cover over it.

To a certain extent the wares were displayed, but not as in our windows. Pottery and hardware had a better display than soft goods; food was exhibited in open trays, or was hung up. The goods, as a general rule, were made in the shops where they were sold, and workmen were to be seen fashioning the articles in all the stages of their manufacture.

There were some shops where no workmen could be seen, and in their place a staff of clerks sat ready to wait upon customers; these were not numerous, and were as a rule shops relying chiefly upon tourist trade. The Cantonese shopkeepers struck me as being generally fat, sleek, pot-bellied gentlemen. Commonly the only article of clothing worn, either by them or by their assistants, was loose drawers fastened round the hips. In winter they don a soft, warm, padded blouse. Placid, unexcitable looking folk they were, taking life coolly, sitting thus naked to the waist, ceaselessly waving their fans while they waited for custom, for which, however, they did not appear to tout.

Signs of all colors, sizes and shapes hung out from the shops; from a board 10 or 12 inches wide, and 6 or 7 feet long, hanging vertically, to a little strip of wood or paper of about the same proportions in inches. The lettering of these signs was gorgeous—gold letters on a crimson ground, vermilion on a background, blue on white, or some other striking contrast. Bright-colored lanterns hung all across the shop fronts and around the walls, or were suspended in the centre.

They were bamboo constructions covered with tough, oiled paper, and painted with signs and hieroglyphics—quite unlike the flimsy forgeries sold in Europe as Chinese lanterns. At night these were lighted, the Chinese being very fond of illuminations. All sorts of oils were used—fish oil, tallow, vegetable oils, kerosene, of which last over 1,000,000 gallons of the American variety are burned yearly in the city. At the time of my visit the authorities were introducing electric lighting for their streets and for the better-class shops and houses.

When everything was well alight, the sight was very fine. Even in the daytime the effects of color were novel, pleasing and warm. Black and brown lacquered work cabinets, metal bound; ebony tables inlaid with ivory, marble and mother-of-pearl; deep blue and maroon colored pots, gray and gold ware, yellow and green; gold dragons embroidered on black satin gowns, blue and silver wraps and cloaks of vermilion and purple; richly cut carvings in quaint fantastic shapes—a blaze of color that was bewildering, a variety that was endless.

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