

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Departed.

Where they abide no gently falling showers
Moisten the rippling soil, and dry;
On grey, hot slates, they on the weary hours
Their long nights dragging by.

Where they abide there is no joyous singing,
No sweet bird voices wake the silent air;
Only thro' blackness slanting waves are flinging
Wild moanings everywhere.

Where they abide there is no happy laughter,
And faintly, thro' the mists of the hereafter,
They still can see His Face.

Can see His Face, their promise and salvation;
For they have knelt and wept the Cross
Beside.

Shorten, Lord God, we pray, the desolation
Where they in tears abide!

M. E. M. in *Ass. Maria.*

CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

In the latest issue of the *Monist*, a quarterly magazine published by the Open Court Publishing Company, the following paragraph appears: "The publishers and editors of the *Monist* are not Roman Catholics, and we suppose that the majority of our readers are not, either. But all the more it appears to us necessary to state as a matter of justice that the Roman Catholic publications (*i. e.* those which avowedly and confessedly represent Roman Catholic thought) are far superior to their analogous Protestant contemporaries. The latter are debating their particular sectarianisms and do not seem to be interested in the progress of their times. They do not heed the discoveries of science or the views of philosophers; they live in a world of their own. It is different with Roman Catholics. * * * They have thinkers among them who keep abreast of the time. It is true that there is more discipline in the camp of the Roman Catholic, * * * but with all this discipline goes along a broad-mindedness in attacking the different problems of modern science and philosophy and bringing them into harmony with the Roman Catholic faith." Such a judgment coming from an unbiased critic is certainly a high compliment to our Catholic journals.

Boston Republic.

His Imperial Majesty the Czar of All the Russias made a journey recently by rail through a portion of his domain and into Germany. In order that the effusive affections of his subjects might not overpower him or render his passage more difficult, precautions were taken by the authorities against any popular demonstrations. A correspondent thus summarizes the arrangements: "Both sides of the railway track were occupied by soldiers scarcely ten yards distant from one another, and sent from great distances. Special preparations were taken for guarding the bridges, cuttings, crossings, and woods. Houses and farms near the railway had to be lit up during the night, and during the last twenty-four hours nobody was allowed to enter or leave them without permission. Officers were constantly rushing up and down to see that proper measures had been taken, and besides all these there were the secret police. If the truth were told a pin could not have fallen to the ground unseen. For days the inhabitants remained quietly in their huts, and many a one dared scarcely step outside his door. The guards stood continually on the same spot, and were without food or drink for from six to ten hours, being relieved as seldom as possible."

One of the features of the recent election in Devonshire, England, was a vigorous and spirited anti-Catholic crusade which was conducted by a gang of Orange Presbyterian ministers in the interest of the Tory candidate. Respectable journals of the Tory stripe lent their aid to the agitators, a fact which demonstrated very clearly that the party leaders approved of the "no popery" plan of campaign. An appeal was made to the dissenters of the Molton division in behalf of the non-conformists of Ireland who would be placed under the yoke of Rome unless Mr. Lambert, the Gladstonian Home Ruler, were defeated. The resort to bigotry and Know-nothingism failed as signally in Devonshire as it failed in Massachusetts. The Tory hosts and their Orange allies were ingloriously routed, just as Lodge, Allen, Long and the Committee of One Hundred, with the British-American Tories, were routed in our recent campaign. This is an age of progress and intelligence.

Catholic Telegraph.

Socialism is too vague a word for accurate definition. As a modified form of communism, it assigns land and the implements of production to associations to the individual. Communism embodies a definite idea. It is wrong, it says, for one to possess wealth and life in jovial splendor merely by taking the trouble to be born, while others around him beg. It, therefore, takes from him who has to give to him who has not, maintaining a perfect equality in the distribution of the means of living. The logical sequence is the universality of the idea. For to have things in common, men must labor in common—do tasks authoritatively imposed—lest individual freedom creates an excess of production in this or that direction. Lest, too, the individual secretly use that portion of his product belonging to others, men must consume in common; and the family, as one writer expresses it, becomes transferred to the public square. In a word,

under an enforced equality, pressing everything to a level, all goods, persons, education, love, religion—must be in common.

Catholic Columbian.

Dead! Pray for the happy repose of his soul. Col. Donn Platt died at his residence, Mac-o-Chee Valley, near West Liberty, Logan county, O., on Thursday, at 3 p. m. The last words he ever wrote in life were for the *Columbian*. Our readers will readily recall his powers as a writer, and we had hoped to receive from him many a brilliant article for these columns before time had stayed the veteran's hand. But God disposed it otherwise.

The mother who says: "That child is too much for me. I can't control him," has usually, not learned to control herself. If she had kept the check on herself she would never have made that admission which only encourages the young scamp to defy her authority and disobey her commands. Any child can be controlled. No boy is naturally so bad that he can't be good, if he tries; and he will try, if he is trained right. Parents must conquer themselves, therefore, before they can conquer their young.

There were more eyes raised to heaven last Sunday evening than are usually raised in that direction. But it wasn't to pray those eyes were so uplifted; it was only to look at a shadow upon the fair face of the moon. When the unmarred reputation has a shadow cast upon it, the shadow becomes all the darker for the brightness that preceded it. It was so with the moon. Its brilliancy is so common that people scarcely think of it, but when a big shadow overspreads its face, then the interest of the people becomes awakened, and as the shadow grows apace, the onlookers get excited, interested and amazed. What a beautiful picture of life the moon's eclipse affords! You have only got to study it carefully, and a sweet mental photograph will be the result of your study.

Pittsburg Catholic.

The world owes me a living, is the saying of the shiftless and improvident, and their excuse for their failures. The world owes no man a living. But you owe a duty to the world, which is your fellow man, that you earn your livelihood, and make use of the opportunities a gracious Providence has so amply given you.

Give your girls a good domestic training that will fit them to bear that burden and to order the affairs of their own family, a home education, which they are liable to miss, if too much of their girlhood is passed in boarding schools. Culture is all right, but it should rest upon a firm foundation of practical knowledge.

The South American countries are Catholic. Prate as our bigoted contemporaries may of their corruption, their blind subservience to the Church, they have a keen sense of freedom. Dictators do not flourish among them. Balmaceda usurped authority. He now fills a suicide grave, his name linked to infamy for all time. Fonseca, of Brazil, has assumed dictatorial power. Already the freeman of that country are in arms against him, and, be it remembered, the Church sides with the people in upholding their constitutional rights.

A well merited rebuke.—An esteemed Catholic woman lately lost her husband by death. He was a good, easy-going man, but derelict in his Catholic duties. Being ill the doctor was called in, who pronounced his case hopeless, adding he still had some weeks of life. The priest was summoned and he, in the consolation of preparing him for death. Within twenty-four hours of the priest's departure he suddenly died. The doctor was astounded at the news and severely reprimanded the good wife for what he called injudicious zeal, saying she had shortened her husband's life a week. With dignity the bereaved wife replied: "Simp, sir, if I have shortened my husband's life a week on this wretched earth, I thank God I have gained him an eternity of happiness in the better life." The doctor, who, by the way, was a Catholic, humbly apologized and in truth learned a lesson for the balance of his days.

A WORD TO IGNORANT BIGOTS.

Chevalier Macdonald, of Toronto, administers a well deserved rebuke to those persons who deliberately insult Catholics by applying to their faith nick-names which are as ridiculous as they are out of place. The Chevalier says: "The words 'Roman' and 'Romish,' both derived from 'Rome' are not synonymous, as can, I think, be shown by example. Everybody has heard of the 'Roman Catholic Church'; in fact, the designation is recognized by Act of Parliament; but who ever speaks of the 'Romish Catholic Church'? Again we hear of 'Romish practices,' 'Romish tendencies,' and so forth. These are not 'Roman' practices or tendencies, but 'approximations,' 'Tendinisms in Latium,' that is, we have not yet arrived there. The words 'Roman' and 'Romish' are often used indifferently by people who know better no word means harm; but I never knew a Catholic who did not consider the quasi hybrid epithet 'Romish' as an insult. Even

extinguishers are beginning to view it in the same light. Rev. James Stormouth, in his 'Dictionary of the English Language' (Harper, New York, 1885), defines 'Romish' as 'a term offensively applied to the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church.' It may not be generally known that John Walker died a Catholic; we need not therefore be surprised that in the last edition of his dictionary (Peter Brown, Edinburgh, 1838) the word 'Romish' does not appear. The very sound of those hissing epithets, 'Romanist,' 'Romish,' 'Papist,' 'Romish,' etc., indicates their origin; they are the brood of the old serpent, and as such should be eschewed by every Christian and relegated to the place whence they emanated and where they belong."

ANTE-CHRISTIAN DAYS.

From the Toronto World of Monday last we learn that St. Michael's Cathedral was well filled on Sunday night by a congregation, including many Protestants, to hear Archbishop Walsh deliver a lecture on "Christ the Great Social Reformer." The interior of the edifice presented a fine appearance, the handsomely painted ceiling and walls, the brilliantly lighted altar and the gorgeous robes of the priests all lending beauty to the scene.

After the full choir had sung the Vespers His Grace ascended the pulpit. "At such a time as this," said he, "when the Christian Church is ridiculed and its holy doctrines held up as the last remains of departing superstition, it is especially fitting to see what Christ has done to reform social life." He went back to the time of Augustus Caesar. In this pagan time, he said, Rome was at the height of its power. Its eagles were held aloft as the symbol of authority throughout the then known world. Poets sung and orators declaimed in language that is looked upon as divine even in these modern days. Sculptors chiseled out of the solid marble figures, the reproduction of which defied the greatest efforts of sculptors of the present day. But with all this advancement in art and with a society so truly sad as to these pagan times, there was a gradation to which social life had sunk was something alarming. It was an age of lust and prostitution and the greater part of the people lived lives of polygamy. Men of the same race and some of equal rank as their masters lived and died in the chains of slavery. Thousands of men forced to become gladiators were butchered in the arena of the amphitheatre to make a Roman holiday. Such was the social condition of the times that nothing but bloodshed and lust seemed to appease the multitude. Society was rotten to the core, and woman was little better than a slave. Divorce was the order of the day. Here His Grace repeated the words, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The father, he said, was absolute master over the household, just as the Emperor was over all the subjects. When a child was born it was brought and laid at the feet of its father. If he, after looking at it, ordered it to be turned out, his command was immediately obeyed, and the helpless child was thrown on the wayside to die of hunger or meet a more horrible death.

After having portrayed so vividly these gloomy times of paganism His Grace pictured the peace and prosperity of the Roman Empire, socially and otherwise, after the light of Christianity had fallen upon it. Christ, the great social reformer, had wrought a marvelous change. Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, banished the gladiatorial games immediately on his coming to the throne. Slavery was abandoned and the brotherhood of man was taught and established. Christianity did all this. It raised woman from the state of degradation to which she had fallen up to the noble position she now occupied. It protected the children. Helpless little ones were no longer thrown on the roadside to die, but were cared for and reared so as to become honest citizens. The law of love was established and society was uplifted, regenerated by the Christian Church. In conclusion, he said that if any one thought that his picture of the degradation of Rome in those pagan times had been overdrawn, all that was necessary was for them to look at the nations of the present day, where the light of Christianity did not shine, and there they would see a picture similar to that of ancient Pagan Rome.

Confirmation in Clinton.

From the Clinton *New Era* we learn that the Catholic church in that town was filled on Tuesday morning, 17th Nov., to witness the confirmation of about forty persons. Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, of London, conducted the confirmation service, being assisted therein by Fathers West, of Goderich; McGeog, of Wawanosh; and Cooke, of Southport. Rev. Dean Murphy, of Irishtown, was celebrant of the High Mass. The candidates were twenty-two youths, who wore rosettes, fifteen girls in white, with a wreath of flowers on their heads, and several elderly persons. After the confirmation proper Bishop O'Connor delivered

an address on this particular rite of the Church.

The Clinton choir, under the leadership of Mr. Jones, sang Stark's Mass in a very creditable manner.

MISSION IN KINGSTON.

Special to the Catholic Record.

On Sunday, 15th inst., a three weeks' mission was solemnly opened at St. Mary's Cathedral. His Grace the Archbishop introduced the Missionary Fathers, and entreated the Catholics of Kingston to avail themselves of this opportunity of setting themselves right before God and encouraging others to do the same.

The mission is being conducted by the Oblate Fathers of Dublin, Ireland—Rev. Messrs Furlong, Nicoll, Brady, and O'Dwyer. The order of the mission is as follows: Mass followed by instruction at 5 o'clock and 8 o'clock, evening devotions and instruction at 7:30. The first week will be for the women, the second for the men, and the third will be devoted to both men and women. So far the mission has proved to be a success, and it must be comforting to His Grace and the good Fathers to see their efforts in behalf of the spiritual welfare of the people bearing such abundant fruit.

THE IMPROVEMENTS ON ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

The stone-work on the improvements on St. Mary's Cathedral is now completed, and the finishing of the interior is being proceeded with as fast as circumstances will admit. The improvements so far consist of a spire 220 feet high, with wings about 120 feet high, all a trifle wider than the main building; the style is gothic, and is considered the best of Mr. Connelly's many masterpieces. About the center of the main tower is three niches for statues, in Ohio sandstone. The material is stone, quarried near the city. The beauty and grandeur of the work must be seen to be appreciated. The memorial chapel, built by the priests and people of the archdiocese to commemorate the creation of Kingston into an archdiocese, is now complete, with an exception of the seats. It is to be used for the celebration of Mass on week days. It is built of stone and is attached to the cathedral.

We understand it is the intention to make some other improvements in the rear of the cathedral and also on the sides. New stone steps have also been erected on the front of the cathedral.

L. K.

HOLY SEASON OF ADVENT.

The Advent of the Redeemer, the Coming of the Saviour, what holy thoughts and pious affections and good purposes must it not awaken in the soul! It is the event of events, the central fact of the universe, the pivot on which the world's history hinges. The Creator becomes a creature, God comes in person to dwell in His own creation, *leaping over the mountains, skipping over the hills to find "his delights among the children of men."* Kings desired to see His day, patriarchs sighed for it, prophets saluted it afar off, Abraham saw it and was glad, and yet it was only through the mists of time in the shadows of the remote dawn that but dimly announced the Sun of Justice.

Geologists, who make a study of the earth's crust, tell us that the present condition of the globe, which makes it a fit habitation for man, is the outcome of cycles of change, of moulding and remoulding, of earthquakes and volcanic upheavals, of rising and sinking, of flood and stagnant deposit. So the history of the world for four thousand years, the wanderings of tribes, the migrations of peoples, the rise and fall of empires, the triumphant marches of conquerors, all led up to the central fact of history, to the crib and manger of Bethlehem. It was only God's preparation of the world for the advent of His Redeemer. Men seem to be making history, but like the busy myriads in the ant-hill, they are only bringing about the fulfillment of the designs of the Almighty Ruler. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent His Son," when the preparation was complete, every decree fulfilled. Four thousand years! what time of preparation God takes for His work!

When at length all is ready, how noiselessly, how secretly, how obscurely He comes. "While all things were in silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, the almighty Word leapt down from heaven from His royal throne."

The Word is still dwelling among us. His Advent has not ceased. The first advent in Bethlehem was only a step to His advent in the Christian heart. He was born in the crib to gain entrance to the heart. The crib is the porch from which He knocks at the door of the heart. "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man shall hear my voice and open to me the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him." Each Christian has his day of His special coming. What is our preparation going to be? Of the Bethlehemites it was said:—"He came unto His own and they received Him not." The Church assigns four weeks of preparation in memory of the four thousand years preceding the first Advent. They are a *holy season*, to be sanctified by flight

of sin and its occasions, by prayer and penance, and worthy reception of sacraments. A voice of one crying in the desert: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight its paths. Every valley shall be filled, every mountain shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough ways plain, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God."—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

HOW NALLY DIED.

Another Disgraceful Chapter in Irish History—England and one More Item to her Foul Record.

Dublin, Nov. 17.—The facts brought out in the case P. W. Nally, the alleged conspirator who died in Mountjoy Prison a few days ago, have aroused a decided sensation. It is said that Nally had been fairly well treated, such as convict treatment is in England and Ireland, until the time of the Farnell Commission. His refusal to testify before that body, in support of the charges made by the London *Times*, sealed his fate. From that moment he was a marked man.

He was first subject to ill usage in Downpatrick Jail, but it did not break his spirit. While he and others were being removed from Downpatrick to London, he cried out, with some of his companions: "God Save Ireland! confound her enemies." The guards at once seized upon Nally as a victim, and although others were as guilty as he of the crime of shouting for Ireland, they punished him only. He was subjected to a loss of eighty-four marks, which was equivalent to a large increase in his sentence.

From that time on he was looked upon as incorrigible, and there seemed to be

A DELIBERATE PURPOSE TO GET RID OF HIM.

He was punished on the slightest pretext, and frequently confined in his cell for long periods, sometimes twenty-two out of twenty-four hours. Every petty tyranny handed down through generations of English prison-keeping was exercised upon him until he became entirely broken down in health. Even then maltreatment did not cease, and the prison authorities often ignored his complaints, when he was hardly able to move, compelling him to go through the same routine as a healthy man. When they did give him his medicine they forced it down him like a dog, sneering at his claims to be considered ill. Entries on the books of the prison show that Nally was treated one hundred and three times for weakness, cold, influenza, sore throat, pain in his side, cough, rheumatism, lambrage, dyspepsia and other troubles.

The real trouble was much more deep-seated. The once powerful man was gradually and surely wasting away under the strain of

PERPETUAL INSULT AND ABUSE.

When sentenced he was considered one of the strongest men in Ireland. He was an athlete famous from Cork to Belfast, and his strong, well-knit frame, when he presented himself in one championship contest, was often the subject of admiration. His corpse is that of a physical wreck, of a man reduced to a skeleton frame that showed in its bony massiveness what the once proud athlete had been. Nally's relatives could scarcely recognize the face as that of a man whom they had known in his prime. The prison doctors reluctantly admitted that Nally never complained of illness until good cause, and that many of his attacks of sickness had gone unreported. He was ill for eleven days before the prison physicians took sufficient pains to diagnose that he had typhoid fever. For four days he was in his cell, unable to eat, and vomiting, before he was removed to the infirmary. During these four days whatever chance of life he may have had was lost. Although it was known as early as Oct. 19 that Nally had typhoid fever, yet he continued to be dosed with purgatives until November. This conduct on the part of intelligent physicians is hard to explain on any theory consistent with a desire that Nally should live. As for the keepers, it is said that one or more of them frequently expressed a fervent wish for Nally to die.

THEY DID NOT WANT HIS PRISON STORY TO GO TO THE WORLD.

from his own lips at least.

As Nally's sickness progressed towards the final scene, no steps were taken to inform his relatives of the approaching end. His brother, Dr. Nally, learned of it accidentally, and hastened to apply for admission. This was grudgingly granted. As night approached the brother stood by the bedside of the dying man, holding the chilly hands in his grasp. Suddenly a keeper approached and roughly said "You must go. No visitors are allowed in the prison after nightfall." The brother begged for leave to remain, but the keeper insisted, and at length rudely pushed Dr. Nally toward the door. The dying man on the bed made a faint motion, as if he remembered his old athletic days and would fain have gone to the rescue of his brother. Then he sank exhausted on the pillow, and Dr. Nally was ejected from the prison. A quarter of an hour later the prisoner was freed by death.

DIocese of Hamilton.

A great amount of good is being accomplished here by the various lay societies of the parish, particularly by the members of the League of the Sacred Heart; many a brilliant Catholic has been called as a member and, after complying with the regulations of the society, has received a new order for their various religious duties. There is one in particular who deserves praise—his energetic and highly esteemed chaplain.

On Wednesday, Nov. 11, the ladies gave a highly successful entertainment—both financially and otherwise—in the new concert hall of St. Mary's school, Park street north. If there was one person more than another present who was entirely pleased with it that person was Rev. Father Binchey, the worthy chaplain. Among those who took part were the talented Nelligan family, Misses M. Harris, A. O'Brien and T. Lally, and Messrs. H. N. Thomas and J. O'Brien. Each of these contributed two numbers of music, and Hamilton's popular young chorists, Miss M. O'Brien, a graduate of the Loreto Academy, proved herself worthy of all the praise she received. Miss S. Webb played the accompaniments very acceptably.

Rev. Father Clarkson, on the evenings of the 8th and 15th inst., delivered a sermon on St. Mary's, which was instructive on the recent encyclical letter of the Pope. There were large congregations present on each occasion.

One day this week one of the Sisters of the community of St. Joseph celebrated her silver jubilee. Quite a nice dinner was served and among those present was His Lordship.

This Monday evening Bishop Dowling will open the new library, reading and recreation rooms of St. Mary's school, Park street. His Lordship will deliver an appropriate address. All the young men of the parish have received a most cordial invitation to be present.

On and after Tuesday, the 24th inst., and until further notice all weekly Masses will be celebrated in the new and cozy chapel of St. Mary's school.

At St. Mary's Cathedral on Sunday the 22nd inst., Rev. Father Clark delivered an eloquent and instructive and touching sermon on the Gospel of the day. He pointed out some of the beautiful scenes which will take place on that terrible day of the general judgment. He said that the place which each one will occupy on that day lies in their own hands and that if we take advantage of that power, assisted by the numerous graces which God bestows on the elect, we would indeed have no difficulty. He prayed earnestly that one and all present would be found on the right hand side and would have those joyful and welcome words which our Lord will say to those who have loved and served Him: "Come ye Blessed of my Father possess the kingdom which was prepared for you from the beginning of the world." It is needless to say that the sermon was listened to with wrap attention.

In the evening the Rev. Father Clarkson delivered the third of his series of sermons on the encyclical letter of the Pope. During the course of his remarks he said: "The laboring man of to-day is better educated than was the case during the past. The laborer is not protected as much as he should be by the State. We were all born to toil for a livelihood. The condition of things in regard to the laborer indeed needs a remedy, as our Holy Father says in the Encyclical. But, my dear brethren, where are we to find this remedy? He then spoke of the three leading politicians—Henry George, Bellamy and Herbert Spencer—and pointed out in very expressive language their various objects. He said most of them incline to that of the fruits of the earth should be equally divided amongst all. Bellamy proposes that the State should be the owner of all land, a great stock club, if I may use the expression. It is hardly worth while to stop to reason on some of these questions. If what these writers suggest were put into practice it would be the means of upsetting all society. The whole of it is that they suppose man to possess virtues which form the basis of all good. However, there are no distinctions. Religion teaches man to think and prepare for hereafter and it also teaches man to be content with his lot while here. It teaches the employer to treat the poor man with justice, and those employed to respect their employers and for at times to feel well to their inferiors. It also teaches the poor man that poverty is not a shame, not a disgrace. The discussion of this matter should not be confined alone to the pulpit, but men should speak of it in friendly terms in every day intercourse. Religion can act as a leavening balm upon the complaints of men. She again and again reminds him that he must toil in order to live. This is only a very brief report of what the Rev. gentleman said.

On next Friday morning the presentation of diplomas to the pupils of the Separate schools will take place, and it is expected, perhaps, His Lordship will be present, as there are few who take a more active interest in the school boys than himself.

Another Big Contest.

Alarmed by their defeat in South Moulton, the Tories are hurrying forward the East Dorset election with unprecedented haste, in the hope that the Liberal candidate will not have time to canvass the constituency and convert the waververs. It will be the shortest county contest ever known, the date fixed for the poll being only three weeks from the day of the late Tory member's death; but the Liberals have not been discouraged thereby. A victory will be harder to win than in South Moulton, because there are fewer Liberal abstainers to bring back. In 1885, when the Liberals won, 2500 votes were polled, and the majority was 67. In 1886 a Tory was elected by a majority of 655, and 7,993 electors recorded their votes.

Infidel Tyranny in Fences.

Monsieur Gonthier, Archbishop of Aix, has arrived at Paris to receive the summons of the Court of Appeal in connection with the defamatory letter sent by him to M. Fallières, Minister of Justice and Public Worship, in reply to the latter's circular regarding the French Bishops that they were not at liberty to leave their diocese without the Minister's consent. The accused Archbishop declines to receive visitors until his trial shall have taken place. He has received a large number of letters of sympathy, especially from Catholic Bishops and priests in America. Fears are entertained that there will be an attempt at a demonstration on the occasion of the trial, and the authorities will take the greatest precautions to keep order.

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