

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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"God Knows,"

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

The people looked from the windows, out at the awful sight,
Of the rising and falling billows, while the strong zephyr raged that night;
And they prayed unto God, "Have mercy on all on the boat and the crew,
And give to the drowning strangers the power to rise to thee."

In the air was a sound of moaning, when the late day lit the skies;
And compassionate wives of seamen, scarce daring to lift their eyes
Left airy they should look on faces so lately white and dead,
Made cozy the little home-place and ready the empty bed."

But of all in the outboard vessel that was caught in the foam,
Nor passenger, child, or seaman was rescued to tell the tale.
For, let through the seething waters the ship and the hoists went down;
Only the God of heaven watches when people are down.

Next day, when the fish-wives waited, fighting the storm and roar,
The body of some one's darling was ruthlessly washed ashore;
And the pitiful sailor took her. Said they, "She shall find a grave
Away in our little churchyard, out of reach of the cruel wave."

The coffin had been made ready, when a questioning word arose:
"What name shall we put upon it?" Said the grieving men, "God Knows."
And the heart of the reverend pastor echoed the words he said,
And that was the sole memorial they had for the early dead.

And that is the greatest comfort we have in this world of care.
Black are the skies above us, and the storm is in the air;
We are often hurt and worsted by the thickening shower of woes,
But we rest on the heart of the Father, and we calmly say, "God Knows."

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union.

It matters very little now what Preacher Beecher may think upon any subject. We may mention, however, as a matter of curiosity, that the Barnumistic Brother has just done another queer thing. He has written a letter in which he avows himself a semi-evolutionist—a Darwinian as to the body, but not as to the soul. In other words, the plethoric Plymouth person thinks his body descended originally from a pair of apes; and then that a soul—Beecher's soul—somehow caught on to it. This is a species of theological moonshine, that should be explained for the wonderment of future ages.

We hear much about Papal Bulls. How few know what they are; and how laughable the ideas that non-Catholics have of them. What are they? A Bull is an instrument, ordinance or decree of the Sovereign Pontiff, treating of matters of faith or of the affairs of the Church, written on parchment, with a leaden or gold seal, impressed on one side with the images of SS. Peter and Paul, and on the other with the name of the Pope and the year of his pontificate. This seal is hung to the document by a hempen or silk cord, according to the character of the Bull. It is this pendant seal which is, properly speaking, the Bull—the word itself being derived from Bullaire, to seal letters, or from Bulla, a seal or annulet.

North Western Chronicle.
There are said to be 12,000,000 copies of infidel publications and 29,000,000 copies of immoral books, papers and pamphlets published annually in London, and distributed principally among the working classes. Can we wonder at the growth of irreligion in view of this statement? What is the circulation of moral literature in comparison?

It is an admitted fact, which recent events have only served to emphasize, that the sources upon which the Catholic press of this country is obliged to depend for much of its news, are so strongly anti-Catholic and unreliable that they greatly impair its usefulness. The European cables, in particular, daily contain items of Catholic interest, that every eye knows to be false and incorrect. Yet he has to wait days, even weeks sometimes, before he can authoritatively deny them. Why cannot some steps be taken or some plan devised to overcome this serious disadvantage under which the Catholic press labors?

Maria Maria.

A letter of Ave Maria, addressed to his mother, is said to be preserved among the many curious and valuable MSS. of the Dominican Convent of Santa Maria, Rome. It is an answer to an inquiry regarding the new religion. Luther wrote: "Remain a Catholic; I will neither deceive nor betray my mother." What better refutation could there be of the arch-heretic's doctrine than such an admonition, which conscience wrung from his filial affection?

For years past the Catholics of the Holy Land have been zealously rescuing from the hands of the infidels or from Profane uses such of the Stations of the Via Dolorosa as it was possible for them to acquire. A new acquisition has lately been made, which we are happy to record. Some twenty years ago, the Rev. Father

Ratisbonne purchased a portion of the ancient arcade of the Ecce Homo, where Pilate delivered up the Lord to the hatred of the Pharisees, and enclosing it in an ex-piatory sanctuary. Then he erected a house of charity on the very stones of the Lithostrotos. Shortly afterwards the Franciscan Fathers secured the Judiciary Column, near the VIIIth Station of the Way of the Cross, and built there also a house of piety. About the same time an Armenian priest obtained the ruins of the ancient Church of the Spasm. Now the Rev. Father Nehakade has purchased, in the name of the Patriarch of the United Greeks, whose vicar he is at Jerusalem, the House of St. Veronica (VIth Station of the Way of the Cross). At this place, according to authentic tradition, the holy woman Veronica, disregarding the rough treatment of the Roman soldiers, advanced to meet our Lord as He was going to Calvary laden with His cross. Jesus stopped, and accepting the veil which this pious daughter of Jerusalem offered, He wiped from His sacred Face the spittle and blood, and left on it the miraculous impression of His features. It seems undoubted that the servant of Christ kept the holy relic in her house with the greatest veneration. The first Christians of Jerusalem must have often come to venerate it, and seek, by touching it, to be cured of their maladies, until the time when Veronica went to Rome to convey it to the Emperor Tiberius in a dangerous illness. Hence we may say that the house of St. Veronica was one of the first sanctuaries of the Passion. Father Nehakade has purchased not only the location, but what remains of the house, and proposes to erect a sanctuary to consecrate the remembrance of the fact that is here recalled.

Catholic Telegraph.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster holds firmly to the conviction that "the social and civil commonwealth of mankind had its origin, and still has its perpetuity, in the knowledge of God, and in obedience to Him springing from that knowledge." When the knowledge of God and His worship shall cease to dwell in the hearts of our people, there is great danger to the perpetuity of our institutions. Hence the perils of Ingelsolmism and other forms of unblushing atheism.

That was a very expressive, if not so very poetic, illustration of the greatness of Shakespeare, when an enthusiastic admirer of his claims that no other poet had ever equalled him, and wound up his eulogium by observing that, "Shakespeare climbed Parnassus to a height never before reached, and then pulled the ladder up after him!"

Catholic Columbian.

A priest has the care of the souls that comprise his mission. The people may have all kinds of spats with each other, but in them the priest has no part, except to make peace. Some forget the priest, and would drag him down to their line of conduct. Petty things influence a family, but the priest belongs not to one. He is the priest of all belonging to his mission. According to the principles that the Church has marked out for him must he be guided, and not by the suppositions of the people. The priest has his duty, the people theirs, and there is no similarity in them. The states of life are different. Pride is death to both of them. A layman or woman "who knows all about it" and has the requisite facility at hand for criticism, is unfortunate, for they don't know themselves, and make a parade of their ignorance of Christian duty.

We have been often asked why it is that when Catholic youth fall, they fall so miserably low, generally occupying the first place among the vilest and most dissolute. Until observation convinced us of the truth of the assumption, we were inclined to look upon the question as unwarranted in the premises. Though not true to the extent presumed and claimed by many, it is sufficiently demonstrated by experience as to almost justify the placing of the lesson of a whole history—the moral of a whole Pentateuch—and carry their message loudly home to even intelligences which words would fail to convince.

But the shooting of Carey has points which make it stand out conspicuous before all the slayings of informers in Irish history. The swiftness of the retribution appeals to the imagination as if it were something more than the work of mere men—as if He who avenges all wrongs in the end had shaped it so in His wisdom. Had Carey been permitted to live, like other traitors, till years hence, when the deeds with which he was connected would have pale into a ghastly memory—had he been allowed to enjoy, in crowded city or on desert plain, some spell of immunity—the slaying of him would have been like that of all the other traitors: ineffectual to deter the villainous in human nature, a generation afterwards, from following his example. It would be wanting to the startling revelation to British tyranny that the spirit which it hoped it had exercised was still its potent evil genius—more potent and mysterious than ever, seemingly—and in the warning that an hour of vengeance was for infamous men! Had Carey been killed in Dublin or even during the voyage, as he might have been, there would have been a loss of effect. But he was dogged from the witness table to the jail, from the jail to the ship; and away out to South Africa—a fellow-pilgrimage with whom he touched elbows every day—his executioner, went with him; and just on that day when, with a sigh of relief, he was about to land in that foreign country, amid whose deserts he hoped he could hide from human ken, the stroke of vengeance overtook him.

Redpath's Weekly.

The Irish landlords, headed by Lord Dunraven and several belted earls, have petitioned Gladstone for State aid in the

shape of a loan for the relief of distressed landowners. They are rendered destitute, they say, by the shortening of their plunder effected by the Land Act. This is quite too funny for anything. How long ago is this it is since Mr. Parnell hurled that famous little sentence in the teeth of these gentry in the days of their pride—"The market is falling!" Well, now, to think of it. Was there ever such a turn about? Why it is perfect poetic justice. It is more—it is a lovely illustration of the eternal fitness of things. Centuries ago, an army of needy adventurers, armed and equipped, composed of the scullions and thieves and highwaymen of England, went over to Ireland and robbed the land from the people. To-day, the death knell of their robber reign is sounding, and they go back to their original tatters and empty bellies. What a subject for a historical canvas—these landlords, after seven hundred years' fattening on the Irish people, at last hoisting the flag of distress and looking for "State Aid," just like "their damned tenants." State aid, quotha! At last we are advocates for assisted emigration. We are willing to vote £5 ahead to emigrate these gentlemen out of Ireland. But not to bring them to this country. Oh! no. A Republic would not be equal to the task of entertaining such aristocrats. We would pay their passage out to South Africa—after James Carey.

London Universe.

The Parnell Testimonial has now reached nearly \$19,000 actually received, and as the guaranteed Australian £1000 have yet to come, and as something handsome is to be looked for from America, the fund will soon considerably exceed £20,000. This proves the depth and the sincerity of the feelings of the Irish at home and abroad towards the man who has created and kept together an influential Irish party in Parliament, which party is likely to be largely increased at the next general election.

It is most gratifying to read the charges of the judges at the Irish Assizes. They all congratulate the respective grand juries on the peaceful condition of the country. It is also deserving of remark that, in some places where serious crimes committed last year were investigated, the judges warned the juries not to convict any prisoner on the evidence of informers, unless such evidence were corroborated on important points by witnesses unconnected with the crime. The result in two cases was acquittal. That is the way to cause the people to respect the law.

Catholic Examiner.

The present summer has been rendered somewhat notable by death of camp meetings, sea-side revivals, and similar religious assemblies. Even at the South where the negro element which has always found an especial attraction in bush meetings and the like is strongest, camp meetings have been less numerous and less demonstrative, ever before. Mountain ministrants, holy evangelists and the various other mountebanks who have followed up these shows for the purpose of gathering fame and shekels, have found that their peculiar field of labor has become more contracted and much less profitable than formerly, and it is reasonable to believe that those who are now engaged in this highly entertaining form of evangelical work will be compelled to engage their talents in some other pursuit. These and various other facts go to prove that if our Protestant brethren are not growing in saving grace they are gaining in wisdom.

THE KILLING OF CAREY.

Redpath's Weekly.

"Behold thou dost cast me out this day from the face of the earth; anyone, therefore, that findeth me shall kill me."—Cain.
There is no need to dwell upon the lesson of the killing of Carey. The fact itself is one of those events which crystallize the lesson of a whole history—the moral of a whole Pentateuch—and carry their message loudly home to even intelligences which words would fail to convince.

But the shooting of Carey has points which make it stand out conspicuous before all the slayings of informers in Irish history. The swiftness of the retribution appeals to the imagination as if it were something more than the work of mere men—as if He who avenges all wrongs in the end had shaped it so in His wisdom. Had Carey been permitted to live, like other traitors, till years hence, when the deeds with which he was connected would have pale into a ghastly memory—had he been allowed to enjoy, in crowded city or on desert plain, some spell of immunity—the slaying of him would have been like that of all the other traitors: ineffectual to deter the villainous in human nature, a generation afterwards, from following his example. It would be wanting to the startling revelation to British tyranny that the spirit which it hoped it had exercised was still its potent evil genius—more potent and mysterious than ever, seemingly—and in the warning that an hour of vengeance was for infamous men! Had Carey been killed in Dublin or even during the voyage, as he might have been, there would have been a loss of effect. But he was dogged from the witness table to the jail, from the jail to the ship; and away out to South Africa—a fellow-pilgrimage with whom he touched elbows every day—his executioner, went with him; and just on that day when, with a sigh of relief, he was about to land in that foreign country, amid whose deserts he hoped he could hide from human ken, the stroke of vengeance overtook him.

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England was rejoicing in having laid her ghost—in having stamped out utterly the secret power which was threatening her from below the surface. This is her answer—a deed which in the desperation, deliberateness, swiftness, and almost omniscience of its conception and execution, exceeds even the tragedy of the 6th of May itself.
Carey was a monster of very peculiar and nearly incomprehensible atrocity. He was the very genius of low cunning moved by a sordid and paltry ambition. Yet under the influence of that ambition he could be a villain of transcendent magnitude. In order to make a few pounds, he planned and coolly directed one of the most awful assassinations in history. His object was merely to get what money was to be had by the work; though the object of his unfortunate dupes was a sublime if misdirected patriotism. When he was found out, in order to earn a few pounds more and save his own neck, he turned round and encompassed the murder and ruin of all his associates. Surely this vile informer, so superior to all the other informers in his villainy, would be superior to them also in eluding retribution! This is his answer—killed more rapidly and surely than any of them.
England, the arch-murderer among nations, would shelter from justice Carey, an arch-murderer among men. But the arch-Avenger has shown that there is a Justice from which England has just as little power to shelter her brood, as by-and-by she will have to escape from it herself.
England will take no warning. But let us hope that traitors may.
On every Irish heart which moves to the black thought of selling a comrade to an English hangman, let Carey's death burn in letters of fire these terrible words of Cain:
"Behold thou dost cast me out this day from the face of the earth; anyone, therefore, that findeth me shall kill me."

A PAPAL ALLOCATION.

The Sovereign Pontiff to the Institutions of the Sacred Heart on the Education of Women.

At a recent audience granted by the Holy Father to the Sisterhood and scholars of the Sacred Heart at the *Trinita de Monti* his Holiness was pleased to address them in the following allocution:
"Long have we known the sentiments of devoted attachment and of filial respect towards the Apostolic See, which are traditional and deeply rooted in the institutions directed by the religions who have taken the title of the Sacred Heart. But it is pleasant to receive to-day from you, dear daughters, new proofs of that constant feeling. It is pleasant to see gathered around us so large a number of young girls, who, under the protection of the Sacred Heart, and under the guidance of such excellent instructresses, are formed in learning, in piety, and in those virtues which will be their fairest ornaments and their surest aids in the various conditions of their lives.
"Ah, how much it is to be desired in our days that
"THE BENEFITS OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION might be widely extended to young girls of the highest as well as of the humblest social state! Woman, in the design of Providence, is destined to be in the human family the most powerful of all aids to good; but in order that she may correspond to so high a mission, it is needful that a healthy and wise education should happily form her heart and her mind.
Instructed according to the principles of the Catholic religion, which alone has given her her true rights and has set her Sacred Heart, and under the guidance of her place of honor, woman is in the family a sagacious mother, the upholder and support of the house; in society she is by her example, by her word, and by her beneficent and patient charity, the inspirer of good and holy actions. Where education separates her from the precepts of the Gospel, woman is the fatal cause of corruption and of ruin in the family, and through the family in society also. This is the reason why the sons of darkness desire to see the education of woman no longer inspired and ruled by the MAXIMS AND TEACHINGS OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION,
and no longer directed by the maternal vigilance of the Church. This is the reason why evil counsellors attempt, by large and fallacious promises, to foster vanity in the heart of woman and to persuade her to indifference towards the faith of Jesus Christ, and to a dislike of the holy and severe laws of His morality.
"You perceive, therefore, dearest daughters, the great importance of Christian education, and the strict duty which lies upon you to attach yourselves to it with an earnest heart. You are fortunate in having the happiness to be entrusted to teachers and directors so accomplished, and so true to the religion of the Sacred Heart. You are fortunate if you know how to draw profit from this for your own great advantage. Keep always before your minds the important good which each one of you will be able to do at the heart and in the home, and study to make yourself fit and worthy to do that good. Apply yourselves with care to your studies; enrich your minds with all the useful knowledge which befits you, and which accords with your condition."
"But to healthy and wise instruction is always united
"THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART,
the exercise of a profound and enlightened piety, the acquisition of virtues, and especially of the holy fear of God. Love the spirit of discipline; watch constantly that you may conquer in yourselves the evil inclinations of nature. Do this in the

light of faith, with the great aids which the Church brings you, after the shining example of your teachers and of those who have preceded you in the noble Christian career and have won their palms. Thus you will be sheltered from the snares and the seductions which infallibly await you in the world, and you will have the sweet consolation of having labored for your own good and that of others. In order that the grace of God may strengthen you and may foster your hopes, We give you from the bottom of Our heart a special benediction, which We extend to your families, and to all the religious and all the institutions of the Sacred Heart."

RETREAT AT THE SACRED HEART.

On Wednesday evening of last week was begun a retreat at the Sacred Heart Convent, in this city, conducted by Rev. Father Guldner, S. J. It was designed for the Catholic ladies of the city. We doubt not the admirable discourses given each day by the eloquent Jesuit have made a marked impression on those who had the good fortune to be present. On Monday last the retreat was brought to a close. His Lordship Bishop Walsh celebrated the holy sacrifice and delivered a sermon. Our good bishop never fails to reach the hearts of his hearers and on this occasion his appeal was one which will long be remembered.
The Catholic ladies of London have reason to feel grateful to the good ladies of the institution for their kindness in thus providing religious exercises which will, we doubt not, bring many spiritual blessings on their households.
The pupils of the Sacred Heart will be glad to know that Madam Laddigam has returned to London in renewed health.

BENEVOLENT ENGLAND.

The New York World, with a fine touch of irony, thus photographs the method with which England pursues her work of robbery and slaughter in the interests of civilization:
"We are really afraid that the death of King Cetewayo, which is now confirmed by telegraph, will compel England reluctantly to interfere and may finally lead to the annexation of Zululand to the British African possessions, not because Great Britain really wants it but because Great Britain is always ready to sacrifice its own interests for the welfare of the poor African. There is nothing more touching than the history of England's constant struggle against annexation and its refusal to take advantage of the quarrels and wars of the poor barbarians of Africa and Egypt, and yet in spite of its persistent and self-sacrificing abnegation there is hardly a year that passes without its being compelled to take in and protect some outlying fragment of debatable territory, even though it happens just incidentally to slaughter a few hundred thousand of the ignorant savages who do not understand the benevolent motives which compel their immolation and the subjugation of their territory.
"In protest against this irreverent speech was our noble 'mother country.' A howling Irish bog trotter could scarce speak more offensively. Has the World writer ever fully measured the height and depth and breadth of British civilization? And what are savage kings and thrones, aye, and the blood of two hundred thousand slain in comparison to the blessings of British civilization? If the surviving savages of Aliberto be highlighted lands would appreciate the blessings they enjoy under the protectingegis of British civilization, let them look at Ireland. See how well fed, clothed and housed are the blooming people of that fortunate country. See how contented and happy they are, and under the smile of the dear sister isle; and how their land thrives and flourishes under British legislation. Let the Zululand savages and Egyptian barbarians, whom the British sword has thus far mercifully spared, remember all this, and bless the hour upon which British benevolence looked them on to 'the golden link' of the crown.
"As for the World writer, he is surely despoiling British commiseration. Evidently, he has never enjoyed an aesthetic tea at pro-British Lowell circles; neither have his sisters, his cousins or his aunts ever been invited to the festive waltz by an earl or lord. The next thing this World writer and tell us, is that this same benevolent British civilization has often tried to 'substantially interfere' with the semi-savages of this republic.—Buffalo Union.

Anecdotes of Father Burke.

Among the numerous anecdotes related of the late Father Tom Burke, the great Dominican, we select the following:
He was lecturing on "The Vitality of the Catholic Church;" "When Pius VII. was imprisoned, and the great Napoleon pursued his victorious career through Russia in his march on Moscow, there was a poor gardener in Ireland who worked for a Protestant gentleman. He was in the garden one morning when he was accosted by his employer thus: 'Well, Pat, you'll have to give up the Pope at last. He's gone. He'll never come back to Rome again.' 'Do you tell me so?' said Pat. 'Oh! it's a fact; you'll never see a Pope in Rome again!' 'Well,' says the poor man, 'I can't believe that.' 'I will lay you a wager it's a fact,' said the gentleman. Pat replied, 'I have no money, but I have a little pig, and if you lay a five pound note against the pig, I'll lay a wager that before the pig is big enough and fat enough to be killed the Pope will be back again in Rome.' Napa fell like the temple of Dagon when Sampson pulled the pillars from under it,

and Pope Pius VII. came back to Rome. Then the poor man went to his master and received the five pounds. But when he took the money home to his wife, she said: 'Oh! you had no business to keep the deuce man's money. The bet wasn't a fair one. You knew beforehand how it would turn out.' So the man went back and restored the five pounds, saying to his master, 'It wasn't a fair bet. I was sure of the pig all the time.'
Equally happy was the rebuff which, as the story goes, Father Burke administered to a gentleman of aggressive controversial tendencies, who tried to force on an argument with the "Popish priest" in the compartment of the railway carriage wherein both were travelling. The amateur theologian wound up a long tirade with the words, "And I tell you, sir, I don't believe in such nonsense as Purgatory." Whereupon, Father Tom, with a solemn face, but twinkling eyes, retorted in his gravest tone: "Well, sir, if you don't believe in Purgatory you may go to hell." For an instant the gentleman was indignant, but, catching the real meaning of his reprover, indulged in a hearty laugh, and desisted from further theological disputation.
Another capital instance of his ready wit is afforded by his reply to a dissenting minister who, in a good-humored way rallied Father Tom on the doctrines of the early Irish Church, and repeated the absurd assertion, first made some forty years ago, that St. Patrick was a Protestant. "Now, sir," was the dry rejoinder, "how can you think that, when we have a full list of all who accompanied our Apostle to Tara, and you know there is no mention of a Mrs. St. Patrick among them?"

CATHOLIC NOTES.
Cardinal Manning is seventy-three years old, and became a Roman Catholic when he was forty-three years old.
Lyon is coming to America. It is not said that he will bring his congregation—wife and baby—with him.
Archbishop Feehan confirmed six Indian maidens at the Chicago Cathedral on the 18th ult.
A Catholic gentleman of Richmond, Va., is building an asylum for aged poor, to be under the charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor.
The London Times quotes the latest statistics of British India as giving 1,562,634 Christians, of whom it says but a little over 500,000 are Protestant Christians, the rest are "Roman Catholic."

The death of Father Burke, the Dominican, has been deeply felt in Rome, where he preached several times in Italian and French. Pius IX. called him "the prince of living orators."
Father Patrick Riordan, pastor of St. James' Catholic Church in Chicago, has been appointed by his Holiness Leo XIII. coadjutor of Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco. The documents have been received by Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago.
According to the Bishop of Salford, England, the amount to carry on the business of the government of the Church in Rome is 7,000,000 francs, or about \$1,400,000, the greater part of which amount is supplied by Peter's Pence.
Germany possesses the oldest priest living in the world. He is 105 years of age, and has been 84 years in sacerdotal Orders. He dwells at Lupel, enjoys excellent health, and fulfills all his religious duties with the most scrupulous exactitude.
More than eight hundred pilgrimages will be made to the sanctuary of Lourdes this year. Taking an average of 1,200 in each pilgrimage, the total reaches 960,000, not counting those who go alone or in private parties.
It is said of the late Bishop Davenport, that his charity to the poor was so boundless that he was actually without means to purchase the equipments of his episcopal rank, at the time of his elevation to the See of Davenport.
The London Spectator says a philosopher on a throne is always a rare sight, and no one like Leo has sat for centuries in the papal chair. Only two of them occupied the chair over a quarter of a century. It regrets that in the interests of contemporary history, the acts and words of the present pontiff are not more carefully noted and recorded.
A Liverpool correspondent of the London Graphic says: "At Liverpool recently two Roman Catholic priests died from typhus fever, caught by their devoted labors among the poor. The sight of their funerals was a most touching one, the people thronging the streets through which the procession passed, and exhibiting the most profound sorrow. The Catholic Church has no doubt, more hold on its people on the banks of the Mersey than the Anglican, and will continue to have till the Established Church has a far larger number of clergy who would be able and willing to visit the courts and alleys, which is certainly not the case now."

A riotous affair occurred at St. Stanislaus Polish Catholic Church, Buffalo, N. Y., last Sunday. About five months ago Rev. Frank Charvatz was appointed to assist Rev. John Pittas. The former immediately began a vigorous crusade against the excessive beer-drinking and the playing of music in the saloons adjacent to the church during service. Father Charvatz began to receive threatening letters, and some of the members on his side hearing of it, stoned one of the saloons opposite the church, completely demolishing the front and a pool table within. On Sunday one of the priests was hissed as he was about to enter the church, which was promptly resented by the congregation.