The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—*St. Pacian, 4th Century.*

VOL. 5. LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 3, 1883. NO. 251

NOW

is the time to order your Spring Suits from N. WILSON & CO., the most Fashionable Tailors in the city.

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In Memoriam.

Sister M. De Sales Doyle, who died at Loretto Convent, Guelph, July 11th, 1883.

One long deep breath—and the weary soul has fled,
Our saintly cherished sister is numbered with the dead;
The heart so kind, so loving, and so pure has ceased to beat,
And her spirit stands alone before the judgment seat,
"Well done, thou faithful servant," she hears the welcome word;
"Thou'st labored long and faithfully in the vineyard of the Lord;
Thy sorrows now are ended, life's weary day is done,
Thy toilsome task completed, and thy crown of glory won.

"Come now my spouse beloved, to heavenly mansions fair,
Come back beneath the sunshine of My dear presence there,
For my little ones thou'st labored, that they might faithful be;
Whate'er thou did'st for the least of them, thou did'st it unto Me."
Oh! with what heavenly rapture she hears her Jesus' voice,
He was the object of her love, her first and only choice;
In life's bright budding Spring-time, to Him her heart was given;
And now He'll be her great reward—her only joy in Heaven.

For him she suffered and endured, to Him her life she gave;
Those hands now meekly folded have toiled dear souls to save,
That heart so cold and still in death has pleaded oft in prayer,
That the erring wanderer might return, and Heaven's bliss might share;
Those eyes now fixed in death's dull sleep for sinners oft have wept
As in the silence of the night her prayerful watch she kept;
Those lips now sealed have breathed sweet words of kindness and love,
And all have been recorded in the Book of Life above.

Were not the gladsome greetings that crowned the opening May,
Dear sister, but a prelude of Heaven's bright festal day?
Did not the songs triumphant of thine earthly Jubilee,
But tell in faintest murmurs of the eternal melody
Of the golden harps of angels, while mid the virgin train
Thou followest where'er He goes, the Lamb on Calvary slain?
And the varied tuneful echo of thy virtuous life shall be
The key-note of thy hymn of praise in Heaven's jubilee.

A PUPIL OF LORETTO.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

The Hebrew Standard claims that the Irish are one of the "lost ten tribes of Israel." If this is true we can credit St. Patrick with finding them.

It is said that Pius IX., on hearing of the marriage of Pere Hyacinth, thus exclaimed: "The saints be praised! The renegade hath taken his punishment into his own hands!"

The telegraphers strike goes to show that the only power that can cope with a great consolidated monopoly is a combination of its employees. About a year ago all the merchants in the country uttered protests against the W. U. T. Co., but its proprietors remained unmoved, their motto being: "The public be d—d." It now appears that an efficient trades union is the best means of establishing a system of checks and balances in the commercial world.

Michigan Catholic.

While the cholera is devastating Egypt, and the yellow fever Cuba, a more insidious though terrible disease is fastening itself on the brains of the young men of the Eastern States. As the plague generally attacks those whose physical condition is not up to the standard, so it seems that this brain disease passes by the youth whose intellectuality is pronounced and seizes upon those whose mental apparatus would not command a very high price at auction. The premonitory symptom of this dire complaint is a remarkable admiration for every English custom and institution, not excluding wife-beating.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has taken steps to organize a body of "preaching friars"—ministers who will be released from ordinary parochial duties and who will go on evangelistic work throughout the country, firing the lukewarm and recalling the backsliders. The Episcopalian church in England must be in sad straits. For a long time it has resembled the Roman Janus—a two-faced monstrosity—one face Ritualistic and turned towards Catholicity, the other Low Church and directed towards Presbyterianism. Strange to say, this combination of diverse attributes did not prove quite as attractive to the laity as was expected. Far from conciliating all parties, this policy has apparently added fuel to the flames of religious contention. The Episcopalian camp is in continual turmoil owing to the "tooth and nail" fight between the High Church legions and their Low Church adversaries.

What a remarkable set that Salvation Army is! Take for example the announcements recently issued by the South Australian Division. "A Monster Hosannah Meeting will be held in the Salvation Army Glory Shop, addresses by Happy George, Zulu Jim and the Boy with Hair like Heaven." One of the attractions is: "The Struggle with Pies, Tarts, Cheesecakes, Bread and Butter, Tea, Sugar, Milk, etc." Admission to this "Struggle" one Shilling. In the evening a Merry Go-Round will be held in the Glory Shop, when some hot bombshells will be poured into Satan's Territories." Satan, however, was evidently not put to rout, for on the following morning a monster salvation meeting was harangued "by a host of Hallelujah Lasses in their Timbuctoo Bonnets." This last announcement was headed. "Hallo! Hallo! Jack! What's up? Look Here!" and winds up, "Come See and Get Gloriously Saved! Amen!" All these announcements are signed by the distinguished commander, "Captain Tom Gibbs, the Yorkshire Relish." These notices are not the wild emanations of some paragrapher's brain, but are sober facts.

Catholic Columbian.

Learned physicians and others, who have made the subject a matter of study and research, uniformly declare that the families of the intemperate run out and become extinct in the second or third generation; or, if they do not, the descendants are for the greater part either idiots or hopelessly demented. If they would only die off to a certainly earlier in their career the world would be much the better of it.

To the narrow-minded pleasure is an incongruity. Their hearts are so contracted that they cannot take in anything of enjoyment themselves, and the greatest punishment they have to undergo in life is to be compelled to witness the delight that others experience in innocent pastimes. They are pessimists of the meanest type, and their chief delight is to snarl at everything that does not receive the unqualified approbation of their distorted judgment.

Monsignor Capel, who is coming on a visit to this country, is very popular among his fellow-countrymen of every creed. He is said to have brought around more conversions to Catholicity among the higher classes of England than any ecclesiastic living. Yet he does not put himself forth as a representative of that class, being rather retiring in manner, and is said to be very democratic in his tastes and outspoken when occasion demands. His visit will have no particular significance. He is simply to make a tour of observation and pleasure.

The abominable system of newspaper credits should be forever eliminated from the code of commercial transactions and relegated to deserved oblivion. In no other commercial sphere has the custom attained the prominence that it has in newspaperdom. It is an unpardonable wrong, and one without a single feature to redeem its natural deformity. In any other business walk it would not be countenanced or tolerated. In fact no business could prosper with such an incubus crippling its energies and eating up its resources. The business would have to go by the board or the abuse remedied. Why is it, then, that newspaper enterprise is regarded as being out of the line of legitimate business, and is expected to be sustained and prosper under the pressure that crushes the life out of any other enterprise? We confess our inability to answer. Yet such is the case. People subscribe for a paper, and give a promise to pay for it in a few days, but these days lengthen into months and the months become years, and no thought of the promise. In the meantime they regularly get the paper which the printer pays for before it is consigned to the mail bags, and never think of the straits to which the struggling manager is put to keep the welcome visitor afloat. If asked for their subscriptions they always have a ready excuse at hand. When the solicitor calls around, they are not at home, or have not the change just at present, or some other such frivolous pretext. Thus the collector is obliged to call around so often that he wears out more shoe leather in his fruitless tramps than the paltry subscription amounts to. When such instances are multiplied by the hundreds and thousands, as they invariably are, it is easily seen how intolerable a burden the thing becomes. Would men presume on such indulgence in any other relationship or business transaction? We unhesitatingly say, No. Even if they did it would not be granted. The conduct of a newspaper is a strict business. The profits at best are small, and where it becomes necessary to pay help to collect dues that ought to be paid without the asking, they disappear entirely and the paper languishes for the breath of life. Weekly papers suffer more in this respect than dailies, because the latter are looked upon as of greater necessity and because, also, the conductors would, after a month or so, cut off delinquents and collect their dues by process of law. To avoid such a contingency the subscribers come to time at the stipulated periods and there is no jar or hindrance to the onward course and prosperity of the paper. Now why cannot our weeklies be conducted on the same strict business principles? We believe they can, and the only thing requisite to bring about the desirable result is for publishers to insist on advance payments for at least one-half year's subscription. If all would work in harmony and insist on this stipulation in every instance their work would be much lighter, their earnings more commensurate to their labors, and their facilities for turning out better papers more certain and reliable. The result would be profitable alike to publisher and subscriber. Let the work begin, and the harrassing cares that now sit so heavily on our enterprise and burden our efforts will disappear, and in the new order of things we will have a more healthful existence and our readers will receive better papers.

Catholic Telegraph.

A European letter-writer, adverting to some scandal connected with the Prince of Wales, says it is a well-known fact that no Englishwoman who values her reputation will allow the Prince to pay her the slightest attention. Not more than a month ago the daughter of an Earl stopped dancing and openly refused to go on with the Prince. She left him in the middle of the floor, and asked an acquaintance who was near to take her to her mother.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe (whose husband was one of the moderators—there were no judges—during the Purcell Campbell debate, in 1837, on Sycamore street) wrote an article for the Hearth and Home, some years since, in which she deprecated the foolish and dangerous love-stories, and sensational stories, usually carried away by youth of weak intellect, from our circulating libraries and periodical depots. In the course of this article she said that "a great many young girls' minds were all washed away by a constant dribble of dish-water stories." Mrs. Stowe, in these words, expressed, pointedly and forcibly, a great truth, and one to be lamented.

Bay City Chronicle.

The latest Irish papers bring us the accounts of the last (in Ireland) of the head of the Invincibles, James Carey. It were better for Ireland, and for the world, if James Carey had never been born. He raised himself to wealth at the cost of Irishmen in Dublin. He traded and made money on the fate of his country, and when he thought the opportunity had come to make his biggest stake, to "feather his nest" completely, he became an informer, a traitor to his associates, and sold them for promises or hope of pay to the English Government. But he got no pay, no reward, other than his worthless life.

We would like to have our friend the editor of the Detroit Anglo-Catholic with us in the communion and the comfort of the Catholic Church. But we see that we cannot, at present. We hope for the best, however. We hope—indeed we expect—that Rev. Mr. Edwards will one day, and not a very distant day either, find in the True Church the rest for his soul that, evidently he is sincerely and industriously seeking. How many men like Mr. Edwards we have met, in England and Ireland as well as in America! Full of good intention, of admirable life, pious and virtuous, but although their hearts impelled them to the threshold of the Roman Catholic Church, their pride of mind—which they would not acknowledge to themselves—held them back, and kept them in discomfort of soul to the end. We have no doubt that, were we intimate with Mr. Edwards, we would find him to be such a man. These people have always had a fascination for us;—they are "so near and yet so far."

MERIT REWARDED.

Rev. Michael J. Ferguson, C. S. B., for two years the leading professor at Assumption College, Sandwich, part of that time Vice-Rector, has been appointed to the Presidency of the Catholic College at Plymouth, England. Father Ferguson is a man who impresses all who come in contact with him with the greatness of his ability in that particular winning humanity of manner which is characteristic of great men. No better English scholar can be found in the United States or Canada. His promotion is well deserved, and his departure will be keenly felt, not only by his associates at the college, but by the numerous alumni all over the country. Besides the important position which he so ably filled at Sandwich College, he has been Vice-Rector of St. Michael's College at Louisville, also Vice-Rector of St. Michael's College, Toronto. He has been teaching in various colleges under the control of the Order of Bassiliarus for nearly twenty-six years. While his old friends in Canada and the States will deplore his departure, it is gratifying to all English students to know that the mother country has been obliged to come to America for a President of a prominent college.

MURRAY VS. C. P. RAILWAY.

This long-fought case has at length been decided, and decided so definitely that it can never be resusitated. The Messrs. Murray have won. It will be remembered that the suit originally arose from the refusal of the Canada Pacific to pay Messrs. Murray the cost of fencing the line between Renfrew and Pembroke—some $11,000. The contract for the work had originally been given out by Hon. A. B. Foster, and when he became insolvent and the road passed into the hands of the Canadian Pacific the latter refused to fulfil the obligations of their predecessor. The case has been tried five times. The first trial was at Pembroke before a jury, when a verdict for the full amount claimed and costs was rendered in favor of Messrs. Murray. It was then argued before the full Court of Queen's Bench at Toronto, when the verdict of the jury was confirmed. Afterwards some sort of examination was taken at Montreal, which had a similar result. Then the case was brought before the Court of Appeal for Ontario, and subsequently carried to the Supreme Court, both of which decided against the railway. At this stage the latter appealed to the English Privy Council for leave to bring their case before the Judicial Committee of that august body. This appeal was recently argued, and on Monday last Mr. Bethune, counsel for Messrs. Murray, received a cablegram stating that the appeal had been refused and that no further litigation would be allowed. The consequences of this decision will be that the Railway Company will have to pay the amount of the original verdict, with the full costs of both sides throughout, an amount, it is said, not far short of $30,000. The Messrs. Murray are to be congratulated, both on their victory and their plucky fight for their rights against the great corporation opposed to them.—Pembroke Observer.

We beg to add our congratulations to those of our contemporary on the well-meritel success of the Messrs. Murray.—Ed. Record.

THE PILGRIMS' PROGRESS.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

THE SHRINE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS SAINT—THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE IRISH CATHOLICS OF MONTREAL—AN ELOQUENT INSTRUCTION BY THE REV. FATHER CALLAGHAN—A GRAND SUCCESS.

Montreal Post.

The Irish Catholics of Montreal have reason to feel gratified at the manner in which their annual pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre was conducted this year. The attendance was fully as numerous as on former occasions, and the presence of the Rev. Pastor of St. Patrick's on board was a source of the deepest gratification to the pilgrims. The Rev. Father Dowd has taken part in but two public pilgrimages, the memorable one to Rome, and that on Saturday to St. Anne de Beaupre. He was accompanied by the Rev. Fathers Hamand, Fahey, Martin, Callaghan, James Callaghan and Bray, who were zealous in their endeavors, attending to the spiritual wants of all.

At four o'clock the splendid steamer "Canada" was covered with crowds of the faithful, but it was then a matter of anxious doubts as to whether the rev. pastor would be amongst his flock. It was, therefore, with unfeigned pleasure that his arrival was greeted, and shortly afterwards, with nearly seven hundred persons on board, the "Canada" steamed out into the channel while crowds on the wharves waved their *adieus.*

Immediately on leaving, the *Ave Maria Stella* was sung by a choir composed of the members of the Catholic Young Men's Society, under the direction of Mr. A. P. McGuirk, after which the pilgrims sat out on the decks enjoying the fresh, invigorating breezes of the river, as well as the scenery along the banks. Supper was served at 6 o'clock, when an excellent *menu* was discussed, Messrs. Tansey and Chambers catering to the inner man in the most efficient manner.

After supper all assembled in the main saloon, where the Rev. Father Dowd gave a short but effective instruction, dwelling on the benefits to be derived from a pilgrimage to the shrine of such an illustrious saint, and exhorting all to avail themselves of this golden opportunity. After the recitation of the Rosary, a hymn," Hail, Heavenly Queen," was sung with good taste and expression by the Catholic Young Men, which was followed by an eloquent instruction from the Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, which was listened to with great attention. The following is a short *resume* of his words:—

"Behold, now is the acceptable time." (2 Cor.) God is most liberal in your behalf. His treasury is open. You may dispose of the inexhaustible riches of His mercy. You are the objects of His predilection. He has selected you among thousands and favored you most singularly. You are repairing as pilgrims to the shrine of St. Ann. Soon you will cross the threshold of one of her most illustrious sanctuaries. Soon you will kneel before an altar where none ever pleads in vain and where heaven seems closer to the earth. What a privilege you enjoy! It is nothing less than a most signal honor and a most exceptional blessing. It is an extraordinary grace which you should appreciate and improve to the utmost of your ability. Your pilgrimage is celebrated in peculiar circumstances. It conveys an impressive and salutary lesson. It tells us what life is. Nothing is more natural than to compare it to the stream upon which we are sailing. At a momentary glance we discover that the majestic St. Lawrence has three striking features; It is rapid, swiftly flow its waters, and not even for one instant do they pause in their course. Our life is ebbing fast; nothing can suspend its onward march. We are like bubbles on its surface. We catch at a sunbeam and vanish out of view. Whatever years we have spent are but a thing of the past. Each step we take is one nearer to the tomb. The St. Lawrence has its dangers. Often it has served the purpose of a grave, and not unfrequently has its foam been its only ornamentation. How many, through accidents or imprudence have been engulfed amid its waves! In life there are dangers, not few indeed, and of the most serious character. These dangers affect the soul, and proceed from Satan—the world and the passions of the human heart. Do not let your souls perish. Beware of wrecking them! The injury is irreparable and everlasting. The river upon which we are travelling wends its way to the ocean. Are we not rushing towards an ocean? Yes, the ocean of eternity. This eternity may be happy or unhappy. It is in your power to make the choice. This pilgrimage is a golden opportunity; it enables us to realize our most ardent wishes. We may go and lay at the feet of St. Ann the twofold homage to which she is entitled—the homage of our respect and the confidence she is deserving of being honored. What an exalted being she must have been! Did she not give birth to a child that was the very incarnation of moral and physical beauty? Was she not given in charge the loveliest creature that issued from the hands of God? Was not Mary her daughter? In order that she might become the mother of such a daughter it was necessary that she should be duly qualified. How sublime and singular must have been her endowments? How preeminently grand must she have appeared in the eyes of the Most High. What respect does she not then claim at our hands. How earnest and profound it should be! Moreover, God has deemed her worthy of being honored. He has ranked her among the princesses of His heavenly court. With what veneration are not her relics surrounded! How numerous the churches which bear her name! How many Christians who study her virtues and seek to reproduce them! How many miracles does not God constantly work in her honor? We should also give her our most unbounded confidence. We need friends for our souls. The staunchest of friends are the saints. Let us count St. Ann among our friends. Her only desire is to make use of her intercessory influence for the advancement of our spiritual interests. Let us invoke her in behalf of the Pope, who thinks, speaks and lives for our welfare. Let us fervently pray for our respective families and for ourselves. St. Ann used to lead the Blessed Virgin by the hand. May she direct our steps on our journey to eternity! Let us frequently look into her maternal countenance to ascertain her wishes, and let us generously follow her inspirations. In heaven we should centre all our hopes and desires. On earth we should allow our hearts to beat only in serving our Lord and God; and we should, if we would be truly wise, live only with the ambition of His servants now crowned in the kingdom of His glory.

During the evening all the fathers were fully occupied in hearing confessions. At eleven o'clock all had retired with the exception of the officers of the committee who acted as a night watch. Quebec was reached at 4 o'clock when already large numbers were astir. A short delay here occurred while the pilgrims were being transferred to the steamer "Brothers" which conveyed them to St. Anne de Beaupre, arriving there about 8 o'clock. Mass was then celebrated in the new church of St. Anne, the large majority present approaching the Sacrament. After mass breakfast was partaken of, some repairing to the convent to enjoy the hospitality of the good Sisters, while others satisfied their hunger at the numerous hotels. An hour was then spent in visiting the ancient chapel and its holy surroundings, after which all assembled in the church to participate in the veneration of the relics, before which a Redemptorist Father delivered a most pointed and pathetic oration, his subject being the patroness of the church. At the conclusion of the service the pilgrims returned to Quebec, where unfortunately a downpour of rain prevented many from visiting the city and its historic surroundings. The return trip was commenced at 5:30, the rain in the meantime having ceased. During the evening an impromtu concert was organized, the following ladies and gentlemen taking part:—Misses Winne, Perkins, Herbert, McLean, McGlynn and Messrs. McQuirk, Fosbre, Hammill, Neville, McLaughlin, Purcell, McEnroe, McCann, McCaffrey, and others. After the concert a hymn—"Dearest Jesus, Hear Us Now"—was sung, followed by the recitation of the Rosary.

On approaching the city this morning a vote of thanks to the clergy was moved by Mr. B. Emerson, and in response the Rev. Father Dowd, in a few words, expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which the arrangements were carried out and complimented the committee on their excellent management. The following gentlemen composed the Committee of Management—representatives of the congregation:—Messrs. Thos. Buchanan, M. Sharkey, W. Rawley, P. Reynolds, B. Tansey, M. C. Mullarky, M. P. Ryan, P. Mullin, St. Patrick's Temperance Society; A. Brogan, Jas. J. Costigan, P. O'Donoghue, John Callaghan, jr., B. Emerson, Catholic Young Men's Society; J. Fosbre, J. P. Hammill, Jos. A. McCann, J. P. McLaughlin, P. F. McCaffrey. Mr. B. Emerson was chairman of the Committee of Management, and Mr. P. F. McCaffrey, discharged the onerous duties of secretary, while Mr. P. O'Donoghue acted as treasurer. Dr. Ambrose was a guest of the committee, and was ready to attend to the physical wants of the pilgrims, but happily his medical services were not required except in a very few instances. The members of the Catholic Young Men's Society deserve great credit for the invaluable assistance they gave in the work of carrying out the arrangements of the pilgrimage.

BOOK NOTICES.

BIOGRAPHIE DE SIR N. F. BELLEAU.

An excellent though brief biographical sketch of the first Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, written by Mr. Stanislaus Drapeau. Mr. Drapeau is a clear and forcible writer, and in this little work fully sustains his reputation as a leading *litterateur*. The sketch is a valuable contribution to our political literature.

HELL—THE DOGMA OF HELL,

illustrated by facts taken from profane and sacred history, by the Rev. Father F. X. Schouppe, S. J. This is indeed a little work admirably adapted to these days of doubt and unbelief. None can read it without deriving the most wholesome impressions from its perusal. We commend it to our readers. It is published by Hickey & Co., "Vatican Library."

EPISCOPAL NOMINATIONS.

We have received from Messrs. Sullivan and Schaeffer, New York, a copy of Father Corrigan's pamphlet on Episcopal Nominations. The pamphlet is well written and the printing neatly executed. We shall say nothing further of it, than that we strongly disapprove of pamphleteering as a means of redress for church grievances, real or imaginary.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY FOR JULY.

We are happy to see the quarterly maintain its high reputation in the number before us. The Catholic Doctrine on Marriage is discussed by Rev. Dr. Henry A. Bram. Bishop O'Connor deals with Capital and Labor—and Mr. Bryan J. Clinche dwells at length on the English administration in Ireland to-day. The other papers are of high interest from the literary, philosophical and theological stand-points.

THE DAYS OF A LIFE, BY "NORAH."

ALMONTE, W. TEMPLEMAN, PUBLISHER.

This work is assuredly one of the most valuable contributions ever made to our literature. The gifted writer is well known to be possessed of every attainment and qualification to produce a work of high literary value, but in this work she has, we believe, surpassed the best expectations of her friends. Mrs. MacDougall is well known to our readers as the author of a series of letters addressed from Ireland to the Montreal Witness during the gloomy days of the last famine. These letters, marked by keen observation, sound judgment and literary excellence, did very much to enlighten the public mind of Canada on the Irish land question. They were read far and near, and to their happy influence we must ascribe the disappearance on this side of the Atlantic of many prejudices against the Irish race. "Norah's" present work, "Days of a Life," is largely based on observations made by the writer during her stay at that time in the old land. The book is very appropriately dedicated to the exiled sons and daughters of Erin in Canada and the United States. In her preface the writer says:—

If the agitation in Ireland were not a living issue, there would be little excuse for weaving these facts together by a slight web of fiction. I have taken imaginary characters to narrate real occurrences, and I have laid the scene in Donegal, because of my love for it. The incidents are taken from Ireland at large."

It behooves every man and every woman, having Irish blood in their veins, to look into this burning question and ask, 'Are these things so?' Not only should the children of Erin do this, but all who believe in God, the Father Almighty, and recognize the authority of the Sermon on the Mount, should, in the name of Humanity, in the name of Christianity, ascertain if there is oppression that no law redresses—robbery that law allows—behind this agitation. Is there wrong tolerated in the name of civil and religious liberty, that hardens the heart of one party, and embitters life to another? Do these things exist within the shadow of a motherly throne, and under the ægis of our British constitution! These are questions whose magnitude cannot be overrated.

It behooves those to whom this green Erin is motherland, without distinction of class, creed, or descent, to enquire into the matter fearlessly, faithfully, asking the question, "Are the Irish people thus oppressed?"

Assuredly, wrong shall be righted, oppression shall cease, justice shall prevail. Let us, then, individually see to it that we are on the Lord's side for the cause of the poor of our people."

These words of the accomplished author give an idea of the scope and purpose of the book. This in fact is a story of Irish landlordism, and presents to the reader an admirable series of characters all delineated with the utmost exactitude. The descriptive power of the writer, both as to persons and places, is throughout the work, of an invariably high order. In one word, Norah's Days of a Life is a production evidencing the rarest power of combination, the finest mental gifts and highest literary culture. Every line breathes the warmest devotion to the Irish people. We wish to see the book in the hands of every reader of the Record. Let its circulation, say we, be worthy of its noble purpose and its talented and accomplished writer.

More Evidences of Protestant Decay.

Protestantism is in a decidedly bad way, not only in England and Germany, but also in that stronghold of the reformation, Switzerland. Of the 23 cantons of that Republic, Zurich is the most thoroughly Protestant, the number of Catholics it contains being quite insignificant. Now, just cast a glance at the following abstract of the official registrar's report, which we translate for the edification of our readers: "Last year 9144 children were born in the canton of Zurich; of these no more than 7305, being 83 in every hundred, were baptized. The number of marriages amounted to 2518; only 1483 of these, being 58 in every 100, were solemnized in a church. Out of 6761 persons who died, no more than 5639, or about 83 in every 100, received a religious burial." If this is the state of the green tree, what may be expected in the case of the dry? Switzerland is to Germany what Scotland is to England; the followers of Zwingle are at the present day fully as bigoted as the successors of John Knox. Yet if 42 Protestant couples out of every hundred can manage to dispense with all religious rites in entering upon married life, is it to be wondered at if the "reformed" parsons of Switzerland keep complaining of decadence of their religion, and tell us in dolorous tones that every now and then one of their churches is made into a brewery? This much, at least, is certain, that the Catholic minority of the Swiss people manage these things very differently indeed.—Ex.

Death is the sword that severs the tie of earth. Its edge is keen and never fails in its office.