Feast of the Presentation of Mary in the Temple. BY FATHER RYAN.

JANUARY 13, 1882.

The Priests stood waiting in the Holy place Impatient of delay; (Isalah had been read) When sudden up the aisle there came a Face

(Isalah nad been read). When sudden up the aisle there came a Face Like a lost sun's ray;
And the child was led
By Joachim and Anna. Rays of grace
Shone all about the child.
Simeon looked on-and bowed his aged head,
Looked on the child—and smiled. Low were the words of Joachim. He spake

In a trenulous way—
As if he were a fraid,
Oras if his heart were just about to break
And knew not what to say:
And low he bowed his head—
While Anna wept the while—he, sobbing
said:
Priests of the Holy Temple, will you take
Into your care, our child?"
And Simeon, listening prayed, and strangely
smiled

A' silence, for a moment, fell on all;
They gazed in mute surprise,
Not knowing what to say;
I'll Simeon spake: "Caild! hast thou
Heaven's cail!?"
And the child's wondrous eyes,
(Each look a lost-sun's ray)
Turned toward the far mysterious wall
(Did the veil of the Temple sway?)
They looked from the curtain to the little
child—
Simeon seemed! to pray—and strangely. Simeon seemed to pray — and strangely smiled.

Yes! heaven sent me here. Priests! let m

in:

(And the voice was sweet and low)

'Was it a bream by night?'

A voice did call me from this world of sin —

A spirit-voice I know—

An angel pure and bright.

'Leave, Father, Mother'—said the Voice—
'and win'

(I see my angel now)
'"he crown of a Virgin's vow:'

I am three summers old—a little child."—

And Simeon seemed to pray the while he smiled.

"Yes! Holy Priests! our Fathers' God is

great
And all His mercies sweet;
His angel bade me come—
Come thro' the Temple's Beautiful Gate,
He led my heart and feet
To this my holy Home.
He said to me: 'Three years your God will
watt.

Your heart to greet and meet.'—
I am three summers old—
(I see my angel now) I am three summers old—
(I see my angel now)
Brighter his wings than gold—
He knoweth of my vow."
The Priests, in awe, came closer to the child.
She wore an angel's look—and Simeon smiled.

As it she were the very Holy Ark,
Simeon placed his hand
On the fair, pure head.
The sun had set—and it was growing dark;
The robed Priests did stand
Around the child. He said;
'Unto me, Priests, and all ye Levites! hark!
This child is God's own Gift.
Let us our voices lift
In holy praise." They gazed upon the child
In wonderment, and Simeon prayed and
smiled.

And Joachim and Anna went their way;
The little child—she shed
The tenderest human tears.
The Priests and Levites lingered still to pray;
And Simeon said;

And Simeon said:
"We teach the latter years
The Night is passing fore the coming Day
(Isalah had been read)
Of our Redemption"—and some way the child
Won all their hearts. Simeon prayed and

That night the Temple's child knelt down to

In the shadow of the fishe;
In the shadow of the fishe;
She prayed for you and me.
Why did the Temple's mystle curtain sway?
Why did the shadows smile?—
The child of Love's decree
Had come at last; and 'heath the night-stars'

gleam
The aged Simeon did see in Dream
The mystery of the child,
And in his sleep he murmured prayer—and
smited.

And twelve years after up the very aisle
Where Simeon had smiled
Upon her fair, pure Face;
She came again with a Mother's smile,
And in her arms a child
The very God of grace.
And Simeon took the infant from her breast,

And in glad tones and strong
He sang his glorious song
Of Faith and hope and everlasting Rest.

SEA REST, BILOXI, MISS., Nov. 21, 1881.
- Mobile Register

PRESENTATION.

From the Amprior Chronicle we learn that the good people of Arnprior have been of late presenting their devoted pastor with a substantial mark of regard. Father Chaine has spent himself in service in the Ottawa Valley During the twenty years he has there passed every one knows the sacrifices he has made, the pains he has suffered. We have therefore out of respect for this veteran priest much pleasure in giving our readers the following report :

PRESENTATION. A very pleasant surprise was arranged for Rev. A. Chaine, parish priest of Arnprior, by the members of his congregation on Friday evening last, on which occasion a committee consisting of Messrs, John Tierney, James White, James Dontigny, Peter McGonigal and Denis McNamara, accompanied by several other gentlemen and the Amprior Brass Band, waited upon their pastor, and, after serenading him. tendered the reverend gentleman a pledge of their affection and esteem in the shape of a number of useful and substantial articles. Mr. John Tierney was appointed chairman of the deputation, who, in making the presentation, read the following

ADDRESS. To the Rev. A. Chaine, Parish Priest,

Araprior.
REV. AND DEAR SIR,—In behalf of the members of your congregation, allow us most respectfully to present you these two buffalo robes, one sett of bells, dinner sett, whip and mitts, as a slight momento of the affection and esteem in which you are held by us as our spiritual adviser, as well as for your diligent labor as teacher of well as for your diligent labor as teacher of our young men's brass band. Our prayer is that Heaven's choicest blessing may attend your earthly pilgrimage, and that you may long be spared to labor amongst

Signed on behalf of the congregation, JOHN TIERNEY, JAMES WHITE,

PHILIP DONTIGNY, PETER McGoNIGAL, Committee DENNIS MCNAMARA,

The reverend gentleman was thoroughly surprised and pleased with this evidence of the regard in which his congregation hold him, and in a few choice and fitting words thanked them warmly for the affectionate sentiment contained in the address, and for the elegant articles which accompanied it. After mutual expressions of good will and hearty wishes for the temporal welfare of their pastor, the committee vithdrew pleased at heart with the knowledge that they conveyed genuine Christ-

WHY CATHOLIC GIRLS ARE PURE.

An Interesting Experience.

EDITOR N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL: DEAR Sir-A very interesting and edifying little story in your issue of the 31st December reminds me of an experience of my own.

of my own.

Some years ago I lived at a boardinghouse in London. Among my companion-boarders was an engineer, who,
though an unmarried and comparatively young man, had seen a good deal of the world. He was a member of a first class English Troy family connected with a ducal house. He was a man of ample means and considerable ambition, served on "The Irrigation of India," the construction of the Suez Canal; and, when I knew him, was engaged on the under-ground railroads of London. To me he appeared, at first, simply a proud Protest-ant, with very little in him of the mater-ials out of which converts to Catholicity are made. Knowing something of applicate mathematics, I became, before long, nore intimate with him than most of our

One Sunday, after breakfast, he ex-One Sunday, after breakfast, he expressed a wish to accompany me to the High Mass at a neighboring Catholic Church, if I had no objection. Of course I had none, believing that if he did not join in Catholic worship, he was too much of a gentleman to act with anything but becoming gravity while it proceeded. We were not long in church, however, when I perceived that my friend was attentive to more than the ceremonies and the music. He was much more ocand the music. He was much more oc-cupied with the congregation, sometimes turning almost right round to look into the people's faces. After Mass, thinking that perhaps it would be his last visit, I refrained from offering him any re-

The next Sunday he again presented himself at the church-hour, and, though he did not directly propose to accompany me, I could perceive, from his remarks and manner, that he desired to be invited. I did invite him again, but, to my disgust, I found his demeanor in church no way improved. On the third Sunday he was about to accompany me, as a matter of

took place:
"Wilson," I said, "it appears to me that
you go with me to the Catholic church pretty much as you go to any ordinary worldly spectacle—to look partly at the proceedings, partly at the spectators, and listen to the music." ten to the music."
"You mistake my motives very much,"

he replied, blushing; "I long ago learned to entertain a profound respect for your

"Why, you look about you," I said,
"as if, at ail events, you had but little
reverence for the place. For my part, I
think a Protestant, earnestly saying his
prayers in his own place of worship, would making greater advances towards Catholicity, than sitting in a Catholic church to make a critical survey of its humble

worshippers."
"I must confess," he rejoined, "that I exhibited an almost indecent curiosity last Sunday. I forgot myself; but when I tell you what actuated my conduct you

will probably excuse me."

"Go on Wilson," I said, relaxing; "you have an indulgent judge."
"I was watching the expression on the people's faces," he continued, "to judge if they were really believers in the proceed-ings at the altar. For this purpose I turned round a little at the most solemn

part of the service. Probably that annoyed you." "Well, just a little. You Protestants cannot form an estimate of our feelings at that awful moment. But let that pass. What has given you such an interest in

determining the sincerity of our poor people's piety?"
"I'll tell you that he replied with blunt Saxon frankness; "I want to learn as

much as I can about your religion before I commit myself to the study of books on "Have you a mind to become a Catho-

lic?" I asked with some surprise. "Yes, if I can get over my prejudices regarding your worship."
"Is it fair to ask you Wilson, what first

"Is it fair to ask you wison, what first interested you in Catholicity?"
"I'll tell you that. It was the purity of poor Irish servant-maids. I spent some time in Ireland during the famine-period, making surveys of projected public works. I stopped with my assistants at all kinds of inns. In the meaner ones the servants were mostly poor girls, some of them without shoes to their feet. They were the most humble and obliging creatures I ever met. Why, they would, if you asked them, wash your feet without a remonstrance. They could make and enjoy a joke wonderfully well; but when any of my party, some of them loose fellows enough, made the slightest suggestion that a poor girl understood to be a serious tampering with her purity, she rose at once to the dignity of a duchess, contemptnously rebuking the fellow's assault. I have, a hundred times, said to myself that the religion that inspired so noble a regard for virtue, despite ignorance and poverty, must have something in it vastly above superstition. I have been much through the world, and have met no people, in this respect, like the poor Irish Catholica."

"Oh, well," I said, "that all follows naturally from sincere devotion to the Virgin Mother of God, and the practise of Confession from childhood that we look upon it as a matter of course. What you deemed a heroism in those poor girls, many of whom did not, at that time, re-ceive one pound a year for their services, they themselves took little credit for."

Shortly after this, Mr. Wilson-for such I will call him for convenience sake and other obvious reasons, though it was not his name—was introduced to Father Anderdon, a very polished and pious convert from Anglicanism. What followed I never learned, for I left London the next week. The great probability is that, in a few months from that date, some newspapers announced the going over to Romanism of Mr. Wilson, C.1 E., etc., and that his change of mind was assisted by the insinuating eloquence and untir-ing zeal of the accomplished Father An-derdon. Nobody, outside of a few con-fidential friends, ever learned possibly, how much of the work was done by baremas cheer to one whom our townspeople footed Biddy Slattery or poor Peg Mull-of all creeds hold in high respect.

feet of a strolling peddler, but who would repulse the indecent freedom of an

imperial prince.

Verily, the Church has yet many silent Verily, the Church has yet many preachers. The "Go forth, teach all nations" has an application wider than most people dream of. All men and women are missioners for good or evil.

M. L. S.

CATHOLICS AND ANGLICANS.

How a Doctor, in Communion with Canterbury, served a Mass in Stockholm—and what it lead to.

From the Catholic Examiner The writer gives the following "True Incident" very much in the words of the narrator, Graf S—, priest of the Society

of Jesus: It was, I think, in 1871, when parish
priest at Malmo, Sweden, that I received one day a visit from an English family Dr. G... his wife and children. "We are Catholics" said the Dr., after our mutual greeting; "for some time we have sought a Catholic priest; your address was forwarded to us from Stockholm. and we are here to number ourselves among your parishioners."

I expressed my pleasure at so valuable an addition, fcr, to say the truth, I had feared my sermons would be delivered to empty benches, and so after a few remarks our interview ended.

As time passed and the good doctor served Mass so regularly and all were so often present, my English friends ranked almost the best of my flock. One thing however there was wanting; they had not yet received the Sacraments. Why was yet received the Sacraments. Why was this? Should I speak or wait to see what the approaching Christmas would bring? I was still in doubt, when a letter arrived, the substance of which was somewhat as follows :-

Dear Father,-We have wished to receive the Blessed Sacrament at Christmas, but before doing so, I think it right to say that we are in communion with the Arch-bishop of Canterbury. Should you con-

sider this an obstacle, we shall, of course, submit to your decision.

"So then all is clear," I exclaimed, as with feelings of disappointment I laid the letter aside: "that Catholics could mean anything but Roman Catholics never entered my mind. So my Eng-lish friends are English Catholics, and my best family is no longer mine! Still an best family is no longer mine! Still an effort must be made!" and drawing on my pelz I set off to see what could be But it was in vain that I spoke; grace had brought them thus far, but the way for its final success had yet to be prepared by a noble act on the Doctor's part.
Misfortune, it is said, never comes

singly, and on the loss of parishioners fol-lowed the loss of my schoolmaster. What was to be done?

A school without a teacher is even A school without a teacher is even worse off than a pastor without his flock. Who could supply the place? I counted and recounted all the possible substitutes. There was no one but the Englishman. Would he render me this service? Though of noble birth, the family, I knew, had suffered misfortune, and the Doctor was now giving lessons in England; but then the little that satisfied a village schoolmaster could scarcely be an inducement to another for the sacrifice of so much valuable time. Nevertheless I would try.

"Doctor," said 1, "I am in difficulties, my school is without an instructor. Could I venture to ask, if you would assist me by taking charge until the loss is made good? "Oh yes, with pleasure, I shall come and

do everything.' "As to the remuneration....." But I was not to be satisfied, and insisted on the Doctor acceping the little I

could offer.
So the school went on. Later in the year the Doctor sent his family back to England, he himself remaining, Christmas carre again, and this time found the

Doctor a Roman Catholic.

As one day after his conversion, we were speaking of the past, "Father," he said: do you know what you once did for "No, what was it?"

"That day on which you gave me the school money was the second on which I and my children had been without

"Good heavens!" I involuntarily exclaimed "and in such distress you had the courage to say I will take nothing, I will do all for the love of God?"

Such are the characters in which grace wins an easy victory; such the souls in which the prophecies of the Saviour find fulfilment. "Other sheep have I who are not of this fold, them also must I bring, and there shall be one shepherd and one fold."

New Year's Maxims.

Now that the New Year is here the folowing alphabetical arrangement of maxims for 1882, is prepared for persons in need of a set of good resolutions. The world would be much better if people would adopt these rules and regulate their conduct thereby: Attend carefully to the details of your

Be true to your religious duties Consider well, then decide positively. Dare to do right. Fight life's battle bravely.

Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred. Injure not another's reputation. Join hands with the virtuous. Keep your mind from evil thoughts. Lie not for any consideration. Make no rash promises. Never try to appear what you are not.

Observe good manners. Pay your debts promptly. Question not the doings of Providence. Respect the counsel of your parents. Sacrifice money rather than principle, Touch no intoxicating drinks. Jse your leisure time for improvement. Venture not upon the threshold of

Watch carefully over your passions Extend to every one a kindly salutation. Yield not to discouragement. Zealously labor for the right.

IRISH AGRARIAN CRIME.

Great Outrages

Nationalist's Protest against Some

"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Solemn, profound, and impressive are these divine words, like the deep blue sky of midnight, alive with the voiceful presence of innumerable stars. Look, and reflect. They bear into the heart of a man a mighty truth, if he will not close its gates against the angelic messenger. In the solemn night hours, when projects of violence may be devised, we implore the people of the troubled districts of our land to look upon the stars—God's bright and watchful witnesses in the sky—and to remember these His sacred words.

Is there to be hope for Ireland? Then her honer must be guarded, and justice ever identified with her name; for it is an immortal and immutable truth that "righteousness exalteth a nation." It is the consciousness of the justice of a cause which gives strength to endure all sufferings, and courage to persevere through all obstacles. It is this justice which brings upon a nation the blessing of the Most High, and endows with a richer harvest in its tribulations than others glean in the false glitter of a mere material pros-

perity.

Is there to be shame for Ireland? Tarnish her unsullied honor by cowardly crime, and her fair fame will fall and her noble name be brought into disgrace; since He who is eternal Truth has said it "Sin is a reproach to any people."
the peril of this reproach we would every lover of our country to labor to guard his native Nation. Dear as the honor of a father to his sons should be the honor of our fatherland to every son of Ireland.

Were an alien or an enemy to censure, habitants of this island stand more free of foul crimes, more sober, more virtuous, than those of neighboring lands. As often before, with untiring constancy, we would rebut the shameless libels that hostile calumny scatters with such venomous abundance against a long-oppressed people. But, if we are bound for the sake of our country and of truth thus to take up their prompt defence, we hold ourselves equally bound, for Ireland and for honor's sake, to keep watch and ward that no shame may come upon her fair repute—that no sin shall, with a serpent's slime, defile her enclosed garden, and make her name a reproach.

There have been many foul and false things alleged daily against her people of late, and we count it not the least cruel element of these slanders that they tend to make men doubtful when a real offence occurs, and thus not prompt and ardent to condemn and root out the evil, which, like a taint, may increase and currupt in secret. Against the danger we have guarded and striven, as much as lay in our power, sensible of a deep responsi-bility, far higher than all human con siderations, which each man owes to his conscience, and he most of all whose voice

may reach to many.

It was a signal glory to Erin that at the voice of one of her saints, her princes and people, in very ancient times, abolished a very ancient practise, and enacted a law onet thrust into a fleeing maiden's bosom. Were that saint-made law of our land still vigorous as it ought to be, in the Irish heart, how could it be possible to imagine such a scene as that reported from a distant county, where a band of men-with faces blackened like their souls-burst Anxiously have we hoped to see a contra-diction of the occurrence of an outrage so unmanly, so unspeakably cowardly; but none has yet come; therefore we denounce none has yet come; therefore we denounce it, and we warn all concerned in it, or who may meditate similar things, that they may meditate similar things, that they have incurred, with the wrath of an offended God, the horror of an outraged

nation.
On such and similar dastards, whose deeds would more degrade, drag down, and destroy the reputation of our native land than could a thousand foes for a thousand years, we invoke the excommunication of the start ication of their countrymen. Let those be banned as the worst, the most virulent, the most detestable enemies of Irelandthose who could by such crimes contaminate our country and mar the purity of its progress, the immortal justice of its cause. The Ark of Nationhood must be upborne by pure hands; in order to advance, the voice of God must be the voice of the peaple,-Dublin Irishman.

The Salvation Army.

The latest phase of religious mania is The latest phase of religious mania is exciting much discussion in English religious journals, the majority of which strongly condemn the tactics of the so-called "army". Still I am bound to confess that much difference of opinion exists as to the relative amount of good and harm the persons who form the "army" may do. Last week I had the misfortune to lose my cook without a moment's warning, and may perhaps have an undue anti-Salvationist bias therefor, as the "Salvationists" were the direct cause of my loss. vationists" were the direct cause of my loss. The young woman, while out for a walk was importuned by skirmishers of a Sal vation Army procession to "come and be saved," and left my dinner to cook itself, without compunction whatever. A week's shouting and excitement with the "army were quite sufficient for the errant maid, and at the end of that time she was discharged, cured, and ready to resume ordinary culinary occupation.—Phila. Tel-

Sorrow for Sin.

It will never do to merely say we are and sincerely regret having insulted the infinite majesty of God by our sins. To recite an act of contrition for the sin of drunkenness for example, and go stagger-ing through the street beastly intoxicated in a few hours afterwards, is a sign that a man has no genuine sorrow for having

THE IDEAL FIRESIDE.

A Homely Picture of a Catbolic Family Circle—Pertinent Remarks.

We often recur with feelings of most joyful remembrance to the home of our childhood. There were father, mother, and five children of us. We lived on a farm. Each and every one of us had his own particular work to do, assigned by our father who took care that we should not be overburdened with labor. Father always sub-cribed for one monthly magazine and two or three weekly papers When evening came and the che all done, we all assembled in the large family room, where we spent some of the most happy moments of our lives. We always look back with pleasure to

We always look back with those fine winter evenings. Mother and sisters usually occupied themselves with mending or knitting. A weekly newspaper was brought out and one of us paper was brought out and one of us read the title or heading of each article when father or mother would ask that the whole article be read, or would say, "Pass

Subjects, sentences and words were explained by either father or mother. Very plained by either lather or mother. Very frequently we were asked to tell the meaning of something we read, and thus did we acquire a facility in expressing our thoughts which has been of great advantage to us in after life. Our father or everything to us, that we often wondered if there was anything they did not know. Apples, nuts, and pop corn, were then placed on the table. Sometimes we had to sing some songs, etc. So the evening passed away. Our neighbors used to drop in occasionally for a friendly visit, in which case we had the additional pleasure of listening to an entertaining conversation. Since then we have lived in many places and been in many countries, but always and in every place our memory wanders back to the home of our child-

hood with the most tender recollection. We think the great majority of our Catholic families are guilty of a great mistake in their carelessness about the reading matter furnished their children. Many farmers, for example, are quite willing to furnish their children a few dollars spending money, from time to time, yet they never get them good books to read. Home frequently is known to children as a place of work. There are no books or papers there, in a word, nothing to make home attractive. If the children wish recreation, they must seek it in the society which frequently is not the best.

This whole state of things is easily remedied. For the small sum of \$2 a good Catholic paper can be furnished for the whole year. Bach week it has something new a new. The reading is always fresh and compt attractive. The children are sure to read it and learn the news of the day, and always feel as if they were living in the world, and posted in the affairs of society. If they cannot get information in this way, they too often seek it from their neighbors who have it tainted and viti-ated by the channel of some worldly or

vile paper through which it passes.

The father, who each week receives a good Catholic paper into his house, is con-tinually instructing his children. To this may now and then be added a good book which will likewise be read. The child-ren are always ready to read the paper and good books, and the thoughts thus "against killing women in battle." Had the law remained in force, in the Irish heart, no constable now would endure the heart, no constable now would endure the put into their minds make a good impression upon them. Their character is forming, and forming in the right way. There is not much pity for the parent whose last years are embittered by the waywardness of his children, who spend their whole time away from home and are frequently led astray by bad company, when that parent had never in the young and tender years of his children, given their minds "Not a word! none is required, I shall oall for the love of God."

But I was not to be satisfied, and inchildren, fired, lacerating an infant's limb!

A small only of many none will be satisfied. good. A small outlay of money now will return itself with compound interest after

Saved by Hearing Mass.

Three Italian merchants from Gubbio return home, and determined to start very early next morning in order that they might reach home in the evening. But one of the three opposed this, and insisted that they ought at least to wait for Mass, as it was Sunday. The other two, how-ever, would not listen to him, and said that God would readily pardon them if for once they omitted to hear Mass in

strangers.

from Cisterno, where he had heard Mass; knees, raised his hands and eyes to neaven in sincerest gratitude, and then told those that stood around how he had escaped sharing in the fate of his companions, declaring that he owed his life to the fact that he had assisted devoutly at Mass.—

The City of Quebec is justly proud of its St. Bridget's Asylum, and indeed it has good recent to he

OUR LORD'S CHOICE OF POVERTY.

Father Faber.

The Holy Ghost was called Pater Pauperiem: So were some of the Saints also: so was Jesus. Love of the poor is a characteristic of true holiness, as well as of the true Church. The poor you have always with you, but Me you have not always. This shows how completely the poor came to occupy His place, even more than direct texts.

Jesus' shoice of poverty.

1. He being the Eternal Wisdom, chose

2. He selected poverty as the state in hich He could raise Hissacred Humanity to heights of holiness

As the state fittest for His great end,

-the salvation of souls.

4. How consistently He kept to His choice through the three and thirty years. 5. How the choice sati-fied the l of His Sacred Heart and His Divine Com-

6. The result of this choice is that the oor are made authentically the favorites of God. Hence in the church we have always voluntary poverty and sacrifices for the poor.

See the blassed efforts of this choice of Jesus, to all, rich as well as poor.

1. The abundance of holy charity and

liberality.
2. His choice rebukes the spirit of the world in us, and so raises us to perfection.

3. It likens us to the Sacred Heart, and o makes us dear to God.

Consider the consolations of the poor.

Consider the consolations of the poor, arising from this choice.

1. God has been a poor man—tried it all—scant food—hard lying, trust in alms, labour; those who are sick even have no such consolation; many an evening darkened in—where was He to lodge or lay His head?

ay his head?

2. It is not wrong to feel and feel keenly, the privations of poverty.

3. We have new and supernatural motives for patience, supplied by the choice of Jesus. What then is your riches? The Sacred Heart of Jesus. What not to take what is yours! What have you else to make you happy? O blessed poverty, if it drives you into the Sacred Heart—this is its one blessing, in which are all blessings. Forfeit this, and you are the dull thing the world pronounces you to

If a poor man is discontented, because of his poverty, if he compares his fortune with that of the rich and the noble, if he feels the ill temper which results from that comparison, let him turn his thoughts another way.

1. Jesus was God, and might by his wer have chosen any state-yet Ho chose poverty.

2. He was Infinite Wisdom,-yet He ose poverty.

3. He came to do His Father's work as we are supposed to do-and He chose 4. He chose it of the hardest and most

comparison between His poverty and the comparison between His poverty and the comforts of poor men in general.

5. Let the poor man look to the love Jesus had for the poverty He had chosen.

IV.

Again let the poor consider the priv-

ileges of the poor.

1. Absence of temptation.

2. Penance for sin, (as poverty can be 3. Special promises of the gospel.

5. Companionship of Jesus—of Him the Psalmist foretold that He will pledge the poor of the people, and will save the children of the poor and that He shall are the poor and shall save the souls of

4. Easy death bed-so little to part

spare the poor and shall save the souls of the poor.

O poor, however dark your way may seem, however multiplied your hardships and your woes, you are what Jesus chose to be, and is not that fortune enough to make you richer than all this poor perishing world can give ?

ST. BRIDGET'S ASYLUM, QUEBEC. Silver Jubilee Celebration.

The adage "Out of a small Acorn a great Oak doth grow" could not be more appro-priately applied than in the case of the popular—popular alike among Irish, Eng-lish, Scotch and French-Canadian, Catholic and Protestant—institution whose name appears at the head of this column. Begun with the modest sum of Seventeen Pounds some odd shillings collected by a few non-commissioned officers of the regiments of for once they omitted to hear Mass in order to have a quicker and more pleasant journey.

Hardly had the dawn broken on the following morning when the two merchants were riding out of the gates of Cisterno, whilst their companion remained behind in order to assist at Mass. After journeying on for some hours they came to the river Curfuone across which was to the river Curfuone across which was journeying on for some hours they came to the river Curfuone, across which was 'laid a long wooden bridge. There had been almost ince-sant rains for some time previous, and this, together with heavy floods, had rendered the bridge insecure. The riders knew nothing about this, and fearlessly allowed their spirited horses to dash over it; but when they had gone about half way the bridge fell with a crash and was carried away by the swollen stream with horses and riders. Some country people heard the cry of distress that was uttered by the sinking men and hastened to the place, but they could not succeed in saving them, notwithstanding their courageous efforts; it was only after their courageous efforts; it was only after some hours and with great trouble that they managed to draw the corpses of the unfortunate travellers from the water. They laid the bodies down on the banks, aud many people came running to the Walsh, Rev. Brothers Anselm and Joachim spot, but no one could recognize the C.SS.R., Hon. Mr. Hearn, and Messa. rangers.

At last the third merchant came riding com Cisterno, where he had heard Mass;

O'Connor, Carbrey, M. P.P., and Shea,

Trustees of the Asylum and, considering the weather, the state of the roads and he saw and recognized the bodies of his the counter attraction at the Music Hall, two friends, and was told by the people a large audience. The entertainment was sorry for sin, unless we realize this sorrow and sincerely regret having insulted the upon the merchant threw himself on his Rev. Father Lowekamp, which, showed knees, raised his hands and eyes to heaven | the institution to be in a most satisfactory

good reason to be.

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