The Herald.

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THE HERALD
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From the Office of KANE & Co.,
54 GERMAIN STREET,
AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, Post-paid, or delivered in any part of the City or Town of Portland.

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AND
ORNAMENTAL PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
At Low Rates and with Despatch
AT THE
"HERALD"
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CHRISTMAS SALE.

DURING THE
MONTH OF DECEMBER,
WE WILL SELL ALL GOODS AT
Wholesale Price.

W. G. LAWTON,
48 King Street and 64 Germain Street.
dec15

NEW
Boot & Shoe Store,
NO. 212 UNION STREET,
(Next door to A. Sinclair's)
ST. JOHN, N. B.

A FIRST-CLASS assortment of BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, RUBBERS, &c., which will be sold at
Lowest Prices for Cash.
Boots and Shoes made to order in the latest style.
VAUGHAN & DONOVAN.
P. S.—All goods purchased of us Repaired free of charge.

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Coach Proprietor,
98 St. Patrick Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Coaches furnished for Weddings, Funerals, &c., at the very shortest notice.
☞ All orders promptly attended to. mar24ly

ENGLISH HARD HATS.

Just Received per S. S. "Manitoban," and "Nova Scotian," a choice lot of
HARD FELT HATS,
suitable for Men and Boys wear. These will be found excellent value.
—ALSO—
SCOTCH KNITTED CAPS, Deep Crowns;
HEAVY WOOL, in plain and stitched;
GLENGARIES CAPS, in great variety;
FUR and FELT HATS, suitable for all ages;
In addition to the above we are showing a splendid lot of FUR CAPS, MUFFS and TIES, Heavy Cloth and Imitation of FUR CAPS, in numerous patterns.
SILK DRESS HATS and MERINOS, made to order at short notice.
Purchasers will save money by calling at
BARDSLEY BROS.,
22 Charlotte Street, and
Corner Brussels and Richmond Streets.
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The Empire Dining Saloon,
GERMAIN ST., - Opposite City Market
R. J. PATTERSON, Proprietor.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
The very best of Oysters always on hand

Wm. Doherty & Co.
CUSTOM TAILORS,
Corner of Main St., Portland,
AND PARADISE ROW.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
FIRST CLASS FIT
And workmanship guaranteed. A full stock of
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
☞ Ladies' Sacques A Specialty ☜

DOMINION
Dining Rooms and Exchange,
OLD ST. JOHN HOTEL LOT,
CHARLOTTE STREET.
ARE NOW OPEN
Meals at all Hours. Dinner 35 cents, served from 12 to 2. Patronage solicited.
☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.
C. COURTENAY,
aug25 Proprietor.

P. KEENAN,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
(Successor to the late J. Crear.)
has removed from Germain street, to the Shanty on the
SOUTH SIDE OF THE FOUNTAIN,
centre of King Square, where he will be found prepared to give the best satisfaction to all who favor him with their patronage. sept15

JOHN McGOURTY,
City Contractor,
COR. OF ELLIOT ROW & PITT ST.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
A slate will be kept at J. C. Ferguson's, King Square, and orders left will be promptly attended to.

100 Articles worth $30
SENT TO ANY ADDRESS with expenses paid for receipt of only ONE DOLLAR. This may seem strange but it is true nevertheless. Fire and hard times have compelled me to sell, and as there are only few lots on hand you had better secure them immediately. Address
G. G. COREY,
223 Brussels street, St. John, N. B.

Christmas & New Year's
PRESENTS!

PER "SCANDINAVIAN," VIA HALIFAX:

50 DOZEN SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, in White, Blue, Cardinal, Crimson, Orange, Pink, Salmon, and White, with Coloured Borders.

40 DOZEN LADIES' SILK SCARFS, in all the New Shades,—Plain, Figured. Brocaded, Striped, Checked, Matelasse, Fringed Ends, Fringed Edges, &c., &c.

50 " PROMENADE SCARFS, Black, Seal Brown, Cardinal, Navy Blue, White Grey, Chinchilla and Fancy.

12 " SHELL SQUARES, 10 dozen BERLIN HALF SQUARES, 10 dozen LADIES CARDIGAN VESTS, BREAKFAST SHAWLS, SONTAGS, WOOL CUFFS.

500 SKIRTS, in Felt, Tweed, Melton, Alpacca, (quilted); Farmer's Satin, (quilted.)

100 DOZEN GLOVES and MITS, in Kid, (lined and unlined); Buck, (lined and unlined); Cloth, (lined and unlined), Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's.

SPECIAL.—20 PIECES BLACK SILKS, Bonnet and Jaubert's makes, reduced from 20 to 50 cents per yard, FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.

100 WOOL SHAWLS in all the New Colourings and Styles.

22 PIECES BLACK CASHMERE, Chappet & Co.'s manufacture, (the best makers of this class of goods in the world,) rduced from 10 to 15 cents per yard FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.

34 " COLORED MERINOS, all the new shades, regular price 95 cents, reducee to 80 cents per yard FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.

150 " PLAIN AND FANCY DRESS GOODS, greatly reduced in price, FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK of New, Seasonable and Fashionable DRY GOODS, in all departments, at our USUAL LOW PRICES.

McCAFFERTY & DALY,
Corner of King and Germain Sts.

NEW
Dry Goods Store.
MISSION BUILDING,
PORTLAND BRIDGE.
CHRISTMAS SALE
—OF—
DRY GOODS!
The subscriber offers the following goods at
WHOLESALE PRICES.

150 PIECES FANCY DRESS GOODS, 8c. to 25c.
100 " BLACK ALPACAS and LUSTRES, 12½ to 30c.
50 Pieces BLACK BRIGANTINE and PERSIAN CORDS;
25 " Colored and Black MERINOS, from 50c.;
50 doz. MEN'S RIBBED UNDERCLOTHING, Shirts and Drawers, from 45c. to $1.00 each;
25 doz. Scotch LAMB'S WOOL UNDERCLOTHING, ribbed and plain Shirts and Drawers, $1 to $2.00 each.
20 doz. MEN'S CARDIGAN JACKETS, $1 to $2.;
Men's Kid Gloves, lined and unlined; Ladies' Kid Gloves, lined and unlined; Ladies' Corsets, Ladies Wool Squares, Scarfs, Wool Vests; 50 pieces LADIES' MANTLE CLOTHS, Matalasse, Moscow Beaver, President, Ulster Cloth, Nap Cloth, etc.; 100 pairs each Common, Medium and Witney Blankets; 100 pairs White Twilled Blankets, Colored Blankets; White and Colored Flannels, Fancy Flannels, Tweed do.; English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds; Household Goods, Sheetings, Towels and Towelling, Napkins, Table Cloths, etc.

MICHAEL WALSH,
dec22 Late McCullough & Walsh.

25 KING SQUARE.

WOOL SQUARES, CLOUDS and BREAKFAST SHAWLS, in great variety, new, fresh and beautiful, at lowest cash prices;
WOOL and PAISLEY SHAWLS very cheap at 25 KING SQUARE;
GREY and WHITE BLANKETS at bottom prices, at 25 KING SQUARE;
300 pieces DRESS WINCIES very cheap, at 25 KING SQUARE;
70 " DRESS MATERIALS, in all the leading shades, at 20 cents per yard, undoubtedly the best value ever shown in the city, at 25 KING SQUARE;
20 " BLACK CRAPE CLOTHS very much reduced, at 25 KING SQUARE;
300 " HEAVY WOOL TWEED for Youths', Boys' and Men's wear, at astonishingly low prices, at 25 KING SQUARE;
500 " PRINTED COTTONS and CAMBRICS clearing out at cost prices, at 25 KING SQUARE;
1000 " GREY and WHITE COTTONS commencing at 6 cents per yard, at 25 KING SQUARE;
The largest stock of CLOTHS in the city are selling off at less than Wholesale prices, at 25 KING SQUARE.
☞ Every purchaser should call and see our Stock before placing their orders else where, as we sell genuine goods at lowest rates, at 25 KING SQUARE.

P. J. QUINN, 25 KING SQUARE.

H. BROCKINGTON & CO.,
Merchant Tailors.
WE beg to announce to our friends and the public generally, that we have opened a large assortment of Goods, comprising
NAPS, Blue and Black BEAVER;
West of England BROADCLOTHS;
Worsted Coatings, Tweeds, &c., &.
Which will be made up to order at extra low prices for cash
H. BROCKINGTON & CO.,
5½ Bell Tower Avenue, - - Kings Square.

FATHER BURKE.

THE WORK OF GOD'S CHURCH.

"At that time, as Jesus was speaking to the multitude, behold, a certain ruler came up and adored him, saying: 'Lord, my daughter is even now dead; but come, lay Thy hand upon her, and she shall live.' And Jesus, rising up, followed him, with his disciples. And behold, a woman who was troubled with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind Him, and touched the hem of His garment. For she said within herself: 'If I shall touch only His garment, I shall be healed. But Jesus, turning and seeing her, said, 'Be of good heart, daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole.' And the woman was made whole from that hour. And when Jesus was come into the house of the ruler and saw the minstrels and the multitude making a rout, He said: 'Give place for the girl is not dead but sleepeth.' And they laughed him to scorn. And when the multitude was put forth, he went in, and took her by the hand." And the maid arose. And the fame hereof went abroad into all that country." Words taken from the Gospel of St. Mathew, 19th Chapter and 18th and 26th verses.

I need not remind you dearly beloved brethren of the special occasion which has brought us all together here to-day. You are assembled not merely for the ordinary purposes of your Sunday devotions, but you are come together also to help, and generously to help, your devoted and faithful pastor to clear off the heavy debt which still hangs over this new church. In addition, therefore to the solemn obligation of keeping the Lord's day holy, you are come here to-day in your zeal for the house of God and your love for its beauty, and in order to show you how reasonable that your zeal is and how necessary that love, I will ask you to consider the miracle wrought by our Lord as recorded in this day's Gospel, and the circumstances under which the miracle took place. Our Blessed Redeemer was preaching to the people as was His custom, and His disciples in great numbers were around Him, when suddenly comes a man that never had spoken to our Lord before, and who forces his way through the crowd, impelled by the greatness of his sorrow, and the great depth of his love; and he falls down at the feet of Jesus Christ, and says, "Oh Lord and Master, my child, my daughter, has just expired—she is dead. Come Thou our Life and Light, and lay thy hand upon her, and she will live again." And the Lord, because His heart was full of mercy and tenderness, and pity, rose up with the man and went to his house, but when He came to this house, He found the place full of people. There were minstrels—there was the dead music—there were men and women there grieving londly, and there was confusion and noise. At the very threshold of the door, He pauses as He sees and hears all this, and He exclaims—"Let those voices be still." He turned them all away, and how light their grief we may gather from the fact that when he held out a promise that—"She is not dead but sleepeth"—they laughed him to scorn. It was only when the multitude was gone out, and there was silence and peace, and calm and decorum, that He entered in. There lay upon the bed of death one in whom the vital spark was extinguished apparently for ever. No hand in heaven or on earth could restore her save the hand of the Almighty God himself, and that hand was outstretched now, and He took her dead, cold hand in His, and willed that she should live, and the maiden when He spoke opened her eyes at the voice of her God, and the lips that were cold and dumb in the silence of death began to speak the words in praise of Him who had restored her to life.

Now, dearly beloved, I invite your attention to one or two salient points in this Gospel. First of all, consider how completely is this miracle in accord with the whole action, the whole plan of God in man's redemption. This young woman is just dead; corruption has not yet tainted her—all the organs of her corporal existence are still there—the eye has just a moment before lost its vision, the ear its hearing; but she is still capable of being restored to life. The elements of life are there if there is only an omnipotent voice to command that dead thing to arise and live. But she was dead. No power on earth could heal her or vivify her again. No power in Heaven short of that of God can give sight to those sightless orbs, or give to those ears the faculty to drink in the sweet sounds of the human voice. She is dead, yet retaining under the hands of God the power and capability of living. And even so our poor human nature was dead, for we died in the sin of Adam. We died—we were dead to that life which is union with God and possession of His Divine grace—we lost both one and the other by the sin of Adam. Man was dead to the sight of God, but he still possessed the capability of living. His supernatural life was gone, yet still the intellect capable of knowing was there, though it had lost the object of its knowledge which was God. The heart was there, though it had long ceased to love the only object deserving of its love which was God. The will capable of free and generous service was there, though for many ages transferred to the services of the basest idolatry. The essential elements, in fact, were there, and oh! if the Omnipotent voice would only speak—humanity is not dead, but only sleepeth—and so he came down from Heaven, incarnate of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, and was made Man. And He took to Himself the habit and robe of our nature, and He took us by the hand—this dead humanity of ours: and the Man-God spoke, and said, 'Live," and our eyes that were closed for centuries were opened again by the voice of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the tongue that was silent for ages became resonant and eloquent again in the land, and spoke in the long-forgotten praise of the Lord God; and the hands that were impotent in the long-continued death began once more to weave miraculously the crown of everlasting glory. And thus did Jesus Christ vivify us, and thus is the miracle of to-day symbolical of the work He did in his His own person for our human nature in the adorable mystery of His incarnation.

But more than this, dearly beloved He left the same, the self-same work to His Church. He founded His Church upon this earth to perpetuate until the end of time, His own life, His own virtues, His own adorable presence, and his own action upon men; and, therefore as Christ was the life-giver, so also the title of the Church is *Alma Mater* the life-giving mother. Upon her lips He put the words of faith, which creates, which is the life of the soul, and without which it is impossible to please Almighty God; in her hand He placed the rich dower of sacramental grace, without which it is impossible to live for God, for grace also is the life of the soul. But, above all, upon her absorbing sacramental lips the eternal God placed the omnipotent word which calls forth the life, and tells those who are sleeping to wake once more unto God. And hence the work of God is not only the light but the life-giver of this world.

And now, dearly beloved, this work of the Church—this life-giving work—this high and noble work is carried on from end to end of the earth, is actually reproduced within the walls of every temple that the Catholic Church builds up around her altars which are the dwelling-places of Almighty God. We not go to look for the action, the wonderful, the powerful, the omnipotent, the life-giving action of the Catholic Church. We need not go to Rome. We need not travel to a far distant city either, to find the works of the Church in her cathedrals. The first Catholic Church, the first parochial church tells us at once—"Behold the whole work of the Catholic Church is done here." There from the lips of her anointed and commissioned priest comes to the word of life—the word of truth-creating life, creating Divine life in every soul that is privileged to hear it. There in the font of Baptism are the waters of regeneration, endowed with the mystic but omnipotent power, that when they fall upon the body they purify the soul, and the angels who surround the font exclaim "Behold a child of Adam," of earth, and when that child is baptized they with outstretched wings, reach the throne of Almighty God, saying that a new soul has been born again to the Kingdom of Heaven and of God. In the confessional of the Catholic Church, of this temple of God, of this particular building, there is a voice, and when we hear the sound of that voice it falls upon the ear as if it were the voice of God, and yet it is the voice of Omnipotence,—not the voice of man but the voice of God, sounding upon the lips of man doing that which God alone can do—commanding the dead to rise, commanding the sightless eyes to see, and the dumb silent tongue to speak again. There in the tabernacle of praise, this life-giving work of the Cathoic Church is effected most silently but wonderfully. A man enters there covered with sin, bound hand and foot in the grave clothes of sin, borne rapidly in his sad, sinful course towards the grave, which for him is but the entrance to the eternal hell. Around him the demons of hell are rejoicing. A soul they say is lost; but, even as the Lord in this day's Gospel is called to touch the dead, so the sorrowing Church, the mother of us all, kneels before her altar, puts forth her prayer, and it is the prayer of an afflicted mother's breaking heart. There are tears upon her face, sacrifice and oblation upon her outstretched hands, and the Lord God hears her prayer. "O Lord, my Master, my child is dead—wilt Though come and lay Thy hand upon him and he shall live." And he rises up from the altar and the priest goes to the confessional and touches him. Then do we see the work of the Church carried on here.

And now I come to the second point of the Gospel, to which I invite your special attention, for it applies particularly on this occasion. Mark that when Christ our Lord came to the ruler's house, and for the special purpose of raising the dead child to life of working an awful stupendous miracle, the first thing He did was to stand outside the door,—He will not honor with His presence the house until those who are making a noise and disturbance within are cast forth. "Send them out," He says; and it was only when the multitude were out, when the noise, confusion and disorder had ceased, and when sorrow's perfect calm and repose prevailed, then, and only then, did the Son of God enter in. Why did He do this? I answer, He did this for two reasons. First of all, because He was God, God the eternal, true God of truth God, the Second Person of the adorable Trinity—the Almighty and adorable God; and therefore it was not fit that God should enter in among that brawling crowd. "The Lord is not in the tumult," the place is not fit for Him, and though it is Jesus Christ, meek and humble of heart, our Lord owed it to Himself not to enter there. Secondly, He refused to enter because He was about to work there His awful miracle of omnipotent power and command the dead to rise—because He was to be then not only present as God, but for the most mysterious and miraculous power. Therefore another and stronger reason that the place should be fit not only for His presence as God, but fit for the great action of omnipotence about to take place.

Behold the reason—the primary, simple reason—for which our Divine Lord commanded this house to undergo a certain change, to become singular in this, that, as elsewhere, in all other houses around men spoke aloud freely, there was to be dead silence that Jesus Christ might speak, and His words resound in their omnipotence, and even so dearly, beloved brethern, the Catholic Church throughout all the ages, and from the very first days of her existence has endeavoured to make her temples fit for the twofold purpose, especially for the residence of Almighty God, who designs and continues to dwell with her; and secondly, for the purpose of God's operation amongst their children. Therefore it is that she takes thought and laborious thought, to make those places in which He is to dwell fit for him—that no voice shall resound there except His own, or the echo of His own on the lips of the preacher and the absolving lips of the confessor—that house in which He is to dwell—the Church tries to stamp on its every stone the evidence of its more than royal, its divine purpose, and therefore she surrounds it with all that is costly and beautiful. She breaks up the hills in order that out of their rugged heart she may bring forth the choicest and richest marbles. From the meadows are culled the fairest flowers; she gathers the labors of the lee and the richness of the olive, that she may spend them and that she may give up all they possess to the service of God. She seeks in the depths of the sea the orient pearls, and at the ends of the earth the most precious things to stud the golden gates of her tabernacles. There the choicest labor of the silk-worm surrounds the resting place of the Lord; and if the Church could, even in her poverty, find more, she would spend her own heart to make the tabernacle fit for the dwelling place of Jesus Christ. She even says, "O Lord, wilt though not come in?" as the ruler exclaimed in this day's Gospel; and even as Christ arose up at once and went with him, so out from His throne in Heaven He rises up and comes to her when these words fall from the lips of the priest at the altar. The heavens are opened when He is invoked—every time the priest raises his hand in absolution, and the fulness of divine power descends.

And so, dearly beloved brethern, stateliness and richness and beauty become His house, if for no other reason, because God is here. But not only is He always here, and consequently all we can do to make it beautiful and acceptable for His presence is our first and most obvious duty, but God is here, working in the many ways in which His omnipotence is put forth, and in the great Sacraments that day after day are renewed within these sacred walls.

Now, dearly beloved, these are the lessons taught us in this days Gospel, and surely they come home to the purpose for which we are assembled; and now in conclusion, I ask you to rejoice and be glad. God Almighty made man capable not only of sorrow, but of joy, and though the Scripture tells us, "Blessed are they that sometimes weep and are sorrowful," and that it is sometimes better to go to the house of mourning than of joy, and that that heart can scarcely be formed to God that has never known sorrow, yet the same Scripture tells us still to rejoice—to let our joy be in God. Oh, yes, rejoice and be glad, but in the Lord. And of all the arguments for this joy there is none greater than the two for which I ask you to rejoice to-day in the presence of God. First—He has given you a holy and devoted priesthood, devoted faithfully to your service, humble, laborious, self-denying servants of God and of His people. Secondly, He gave you the grace and opportunity to build this beautiful church. For the first I need not say much, nor dare I. The prayers sent up that God in His mercy may send His Church a faithful and devoted priesthood have indeed been heard as far as you are concerned, and when we reflect that all our relations to God exist in and through the priesthood,—that St Paul tells us priests that all men must regards us as the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God—that every priest is chosen from men to minister to men all things concerning Almighty God—you see how vastly important is the grace to a people to have a true and faithful priesthood. These are the first things for which you are to rejoice. The second is that out of the efforts of this faithful clergy, combined with our own, has risen on this privileged hill this beautiful temple in honor of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. How great a privilege this is you may gather from this, that when David, a man, we are told, after God's own heart, had served the Lord, when he had performed great actions for the God of Israel, and when he asked but one favor from the Almighty God, and it was this—that he be permitted to build a temple to God Almighty—God said "No, thou art not worthy." He was a man of war and of blood, and with all his virtues, and though a man fashioned after God Himself, he was not found worthy to lay one stone upon another for the Temple of Jerusalem, which was but a house of prayer. Infinitely greater than the Temple of Jerusalem is this church—for here it is not merely a house of prayer—not merely a throne room of the Eternal God, wherein he hears the prayers of all who approach Him—but it is the very abiding dwelling of Jesus Christ. Out of the strength of your love and generosity, you have built up this house, and you have said Lord God wilt Thou come and dwell with us, and we will build for thee not a house but a place as holy and fit as our poor hands can make for thy dwelling and residence amongst us. Oh, is it not a great joy that one spot on earth should be all that Heaven's highest privilege is that God is there? Is it not a privilege that we on earth can find the same privilege of the blessed in Heaven in immediate approach and familiar intercourse with the Almighty and Eternal God at this altar?

Behold then, two subjects of joy. Let us, therefore, my dearly beloved, rejoice exceeding our God this day—let us forget our own personal and domestic sorrows, let us forget all about ourselves, and let us pour forth all our heart and soul in adoration. When in a few moments the Lord God shall be exalted on this altar let us pour out our hearts and souls in joy and gladness, and ask Him for that which I am sure He will grant—a copious blessing on every one who can say. "Lord I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth."

IRISH NEWS.

On Dec. 1st, Mr. E. Chism was elected Treasurer of Sligo, at a salary of $80 per annum.

The death is announced suddenly, in Tralee, of Mr. Charles McCarthy, an old and respected resident and classical teacher who was found dead in his bed in that town, on Dec. 2nd.

On Dec. 1st, a woman named Cathering Norris, aged sixty years, who resided at 20 Albert place, Dublin, was knocked down by a passing vehicle, in Grand Canal street, and killed, one of the wheels of the vehicle having passed over her head.

A worthy Irishman, Mr. John Brennan, of Clough, departed this life on Nov. 25th aged 88 years. He was a cooper by occupation. He was ever a good worker in the cause of Temperance having taken the pledge from Father Mathew in 1839 and strictly kept it during life.

Mr, Gladstone has replied to the address of the Kerry Tenant's Defence Association. He says:—Whatever measure should arise while he continues to hold a seat in the House of Commons, when it includes the vital interests of Ireland will not fail to receive his attention. He will endeavor to be governed in relation to it by the same principles of equity, in conjunction with his esteemed colleagues, as he has heretofore sought to apply to the construction of Irish measures.

A dispute arose in a public house in Mainguard street, Galway, on Nov. 27th, between a young man, a blacksmith, named John Finneran, whose father keeps a forge in the Claddagh, and some country people. Finneran, when outside the door flung a stone at the persons with whom he had been quarrelling, and it struck on the head a man Michael Leetle, from the village of New Castle, who was only a peacemaker amongst the persons in the quarrel. He received so severe an injury from the blow that he died from the effects of it on December 3rd. Finneran was arrested and waits his trial for the homicide at the coming Winter Assizes.

The *Nation* of Dec. 8th, says:—"The movement for erecting a public memorial of Balfe, the great composer, in Dublin has, we are ashamed to say, had anything but a successful issue. At a meeting of the memorial committee, held a few days ago, it was stated that there was only £89 to the credit of the fund. One thousand pounds, at least, should have been subscribed long ago. Making the best of the matter, the committee have resolved, in accordance with a wish expressed by Madame Balfe, to place a bust of her affectionate husband in the National Gallery, and at once to select a sculptor of eminence to execute the design. It is to be hoped that an Irish sculptor will be chosen."

Mr. Peter O'Connor has presented a peal of nine bells to the Sligo cathedral, at the cost of £2,000. The curious feature of these bells is that they are played by automatic machinery, like a hand organ. By this means 21 sacred airs and 28 secular airs can be performed. The former include the *Adeste Fideles*, the *Tantum Ergo*, the *O Salutaris*, the *Laudate*, and the *te Deum*; and the latter include "Tara's Hall," "The Wearing of the Green," "Those Evening Bells," and such rollicking melodies as "Planxty Connor," "Old Ireland you're my Darling," and "Paddy Whack." The people of Sligo are justly proud of their acquisition.

It is probably intended that the Duke of Connaught, the Queen's third son, shall be in time to come very closely identified with Ireland. From the first he was marked out for it, being christeded "Patrick," and when a title was conferred on him it was that of an Irish province. He has now been for many months residing in Ireland, where his regiment is quartered, but he does not merely follow the hounds and stay about in great country houses, but pays great attention to the institutions and condition of the country, and mingles among all sorts and conditions of men. One evening last month he dined with the Mayor of Cork, and was warmly welcomed, and about the same date made a visit to the Roman Catholic schools at Fermoy. As he is a quiet, sensible young man, of excellent manners, and with the reputation of a thorough gentleman, he may do good service to Ireland.

LETTER FROM ST. MARTINS.

ST. MARTINS, Dec. 26, 1877.—At the request of the Rev. Father Belleveau, P. P. of St. Martins, several ladies and gentleman have recently joined the choir in connection with the Catholic Church of Quaco. They sang High Mass on Christmas Day in a manner which was highly creditable to them, displaying the rapid progress they had made under the tuition of their leader, Miss Mary Power; an estimable yound lady, to whose untiring zeal and energy the choir owe a great deal of its success. Too much cannot be said in praise of our former beloved Pastor, Rev. Father Knox, who by his energy and perseverance, under many difficulties, organized the first Catholic Church in St. Martin's. He it was also who organized our Temperance Society, working indefatigably in the good cause. Many homes that were formerly made miserable by intemperance are now comfortable and happy, owing to the pious instructions and exhortations of their beloved and esteemed pastor, Rev. Father Knox, while laboring amongst us. The great good he done for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his parishioners will ever be remembered by them with the deepest gratitude and love, and many are the prayers that ascend daily to the Throne of Grace, asking God in his infinite goodness to shower innumerable blessings on him who so often and so devoutly impressed upon their minds the necessity of prayer, and though he has been removed to a new field of labor, yet we trust that, when offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, he will still continue to breathe a silent prayer for his former parishioners, who so sincerely regretted the departure of their kind and reverend pastor.

The interior of the Catholic Church in Quaco was very handsomely decorated on Christmas Day, presenting a very beautiful appearance. Our present esteemed pastor, Rev. Father Belleveau, by his eloquent and impressive sermon on that day thrilled the hearts of his congregation and won golden opinions from all who had the happiness of listening to him.

I beg to offer my congratulations on the new and improved appearance of your interesting and ably conducted journal at the beginning of its second volume, and, that it may continue to flourish in the future as it has done in the past is the sincere wish of

Yours, &c.

M——.

ABOUT CLERKS.

It's comical isn't it to take a peep into the stores at this season of the year, if for nothing but to notice the beam of eagerness shining alike on the buyer and seller? This is a field where character might be studied with profit to the student of physiology—for in the Dry goods stores, the Toy stores, the Jeweller's, and the Confectioner's, there have been, during our rambles amongst them, as many different characters to be seen as there are qualities of goods to sell. Some gruff, some crabid, others *humbuggy* yet pleasant, some boorish and overbearing, while others are affable and courteous. While we here more particularly refer to the customers, the same may be said of the different venders. Proprietors of course are affable, yet on the variety, extent and quality of merchandize they hold for sale depends in a great measure the amount of business transacted by them. There is, however, another link in the chain which greatly tends to detract or repel the buying public; it is not the "missing link" either, it is prominently before us when we enter the "shop"—'tis the salesman the salaried assistant. Is he affable and polite and courteous, the possessor of a good, reliable appearing countenance, attending to the wants of the poor man or woman who perchance is his patron just now, as he would were he answering the call of the lady in spitzbergen polonaise, with long seal skin cloak, with muff, tie and cap to match? If he is polite, kind and affable, and dispenses his services to those who come to buy or "look around," in a manner becoming the true gentleman, then you will see occasionally, as you go through the stores, several customers waiting for our popular knight of the yard stick to *show* them some Torchon lace, some kid gloves, or some linen or factory cotton, as the case might be; while on the other hand, in the same department, probably, the next salesman, who is not perhaps blessed with a countenance through which a soul of affability is beaming, stands there, and it is only by forcing the *dignity* of his *position* upon those who are *waiting* for some other "hand" that he makes the majority of his sales; and then, when he does a procure a customer in this his usual way he never procures the same one again, he is so boorish, so overbearing in his knowledge of what people want, that one dose of his services are enough to satisfy a glutton and the thinking customer will say "one clerk like that fellow will do for two stores."—*Exchange.*

It is to Climo's the people go for their artistic photography—for genuine likenesses. This is the one thing needed—thorough likeness in combination with artistic finish—13 Charlotte street, Jack's building.