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Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 8.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1886

NO. 378.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

In a dark sombre forest of Rhineland, where the beech, and the oak, and the elder, Bereft of their green robes of summer, look wistfally up to the heavens; On the sward, where the dead leaves of autumn lie faded and sere as the dreamings. We cherished in springtide's existence to the eyes of our soberer manhood; On the banks of the glorious old river, where turretts, and abbeys, and castles. In their ivy-crowned ruins still tell us of ages long dead and long buried, When chivalry stood by the altar, and Love was the guerdon of Valour, And the songs of the Troubadours charmed the ears and the heart-pulse of Beauty; Here in the midnight assembled around the red log-fires in Rhineland, Wrapped in their broad cloaks and corselets—the trusty swords safe in their scabbards—Sit the soldiers of Erin together, to feast the return of Yultide, And sing of the mother that bore them, away 'mid the billows of ocean—Away where the sun-god swoons languid in the crimson-robed cloudlets of even! They are far from the land of Ierne; but they think and they dream of her ever,

They are far from the land of Ierne; but they think and they dream of her ever, Here in the depths of the forest—here 'mid the ravines Teutonic—Greybeards who fought 'mid her mountains at the head of bold Rapparee squadrons To keep the old banner still flying in the face of defeat and disaster, And youths who had scarcely seen Ireland, but love her, as sons love a mother From whom the rude hands of the spoiler have reft them in tenderest childhood! Yes; they dream of her lakes and her forests still peopled with hoary traditions Of Finn and his warrior giants, and Ollamh, and Dathi, and Brian; And they dream of her heathery passes where Freedom still stood 'mid the boulders—With her face to the ruthless invader—still waving the glaive of defiance! Here they sit—these poor exiles of Erin, the soldiers of France and of Louis, The champions of honor and glory 'neath the white *leur-de-lis* of the Bourbons—The pride of the monarch at Versailles, and his fathers who sleep at Saint Denis, And the fear and the terror of England on red gory fields throughout Europe!

Oh, where be their glories immortal !—go ask of the woods of De Barri, Whose echoes once thrilled to their war-cries of death, and of doom, and defiance, What time in the fierce wrath of vengeauce they thought of their desolate island—Her fair blooming vales that he plundered—her homesteads now wrecked and now

Her fair blooming vales that he plundered—her homesteads now wrecked and now lonely—
As they rushed on the red-coated spoiler and smote him, and robbed him of triumph, And trampled and spat on his banner 'mid the smoke and the lightning of battle. Go, kneel in the temple of Ypres, away 'mid the bowers of Flanders, And gaze on the standards of England, once wrenched from the hands of her hirelings By the courage and chivalrous daring of the sons and the champions of Erin!
Go, tread on the broad plain of Landen, where Sarsfield met death in the vanguard!
Go, stand by Namur's broken arches—memorials of brigadier prowess!
Go, gaze on the slopes of Ramillies, and the story-famed walls of Cremona—
The records of Irish devotion still live 'mid the turreted ruins!
And along by the Appenine mountains the craglets still speak of our exiles—
The waves by the southern headlands are chaunting the songs of their valour!
O, glories that never shall vanish \(\) O, garlands that never shall wither! The waves by the southern headlands are chaunting the songs of their valour!

O, glories that never shall vanish!

O, garlands that never shall wither!

We bow with deep faith and meet worship, in the light of your beauty transcendant,

For we're proud of our chivalrous fathers—proud of their lives and their laurels,

And proud of the national honor they won for our isle in past ages—

Tho' they failed to dispel the dark night clouds that hung over the island's horizon,

And brought to the heart of the nation the pangs and the sorrow of serfdom!

Here they sit round the log fires—these exiles, and tell to each other the legends

That seanachies whisper at evotide in the homesteads of Cork and of Kerry;

Or they sing some old national lyrics of love, or of war, or of freedom,

And the cheers and the plaudits grow louder at the close of each soul stirring ditty!

I would pluck but three leaves from the garland they wove on that night in the forest

While the bells of the Christmas were pealing from the tow'r of Strasburg's cathedral:

Three lyrics they chanted in honor of Eire and her exiled defenders:—

THE IRISH BRIGADE, Hurrah for the flag that faced danger and death
By the Rhone's whirling liver—on Flanders' wild heath!
Hurrah for the men who would die for each fold
of that dear darling banner of green and of gold!
Hurrah for the men who met doom undismayed
For the honour and fame of the Irish Brigade!
The Irish Brigade! The Irish Brigade!
Hurrah horrah hurrah for the Irish Brigade!

Hurrah, boys !- hurrah for the Irish Brigade ! At home we were serfs of an insolent foe, At home we were seris of an insolent foe,
But here we taste freedom wherever we go!
At home we were butts for a Sassenach's jeers,
But here we can teach him the worth of our spears!
And some fine day—who knows?—he may find us arrayed
At home 'neath the flag of The Irish Brigade!
The Irish Brigade! the Irish Brigade!
Hurrah, boys!—hurrah for the Irish Brigade!

MY SWORD AND I. O sword of mine, in years gone by We fought our island's foes: Where Cashel's Rock salutes the sky And Shannon's river flows: And Shannon's river flows:
On height, in vale, in wood and grot,
Tho' outlawed, cursed, and banned,
We never for one hour forgot
Our duty to our land!
Oh! God be with those ill-starred fights
We fought beyond the seas,
When Ireland knew no braver knights

Than Irish Rapparees! Have hope—have hope, bright sword of mine,
Thy blade is fearless still!
Lights shine beyond the western brine,
And beacons from each hill!
I know no other bride but thee,

Wherever I may roam— Our bridal tour be o'er the sea Unto our island home: And if we find on Irish ground A bloody grave and ione, Thrice welcome be the death that's found In championing our own!

MAVE O'BYRNE "Mave O'Byrne, sad and pensive
You are looking to the west,
Where the golden daylight's sinking Slowly to its place of rest; And I know, my winsome darling, Why you love to gaze upon
All the lurid fiery cloudlets
Hov'ring 'round the setting sun:
There you seem to catch faint glimpses—
Thro' the rifes in heav'nly fires—

Of the island of your childhood— Of the Erin of your sires! "Rhineland's hills and Tyrol mountains Are vast shrines of liberty; But the mist crowned crags of Wicklow Have a fonder charm for me:
There I'd live again, communing
With the hopes that fall or rise,
Where the Byrnes held our banner,
Floating proudly in the skies!

There I'd dream again of freedom For our widowed Innisfail—Gazing on the lone Avoca,
Or the valley of Imale!

"Thus it is why with each eve-tide, While the sun-rays sink to rest, I would watch the purple splendour Of the cloudlets in the west: Then I think of darling Ireland, And I see her o'er the waves-Ireland of the clan o' Byrne!
Ireland of my fathers' graves!
Yes, my heart hath found its idol,
And my soul its deodand—

Erin is my precious idol!— Erin is my motherland! 'Tis the dawn of the bleak Christmas morning-the log-fires lie quenched 'mid th

herbage,
And the forest looks sombre and lonely, for stilled are its manifold echoes;
The songs of the exiles are over, and closed is their brief Christmas wassail:
The trumpet hath called them to battle—once more do they stand in the vanguardThe green banner floating above them—the symbol of hope and of triumph—
To guide them to victory ever through the wastes of the broad Rhenish valleys!

The third concert given under the auspices of the Quebec Branch of the Irish National League took place on Monday night, and like its predecessors, was a complete success, from every point of view. The decorations were very fine, and everything gave evidence of the deep national feeling of the ladies and gentlemen under whose immediate direction the hall was dressed. The stage was very picturesque in appearance. From one of the drop scenes hung a magnificent portrait of Robert Emmet, over a blank slab indicating his unwritten epitaph. The indicating his unwritten epitaph. The side pillars of the stage were graced on either side by portraits of Parnell and Davitt, while high overhead was the bold declaration of the Irish leader, wherein he declaration of the Irish leader, wherein he announced Ireland's determination never to be content with any measure of local government short of "Grattan's Parliament." The galleries were festooned with green drapery, while the interspaces contained the names of several of Ireland's patriotic sons, prominent among them being Archbishops Walsh, of Dublin, and Croke, of Cashel, who so nobly ranged themselves under the banner of Parnell, when every effort was made to separate

when every effort was made to separate priests and people.

The hall was filled with a most refined audience, and testified most emphatic-ally that all classes of the Irish element in Quebec are strictly national. Among the gentlemen present we noticed his worship the Mayor Francois Langelier, worship the Mayor Francois Langelier, Esq., Rev. Fathers McCarthy, Hayden, Maguire, and Cronin, C. SS. R., and Brothers Xavier, Stanislaus, and Vitus, C. SS. R., all of St. Patrick's; Rev. Dr. O'Ryan, D. D., and Fathers Maguire, Bernier and Rev. Father O'Leary of Sillery, Rev. Robert Kerr of Trinity Church, Hon. Jno. Hearn, M. L. C.; Messrs. Owen Murphy, John P. Sutton, organizer I. N. L. A.; L. Lynch, President of St. Patrick's institute; Chas. McCarron, T. Patrick's institute; Chas, McCarron, T. Shea, T. Walsh and several others. The members of the Emerald Snow Shoe Club attended in a body, and in uniform, under their patriotic President, Mr. J. McKenna, and added much to the diversity of the scene.

The concert opened with a very elo-

quent and practical address from the energetic President, Mr. Jeremiah Galla-

energetic President, Mr. Jeremiah Gallagher, which we give in full.

Mr. Mayor, Rev. gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen, in every effort to ameliorate the condition of their mother land, Irishmen are warmly seconded by Irishwomen. The Irish ladies of Quebec, I am proud to say, sustain the reputation of their noble hearted country women in this as in other eminent cust. tation of their noble hearted country women in this as in other eminent qualities which distinguish them. For this evening's entertainment, which you have been good enough to patronize so liberally, we have to thank them in the person of Mrs. Ed. Foley, who has kindly undertaken to present it for our benefit. When I state, that every dollar received for membership of the League is transmitted to the National Treasurer, the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit, you will Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit, you will perceive the necessity of our providing in other ways for the expenses inciden-

For the last two months, as you are aware, we have been engaged in behalf of the Parliamentary Fund. The keen and intelligent appreciation existing with regard to the present political crisis in Ireland made our duty pleasant, and the generous responses of our people of all classes, including the ladies, is an evidence that patriotism is a living, active principle with us. The result does honor to the Irish heart of this old Rock city, in which I include our good Active true friends of Sillery and Levis.
Altogether, we have sent \$1,225 to the
Parliamentary Fund, our last remittance
being \$1,000, and we have still a small

alance on hand. Thus have the Irish citizens of Quebec through Branch 393 of the I. N. L. of A., identified themselves with their race and become entitled to share in the grand victory achieved at the recent Irish

The election fund of £50,000 stg. subcates to fight the Nationalists was met by the timely contributions of Irish exiles, and wherever a unionist candidate had the temerity to present him-self in the south, east or west his defeat

was overwhelming. Leinster, Munster and Connaught are a unit for nationhood. Ulster, the vaunted stronghold of West Britonism, loyal Ulster, by a clear majority, has pro-claimed its inseparable union not with England but with the sister provinces for

a united Irish nation. In the face of this fact we may well smile at the vaporings of Orangeism. Notwithstanding all their menaces and though they threaten to line with armed men every ditch from the Boyne to the Bann, the crown and constitution are

The Nationalists of Ireland labor for the welfare of the whole people irrespec-tive of class or creed—not for that of a section. They embrace in their ranks every Irishman no matter whence his origin, or what his religious belief, whose heart beats true for Ireland.

The third concert given under the landlord, and opposite O'Brien—no Pope. Not very long ago it was all no

Pope. Not very long ago it was all no Pope, now it is no landlord, no Pope; next they will add no foreign laws.

Faction and feud are happily passing away. The condition of political opinion evolved out of the elections is the only one admissable—there are to day but

evolved out of the elections is the only one admissable—there are to-day but two parties in Ireland—Nationalists and Unionists.

In Great Britain, apart from electing T. P. O'Connor for Liverpool and meeting retributive justice to the renegades, O'Connor Power, McCoan and others who sought the favors of English Constituencies the Irish vote, obedient to the tuencies, the Irish vote, obedient to the command of the Irish Leader, has ren-dered incalculable service in adjusting English parties. The Irish vote in Great Britain has placed the balance of power in Parnell's bands. With a unanimity unparalleled in the

With a unanimity unparalleled in the history of any toreign governed nation, despite British power and influence, consolidated by centuries of occupation, Ireland from the hustings has declared her unalterable resolve to be a nation. The man and the party of the "resources of civilization" has encountered the resources of the Irish leader. Parnell, the Kilmainham prisoner, is virtually dicta-

resources of the Irish leader. Farnell, the Kilmainham prisoner, is virtually dictator of the Premiership of the Empire.

The Irish race owes nothing to England but the treasured memories of a heartless oppression. The accursed union—"the union of a shark with its prey"—has left Ireland destitute of industries and commerce, so flourishing at the close of the last century. Poverty, degradation of the last century. Poverty, degradation and the merciless dispersion of our race

are its baneful consequences.

Half hearted measures of relief have been enacted from time to time, but not till they were compelled by an agitation bordering on rebellion. Catholic Emanci pation was but partial, and the forty shilling freeholders were sacrificed. The Protestant Church was disestablished and wealthy England pocketed the en-dowments. For the last fifteen years, England's statesmen have been tinkering engiana's statemen have been tinkering with a Land Act. The cry of the majority of the nation for a superior education in harmony with their religious principles is unanswered. The infamous bureaucratic system emanating from Dublin Castle, maintained by the armed force of the empire, dominates the Island, regardless of, and disregarding the wishes of the people. Castle appointed Boards are as odious and intelerable as landlord rackrenting. Why, the pettiest municipality in this dear Canada of ours is in the enjoyment of more representa-tive rights than the whole of Ireland. Only when the civilized world has exclaimed against the injustice practised in Ireland, does the British press concede that our grievances are not "merely sentimental."

The sentiment of nationality is the undying aspiration of Irishmen, and survives to-day, strong, fervid and unquench-

able as of old.

Parnell with his chosen band of united Irish nationalists commands the respect and admiration of the world. Britain, uncertain how to act, is astounded at the indomitable front presented by poor but brave old Ireland. Irish organization, Irish discipline, Irish genius, heaven directed, have prevailed. England recognizes the situation. Will she cede graciously to Irish demands?

We await events patiently, but with

firm confidence in the ultimate destiny

We hear now and again the defiant cry of never, raised by certain rabid Englishmen who hate us because they have wronged us, and because they have wronged us, and because the state of Ireland is a standing reproach to their country. The loud-tongued defenders of oppressed nationalities have no heart for the sister isle. They advocate a coalition; a possible contingency, though highly improbable. If Parnell with a handful of followers was the terror of the last realization. last parliament, with eighty-six pledged supporters he will prove an irresistible obstructionist of imperial legislation

against any coalition.

Expel the Nationalists from the House of Commons! Disfranchise Ireland! exclaims the London Times. Very constitutional indeed; but the advocates of such measures forget history. A strike against rent and Government taxes might be the response, and what then Remember your experience of the Land League and recall its teachings. You cannot sell out a nation, you cannot evict a nation, you cannot imprison a nation; neither can Ireland ever again be goaded into hopeless rebellion. Passive resist-ance, exercised under the vigilant supervision of thorough national organization, has proved more than a match for Crimes Acts and Coercion Acts, though enforced by 12,000 irresponsible semimilitary police, backed up by 40,000 regular soldiers.

Gladstone once said in the House of Commons, that if England were treated by any foreign power as Ireland has been treated by England, English pluck and ingenuity would find a deliverance somehow. Whether spoken boastfully

somenow. Whether spoken boastfully or tauntingly, the expression is rather suggestive in those evils times.

Parnell "forbid to plead," and taking counsel with the leaders of the Irish people in Ireland and America, would be far more dangerous to the tranquility of heart beats true for Ireland.

"What matter that at different shrines We prayed unto one God What matter that at different times Our fathers won this sod In fortune and in name we're bound By stronger links than stee!

And neither can be safe nor sound But in the others weal."

The truth and reality of this doctrine are fast dawning on the shrewd practical Northern mind. The Protestant and Presbyterian farmers of Ulster share the benefits of the Land Act in common with their Catholic countrymen, and in gratitude have elected as their representatives such incorrigible papist Nationalists as Tim Healy and Wm.

O'Brien. In south Tyrone, where the editor of United Ireland successfully opposed Maxwell, the leader of the first

man will be found equal to the occasion, who will send for the accredited leader of the Irish people and formulate with him a modus vivendi between the coun-tries based on mutual interests.

Until an Irish Parliament legislates in Ireland for, and by the will of, the Irish people, the work of Irish National organization shall proceed. With that end in view we shall follow the advice of the Protestant patriot, Thomas Davis,

Bravely hope and wisely wait, Toil, join and educate, Man is master of his fate, We'll enjoy our own again.

Mr. Gallagher concluded amid the well earned applause of the audience, and was followed by a bevy of beautiful young ladies who sang "We're Irish everywhere," Mr. Fitzhenry giving the

everywhere," Mr. Fitzbenry giving the solo. The next item on the programme was a pretty Operetta, entitled "Gyp Junior," Miss Maggie Halpine filling the title role, with evident dramatic and musical talent. The other principal parts were taken by Madame Vallerand and the Misses Burke and Loftus, who acted to perfection. The two tramps acted to perfection. The two tramps, Messrs. White and Morrisson, were simply immense. The audience were then treated to the "See Saw" chorus, a charming picture as well as musical treat. Miss Gallagher followed with Executive transport of the second section. treat. Miss Gallagher followed with "Farewell to Erin," which was given in her usual style and elicited an encore. "Ireland will be happy yet" was then given by Mr. Thomas Lane with his accustomed ability. "Katy's Letter" was very tenderly sung by Miss Martin, who in response to an encore, gave another pretty song with the same beautiful expression, and charmed the whole audience. Mr. Rowan's "Grattan's Parliament" was rendered in excellent ment" was rendered in excellent style, as also another song in acquiesc-ence to a loud encore. Miss Maguire followed with "Sad fated Erin," and another melody, in each sustaining the fame of her magnificent voice. The "Rose of Kildare" by Mr. Fitzhenry brought down the house, and his second song "The Alpine hat" created roars of laugh-ter. Mr. Fitzhenry is evidently a deserved favorite and as humorous as musical. "Kathleen Mavourneen" was sung very sweetly by Mrs. Ed. Foley, with flute accompaniment by Mr. Lemay, under whose skilful touch the soft tones of the

cannot be given to the directres Foley, and her sister Miss Burke, who spared no trouble to make the concert a uccess .- Quebec Telegraph, Dec. 30.

SEPARATE SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

RESULT OF THE NOMINATIONS-ALL ACCLAMATION.

The nomination of trustees to serve on the Separate School Board took place in St. Peter's School from 12 o'clock to 1 o'clock on Wednesday, the 30th ult., Mr. R. Brown, returning officer, presiding. Following is the result:

Following is the result:

No 1 Ward—Philip Pocock (for two years) proposed by B, C. McCann and Thos. Coffey.

No. 2 Ward—Mr. Alex. Wilson (for two years), by J. B, Vining and P. Pocock; Mr. P. Mulkern (for one year), by Rev. Father Tiernan and J. B, Vining.

No 3 Ward—Mr. A, Munroe (for two years), proposed by B. C. McCann and E. Walsh.

No 4 Ward—Rev. M. J. Tiernan (for

No 4 Ward—Rev. M. J. Tiernan (for two years), proposed by J. B. Vining and B. C. McCann.

No 5 Ward-Dr. Hanover proposed by Thos, Coffey and Rev. Father Dunphy ; Mr. M. Durkin proposed by Thos. Coffey and B. C. McCann; Mr. J. McNiff proposed by J. B. Vining and P. Pocock, Mr. Durkin's name was withdrawn and

all the other nominees were declared elected by acclamation.

The trustees of the present year's Board who continue to serve are as follows: No. 1 ward, J. J. Glbbons; No. 3, J. P. O'Byrne; No. 4, J. B. Vining.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record. Westport Bazaar.

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FINE AND MEDIUM WOOLLENS A SPECIALTY.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Change of Business.

We have much pleasure in calling at-tention to Mr. John Garvey's advertise-ment in another column. Mr. Garvey is a gentleman of business tact and entera gentleman of business fact and enter-prise, and blessed with that affability and urbanity sure to command patronage. We gladly welcome him to our city, and bespeak for him a generous support from our readers both of the city and country.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

To the the many kind friends of their institute, who, amid the Christmas festivities, remembered Mount Hope and its poor, the Sisters beg to tender their warmest thanks, and together with their little orphans, whose Christmas was made right merry, they wish the charit-sble people of London a happy New

The following are the contributions:
His Lordship Bishop Walsh, a quarter
of beef; Rev. M. J. Tiernan, a quarter of of beef; Rev. M. J. Tiernan, a quarter of beef, 2 huge turkeys, 3 geese and 5lbs of candy; Rev. Father Dunphy, a quarter of beef; Mr. C. Coughlin, \$10.00; Mrs. Quarry, \$5.00; Mrs. E. O'Brien, \$2.00; Mrs. H. Long, \$2.00, Mrs. T. Coffey, \$1.00; Mrs. H. Long, \$2.00; Mrs. Cox, \$2.00; Mrs. Hobin \$1.00; Mrs. P. Cleary, \$10.00; Mrs. McCurdy, 6 pair children's hoods, scarfs etc.; Adams & Co., a large lot of groceries; Mr. Butler, (club house) 2 large flour bags full of oranges; Mr. Butler, (club house) 2 large; Mr. Butler, (club house) a large, basketful of cakes; Mr. D. Regan, a quarter of beet; sweetly by Mrs. Ed. Foley, with flute accompaniment by Mr. Lemay, under whose skilful touch the soft tones of the flute awoke sympathetic chords in the hearts of the audience.

The children drill was very good. The 'Bold Soger Boys' and the "Dustpan brigade" were simply perfect in their manœuvres, and Brigadier White, the General in command, is evidently an able commander. The drill was succeeded by two msgoilficent tableaux, "Ireland as she ought to be," and "Ireland as she ought to be," and "Ireland as she oight to be," and "Ireland as she is"; Madame Vallerand filled the leading role in each, and with her pretty aids formed a picture at once beautifuld an artistic.

The concert concluded with "God save Ireland," sung by the Emeralds in costume, with solo by Mr. Thos. Lane. The entire audience rose from their seats and joined heartly in the chorus. A pretty incident was the appearance on the stage of Master Parnell Reynolds, the son of Conductor Reynolds and the conductor Rey cakes; Mr. D. Regan, a quarter of beef; Mrs. McGrady, a barrel of flour; Mr. P.

mounted to \$164.17.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

Hamilton Times, Dec. 29 Yesterday afternoon a convention of Separate School teachers was held at the Convocation Hall, on Park street north, at which Inspector Donovan, M. A., presided.
The teachers assembled represented Hamilton, Brantford, Dundas, Oakville and vicinities, to the number of about 50. The meeting lasted about three hours, in the course of which various educational matters were discussed. The principal feature of the meeting was an address by the Inspector on methods of teaching, reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, writing and geography, concluding with a short essay on the utility of the study of his tory, all of which was well received. In the course of the coming school term the Inspector intends, as he proceeds with his work of inspection, to hold similar conventions in such centres as St. Catharines, London, Chatham and elsewhere. Assembly blies of this kind are naturally productive of good, and judging from the interest already taken, there is every reason to expect good results in the future. Inspec-tor Donovan starts on his western tour

KIND WORDS.

about the middle of next month.

Rev. P. Rey, P. P., Uptergrove:—'I have always recommended your paper both publicly and privately. I shall do so still more. They say the RECORD is dearer than other papers, but I say it is worth more than it costs us. It is too dear to us to look to a few cents with regret.

P. Devine, Esq, Renfrew.—'I have much pleasure in thus devoting to the CATHOLIC RECORD the first of my New Year's labor and at the same time to wish you and it a very happy New Year. I enclose a year's subscription and desire to have the RECORD sent to Cornelius Kennelly, Admaston P. O., County Renfrew, Ont."

Michael Foran, Esq., Aylmer, Que.—
"I have been taking your valuable paper since it was first started, and would not be without it for a great deal."

T. O'Flaherty, Esq., Stratford:—"Every Catholic family would have the RECORD if they were like me. There is no paper they should have before it. It is the only paper we have to fight our battles.