

the depths of their distress, and from you He asks in their behalf the succour without which they must perish, body and soul. How many squander whole fortunes to compass fair woman's degradation; and shall it be possible that while the world's Aspasias revel in luxury you will allow Christ's Magdalene to starve? Especially since in return for your almsgiving God promises you spiritual blessings beyond all price. We are too apt to forget that God's universe things material and things spiritual fit into each other, and work together as parts of one harmonious whole. The order of grace does not circle in distant space round the sensible creation; as a planet of larger might course round one of narrower orbit, without contact or commingling. On the contrary, God has chosen material elements to be the vehicles of spiritual benefits to man. Thus, words spoken by human lips to human ears convey to the hearer's soul the doctrines of that faith without which it is impossible to please God. Sensible matter duly wedded to sensible form in the sacraments becomes the channel of sacramental grace. And so, in a remarkable degree, does it happen with almsgiving. The material act of bestowing material gifts, in obedience to the law of charity, has for its effect not merely to please God, as He is pleased by any other act of virtue, but to cause Him to confer in return upon the almsgiver certain spiritual benefits of sovereign importance. So explicit are His promises to this effect, so clearly has He set forth the connection established between man's act of charity and His own outpouring of supernatural blessings, that it would almost seem as if the latter were barred for the former. "For alms delivereth from death: and the same is that which purgeth away sins, and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting." Tobias xii. 9. Therefore, my brethren, I will say to each of you to-day, with an ancient father; *da panem, accipe Paradisum!* Give to these sufferers a morsel of bread and take in exchange the Kingdom of Heaven! You could not refuse it to them, my brethren, even if their lot were merely on a level in misery with that of the other homeless and forlorn poor. But it is not so; for the lot of the fallen but repentant woman has a bitterness peculiarly its own. Other shelterless creatures are writhed in the knowledge that they are homeless; in her misery the most poignant element is to know that she is without a home. Her mind is haunted, first of all, by the thought of the home of her innocent childhood. As she walks in her desolation, exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm, ever and anon there rises before her the vision of the humble cottage in which her early years were passed in a sinless peace. In spirit she stands once more upon the well remembered threshold, and gazes upon those whom throughout all her life she has never ceased to love. Once more she sees the father whose grey hairs she has dishonored; the mother in whose heart her daughter's shame has killed joy for ever; the brothers and sisters, once her playmates in infancy, but who now shrink as from a blow at the chance mention of her name. She sees her own place vacant in the household, and with irrepressible yearning, her heart goes out towards her home, exclaiming with Job in his misery, "Who will grant me, that I might be according to the months past, according to the days in which God kept me, when His lamp shined over my head, and I walked by His light in darkness? as I was in the days of my youth, when God was secretly in my tabernacle?" (Job xxix. 1-4.) But suddenly there flashes upon her no more; that between her place shall know her no more; that between her and the home of innocence her sin has dug a mighty gulch which never, never can be bridged over; and that she is forever excluded from her paradise, as hopelessly as if like Eden, it were guarded against her by a stern angel and a flaming sword turning every way. And so, with a wild despairing cry she rushes away through the night, homeless at the very threshold of her home. Cast out from the home of her innocence she next finds herself at the door of another home, the home of her sin. She is starving, and she knows that there she will find shelter, and raiment, and food, and warmth, and light; she is forlorn, and she knows that there wanton companions await her and joyous revelry and the intoxication of guilty delight. Oh! may God help her now, poor fragile creature, as she stands trembling between sin and starvation! In such a moment the strength of the most seasoned virtue becomes as the ashes of tow, and to guard their weakness against the trial such as this, the best and holiest unceasingly pray: Lo! lead us not into temptation, for the cedars of Libanon fall before the fierce breath of temptation, how shall the broken reed be strong enough to endure? It was but a few days ago that the fallen woman began to repent; for good resolutions are hardly formed; her soul is still sick with the dregs of sin; not yet has she found strength in the arms of the Good Shepherd. But nevertheless in the pauses of the conflict she hears His voice calling to her to come to Him, and she turns resolutely away from the home of sin, determined to follow after her Saviour, no matter how rugged the way or how toilsome the journey that will lead her to His feet. She flies from the accursed place, and sternly nerves herself to fight her waning life, by toiling for a morsel of bread as only the despairing can toil. And so, once again she looks out for another shelter, this time in the home of honest labour. When Adam sinned God condemned him, in punishment of his offence, to work in the sweat of his brow. To what a depth of misery has she fallen when the life of grinding toil that was Adam's curse, by her is regarded as a blessing; to be sought for with hungry desire anywhere and everywhere. To be sought for, but not to be found! In the very hour of His divine anger God set a mark upon Cain, but it was a token of mercy, that whosoever found the guilty fratricide should not kill him. Too soon does she discover that she also has a mark set upon her, but not in mercy. Her sin has branded her with a mark so loathsome that barely to see it dries up in all the very fountains of human sympathy. "This man if he were a prophet," said within himself the Pharisee when he saw the Magdalene anoint our Saviour's feet, "would know surely who and what kind of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner." No prophetic gift is needed in the present organization of society to detect who and what is the cowering female form that comes without recommendation or friendly testimony to solicit the meanest employment. And once it is known who and what she is, every door is shut in her face. Whatever she touches is accounted unclean. Nothing short of divine charity itself is brave enough. I do not say to defend or comfort her as Christ defended and comforted the Magdalene, but even to brook that she should enter beneath a honest roof. Excluded thus from the home of labor; loathing, through God's grace, again to enter into the home of sin; cast out for ever from the home of her innocent childhood, where shall the hunted creature lay her weary head? Is it any wonder my brethren, if in this drear hour of her complete outlawry from her kind, there comes to her, the thought of the one home which she is free to enter at will, in which so many of her sisters have sought before her, the home of despair, beneath the waters of the deep, dark, rushing river? Well, may we shudder as we see her standing on the brink, holding as it were her life in the palm of her hand, and weighing in her agony, whether it be not less bitter to live than to die. One step is too dull to conceive and our language too cold to describe the wild intense anguish of the soul, that on account of its sins feels itself forsaken by God and man. Enough to say that this feeling of desolation was the last drop in the chalice of suffering, which in His passion

the Redeemer wished to drain even to the dregs. He came not only to redeem man, but to console him; therefore, He willed to take on Himself every form of pain of body and of mind, so that among the generations that were to suffer on the earth, not one individual should have to suffer a pang which He had not first sanctified by carrying it in his own heart. And in the procession of sorrows that came upon Him, the greatest came last. And the last was the desolation He felt when hanging upon the Cross He found the sins of the world laid upon His innocent shoulders, and himself substituted for us as the object of His Father's abhorrence. He had borne in silence the insults of the soldiery, the scourging at the pillar, the burden of the heavy Cross, the sharp nails, the thorny crown; it was only when he felt Himself abandoned that He cried out in awful words:—"My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me!" Even such in kind though not in degree is the appalling sense of desolation that pierces the soul of the fallen woman when remorse forces on her the conviction that for her sins God's mercy and man's compassion have quitted her for evermore. "O, all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow; for he hath made a vintage of me, as the Lord spoke in the day of His fierce anger. From above he hath sent fire unto my bones, and hath chastised me; He hath turned me back; He hath made me desolate all the day long. The yoke of my iniquities hath watched; they are folded together in His hand and put upon my neck; the Lord hath delivered me into a hand out of which I am not able to rise. (Lament, i. 12.)

She is not able to rise from her despair, but, you, my brethren, are able to set her free. For, although all other homes deny her shelter, there yet remains one home better than all the rest, which it is in your power to open for her to-day—the home of the Good Shepherd. Its foundations were laid in the very day and hour in which, on Calvary, Christ for our sins was forsaken by His Father, that through His dereliction all desolate souls might find comfort. In that hour, St. John tells us, there stood by the Cross of Jesus, Mary His Mother and Mary Magdalene. (John xix. 25.) How unspokeably solemn this meeting in tender companionship at the foot of the cross of Mary the purest of virgins with Mary the penitent sinner! Surely this was no chance encounter, but rather a revelation of the new relationship the Good Shepherd was establishing in His Church between the virginal life of which Mary was the type, and the penitent fallen ones, of whose conversion the Magdalene was the prophecy. It was the reversal by the Sacred Heart of Jesus of the cruel sentence of perpetual scorn enforced by the world against degraded womanhood even in its repentance. It was a proclamation of the irresistible power of penance to repair the wreck made in the soul by sin, and of the sinner's restoration to the privileges of innocence effected by true contrition. It is the teaching that has created in the Catholic Church the convents of the Good Shepherd, in which tender and delicate ladies, virgins consecrated to Christ, live as in one united household with those who have been the vilest of the vile outcasts of society. Far different is this sacred companionship from the selfish charity that is satisfied with purchasing from others for the afflicted services it is too dainty to render in its own person and from the fitful outpourings of sentimental benevolence; it is a true, living and working love, and, like all true love, it has its foundation in the amiable qualities of its object. And if you ask me what titles to their love do the Nuns of the Good Shepherd discover in their penitent sisters, I answer, the same that Mary the Mother of God recognized in Mary Magdalene. In the Magdalene, kneeling before Jesus, pouring out her precious ointment on the feet that had so often grown weary in search of her soul and washing them with her tears, Mary recognized a soul that loved her Son and loved Him with an exceeding love. In the Magdalene, kneeling before Jesus, pouring out her precious ointment on the feet that had so often grown weary in search of her soul and washing them with her tears, Mary recognized a soul that loved her Son and loved Him with an exceeding love. In the Magdalene, kneeling before Jesus, pouring out her precious ointment on the feet that had so often grown weary in search of her soul and washing them with her tears, Mary recognized a soul that loved her Son and loved Him with an exceeding love. In the Magdalene, kneeling before Jesus, pouring out her precious ointment on the feet that had so often grown weary in search of her soul and washing them with her tears, Mary recognized a soul that loved her Son and loved Him with an exceeding love.

And now, dearly beloved brethren, I conclude by addressing to each of you the words addressed by our Saviour to the Pharisee, concerning the Magdalene: Dost thou see this woman? Look at her as homeless, tempted, cast out, despairing, she approaches the door of the home of the Good Shepherd that stands in the midst of your houses. Like Magdalene she is attracted by the saviour's influence but, unlike Magdalene, she has no beautiful vases fragrant with costly unguents whereby to honor Him. She has only wasted life and a broken heart to bring to him, but yet her soul tells her He will not reject her. For her, on this side of the portal is pain, and shame, and remorse and cruel agony; on the other peace, love, pardon and the Good Shepherd. But of herself she is not able to open the door; without your help she must remain shut out from the blessings that are almost within her grasp and go back to her despair. She looks to you for help; God wishes that you should help her. "Dost thou see this woman?" There was a day when men looked upon her as David looked upon Bathsheba; and their look brought shame and ruin upon her. For the honor of humanity, is there no one who will look on her with a look of compassion that shall undo the curse of that look of the world and save her from death? "Dost thou see this woman?"

Often before to-day have her fellow-creatures looked upon her as the Pharisee looked upon the Magdalene, and her heart is cut with their unkind glances, and still bleeds from their yet more unkind words and acts. Is there no one who, like our Saviour, will take account of the change wrought in her heart, and count her tears as they fall and bid her broken spirit take courage? And thou, my brethren, how will you look upon her? Will you see her with the eyes of the Pharisee or with the eyes of Christ? "Dost thou see this woman?" The spouses of Christ have seen her coming, and they left father and mother, and all the golden joys of life, that their hearts, emptied of all other love, might be entirely for her, and they toil their strength away, and starve within the convent walls that they may have a crust where-with to satisfy her hunger. Is there no one to help them to keep a roof over their heads, and to rescue them from being cast out with their wretched charges upon the highway? "Dost thou see this woman?" Mary the Mother of God sees her, and in her recognises the companion who clung to her in love when even apostles fled in the dark hour of the Passion. And shall the companion in whose carcases Mary the Mother of Sorrows found comfort be left to perish unheeded in her distress? Shall she be entitled to alms on Calvary, and be cast out from the house that God has built for her among you? "Dost thou see this woman?" Jesus Christ sees her. In the Magdalene standing at the foot of His Cross He saw each and every one of the sinful sisterhood who in the course of ages after having imitated her in her own sin was to imitate her likewise in her repentance; and to receive each of them the Good Shepherd opened wide His arms in the embrace of His Cross. These arms are open still; they are open to-day; they are open in this place. Now, may the God of mercy inspire you to make such a sacrifice as shall securely place within the arms of the Good Shepherd the sheep that has gone astray and has been recovered, the soul that had been lost and has been found, the woman who had sinned much but to whom much had been forgiven!

THE SECRET HISTORY OF FENIANISM.

A Mr. John Rutherford has written what he calls "The Secret history of the Fenian Conspiracy." The book has caused a good deal of excitement but it has been generally pronounced a fraud. We have not yet seen a copy of the work, but we have to hand a review of it from the *Freeman's Journal*. Here is what that paper says about it.

We have turned with great interest to this work and after a somewhat careful perusal must confess that it has from two points of view disappointed us. In the first place the bulk of the book is occupied with facts with which all the world was well acquainted, and the number of "secrets" disclosed is not large. This, after all, was only to be expected, for it must be remembered that Fenianism in America was secret in little more than name, while in Ireland, where it really was a secret association, the papers seized upon the chief actors in it and the revelations at the trials made public its principal details. A more serious blemish upon the book is the very bitter tone with which certain prominent members of the Fenian Association are assailed, and above all the constant stream of invective and accusation directed against one principal leader. Making, however, due allowances for these blemishes, the book possesses considerable interest. The writer opens his story with an account of John O'Mahony and James Stephens in Paris twenty years ago. Of the latter he says—"Stephens, essentially a man of action, took a different course. He threw himself heart and soul into foreign conspiracy, and the secret societies of the Continent had no more active or trusty agent than himself. In their service he visited Spain occasionally, Germany now and then, Italy often, and London still more frequently. To the British capital the headquarters of these societies had been transferred after the election to the French Presidency of Louis Napoleon. Where they are established now it is not for us to say. We confine ourselves to remarking that London is about the best position for international communication; and thanks to British institutions, in no other city could conspiracy establish its headquarters with equal hope of impunity." In 1853 began the propaganda which was in the end to produce Fenianism; it was conducted by Stephens and O'Mahony, and it is thus that our author, plunging in *medias res*, sketches its origin:—"In Ireland Stephens began his work, aided by Thomas Clarke Luby. Before he would take any measures for remodelling and extending the conspiracy, Stephens insisted on making a tour through the country, in order to learn for himself the precise state of the Irish mind, the prospects before one who meant to include the whole nation in his plot, the obstacles he would have to surmount, and the circumstances in his favor. This journey of observation he commenced in the autumn of 1853. It lasted ten months, and all through it Luby was his constant companion. During its course the two travelled not less than 3,500 miles. Stephens was fond of alluding to this journey in speech and conversation, and invariably to misrepresent it, stating that nearly the whole of it was performed on foot, staff in hand and knapsack on back, and not unfrequently in the face of privation. The truth was very different. The journey was a busy one to Stephens and his companions, but it was also an easy one. Wherever they appeared good houses were open to them. There was none of that sleeping in hovels and sharing the food of peasants which Stephens asserts. Stephens had made careful study of the system of conspiracy adopted on the Continent. He had pondered much the recent history of Ireland and the causes which had produced the failure of all former attempts at Irish rebellion. He modified the Continental system to suit the circumstances of the country and the character of its inhabitants, and he drew up a set of general rules for the guidance of himself and others. Of these the following are the most material:—'Discipline is the essential of revolution. He who needs to be sworn to loyalty is not worth having. Still an oath is requisite to conspiracy; the latter, whatever its views, must always be autocratic. In making disciples always speak with confidence. Teach your aspirants to think that they are able to do whatever you propose. Military men of all ranks must be sought, particularly non-commissioned officers—they are the cream of the British army. A non-commissioned officer, and indeed every soldier, brings prestige with him. He destroys the moral force of his regiment; he fights with a bolder hand; he makes one less in the ranks of the enemy. Waste no time in attempting to gain the priests. Their one idea is the good of Mother Church. Let the revolution only succeed; Mother Church always knows how to adapt herself to accomplish facts. Besides no priest is a free agent.' Through '53 and the following years the propaganda went on, and if the following remarkable statement be accurate, long before the Fenian movement was heard of by the public at large the exertions of Stephens and his associates had sapped the loyalty of the British army in Ireland:—"Beside the Fenians instructed to enlist in the army

civilians with the proper capacity for seduction were sent, well supplied with funds, to the various Irish garrisons from the very first. We know personally, from observations made on the spot and at the time, that these agents were in full activity so early as the summer of 1855, and that nearly all the desertions which took place in Ireland during the Crimean War were owing to their exertions. We know further, that not a few of these deserters were sent to the United States as evidence to the brethren there of the work that was being done in Ireland. To the Fenianism in the English army Stephens gave the form adopted by Fenianism elsewhere, with a few modifications. A few commissioned officers in active service were Fenians, and these of course took high rank; but the cases were exceedingly rare. A larger number of officers on half-pay, though not many even of these, were prepared to join the rebellion, when it should break out in unquestionable strength, and gave it the benefit of their military experience." All through '53, '54, and '55 Stephens worked in Ireland for the society, which, according to our author, though known under the various names of Irish Republican Brotherhood, Phoenix Club, and Fenian Association, was in essence and fact one and the same. In Skibbereen Stephens made some recruits who were afterwards famous in the annals of the organization, and of whom the most remarkable were O'Donovan Rossa and "Marty" (Anglice, Mortimer) Moynihan. While Stephens was busy at work in Ireland, John O'Mahony was busy with the American branch of the association; and in '58 Stephens went to America to confer with O'Mahony, and there had interviews with Meagher and Mitchell. Of these we read:—"The interviews with Mitchell and Meagher had their effect on Stephens. Thenceforward he regarded the '48 men beyond his conspiracy with animosity, and all those within it with distrust. He determined to get rid of the latter when he could do it with safety. James Stephens spent about five months in the United States. He traversed a great part of the country in company with O'Mahony and one more enthusiastic still in the cause he advocated, one of the few priests who took part in the conspiracy—the Rev. Father Fitzgerald, of Indiana." In 1859 the Government began to get wind of what was going on, and in '59 a blow was struck at Skibbereen at the "Phoenix Society." The members were arrested, one was tried and convicted, but in the end all were let out on their own recognizances. The writer gives certain letters written at this crisis by the late Archbishop O'Sullivan, of Kenmare, to Lord Mayo and Sir Matthew Barrington, the then Crown Prosecutors of Kerry. The Archbishop wrote:—"Kenmare, Dec. 20, 1859, My Lord—Now that an investigation has been had as to the nature and extent of the Phoenix Society, I venture to call your attention to a letter I took the liberty of writing to you on this day fortnight. I have just read the evidence of the approver, Sullivan, in the *Cork Examiner*, and he states:—'That he had been at examination with me, and that I advised him to break the oaths.' The man never confessed to me. I never exchanged a word with him. He is not a parishioner of mine at all. If all his evidence be as true as this much, it is of little value. Looking, therefore, at the unsupported testimony of this fellow, at the youth of the lady led astray by him, and above all at the fact of the Society having been completely extinguished since I first denounced it on the 3rd of October, I venture again to ask your Lordship to interfere with his Excellency for a free pardon for these foolish parishioners of mine. It will be the most perfect extinguisher he can possibly put upon it. If you call them up for trial, a large subscription will be made up to defend them, for their youth, with the innumerable perjuries of the approver, has created much sympathy for them, and great excitement will be kept up here until the assizes. If they shall be acquitted, a regular ovation shall be the consequence while a conviction cannot entail a very heavy sentence on such striplings." The Phoenix affair blew over after a time, but in no way damped what we may now term the Fenian organisation. To advance it O'Mahony laboured in America, Stephens in Ireland, and in 1865 its aims and objects are published to the world at the famous Fenian Convention of Chicago. "There was no great secrecy as to the delegates from the British Possession, who signed the above resolution, but whose names were suppressed, while those of the delegates from the United States were given in full. On Monday, May 15th 1865, Thomas Darcy McGee, speaking in Wexford, made the following statement:—"I have myself seen letters from some of the brethren, from Chicago, Cincinnati, and other places, offering their secret minutes and members rolls for sale! We know that the British Government was aroused by the Chicago Convention to what was going forward. The resolutions, published and unpublished, reached them as rapidly as the mail could transmit them. They had the names and addresses of all the American chiefs. Trusty men were set to watch the office of the *Irish People*, then lately established, and Talbot, the policeman, a man of great courage, for two years tracked Pagan O'Leary at work among the soldiers. Stephens drew up a Constitution, of which the writer gives a summary, according to which he proves to his own satisfaction that under this constitution the President (who would, in the first case, be Stephens himself) would have been more despotic than any monarch in Europe. The expenses of his establishment were to be defrayed by the State, and were to appear in the civil list. He was besides to receive £2,000 a year. The State was to be divided into nine provinces; Limerick was to be the capital and the seat of the Executive, while Athlone was to be the seat of the Parliament, and to be strongly fortified. The writer then alludes to the establishment of the *Irish People*, Stephens's visit to America, the Chicago fair, which realised £10,000 for the Fenian funds, and to differences which Stephens had with O'Mahony, and proceeds:—"As the summer of '65 went on, Stephens and his lieutenant were at their wits' end to pacify their men. All the blame of unpreparedness was thrown on the leaders in America—on O'Mahony in particular. Finally, the cry of war or dissolution in '65' was raised again, and louder than ever. A day for the outbreak was fixed; it was to take place on the anniversary of the execution of Robert Emmett—that leading idol of the modern Celt—the 20th September. How well prepared the conspirators were for an outbreak at that date is shown in the following report made then by the Centre of the Southern Circle:—"I have seven Bs, fifty-four Cs, and about four hundred rank and file, with (mark this) five revolvers, fourteen rifles, and three hundred pikes! In this circle there was one revolver, or rifle for every twenty-third man, while more than one hundred and forty men were totally unarmed. And yet this particular circle was one of the best armed in the Brotherhood. Nor was America prepared to make good the deficiency. In May '66 we find Colonel Thomas J. Kelly reporting officially to the investigating committee then sitting in New York, that he had on hand 2,200 stand of arms of all patterns, 1,309 bayonets, 1,624 cartridge boxes, 3,784 knapsacks, 1,107 sabres, 131 revolvers, 420 cross and waist belts, with a totally inadequate supply of other essentials, not enough indeed to equip 500 men partially. To this account was to be added, for 1865, 750 bayonets, muskets and knapsacks, sent on the expedition to Baskport, and captured by the officers of the United States, and which had not been returned up to the date of the colonel's report. With such an armament it was manifestly absurd to think seriously of insurrection." In 1865 the Government having received abundant information from their spies, struck, and struck hard. A simultaneous raid took place in Cork and Dublin. This was followed by the astounding event, the escape of Stephens from Richmond Bridge.

Mr. Rutherford gives a very lively account of this celebrated affair from an eye witness. The following is the concluding passage:—"On Thursday night (24th November) fifteen minutes after midnight, six men might have been seen standing at the wicket gate of the gloomy mansion which held the Fenian Head Centre, as if to protect their faces from the pelting of the storm which furiously raged, as if all the demons of the tempest had been summoned to let loose upon devoted Dublin. The gate yields as if by magic to the efforts of these men, and one by one they glide within the prison which holds the Fenian leader. No one gave the three policemen who, with singular fatuity, have been placed where they should not be, and Byrne who is patrolling up and down, is stirring within the prison. These forms, which one by one glide stealthily through the gate, are Irish Americans. A loaded revolver is grasped by the hand of each, and they are prepared if necessary to overpower any police force which can be aroused within the prison. A hurried consultation ensues there amid the pelting storm, the wicket gate is closed, and no one passing without would suspect that six men, armed to the teeth, were standing within. Six desperate men prepared for any emergency—six men who will fight their way out with Stephens among them, if to fight become necessary. And now a single form. It is not Byrne; but who is it? A slight dark man, with broad brow, and face indicative of desperate energy and courage, moves along the corridors in his stocking feet, shadowy and silent as a ghost. Bolts and bars, have yielded to him like magic thus far; up the dark staircase he has come, making his way as if by intuition, and now he stops before the door of Stephens's cell. Could the authorities have got a glimpse of his face they would have seen one who had been in the "Bridewell" before, one whom, next to Stephens and O'Mahony, they would have delighted to lay hands upon.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

PERSONALS.

O'LEARY—Daniel O'Leary the champion pedestrian has been invited to visit Montreal.
CARTIER—Professor Cartier lately walked for seven hours without stopping, in New York.
STAFFORD—Father Stafford has made a gift of \$6,400 to his parish.
SADLER—Messrs. Sadler of New York are about to issue a cheap edition of Mr. A. M. Sullivan's book "New Ireland."
BRAY—The Rev. Mr. Bray is to be editor of a new weekly paper to be started in Montreal. The first number is to appear on Jan. 4th, 1878.
GLADSTONE—Mr. Gladstone has expressed himself in sympathy with the movement for the preservation of the Irish language.
ARTHUR—There was an absurd rumour in Cork about two or three weeks ago. It was said that there was a conspiracy to carry off Prince Arthur.
MACMAHON—The *Monitor* says MacMahon will give the choice between another dissolution or his resignation. The amounts drawn after the last dissolution are reported illegal.
PELLETIER—It is believed that the *Journal de Quebec*, Mr. Cauchon's old paper, will change hands and become the property of the Hon. C. A. P. Pelletier, M. P., Minister of Agriculture.
BUTT—At a Home Rule meeting held in Dublin on the 2nd inst, it was decided that the National Conference should commence on Tuesday, January 22nd.
JAMOT—The Congregation of Lindsay, gave his Lordship Bishop Janot of Alaska, \$200 for his diocese after a sermon he delivered there recently. He also received \$118 from the Catholics of Downeyville.
O'LEARY—John O'Leary, the ex-Fenian, in a letter to the *Dublin Freeman* says that there was \$500,000 collected in Great Britain, Ireland, the United States and Canada, for the Fenian movement.
CAMPBELL—There is an Englishman at the Shipka Pass named Campbell who is said to have led the last desperate attack on Fort St. Nicholas, and to be the leading spirit on the Turkish side at that point.
GOUGH—Lord Gough's statue for Dublin is now nearly completed. It is to be of bronze, and, curiously enough, to be cast from cannon captured by the distinguished soldier in China during a war he conducted there.
MADDIGAN—The Rev. P. J. Maddigan assistant in St. Mary's Cathedral, has been appointed parish priest at Walkerton. The vacancy caused by his removal will be filled by the Rev. Father Kehoe, of Walkerton.
WALSH—Some time since it was reported that the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick had been "kiddapped" owing to a "disagreement" with his Lordship Bishop Walsh of London. The story turns out to be a fabrication.
DENISON—The prize of 5,000 roubles offered in 1874 by the Russian Government for the best book on the history of cavalry, has been awarded to Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denison, commanding the Governor-General's Body Guard in Toronto.
DONEGAN—The Marquis of Donegal, Colonel of the London Irish Volunteers has received a bugle from the Canadian Riflemen who visited London, as a souvenir of esteem towards that nobleman, and as a souvenir for the kindness with which the London Irish treated the Canadians.
GILLIES—Mr. Gillies, late proprietor of the *True Witness*, has written a letter to the *Witness*, denying that Chiniquy ever gave \$300 to start the *True Witness*. Mr. Gillies was publisher of the *True Witness* from its foundation twenty-eight years ago until recently.
FITZGERALD—The consecration of the Bishop of Ross took place at Skibbereen, recently. The name of the new prelate, Rt. Rev. Fr. Fitzgerald, is already widely known, and little doubt can be entertained that his career will enhance the lustre of patriotism, piety, and learning which has long illuminated the role of the prelate of Ross.
SMYTH—The reward for distinguished and meritorious services, vacated by the promotion of General Lord Mark Kerr, has been conferred by Her Majesty the Queen upon Lieut. General Sir Edward Selby Smyth, K. C. M. G., for services of nearly thirty-seven years, all around the world, including two entire campaigns in the field.
SULLIVAN—On the arrival of Mr. Barry Sullivan, at Dublin, recently, he was the recipient of an unusual ovation. The Lord Mayor was in waiting with his carriage, and two brass bands, preceding a mass of people, greeted the actor with resonant welcome. He drove away with the Lord Mayor. The people of Dublin have assuredly an extraordinary way of showing affection for public men.
MASSONS—The Grand Lodge of Irish Freemasons has passed a resolution declaring that it can no longer recognise the Grand Orient of France as a Masonic body, and directing all lodges working under the Irish constitution to decline recognizing as Masons any person hailing therefrom, on the ground that the Grand Orient of France has altered the first article of its constitution from its previous form, and omitted therefrom, as one of its fundamental principles, a belief in the existence of God and the immortality of the soul.