ARCHBISHOP BYAN'S SERMON.

The Epiphany is commemorated in Rome in many different ways, some of which we shall describe bereafter. Few of them are more interesting than the Sacro Ottowario, which is celebrated in the venerable Caurch of St. Andrea della Valle by the Prous Society of Missions, popularly known as the Pallottni. This Society, which is under the protection of the Most Holy and Immaculate Mary, Queen of the Apostles, was founded in the year 1835 by the Venerable Servent of Sod, Vincenso Pallotti, a Roman priest, to revive faith and rekindle charity amongst Catholics, and to propegate both amorget Catholics, and to propegate both amorget Catholics, and to propegate both amorget heretics and infidels. In 1836 it established this famous and widely known calebration of the week of the Epiphany. From half-past five in the morning the mobile Church of St. Andrea della Valle is open, and nine different functions county the day until after six in the svening. The Receiver is at alx an Italian sermon with

Act service consists of Mass and the Rosary.

There is at six, an Italian sermon with Benediction of the Blessed Secrament. At half past eight a Mass is sung according to the Latin Rete by a representative of the religious orders of Rome—the Theotines, the Conventual, the Missionaries of the Beared Heart, the Carmelites, the Capushins, the Augustinians, the Dominicans, the Services of Mary, etc. At half past nine, a Mess is celebrated according to one of the Oriental Rite—that is the Syro Maronite, the Greek M-lehite, the Syrian, the Armenian, the Greek Ruthenian and the Caaldean. At eleven o'clock there is daily a sermon preached in a foreign lan guage by ome distinguished preacher. At three o'clock there are pious reading, Rosary and prayers, followed by an Italian sermon, exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and solemn Benediction given by a Cardinal. At half past five there are a lecture, Rosary and prayers, and at six an Italian sermon. The various foreign colleges in Rome assist at the principal afternoon services.

Amongst the most interesting of the

Amongst the most interesting of the Amongst the most interesting of the sermons this year were one in Spanish, by a Bishep from Chilli; one in German, by Cardinal Melcher, and the three English sermons p eached respectively by Bishop Hedley, O. S. B., editor of the Dublin Keview by Mgr. Tylee, of London, and by the "Chrysostom of America," Archbishop Byan, of Philadelphia.

We need not say that the interest of the Boglish speaking residents of Rome was

We need not say that the interest of the Egglish speaking residents of Rome was excited to a very high degree by an anticipation of Archbishop Ryen's sermon. Expectation was gratified to the full st. He certainly had one of the largest auditance that ever athered to hear a foreign preacher in Rome. Some inconveniences of the pulpit and the rirging of the Angelus during his discourse, were calcu but also a most careful and exact thinker, and a successful evar gelist. We give an imperfect outline and the substance of his discourse, which we are sure will delight your readers. To really appreciate it they should have heard it in Rome, when the Archbishop preached it from the pulpit of Padre Ventura, and almost over the grave of that elequent orator. There were many non Catholics in the audience, and the discourse was heard by them with manifect interest. The collection during the sermon was reported to be one of the largest known in Rome.

PATRICK F. O'HARS,

om ied

the be hick you ave can one your our hary udy case case. Any-re in "e in

nations, tracking"—so is the mission of His kingdom on earth, the Caurch of God. She comes to teach and to restrain. At He was King of the kings of thought, and demanded what the Apostle most aptly calls "the homege of the understanding," so the has a mission to teach and demands similar tribute. Nor is this degracing to man. If here were not the very voice of God—"the who hears you heave Me"—such tribute were indeed degracing. Dearer to me than was I ase to Abraham is the intelligence which God gave me, which makes me His image and likeness and distinguishes me from the brute creation. That intelligence I will never sact fice except on the mountain of God and at His behest. I will not believe against its conviction unless I have the infallible word of God communicated to me by an infallible measurement of the Church of Christ that the dignity of human reason is really preserved. But, breather, it is the a cond mis son of the Church—the restraint of hum n passions by her moril detrinal teacong to which I desire to direct your attention this morning.

The would outside Julea had been under the domain of what we may designate Gent less. The two great systems met in centiles and have contended out I new. Those who in our day reject Chr a timity go turther even that this Gent I ism, for the Gentile nations admitted the existence of a Supreme Being and His providence, and the fact that there were rewards for the good and punishment for the wicked in a future life, whereas the unbelievers of our day would abolish these great conservative truths, and leave poor humanity to be the victim of its own intellectual delu ions and enslaving passions. This morning, brethren, I derive to invite your art ration to the Kingdom of the Mesclah on earth—not in general to that glorious o ganization with its Supreme Head and its legislative, executive and judical powers, called the Church of God on earth—but more particuleally to that ethical feature of thy which the passions are controlled.

When fears are expressed that society out

that ethical feature of it by which the passions are controlled.

When fears are expressed that society outside the influence of Christianity is on its way back to Gentilism or paganism we are told that such a return is now quite impossible; that Christianity was progress from Gentilism, and that the future shall be one of progress in advance of Coristianity; that no one dreams of erecting stalles to Jupiter, Mire or Venus, or even to Minerva, or of swinging censers before their shines.

their shrines.

But, brethren, it matters very little by

and dot grant he with given the throne of David and upon the throne of David and upon the throne of David and upon the throne of the properties of the prope

fisme, like banners flurg out from the battlements of heaven; hope, beautiful hope, leads the broken spirit to look up to the region where He, the Light of light, does abide, arrests the uplifted hand of the suicide, restores her to G of and to peace. The possibility of such a chenge is assured by the certain dogmain teaching of Christianity, by the all-suffisiency of the merits of Christ when appued to the coutrite heart. That God who rewards and punishes as a God doth also forgive like a God. "I will remember no more their off-nees—I will cast them into the depths of the sea," and the dogmatic teaching is

God. "I will remember no more their off nees—I will cast them into the depths of the sea," and the dogmetic teaching is illustrated by examples like those of Magdalene and Peter. Oh, what a world of power is found in such hopefuness, and this hopefuness is founded on the certain doctrine of Crist! The statistics of suicide clearly show that they increase in proportion as a people lose their faith and consequent fear of God and hope in God. How true is the declaration of Scripture, 'Justice elevates a nation, sin maketh a people miserable."

Again, brethren, our Divine Lord, by an act of wisdom and Divine condescen sion, taught the great truth that He would identify. Himself with the weak and suffering of our race, and that He would regard as done to Himself whatever should be done in their favor. The identification He makes perfect.

AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT GENTLEMAN DES CRIBES THEIR BARRENNESS AT BINGAPORE

From the Pail Mail Gazette, Jan. 26. Mr. W. S. Cane, M. P., who has been staying some time at Singapore, on his journey round the world, has written a severe criticism of the work done by the Christian missions in that part of the globe. He ease:

"The heather of the Straits Settlements

Marray, no of swigning conners before the Chipystein of Ameroa, "Archibite physics." We made only a plantic of Stome, the threat of the Roghth speaking piths of Stome and the store of the Stratic Sattlements the store of the store of the Stratic Sattlements th are not much troubled by missionary zeal.

How is it, I wonder, that we so persistently neglect the conversion of the
heathen at our own doors in our various

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

POLICE AND EMERGENCY-MEN ENFORCING

Police AND EMBRERNCI-MEN ENFORCING
AN EVICION IN IRELAND.

B'akely Hall sends to the New York
Sum from Drogheds, Ireland, a dramatic
account of the eviction of two Irish tenauts for non-payment of rent. The evictic g party consisted of a body of 150
muitis, commanded by a Captain Smylle,
100 stalwart p-licemen, and a score of
"emergency men." We quote as follows
from Mr. Hall's account:

I followed the direction of Capt.
Smylle's big and tranqual blue eye as I ast
on the car shivericg violently in spite of
fur coats and rubbers, and sawa dramatic
and striking figure. It was that of a girl,
perhaps nineteen years of sge, who stood
apart from the others on the crown of a
inttle hill. Her bare feet were sunk deep
in the snow that crowned the hill, and her
figure was sharply outlined against the
leaden sky. She was tail and superbly
formed, though the lines of her figure
were wofully sharpened by starvation,
and her cheeks were sunken and drawa.
But they were fixming red, nevertheless,
and they lent an added lustre to a pair of
magnificent gray eyes—typical Irish eyes
that fairly blazed with indignation.

Her hands were clasped across her
breast, and one sleeve was almost torn off
at the shoulder, leaving the arm bare.
The rain b at down on her, and matted
her long, black hair over her forehead,
while a stray lock was swept across the
face. What a face it was! The brow was
low, broad and white, and the black eye
brows almost straight over the splendid
eyes. The nose was Grectan, as indeed
was the whole face in contour, and the
tightly compressed lips and firm chin gave
it a look of dignity. She seemed utterly
unconscious of the bitter oold, and all the
power of her nature seem-d concentrated
in the look of abhorring hatred and terror
with which she stared at the Queen's
troops—her enemies.

The word was given, and the line

with which she stared at the Queen's troops—her enemies.

The word was given, and the line moved on. A fussy Justice of the Peace, a noisy little person known as Captain Keogh, and the agent of the estate j med the forces, and Captain Keogh ordered the attack at once. The Devine cottage was guarded by the three girls up stairs and the old man below. The military drew up in a hollow square around the house, and the constables, to the tune of a hundred strong manched into the enclosure. dred strong, marched into the enclosure
It was during this imposing ceremony

It was during this imposing ceremony that an old woman crept around the corner of the house out into the enclosure.

"Woman!" thousered Captain Keogh,

"What are you doin' here?"

"Breathin," " sad the woman, suavely.

"Take her outside the line with the other rooters," commanded the Captain, sternly. At the mention of the word "rioters," as applied to the poor wretches without the lines, Captain Smylie roared, with intense hilarity. Captain Keogh stared hard at him, but it had'nt the faintest effect on the commandant of the military.

police fell back and the emergency-men went forward. About a d z n of them, with picks, crowbars, and axes, rushed at

with picks, crowbars, and axes, rushed at the front door.

The girls threw the boiling water out of the windows above, but before they could do much damage the emergency-men forced their way in and overpowered Dovine, who was a very old and sickly looking man. There was a tremendous uproar up-stairs a minute later, but the body looking man. There was a tremendous uproar up-stairs a minute later, but the body looking man. There was a tremendous uproar up-stairs a minute later, but the indirect way in a dozen of them drew their clubs, and charged the house amid the jeers of the military, who, to do them justice, dispayed far less tomfoolery than the body of men they were called upon to protect. There was another long wait, and then the twelve big policemen walked bravely forth with three defenceless young girls held firmly among them. It was an edifying and inspiring spectacle. A court was an watery.

Up to this time the spectators, besides the neighbors, were the detective and myself on the rival cas, but the news had got abroad, and three other cas arrived, one occupied by the Counters Tolstoi and the other by Sir William Meddeburn, M. P., shd Mr. Patrick Kelly, of the National door have been a part iamentary speech on home rule.

After the 300 warriors had triumphate the pages of the same was in good spirits, and the pages was in good spirits, and the forces moved up the road to James who are in the habit of resorting the forces moved up the road to James who are in the habit of resorting to the meanest and lowest of all tricks, swindling the newswaper man. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, the forces moved up the road to James th the front door.

The girls threw the boiling water out of

though what on earth there was to fear was a mystery.

Up to this time the spectators, besides the neighbors, were the detective and myself on the rival cars, but the news had got abroad, and three other cars arrived, one occupied by the Countess Tolatol and the others by Sir William Weddeburn, M. P., and Mr. Patrick Kelly, of the National L. ague, respectively. Sir William and the C. uniess were both anxious to see an exist on—one is writing a book, the other a per immentary speech on home rule.

After the 300 warriors had triumphanally subjugated the three young girls, the forces moved up the road to James Finnegan's, on the hill.

Finnegan was in good spirits, and bound to die hard. He had a stubby red beard, a red nose, and a hat which he wore over one eye, in a rakish, not to say defiant, manner.

wore over one eye, in a rakish, not to say defiant, manner.

"It's a pity," he roared hotly, to the intense delight of the placid Captain Smylie, who evinced a fondness for him if hand, "that yez didn' bring a fow more regimints an' some canona wid vez."

Captain Koogh stalked maj-stically around the fortified house, and then o ming back to the starting point looked up and yelled:

"It ta."

"Finnegan?" "Will ye come down out of that?"

"I won't."

"Why won't you?"

"Behase," said Finnegan, with a burst of forensic and irrefutable legte, "I'm gointer stay where I am."

"Then your blood be on your head."

"Well, begob," remarked Finnegan, to the intense delight of the mob, "If I c. uld get near ye there'd be blood on yer own head, y' miserable old, buil-necked blowhard."

"Attack the house, attack the light of the work."

hard."
Attack the house, attack the house," roared Capt. Keegh hotly. The order was given with immense pirit and course, but the forces did not display undue zeal. Capt. Smylie yawned, lighted another eigerette, and looked back to see if the Irish girl still stood in the snow on the hill-top while the chiefe of police held a long and thoughtful consuttation. The Countess Toletol tried to make notes on a long and thoughtful consultation. The Countess Tolstoi tried to make notes on an ivory tablet, but as the rain washed out the letters as fast as she wrote them, she put up the tablet with a pretty little grimace, and beat a tattoo with her boots on the side of the car. Sir William was gathering mud and facts from personal contact with the peasantry, and the detective was so miserably wet, hun gry and fatigued that he gave up shamming, and sat on the fence with me, sharing my umbrella and cigars.

"This here little bit of a burlesque," he said acornfully, "costs the Govern-

"This here little bit of a burlesque,"
he said acornfully, "costs the Government in the neighborhood of a thousand pounds."

"As much as that?"

"Take the pay of the men, the heavy
cost of their transportation for three days,
an' the cost of the emergency-men-"

an' the cost of the emergency-men—"
"Are those jail birds expensive?"
"Very, cause they takes their lives in their han's. They ain't got protection like th' police. They're marked men once they enter th' business. Some of them git ten pounds a week."
"Then the Government spends a thousand pounds because Finnegan and Devine won't pay full rent?"
"Aye. They could both pay with ten or twenty per cent. reduction, so the amount involved is only about ten pounds."

pounds."

In the course of half an hour some one discovered that it was nearly four o'clock, and as an eviction after that hour is thiggl, it was decided that something ought legal, it was decided that something ought to be done at once. It was done. As usual the emergency men were ordered forward and the police fell back toward the soldiers. The redoubtable Finnegan had been addressing belligerent remarks to the entire British Empire, and he was to the entire British Empire. ready to do battle for his life. In sober truth he had lots of pluck, for he knew he was fighting a losing battle from the

He whipped off his hat and coat as the emergency men attacked the house in two places, and divided his hot water and rhetoric in equal measure between the wiedow and the door. He kept them at bay for a time and scalded some of them badly, but his hot water was soon exhausted, and then they battered down his

badly, but his hot water was soon exhausted, and then they battered down his defences and drove him into a corner, where he kicked and battered away until overpowered and knocked down.

Then—and not until then—the police entered, and dragging Finnegan out, made charges against him before the Justice of the Peace.

"Have you got anything t' say?" asked the magistrate before committing him.

"Phat could I say?" said Finnegan simply, as he straightened up and looked around him. "I'm done fer, sure enough, I'm goid' t' jsil. At nearly fifty years av sage I'm turned off av th' place where me fadder an' me gran'fadder was born, an' out of th' house which I built wid me own money, saved after years av starvin' an' privation, bekase why? Bekase I can't do phat I can't do. God bless the Queen. She's th' mudder av her people, is she' She's a mudder, indad, t' me."

Then the procession moved proudly homeward, with the evicted farmer surrounded by his captors, and the sorrowful neighbors trooping in the rear; last of all the big eyed I tash girl who had stood on the hill. She was Finnegan's neice and pride. He had brought her up. She, too, was homeless.

The Newspaper Dead Beat.

Scene in the Advocate counting room.

Dead Beat Subscriber — How much do
I owe for the Daily Advocate?

City Circulator.—We have been sending the paper to year for five months.

The amount of your indebtedness is therefore two dollars and a half.

awinding the newswaper man. It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that any person subscribing for a newspaper and refusing to pay for the same is liable to fine and imprisonment.—Newark

I have been troubled with catarrh for the past ten years and have tried a number of remedies but found no relief until I purchased a buttle of Ey's Cream Beim I consider it the most reliable preparation for catarrh and cold in the head.—Geo. E. Cra dall, P. M. Quonochawntsug R I.

I was troubled with casarrh for seven years previous in our mencing the use of Fily's Cream Beim, some five months ago. It has done for me what other so called cures falled to do-caved me, the effect of the Beim seemed magical.—Clarence Is. Huff, Bladeford, Me.