

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 3.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, JAN. 28, 1881.

NO. 120

OUR STOCK IS MOST COMPLETE.

We have a splendid line of White and Colored Shirts! Any one requiring any of the above should give us a call.

We make the best clothing in the city at close figures.

N. WILSON & CO.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JANUARY, 1881.  
Sunday, 30th—Sunday after Epiphany, St. Felix, Pope and Confessor, Double.  
Monday, 31st—St. Peter, Apostle, Confessor, Double.  
Tuesday, 1st—St. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr, Double.  
Wednesday, 2nd—Purification of B. V. M. 2 Cl. Double.  
Thursday, 3rd—St. Dionysius, Pope and Confessor, Double. (Fix. ex. 20 Dec.)  
Friday, 4th—St. Andrew, Corsini Bishop and Confessor, Double.  
Saturday, 5th—St. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr, Double.

For the CATHOLIC CHURCH.  
To the Sacred Heart.  
O Heart of Jesus take me in—  
This late I would even now begin  
To creep thy strength from thee.  
I've sought Thee long reject me not,  
Thou know'st, by Blood, my soul was bought  
It trickled out of Thee.  
Full free it flow'd from out Thy side,  
Near it my feeble soul would bide;  
Imporing strength from Thee.  
I'd know Thy holy will aright;  
O let me hear Thee 'give me light  
To see my way to Thee.  
O Heart o'er which our Mother's beat;  
Through her, from Thee, I crave retreat.  
Retreat with her and Thee.  
Sweet Heart, Sweet Home of Love Divine,  
A shelter give this heart of mine,  
Through Mary's love of Thee.  
O Heart of Jesus hear the prayer,  
Receive the sigh, receive the tear,  
That silent flows for Thee.  
Heart most sacred, don't refuse me,  
Thy Mother's voice that lures me,  
She'll let me nearer Thee.  
Draw me closer, ever closer,  
Till Thy Home contains the groser—  
Keeping me from Thee.  
Alas, the moon of life is past!  
The coming eve may shadows cast,  
The night I'll spend in Thee.  
ST. AGATHA'S SEM., IOWA CITY, Dec. 30, 1880.

CATHOLIC PRESS.  
No greater darkness overshadowed the land of Egypt when "the Child and His Mother" fled into it, overturning the idols in their progress, than now cloud one of the fairest of American territories, the land of Utah. Last Christmas Eve, there was midnight Mass celebrated in its capital, Salt Lake City. Before the Sun of Justice, the idols of Utah will disappear as did those of Egypt.—*Catholic Review*.

But our need of needs to-day is a revival of spirituality in the churches. It is a sad fact—a fact that needs to be very earnestly and carefully pondered—that the spiritual life of the churches, taken as a whole, is at a very low ebb. Churches are robbed of spiritual power. Ministers, good and faithful, tried and true, in many instances, are spending their time for naught, in so far as apparent results are concerned. The multitude, intoxicated with vanity and folly, are pressing on in the way to death.—*From an editorial in the Western Recorder*.

Civil power is usurping that domestic authority which was once looked on as sacred, when all crowned heads were anointed. In many places the State is, like old Rome, defying itself and erecting its own authority in the place of the superior power. In Germany and France the State system of secular education is supplanting the spiritual development of the children brought under its influence, and thus not only inflicting grievous injury on those children, but also on the rights of parents—rights which came from God.—*Catholic Herald*.

BLANQUI'S JOURNAL, published for the edification of the French people under the suggestive title of "Ni Dieu ni Maître," has met with reverses of late. Both subscribers and buyers are falling, and this eminent editing journal has ceased to be a daily, and dwindled into a weekly. This is an evidence that socialism and atheism are not sufficient now to float a paper in France. *La Lanterne* and *Rochefort* have lost their novelty, and even the brazen effrontery of this journal which bore openly a devilish motto, did not save it.

Rochefort and Marat had their day in France. They were new. Rochefort and Blanqui have had theirs, and the glass is fast wearing of Gambetta and the rest.—*Catholic Review*.

THE Government of Germany has come to the conclusion that the exclusion of Catholic clergymen from the public schools does not work well. Accordingly, Herr Von Puttkamer, the Minister of Education, ordered the provincial authorities to readmit, at their discretion, the Catholic clergy to the schools. The consequence of this is, that of 2,148 clergymen who were prohibited from giving religious instruction in the schools, 1,369 have been readmitted into them; and, according to Herr Puttkamer's own admission, with great benefit to the pupils and the schools.—*Catholic Standard*.

An instructive incident. Early last month a colliery explosion took place at Peny-Graig, causing the death of 101 miners, most of whom had been married men, and left helpless widows and orphans after them. With the object of saving these poor people from starvation, a subscription was opened at the Mansion House of London. Several lists of subscriptions towards this highly-deserving object have since been issued. Will it be believed? There can be no question about it, however. The total amount subscribed towards the relief of the widows and orphans of the 101 miners by the members of the House of Lords reached only \$10, and this was contributed by one noble earl alone. The other 513 members of the House of Lords did not consider the relief of the widows and orphans of mere colliers worthy of notice. A subscription is proposed for the notorious Captain Boycott—who does not appear. In the very first subscription for this questionable purpose, the names of a dozen peers figure for sums amounting to over \$400. If there ever was an incident which needed no comment this is one.—*London Universe*.

Louise Michel is carrying out her programme with a pluck worthy of a better cause. At a meeting in the Oberkampf Theatre, a few days ago, Ravvier, a hero of the Commune, after stumping up the iniquities of M. Thiers' Government, and apostrophizing M. Gambetta as the "one-eyed man of the Palais Bourbon," leaped down from the tribune when he saw Louise enter the hall, and rushing to meet her implored her to give them a few of her "inspired words." She consented and began thus: "My most cherished wish is to be of use to the people. . . . We have all undertaken a terrible struggle. It will be the last, and we must either triumph or be annihilated. We want to see the whole world bow down before the people, who, in the hour of victory, will claim its rights without taking vengeance." She ended with "Vive la Revolution Sociale," which the assembly repeated to the echo, whereupon Citizen Ravvier presented her with two bouquets, one in the name of *la Libre Pensee*, the other in the name of the future Revolution.

THAT the United States should be thinking of dictating to us as to how we have been governing our "sister isle" was bad enough and awkward enough in all conscience. But this is not all. Our continental neighbors have commenced to show an indication to poke their noses into our business. Our very close neighbor—France—is about to take the lead. A naturalized French citizen, owning property in Ireland, has been sought the French Government to give him protection, which, he says, the British Government has failed to afford him. What a busybody! How badly such an application as this will make us look in the eyes of European nations? What will Turkey, which we have been lecturing so extensively, say? And supposing for a moment—only for a moment—that Turkey or Russia should propose a Berlin conference on a Western instead of an Eastern question, in which the misgovernment of Ireland should form a leading feature! Nasty sort of idea this. But more unlikely things have come to pass even within our own time. Deucedly awkward state of affairs, to say the least of the matter.—*London Universe*.

## BISHOP OF KINGSTON.

### ADDRESS FROM HIS DUNGARVAN FRIENDS.

The following is the address to the Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, D. D., from the inhabitants of Dungarvan and other friends, on his appointment to the Episcopal See of Kingston, Canada, 20th December, 1880.

MOST REVEREND AND DEAR LORD: The Holy See has laid its command upon you. In obedience you assume the responsibility as well as the dignity of the Episcopal Office. We beg to tender you our sincere congratulations; but, at the same time, to assure you that our joy in beholding you raised to the See of Kingston, is very largely mingled with sorrow. To commend you to the care of God's house—for public worship and ceremonial, as well as your ceaseless efforts in the cause of education, and your never-failing charity towards the poor. Our parish church, and the magnificent new schools attached to the Presentation Convent, will forever remain monuments of your zeal for religion and education. To commend you to the care of our parishioners, who will strive to do their utmost to assist you in your arduous and successful exertions last winter to provide funds to feed and clothe our suffering people shall ever be remembered by them and by us, as a proof that the poor of Jesus Christ are objects of your most tender solicitude. To commend you to the care of our religious scholars, who will strive to do their utmost to assist you in your arduous and successful exertions last winter to provide funds to feed and clothe our suffering people shall ever be remembered by them and by us, as a proof that the poor of Jesus Christ are objects of your most tender solicitude. To commend you to the care of our parishioners, who will strive to do their utmost to assist you in your arduous and successful exertions last winter to provide funds to feed and clothe our suffering people shall ever be remembered by them and by us, as a proof that the poor of Jesus Christ are objects of your most tender solicitude.

Most Reverend and Dear Lord, consecrated in Rome, and blessed by the hand of the Vicar of Christ, you go forth into a strange land to sow "the seed" which is the word of God, and to which we tender and affectionate farewell. Be assured your memory shall be ever dear to us. You bear with you our best wishes, and our fervent prayers, that God may strengthen you to do His work, and reward your labors with an abundant harvest.

We beg your acceptance of the purse which accompanies this address. It is a small but sincere token of our affection and esteem. We ask your Lordship's blessing, and we cherish the hope that in your new sphere of labor you will not forget the many friends who leave behind in the dear old land of your fatherland. Signed on behalf of your Lordship's sincere and affectionate friends, WILLIAM GIBBONS, Chairman. JAMES HARRIS, J. P., Treasurer. PATRICK F. FLYNN, C. C., Hon. Secs. EDMOND FORAN, C. C., Hon. Secs.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Your warm-hearted expression of the thoughts and feelings, the mingled joy and sorrow, that stir the souls of the people of Dungarvan today has touched the best and tenderest chords of nature within me. Your graceful assurances of their loyal attachment, waxing warmer as the hour of our separation approaches, their generous appreciation of my labors amongst them during the years of my pastoral ministry, their kind words of praise at the elevation of their townsmen, and parish priest to the sublime dignity of the Episcopate, could not fail to draw responsive echoes from the depths of my Irish heart. I will take to my new home and preserve with care this address, fashioned in elegance of rhetorical form, and illuminated in every line by your burning words of love, more resplendent with beauty, more fascinating to my gaze, than those brilliant devices of varied tint and flattering significance, with which the artist's cunning has adorned it all around. It is a fitting counterpart of the grand demonstration organized by you, and conducted with a happy combination of enthusiasm and decorum through your streets and square, and within the hallowed walls of your Parochial Church to-day. To my latest breath I shall retain a grateful remembrance of the joyous welcome I have received from my Parishioners of every class, and from our Protestant friends also, who seemed to vie with you in the cordiality of their salutations. Were I not personally concerned, I should be more free to express my intense pleasure at witnessing this exhibition of public spirit, so creditable to my native town; for, in doing honor to your pastor at his re-appearance amongst you in his new character of consecrated bishop, and giving him welcome by your chorus of ten thousand voices, your cheering strains of music, your triumphal arches and banners and festive decoration of your streets and houses, followed by the spontaneous illuminations, which converted the dark-

ness of night into dazzling brightness, you have maintained nobly your own self-respect, and your honor as a people in sight of your fellow-countrymen all over the world.

But now that I have been the recipient of all this outpouring of the reverent affection and gladness greeting of my Parishioners, accompanied by your more formal and deliberate attestation of their gratitude, esteem and love, how can I suitably express my thanks? It is now for the good offices of this day, done that I owe my warm acknowledgments to Dungarvan and to you. The good and true men who stand before me, have on all occasions aided me cordially and effectively by counsel and co-operation, by the sacrifice also of their time, and by generous money-offerings, whenever required, to accomplish the works of religion and charity and social utility, for which your unselfish kindness would find me all the credit in your address, saying:—"This is the estimate Dungarvan has formed of your Lordship. This is the testimony Dungarvan is proud to bear before the nations." If it be true that the people within the priest can effect but little in Ireland, it is equally true that the priest is powerless for good if he be not sustained by his more intelligent and respectable parishioners. How could I have supposed abuses, or corrected false notions of social morality, did you praise what I censured or censure what I praised? How could I have provided food and fuel for our twelve hundred famishing poor last winter, did you deny me the assistance of your time and labor to its weekly conferences and the visitation of the poor in their homes of misery? Might not the pastor have in vain consumed himself with zeal for the beauty of God's House, did the people not respond to his call and supply him with means for the adornment of the dwelling place of Divine Majesty? The "as one beating the air," and our grand educational establishments would resound with echoes of emptiness, were not the masses attracted by their own piety and the devotion of the Church, and their confidence in the success of their regular of parental responsibility, and the regular attendance of their children in the schools. In all these respects you have far outstripped my most earnest efforts. To the praise of Dungarvan let the fact be proclaimed, that within the last two years—a period of extreme depression and manifold losses, entailed upon traders by the inability of the farmers to meet their obligations—the Catholic inhabitants of this town gave me private donations, amounting to £1,100, for the benefit of our Parochial Church. Therefore, in the presence of my educational and social, which you, in terms of glowing eulogy, attribute to me, are the fruit of your hearty co-operation with me and mine with you. May this happy relation between priest and people abide in your parish forever! Although residing at a distance, I shall be an attentive observer of life in Dungarvan, and shall be delighted to know that my successor shall have found you as docile and as friendly to him as you have been to me.

For the rest, I bid you my most affectionate farewell, with a heart full of gratitude to all my parishioners and to the gentlemen of this committee whom they have selected to represent them on this solemn occasion. And whilst I thank you all, collectively and individually, I beg leave to say that I am in a special manner indebted to your choice of my excellent friend and companion of my boyhood, Capt. in Gibbons, to read his address, and of Mr. Harris, the admirable President of our Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, to present me with your golden tribute. This gift, coming so soon after the costly presentation from my fellow-parishioners, and on occasion of my appointment as pastor, and the heavy demands of charity made upon you all in this memorable year of distress, astounds me by its magnitude. As a parting token—the symbol of sterling and unchanging affection—I prize it immeasurably more than its intrinsic worth. It calls forth the liveliest sentiments of my indebtedness to my numerous friends—priests and laymen, Catholics and Protestants.

To the secretaries of this committee, who have exerted themselves with an earnestness that challenges my unvarying gratitude, and have undergone great labor in bringing their work to this day's successful issue, I offer the assurance of my thankfulness, beyond my power of words to express; and I pray that they may have their well-merited reward in the favor of God and the respect of the people. The hall in which we are assembled reminds me that there is also another member of the committee to whom especial credit is due for his activity in promoting the work you all have been engaged in. Need I mention the name of the learned and pious Superior of the Christian Brothers, the Rev. J. J. Walsh, whom we all respect, and whose zeal for the education of the children of the poor exceeds all praise.

I must conclude. By my removal from Dungarvan a precious link is severed. We shall no longer labor together for the good of this dear old town. Duty calls me elsewhere; but I rejoice that I carry away to Kingston the sacred treasure of your esteem and love, and in return I leave to you my blessing. We shall retain kind memories of each other. We shall be united in daily prayer. Never shall I ascend the holy altar without thinking of Dungarvan and praying for its welfare. May God's blessing be upon you all—upon your hearts, your homes, your families,

your friends, your industries. May peace and prosperity be the portion of my fellow-townsmen. May religion flourish amongst you, and the institutions of piety and charity be ever fruitful of benediction to your children, to your poor, and to all who come within the sphere of their usefulness. God grant we shall meet in the heavenly home where there shall be no sorrowful parting, but a fellowship of joy unalloyed and everlasting.

My dear friends, I am yours till death,  
—JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,  
Bishop of Kingston.  
Dungarvan, 20th December, 1880.

On Tuesday night some miscreant smashed into splinters a cutter belonging to Mr. Wm. Park, residing near Mount Hope, Richmond street.

We are glad to see that our friend James Egan, Esq., has again been elected to the position of President of the London and Port Stanley Railway.

Mrs. Barnes, wife of Mr. Barnes, hotel keeper, London East, died on Saturday morning, from internal injuries caused by accidentally swallowing some false teeth.

The Biddulph murder trial is proceeding as we go to press. So far nothing of any importance, further than what has already been made public, has transpired. It is likely the trial will last a couple of weeks.

Plans are being sketched for the proposed paper mill down the river. If the arrangements should be satisfactorily completed, it is intended to commence work early in the spring.

"Our dearly beloved contemporary," is what one of our dailies calls its neighbor. This is very handsome. Now gentlemen of the other spectrum, let us see what you can do.

Mr. W. R. Meredith, Q. C., M. P. P., has presented to the Legislature the petition from the joint meeting of the London Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce that the London Junction Railway charter be granted.

On Wednesday night, the family of Mr. Clarke, Oxford street, came very near being poisoned. It is suspected the baking powder used in making biscuits contained some foreign substance which made the family very sick after supper.

Mr. G. N. Danks, son of Mr. Isaiah Danks, Secretary of the Water Commission, passed his first intermediate examination before the Law Society, at Toronto, the other day. Our young friend is studying in Messrs. Fraser & Fraser's office.

Mr. John A. Kelly, son of Mr. Patrick Kelly, head tinker, London J. J., died on Saturday last at his father's residence, London South. Deceased had been ill for some time, and his death was not unexpected. He also held a position in the jail for some years. Few young men have passed to their long account who were so well known to the community as Mr. Kelly. His death will be keenly felt by his sorrowing relatives and a large circle of acquaintances. The funeral took place on Tuesday. A solemn requiem mass was sung at St. Peter's Cathedral by Rev. Father Teran for the repose of the soul of deceased. At the close the reverend gentleman delivered a touching discourse on death, and made a feeling reference to the young man whose remains were now about to be consigned to the tomb.

## LOCAL NEWS.

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## CANADIAN NEWS.

Smithville, Ont., Jan. 19.—This forenoon Mr. Thos. Collins, of this place, deliberately shot himself through the head while laboring under a fit of melancholy.

Dr. Thomas Aust, who it is asserted fled from justice on the other side, was arrested a few days ago at Clifton. If he is guilty of one-half the crimes laid to his charge it is greatly to the good of society to have him locked up.

It is estimated that \$200,000 has already been spent on St. Peter's Roman Catholic Cathedral, in Montreal. It will take \$100,000 to complete it so far as to enable services to be conducted in it, and nearly that amount further to have it fully completed.

A poor widow named Quintal and her family of five were found in a semi-nude state, destitute of fire, provisions and bed clothing, at Montreal on Wednesday. The mother died a few hours afterwards from inflammation of the lungs, from which they were all suffering.

Inverhuron, Jan. 21.—Lancelin Matheson, a farmer residing in this vicinity, was found dead in a bush on Thursday morning. Deceased was subject to fits, and it is thought probable he was suffocated in the snow, as he was almost buried in a drift when he found.

The Union Separate School Board of East and West Villages have passed resolutions of condolence with the mother of the late Miss Blake, who was killed by a railway accident near Glanville some week ago.

Three men had a narrow escape from being drowned while crossing the ice on the St. Lawrence to their residence on Nain's Island, Quebec, on Friday. The slight wind that was blowing fell into an ice cutting, but the ladies were rescued.

A farmer named Cayle, while going home to Frampton, Que., recently, fell asleep in his cutter. The horse wandered on to the Lewis & Kennebec Railway, and fell into a culvert, where it stayed until its owner was awakened by finding him self impaled upon the cow-catcher of an engine which passed along. He died in a fearful agony shortly after.

Ottawa, Jan. 19.—A serious accident occurred on the St. L. & O. Railway this morning shortly after 6 o'clock, about a

## C. M. B. A. NOTES.

CANADA GRAND COUNCIL OFFICERS.  
President—E. A. Bourke, Windsor.  
1st Vice President—J. Kelly, Stratford.  
2nd Vice President—J. Doyle, Thomas.  
Recorder—S. R. Brown, London.  
Clerk—St. J. Manning, not more than  
Marshall & Guard—C. W. O'Rourke, Amherstburg.  
Trustees—Rev. Jos. P. Murphy, Stratford;  
C. W. O'Rourke, J. Doyle, J. Barry, T. A. Bouché, Spiritual Director—Very Rev. Dean Wagner.

To the officers and members of the C. M. B. A. Greeting—

In accordance with article 2d, Grand Council Constitution, and pursuant to a resolution of the Windsor convention, the second Annual Convention of the Grand Council of Canada of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association will meet in the City of London, Ont., on the second Tuesday (being the eighth day) of February, 1881. Each Branch within the jurisdiction of the Council is entitled to one representative and vote in the convention. The Grand Council is composed of all those members who hold a position as an elective officer, trustee or representative, at the first Grand Council meeting—of Feb., 1880, and thereafter, in addition thereto, not more than one legal representative from each Branch under the jurisdiction hereof. All Spiritual Directors of Branches are duly qualified and entitled to become members of the Grand Council.

All members and representatives are notified to be present on Tuesday morning in time to attend Mass in a lobby.

Official notice is hereby given of the deaths of the following named brothers, who were at the time of their death in good standing, and entitled to all the benefits of the Association: Death No. 31, Peter O'Hara, Branch 2, Flint, Mich., admitted Nov. 15th, 1875, died Oct. 11, 1880, cause of death—disease of liver, age 38 years. Death No. 32, Thos. Fitzpatrick, Branch 8, Buffalo, N. Y., admitted Sept. 6th, 1878, died Oct. 18th, 1880, cause of death—dropsy—age 51 years. The one-fifth due on the death of Brother O'Hara will be paid by surplus. One Assessment required, Assessment 18.

There are at present in the State of New York 53 Branches, Pennsylvania 17, Michigan 12, Canada 8, Kansas 4, Ohio 2, Kentucky 1, Virginia 1, and Florida 1. Grand Council of Michigan meets at Detroit in Feb., 2nd Tuesday.

Grand Council of New York meets at Rochester the first Monday in Feb.

Grand Council of Pennsylvania meets at Erie, Pa., on the 14th Tuesday in February.

Saml. R. Brown,  
Grand Recorder.

## RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A disastrous accident occurred on the G. W. R. at Bathwell on last Sunday. By some means or other a soft rail east of the town was not properly laid, although the bar appears to have been turned and the lamp seemed all right. No. 2 passenger train, a fast special express, due in London 3:35, had started from Windsor an hour and twenty minutes late, and was thundering along in the darkness and snow, eastward, at the rate of about forty-two miles an hour. Suddenly it came to a dead stop, and as the drowsy passengers went tumbling one over another in the cars, they realized that something unusual was wrong. Fortunately no one in the passenger cars was injured, and Conductor J. Wallace, with a number of others, quickly emerged to learn the cause of this almost instantaneous halt. They discovered that the train had left the line, and was in the ditch, swathed in snow, the baggage car overturned, being somewhat damaged, while the engine was lying on its back, a complete wreck. The accident nearly cost the life of a faithful engineer, Mr. David Porteous, one of the oldest and most respected on the road. He was found with both feet and legs badly scalded, having also received ugly cuts and bruises about the head and body. The fireman, Mr. Elias Smith, for about twenty-five years an eminent servant of the Company, fared better than his mate, but narrowly escaped receiving, however, a cut on his face and a rough tumbling.

A CONSTANT READER OF THE RECORD.—A gentleman in Chatham, signing himself as above, writes for some information regarding the Pope's action in the matter of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The matter is treated at considerable length in the RECORD of the 26th of November last. If the gentleman will favor us with his address we will send him a copy of that date, if he is unable to procure one.

The churches of Paris were visited by twenty hundred thousand people on Christmas Day—a fact of great significance in a country commonly supposed to be anti-religious.

It is estimated that there are now at least thirteen Catholics in Scotland to every one there at the beginning of the century. Then there were only two Scottish Bishops, now there are six, two of them Archbishops with 272 priests and 264 churches and chapels.

WELL & CO., GLOVE HOUSE

**Her Refrain.**  
 BY JOHN BOYLE O'BRIEN

"Do you love me?" she said, when the Chalkies were blind,  
 And we walked where the stream through  
 the branches glistened;  
 And I told and told her my love was true,  
 While she listened and smiled, and smiled  
 and listened.

"Do you love me?" she whispered, when we sat  
 under the stars,  
 And her eyes searched mine with a  
 patient yearning;  
 And I told her the words so dear,  
 While she listened and smiled, as if slowly  
 learning.

"Do you love me?" she asked, when we sat  
 at the feet of the altar,  
 By the stream, embosomed with Autumn  
 glory;  
 Her cheek had been laid in peace on my  
 breast,  
 But she raised it to ask for the sweet old  
 story.

And I said—"I will tell her the tale again—  
 I will swear by the earth and the stars  
 above me!"  
 And I told her that uttermost time should  
 prove  
 The fervor and faith of my perfect love;  
 And I pledged it and vowed it, that night  
 when the moon was full,  
 While she listened and smiled in my face,  
 And then  
 She whispered once more—"Do you truly  
 love me?"

**FATHER RYAN ON TRUTH AND CHARITY.**

Last Sunday evening Rev. Abram J. Ryan delivered a sermon in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, corner of Mosher and Division streets, for the benefit of the poor under the care of the Sewing Society of the parish. The sacred edifice was crowded on the occasion, and it is safe to say that the congregation was the largest ever assembled within its walls; not a seat was left unoccupied, and even in the aisles the people were packed almost to suffocation. Before reaching his subject proper Father Ryan said he never liked to begin a discourse in words of an apologetic nature, but he felt very tired. On Friday he lectured in Winchester, Va., travelled all day on Saturday, reached home that evening, preached in St. Ignatius' Church and attended an entertainment in the afternoon; he thought, however, he would be able to get through; and he did get through, and in a manner that surprised and delighted his hearers, holding their keenest attention for upwards of an hour and twenty minutes.

He said that whatever culture he had, and whatever of mind or character he possessed, he owed to an education he had received under the guidance of Lazarists; they were his teachers, and the happiest moments of his life were spent in their company. Father Maloney, who was known so well to the majority of his hearers, was a schoolmate of his; he heard his, the speaker's, first sermon which he delivered when only nineteen years old. He had begun young. Whatever the Lazarists asked him to do, he did with a will and a love.

This introduction, he branched off to a most eloquent discourse on "truth," using rather the suggestive than the argumentative style in his remarks. He read his text from the 15th chapter of the Gospel of St. John in a style peculiarly his own.

"Then they led Jesus from Capuchin to the Governor's hall. And it was morning; and they went not into the hall, that they might not be defiled, but that they might eat the Pasch."

"Plato therefore went out to them and said: What accusation bring you against this man?"

"They answered and said to him: If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up to thee."

"Plato therefore said to them: Take him you and judge him according to your law. The Jews therefore said to him: It is not lawful for us to put any man to death."

"That the word of Jesus might be fulfilled which he said, signifying what death he should die."

"Plato therefore went into the hall again, and called Jesus and said to him: Art thou the King of the Jews?"

"Jesus answered: Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or have others told thee of me?"

"Plato answered: Am I a Jew? Thy own nation, and the chief priests have delivered thee up to me: what hast thou done?"

"Jesus answered: My Kingdom is not of this world; if my Kingdom were of this world, my servants would certainly strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now my Kingdom is not from hence."

"Plato therefore said to him: Art thou a King then?"

"Jesus answered: Thou sayest that I am a King. For this was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth: every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice."

"Plato saith to him: What is truth?"

"And when he said this, he went out again to the Jews, and said to them: I find no cause in him."

"And Pilate, said Father Ryan, "never forgot the sweet, gentle, pale face of the prisoner that stood before him; never forgot the tone that was only a whisper, but back of the whisper was the strength of eternity. I wonder when he said 'My Kingdom is not of this world,' was he thinking of the angel Kingdom he had come from, and did he want to go back when the judge was going to judge him and the lips of his accusers were getting ready to reveal the crimes of human crime by effecting his crucifixion. I wonder did he think of his poor mother?"

"When Pilate asked 'What is truth?' the truth was standing before him. He was looking at truth. Truth was within arms reach of him. He could not read the face for his eyes were blind. He wanted truth because truth he did not possess. But it was not Pilate's question only. It was the question of the vast world. They asked the earth and heaven what was truth. They knew that the sea, the land, and the forest were hungry and thirsty for the truth, and that question is the key to all pagan history and the key to every pagan mind, and they looked into one another's faces. The philosopher sought it, and the poet dreamt his dreams in the higher and loftier skies of thought. The poet sang and died, and still the truth did not come; when it did come, it came in such a strange manner the world would not receive it. Christ looked and spoke like his mother. He is ours because He was born, and when He faced the world He

was obliged to contradict the world. The world always bowed to the wealthy, and He waved wealth away. He twined on the brow of poverty a diadem that lasts forever. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the Kingdom of heaven."

Father Ryan continued at great length and with dramatic eloquence in his description of the dawn of Christianity on the night of paganism. As usual, he paid his respect to the philosophers, tearing their theories to tatters and proving out by irrefutable arguments, or rather suggestions, that Christ was the truth. The mothers and priests and the pulpits in a lower way proclaimed the fact, but the altars keep and preserve truth to the last. He was willing to go as soon as God wanted, and did any one think he was going to risk his soul on the theories of the philosophers? He was not so blind. There were many churches claiming Christ but they could not satisfy the cravings of those who sought Him. Their followers were satisfied with the word as they find it in the Bible, but Catholics wanted something more; they wanted himself, and they found Him in their Communion.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

**CURED.**

There lived in Paris a brave General, who had never flinched before the enemy, but who also, alas! never flinched at an oath. And with terrible oaths they were which he used. They were worse and more frequent as he grew older. The General was advanced in years, he was losing his health, his strength and the activity of his youth, but he preserved the habit of swearing. And this began to trouble him; he saw how wrong it was, for he had some Christian feelings left at the bottom of his heart, which age and suffering had revived.

At this time he was attacked by a violent fit of gout, which caused him fearful sufferings, and made it necessary for him to have continual attention for several days. He decided to send for one of those good women who in France devote themselves to the care of the sick, and that evening a Sister of Charity was installed near the old General's arm-chair. It was not long before, according to his habit, he began to utter dreadful oaths. The good Sister felt as if she would fall to the ground. She had never heard anything like it before.

Nevertheless, like a sensible woman, she quickly recovered herself, and gave the old gentleman a regular scolding.

"What do you wish, good Sister?" said the General a little confused. "I can't help swearing. It is a habit of thirty years, and it is impossible to get rid of it."

"Come, come," said the Sister, smiling, "I think I have heard it said that the world is impossible is not French. At all events, it is not a Christian word when it concerns a duty, which has to be done. Now, General, if you seriously wish to be cured of your wicked, ugly habit, I assure you that you may succeed. Well, will you?"

"Yes, certainly I will."

"Promise me that you will submit to the prescription which I shall impose in order to cure you?"

"I promise you."

"On the word of a General?"

"On the honor of a soldier."

"All this is what I order you, as the one and only remedy. Every time that you happen to swear or blaspheme you will give me five francs (one dollar, for my poor."

"Five francs for every oath," cried the General; "you wish to ruin me, Sister?"

"You have given me your word, General," replied the Sister, "and I shall give it back to you. Moreover, it only depends upon yourself. Don't swear, and you will have nothing to pay."

"But I swear! That is all very easy for you to say. A pretty remedy, indeed, you have discovered! Thanks to your invention, you will see that I shall have to die in the poor-house!"

The General said a great deal more about it, but he had promised, on the honor of a soldier, and he had nothing to do but to keep his promise. At the first acute pain which his gout caused him, he launched forth a terrible oath, according to his custom.

"You owe me five francs, General," said the Sister, quietly. "Where do you keep your money?"

The General showed her the key of his desk, and while the good sister was taking the five-franc piece for her poor, he scratched his head and murmured between his teeth, "There, I have already forgotten the agreement. I must become attentive another time." Half an hour after the pain brought out another oath; but this time the General did not get to the end, but stopped short half way thinking of the five francs he would lose. Nevertheless, as the worst had been said, he had no time to pay the five francs agreed on. At the third twinge the General, who found that ten francs lost was enough for one evening, restrained himself so well that he scarcely began the first syllable of the fatal oath.

At the fourth attack he said nothing at all, but contented himself with clapping his hands and groaning.

The next day and the following days it still happened that he forgot himself from time to time; but, as he had always to pay for his forgetfulness, the oaths were fewer and farther between. On the fourth day he did not swear at all. He had lost forty or fifty francs, which the sister had gained for the poor, but he was cured of this deplorable habit.—*Berlin.*

**THE HEROINE OF RELIGION.**

The celebrated author, Alban Stolz, relates the following true story of a poor country girl in his little book, "The Paradise Tree." A poor country girl who was employed in the house of a millionaire who resided in a Protestant town. By her diligence, economy and other womanly virtues, she soon became the favorite of the entire family, but more especially of the mill-maire, who had two grown sons. Considering that it was not money he wanted, but rather a good daughter-in-law, who would be able to secure peace and welfare in his marriage. Far from being blinded by such a proposal, she frankly declared that, though she esteemed his son, she could not accept the offer, because she was a Catholic. Some time after, the

younger son made her the same offer, declaring that she should have full liberty to practice her religion. But she remained inflexible and rejected him; because her Catholic conscience forbade it. She thus preferred to remain a poor country girl rather than become a millionaire's wife at the price of a mixed marriage. "How great and noble," adds the author, "does she appear, compared with rich persons, or even with princesses, who, for the sake of temporal advantages, contract mixed marriages, in which their children are educated in Protestantism." Will to God our Catholic young ladies followed the example of this poor country girl.

**LORD BRAYE ON THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.**

On Tuesday evening last week the Catholics of Leanington held their reunion at their new schools in Augusta Place. The chair was taken by Lord Braye, who was supported by the Rev. Fathers Verney Cave, Kelly, Carow, and Mr. C. N. Du Moulin. There was a good attendance, but the room was not full. Amongst those present in the body of the meeting was the Hon. Lord Longman, vicar-general of the cathedral, Leanington. The east end of the room was filled with a pretty and convenient stage, which had been most successfully extemporized. The Rev. Verney Cave briefly introduced Lord Braye, to whose kindness, he remarked, they were all very deeply indebted.

Lord Braye, in opening the meeting, gave a few of his own thoroughly English views on the state of Ireland. His lordship then proceeded to say: "There are one or two remarks which I think you will permit, I will make as to the practical means best calculated to improve our fellow Englishmen with a respect for Catholicity. The first is to be ready to give them information on any point of our doctrine when they ask us. Depend upon it the Catholic religion is not embraced in England chiefly because it is not known. Wherever it is really known, there it is always believed by the sincere and upright. Let me give you a single instance of what I mean. During the whole discussion last session on the Burial Bill in the House of Lords, I do not think the Catholic advantages accruing from the passing of the bill were ever once thought of, far less alluded to. The Catholic Church in England, although about to be given rights in every parish graveyard, was never once considered as having any existence at all. The whole argument was in reference to the Dissenters."

PEOPLE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT US, and care less. A friend once told me that a lady asked him his question: "Which is highest in your Church, a monsignor or an archbishop?" Take another example. A leading article in a well-known paper the other day expressed itself thus: "When Lambeth speaks, all Christendom listens." It is, however, probably never heard of all the Christian world is very anxious to hear what he lays down as law. It never once occurred to this writer that there are 1146 bishops and archbishops in the Catholic Church who do not pay the slightest attention to Dr. Tait, and the vast majority of whom have only a very faint recollection of the famous Sydney Smith. Sydney Smith saw a little girl putting a tortoise on the table. "Oh," she replied, "because I think it will please the gentleman." "The tortoise!" said Sydney Smith, "you might as well put the dome of St. Paul's, and think it would please the dean and chapter underneath. The fact is THE WORLD-WIDE EMPIRE OF CATHOLICITY is totally invisible to what Dr. Tait may say about, for or against it. I repeat it, we are very little known in England, and our chief duty is to make our doctrines, our practices, and our lives known as much as possible. People think we believe a great deal, and we do not believe, and they go down to their graves with this idea. In this respect we stand to the outside world in a position not unlike that of the Jews. Who, except a Jew, knows anything about the teaching of the Council of Trent? I suppose this was the view taken by the compiler of "A Guide to the City of Bath." I recollect once seeing a guide there, and I looked to the description of our chapel in it. There was a long list of places of worship given of every sect of Protestantism, and a great variety of subdivisions of these sects. Last of all there was a line, and underneath, as a bad list, the Jewish synagogue and the Catholic chapel. Now, I must say I cannot help thinking that if we take a little more trouble to explain our position better to the outside world—positively, indeed, to rush into controversy, or to obtrude our views at convenient seasons—but if we only explain this or that doctrine when opportunity offers, how very much

THE WALL OF FRIGIDITY WOULD BE BROKEN DOWN in this country? Our chapels are called missions in England, out parishes. Now, a mission is nothing unless it converts people; but people will not be converted unless we explain everything to them, taking nothing for granted. For instance, there are multitudes who think we believe the Pope cannot sin. Now, in arguing with a person under a delusion, if a Catholic enters into a long theological disquisition, he will probably mystify his opponent still more; but suppose he simply says: "If the Pope cannot sin, why does he go to confession to a priest like any other Catholic?" and why does he begin Mass every morning with the Confiteor?" at once the Protestant sees his delusion. There are a vast number of instances like this in which a few words may go a long way towards removing an apprehension.

On behalf of himself and the friends of the church, the Rev. Verney Cave then delivered, as well as for the address he had delivered. The more charitably they dealt with people, the more they would be able to do. It was well to remember that the world was not to be converted by controversy, but by simply explaining those misunderstandings which existed in the minds of many people who did not believe in the Catholic Church.

The entertainment, which consisted of a concert and a farce, then proceeded.

**A LITTLE NEWSBOY.**

Kind actions are never thrown away in this world. "Riches take wings and fly, and the poor boy of to-day may be the rich man of a few years later. An instance illustrating this was told me by a gentleman, himself the hero of the story. He said:

In his boyhood he was very poor. His father had been killed by an accident, and his mother had no means to support herself except by needlework, at which she was very skillful. He, himself, at the age of eight, became a newsboy, and picked up a few pennies. But it was hard work making ends meet; for he had an invalid sister who needed almost constant care.

One day a little boy, well dressed, met him, and much against his will led him into a beautiful house, where he found himself in the presence of a very fine lady. The lady, Mrs. Weston, instead of showing contempt for his ragged clothes and wretched appearance, had him washed, and dressed him in one of her son's suits, and gave him a supper, such as he had never dreamed of before. And this was not all, for the good lady asked where his mother lived, and gave her plenty of work to do, and also, procured a good doctor for his sick sister. Indeed the poor father was saved from starvation.

The little ragged archway was sent to school; and after a few years, obtained, through the influence of Mrs. Weston, a good situation in a mercantile house.

Now mark the result. The ragged boy became a wealthy merchant, and Mr. Weston, then supposed to be a millionaire, died a bankrupt, and by his own hand, became the onee poor boy who had become the means of rescuing his former benefactress and her family from disgrace; for he paid off the debts of the unhappy suicide, and advancing the son's capital, placed him on a firm basis, and laid the foundation of his future success. And to-day, no firm is better known or more highly respected than that of Morton & Co., the members of which are the once ragged newsboy, and his kind friend Charlie Weston. M. S. S.

**PRESENCE OF MIND.**

Presence of mind is often shown in quick conception of some device or expedient, such as we readily suppose to be an emanation of superior intellect. This has been repeatedly exemplified; I recollect with the insane.

A lady was one day sitting in her drawing-room alone when the only other inmate of the house, a brother, who for a time had been here, but who had a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving knife in his hand, and shutting the door, came up to her and said:

"Margaret, an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to put the head of John the Baptist, and I think you might make an excellent study for me."

The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing in it no token of jest, concluded that he meant to do what he said. In a trice she had got the carving knife in her hand, and with it in half a minute she had cut off the head of the saint, and she stepped lightly across the floor and passed out.

In another moment she was safe in her own room, whence she called the alarm, and the madman was secured.

A lady one day saw two of her children, one about five and the other about four years old, outside the garret window, which they were busy employed in rubbing with their hands, in imitation of a person whom they had seen a few days before cleaning the windows. They had clambered over the bars which had been intended to secure them from danger. The lady stood a little apart and gently to them and bade them come in. They saw no appearance of knowing in their mamma; so they took their time, climbed the bars, and landed safely in the room.

**FATHER FABER.**

Towards the close of Father Faber's long and fatal illness at the Brompton Oratory, he was visited by his sister-in-law, the wife of an Anglican clergyman. Detached from the world as the Father was, the wells of human tenderness flowed freely as ever in his large and sensitive heart. "He desired me," she says, "to and to care for their children, with unchristian names are depriving them of spiritual treasures. Besides they waste much precious brain power in vain, for after all their trouble to find the pretty name no priest can be found to give that name in baptism to the child.—*Northwestern Chronicle.*

**THE MOTHERLESS.**

Oh! let yours be the hand that will lead the poor orphan in the green pastures, and by the still waters of the precious Saviour's love! Let yours be the blessed benediction: "Inasmuch as ye have done this unto Me," Remember the souls who behold the face of our Father in Heaven, and how he loved us all. He kissed me very affectionately, and I kissed his hands several times, but could not find time to speak. "Darling John," he said, "I have never loved you so dearly, very dearly, very dearly, as I do now, when I see you turn away from that room, knowing that I should never look on his dear face again." To another of his relatives—also a Protestant—the dying Father said: "No one knows better than I do that I have no merits of my own to rely on, and that my only hope and trust is in the sacrifice of my Saviour."

As the end drew near, he lay supported by pillows, gazing steadily at a large white crucifix before him, and moving his eyes from one of the Five Wounds to another. On the evening of the 15th of September he changed for the worse took place. When he was told that his death was at hand, he only repeated fervently his favourite exclamation, "God be praised!" At six o'clock on the following morning it was plain that he was not likely to live for more than an hour. The time passed almost in silence. About half-past six a sudden change came over him; his head turned a little to the right, his breathing seemed to stop; a few gasps followed, and his spirit passed away. In those last moments, as his friend and biographer records, his eyes opened, clear, bright and intelligent as ever; and upon his face there was a touching expression, half of sweetness, half of surprise; so that his death seemed to be the realization of words which he himself had written: "Only see Jesus out of love, and while your eyes are yet unclouded, or these around you are sure that that last gentle breathing was indeed your last, what an unspeakable surprise you will have had at the Judgment Seat of your dearest Love, Try it!

**ST. STEPHEN.**

His saint is generally distinguished by the title of protomartyr, from the fact that he was, strictly speaking, the first martyr of the law who suffered publicly for the faith. His relics were conveyed from Jerusalem to Rome some four hundred years after his death, and were deposited beside those of the holy martyr St. Lawrence; a pious legend says the latter moved to the left in order to yield the place of honor to the protomartyr, for which reason the Romans styled St. Lawrence *St. Stephanus*—that is, "the pale Spaniard"—for he was of that nation. The Feast of St. Stephen used anciently to be called "straw day" in the South of France, from a custom there of blessing straw on that day. Throughout England and Ireland it was known as "wreathing day" from the very singular custom of hunting and stoning a wren to death in commemoration of St. Stephen's martyrdom. Wren-day in the South of Ireland was a regular gala-day for the young folk; it is still celebrated to some extent in many places.—*Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.*

The best preparation known in market for restoring gray hair to its original color is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Restorer. Try it!

**HOW TO ASSIST AT MASS.**

Says the *Western Watchman* of a recent date: "We have been repeatedly requested to give the precise rules of the Church touching the manner of assisting at Mass. The practice is not the same in all the churches, and the uniformity which should prevail can be attained only by a thorough inculcation of the Church's discipline. We find the rubrics very succinctly given in the last number of the *Catholic Telegraph*, and would only add that the practices given in that paper are from De Her, and some of them are peculiarly German, while all are directory and matters of precept."

**THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.**

The practice of recommending to God the souls in Purgatory, that he may mitigate the great pains which they suffer, and that he may soon bring them to his glory, is most pleasing to the Lord, and most profitable to us. For these blessed souls are his eternal spouses, and most grateful are they to those who obtain their deliverance from prison, or even a mitigation of their torments. When, therefore, they arrive in heaven, they will be sure to remember all who have prayed for them. St. Katharine of Bylogna, when she wished to obtain any grace, had recourse to the souls in Purgatory, and her prayers were heard immediately.

But, if we wish for the aid of their prayers, it is just, it is even a duty to relieve them by our suffrages. I say, it is even a duty; for Christian charity commands us to relieve our neighbours who stand in need of our assistance. But who among all our neighbours have so great need of our help as these holy prisoners? They are continually in that fire which torments more severely than any earthly fire. They are deprived of the sight of God, a torment far more excruciating than all other pains. Let us reflect that among these suffering souls, are parents of brothers, or relations and friends, who look to us for succour. Let us remember, moreover, that, being in the condition of debtors for their sins, they cannot assist forward to relieve them to the best of our ability. By assisting them we shall not only give great pleasure to God, but will acquire also great merit for ourselves. And in return for our suffrages, these blessed souls will not neglect to obtain for us the graces from God, but particularly the grace of eternal life. I hold for certain that a soul delivered from Purgatory by the suffrage of a Christian, when she enters Paradise, will not fail to say to God: "Lord, do not suffer to be lost that person who has liberated me from the prison of Purgatory, and has brought me to the enjoyment of thy glory sooner than I had deserved!"

Let us do all in our power to relieve and liberate these blessed souls, by procuring masses to be said for them, by alms, and by our own fervent prayers.—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

**BAPTISM.**

The practice of deferring baptism of infants beyond the time allowed by the Church is growing in some localities. We admire the good old-country fashion of having a child baptised as soon after birth as a priest can be found to administer the Sacrament. The Church in her authorized Catechism lays special stress on the necessity of baptizing infants without delay, and it is admitted by all theologians that to delay baptism beyond two weeks without valid reasons is mortally sinful. Christian names, names of saints, are to be given to children in baptism. The multitude of trashy novels so eagerly devoured by the enlightened American public has brought into use a multitude of meaningless names to be applied to presumed angelic beings, which empty-headed mothers insist on applying to their unfortunate offspring, when gathered in solemn convocation to decide the momentous question: "What shall the baby be called?" The point seems to be to select some name capable of being abbreviated into a pretty little nickname, the Christian character of the child being totally ignored. The name of a saint is given us in baptism that we may have a model to copy after and an intercessor in Heaven. Parents who try to curse their children, with unchristian names are depriving them of spiritual treasures. Besides they waste much precious brain power in vain, for after all their trouble to find the pretty name no priest can be found to give that name in baptism to the child.—*Northwestern Chronicle.*

**THE MARCH OF INFIDELITY.**

Infidelity has become fashionable among non-Catholics, and its poison has corrupted the miserable clique of so-called "liberal Catholics." Belief in revelation altogether is disappearing in vast multitudes of men and even of women, and precepts of the natural law, recent enemy and pagans themselves, are openly and unblushingly denied and derided by men of education and culture. Alas, for the falling away, the forerunner of that great falling away, which the Apostle tells us will herald the coming of the present persecutor of the Christian name! This is, indeed, the natural development of the spirit of revolt and lawlessness which broke out at the Reformation. It began by attacking and criticising the Catholic Church, the pillar and ground of truth, and thenceforward it has attacked truth after truth, nor will it cease its attack and criticise while any truth remains for its attack. It began by rejecting the sweet yoke of the Vicar of Christ, and it has since risen against every law, human and divine, and will know no rest till it has destroyed religion, government, property and marriage in the excess of a horrible Communistic Socialism.

We recognize its aspirations in the impious publication of *Freemasonry* abroad, in the excesses of the commune, and in the deadly hatred of religion and religious teaching shown by the present governments of France and Italy, inspired and urged on by the leaders of the secret societies. But of late years the spirit of unbelief has developed itself with a sudden and fearful rapidity. It has got on its side the so-called men of science, and through them it has over-mastered public opinion. The amazing progress made in the natural sciences has puffed up the world with pride and carried it away. The teachers of natural science, having some knowledge of the phenomena of nature, must needs take upon themselves to teach also about the origin of nature and about nature's God, on which subjects they are profoundly ignorant, and of which they talk in a manner which is revolting to the common sense of mankind. But they have a great name, and men bow down to them and imitate them, and the consequence is that the public opinion which heretofore opposed itself with honor to infidelity, atheism and materialism, is now most entirely swept away and vaporous hypotheses of every description are published and proclaimed not only without shame, but with audacious effrontery and boasting.—*Catholic Herald.*

**Public speakers and singers who would possess a clear voice, freedom from hoarseness and sore throat, should use Hayward's Pectoral Balsam, a safe, pleasant and certain healer for the throat and lungs; it speedily breaks up a cold and cures all pulmonary complaints, that so often lead to incurable Consumption.**





TRIBUTE OF RESPECT. The last tributes of respect to the remains of the late Very Rev. O'Connor, D. D., Vicar of the Diocese of Ottawa and St. Patrick's, seldom has been seen in Ottawa...

THE SERVICE. The usual mass for the dead, and His Lordship Bishop Duhamel performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. C. Smith, O. M. L. as deacon, Father Coffey, of Almonte, sub-deacon, and Rev. T. Cole, master of ceremonies. About the sanctuary were the Rev. Fathers Tabaret, Fialtre, Barrett, Prevost, Chaborel, Pallier, Froc, and others.

THE PROCESSION. The procession was again reformed and proceeded to the cemetery. The cortege was largely increased, and must have numbered close on a thousand persons.

THE PROCESSION. The students' cadet corps was present as a guard of honor at their own request, as they wished to pay every tribute they could to the memory of one whom they regarded as a friend ever ready to advance their interests.

HAMILTON LETTER. The mission at St. Patrick's—St. Mary's Festival—Remember the Poor—Census—Hot Air—Provincial School Statistics—Still they come—Obituary—Catholics and the Bible—Protestant delusions—Municipal matters—Miscellaneous—Science in nature—Chips.

THE MISSION. The mission held in St. Patrick's Church Sunday last, and was conducted by the Redemptorist Fathers Mille, Schmidt, and McCormack.

ST. MARY'S FESTIVAL. It is nearly thirty years since the late lamented Vicar General Gordon, of pious memory, caused to be held in aid of the orphan's of St. Joseph's convent, the first of those festivals which have long enjoyed universal favor among our citizens.

OBITUARY. Mr. John McConell, after a comparatively short illness, died at his residence, Ray street, on Sunday the 16th inst.

CATHOLICS AND THE BIBLE. The following from the Hamilton Spectator speaks for itself: Our Toronto correspondent, in speaking of Dr. Wild, a few days ago, seemed to labor under the impression that Roman Catholics are not permitted to read the Bible.

DENDAS. The Church of St. Augustine is likely to have a steam heating apparatus soon, if report is true. Subscribers have already been taken up for that object.

ORGAN LOFT. During the latter half of 1880, there were 27 marriages, 37 deaths, and 40

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

As many of our citizens have occasion to do business from time to time with the various committees of the city council, it may be useful to know the names of the different chairmen. They are as follows: Board of Works—Ald Glasgow. Waterworks—Ald Stevenson (re-elected). Finance—Ald Massé (re-elected). Market, Fire and Police—Ald McKay (re-elected). Hospital and House of Refuge—Ald Blacher. Board of Health—Ald Caruthers (re-elected). Parks, Crystal Palace and Cemetery—Ald Foster. Sewers—Ald Kent.

The expenditure of the city for 1880 was \$233,240, which was just \$12,000 in excess of the revenue. It is only fair to add that the greater part of this deficit was caused by the reconstruction of the City Hall buildings for the Provincial Fair.

By far the heaviest item of expenditure was that for common schools and the Collegiate Institute which amounted to nearly \$53,000. The Separate Schools received \$3,500, or in the ratio of about 16 to 1. The supporters of our schools should make a note of this.

MISCELLANEOUS. A beginning has already been made in the preparations for the Great Central Fair to be held here in the fall. The Emerald Beneficial Association have elected Messrs. Heintzman and Jas. Henigan delegates to the annual convention of the Grand Branch to be held at Guelph in April next.

CHIPS. That was an old-fashioned snow storm on Friday and Saturday. Vendor and his friends call it a scientific victory, but as nine defeats can be set off against it, it is quite clear that science is still a great blunderer.

"Phoos" used to be a term applied to rough characters. Some Hamilton locals now call miscreants by that name. It is supposed there is an itching for numbers of our "politicians"—who seem to think that every position is their's of right—to step into Mr. Alley's shoes.

BEAUFORD LETTER. It may be getting a little on in the season to talk about municipal elections, but I feel very much like saying a word or two on the subject. There is not a Catholic in the board this year. Three candidates offered in different wards, but did not make any personal efforts at a canvass. In the East Ward Mr. Whalen was considerably behind, but there were quite a number in the field, which seems to make it more difficult to foresee results.

TRUSTEES. Trustees are authorized to borrow on the security of school premises or rates, repayable with interest. Any Separate School rate charged upon the real estate and uncollected at the end of the year, to be advanced by the township as in the case of Public Schools.

OBITUARY. Mr. John McConell, after a comparatively short illness, died at his residence, Ray street, on Sunday the 16th inst. On the preceding Monday evening he attended the usual weekly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, until its adjournment, and left for home in apparently good health; but shortly after his arrival he was seized with the illness—congestion of the liver—which caused his death.

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ARCHBISHOP HANNAN.

ADDRESS FROM THE PRIESTS OF THE DIOCESE OF HALIFAX. As we learn that it is the desire of many to see the address presented by the priests to His Grace the Archbishop on his departure for Rome, we have great pleasure in presenting it to our readers this morning.

On Sunday afternoon took place the ceremony of the BLESSING OF A BELL for the new Chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes in St. Saviour Church, in presence of a large congregation—His Grace the Archbishop officiating, assisted by Rev. Abbe Levesque, Father Lagier preached the sermon on the occasion. The "sponsors" were Hon. L. Thibault, Messrs. Shelyn, C. Langelier, Valliers, Mr. and Mrs. O'Houde, Mr. and Mrs. Turgeon, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirouak.

THE LAND LEAGUE continues to attract more members and fervent enthusiasm is inspired at every meeting. A very interesting letter was read on Tuesday night from an Irishman—a clergyman of the church of England depicting in words of fire the deplorable state of the Irish peasantry—the heartless grasping conduct of the Landlords—advocating the union of Orange and Green and predicting the near doom of the accursed system. The meeting was unanimous in requesting that it should be published, in which case you will likely receive a copy in time for this week's issue.

MISCELLANEOUS. A very violent and scurrilous attack has been made on the sheriff of this district—Hon. Charles Alloué—and his deputy. It is supposed there is an itching for numbers of our "politicians"—who seem to think that every position is their's of right—to step into Mr. Alley's shoes.

THE ST. PATRICK'S INSTITUTE have had another of their Thursday evening concerts. It was even more successful than the previous one. The members have resolved on heating their beautiful hall with hot water—very appreciated improvement.

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CONCERT AT INGERSOLL.

Father Boubat, following the example of his neighbor, Father Curin of Woodstock, had a concert and lecture in the Town Hall, Ingersoll, on Tuesday evening the 15th inst. The hall was filled to its fullest capacity with an audience who evidently enjoyed the entertainment, which lasted three hours.

FATHER FLANNERY'S LECTURE on Tom Moore was, on this occasion, even more entertaining than when we had the pleasure of listening to it the week previous, embellishing it with fresh matter, and brilliant illustration. His Ingersoll auditors manifested their appreciation by frequent bursts of applause and admiration. Father Flannery would seem never to weary of the subject, and no man possessing his big Irish heart and gifts should.

THE ORANGE YOUNG BRITONS of Peterborough are becoming a great nuisance. They meet over a store-kept by the Misses Leonard, Catholic young ladies. During and after their little carnivals they annoy themselves shouting out in the hearing of these ladies the customary Orange and Young Briton sentiments of hatred for their Catholic neighbors, and committing various deprecations which entitle them to a term in the common jail. What number of parents have these boys? and what shall we say of the men who organize these societies?

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MONTREAL LETTER.

During the past week the scene on the ice on the river, in front of our city, has been a very busy one, hay and grain coming from all points on the opposite shore. The ice railway from Hochelaga to Longueuil is now in excellent condition, the ice being capable of bearing a much greater strain than during the late Dominion Exhibition. The work of raising the ice has begun and it is expected it will be completed in a few days.

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DIED. In London South, on the 22nd inst., John A., son of Patrick and Margaret Kelly, aged years and 5 months.

THE BAZAAR IN PERTH.

To the Editor of the Courier. Sir,—The unexampled success in Perth of the late bazaar, gotten up by the ladies of our congregation to aid in the erection of long needed spires to St. John's Church, imposes upon me the duty of tendering my personal and most grateful acknowledgments, not alone to my own people, who have "borne the burden of the day," but also to my Protestant fellow citizens of all denominations, for the very liberal patronage they have bestowed upon our efforts, notwithstanding the sinister influences lately brought to bear against them. Thus for the third time inside of two years have they manifested their practical sympathy towards us. God reward them! After meeting all incidental expenses, our late bazaar has netted \$1,200.35, to which I have the pleasure of adding the private donation of Peter McLaren, Esq., amounting to \$50.00, making a total of \$1,250.35; which secured our going on with the projected improvements, as I feel assured of the balance that may be required from other sources not far removed. Yours truly, JOHN S. O'CONNOR, P. P. Perth, Jan. 20th, 1881.

VERY LATEST FROM IRELAND.

County Clare and several baronies of Sligo have been declared in a state of disturbance. The distress in county Clare, Ireland, is worse than last year. The Lord Lieutenant has ordered a presentment to the Court for the organization of relief works. In the Court of Queen's Bench on Wednesday proceedings commenced with the speech by Peter O'Brien on behalf of T. D. Sullivan. O'Brien said his client belonged to a family who had labored unceasingly for the welfare of Ireland, and was never actively engaged in public life until the people were threatened with famine. At the conclusion of O'Brien's speech, John Curran spoke on behalf of Walsh, Harris, and Kelly. When Curran closed the applause caused the Court to order the removal of a persistent chapter. J. Nolan spoke on behalf of Sexton. At a meeting of the Land League Davitt said there was a magnificent representative organization in America far beyond the reach of the flying columns or coercion acts. In consequence of the apprehension that the coastguard ships in Ireland may be required for service at any moment their crews have been reinforced. It is understood that the result of the conference between the naval and military Commanders in Ireland, is a request that a large number of steam launches and pinnaces be sent over for the purpose of watching the coast, and for the speedy transportation of police and troops. The Rev. Condon, of Lisburn, has received several cases of rifles and ammunition for distribution among the Orangemen who drill nightly in Orange Hall. Dillon, counsel for the traversers, on Thursday asked the jury to acquit Gordon, and Boyton, and thus rejoice the greater Ireland beyond the seas. Sullivan, M. P. followed on behalf of Egan. He drew a picture of the harsh laws passed since the Union and of the sufferings of the famine. Some of the audience wept. He called upon the jury to acquit the traversers, and thereby condemn the so-called Liberal Ministers, who had been hounded on by the London press. The Court room was crowded. Sullivan in his speech, appealed to the jury not to incur the obloquy that Gladstone asked them to do, at a time when he was preparing measures of land reform to obtain for himself fresh glory and power. At the close of his speech the audience cheered loudly, and a lady threw a bouquet to Sullivan. Heron, for the Crown, said the jury had to decide that Socialism should not obtain a footing in Western Europe, and asserted that the traversers preached sedition and murder. The Court then adjourned. A Land League meeting at Rockkerry, Monaghan, county Ulster, and a counter meeting of Orangemen on the 18th inst. were prohibited on the ground that the meetings might lead to a breach of the peace. O'Neill, Secretary of the Cork Land League, has been summoned on a charge of intimidation by writing threatening letters, and was discharged for want of evidence. Forty-three members of the Land League have been summoned at Listowel on a charge of seditious conspiracy. Parnell started for Dublin on Friday night and returns on Tuesday, when he will move in the Commons against Gladstone's proposal to give precedence to the Coercion Bill, on the ground that it would involve interference with the rights of private members.

TILBURY, Jan. 22.—A boiler explosion took place early this morning in the village of Henderson, the boiler in Mr. Jos. Kedd's large grist mill having blown up, totally destroying the engine house, and a large portion of the mill. Three men working in the upper story of the mill at the time of the explosion luckily escaped injury. The total loss is estimated at \$1,700.

LOCAL NOTICES.

For the best photos made in the city go to Eoy Bros., 280 Dundas street. and examine our stocks of frames and paper-photos, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city. Children's pictures a specialty. JUST RECEIVED.—New Valencia, Sultana and layer raisins, new currants and figs, this season's canned tomatoes and peach fine wines and liquors, Carling's and Labatt's ales and porter, Guinness and Dublin stout, sugars of all grades very low. Alexander Wilson, successor to Wilson & Cruickshank, 355 Richmond street. SPECIAL NOTICE.—J. McKenzie has removed to A. J. Welster's old stand. This is the Sewing Machine repair part and attachment emporium of the city. Better facilities for repairing and cheaper rates than ever. Raymond's celebrated machines on sale.

NEW BOOT AND SHOES STORE IN ST. THOMAS.—Pocock Bros. have opened out a new boot and shoe store in St. Thomas. They intend to carry as large a stock as any store in Ontario. This will enable us to get what they want, as every known style and variety will be kept on hand in large quantities, a new feature for St. Thomas. Prices will be very low to suit the present competition. Give them a call. Choice Florida oranges, Spanish onions, bananas, Cape Cod Cranberries.—A. MOUNTROY, City Hall.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back and Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea" being acknowledged as the great Pain Remover, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best medicine in the world for Cramps in the stomach, and the Colic of Infants, and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle."

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you distressed at night and broken your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once to a bottle of WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. Depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not say it is the best that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

COMMERCIAL.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Wheat, Spring, Corn, Peas, Barley, Buckwheat, Beans, Flour, and various oils.

SKINS AND HIDES.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Mutton, Lamb, Beef, Pork, and various skins.

THE LONDON MUTUAL Fire Insurance Co.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the members of this Company will be held at their offices, 48, Richmond street, in the City of London, on Wednesday, 18th February, 1881, at the hour of 2 o'clock p.m., when a report of the Company's business will be submitted and Directors elected in the usual manner. Those members who are eligible for election may attend, but who are eligible for election.

NEW MUSIC.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. ALSO, THE ISOBEL WALTZES. Very pretty and well adapted for dancing.

W. L. CARRIE, STATIONER.

Sealed Tenders, marked "For Mounted Police clothing supplies," and addressed to the Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Thursday, February 17th.

NOTICE.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and received at this office by the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Thursday, February 17th.

NOTICE.

No Newspaper to insert without special authority from this Department through the General of Indian Affairs.

PIUS IX AND HIS TIME

—BY THE— Rev. E. McD. Dawson, OTTAWA.

1 vol., 8vo., 448 Pages. PRICE: \$1.50

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Opinions of the Press, etc.

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