





The Song of the Mystic.

I walk down the valley of silence, / Down the dim, voiceless Valley—alone! / And I hear not the fall of a footstep...

A WREATH OF CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

ANNA T. SADDLER.

"Wassail, wassail to the king!" cried the revelers, bringing their tankards down upon the oaken board round which they sat with merriment...

"Rightly spoken, great king!" said Hugo, returning to his former tone of easy good-nature. "But I crave your pardon for words spoken in a moment's heat, and likewise that I must soon depart..."

After Mass the banquet-hall was opened, and the board, laden with smoking viands disclosed to view. The lord took his seat on a sort of raised platform with his son, the Lady Cunliffe, and chaplain...

"Yet it is not thy father's will that this should be," said Cunliffe, lowering his voice; "thou art the elder, and thou know'st his bidding..."

"So please you, if it besecm the modesty of my sex so to declare," she said, "I make choice for him who most deserves it, which I believe to be the good knight, Sir Ralph of Clavely..."

"We have his welfare much at heart," replied the lady, "for this is the household of his sire, Sir Hugo of Clavely..."

"My heart of gold's as true as steel, as I have learned on a bonny day, and it is yours I love me well..."

A WHALE'S BATTLE FOR LIFE.

A correspondent of the Panama Star and Herald, writing from Esmeralda, July 24, says: "I beg to report my arrival at this port, not quite six months out from Valparaiso..."

A NEBRASKA HORROR.

Additional particulars have been received of the Kearney county horror, which proved to be one of the most diabolical murders ever committed. The Harsell family, consisting of Harsell, his wife two bright, pretty girls, one 7 and the other 5 years old, and a promising boy of 16 months, lived half a mile from Walker's ranch...

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27. LADIES' DEPART Mrs. J. J. Stennington PARIS FASHIONS Cloth, in different varieties are very fashionable for winter...

PALETTES FOR YOURS This is of lawn-color beaver collar and cuffs trimmed with color. It is fastened with large WALKING DRESS

HOME DRESSES Chariot cashmere, with cuffs with folds and narrow bands of color. We note that large shawls are BOSSETS, although small styles are not a

HOUSEWIVES How TO SELECT A GOOD Turkey should be bright and plump. The hen turkey This should be bought two days in a cool place; it should be dressed the night before

DISSERVING FOR THE TURKEY bakes' bread, crumbed fine and mashed; three onions brown; a tablespoonful of butter. Season with thyme, all together with the hands, if and be sure to fill the neck as gives the turkey a better appearance. Butter the turkey well on the back, and be sure to baste every part of the turkey becoming

GIBLET SOUCE—Remove Turkey. This may be difficult, but by before the grate, the skin will clean and the head, neck, gizzard, heart and liver p quarters with salt and pepper hours, then add parsley, celery two tablespoonfuls of tomato another hour longer.

STEWED TOMATOES.—To add two onions chopped sugar, a little salt and pepper hour, then add soda cracker piece of butter.

GREEN PEAS.—Add to two little salt and only enough them boil five minutes; the ter and a tablespoonful of stand five minutes on the stand

FLUM PEDDING.—Three chopped fine, one pound raisins, ditto currants, one cup of brown sugar, half a half a nutmeg grated. Make a stiff butter with floured bag; have ready a boil four hours.

HARD SAUCE.—Rub to a fuls of granulated sugar and add a teaspoonful of rose. Serve with good brandy. bundle of chip cracker light the sulphurous fumes of it saut if used in setting fire

FRIITTER.—Capital fritter kind of paste, which being into shapes, which are dipped Here are several forms of through a sieve, stir into a liquid paste. Take care and to put it in gradually knots and spoil the dish. front the fire, you stir in an ounce of grated parmesan pepper, and pour out into a cool. When cold, cut into

A young lady was was to see her face had got abroad. "Yes a man this morning why in the world to see you. reply. A Mississippi boatman ping at a public house porter for a boozjack colored gentleman, after fast, broke out as follow for dem fees. Jackass without fracturing de about three miles to de



LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. J. J. Skellington Edithes.

PARIS FASHIONS.

Cloth in different varieties, called draps de jours, are very fashionable for winter costumes.

PALETTES FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

This is of fawn-color heavier cloth, with sailor collar and cuffs trimmed with narrow braid of same color.

WALKING DRESS.

This dress is of seal-brown cloth, trimmed round the skirt with a killing. The over-skirt is slightly draped in folds in front.

HOME DRESS.

Claret cashmere, with encaisse-bodice, trimmed with folds and narrow bands of satin of the same color.

BONNETS.

although small styles are not quite out of fashion. The following are a few of the latest models.

A Russian toque of black velvet, of a limp shape, with a border of seal-brown ostrich feathers.

HOUSEWIVES CORNER.

HOW TO SELECT A GOOD TURKEY.—When fresh the eyes should be bright and full, the feet moist and supple.

DRESSING FOR THE TURKEY.—One stale loaf of baker's bread, crumbled fine; two potatoes, boiled and mashed; three onions, cut fine and fried brown.

GIBLET SOUP.—Remove the skin from the feet. This may be difficult, but by heating in the oven or before the grate, the skin will come off easily.

SHRED TOMATOES.—To one can of tomatoes, add two onions chopped fine, one spoonful of sugar, a little salt and pepper; let this cook one hour, then add soda cracker, grated fine, and a small piece of butter.

GREEN PEAS.—Add to two cases of peas a very little salt and only enough water to cover them.

PIUM PUDDING.—Three eggs, six ounces of sweet chopped fine, one pound of flour, half pound of raisins, ditto currants, one ounce of lemon peel.

HARD SAUCE.—Rub to a cream four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and two of butter.

FRIITTER.—Capital fritters can be made with a kind of paste, which, being allowed to cool, is cut into shapes, which are dipped in butter and fried.

A young lady was boasting that every one wanted to see her since her reputation as a belle had got abroad.

A Mississippi boatman, with immense feet, stopping at a public house on the levee, asked the porter for a boot-jack to pull off his boots.

A young man this morning who'd give everything he had in the world to see you? "Who was he?" was the eager question.

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FATHER BURKE.

SERMON AT THE MONTHS MIND OF THE LATE CARDINAL CULLEN.

(From the Dublin Freeman.)

The months mind of the late beloved Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin was celebrated on Wednesday in St. Mary's pro-Cathedral, Marlborough street. There were seventeen Bishops present.

After the celebration of the High Mass, the Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P., ascended the pulpit and delivered the following discourse:—

"Simon, the High Priest, the son of Onias, who in his life propped up the house, and in his days fortified the temple."

"The first days of our mourning are passed, the Church has poured out her heart in sorrow and in sufferings, and we had some time to realize all that we have lost."

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the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XII, who presided in person at the thesis, drew all the learned men of Rome around the chair of the youthful and daring disputant who had ventured to fling the gauntlet into so wide an arena.

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was called to his reward and crowned in Heaven, and the Primato, by the almost unanimous voice of the clergy, and to the delight of the faithful people, was elected to the chair of St. Patrick to that of St. Lawrence Et Toole.

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of God hastens to assemble from the ends of the earth, and with united voice and united faith, proclaims Peter's successor the Pope of Rome to be, in virtue of Christ's special prayer for Peter, and by the interposition of the Holy Ghost, infallible and preserved from all possibility of error in his teaching and witnessing as Universal Head of the Church.

THE KING KILLERS.

A REGICIDAL IDEA OF RECONSTRUCTED SOCIETY.

(From the Cologne Gazette.)

Two pieces of manuscript were found in the house of the cook Passanante, the would-be regicide. One was a half sheet of paper, covered on both sides with writing in blue ink.

HOW A MAN GOES TO BED.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says:—

"There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hair pins out and her shoes untied."

"That's how it looks in print, and this is how it is in reality. 'I am going to bed, my dear. It's half-past ten.' No reply. 'Now, John, you know you're always late in the morning. Do get to bed!'"

When this is supplied and rattled into the stove, he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands scratching himself and absently gazing on the last garment, dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet.



THE CATHOLIC RECORD,

Published every Friday morning at 388 Richmond Street, opposite City Hall, London, Ont.

Annual subscription \$2.00 Semi-annual 1.00

RATES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

12 cents per line for first, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements measured in nonpareil type 12 lines to an inch.

WALTER LOCKE, PUBLISHER.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, DEC. 27, 1878.

TO ALL AGENTS.

All our agents are hereby authorized to state that we will give the Record for the remainder of this year FREE to all who pay up their subscriptions in full, for the year 1879.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We hope that all our subscribers who have not yet paid their subscriptions will do so as soon as they conveniently can.

Mr. Boon, 186 St. Paul Street, St. Catharines, is our authorized agent for St. Catharines and district.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Not having any previous intimation of Monsignor Bruyere's arrival home, we were surprised and delighted at seeing him at St. Peter's on Sunday last, as we were edited by his eloquent discourse.

In many Catholic offices one man has to be editor, reporter, proof-reader and general bottle washer. A constant strain is made on his resources of mind and body, very little allowance is made for him.

We can most cordially endorse the above, for we have been there.—Richmond Catholic Visitor.

So have we, and we will stake our reputation on the veracity of the Connecticut man.

In this week's issue we reluctantly insert a letter under the signature of "A Subscriber," touching upon church music as carried out at St. Peter's Cathedral.

Christmas Day.

"Glory to God on High and peace on earth to men of good will."

Cheering words of hope and joy that formed the burden of angelic songs heard amid Judeah's hills and vales, now nigh two thousand years ago.

Now do colleges and boarding seminaries throw wide their gates, and romping, laughing boys and girls rush home to be fondled by over-anxious parents, and gorged with Christmas pie and cake.

These, however, are but the transient natural ways of a people who have all agreed to be merry at least one winter's day.

Two thousand years ago the whole world sighed for the speedy fulfilment of the promise made to Eve in the garden, handed down through the ages from sire to son, and repeatedly announced by prophets from heaven inspired, viz., that a child should be given to us, and a son born to us; that a pure Immaculate Virgin would mysteriously conceive and bring forth a Savior, whose name should be Emmanuel, the Prince of Peace; the delight of all that is just and righteous, the source of all liberty, of all justice, of all law and of all love.

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Today we celebrate this wonderful mystery of a God becoming man through love of us, to-day we, poor erring mortals, make feeble efforts in prayer and sacrifice and acts of thanksgiving to express our deep sense of gratitude for the graces and blessings without numbers that have flown down to us from this first and greatest of Christian mysteries, the Divine Incarnation.

As the shepherd then, let us hasten in all

humility and love to thank and worship Him who redeemed us; and let us bring, as the wise men, gifts of gold, which is clarity, of incense, which is adoration, and of Myrrh, which is purity of soul and heart, to unite with the angelic host in singing, "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra, pax hominibus bonae voluntatis."

CONTROVERSY IN STRATFORD.

In the controversial war now vigorously waged in Stratford we note some very curious arguments introduced by the opponents of Dr. Kilroy and Father O'Neil. For instance, a letter appears in the Herald of Wednesday, the 18th inst., in which, among other curious subtleties peculiar to himself, the Rev. Dr. Waits accounts for the change in the name of Simon to Cephas, which being interpreted means a Rock—in Greek Petros or Peter.

ESTIMATED NUMBER OF CATHOLICS IN THE WORLD.

It has been for a long time the fashion to set down the number of Catholics in the world at 200,000,000. The Catholic Review, of New York (November 9th.), has at length overthrown this time-honored heresy.

GLADIATORIAL POLITICS.

When two English prize fighters are about to set to work pounding away at each other for dear life, and the delectation of the bystanders, they shake hands in the politest manner possible.

HAS THE CHURCH LOST HER HOLD UPON THE MASSES?

[Communicated.]

The Evangelicals and Gospels of the English Church in their struggle with their Anglican and Ritualistic brethren use every means to disunite and discourage them from their Romeward movements.

Here is one that has come under my notice, and I give it to the readers of the Record as a great novelty. They, i.e. the Evangelicals, argue thus: Brethren of the Ritualistic or Sacerdotal persuasion, what use is it for you to renew those obsolete practices and resume those mediæval sacerdotal garments, simply for the sake of making the service of our beloved Church—the glorious Establishment—attractive to the people?

Stop, my Evangelical friend, there you are going too fast. Who told you, or whence did you learn that the Holy Roman Church has lost her hold upon the masses of her loyal subjects?

It has been for a long time the fashion to set down the number of Catholics in the world at 200,000,000. The Catholic Review, of New York (November 9th.), has at length overthrown this time-honored heresy.

Mr. Gladstone, whose splendid talents ought to have placed him above such paltry weakness, told the world a few months ago that he made it, and should continue to make it, the one object of his life, by day and by night, to foil the policy of the Prime Minister.

We have, unfortunately a parallel to this conduct of Mr. Gladstone in our own land, this Canada of ours. The personal animosity shown at all times by Mr. George Brown, the Liberal leader, to Sir John A. Macdonald, the Tory Premier, is only equalled by the animosity of Mr. Gladstone to Lord Beaconsfield.

It must not be supposed that we are excluding Lord Beaconsfield from our strictures. The English Premier has earned them as justly as Mr. Gladstone. His bitter shafts of irony, his biting sarcasms, his plays of disdainful bonhomie, may only have arisen as retaliations for Mr. Gladstone's attacks—it is always difficult to decide who begins a quarrel—but, beyond all this, the English Premier has shown as deeply by personal opposition to Mr. Gladstone as Mr. Gladstone has to Mr. Disraeli.

But if the matter ended here it would, after all, matter little. But it does not. For a quarter of a century each of these statesmen has in turn systematically endeavored to neutralize and destroy whatever good the other was capable of.

FORTY HOURS' ADORATION IN ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

As a preparation for the great festival of Christmas the 40 hours' adoration was commenced in St. Peter's Cathedral at Mass on Wednesday the 18th inst. and was concluded on Saturday 21st inst.

The masses were celebrated by the Right Rev. Father Bruyere, Rev. Fathers M. Tierman, J. Connelly, G.R. Northgraves and W. Dillon, and sermons were preached each evening having for subjects the nature of devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament, the dispositions necessary for its reception, and the fruits to be obtained from a worthy communion.

MATINEE MUSICALE.

RECEPTION OF RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR BRUYERE V. G. AT THE SACRED HEART.

"There is no place like home!" This is perhaps the truest word that poet ever spoke. Who would attempt to gainsay it? But at what part of the year is there so much magic in this expression as at the present merry season.

Nearly six months of bad good-bye to his long projected voyage friends rejoiced to see him to revisit the scene that allowed the venerable man in his native land to enjoy his boyish sports.

Years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was at home among us, turned to "La belle France" again bade it farewell, love, might we not see the energy of an apostle, vine-clad hills and sun.

But we rejoice that Monsignor Bruyere returned his sacerdotal labors. They are present at the entrance of the pupils of the Sacred Heart, bearing ample testimony.

As Monsignor Bruyere loved accents of his sweet music of a waltz. The notes had charming, white robes youthful faces bearing pretty flower, the lady to Monsignor.

At the close, with vanced and placed in the delicate blossoms of affection. An instance ourselves in some merry songs of the silver bell, which at one moment, while as it were, in a deep transported us far, which poets would beautiful melody of young lady from with a great deal French legend. She supposed she had so were quite surprised case.

At the close of the lovely scene was the distance we beheld a flickering light discovered the infant while above and all angels knelt. As tableau, a dear little appeared. A she falling upon her knees and her tiny white feet against the dark evergreens, surrounding simplicity of her age, canticle, "L'Echo of the chorus of which caught up by the air.

It was very delicate to have everything in manner in which the True, the pupils of the school advantages of gauge, leaving for in but, at the same time allow that for such attention and apply to obtain so correct delivery.

Monsignor Bruyere the love and respect of the entertainment the pleasure they felt in delight at finding the said that since he had before he had traveled had never once before so inclined he e Sacred Heart, so conditionally before.

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1878 - - - 1879 THE CATHOLIC RECORD, Which has been started purely for the purpose of sustaining CATHOLIC INTERESTS, although only a few weeks old, is already acknowledged to be the BEST CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER IN CANADA, And on a par with any published in the STATES.

As we have so soon gained the lead we intend to keep it. Having now on our contributing staff SEVEN of the most able writers in Canada besides our permanent Editors. Our Columns are brimful of good CATHOLIC READING And as we are untrammelled by any political party, we are enabled to give that attention to Catholic interests so much needed.

ATTENTION. In order to give the RECORD a wide circulation from the start we will give to all those who pay the yearly subscription in full by the 1st JANUARY, 1879, THE RECORD "FREE!" until 1st JANUARY, 1879, in addition to the year 1879-1880 for which they subscribe.

We shall likewise give them a choice of a Cabinet Size Photograph, of any of the BISHOPS OF ONTARIO, Mounted on fine card-board, making a picture 8x10 inches, executed in the best style of the art by EDY BROTHERS, London. Value of Photograph, \$1.00.

CLUB RATES. All parties sending us FIVE names and TEN DOLLARS will secure all these advantages to their subscribers, with the addition of a free paper from now to 1st January, 1880, and a picture to themselves.

Nearly six months ago our esteemed Vicar-General bade good-bye to his adopted country, to begin his long projected voyage to Europe. His numerous friends rejoiced that the pleasure would soon be his to revisit the scenes of his youth; and not a few regretted that time had not stood still for a while, to allow the venerable priest the satisfaction of finding in his native land many a companion of his boyish sports.

Years ago, when Monsignore Bruyere first made his home among us, often met his heart turned to "La belle France" and now that he has again bade it farewell, to continue here, his labor of love, might we not suppose that it required all the energy of an apostle, to tear himself away from its vine-clad hills and sunny slopes.

But we rejoice that it was with no regret Monsignore retraced his steps to his chosen field of his priestly labors. Those who were so privileged as to be present at the entertainment extended to him by the pupils of the Sacred Heart on Monday last, could bear ample testimony to this fact.

As Monsignore entered his reception hall, the beloved accents of his mother tongue, attuned to the sweet music of a welcome chorus, broke upon his ear. The notes had scarcely died away when nine charming, white-robed children came forward, their youthful faces beaming with joy, each bearing a pretty flower, the language of which she addressed to Monsignore.

At the close, with charming simplicity, each advanced and placed in a beautiful basket at his feet, the delicate blossoms that had so well told their tale of affection. An instant after we might well fancy ourselves in some Alpine valley, listening to the merry songs of the shepherds, or the gay tinkling of numberless bells, echoing down the mountain slopes.

At one moment, vibrating loud and clear, again lost as it were, in a deep forest, "Le Langage Cloches" transported us far, far away to the scenes amid which poets would fain have us dwell. As this beautiful melody ceased, one of the senior pupils, a young lady from Washington, stepped forward, and with a great deal of expression, recited a lovely French legend. So perfect was the accent that we supposed she had spoken in her native tongue, and were quite surprised to learn that such was not the case.

At the close of this delightful entertainment, a lovely scene was presented to our view. In the distance we beheld a miniature Cave of Bethlehem. The flickering light of the lamp from the interior discovered the infant God reposing on the straw, while above and all around a number of adoring angels knelt. As we gazed on the enchanting tableau, a dear little child, about four years of age appeared. A she stood, the subdued lights above falling upon her flaxen hair, her sweet, innocent face and her tiny white robed figure looked very beautiful against the dark background, formed by the evergreens, surrounding the grotto.

With all the simplicity of her age, she sang a sweet Christmas canticle, "L'Echo des Montagnes de Bethlem;" the chorus which, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" was caught up by the angels grouped around the Crib.

It was very delicate on the part of the good nuns to have anything in French, and certainly the manner in which the young ladies acquitted themselves reflects the highest credit on their teachers. Truly, the pupils of the Sacred Heart enjoy exceptional advantages for the study of the French language, having for instructresses ladies from France, but, at the same time, those who heard them must allow that for such young children a great deal of attention and application must have been necessary to obtain so correct an accent, and so much ease in delivery.

Monsignore Bruyere seemed deeply touched by the love and respect evinced by the pupils throughout the entertainment. After thanking them for the pleasure they had afforded him, he expressed his delight at finding himself again in their midst. He said that since he travelled through many lands, but he had never once forgotten them. Even had he been so inclined he could not have done so, for the Sacred Heart, so widely spread over Europe, was continually before him to remind him of the dear children of London. He had visited three convents of the Sacred Heart in Lyons, his native city, three naves in Rome, and with the four convents in Paris, including the Mother House, how could the absent one lose, for a moment, their place in his memory?

During his travels, he had seen many magnificent churches, stately palaces, elegant buildings, but none could replace in his heart the Convent Chapel of London. He had visited many a fair, but none were so bright and cheering as those of the youthful hand that gathered around him. But a few weeks before, he had crossed the Alps, and had gazed on their snow-topped summits, but the snow of London seemed to him ever purer and whiter.

Monsignore thanked the children for the presents they had promised him at his departure, and which he was happy to say had been heard beyond his hopes. He then spoke of the coming holidays, wished them every happiness and blessing, and modestly said that if his poor prayers could be of any service they should not be wanting to them. He exhorted them each to bring back one or two companions, so that their number, already so considerable, might be doubled, even tripled. "They should rejoice," he said, "to have many others share the precious advantages so lavishly bestowed on them.

He then invited the junior band to approach. Among them he recognized many familiar faces, taking each by the hand in turn he complimented her on the progress she had made in French during his absence. It was a beautiful picture; the figure of the aged priest, his venerable head crowned with silver by long years of toil in the service of God and the Church, and the innocent little children, clustering lovingly, confidingly around him. It was a vivid image of—

"The sweet story of old, "When Jesus was here among men, "How He called little children like lambs to his fold."

Scarcely less charming was the naive surprise of the little ones, as Monsignore told them of the beautiful little bird, with wings as white as snow, that had come to see him in Rome, and told him all the little girls in London had been very good while he was away.

The senior pupils though perhaps not curious, were, at least, impatient to have a link of the kind attention so paternally bestowed on their youthful companions. Monsignore's tender heart, no doubt made him equally desirous of affording pleasure. As he rose up to bid them adieu, his eyes were filled with tears. Before his last visit to Leo XIII. Our Holy Father had sent, through him, a blessing to all Canada, and it was this precious benediction he was about to invoke upon them. He then passed round through the ranks, and as he shook hands addressed a kind word to each of the happy school girls.

Monsignore having expressed a desire to see the Cave of Bethlehem once more, the little angels instantly sprang to their places, and in less time than it requires to describe, assumed their positions and sweetly chanted the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." The promptitude and simplicity with which the children needed to his scarcely-uttered wish must have proved to Monsignore more eloquently than words, their affectionate eagerness to afford him pleasure. With this touching scene ended this most agreeable matinee.

Little more remains to be said; yet may we not add that we feel justly proud to find one whose compatriots are proverbial for attachment to their native land returning to our midst, not only without repugnance, but even with pleasure.

Does it not prove that our Canadian hearts are all the warmer for the cold, wintry blast that sweeps around? Yes, Monsignore! And you will find in the future, as you have done in the past, that as far as in us lies, you shall never have to regret the dear land you have left for us. Welcome, then, to the home of your adoption; to the home wherein your heart is! And may it be our privilege for many years to come to wish you as we do now, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

OUR MANCHESTER LETTER

From Our Special Correspondent. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, Dec. 5th, 1878.

The depression in our various branches of industry is becoming so grievous that people of the most indifferent natures are becoming excited by it. Even liberal politicians are making use of the argument that Government is responsible in some measure for the troubled state of Commerce. Parliament will reassemble in a few days and I have no doubt that this will form one of the charges which will be brought against the present Conservative Government. At first sight it seems unreasonable that so grave a matter should be laid at the doors of any administrator, Liberal or Conservative, yet after all it is impossible for any country to make material progress whilst its people are engaged in wars. Peace is always understood to be a necessity for any nation which desires prosperity. As we have been in constant suspense for many years, fearing a great war in the East, and as we are unmistakably launched into a war with Afghanistan it is easy to see how difficult trade must be. Any government therefore which by its action precipitates us into such troubles contributes directly or indirectly to disturb internal or foreign Commerce. Besides if a people find food becoming dearer and the probability of a heavy income tax falling upon them they retrench as much as possible, and thus the money which might have been spent in the country in support of national industries has to be diverted. Blaming the government however does not hide the wound which is growing larger and larger. Every kind of industry is languishing.

A few days ago I saw a list of mills at Oldham affected by the recent strike and to-day the number is remarkably increased. Then I counted 102 and now the list is augmented to 130! Nearly all these are separate firms, some belonging to the old school of capitalists, while the others are owned by the operatives themselves under the title of limited liability companies. The enormous number of 30,000 operatives are now idle in Oldham alone. They had a meeting on Saturday last, at which they decided to strike against a further reduction of 3 per cent. It must not be assumed that this decision was come to by the whole of the operatives named or even a third of them, but practically it amounts to the same thing, for the influence of the present rate is so well known, so much discussed, that people will not be biased one way or the other. The public knows that the present struggle is not master against man. It has long since passed from that phase or any complex ion of it. The employer has not to consider whether he will keep his mills running at a small profit but whether he can any longer work them without serious loss. No one doubts that cotton manufacturing in its various branches means ruin to many employers of labor, because various lunatic sheets are published by the limited companies which show the true state of the case. Cotton manufactures have never been so cheap for a generation, and yet the demand for them does not increase. When the tide will turn it is hard to say, but until it does turn the present over-production is making matters worse. The closing of a mill is a serious loss to the spinner or manufacturer, because rent, taxes, and depreciation still go on. But even these losses are now considered small compared to running a mill at the present cost of production. With all the extraordinary cheapness of our goods at the present moment we are still unable to maintain our hold in foreign markets. Our competitors in various countries still undersell us and our articles are a drug in the markets. The only thing that can alter this state of things now or hereafter is a change in the wages paid to the operatives. All the items in the cost of production are fixed and without serious loss. They are just as fixed with foreign manufacturers as ourselves, but we are more heavily handicapped, our work-people work much shorter hours, and receive higher wages. If all this could be changed and yet a good market be found for what we make, every body would rejoice, none more than the masters here, for very little profit would satisfy them. Wages have been so inflated for the last few

years, in every branch of industry, because our goods were in demand, that we are reluctant to acknowledge that a reduction is necessary. Our operatives consider that if the production is diminished by working short time or even by the closing of the mills, we shall soon only have sufficient for the demand, and that at the old prices. But while we have been waiting for the demand to come at fair prices, foreign manufacturers have stepped in and made a good footing in the markets where we considered ourselves safe. We are becoming gradually driven out of competition everywhere, even India which takes so many of our manufactures, is erecting its own cotton mills and thereby injuring to some extent our Manchester trade. Whilst advice received to-day prove that India is also supplying China with low qualities of goods which our manufacturers are unable to make at the same price, but which suit the natives of that immense country, and prevent them laying out better but more expensive goods. It will thus be seen how our own machinery sent abroad and worked by cheaper labour tends to destroy our commerce. This evil will undoubtedly increase, either by the erection of more mills and workshops, abroad, or by the poverty of foreign nations making them unable to buy our productions. They are considered to be your duty to take. These ladies were not soliciting alms in any public place, but on your own private grounds. After your brief question to one of them, which appears to have been indistinctly answered, if answered at all, you asked no further questions, and gave them no opportunity of explanation, but immediately arrested and returned to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Lancaster. It is to Mr. Wood we are indebted for the publication of his letter, severe as it is, and which from his letter to his brother magistrates, it appears has very little influence upon him. Perhaps after the next "indiscretion" he may feel the full force of a lost "Commisericordiam."

Mr. John Eastham, photographer of this city, has just returned from Rome, where he has been engaged in taking a photograph of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. His Holiness has written in Mr. Eastham's album the following Latin verses on the photographic art. They are written in an extremely small and neat hand: An Photographica, Expressa solis speculo, Nicens luango quam bene Frontes deus vim luminum Report et orbis gratum O mira vultus ingenium Novumq. monstrum imaginem Natura apelles simul Non pulchriorem pingeret. Leo P. P. XIII.

The photographs have also received the commendations of the Cardinal Archbishop, Cardinal Howard, and the Bishop of Salford. Mr. Eastham also took photographs of the late Pope and of the whole College of Cardinals, and it was while he was making arrangements for the private audience that I first saw this gentleman in Rome two years ago.

CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS IN THE CHURCHES.

Wednesday, last being Christmas Day, was celebrated in the city with more than usual solemnity. High Mass was sung at 6 a. m. and at 10.30 a. m. by the Rt. Rev. Monsignore Bruyere, His Lordship the Bishop assisted at the throne in full pontificals, and preached at both Masses. The Rev. Fathers G. R. Northgraves and J. Connolly officiated as Deacon and Sub-deacon, and Father M. J. Tiernan and Mr. P. Sheridan as Masters of Ceremonies. During the times between these High Masses the holy sacrifice was constantly offered by the priests. The Cathedral was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens by the Sisters of St. Josephs. On the left of the main altar an elegant crib is erected, representing the infant Jesus in the cave of Bethlehem.

St. Mary's Church has also been handsomely decorated by the ladies of the Altar Society. Mass was offered up at 8 and 10.30 o'clock by the Rev. Father Dillon.

HAMILTON NEWS.

A concert and lecture was held in the Mechanics' Hall on Thursday evening last, the 19th inst., under the auspices of the Hamilton Catholic Literary Association. The lecture was by the Rev. Father Maddison, of Walkerton, formerly of this city, and was entitled "Ganda, Our Home." This is a subject the discussion of which all Canadians whether so by birth or adoption can listen to with interest and pleasure. But, independent of the subject, the reverend lecturer has been long known and esteemed by both Catholics and Protestants of this city, and it was only what might have been expected on the occasion to have a bumper house. The programme was opened by the Philharmonic Orchestra playing the overture "Labyrinth" in a masterly manner. Mr. M. J. Walsh came next with a solo entitled "The Mariner's Home" the Sea, which he executed in a style very flattering to himself. This gentleman has a splendid baritone voice, and is destined to make his mark as a vocalist. Mr. Walsh was followed by Miss Mimie Graham, who gave

"Once Again" in her usual faultless manner. This is a very pretty song and the way in which it was sung elicited a hearty encore. Miss Mary O'Brien came next with a piano solo, "Marche des Fambours," by Sidney Smith, and performed it excellently. Mr. F. Egan's song "I fear no foe" brought out that gentleman's magnificent bass voice to perfection, and was sung splendidly. This closed the first part of the programme, and Mr. Donald Smith, President of the Association, then came forward, and in a few words introduced the lecturer, who, on stepping forward, was greeted with a round of applause. In the course of his lecture, which was fully appreciated by the audience, he recounted the hardships of the early settlers of Quebec, and gave several reminiscences of the first missionaries who fought their way by the sublime truths they taught into the then unexplored wilderness of Lower Canada; how they civilized and Christianized the original possessors of the land, and how they even died in endeavoring to lay the corner stone of our now glorious Dominion. He dwelt at length upon the position the Dominion occupied as compared with other nations, and wound up with a glowing description of the future greatness of "Canada, Our Home." Mr. Richard Martin, Q. C., then came forward and made a vote of thanks to the reverend gentleman for the treat they had received in listening to him, which was carried unanimously. The second part of the programme commenced by the Philharmonic Orchestra playing a selection, Mr. M. J. Walsh following with the song "The Gallants of England," and did it all the justice required. "Emerald," by Miss E. Sullivan was given very sweetly. Mr. Egan's last song, "The Tar's Farewell," was not as good a selection as his first, but in his execution of it there was nothing left wanting, and, as usual, he received the hearty applause of the audience. Prof. D. J. O'Brien ably assisted at the piano during the evening. This is the first concert the association has had during the season, and it is gratifying to know that their efforts in getting it up have been fully appreciated. To the energy displayed by the committee, and especially by Messrs. Smith and Harte, is due a large share of the success of the entertainment, and if their future arrangements are made as judiciously as the first, the association will be in a very flourishing condition. The Christmas examinations of the Collegiate Institute of this city were held last week, and on Friday evening last prizes costing over \$300 were distributed among successful scholars. Yours, J. S. D.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

JUST RECEIVED—500 barrels choice, hand-picked, winter apples, which I can sell at \$2.50 per barrel. A. MOUNTAIN, City Hall Building, Richmond Street.

REMOVAL.—Wm. Smith, machinist and practical repairer of sewing machines, has removed to 253 Dundas street, near Wellington. A large assortment of needles, oils, bobbins, shuttles, and separate parts for all sewing machines made, kept constantly on hand.

It will pay you to buy Boots and Shoes at Pocock Bros. They keep a full line of ladies and gentlemen's fine goods. No trouble to show goods. Written orders promptly attended to. Pocock Bros., No. 133 Dundas street, London, Ont.

We are prepared to fit up public buildings churches and private residences with Brussels Carpets, Velvet Carpets, Turkey Carpets, Tapestry Carpets, 3-ply Carpets, Kidderminster Carpets, Union Carpets, Dutch Carpets, Stair Carpets with rags, Cocoa Matting, Fancy Matting, beautiful Window Curtains, Repps and Fringes, English and American Oil Cloths, Beak and Fillets, Carpets and Old Cloths, cut and matched free of charge. Every other article, suitable for first-class houses, and as low price as any other house in the Dominion. Call before purchasing. R. S. MURRAY & CO., No. 124 Dundas Street, and No. 125 Carling Street, London.

MARKET REPORT. CORRECTED TO THE HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS.

Table with columns for London Markets, Flour and Feed, and Miscellaneous. Lists various commodities and their prices.

Liverpool Markets.

Table with columns for Liverpool Markets, listing various commodities and their prices.











