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# The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

VOL. II.—No. 1.

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Obituary,

—1893.—

How swift the years roll by! how time flies fast!

Old ninety-three is numbered with the past  
To history belong its days, its deeds.  
Thus year to year, thus age to age succeeds,  
In rapid revolution. To us weak men  
An hour is scarcely given, with voice or pen  
To chronicle the cycles—achievements save  
From darkness, or oblivion's mouldering  
grave.

Full oft vain prophets hint—"Canadian  
clime  
Hath changed and mellow'd with revolving  
time."

Last winter's gear was snow, with crack-  
ling cold;  
And merry sleigh bells jingled as of old.  
Our lakes were solid ground for hunt or  
chase,  
And torrents stood transfixed in frosts em-  
brace.

Never at old Niagara were seen  
Such frozen pyramids in glistening sheen,  
Or ice-lock'd spray—was heard its muffled  
roar,

Which hundreds came from every distant  
shore  
To witness of—and feast their wondering  
eyes

On starry islets floating to the skies.  
But winter's trophies yield to gentle spring;  
The masses move and melt—good Sol is  
king.

His searching rays all winter's spoil efface,  
And buds and plants and prim flowers grow  
space,  
With perfume, song and life all nature's  
stirred.

The whip-poor-will and robin's thrill are  
heard;  
Now warm sunshine vies with softening rains  
To crown the hill and deck the low lying  
plains;

The busy farmer's plough-share knows no  
rest,  
And hopes of brimming harvests fill his  
breast.

In laboring hoats he lays by his rich hoard,  
And ponderous mounds of hay and grain  
are stored.

With guerdon rich his patient toil is crown'd,  
And plenteous peace and love and mirth  
abound.

Such favours bless'd our lake-girt happy  
home—  
But what of Ireland, England, what of  
Rome?

Of France or Spain, or Russia's potent Czar,  
Or Kaiser's legions panoplied for war?

Great Britain's Commons sat in long  
debate

To fix on principles of right old Erin's state—  
Restore the soil that to her sons belong,  
And compensate for centuries of wrong—  
And make her people joint ruler of the seas,  
Sole arbiter of their blest destinies.  
The veteran champion in ev'ry noble cause,  
Great Britain's Nestor gain'd the world's  
applause

And Ireland's everlasting gratitude.  
Such ardent zeal for her, such fortitude!  
His eloquence pour'd light on history's  
darkest deeds,

He bard'd the vileness of oppression's croods.

Fair justice must be done the sister Isle,  
The nation bleeds at ev'ry pore, the while  
You mock her woes, and visit with 'your  
scorn  
Her faith, her virtues and her sons forlorn,  
Who driven from their valleys rich and  
grand,

Find home and fame on every foreign  
strand,  
We Britains, nurs'd and bred in freedom's  
school,  
Must end this tragedy; and grant Home  
Rule.

No more they ask, no less may satisfy;  
The flag that floats above yon dome on high  
Is freedom's symbol to you, to me, to all,  
Then to Erin—or let this Empire fall."

There Balfour, leader of the Orange host,  
That makes ascendancy its loudest boast.  
"Coercion Rule hath not been half  
easy'd,

But press it home, and Ireland shall be  
saved  
From priestly ignorance and Romish pow'r.  
In Ulster thousands tremble at this hour  
Lest you pull down Ascendancy and Rights  
Fought for and won in a hundred bloody  
fights.

We aided them their country's life to kill,  
'Divide and Rule' must be our motto still."  
Churchill, Goschen, Russell, Chamberlain  
And Saunderson opposed the Bill in vain.  
McCarthy, leader of the valiant band  
Of tried men sworn to free their native  
land;

Healy and Dillon, O'Connor and O'Brien,  
And golden mouthed Sexton—of the Nine  
T. D. Sullivan alone is wood;  
His lyre attuned to every happy mood  
Or tale of woe, or human sacrifice,  
That Heaven demands for ev'ry high Em-  
prise;  
All these and others our space forbids to  
name  
In the great contest earn'd equal fame.

The Bill was passed and all the earth  
rejoic'd

That in its passage, a sentiment was voic'd  
That lives and burns in every patriot soul,  
Whom justice, honor, faith and love control.

The veto of the Lords it yet survives,  
Nor may coercion acts or prison gyves  
Lessen the work that liberty has done  
Or stop its march 'till victory is won.

Contending elements of social life  
In Italy and France prolong the strife  
'Twixt capital and labor, poverty and pelf,  
Authority ignored. The king is "Self,"  
And passions rule. The masses led astray  
By politicians, fall an easy prey  
To glory's glamour and high-sounding  
names.

His scorn of death the Atheist proclaims,  
And preaches no hereafter, no reward or  
pain,  
For crime or virtue; he feels but proud  
disdain

For innocence, or purity's bright crown,  
With him all vice is up, all honor down,  
And savage deeds are titles to renown,

Thus Socialists and Anarchists hold sway,  
Their secret counsels shun the light of day.  
What all their plots and horrid oaths con-  
ceal

The deadly bomb and dynamite reveal.  
Vaillant in Paris the fatal missile hurled  
Which awed all France and shook the  
Christian world.

In Barcelona, Berlin—Moscow, Rome  
Is ev'ry altar, every happy home,  
To profanation doom'd—'tis Satan's reign  
Or Paynim Hate, or Hell let loose again.

But where's the remedy? The Port in  
Peril's hour?

When plagues infest, hath Heav'n no heal-  
ing pow'r?

Kind Providence that watches from on  
high,  
And all our faults may note, or ills descry,  
To Thee be wafted thanks and reverent  
praise,

To Thee our eyes, and suppliant hands we  
raise.

Already Thou hast mark'd our heart's com-  
plaints  
And words of solace spoken thro' Thy  
saints.

Thy Vicar Leo calm'd the storm toss'd sea  
Of populations, massed for mutiny.  
His fam'd encyclicals all rights exposed  
Of rich and poor and laws on both im-  
posed.

God's church alone hath cure for ev'ry ill—  
The Nations feel it and revere Her still.

Two nations free, that brav'd all despot  
frowns,  
And aurold in Faith and Martyr's crowns,  
Apostatiz'd—Both shared an equal fate.  
In bringing scandal on their name and  
State—

France into Panama her treasures pour'd  
In hope oft lost, and oft again restored—  
To join two oceans and thus ope the way  
To the Golden Gate or famed Cathay—  
In lotteries vast sums of gold were found  
In wine and wassail thrift and care were  
drowned.

The people their hard earnings sacrificed,  
Above all gifts extravagance was prized—  
But soon the bubble burst, the tow'r col-  
lapsed  
And all the millions by great men were  
grasped.

Great men, whom fraud and secret oaths  
made great,  
By *Plebiscite* ordained to rule the State.  
Ministers, editors, members, were involv-  
ed—

On CANNON President the odious task de-  
veloped  
To stop all legislation and disown  
His chief advisers, nearest to the throne.  
Arrests were many—some the frontier  
gained

Others suicided—chaos reigned—  
Thus France succumb'd to shame's aveng-  
ing rod—  
So fares the throne that rules without a  
God.

Fair Italy! of art and muse the home,  
How sadly chang'd! how chill'd Imperial  
Rome!

Erstwhile emblazon'd with foreign spoil  
and gold,  
When o'er thy roads the car of Triumph  
rolled,  
Or when the thousands round St. Peter's  
pressed

And knelt while Pio IX. with outstretch'd  
arms bless'd

Urban et orbem—loud vivas the reply,  
While shouts and salvos thunder'd to the  
sky—

Then all was peace and ev'ry soul at rest,  
No impious sect no army tax oppress'd.  
The common Father's rule was firm but  
mild,

No tyrant's frown he wore—no fancies wild  
Illusioned him from work or anxious care—  
Abundance flowed and each man had his  
share—

Not so the Revolution with its slaves,  
That sordid gain and foreign conquest raves  
That heeds no suppliant cry at Mercy's  
door,  
But spoils the rich and grinds the strug-  
gling poor—

Convents, colleges, famed monuments went  
down,  
Its funds to swell and prop the tottering  
crown.  
Ill got—ill gone—'tis said, and nought so  
true.

The ministers of state, the trusted few  
Of Humbert's council (who, as they, so  
loud  
In boasting virtue to beguile the crowd?)  
Steep'd in corruption to the lips were  
found—

With treasury emptied, ev'ry Bank un-  
sound,  
His Kingdom bankrupt, vanished trust and  
hope  
With sovereign ills, King Humbert now  
must cope.

Crispi just called to fill Zundell's roll  
May bring no comfort to his troubl'd soul.  
Abandon Rome, is now his wisest plan  
And change of court to Florence or Milan.  
Let favouring breezes fill our sails once more  
And waft us safely to Columbia's shore,  
As when the painted color reach'd now  
land

And knelt in prayer with crucifix in hand—  
As he, we lift to Heav'n our anxious  
pray'r;  
Then join the thousands thronging to the  
Fair—

The World's Fair—surpassing all yet  
shown  
In History, to art or science known  
Its dizzy turrets, its temples marble and  
gold,  
Its gifts the wealth of all the earth unroll'd,  
Its treasures vast, the brightest ever shone  
From Arctic glaciers, from Africa's burning  
Zone.

In arts and manufactures England vied  
With Berlin, Paris and all the world beside.  
Russia's gold and Austria's porcelain,  
Golconda's dazzling splendours, lace from  
Spain,  
And snow-white wool, and sparkling Xeres'  
wines,

And all the glories art with skill combines,  
With monuments of colon's burning zeal  
To tempt the Oceans and a world reveal  
To men unknown—of his soul's bless'd  
desire,

To plant the Cross—and spread the sacred  
fire  
Of heaven's love, illumine each savage heart  
With faith Divine. His eyes fixed on his  
chart,  
He saw the millions finding truth and rest  
And Christ adoring in the burning west.  
Such manuscripts in Rabida were seen  
As proved his mission from the peerless  
Queen,

And from King Ferdinand in sealed decrees  
To govern all lands in now discover'd seas.

The triumphs glorious of modern thought  
and skill  
And all the uses light and steam fulfil,  
With power electric from the heavens  
brought,  
As Edison and Morse and Franklin taught.

But every nation had its special show.  
The Turk his baths, his furs the Esquimau,  
Egypt its camels, Bamboo the Ceylonese,  
Canada her fruits and eke her monster  
cheese.

Arches made of oranges, cottages of gold,  
California's tribute—fun for young and old.  
Coffey cups in French, German lager beer,  
Joss-house from China—Zulu's poison'd  
spear;

Amazons from Dahomey hurled the lance,  
And show'd how they never were conquer'd  
by France.  
Away o'er the Ferris wheel in clouds could  
be seen  
The flag of old Erin, its own immortal  
green,  
And harp of gold fluttering o'er the bar-  
baric scene.

Each State and cause had its appointed  
day  
For self-indulgence in talks and loud  
display.  
Temperance, culture, education, art,  
The goods and blessings science may impart.  
Then all the creeds and systems of the  
world

In congress met—Religion's flag unfurled:  
Confucians, Buddhists, turban'd Moslems  
came  
Their doctrines to publish, their liturgies  
proclaim.

Cardinals, Archbishops, priests in grand  
array  
And delegates of laymen knelt to bless and  
pray.

And thank but Christ for ev'ry great em-  
pirio  
And teach all men the worth of sacrifice,  
Of Faith—of Love, of Angel-life on earth—  
They told the story of the Saviour's birth,  
His reign in Heaven, His quick'ning pres-  
ence here

And endless joys to all who love and fear.

Such wonders witnessed over bless'd ninety  
three,  
No year so marked in all this century,  
No year more fruitful of Heaven's grace  
and gifts,

All grateful souls its memory uplifts  
To songs of gladness, hymns of joyous  
praise  
And hopes of bliss in God's eternal days.

## LEO XIII'S ENCYCLICAL

On the Study of Holy Scripture.

Venerable Brethren. Health and Apostolic Benediction

A GIFT OF GOD TO MAN

The Providence of God, which, by an admirably loving design, elevated the human race, at the beginning, to a participation of the Divine Nature; which afterwards restored man to his original dignity by delivering him from the universal stain, and from consequent ruin that same Providence has bestowed upon man a most precious benefit when revealing unto him, by supernatural means, the hidden treasures of His Divinity, wisdom and mercy. Divine revelation includes some truths which are not outside the range of unaided reason, and which have been revealed to man to the end that they may be known with ease, and held with most firm conviction, all fear of error being removed. Nevertheless, the revelation of these truths cannot be said to be absolutely necessary. It is necessary only because God, in His infinite goodness, has destined man to a supernatural end." (Vatican Council). This supernatural revelation, according to the belief of the Universal Church, is comprised both in her unwritten traditions and in those books which are called sacred and canonical. Those books are sacred and canonical because, having been written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author, and because, being what they are, they have been given into the charge of the Catholic Church. Such has always been the belief and the public teaching of the Church in respect of the books of the Old and the New Testament. Men are in possession of documents of a venerable antiquity, which show that God spoke to the world, first by His Prophets, afterwards by His own mouth, and then by His Apostles. These same documents show how God gave us what we call the canonical Scriptures (St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*), which are the very oracles. They form an Epistle from our Father in Heaven to man upon the earth wandering far from his eternal home, and they have been transmitted to us by inspired writers. From their origin, therefore, we see what is the excellence of the Scriptures. God being their author, they declare unto us His highest mysteries, His designs, His works.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Hence it follows that the branch of theological science which is concerned with the defence and interpretation of the Sacred Books is of the highest importance and utility. Other sciences which seemed to us to be of service for the promotion of the glory of God and the salvation of souls we have helped with willing heart. They have been the subject of many letters and addresses of ours, which, under God's blessing, have borne good fruit. For a long time past we have cherished the future design of giving a new impulse to the noble study of the Divine Scriptures and of giving to this study a direction more in conformity with the needs of our own time. The Apostolic office which we hold calls upon us, and even constrains us, not only to lay open, more safely and more abundantly, for the benefit of the Christian people, the precious source of Catholic revelation, but also to prevent it from being in any way tampered with, either by those who, boldly impious, openly attack the Holy Scripture, or by those who bring in imprudent and erroneous innovations. We are not ignorant, indeed, Venerable Brethren, that a certain number of Catholics, men of science and ability, do devote themselves with ardour to the defence of the Sacred Books, or to the work of making them more widely known and understood. But, whilst we give due meed of praise to their labours and their success, we cannot

but exhort other scholars to follow in the same path and to merit the same praise. We speak of men whose talent, science, and piety would give ground for hope of magnificent results. It is our ardent desire that a greater number of faithful Catholics should undertake the right defence of the Sacred Writings, and serve that cause with devotedness and constancy. Most of all do we desire that those who, by God's grace, have received Holy Orders should become every day more full of zeal in reading, meditating, and explaining the Scriptures; for nothing better becomes the sacred state to which they have been called. Besides the excellence of this sacred science, and the obedience due to God's own word, we have another particular motive for recommending the study of the Holy Books. We mean the many advantages which flow therefrom, as the Holy Spirit Himself bears testimony: "All Scripture, inspired of God, is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work." It was with such intention God gave man the Scriptures, as we see by the example of Our Lord and His Apostles. Christ Himself, Who "obtained authority by His miracles, induced faith by His authority, and won over the multitudes by His faith," was accustomed to appeal to the Holy Scriptures in witness of His Divine mission. He makes use of Scripture to show that He comes from God and is Himself God. From Scripture He borrows arguments for the instruction of His Disciples and the confirmation of His doctrine. He invokes Scripture testimonies against the calumnies of His enemies. He brings it for answer to Sadducees and Pharisees. He turns it against Satan himself, when the evil spirit audaciously quotes it. And once more, at the close of His life, and after His resurrection, Our Lord makes use of the Sacred Scriptures, and expounds them to His Disciples until the day when He ascends to the glory of His Father.

THE APOSTLES AND THE BIBLE.

The Apostles followed the words and instructions of their Master. Although He Himself had granted unto them that miraculous signs and wonders should be done by their hands, nevertheless the Apostles made great use of the Holy Books in spreading Christian wisdom abroad amongst the nations, in overcoming the obstinate unbelief of the Jews, and in putting down new-fangled heretical teaching. The evidence of these things is found in their discourses, and especially in those of St. Peter. These discourses were almost made up of the words of the Old Testament, as being the strongest support of the New Dispensation. Evidence to the same effect is in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John, and in the Catholic Epistles, and especially in the testimony of him who, in the presence of Gamaliel, made it his glory that he had studied the law of Moses and the Prophets, to the end that, being furnished with spiritual arms, he might be able to say with confidence "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal; but the power of God."

THE TEACHERS TAUGHT.

Let all, then, understand, and in particular the soldiers of the army of the Lord, what esteem they ought to have for Holy Scripture, and with what zeal and respect they ought to bask themselves to this sacred armoury, in imitation of Christ and His Apostles. Nowhere else will those who impart Catholic truth, either to the learned or unlearned—nowhere else will they find more ample teaching concerning God, the supreme of all-perfect good, and the works which manifest His glory and His love for men. Regarding the Saviour of mankind, no written words are more fruitful and touching than those which are

found throughout the Bible, and St. Jerome rightly declares that "Ignorance of the Scriptures is ignorance of Christ." In the Scriptures we look upon the living image of the Son of God, that slight admirably soothes all sufferings, exhorts to virtue, and invites to the love of God. For the Church of Christ, her institutions, her notes, her mission, her gifts, so many and convincing are the arguments found in the Bible that the same St. Jerome has truly said: "He who is firmly founded upon the testimonies of the Holy Scriptures is a bulwark of the Church." If men of Apostolic desires are in search of precepts of morals and of the conduct of life, they shall find in the Bible commandments full of sanctity, exhortations as powerful as they are gentle, examples of all kinds of virtue, promises of everlasting recompense, warnings of suffering in the world to come—promises and warning made in the Name of God and sanctioned by His Word. This virtue of the Divine breath, which belongs to Scripture, it is that gives authority to the Scripture, that inspires him with Apostolic liberty of speech, and gives him eloquence, vigorous and convincing. Whosoever has in his words the spirit and power of the Divine Writings will speak, not by language alone, but by virtue and by the Holy Ghost, and will speak fruitfully. Unskilful and improvident are those preachers who speak of religion, and who preach its Divine precepts, almost without the invocation of any knowledge or any authority except such as are merely human, and with a dependence upon their own arguments rather than upon God's. Their eloquence may be brilliant, but it must be languid, it must be cold, inasmuch as it is deprived of the fire of the Word of God, and inasmuch as it is empty of the virtue shining in the Divine phrase that tells us that the Word of God is stronger and sharper than a two-edged sword, and that it divideth soul and spirit. The learned must needs perceive that the Holy Scriptures are rich in a wonderfully varied eloquence. St. Augustine knew it and it is part of the experience of every sacred speaker. Each of these has owed his own glory to assiduous study and meditation of the Bible, and all have manifested their gratitude therefor to God. Knowing these riches through and through, and using them largely, the Fathers did not measure their praises of the Holy Scriptures and of the things that are to be gathered therefrom. In many a passage of their works they call the Holy Books a precious treasure of celestial doctrine, the eternal sources of salvation, they compare them to fertile fields, the delightful gardens wherein the flocks of the Lord find pasture strong and sweet. Just, indeed, were the words of St. Jerome to the clerk Nepotian: "Read often the Holy Scriptures; nay, never lay down that book, learn that which thou art to teach; let the words of the preacher rest upon the reading of the Scriptures." In the same sense is the saying of St. Gregory the Great, who, more excellently than any other, has traced out the duties of pastors of the Church. "It is needful," he says, "that all men who undertake the ministry of preaching should not cease from studying the Holy Books."

THE SPIRIT OF THE WORD.

Here, moreover, we will recall the advice of St. Augustine: "He shall not be a true preacher of the Word of God outwardly who shall not listen to it within his own soul." St. Gregory also counsels sacred authors that before they carry the Divine Word to others they shall examine themselves, and shall not in the service of others neglect themselves. Indeed, this truth had been ably illustrated by the words and the example of Christ, Who began at once to act and to

teach; the voice of the Apostle also proclaimed it, addressing not only Timothy, but the whole clerical Order with the precept that each one should watch over himself and his doctrine with all care, so that the speaker and hearer might be all saved together. Assuredly shall we find, or our own sanctification and for that of others, most precious help in the Holy Scriptures. Abundant is it especially in the Psalms. And those only will find it who shall bring to the study of the Divine Word not only a docile and attentive spirit, but also a perfect good will and a great piety. These books, in fact, dictated by the Holy Spirit Himself, hold the most vital truths, hidden, doubtless, and difficult to interpret upon many points. For understanding and for explaining these we must always need the presence of this same Spirit—that is to say, His light and His grace, which, as the Psalms constantly teach us, must be implored by human prayer joined by a holy life. In this appears prominently the foresight of the Church. In order that this treasure of the Sacred Writings, the gift of the Holy Spirit to mankind, so freely given, should not be neglected, she has in all times multiplied her precepts and her works. Not only has she proscribed that a great part of Scripture should be daily read by her ministers in the course of her services, but she has also ordered that this Scripture should be expounded and interpreted by men of learning in her Cathedrals, her Convents, and in Monasteries of the regular Orders, where study is fostered. She has commanded that on Sundays and Festivals the people should be fed with the wholesome food of Scripture. Thus, thanks to the wisdom and vigilance of Holy Church, the study of the Bible goes on, flourishes, and is fruitful for salvation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Grand Duke of Baden a Convert.

Few people will be astonished in Germany if the announcement that the Grand Duke of Baden has become converted to the Roman Catholic church proves to be correct. Notwithstanding the fact that he has hitherto figured as one of the principal supporters of the Lutheran church, it is no secret that both the grand duchess and himself have long shown a marked inclination for the Roman Catholic form of worship. They are both known to have been in entire accord, as far as matters of faith are concerned, with the duchess' mother, the late Empress Augusta, who is popularly believed and reported to have become a convert to the Church of Rome just before her death.

The belief has been strengthened by several remarks which have been made by the pope and by members of his entourage, and it was but recently that in receiving Count Kaunitz, who is one of the great feudal magnates of Prussia, that Leo XIII went out of his way to specially dwell on his regard and affection for the Grand Duchess of Baden and her husband.

There have been a number of conversions from Protestantism to Catholicism in the royal house of Prussia during the last decade, and among the most notable members who have thus gone over are the late queen mother of Bavaria, who was a Prussian princess, and Princess Frederick Charles, the widow of the famous Prussian cavalry leader who used to be known by the name of the Red Prince.—*Marquis de Fontenay.*

During the past half-century—since the discovery of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the average limit of human life in civilized countries, has been considerably lengthened. Ayer's sarsaparilla is everywhere considered the standard blood purifier, the Superior Medicine.

The death of Mr. John Whitford, T.C., Templeshannon, Ennisecorhy, took place on Nov. 26.

## A MANLY TRIBUTE.

A Protestant Minister Praises the Work of the Catholic Church.

Below the reader will find a sermon delivered recently to a numerous audience by Rev. G. A. Carstenson, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Indianapolis, Ind.

The text. "Let another man praise thee and not thine own mouth; a stranger and not thine own lips."—Proverbs, xxvii., 2.

"It seems to be an accepted canon of courtesy among Protestant denominations to minimize their differences, to speak no evil one of another, and to cover with a very ample mantle of charity their sins, negligences and ignorances. Against the Roman Catholic church, however, they all make common cause as against a heretic foe, and papal anathemas of heresies and schisms are met with a fusillade of invectives and abuse which do no credit to the heads or hearts of those who indulge in this sort of warfare. I verily believe that, if I were to denounce Pope Leo as the Man of Sin or Antichrist and the Roman Church as the Scarlet Woman of the Apocalypse; if I were to hold up her clergy as drunkards and libertines, her Nuns and Sisters of Charity as women whose very presence is pollution to a community; if I were to declare that her churches were arsenals where traitors to our country were storing arms and ammunition, just as it has been gravely told me that this very St. Paul's church was during the civil war a depository for the arms of the Sons of Liberty and the Knights of the Golden Circle, when in fact the corner stone of this edifice was not laid until fully a year after the surrender of Gen. Lee; if I should say that her monasteries were sinks of iniquity and dens of corruption; if I were to do all this I should be considered by some to be rendering my Master a better service than by according honor where honor is due, and thus forgetting the record of faith, love, and good works which the annals of the Church furnish. I am quite prepared for the criticism, engendered of bigotry and ignorance, that no better things are to be expected from a minister of that Church which is separated from Rome by nothing firmer than a paper wall, and it is by no means impossible that I shall be suspected, as other clergymen have been, of being a Jesuit in disguise and in the hire of the Pope to lure unsuspecting men and women into the trap which Rome is ready to spring upon the unwary.

"The Roman Church is the home of the workman. Go and attend any of their services, let it be even St. Patrick's on Fifth avenue in the centre of the wealth of New York, and you will see kneeling side by side the millionaire and the washer woman, the occupant of the palace and the denizen of the tenement—all bowing humbly before the humble maker of them all, not once or twice, but four or five times a Sunday large congregations go in and out of her courts, congregations made up of the sons and daughters of toil, with their careworn faces and their coarse garments kneeling side by side with those attired in silks and velvets, and the rich and poor meeting together because the Lord is the maker of them all. Unreflecting Protestants say that Romanism is made up principally of just such people, and they flippantly tell us that the incense which steals from the censor is a good neutralizer of the aroma of garlic and onions which fills the Roman sanctuary. I grant you that many of the poor, whom we do not receive in our drawing rooms are welcome in Roman Catholic churches. But where are the Protestant poor? The confession may humiliate us, but let us acknowledge the fact. The shuttled out are very few. We have shut them out of our churches, that are open only for a few

hours one day in the week. Their place is not there and they know it. As pertinent to this point read these figures, which do not lie. In 1830 there was in New York city one church for every 1,858 Protestant inhabitants; in 1880, one church for every 1,458. In Chicago in 1851 there was one church for every 774 people. In 1886, one church for every 3,251 of its people. The Protestant poor have no room in the church and they are not found there.

"An enterprising reporter of the metropolitan journal once donned the garb of a workman and went from one to another of the most prominent churches of Brooklyn, pre-eminently the city of churches. In some of them he was treated with absolute rudeness; in others with cold politeness. In only two was he received with a cordial politeness. But in every one of the thirty-six his presence was noted with surprise. There are 200,000 more inhabitants below Fourteenth street in the city of New York to-day than there were ten years ago, but the number of Protestant churches in that district are decreased by thirty. These figures will tell solemn truths, and the facts are very stubborn. "Statistics show that in Protestant England 6 per cent of the births are illegitimate; in Protestant Scotland, 9 per cent; in Roman Catholic Ireland but 3 per cent, and the most of these in Protestant districts. Where does there exist the greatest degree of morality? When we cry out against the Roman priesthood, let us think of the sins and inconsistencies among our own clergy."

The speaker directed two of the choir boys to pass down the aisles bearing large reproductions of two cartoons which recently appeared in the local A. P. A. paper, entitled "The Mother Superior" and "The Superior Mother." The former was a nun at her devotions in her cell, kneeling before the crucifix; the latter was a matronly-looking woman in her cosy home, a babe upon her breast and an elder child leaning upon her shoulder.

Here the words and manner of the speaker became very impressive and could not fail to carry conviction to all present of his earnest contempt for men who would stoop to such methods. Said he; "The animus of this picture is only too evident." "I have one belief in the 'superior mother,' but I also believe in the 'mother superior,' because I believe the world would be poorer without such women as St. Catherine, St. Elizabeth and St. Margaret. But any poor, blundering shot like this only reacts from the object of attack to him who tries to wield the boomerang. Say what we may, the Sisters of Charity and mothers superior are devoted Christian women, who lead holy, consecrated and useful lives. But even if they are heathen and superstitious, it is a brutal instinct which leads any man to ridicule any human creature in the attitude of prayer." "This is the spirit of the society, the American Protective Association, whose membership I do not know, as they take pains to carefully conceal it, and try to make the world believe that these Roman Christians are more dangerous to the community than those for whom we have our prisons and reformatories.

Another number of this same paper published recently what purported to be a papal encyclical, but the phraseology was so awkward that even an ordinarily intelligent Protestant could detect the intelligent evidences of forgery. The Independent and the Christian Union, two leading Protestant papers, exposed the fraud, but if any retraction has been made by the editor of the Loyal American it has escaped my observation. In any event, the publication was a mark of dense stupidity or gross unfairness on the editor's part. The papers mentioned are to be honored for their fairness and jus-

tice in denouncing such culpable methods; but I have wondered why most Protestant editors have held their peace. Can it be that their silence means approval. Why does not the Protestant pulpit speak out more plainly for fair play even towards an adversary? Suppose a society of Roman Catholics should conspire to disqualify Protestants from holding public office; should circulate slanders, disseminate libels about Protestant Christians, ministers and laymen, men and women, what a cry of just and indignant protest would go up from evangelical pulpits. It is possible that in the eyes of the Protestant ministry the end justifies the means?

I firmly believe that there are Protestants who would rather see the city flooded with reeking dens of the vilest iniquity than witness the work done by the Little Sisters of the Poor; I believe there are Protestants who would rather see the city given up to the rankest corruption than to hear of these daughters of the Divine Love performing daily deeds of charity. Can any one tell me that the grand men who minister to the Roman Catholic congregations in this city are the foul personages depicted by this underhand and backbiting society of cowards, or that they are endeavoring to sap the foundations of society? Never! They are noble minds, pure hearts and great souls, incapable of such deeds, and even a suspicion of them.

Charges and invectives like those of the A. P. A. are no new thing for the Roman Church. She has borne them for centuries. The Roman Catholic church, exalted and triumphant will live and bless the world in spite of these cowardly enemies and assassins, on and every disseminator of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. These harmless little pellets omitted with venomous purpose, will fall back flattened and harmless as homoeopathic pills against the rocks of Gibraltar, and the Roman Catholic church will go on praying for those who despitely abuse and persecute her and will firmly establish her claim to the blessing of Him who said the Church should be blessed, when all things would be said against it, for His sake. "He that despiseth you, despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me." Let these men have a care lest a curse not of Rome, but of an offended God come upon them. Know-nothingism was trampled down in its own infancy, and in its insipidity, and these men who are the most radical of extremists, are traitors to their country. They are un-American. Destruction will surely come to all who set themselves against God's messengers.

There lived in ancient days in the Orient, according to tradition, a rich man who had three sons, to the youngest of whom he gave a precious talismanic ring. The two sons, stung by jealousy, had made each for himself the exact counter part of that given the youngest brother. They could not be told apart. The father died and a dispute arose as to whom belonged the genuine ring. A wise man was consulted and said the one of the three who would live a pure undefiled life for one year owned the talisman. All of us can be pure and true, and when we do attain that, there will be no need of reviling and slandering our neighbors and fellow-beings; no more need of hard invectives hurled against those pure and defenseless women, or foul charges against the anointed of the Lord.

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes: "I have used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

## The Loudest Noise Ever Heard.

No thunder from the skies was ever accompanied with a roar of such vehemence as that which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java, at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, August 27, 1883. As that dreadful Sunday night wore on the noise increased in intensity and frequency. The explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island. The critical moment was now approaching, and the outbreak was preparing for a majestic culmination.

The people of Batavia did not sleep that night. Their windows quivered with the thunders from Krakatoa, which resounded like the discharge of artillery in their streets. Finally at 10 o'clock on Monday morning a stupendous convulsion took place which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This supreme effort it was which raised the mightiest noise ever heard on the globe. Batavia is ninety-five miles distant from Krakatoa. At Carimon, Java, 355 miles away, reports were heard on that Sunday morning which led to the belief that there must be some vessel in the distance which was discharging its guns as signals of distress. The authorities sent out boats to make a search, they presently returned, as nothing could be found in want of succor.

The reports were sounds which came all the way from Krakatoa. At Macassar, in Celebes, loud explosions attracted the notice of everybody. Two steamers were hastily sent out to find out what was the matter. The sounds had travelled from the Straits of Sunda, a distance of 969 miles. But mere hundreds of miles will not suffice to illustrate the extraordinary distance to which the greatest noise that ever was heard was able to penetrate. The figures have to be expressed in thousands. This seems almost incredible, but it is certainly true. In the Victoria plains, in West Australia, the shepherds were startled by noises like heavy cannonading. It was some time afterward before they learned that their tranquility had been disturbed by the grand events at Krakatoa, 1,700 miles away.

## How the King was Tricked.

One day, when Francis I. was in his chapel attending mass with pick of his noblemen, a well dressed peacock, went and stood behind the Cardinal of Lorraine and abstracted his purse, but unable to do this without the King's perceiving it, he put up his finger to intimate that the latter should keep silence. The King took it for a practical joke and said never a word. But after the services he asked the Cardinal what he had done with his purse. The prelate, not being able to find it, was very much annoyed, and took the King to task, who greatly enjoyed the fun, and at length ordered the purse to be restored to the Cardinal. The thief did not, however, come forward, and the King discovered too late that he had been tricked.—*Journal de Louvain.*

## Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1893.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25cts., in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

THE MEDICINE FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."



## ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

J. P. S., in the Owl.

Those who attended the impressive ceremonies of the dedication of New St. Joseph's could not have failed to have been impressed by the appearance and the preaching of this prelate. The Rt. Rev. John J. Walsh, the present Archbishop of Toronto, is certainly one of those who find a place in the category of striking personages. Standing fully six feet, if not more, in height, and of development proportionate to his height, his Grace's appearance is certainly such as to favorably impress one. His well cut features denote strength of purpose and manliness, not of the stern and brusque type, but a strength tempered with a kindness that his countenance does not fail to show. Those who saw and heard him during his short visit to Ottawa will perhaps find it interesting to hear of his past.

Archbishop Walsh was born on the 21th of May, 1830, in Mooncoin, County Kilkenny, Ireland. He comes of an old and respected family. The family dates back to 1171 when two of its members accompanied Earl Strongbow from Wales and settled in Kilkenny. The Walsh Mountains, which derive their name from the family, were once the family property, but during a troublous period of Irish history they were confiscated to the Crown. Some members of the family emigrated to France and Austria and won distinction in the military service of their adopted countries. Two of the family embraced the Church in their native Isle and suffered martyrdom for their faith. Members of the family were for generations prosperous farmers in Leinster, and it is from this branch that His Grace is descended. He was educated at St. John's College, Waterford, where he made a brilliant course standing first in his class of philosophy. After a year's theology in Waterford he emigrated to Canada, being filled with the holy desire of engaging in mission work. Completing his theological course in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, he was ordained to priesthood on All Saint's Day, 1851. Ontario at that time was poorly settled and the young priest's duties consisted of going from one mission to another, and tending to the spiritual wants of the people. After a year thus spent, the young priest was appointed to the Brook mission on Lake Simcoe. Here was a trial for the young levite. The district was altogether unsettled and his work lay among the backwoodsmen and settlers. Shut out from city life, and its comforts, he devoted his energies to his by no means easy task. Any spare moments he had, he spent in the company of those most genial and profitable companions, his books; and as he himself has since remarked, much of his extensive reading was done by the "light of the log fire and the tallow candle." In 1857 he was given charge of St. Mary's Church, Toronto. For two years he faithfully discharged the duties of pastor of a city Church. Then Bishop Lynch removed him to St. Michael's in the same city. That was in 1859, the year of the Prince of Wales' visit to Canada, with an incident of which Father Walsh was prominently connected. Every one knows the character of a reception a certain portion of Toronto's citizens wish to extend to the representative of the Sovereign. It was of such a nature that Catholics could not, in consistency with their principles, either participate in or approve of it. Father Walsh's stand in the matter was one to which no fair minded person could object, and he was mainly instrumental in preventing the reception from assuming an aspect such that Catholics would in respect to their religious convictions, have been obliged to refrain from extending that hearty welcome which

they otherwise gladly would have given, and afterwards did give to the visiting heir apparent to the British throne. After two years at St. Michael's, Father Walsh was appointed Vicar General and sent back to St. Mary's. During the Provincial Council in Quebec in 1863, Father Walsh was theologian to the Bishop of Toronto, an appointment which in itself reflects creditably upon his Grace's ability as a theologian. After a year spent in visiting the land of his birth, and the Eternal City, Father Walsh returned to his Canadian home. In 1867, Dr. Pimoneault, the then Bishop of Sandwich, was in failing health, so much so, that his retirement was rendered necessary, and he was succeeded in the episcopacy by the pastor of St. Mary's. The episcopal see was changed in 1869 from Sandwich to London.

As Bishop of London, Archbishop Walsh did much to further the cause of Catholicity in Ontario. He began his administration by making himself thoroughly acquainted with the conditions and wants of his diocese and then having ascertained the nature and extent of his task, he entered upon it with an unbounded zeal and enthusiasm. When he assumed charge of the diocese there was a debt of \$85,000.00 to be wiped out. In three years this was all paid off. Then the clergy was reorganized, new parishes and missions were established, schools went up, presbyteries were built, hospitals, orphanages and poor-houses were erected. In all these commendable undertakings the new Bishop was ably seconded by a zealous clergy and a devoted and generous laity. Nine years after he entered on his task his lordship was able to point to a quarter of a million dollar's worth of work that had been done for the benefit of the sick and poor and for the propagation of the Faith. The crowning piece of his great work, was the building of the magnificent cathedral in London. The edifice which is described as being an excellent one, whether judged from a standpoint of architectural utility or of architectural beauty is a fitting monument to both the energy of the Bishop and clergy and the devotedness of the laity of the diocese of London. In 1889 his Grace was forced to sever his connection with afore-mentioned diocese. He had been in Rome attending the Pope's Jubilee in 1887, and it was during his homeward voyage, that Archbishop Lynch of Toronto departed this life to receive his reward in the hereafter of happiness. In 1889 Bishop Walsh was appointed to the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto, and in November of that year the Catholics of that city culled out a holiday, "to grace the chariot wheels" of the prelate who in the years of his early manhood had made their homes the scene of his labors. From that day to this, Archbishop Walsh has proved himself a worthy successor of the late lamented Archbishop Lynch. In a city like Toronto, where a majority of his fellow citizens are of a religious persuasion different from his own, the incumbent of a position like that of his Grace is liable at times to give offence to his dissenting fellow citizens. Archbishop Walsh has, however, been able to live in harmony with all, and this is due, not so much to tact but rather to the manly stand that he takes on all questions, and the generous tone of his utterances.

His Grace did not abandon his studies when he left his college and his seminary. The hours spared from his sacerdotal and episcopal duties, he spent in the acquisition of knowledge and in the improvement of his mind. His pastoral letters are described as having a style of their own. In 1869 though he was prevented from attending the Vatican Council, he published a pastoral on "the magisterial authority of the Church in

matters of faith and the nature of General Councils and their importance and bearing in Catholic theology on articles of faith."

This pastoral has received the high compliment of being said to present the matter in a manner unusually interesting to the reader. When Mr. Gladstone gave to the world his famous essay on the "Infallibility of the Pope," he was given an able reply from the pen of Archbishop Walsh. But it is through the pulpit and not through the press that Archbishop Walsh has gained most fame. Nature has lent much to his success by giving a fine appearance and a rich sonorous voice. To the latter, the Emerald Isle has contributed what many regard as a great improvement, a rich Irish accent. His own industry claims credit for the rest, his well-formed ideas, his breadth of knowledge, his forcible expression and his ornate style. Those who heard him preach and speak in St. Joseph's Church and in our Academic Hall will endorse these tributes to his oratory. Of such a man as Archbishop Walsh his native Isle and his adopted country are justified in feeling proud. May the Master he serves spare him for years ere He calls him to the reward of "the good and faithful servant."

## Noble Three Hundred.

After Margaret L. Shepherd gave one of her lectures at Owen Sound the success of her mission soon displayed itself. A Catholic lady holds a position as teacher in one of the schools of the town—we understand the Collegiate Institute—to the satisfaction of her pupils, their parents and the Board by which she is employed. This young lady rightly enjoys the confidence of all for the manner in which she performs her duties. But when Mrs. M. L. S. had sounded her note of dissension a number of what the Rev. Mr. Macdonald of St. Thomas calls "panicky Protestants" took the alarm and thought that the liberties of their religion were in danger as long as a single Catholic was teaching their children reading, writing and arithmetic. No matter how harmless these subjects might be in themselves they could not be trusted in the hands of a Catholic. Miss ——— must therefore go. And if she did not go it was not their fault. They drew up a petition signed by three hundred names of free born, liberty-loving Protestants. Three hundred strong they stormed the Board of School Trustees—to no effect. Be it recorded to the credit of the Trustees, they threw out the petition and supported their teacher, who, having served them with fidelity, should continue to receive their confidence in spite of that "most unblushing hypocrite," Margaret L., in spite of the petition and the noble three hundred.

## Guelph.

The Altar boys of the Church of Our Lady were entertained at dinner by the pastor, Rev. Father Kenny, S. J., on Thursday, 28th ult. The dinner took place at the Weston hotel, and the little fellows had a most enjoyable time. Rev. Father O'Loane, S. J., represented the parish priest on the occasion.

While driving in the country on Wednesday, 29th ult., Rev. Father Kavanaugh, S. J., met with quite a serious accident; a wheel came off his buggy, and the Rev. gentleman was thrown out, painfully injuring his shoulder.

New Year's day was celebrated in a fitting manner in the Church of Our Lady. At High Mass a powerful sermon was delivered by the R. v. Father Kenny, S. J., who prefaced the same by wishing the congregation a truly Happy New Year, and then proceeded to define the true meaning of this term. He deplored the fact that in too many cases this is but an empty phrase, issuing from the lips only, but when Christian meets Christian, it means more than that. The musical portion of the service was very enjoyable, the choir, assisted by outside talent, rendering Fowler's Mass in excellent style.



## A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

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## HOME RULE!

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

## ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt, Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historical interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

## P. MUNGOVEN.

## DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

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LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Dec. 16, 1893.

What has now come to be looked upon as the normal condition of the House of Commons was somewhat rudely disturbed last night by an acrimonious debate over such a serious question as the keeping of the Christmas holidays. From the muster on the Irish benches it was clear that something more enlivening than Parish Councils was to be the topic of the evening, and those who were attracted to the strangers' gallery by this evidence of a treat were not disappointed. The Irish members have not been attending very regularly lately with the exception of Mr Sexton, who is a financial authority and whose fidelity to his post is not eclipsed by any other member. An urgent whip had been issued by Mr. McCarthy to secure their attendance for this special occasion: so at question time they turned up in full force, several, amongst whom was Mr. Healy, putting in an appearance for the first time this session.

The adjournment of the House was moved by a Tory Member in order to discuss the present position of business and the threatened deprivation of the customary holidays. Before the Deputy Speaker was able to put the question as to whether forty members were of opinion that this was a matter of definite and urgent public importance. Mr. Sexton, from his watch tower below the gangway, inquired if the motion was in order, seeing that the whole question could be raised on the motion of adjournment for the holidays, which would be made in the ordinary course of events on Friday week. Mr. Gladstone signified his assent to this objection by a deep bass hear, hear, and Ministers generally were of opinion that the motion would be ruled out of order, but Mr. Mellor, weak and vacillating as usual, thought otherwise. The Tories cheered with vigour this decision of the Deputy Speaker, and when Mr. Mellor asked whether forty members were of opinion, that leave should be given, the entire opposition rose to their feet, and for the first time on an occasion like this Mr. Balfour stood up with several of his colleagues on the front opposition bench.

It was obvious that the whole scheme was a preconcerted one, for Mr. Balfour had come down to the House fortified with an elaborate speech, which bristled with quotations from the utterances of Mr. Gladstone when leader of the Opposition. The scene was an exciting one, and when Mr. Gladstone rose to meet the solid phalanx of obstruction arrayed against him, he was hailed with thunderous cheers from his followers. His remarks were brief, but they were barbed with satire, and the whole speech was a bold declaration of defiance. The real substantial issue involved in this resolution he said was whether the Government should abandon their Bill after so much labour, and he emphatically declared as the head of the Government that they had no such intention. The cheers from the Ministerialists were loud and long when the Premier with an angry gesture of the right hand flung this answer to the Opposition challenge across the table.

During the course of his speech he was subjected to a number of ill-mannered interruptions by Mr. Jesse Collings, a former supporter. For a time he took no notice of these yelpings from Bordesley, but they became so pronounced that at length, to the unbounded delight of the Ministerialists, he turned upon the right hon. gentleman with all his leonine wrath and crushed him. Mr. Balfour was in his most combative mood. He declared that the Bill should not go through without discussion, let the slave drivers flog as they like: and then varying his metaphor he reminded all whom it might concern that it

was impossible to get work out of an engine when its bearings were lost. Such were the choice flowers culled from the rhetoric of the Leader of the Opposition, while his threats and denunciations were uttered in the tone of the scold—that shrill, effeminate note which Mr. Balfour always emits when his indignation is at boiling point. Mr. T. P. O'Connor voiced the Irish Party, and his vigorous cutting denunciation of Mr. Chamberlain's obstruction tactics will, I fear, cause that thin-skinned politician many a sleepless night.

Sir Archibald Alison has an article upon "Armed Europe" in Blackwood's Magazine this month which may be studied with advantage. The pith of the article is contained in some figures showing the extraordinary race for military superiority which is now going on between the Great Powers of the Continent. The nations of Europe are all living in a state of constant preparation for instant war. "Some day," says Sir Archibald, "the strain will become unendurable, and this, if from no other cause, will lead to war as the only way of putting an end to it, and so enabling a general disarmament to take place. These war alliances are, of course, Russia and France on the one side, Germany, Austria and Italy on the other, with England neutral, but inclined to cast in her lot with the latter. The limit must soon be reached at which these two great Alliances can go on competing with one another, and the present localisation of the hostile forces, Sir Archibald declares, clearly indicates the points where and the intention with which they will be thrown sooner or later into the fight. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and it is his opinion that the present state of Europe cannot long continue. Everything conspires to show that we are fast approaching the moment when the sword will be drawn. The increase in the German Army, the result of which will soon impoverish the country, may precipitate the conflict, while the presence of Russia in the Mediterranean and the wildly enthusiastic manner in which her naval officers have lately been received in France, show how a community of interests has bred a lasting alliance. France cannot recover Alsace-Lorraine without the aid of Russia, while Russia can never hope to get an outlet on the Mediterranean or on the Pacific without the aid of France. These are the dangers which present themselves to any student of European politics, and the prospect of the great war of the future must always have the greatest interest for England.

The precautions at the House of Commons against the occurrence of any catastrophe similar to that which took place in the French Chamber the other day have not, I think, been increased. The fact is, ever since the dynamite outrages at Westminster in the last decade, stringent restrictions with respect to the admission of strangers have been carried out, which leave scarcely a loophole for Anarchist operations. The slightest irregularity is noted with eagle eye by the chief inspector and his assistants, and reported instantly to the Sergeant-at-Arms. Every stranger who seeks admission to the outer lobby, or central hall, and committee-rooms, has to pass quite a cordon of policemen, who question him as to his business. The policemen make it a rule to attach suspicion to handbags or parcels, and the bearers thereof have to submit to a rigorous scrutiny. I remember once entering the House with a friend, and having a small satchel in my hand. Although I had my pass the policeman at one of the inner doors asked more or less to see the interior of my bag. I remonstrated, saying, "you need not search, you will not find nothing there but a little dynamite." Still he respectfully persisted, and after satisfying himself

as to the non-explosive character of the contents, I was allowed to proceed to my destination.

I think that my advice to people enjoying fine weather and a delightful climate, who are meditating a visit to England just now, would be that of *Punch* to people about to marry. Don't. It is much milder than it was a short time ago, so much so, indeed, that many of us have felt compelled to drop our heavier clothing. But to-day it has been raining hard and blowing a small gale again, and it requires some skill to keep an umbrella from turning inside out, especially when you have to go about with one hand on your hat, a man never fails to feel ridiculous when the wind, which is, according to the poet, "the breath of autumn's being," plays pranks with his gingham. His position is almost as mortifying as when his hat flies off and commits suicide under the wheels of an omnibus or cab.

League of the Cross.

The League of the Cross held its final meeting of the year on Sunday afternoon. There was an extra large number of members present. Mr. R. J. Wallbridge, 1st Vice President, occupied the chair.

The total abstinence pledge was administered to four young men by the Rev. Father Tracy, after which the Rev. Father Hand congratulated the sodality on the large increase in membership during the year, about one hundred and fifty. He felt confident that the members would redouble their exertions during the coming year, and concluded his address by wishing those present a happy new year, asking the blessing of God upon them and their families.

Mr. W. P. Murphy delivered an effective address, calling upon the members to show by their lives that a total abstinence and practical Catholic was the best type of a citizen. Mr. J. E. Day followed with a few well-chosen remarks, after which select programme was taken part in by several of the members present. Master Simonds, in a recitation, particularly distinguished himself.

The members of the League intend to be guided by the advice of their Rev. Director, and will begin the year '94 with the intention of bringing their membership up to five hundred.

Sunnyside Orphanage.

Wednesday of last week was a day of special joy for the Sisters and children of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, it being the Feast Day of their devoted Chaplain, Rev. Father Lynch. The feast commenced by the celebration of Mass, at which, the voices of two hundred children rang out with exquisite sweetness, filling the air with angelic harmony, and ascending to the throne of the Most High, from whence most assuredly blessings must descend upon their cherished father. In the afternoon Benediction was given by Father Lynch, and again these young voices chanted the "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo" with a pathos and correctness we might expect only from maturer singers. In the evening the children went through a charming programme, in the course of which, an address from all the girls and boys was read by a bright little girl. Father Lynch thanked them warmly for their kind tribute, after which all adjourned, secretly praying that their noble friend might be spared for many years, to continue the duties of his sacred calling.

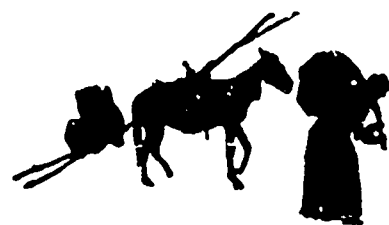
Christmas Donations.

The following Christmas donations have been forwarded to the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside:

His Grace Archbishop Walsh, \$15; Mr. George Kiely, \$100. Mr. Alexander McDonald, \$10. Mr. L. Cosgrave, \$10; Anonymous, \$2. L. Coffee & Co., 20 bags of flour; The Misses Smith, two cases of oranges, one pair of candies; Christie, Brown & Co., two barrels of biscuits; Mrs. LeMaitre, a turkey, also a quantity of clothing; Mrs. F. Smith, a turkey and a goose; Mr. C. Flanagan, 6 turkeys; Mr. O'Keefe, side of beef; R. & T. Watson, 4 boxes of candies; Miss Lee, candy and illustrated newspapers; Miss Coffey, Rosedale, one case of oranges; Mrs. Richards, candies; Mrs. Kenny, 8 jars of preserves and some toys; Mrs. Gallagher, candies and lemons.

Rev. Mother Ball.

The Ladies of Loretto celebrate the centenary of the foundress, of their Order in Ireland, the saintly Mother Ball, on the 8th of January. In our next issue will be given a short sketch of this holy person's life, and the beneficent Order has been to education, both in Ireland and America.



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**TEACHER WANTED.**

FEMALE, for Separate School Section No. 7, Snydenham. Salary not to exceed \$240. Duties to commence on the 2nd of January, 1894. Address, EDWARD DUGGAN, Secretary, Woodford P. O., Ont.

**WANTED** AN ENERGETIC CATHOLIC man of business disposition and ready habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply with references, to HENZIGER BROTHERS, 36 to 38 Barclay St., New York.

## THE BISHOP'S STORY.

A Scotch Bishop was traveling on foot through the mountains of his diocese. The night surprised him in a forest into which he had strayed. After seeking shelter in which to pass the night, he at last came to a thatched cottage inhabited by a poor family. The good people received him without knowing whom they had welcomed under their roof. The Bishop, on his side, was equally ignorant of who his hosts were. Were they Catholics? Were they Protestants? There were no signs to enlighten him in his doubts.

After several minutes of mutual reserve, the mother, who appeared to be a widow, with eagerness mingled with respect made a gesture to the children to offer suitable hospitality to the stranger. In a few minutes the modest table was prepared and the Bishop was invited to partake of their simple but plentiful repast. The Bishop studied his people, and it was not long before he perceived that in spite of their efforts to hide it, some great trouble was burdening their minds. After some moments' hesitation he emboldened to say:

"You are all very well, but you appear to me to be very sad."

"Alas! yes," answered the mother, who seemed to be waiting for the question to unburden her mind. "Yes, we are sad. In the room adjoining us is our poor father lying on his couch dying, and what affects us most is that he pretends that he is to live and obstinately refuses to prepare for death."

"May I see him?" said the Bishop with surprise.

"Willingly," said the woman, with that confidence peculiar to afflicted souls, and immediately she introduced her guest into the little chamber of the sick man. Truly the old man was reduced to the last extremity. Death was but a step away, and he was not willing to die. At first allusion to the subject he seemed to regain all his vigor, and answered with all his strength:

"No, I shall not die!"

"But, my friend, consider this: We all must die, and your sickness joined to your age—"

"I tell you I shall not die. No, it is impossible! And to all the reflections which were used to persuade him he made the invariable response—"I shall not die!—I shall not die yet!"

Finally the Bishop said: "You have no more than a breath of life; tell me what reason you have for believing you will not die?"

The reasonableness of this question seemed to strike the dying man, and, throwing a look full of life on the Bishop, he said:

"Sir, are you a Catholic?"

"I am," answered the Bishop.

"In that case," said the sick man, "I will tell you why I shall not die, and collecting all his strength, he raised himself up in his bed, and in a strong, though dying voice, said. "I also am a Catholic and, sir, since my First Communion until to day I have never omitted to ask of our Lady the grace not to die without having a priest at my bed. And do you believe that my Mother will not hear me? It is impossible! It is impossible! I shall not die!"

"My child," said the Bishop, touched to the depths of his soul, "my child, your prayer has been answered. The one who speaks to you is not only a priest, but is your Bishop. The Holy Mother has conducted me through the forest to receive your last sigh," and opening his mantle he showed the dying man his pectoral cross.

And at the sight of this he cried: "O Mary, my good Mother, I thank you." Then turning to the Bishop he said. "Hear my confession. Now, I believe I am going to die." Several moments afterwards, purified for the last time, he died a happy death.

"No one has ever invoked the Blessed Virgin without being heard," says St. Bernard. No matter what happens, never, never despair. "It is impossible," says St. Francis Ligouri, "for a true servant of Mary to be lost."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

## How to Save Boys.

Women who have some sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor—they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it that their homes compete with the public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends on you. Believe, if possible, that with exertion and right means a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

## Things Catholics Do Not Believe.

Catholics do not believe that any man can obtain salvation by his own good deeds, independently of the merits and passion of Jesus Christ and his grace, or that he can make any satisfaction for the guilt of his sins or acquire any merits except through the Saviour. Catholics do not believe that it is allowable to break a lawful oath or tell a lie, even for the conversion of a kingdom, or to do anything whatever of a sinful nature to promote the supposed interests of their church. The false and pernicious principle that the "end justifies the means," or that one may do evil that good may come is utterly condemned by the Catholic Church. Catholics do not believe that Protestants who are baptized, who lead a good life, love God and their neighbor, who avoid evil and do good, who are blamelessly ignorant of Catholic truth, and of the just claims of the Catholic church to be the only true religion, are excluded from heaven provided they believe there is one God in three divine persons (or unity in trinity and trinity in unity): that God will reward the good and punish the bad hereafter; that Jesus is the Son of God, made man who redeemed us, and in whom we must trust for our salvation, and provided they thoroughly repent of having ever by their sins offended God.—*Catholic News.*

The promptness with which Ayer's Cherry Pectoral stops a hacking cough and induces refreshing sleep is something marvelous. It never fails to give instant relief, even in the worst cases of throat and lung trouble, and is the best remedy for whooping cough.

The death of Mrs. Kidd, Ballywilliam, occurred at her residence on December 1st, at the advanced age of 75 years. The deceased lady, who was mother of Mr. John Kidd, of Ballywilliam, and Mr. Kidd, of Newtownbarry, was for the past half century a resident of Ballywilliam.

## How to Care for an Umbrella.

It is very injurious to a good silk umbrella to use it alternately for the sun and rain, as some women, especially in the country, still persist in doing. A sunshade should never be dampened, nor should a rain umbrella be subjected to the heat. A damp, perspiring hand passing over the silk takes the body out. It is a great mistake to strap up a parasol or an umbrella in a tight roll. Though it is sometimes more convenient to carry it in the case in the case in travelling, such a case does more to wear out the silk by friction than any regular use of the umbrella. When the umbrella is at the house, not in use, it is far better to leave the case off and let it stand in the corner of a closet or lie in a drawer, where it will be protected from the dust. The old idea that twilled silk wears better in an umbrella than plain silk is certainly disproved. The best silk for an umbrella is a taffeta of strong, even weave. Where there is a tear in a material, one part of the silk must be weaker than the other, and the weakest part between the ribs or cords is apt to crack.

## Love in Rags.

A baby carriage stood in front of a small shop. In it slept a pretty, dimpled baby. A drowsy puppy lay on the pillow, its black nose close to the baby's cheek.

By the carriage stood a ragged little waif, dirty, with scarcely enough clothes for decency. She stroked in turn the baby and the puppy.

A lady passing by noticed the strange picture—the beautiful baby, the little dog, the ragged child. The baby's mother was in the shop.

"Are you caring for these?" said the lady to the waif.

A wonderful smile lit up the dirty little face.

"No, please, ma'am, I'm only loving them."

## Poor Blood.

Persons, sick and convalescent whose blood grows poor and thin who have a distaste for food, whose members grow cold and inactive, whose sleep is agitated and uneasy, whose flesh is wasting away, who have no energy and disinclination to work, should use Almoxia Wine, recommended by all the principal physicians. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agent for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

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**The Flight into Egypt.**

By Rev. Francis Mahoney (Father Prout.)

There's a legend that's told of a gipsy who dwelt  
In the land where the Pyramids be;  
And her robe was embroidered with stars, and her belt  
With devices, right wondrous to see  
And she lived in the days when our Lord was a child  
On his mother's immaculate breast;  
When he fled from his foes when to Egypt exiled,  
He went down with St. Joseph the blest.

This Egyptian held converse with magic, we think,  
And the future was given to her gaze;  
For an obelisk marked her abode, and a sphinx  
On her threshold kept vigil always.  
She was pensive and ever alone, nor was seen  
In the haunts of the dissolute crew;  
But commune with the ghosts of the Pharaohs, I ween,  
Or with visitors wrapped in a shroud.

And there came an old man from the desert one day,  
With a child on a mule, by that road,  
And a maid on her bosom reclined, and the way  
Led them straight to the gipsy's abode;  
And they seemed to have travelled a wearisome path,  
From their home many, many a league—  
From a tyrant's pursuit, from an enemy's wrath,  
Spent with toil, and a crooked with fatigue.

And the gipsy came forth from her dwelling, and prayed  
That the pilgrims would rest them awhile,  
And offered her couch to that delicate maid,  
Who had come many, many a mile;  
And she fondled the babe with affection's caress,  
And she begged the old man would repose:  
Here the stranger, she said, as or finds free access,  
And the wanderer balm for his woes.

Then her guests from the glare of the noonday she led  
To a seat in her grotto so cool,  
Where she spread them a banquet of fruits—and a shed,  
With a manger, was found for the mule;  
With the wine of the palm tree, with the dates newly  
Culled,  
All the toll of the road she beguiled;  
And with song in a language mysterious she lulled  
On her bosom the way-faring child.

When the gipsy anon in her Ethiope hand  
Placed the infant's diminutive palm,  
Oh 'twas fearful to see how the features she scanned  
Of the babe in his slumber so calm!  
Well she noted each mark and each furrow that crossed  
O'er the tracings of destiny's lines:  
"WISSEZ CAME YE?" she cried, in astonishment lost,  
"FOR THIS CHILD IS OF LINAGE DIVINE!"

"From the village of Nazareth," Joseph replied,  
"Where we dwelt in the land of the Jew;  
We have fled from a tyrant, whose garment is dyed  
In the gore of the children he slew;  
We were told to remain till an angel's command  
Should appoint us the hour to return;  
But till then we inhabit the foreigner's land,  
And in Egypt we make our sojourn."

"Then ye tarry with me?" cried the gipsy in joy.  
"And ye make of my dwelling your home;  
Many years have I prayed that the Israelite boy  
(Blessed hope of the Gentiles!) would come."  
And she kissed both the feet of the infant and knelt,  
And adored him at once; then a smile  
Lit the face of his mother, who cheerfully dwelt  
With her host on the banks of the Nile.

**The Music of Christmastide.**

Hark! the waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep. What images do I associate with the Christmas music! Known before all others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes unlifted, following a star; a Baby in a manger; a Child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men, a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back to life the son of a widow, on his bier; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where He sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in temper, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon His knee, and other children around; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying on a cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what to do!"  
—Dickens.

**A Beautiful Gift.**

An unknown lady presented a most beautiful and costly crucifix to the church of the Holy Innocents, New York, with a request that when the congregation looked at it "they would pray that the one great cross of her life might be lifted." A mission for women was terminated in the church recently by the Paulist Fathers, and during the services the beautiful piece of art was unveiled and blessed. It took up a position at the head of the right row of pews, where lights from a hundred candles beamed upon it. Father Youman, C. S. P., referred to the delicate religious sentiment of the unpretentious giver in concluding his sermon, and Father McCabo dwelt upon the subject specially before concluding the ceremony of unveiling and benediction. "Let everyone who beholds it," he said, "offer up a prayer for the devout person who has thus sought to describe the weight of woe in her heart. Let us ardently ask that the trouble may be soon removed."

**Gladstone's Policy.**

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.  
Sir—Could I trouble you for space in your truly patriotic paper to say a few words on the above subject, and at the same time to apologize to you Mr. Editor for having caused such chagrin by expressing views which are apparently antagonistic to yours on the Irish problem. By no means do I mean to be at variance with any person who may deem it an incumbent duty to criticize and comment on the inconsistencies and actions of public men, I think otherwise. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone was converted to the Policy of Home Rule for Ireland. Well, in justice it may be asked, what caused Mr. Gladstone to accept the doctrine of conciliation and abandon that of coercion? This may appear of little consequence to many of your gentle readers, but yet, the fact remains. In 1886 the late Mr. Parnell stood at the head of a United Irish Party, and by his tact skill and ability as a Statesman with a United Ireland behind him marching in one solid phalanx forced the hand, aye, the big right hand of Mr. Gladstone and his Liberal following to grasp the Irish Question in right earnest, or, sacrifice his spoils of office. As a matter of expediency, and thirsting for office and its emoluments, the cause of Home Rule was espoused and came within the domain of practical politics; and as a consequence, thenceforward, "Ireland blocked the way." That so much has been said on the merits and demerits of the Home Rule Bill it is needless I should enter at any great length in laudation or otherwise, of the Bill. Suffice it to say, though ugly and venomous as it is, it wears yet a jewel in its head. It contains the vital spark, the principle of Home Rule for Ireland. On analysis of the Bill what do we find? The great questions which most affect the welfare of the nation, and which is conducive to the people, i.e., the Land question, the Judiciary, and the Police are retained in the hands of the Imperial Parliament for a stated definite period, and furthermore, the right of the Revenue of the country, and as a guide pro quo for this right it does out to the Irish people the munificent sum of £500,000 annually. Let it be granted, this vaunted measure of Home Rule is firmly established in the old House in College Green, what then? These Legislators cannot touch the Land question, they have no control over the Police, and the judiciary is far in a way beyond their reach. Am I within my rights in asking an opinion? How is the Irish nation to live and thrive under such a form of Government? Let me take another point of view of the situation. If, instead of the Irish Representation being torn asunder by petty squabbles and internal dissensions they acted as a unit, would the Bill be what it is? I emphatically say, no. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues in the Liberal Cabinet would make England ring with his oft repeated motto, "Ireland Blocks the Way," and it is very questionable whether that Hereditary Chamber, the House of Lords, would offer such determined opposition to a just and ample measure of Irish autonomy. And now, forsooth, those who hold independent views in Irish politics, and who warn the people of the threatened danger hanging over them, by placing implicit confidence in English Statesmen who have generation after generation shamefully and recklessly broken faith with the Irish, are to be denounced in all the moods and tenses. It is certainly amusing. It must be admitted the present government could not hold office, but for the Irish whig M.P.s., who pledged themselves up to the hilt that the "Evicted Tenants" were to be reinstated, the political prisoners released, and that Home rule was assured. Have any of those pledges been fulfilled? Echo answers, no. Then it may be inferred, the real foes of the

"Evicted Tenants" and the political prisoners are those who are covering and intriguing with a so called Liberal Government.  
I am sir, yours truly,  
JOHN O'S. BANNON.  
Montreal, December 23d, 1893.

The remains of Mr. William Pelin, Ballindrum, were interred, on November 21st, in the family burial place at Kilrush, after the Requiem Office and High Mass at Killoead Church. The celebrant of the High Mass was the Rev. R. Quinn, C. C., Killoead; deacon, the Rev. Philip Ryan, C. C., St. Laurence O'Tool's; sub deacon, Rev. Father Fonnely, C. C., Rathmines.

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

B. H. McCorkell, Esq., Richmond, Derry; Frank G. C. Stevenson, Esq., Knockan, Derry; and Frank Watney, Esq., Landmore, Aghadowney, have been named for the office of High Sheriff of Derry. Recently, Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, attended at the Presentation Convent, Cashel, to receive the final vows of Miss Norris O'Connell, daughter of Mrs. O'Connell, Tipperary, and niece of Dean Kinane, P.P., of Cashel. After the ceremony the clerical and lay friends of the novice were sumptuously entertained by the hospitable nuns.

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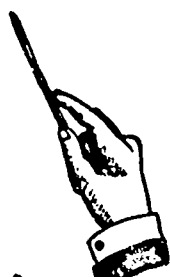
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## The Catholic Register,

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### TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Messrs. Patrick Mungovan and Thomas  
Duignan,

CITY AGENT.

Mr. Lawrence O'Byrne.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1894.

### Calendar for the Week.

- Jan 4—Octavo of the Holy Innocents.  
5—Vigil of the Epiphany  
6—Epiphany.  
7—Sunday within the Octavo of the  
Epiphany.  
8—Second day within the Octavo of  
Epiphany.  
9—Third day.  
10—Fourth day.

### The New Year.

Our first word in this issue is our sincere greeting to our subscribers for a happy new year. May that true happiness which has its origin in the bosom of God, its essence in His grace, and its crown in His reward, rest upon all—upon your Christian homes and the vaster circle of society in which you live.

We do not look forward to the year with as much confidence as we might under other circumstances. There is no use concealing the fact—the storm of persecution is bursting upon us with a rage which has not even yet characterized Ontario; and Ontario has never treated Catholics with much leniency. The hour has come when sworn bands of hypocrites will try to drive our poor people out of all social synagogues; when they will close the very avenues of common intercourse to us, and turn our artisans and our laborers out upon the highway of want and poverty. Blessed are we in such hour if we suffer persecution for justice sake. These things happen to us not without a purpose; and although the whole purpose may not yet be clear to us, we know that through such trials God wills our sanctification. Therefore while we cannot look forward to the year as we would if all was peace: still we look forward with the courage and confidence of those who know they are battling for the right. And as the brunt of the fight rests upon the front ranks, so in this struggle, it rests upon our laity, upon the men and women who in various walks of life bear the heats and burthens. To them our heart goes out in sympathy and confidence that they will be true to the great principles of their faith—that they will walk circumspectly, with the hopeful prayer that in proportion to their greater good these days will be shortened and the cloud pass quickly. Glancing at the arms of our enemies we need not fear; for men armed with oath-bound secrets are not the bravest, and skulkers who need the lodge-room for a fortress can never strike with terror forces disciplined by patience, justice, truth and charity.

### Transubstantiation.

Returning to the *Evangelical Churchman* upon Transubstantiation we proceed to consider the exact meaning of the words of consecration themselves.

The pronoun *This (hoc)* at the beginning of a sentence is indefinite and undetermined, and we must wait until the Speaker has completed the proposition. The pronoun cannot signify bread, as both in Latin and Greek bread is masculine and the pronoun *This* is used in the neuter gender. The pronoun signifies merely the presence of something which is defined and shown in the predicate. Christ's words therefore signify that that which He gives to eat and drink—receive, eat, drink ye all of this—is His Body, His Blood. This is confirmed by the emphatic way in which the predicate is expressed by the three Evangelists, Sts. Matthew, Mark and Luke, with the repeated article in Greek, so that the sense is: "This which I give to eat is My very body, the very one which is given for you; and that which I give to drink is My own very Blood, the very Blood of the New Testament, the very Blood which will be shed for you."

This proper and immediate use of the words is shown also by the adjuncts both of Him Who instituted the Blessed Eucharist and of the Apostles whom He commanded to celebrate it in His memory. It was most fitting the wisdom, truth and goodness of Christ that He should use these words—few and simple as they are—in their proper sense. For three years the Apostles had been the continued witnesses of our Lord's omnipotence. Some of them had seen Him change water into wine; all of them had seen Him feed the multitude on a few loaves and fishes, and had heard Him call Lazarus from the grave. They heard Him promise that He would give them His Body to eat and His Blood to drink. Now when He was fulfilling this promise and establishing the great rite of the new dispensation they received his words according to their natural signification, without doubt or question, trusting the almighty power of their Master to effect what He said, and His divine wisdom to attain His desired end. It is repugnant that such a Teacher should speak so obscurely to such disciples under the circumstances under which He was addressing them, that instead of leaving them a pledge of His love and a bond of union He would leave them a snare for dissension—that they should be deceived not on account of the hardness of their heart and want of faith, but on account of their simplicity and perfect submission to His authoritative word, when He said: "This is my body; this is my Blood."

We pass on to the word *is*, which *The Evangelical Churchman* assures us should by a study of the context of the gospels and I. Cor. x. 24, be taken not literally but figuratively as in many places of Scripture. To prove this figurative meaning *The Churchman* quotes the following from Scripture: "The seed is the word of God," "Their throat is an open sepulchre," "Judah is a lion's whelp," "All flesh is grass," "I am the door," "I am

the true vine," "The rock was Christ." Our answer to this is that whenever our Lord's harvest found difficulties by taking His words in the literal sense instead of a figurative one He explained them immediately in a figurative sense. e.g. His interview with Nicodemus; St. Mat. xvi., 8, where he said to His disciples, "Take heed and beware of the haven of the Pharisees and Sadducees"; St. John xv., 82, and St. John xi., 11. From these passages it will be clearly seen, that when His hearers misunderstood His words He explained them. When they understood them right and found fault with them He repeated the very sentiment which gave offence. We refer the *Churchman* to St. Mat. ix., 2, *et seq.*, where the question concerns the man sick of palsy; also to St. John viii., 56-58; and more particularly to the 6th chap. of St. John, where the promise of the Blessed Eucharist is so emphatically made.

These passages quoted by the *Churchman* are not parallel; for we are not left to ourselves to conjecture that the figurative meaning is intended to be conveyed—which the context expressly informs us. Had the *Churchman* quoted the whole verse of I. Cor. x., 4, he would have shown better faith; "And all drank the same spiritual drink (and they drank of the spiritual rock, that followed them: and the rock was Christ)." The fact that the verb *to be* occurs in each of these passages by no means makes them parallel. The first and last are positively stated by their authors to be figurative. And as to the others, the context and the circumstances in which they were uttered place them at once under figurative language. The contrary is the case with the words of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament: This is My Body, this is My Blood. These are clearly literal. But we deny the parallelism for another reason: the sentences are not the same. In the passages quoted by the *Churchman* the subjects are definite and determined—"the seed," "their throat," "Judah," "all flesh," "I," "that rock." These are all said to be something else; and as two material objects cannot be identical, we are obliged to seek another meaning. But there is no necessity when the subject is vague and is determined only by the predicate. Christ did not say "Bread is my Body." The word *This* is nothing but the Body and the Blood—meaning nothing until, at the close of the sentence identified with the substances named by the predicate. We thus come in our argument to the point from which we started in to-day's issue; and here we pause, fearing we have already wearied our readers: but our defence of Rome's chief truth is our apology.

### The Contest.

A very able article entitled: "The Coming Contest with a retrospect" by Rev. Alfred Young, appears in the *Catholic World* for this month, which is not without very serious import to us in Ontario. When we reflect that large and increasing numbers of our fellow citizens are banded together in oath-bound societies and midnight plots against us—determined to ostra-

cize us, to cut us off from all intercourse, social and political, to poison the very wells of life from which we draw the waters of subsistence, we can with profit cast a retrospect upon the past and a glance upon the coming contest. Father Young takes for his text an extract from the *Congregationalist*.

"The battle between Protestantism and Romanism (*etc*) is yet to be fought; and, if we do not wrongly read the signs of the times, it is to be fought on this continent sooner, perhaps, and with more terrible earnestness than we have thought."

In accepting this challenge Father Y. has no objection provided the contest is to be "between reason and reason, history and history, doctrine and doctrine, principle and principle." But he protests against A.P.A. methods with great vigor. "Let us have," he says, "no fraud, no forgery, no un-American, secret, skulking methods of the midnight assassin, no firebrands of the incendiary, no social ostracism or political disfranchisement of fellow-citizens for conscience' sake, no violations of a freeman's right of domicile by Massachusetts 'smelling committees,' no combinations to affect a nullification of the constitutional guarantee of the freedom of religion, no setting up of a tyranny in this free land which would hamstring the opponent by depriving parents of their inalienable rights; in a word, no resort to methods of warfare which are damnable in the sight of God and of man, and which would stain the records of American history, whether successful or not, with an ineffaceable blot of disgrace."

These are our sentiments. What is the difference between the two situations, that in Ontario and that in the United States? We are accused of aggression. The *Mail* with its "unmitigated misstatements" and its firebrand correspondents leads the van; and never loses an opportunity of venting its rage of political disappointment upon an unoffending minority. Preachers like Provost Boddy who declares the Roman Church to be one of the deadliest enemies of the Protestant majority; and like Principal Cavan and Dr. Langtry who strive by special pleading and unworthy reasoning to justify the establishment of a Society aggressive in its aims, cowardly in its methods, and hypocritical in its garb—preachers like these are sowing the gospel of hatred and are perpetuating dissensions which every patriot would too gladly see perish. Wherein have we offended? Show us our aggressive policy. True we are not prepared to hand over the education of our children to the state—is that aggression? Is it aggression because we wish to devote our taxes to the conscientious religious education of souls? Is it aggression because we call hands off to those who are attacking our institutions in every form, from the underhand attempts upon our schools to the agitation for the taxation of our charities and our churches? Is it aggression because we insist upon something like a share in the administration of the affairs of this country? In a word is it aggression because we protest against being ostracised? Yet leaders in Israel like Provost Boddy, Principal Cavan, Dr. Langtry would have Protestants believe that Catholics are aggressive.

And they are all, all honorable men. The aggression is the other way. What means the encouragement of fallen, *soi disant* priests through this country by the press, the pulpit and the mayor's chair? What is that but aggression when a whole country side turns out to hear a wretch whose very presence is corruption and beneath whose tongue is the poison of asps? Let Margaret L. lecture in any town, and whatever be the reason all the country pharisees wag their head in self righteousness and say there must be something in it, else why do they not contradict her? How is it that any man, much less a man, sworn to administer the affairs of a whole city, can show his appreciation of one whose shame the very Bible which he presents to her cannot hide, excuse or correct? Can Catholics expect justice at his hands? That is aggression of the worst form, poisoning the very fountains of society. We do not think that the Provost of Trinity College, or the Principal of Knox College or Dr. Langtry would wish to be found in such company, to be associated with the Fultous and the Shepherds—but they owe it to themselves and their fellow-citizens, to common justice and Christian charity not to talk of the Catholic Church as a deadly enemy, or justify P. P. A. by unfounded theories of Catholic aggression.

#### The Date of the Birth of Christ.

While all good Christians are rejoicing at the coming of the God-man into this world of ours and celebrating with all imaginable pomp the festivals which recall His early childhood, we shall take advantage of this piety which the time excites and the devotional interest which these feasts inspire, to say something of their origin; their historic relation to one another; and their chronological authority in presence of ancient history and modern discoveries. The principal event in the life of our Lord is His Nativity; the coming of the Second Person of the adorable Trinity into this world of ours—a child among the children of men. Historians have labored ever since the days of Justin to determine exactly the year in which this great event took place, and with so little success, that at the present day many of the chronologies put forward by the more learned amongst them resemble more the guesses of the school-boy than the prudent calculations of the enlightened scientist. Of one thing at least we may be assured with regard to the computation of the Christian era, viz., that it is in its present form quite inexact. It is well known that the monk Denis the Little (856 A.D.) was the first to inaugurate the new system of "year of our Lord." He placed the date of the first Christmas in the year 754, from the foundation of Rome. This he called the year *one* of the Christian era. This computation was followed by all the astronomers and historians of the time; and thus it has been universally accepted as an acknowledged fact that Christ was born in the year 754, Roman time. This position is no longer tenable, and the calculations of Denis are now rejected by modern chronology, which would place the

birth of Christ in or about the year 740 (A.U.C) that is five or six years before the Christian era. That our Lord was born during the reign of Augustus (740 769) we know from St. Luke, and the early Christian Fathers which have been confirmed by the Sibyllin prophecies. St. Luke is precise on this point. In the second chapter of his gospel, he tells us that Christ was born in Bethlehem, whither his parents had gone for enrolment in accordance with the edict of Augustus. Although the rationalism of the French capital has denied the existence of this enrolment in order to bring the narrative of St. Luke into discredit, yet a closer study of the contemporary history of the period, and still more recent discoveries of marbles, which contain data of that age, serve to corroborate the veracity of St. Luke's recital.

Besides the early Christian fathers of the Church we have the famous "Brenarium Imperii," written by Augustus himself in which are enumerated all the resources of the empire, and the amount of taxes levied. It is in fact the ledger of the Emperor. It was to this document that Tertullian referred when he said to the Marcionites 160 years after the death of Augustus "the original documents of the enrolment of Augustus are still preserved in the Imperial archives. They furnish a most authentic testimony relative to the birth of the Saviour." St. Justin who was born near Jerusalem wrote (188 A.D.) "Jesus Christ was born at Bethlehem. You may assure yourself of it by consulting the census which Quirinus your governor, has made in Judea. On the walls of a temple in Ancyra, Galatea, we find an epitome of the life of Augustus in which is remembered the enrolment of Syria. The fact then of the enrolment is certain and that it took place after the battle of Actium, 746 (A.U.C) we may rest assured, since that was the time when Augustus assumed the Imperial purple. St. Luke then is supported by profane history. The fact of the enrolment is then certain, and that it took place under Quirinus is likewise undeniable; starting on the supposition that the decree for the enrolment of Syria and Judea was promulgated in the Roman senate about the year 747. Roman time, we should be naturally led to adopt, 749 as the most probable date of its publication in the village of Nazareth, where Mary and Joseph then resided. Its publication in Rome about the year 747 (A.U.C.) did not at all imply its execution in Nazareth in the same year. We must assume that many preparations were necessary beforehand; the sending of the letters to the pastors and governors of the provinces—the selection of scribes and clerks who would preside at the census booths in the different cities and burghs. Moreover when the edict would arrive at the government of Quirinus, to whom was entrusted the enrolment of Syria and Judea, he would not in haste publish it. That such an enrolment was naturally odious to the Jewish people, he knew full well, since it meant the first act of servitude to the stranger—the oath of allegiance to a

Gentile King, on whom had devolved the ancient sceptre of Juda. It meant, moreover, the intimate knowledge which the Jews would give of themselves, their families, their houses and lands, and all that to serve the Roman tax-gatherers, who would come soon after to complete the work of the *censitores* Quirinus then did not in his Roman prudence immediately publish the edict. He would first of all send trusty officers into the various centres of his government to sound the feelings of the people, and then, and then only would he publish the decree of his emperor. Again, even when the decree had been published, we are not to suppose that the villagers of Nazareth were the first to receive notice of it. Nazareth is a most out of the way place, on the slopes of Mt. Thabor and about 100 miles directly north of Jerusalem. In such a backward place, the good people would not hear of the Roman decree until the whole surrounding country had already been enrolled. Thus whole months would have passed before Mary and Joseph would undertake that eventful journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, where Christ was born. Taking all these facts into consideration we shall have no hesitation in asserting that the first Christmas took place in the year 749 from the foundation of Rome, the year 4,000 from the creation of man and five years before the present Christian era. We should so far have made but little progress in exactly determining the date did we regard only the second chapter of St. Luke. St. Mathew enlightened us still further. He tells us in the second chapter of his Gospel that Christ "was born in Bethlehem of Juda in the days of Herod the king;" Josephus tells us that Herod reigned in Judea about 37 years, dying about the year 751 from the foundation of Rome. He was immediately succeeded by Archelaus at whose accession the angel warned Joseph to return from Egypt with the child. Christ was therefore born before the year 751.

Following St. Mathew we find that a little while after the flight of the magi, Herod gave the infamous order to kill all the male children that were in Bethlehem and in all the borders thereof; from two years old and under according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the Wisemen. These last words are of the greatest import. Herod had previously learned from the Wisemen "the time of the star which appeared to them," and having taken into consideration the great distance they had travelled, the extensive preparations they were obliged to make for such a journey, and the numerous delays which they had en route, he judged that Christ must have been at that time a child in his second year and accordingly gave the infamous order to kill "the male children from two years and under," hoping that the young King of the Jews would perish in the general massacre. Suppose for a moment that our Lord at the time of the slaughter of the Holy Innocents were a mere babe a few months old, the words "from two years and under" would have no sig-

nification, and Herod was too systematic a tyrant to exceed even in cruelty. Taking all these facts then into consideration, that 1st Joseph and Mary returned from Egypt at the death of Herod in the year 751 A.U.C. 2nd that according to an old tradition, our Lord's stay in Egypt was only of a few months duration, and consequently the massacre of the Holy Innocents and the Flight into Egypt must have taken place about 750--751 Roman time, 3rd that our Lord was most probably a child in His second year at the coming of the magi, and according to the opinion of Epiphanius and St. Leo. Judging from the order of Herod—putting all these facts I say, together, we shall be very accurate in saying that the Light of Nations was born into this world in the year 749 from the foundation of Rome, 4,000 years from the creation of man, and five years before the present Christian era.

#### The Elections.

The results of last Monday's elections were in the case of Toronto a surprise to many by reason of the large majority obtained by the new mayor elect, Mr. Warring Kennedy. Mr. Fleming—who was defeated by 4,409, the vote standing 18,503 and 9,094—labored under the difficulty that he was running for a third term; that during his time of office taxes were high, although he was only reaping what others had sowed. Conservatism, with all its organization and power, worked against Mr. Fleming. Another foe upon which he had to reckon was the Protestant Persecuting Association. Whether its strength told much in the four thousand it is hard to say. The *Globe* concludes it does not, from the fact that whereas in the Fourth Ward Mr. Fleming is beaten by 1,160 votes, a Catholic Ald. Burns, heads the poll; and Mr. Fleming's minority is smaller in the Fifth Ward where ex-Ald. Bell reigns.

What difference this result will make to Catholics time will tell. If Mr. Kennedy is true to the promises he made the night of his election, when "he assured them (his hearers) that he would administer affairs faithfully at City Hall, and that neither color, race, creed nor politics would have the slightest influence with him in the discharge of his duty." We hope he will be a man of his word; although we would have more confidence if we did not see sneaking at his back the stealthy figure of the P. P. A.

Ald. Burns is the only Catholic on the new Council.

In Hamilton, London and Brantford the nominees of the P.P.A. were all elected. The *Globe* calls upon the only civic official of Brantford, the Catholic policeman, who owes allegiance to a foreign power, to fear and tremble.

The vote on the Prohibition question must have satisfied the most ardent enthusiasts of teetotalism. When the cities gave strong majorities for it, the question, so far as popular will was concerned, received a most emphatic decision. Toronto gave a majority of 2,528 for it; Hamilton, 1,361; London, 927; Brantford, 800; Kingston, Ottawa, and in other cities in the same way, all spoke in favor of Prohibition. And although the returns of only one-third of the municipalities have been so far yet received, still the majority so far is over 80,000. With the country yet to hear from it is probable that the total majority will go as high as 100,000.

Weekly Retrospect.

Old '93 has taken his farewell and passed quietly out from the calendar, while the infant '94 has slipped as quietly in. The only noise to be heard in our quiet City, was the greeting of the bells from the numerous church steeples, as they rang out at the mid night hour the loud ponderous farewells to the Old Year, and then immediately after was heard the sweet welcome to the New, by the merry peals of the different chimas.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go,  
Ring out the false, ring in the true:

Yes, sweet bells! "ring in the true," may nothing that is false come in with the New Year, and may all that was disagreeable and unpleasant of the past year, be erased from our memories. Let little acts of unkindness be forgiven, and let us begin anew to love one another, and sincerely echo in our hearts, the good wishes, we utter from our lips, "A Happy New Year," to one and all.

Those who had the pleasure of being present at Sunnyside last week, when "Santa Claus" came so generously forward to distribute his gifts to the three hundred orphans from the two big, well laden Christmas trees, must have enjoyed it thoroughly. The beautiful singing and recitations of the little ones, showed the great patience and perseverance of their instructors, the good Sisters of St. Joseph, and it is only on an occasion like this that the outside world can form any idea of the charity and sacrifices these good women are capable of. Special mention must be made of the way that beautiful hymn, the *Adeste Fidelis* was sung, and when the sweet notes of the *Venite Adoremus* rang out, there were few in the room, who did not join in the invitation to go and adore the infant Jesus, born in the humble cave of Bethlehem. Every one of these poor orphans was remembered, from boys and girls almost on the verge of manhood and womanhood, to the toddling babies. It was a pathetic sight to see the happy faces of the wee tots, as they passed out of the room clasping in their chubby hands some pretty toy and a bag of candies.

The following receipt of "Soup for Hard Times," by a clever friend, is not inopportune, and will be appreciated by our readers, and will also remind them of Sidney Smith's Salad Recipe:

Boil all your bones, throw none away  
'Twill serve to keep the wolf at bay.  
Quadruped's bones I truly mean  
All azotized, both fat and lean;  
Carrot and onion understood  
Will make the mixture very good.  
For seasoning, much I might suggest,  
Parsley and thyme I like the best,  
But if to celery you incline  
Try that, the soup is yours not mine.  
In brief let nothing go to waste,  
But use whatever suits your taste.  
The French use liver, 'truth they are  
More thrifty than the English far;  
So if for that you have a mind  
Try it, how good you soon will find.  
Put this decoction in your pot,  
And let it simmer slowly, not  
Too fast; add water cold or hot.  
Two days is not too long to boil,  
'Twill well reward you for your toil.  
Strain it, and leave it over night,  
The fatty matter all will rise  
Like sweet aroma to the skies.  
Thicken a bit with rice or groats,  
With macaroni or wild oats;  
The latter substance I forgot,  
Must be well boiled, or use it not.  
A dash of salt and sugar too,  
Will much improve the pot au-feu.  
Now if I've made my meaning clear  
You need not starve for lack of cheer.

E. C. R.

The Russian blouse is still very much worn, especially for young girls, and may be, made quite prettily with neck and sleeve trimmings, and belt of fur.

Round hats in every variety are worn, and are much more becoming, than those strictly four cornered shapes. Some shapes show the front upturned, and then split in the back so as to reveal two points, between which a rose or rosette of ribbon rests lightly on the hair. Roses and feathers and laces are very fashionable, although not very

suitable for this cold climate of ours, the folds of creamy lace suggesting pleasant June days, instead of days in January, with the thermometer registering perhaps at zero or two degrees below.

A very pretty sleeve is given in one of the journals, it is close fitting from the wrist to just above the elbow, then three soft puffs or drooping frills falling from the shoulders. Black and white striped goods are much in vogue, as are also black and white plaids.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

On November 23d, the profession took place at the Convent of Mercy, Kilmac-thomas, county Waterford, of Sister Mary Berchmans Joseph. The newly professed nun, who is the daughter of Mr. John Sweeny, Ballyduvane, Clonkilty, was received by the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.

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The Duke of Leinster died on March 23d, at his residence, Cartor county Kildare. He was aged 42 years. He is succeeded by his son, the Marquis of Kildare.

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Ninas Carol	25
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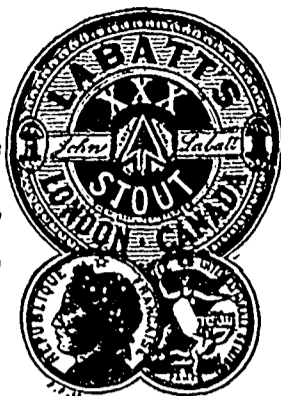
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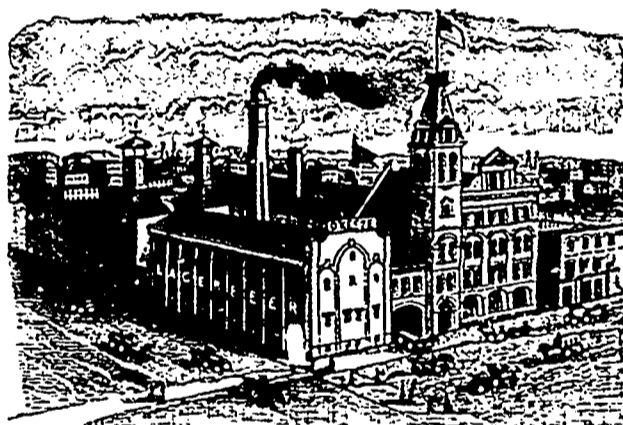
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Armagh.

Mr. Michael Smyth, of the firm of Wators & Smyth, Keady, has been sworn in a Justice of the Peace for the county Armagh.

On Sunday, November 26th, the deputation appointed to wait on Father Caraher, C. C., Forkhill, drove to Mullabawn, to hand over to the eloquent young priest the tangible proof of the enduring affection of the people among whom he labored so zealously during the first two years of his missionary life. The deputation was received by Father Caraher in his invaluable kind and courteous manner; and the secretary and treasurer having discharged the duties delegated to them. Father Caraher responded in felicitous and touching language. The members of the deputation were hospitably entertained by Father Caraher, the Rev. Father Markey, P. P., cordially assisting to make them happy and feel at home.

Clare.

One of the greatest storms experienced for some years raged with terrific fury over Kilrush district on the night of December 7th, and, it is feared, must have caused terrible loss of life and property at sea. Much damage was done to houses in the town. The schooner *Java* drew her moorings at the Boat Club Quay, and drifted some distance to the rear, and but for a chain astern would have gone ashore. There was no one aboard at the time. The passenger steamer *Shannon* could not leave Limerick for Kilrush during the next day.

Cork.

It is proposed to erect a memorial in the Market Square, Mitchelstown, to the memory of the late John Mandeville.

The Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, D.D., Protestant Bishop of the diocese of Cork, has been elected Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland to succeed the Most Rev. Robert Knox, who died in October last.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the city of Cork, Stephen O'Sullivan, M. D., Edmond O'Flynn, and John Morrough; and for the county of Cork, Edward Fitzgerald, Daniel J. O'Riordan, Michael O'Brien, Edward Shipsey, Thomas Lenehan, John F. Quinlan, Henry Shaw, Nicholas Fitzgerald, Richard Carey, Cornelius Kelleher, Wm. Cogan, John P. Howard, James H. Campbell, William Jennings, M. D.; Wm. James Sweetman, John O'Connell, and Henry A. Brudell.

Down.

One of those scenes which very rarely occur in Down, took place a few days ago, when a number of evictions were carried out in the townlands of Baran and Ballydulaney, situate near Hilltown, on the Marquis of Downshire's estate. The bailiff was accompanied by a force of police. The persons evicted were—Dennis McConville, wife, and family; Arthur McGevan and five children; Francis Flanagan, wife, and one child; Patrick McKeown, wife, and four children; all residing in the townlands of Ballydulaney and Baran. At most of the houses the bailiff found the doors barricaded, and the police had to use force to get the tenants out. At Brannigan's house the police were obliged to enter by a window. One of the houses took fire when the police were inside, and they had to leave. The women and children were left on the roadside, crying piteously and bewailing their lot. They were, however, afterwards taken in by their neighbors, and temporarily provided for. Other evictions in the same neighborhood are pending. The police were obliged to walk from Warrenpoint to the scene of the evictions, the carmen refusing to drive them.

Dublin.

Lieut.-Colonel William Lyman has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Dublin.

The Jubilee of the Superior-General of the Irish Christian Brothers (Very Rev. Brother Maxwell) was solemnly celebrated at Marino, on December 6th. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin pontificated at the High Mass.

We regret to have to announce the death of the Rev. G. P. A. Lawless, of St. Paul's, Arran quay, Dublin, which took place on the morning of December 6th. The Rev. gentleman, who was only fifty years old, was originally a Capuchin Friar, in Church street, and was afterwards appointed to a curacy in St. Paul's. He was widely known and loved for his charity and kindness of heart in the parish in which he carried on his sacred work for eleven years, and took a deep interest in the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society, and was Chaplain to the two military barracks in Dublin.

Galway.

The Bishop of Galway has created an opinion in favor of local factories, and there is a movement in Galway, out of which practical work will come.

Mr. Trencil, Q.C., died recently at Eastbourne, whither he had repaired for health. He was a member of the Councnaught Bar, and in his profession he held a first place.

The *Dublin Gazette* announces that Andrew N. Brady, Esq. (Resident Magistrate at Oughterard), has been appointed a Magistrate for the county of Clare; and Captain

John G. Gage (Resident Magistrate at Coleraine), to be Resident Magistrate for the county of Galway.

On December 4th, the election of Town Clerk of Tuam took place. There were two candidates—Mr. Thomas A. Egan, T. C., and Mr. John Glynn. The poll resulted in favor of Mr. Glynn.

Kerry.

Dr. F. J. Falvey, Tralee, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for Kerry.

The Rev. Father Jarlath has been appointed Superior of the Franciscan House, Killarney, and the Rev. Father Alfred, his predecessor, has been appointed Superior at the London House of the Order, at Upton.

A man named Richard Dalton died rather suddenly in Upper Rock street, Tralee, on the morning of December 8. Deceased, who was a poor man, made his living by dealing in horses. He was walking round the streets up to ten o'clock on the previous night, after which he went home and retired to rest. After a short time he became suddenly ill, and the woman of the house where he lodged ran for a doctor; but Dalton sank rapidly, and died in a few hours.

Kildare.

Judge Eawley recently delivered the judgment of the Land Commission, in the county Kildare case of Mayor Burrows v. W. M. Collis for reduction of rent from £150 to £100, which was dismissed as domestic land.

Kilkenny.

The Rev. E. Brennan, C.C., St. John's, Kilkenny, was recently made the recipient of a well-merited compliment. Father Brennan, who has just been transferred to the important parish of St. John's, had spent nearly four years of his missionary life in Templeorum, where, though his stay was short, he endeared himself to all classes. When the members of the Sacred Heart Confraternity in Templeorum, heard of his transfer to Kilkenny, they resolved to present him with an address as a mark of esteem and regard. Accordingly, on Sunday, November 26th, a deputation from the Confraternity, consisting of Mrs. Morris, Jamestown; Mrs. Phelan, Rhoen; and Miss Kate White, Mullenbeg, drove to Kilkenny, waited on Father Brennan in St. John's Presbytery, and presented him with a beautiful address, illuminated and framed in a most costly manner by Messrs. Lynch, of Dublin. Father Brennan replied in suitable terms, expressing his regret for being obliged to leave such good and loving friends as were to be found in Templeorum. The deputation, after seeing some of the important sights of the marble city, were entertained in the afternoon by Father Brennan and the priests of St. John's, at the Presbytery.

Limerick.

The gale which passed over the southwest of Ireland on December 7th and 8th caused the Shannon to burst its banks below Limerick, with the result that large tracts of the country were laid below water.

The Land Commissioners (Justices Bowley and Mr. Fitzgerald, Q.C.) recently delivered judgment in Dublin in the following case, which stood over from their recent sitting in Limerick.—Frank Fosbery, tenant; Earl of Dunraven, landlord.—Old rent, £377 20.; judicial rent, £325; reduced to £312.

At a meeting of the Limerick Corporation on December 7th, presided over by the Mayor, a deputation representing the Munster Fair Commissioners waited on the Council with a view to the Corporation taking action in order to have the horse fair taken from the thoroughfare and held at the Fair Green. After a lengthy discussion the Mayor was authorized to take the necessary steps to have the fair held at the proper place in future.

Longford.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Messrs. Bryan Masterson, Thomas Wilson, M.D., and James R-as to the Commission of the Peace for Longford.

Louth.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County Louth, Messrs. Edward MacCreaner, John D. O'Neill, John Johnson, and James Quinn.

Many of our readers will learn with regret that Mother Mary Paul Keatly died, on December 5th, after a short illness in the Convent of Mercy, St. Mary's, Drogheda. The deceased lady was niece to the late Cardinal Cullen, and entered religion, in Tullamore, so long ago as 1848.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. James Duffy, which took place, on November 28th, at his residence, Gilbertstown, Castlebellinham. We are sure there is not one among the wide circle of his acquaintances to whom the announcement will not bring feelings of regret. He was indeed a typical Irishman—honest, honorable, generous and patriotic.

Mayo.

The death of Sir Robert Lynch Blosse, of Athavalla House, Balla, is announced. He died on December 4th, at his residence, at an advanced age. The deceased was universally popular and respected through Mayo, and as a landlord was proverbially generous and considerate with the numerous tenantry on his extensive estate, harmony and peace reigning over the entire property.

Meath.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed to the Commission of the Peace for Meath Messrs. James Gibney, M.P.; James O'Reilly, Patrick James Kennedy, M.P.; John Francis Henry Langan, and Phillip Brady.

Monaghan.

At the last monthly meeting of the Monaghan Town Commissioners, Mr. P. Gormly, chairman, presiding, upon the question of compulsory education, Mr. McAleese said that the fact that the Christian Brothers were not included was due to the want of fearlessness on the part of Mr. Morley and Lord Houghton. On the motion of Mr. Rafferty, J. P., seconded by Mr. P. Tierney, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That we refuse to nominate a committee, inasmuch as up to the present the Government have neglected and refused to admit the Christian Brothers to the benefit of this Act." The meeting then adjourned.

Queen's County.

Judge Bowley, in the Land Commission Court, recently handed down the following decisions in appeal cases in Queen's County:—Edward Lawlor v. Viscount De Vesel—£37 7s., reduced to £54 10s.; confirmed. Daniel Fitzpatrick v. Colonel John Cahill—£124 3s. 2d., reduced to £92; raised to £100. Henry Roe v. Rev. Wm. Stone—£37 10s. to £33 5s.; confirmed. Thomas McDonald v. Sir A. Weldon—£8 10s. 6d., to £5 12s. 9d.; confirmed. Patrick Murphy v. Same—£40 1s. 7d. to £31 12s. 6d.; confirmed. Andrew Graves v. Colonel Cosby—£14 7s. 4., to £8 5s.; confirmed. James Dobson v. Colonel W. Kemmis—£92 14s. 6d., to £78 7s. 6d.; confirmed.

Tipperary.

Richard Rice O'Brien, James Dwyer, Michael Bergin, Joseph Molloy, Richard B. Feehan, and Robert Mason Ashby have been appointed magistrates for Tipperary.

We have to record with regret the death of Mrs. Catherine Cleary, relict of Mr. P. Cleary, Castle street, Nenagh, who is deeply and deservingly regretted by a wide circle of friends. The funeral, which took place to Lisbony, on December 6th, was remarkably large and respectable.

Tyrone.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. Constantine P. Hannan, only son of Mr. Philip Hannan, of Randalstown, who has fallen a victim to the epidemic of typhoid fever, which has been raging with such virulence in Dublin. His death took place on December 2d, at St. Vincent's Hospital, after an illness of nearly five weeks' duration. Mr. Hannan had all but completed a most successful course as a student of medicine, and might reasonably have expected within a very few months to have begun a professional career which, judging from the ability and industry he had already displayed, must surely have been a brilliant one. He had acted as resident pupil in St. Vincent's Hospital for some time past.

Waterford.

Mr. Richard H. Kelly and Mr. J. V. O'Brien (Aghish House, Cappoquin), have been appointed Justices of the Peace for the County of Waterford.

With sincere regret we announce the death on November 24th of Mrs. Phelan, wife of Mr. James Phelan, The Hotel, Stradbally. The sad event took place at her husband's residence, after a few hours' illness. Deceased was a lady of many estimable qualities, and her early and unexpected death evoked universal sympathy for the bereaved husband and family, who, in her death, have sustained an irreparable loss.

Westmeath.

In the Land Commission Court, Dublin, recently, Judge Bowley rendered the following decisions on appeals from the Local Commissioners' rulings in Westmeath cases:—Eliza Barrett v. E. K. Tighe—old rent £349 9s. 6d.; reduced to £300, further reduced to £278. Judge Bowley mentioned that Mr. Commissioner O'Brien did not concur in this decision, being of opinion that the rent should be further reduced. Thos. Moorhead v. W. D. Digny—rent £60 13s., reduced to £40; confirmed.

Wexford.

The many friends of the Very Rev. Canon Doyle, P. P., Ramsgrange, will be glad to learn, that he has recovered from his recent illness, though all the effects have not entirely disappeared.

The epidemic of scarlatina prevalent in the New Ross district, for some weeks past, is abating, and some of the schools which had been closed are partially opened. No more deaths have occurred, but several fresh cases have been reported to the sanitary authorities.

Wicklow.

Dr. James D. Ryan, John Harrington, and Henry L. Copeland have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Wicklow.

A Texas clergyman, about to be appointed chaplain of a penitentiary, preached a fare well sermon to his congregation that had treated him rather badly. He selected the following text: "I go to prepare a place for you so that where I am ye may be also."

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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**

In the matter of the Estate of Margaret Drohan, late of the City of Toronto, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to R.S.O. Chap. 110, all creditors and persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Drohan, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, who died on or about the 17th day of January, 1893, are required to send by post, prepaid or deliver to the undersigned Solicitors for the Trusts Corporation of Ontario, administrators of the said estate, on or before the first day of February, 1894, a statement in writing of their names and addresses, and the particulars of their claims and the nature of their securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is hereby further given, that after the said first day of February, 1894, the said administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and the said administrators will not be liable for the proceeds of the Estate, or any part thereof so distributed to any person, of whose claim the said administrators have no notice at the time of distribution of said Estate or any part thereof.

**CAMERON & LEE,**  
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Equity Chambers, 24 Adelaide st. E.,  
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Dated this 26th day of December, 1893.

**TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE.** During the month of December, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close	Dist.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15 7.20	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.10	7.15 7.15
G. T. R. West	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	6.40 4.00	11.05 9.10
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	noon	9.00 2.00
	2.00	7.30
	6.15 4.00	10.30 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
		4.00 10.30 11.00
U.S. West'n States	6.15 10.00	9.00 8.20

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for December: 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.

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## POLES AND THE MASONIC PRESS.

For some time past the liberal press of Europe has been spreading the report that the Pope, in order to win the good graces of the Czar, has been sacrificing the interests of the Polish Catholics to the whims of the head of the Russian Church. This report has been spread unscrupulously in those countries which look on the Franco-Russian alliance with apprehension. This plan of endeavoring to persuade a persecuted Catholic nation that the Holy Father is secretly handing it over to its oppressors is not new. In this instance it has been frustrated by the Catholic press of Vienna and Rome. The *Vaterland* of Vienna made a brilliant defence of the dealings of the Holy Father with Russia, and it has been quoted by nearly all the Catholic journals of Italy.

The *Vaterland*, in the first place shows how the poor Poles have been persecuted for the past hundred years. It does this, that all may appreciate the difficulties the Holy Father had to meet, when he tried to better the sad condition of this unfortunate people. Leo XIII. wished to have diplomatic relations between the Russian Court and the Vatican, and these were broken off years before in consequence of affronts offered to Pius IX. by the Russian Minister. For this end the Holy Father made known to the Czar his elevation in a letter written by his own hand, in which he commended the Catholics of the Empire to the clemency of the Emperor. It may be mentioned that the acts of Leo XIII. in favor of the Catholics subject to the Czar would fill five large volumes. This valuable collection contains the letters of the Pope to the Czar, to the Russian Minister, to the Apostolic Nuncio at Vienna, of whom the Holy Father made use in his dealings with Russia. This collection also contains the instructions of the Holy Father to the Polish Episcopate, to the representative of the Holy See at the Russian Court, which have for their special object the destruction of prejudices against the Catholic Church and proving that she is the benefactress of princes and peoples.

As an example of one of these acts, the *Vaterland* mentions the stipulations of the agreement made between the Pro-Nuncio at Vienna, Mgr. Jacobini, and the Russian Ambassador, thanks to which the urgent wants of the Catholics of Russia could be at once supplied by the filling of vacant sees. These stipulations, moreover, brought great relief to the Catholics of the Caucasus, to seminaries, ecclesiastical academies, and the Catholic College at St. Petersburg. In 1882 a definite convention regarding seminaries was entered upon, and the Government made a declaration in which it pledged itself to abolish, or at least modify a long series of severe measures detrimental to the Russian clergy.

When in 1888, M. Iswolski was appointed as Russian charge d'affaires at the Vatican, the Holy Father at once took measures to have the vacant sees filled, and to insist on the recall of the Bishop of Vilna, then in exile. Despite the repeated efforts of the Russian Government, the Holy Father could never be induced to permit the use of the Russian language in the so-called supplementary worship (Litanies, Benedictions, and similar sacred ceremonies).

From all this, concludes the *Vaterland* it is easy to see how true is the assertion that Leo XIII. has handed over the Catholics of Poland to the power of Russia. "That the condition of the Church in the Russian Empire is capable of improvement is," says the *Vaterland*, "also too true; but this is not the fault of Leo XIII."

While fowling, near Ebnismore, on Nov. 27th, Lieutenant Samuel, son of Sir Saul Samuel, was accidentally shot in the leg. He is progressing favorably, though his injuries are of a serious character.

## The New Year.

At the beginning of the New Year, if at no other period during the twelve-months, there is a tendency to pause in our career, and cast a glance of retrospect over the year just closed—a sort of horoscope for the year just born. We ask ourselves what the old year has done for us. Has it witnessed the fulfillment of long-cherished dreams? Have those hopes and ambitions which we so fondly indulged in at its beginning been realized? Have the resolutions we made then been faithfully kept?

If the answer to these self-questions be satisfactory, we should be grateful—grateful to the kind Father to whose loving care we owe all these blessings, whose guiding hand has led us safely through the tangled paths which ensnare the feet of men. But alas, in too many cases the answer is not satisfactory. As in a panorama we see before our mind's eye, visions of hopes blighted, ambitions wasted and good resolutions broken. Let us not, however, be discouraged, but be warned by the past, and, with a stout heart and dauntless courage, resolve, with God's help, to go on bravely in that way which He has marked out for us, when the coming year cannot fail to be one of inestimable blessings.

## The Redemptorist Order.

The Redemptorist Order of Catholic Priests of the Eastern Province, of which Baltimore is the seat, has purchased for \$5,000, a large tract of land at Chelsea, near Atlantic City, N. J., from the Atlantic City Land Company, and will soon erect a handsome building for retired and sick clergymen of the order. The members of the order have felt the need of such an institution for some time, and intend to make an attractive place of it.

The Order of Redemptorist Fathers originated in Italy in 1732. It was started by St. Alphonsus de Liguori, and has for its principal object, work of a missionary character. The first fathers of the Order came to America in 1832, one hundred years after the starting of the Order. They afterwards came to Baltimore, which was made the seat of the Eastern Province. The headquarters in Baltimore are at St. Alphonsus' Church, with Rev. Ferdinand Litz as provincial. There are twenty-four parishes in the Eastern Province, which includes Canada, as follows: Baltimore, Annapolis, New York, Rochester, Brooklyn, Toronto, Seattle, Philadelphia, St. John's, New Brunswick, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Ichester, Howard county. St. Louis, Mo., is the seat of the Western Province. — *Baltimore Mirror*.

The *Catholic Home Annual* of 1894, issued by Benziger Brothers, New York, should be in the hands of every Catholic family. It contains several very interesting short stories and biographies of prominent prelates, with illustrations. The frontispiece is a copy of the miraculous picture of "Our Lady of Perpetual Help," the original of which is in the Church of St. Alphonsus at Rome. For sale at the REGISTER office, 40 Lombard street, Toronto. Price 25c.

The *Cosmopolitan* for December contains several articles grouped under the title "After the World's Fair," with nearly two hundred illustrations. The different articles are by such authors as H. H. Boyeson, W. D. Howell's. Walter Besant has his second paper of "American Notes," called "In the Year of the Fair." In "A Nation of Discoveries," H. C. Chatfield Taylor is not historically correct when he speaks of Philip of Spain and his fiendish English wife. When will poor maligned Mary Tudor's true character be correctly understood?

## C. M. B. A.

## OFFICIAL.

BROOKVILLE, Dec. 23, 1893.

To the Deputies and Installing Officers of the C. M. B. A. in Canada.

Brothers:—When installing the Officers for 1894 do not neglect to install the Representatives to Grand Council and Alternates.

Fraternally yours,  
O. K. FRASER,  
Grand President.

BRANCH 200, TORONTO

Branch 200 C.M.B.A. met in St. Ann's Hall, Power street, Wednesday, Dec. 27th, 1893. Rev. J. L. Hand occupied the chair. One candidate was initiated. The following officers, being duly elected were installed for the ensuing year. President, Rev. J. L. Hand; 1st Vice-President, J. H. Barber; 2d Vice-President, P. Jennings; Recording Secretary, Wm. H. Cahill; Financial Secretary, C. J. McCabe; Assistant Secretary, E. Stubbs; Treasurer, H. A. St. Gray; Marshal, D. Hartnett; Guard, Jas. Dillon; Trustees, J. H. Barber, C. J. McCabe and H. A. St. Gray.

The Branch was presented with a beautiful membership card by Bro. Gray, for which he was tendered a vote of thanks.

The Financial Secretary reported that there was no member in arrears, thus showing St. Paul's Branch to be in a flourishing condition. Rev. Father Hand addressed a few words to the members present on the good and welfare of the Branch, and hoped to see all the young men of the parish, married and single, become members of St. Paul's Branch C.M.B.A. during the coming year. The meeting adjourned with prayer.

BRANCH 175, KINKORA.

The usual routine of Branch 175 was varied in a pleasant manner at their last meeting on the 21st ult. P. Lahey, Chancellor of this Branch, was present; and as it was understood that he was leaving our midst, several of the brothers, on behalf of the Branch, determined to give him tangible evidence of the high esteem in which he is held by them.

Under the head of new business Bro. Kelly read the subjoined address, while Bro. Finegan made the presentation, which consisted of a very handsome beaver cap:

P. Lahey, Chancellor, Branch 175, C.M.B.A.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—It is with feelings of sincere regret that we have learned of your intended departure from our midst.

During your sojourn amongst us we have had ample reason to appreciate your many good qualities of heart and hand. Branch 175 owes its organization to your untiring zeal. As members of that Branch, we feel that we are indebted to you for the very active interest you have always displayed, often at much personal inconvenience to yourself, in furthering the aims and objects of the C. M. B. A. We hope that you may be at all times successful in your chosen profession, and that you will give the members of Branch 175 a prominent place in your memory.

We know by your departure that the Branch loses an active member, the School an efficient teacher, and the community a worthy citizen. We beg you to accept the following as a slight token of the esteem in which you are held by the members of this Branch. Each time that you have occasion to wear it, we hope to be remembered by you.

In conclusion, we hope that we may often meet, and that the bond of friendship now uniting us may never be severed.

Signed on behalf of Branch 175,  
J. Kelly, F. Jordan, T. Kelly, P. J. Finegan, W. Haragan, Committee.

In response Mr. Lahey thanked the members for their gift, and gave many useful points on Society matters. Short addresses were also delivered by other Brothers of the Branch. All spoke in very eulogistic terms of Bro. Lahey.

## Christmas Tree at Sunnyside.

The annual distribution of Christmas gifts to the orphans took place at the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, on Friday, the 23rd. Before the distribution an entertainment was given by the orphans in the music hall, which was very simply, but tastefully decorated for the occasion with appropriate mottoes, bunting and evergreens; while on the stage stood two large Christmas trees—one for the boys and the other for the girls—laden with numerous pretty and useful gifts.

An audience which completely filled the commodious hall was present, and testified by their frequent applause their interest and pleasure in the following programme:

INTRODUCTION ..... By Kindergarten  
SONG ..... "Flo's Letter" ..... By Quartet  
SONG ..... "The Minstrel Boy" ..... By Quartet  
HOOP DRILL ..... By Girls  
DANCE ..... "Watching the Day" ..... By Boys  
SONG ..... "Think a Little" ..... By Boys  
REHEARSAL ..... "Nearer to Thee" ..... By Girls  
CHOIR ..... "Sleigh Song" ..... By Girls  
ADESTE FIDELIS ..... By All

Every number was a gem, and would have done credit to children many years their senior. The child who recited "Flo's Letter" particularly distinguished herself by her able rendition of that beautiful little

piece. The quartet, composed of boys, sang the "Minstrel Boy" in excellent style, and was compelled to respond to the encore. The Hoop Drill, by sixteen little Misses, was very cleverly executed. The many intricate movements were gone through with a precision and gracefulness that bespoke much practice. All the choruses were well rendered, particularly the "Adeste Fidelis," in which their fresh, young voices rang out with a clearness and sweetness that was very pleasing.

The whole entertainment reflects great credit on the good Sisters in charge of the institution, and shows that, while looking after the bodily comforts of the little inmates with such motherly care, they do not neglect their mental training.

After the staging of the "Adeste Fidelis," the most welcome visitor of the day—Santa Claus—suddenly appeared in the midst of the children, in whose smiling countenances could be seen only a small reflection of the great joy they felt within. And what a moment it must have been to the kind Sisters, whose main happiness consists in the delight of the orphan children they have in charge.

Santa Claus immediately set about distributing the gifts, during which time the guests took advantage of a favourable opportunity to take a look through the large and interesting institution.

Among those present were noticed Rev. Father Lynch, Chaplain of the Orphanage, whose presence again, after his recent illness, lent additional pleasure to the festivities, Rev. Fathers Krein, C.S.S.B., Hand, McPhillips, Coyle and Carbery, and Brother Theobald of St. Catharines.

## Letter from Kinkora.

KINKORA, Dec. 29, 1893.

It was with feelings of deep regret that the supporters of U. S. S. No. 6, Ellice, learned of the resignation of their esteemed teacher, P. Lahey, who for the past two years has conducted the school here to the entire satisfaction of all.

A large number of the parents and friends, among them our dearly beloved pastor, Father O'Neil, assembled at the school on the afternoon of the 21st instant, to witness the examination of the pupils in the various branches. The quick, intelligent and accurate answers given by the pupils prove that Mr. Lahey has spared no pains to make our school one of the best in the country. Prizes, consisting of books, candies, nuts, etc., were distributed to the pupils. Our Pastor gave an excellent address. At the close of the afternoon's exercise Mr. Lahey received from the pupils a handsome blue plush Cabinet Album, ornamented with Mexican silver and a white satin neck scarf. Miss K. Collins read the address, and Miss L. Walsh made the presentation. The following is a copy of the address:

DEAR MR. LAHEY.—We, the pupils of U. S. S. No. 6, Ellice and Logan, who have been under your fostering care for the past two years, respectfully beg leave to state that we have heard with much regret that the days of our relationship as teacher and pupils are about to come to an end.

Were our feelings and wishes in the matter to prevail, you would remain for many more years to preside in our school and continue to help us, and our younger brothers and sisters after us, to become good and intelligent. However, as fate has decreed that you shall be separated from us, we can not let this opportunity pass without giving expression to our feelings of love and gratitude for you.

We could not fail to notice that you took much pains to do your duty towards us; that your will was characterized by sympathy and forbearance, and that we have made marked progress under your tuition.

Therefore, dear teacher, we say to you today, long will you live in our memory and in our grateful hearts. As a slight token of our love and esteem we ask you to accept these little souvenirs.

Signed on behalf of the school,

K. COLLINS,  
L. WALSH.

Although completely taken by surprise, Mr. Lahey thanked the pupils for their very expensive gifts. Much affection has existed between Mr. Lahey and his pupils, and we doubt if our School Board can ever secure his peer. Mr. Lahey will be principal of the Alexandria School for 1894.

## St. Paul's Fancy Fair.

The annual Fancy Fair in aid of St. Paul's Church will be held in St. Paul's Hall Power street the week preceding Lent. The various organizations of the parish are just now busily engaged in preparing for the event. The ladies interested in the fair promise a still greater variety of attractions and a greater abundance of costly and artistic articles than were displayed at St. Paul's last year.

The funeral of Mr. William Bryan Ballingarry, took place on November 9th, and was attended by a large number of relatives and friends, including his sons, Timothy, Patrick, Daniel, Richard, and Rev. Father Jas. Byrne, C.C., Ballina. A large number of clergy attended.

**The Manger of the Holy Night.**

By HENRY NUTOOMBE OXENHAM, M. A.

O mystery of mysteries,  
The Incarnate God an infant lies,  
Reposing in a manger cold,  
Coarse swaddling-bands His limbs enfold:  
Can this be He, of whom the seers have spoken,  
This Jacob's star, of David's lineage sprung,  
Sceptre of Israel; and is this Thy token?  
Yes, thus the angel to the shepherds sung,  
"Swathed in rude bands, and in a manger laid,  
Behold your Saviour, be ye not afraid."

Baby Jesus, who dost lie  
All helplessly, all silently,  
Cradled on Mary's feeble arms,  
Veiled in childhood's simple charms;  
Hail Jesus, hail! athwart the manger glowing  
Scarce the faint light reveals where Thou art laid,  
Round Thee chill midnight gusts are rudely blowing,  
And stabled oxen share Thy humble shed.  
St. Joseph o'er that sight half wondering grieves,  
But Mary ponders, worships, and believes.

Baby Jesus, God most High,  
Angel choir adoringly,  
In thousand, thousand circles wheeling,  
Before Thy manger-throne are kneeling,  
Though ox and ass in stupid awe be gazing,  
Rude though the night breeze, and torchlight dim,  
A light above all earthly light is blazing,  
The loud "Excelsis" of the cherubim  
Is sounding round Thee, soon shall Eastern Kings  
Pour at Thy feet their choicest offerings,

Haste ye, twine the holly spray,  
Be your offerings fresh and gay,  
Be the altar-candles bright  
For the mass this holy night.  
Hail Jesus, hail! Ten thousand shrines are gleaming,  
Their odorous breath ten thousand censers fling;  
Ten thousand, thousand choirs, as is beaming,  
Sound their glad homage to the Christ, the King,  
Hail Jesus, hail! great God, Thy power we own,  
Prostrate we fall before Thy sacramental throne.

**Selected Receipts.**

**BROILED MUTTON CHOPS**—Loin of mutton, pepper and salt, a small piece of butter. Cut the chops from a well-hung, tender loin of mutton, remove a portion of the fat and trim them into a nice shape; slightly beat and level them; place the gridiron over a bright, clear fire, rub the bars with a little fat and lay on the chops. While broiling frequently turn them, and in about eight minutes they will be done. Season with pepper and salt, dish them on a very hot dish, rub a small piece of butter on each chop and serve very hot and expeditiously.

**SALAD DRESSING**.—Yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, one tablespoonful of vinegar; one-half teaspoonful of salt, yolk of one raw egg, one gill of olive oil, dash of cayenne. Mash the cooked yolks until perfectly smooth, then add the raw one, work with an elastic bladed knife for five minutes, then add the salt and cayenne, mix again and add the oil drop by drop, stirring rapidly and steadily all the while; then add the vinegar by degrees and it is finished. More oil and vinegar may be added to this if a greater quantity of dressing is required.

**BROILED SALT MACKEREL**.—Wash and scrape all the thin black skin from the inside. Soak the fish in a large panful of cold water over night. In the morning wash it in fresh water and wipe it. Brush it with melted butter, dredge lightly with pepper, lay it on a greased broiler and broil with the flesh side down over a clear fire; then turn and broil the skin side. Be careful or it will burn very quickly on this side. When done lay it on a hot dish spread with butter or serve with maitre d'hotel sauce.

**POTATO OROQUETTES**.—Beat the yolks of four eggs light and add to five cups mashed potato. Mix well, then add two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one-fourth of a cup cream, one teaspoonful of onion juice, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well stir over the fire in a saucepan until the potato is heated through. Cool, form into a cork-shaped croquettes, cover with egg and bread crumbs, and fry in smoking-hot pan.

**MAKING BUCKWHEAT CAKES**.—The batter should be mixed thoroughly over night, and the same precautions should be taken that are necessary to be observed in making bread, namely, that the water should never be so hot as to scald either yeast or flour, nor should the sponge be set where it will be chilled

or where it will ferment so rapidly as to become sour. Make the batter with a small cake of yeast dissolved in lukewarm water, using a saltspoonful of salt. When first mixed the batter should be about the thickness of molasses, or so that it will pour readily. In the morning add a tablespoonful of molasses so that the cakes may brown properly. In order to have light pancakes, it is absolutely essential to have a quick fire and the griddle or pan smoking hot. For those who have many cakes to cook at a time, a high, narrow tin pail with a long spout and a handle on the back near the bottom is convenient; but one can manage with a pitcher that has a good lip. It is not wise to try to mix the batter in the pitcher, for it cannot be done thoroughly.

**Dairy Notes.**

Churning at the right temperature saves lots of time and work

When the pastures dry up the cow need green grass fodder.

Calves enjoy getting into a dark, cool shed away from the flies.

A dairy writer says a slow milker will soon ruin the best of cows.

Don't fool with any compounds for increasing butter yield; they are worthless.

When milk is set in the open air in shallow pans it is easy to skim the cream from the top.

A Henry County (Ga.) farmer carried an old-fashioned yam potato to McDonough last week that was two feet long and six inches in circumference.

An English method of testing butter to determine its purity is to smear a clean piece of white paper with the suspected article, roll it up and set it on fire. If the butter is good the paper will emit a decidedly pleasant odor, but if there is any animal fat in the product the smell will be unmistakably tallowy.

**Wit and Humor.**

"Is the 9:48 train delayed?"  
"Yes, he's about fifteen minutes late."  
"Why do you call a train 'he'?"  
"Cause this train is a he. It's a fast male train, mister."

Jones—Well, Smith, did you propose to Miss Aircas last night?  
Smith—Yes, and her answer was very ambiguous and contradictory.  
Jones—Why, what did she say?  
Smith—She gave me a positive negative.

Fatiguing this head work is extremely tiresome, you know, said Adolphus.  
What great problem have you been trying to solve now?  
Keeping my hat on when the wind blows.

**THE MARKETS.**


TORONTO, January 4, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 60	\$0 61
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 58	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 57	0 00
Barley, per bush.....	0 44	0 50
Oats, per bush.....	0 35	0 36
Peas, per bush.....	0 57	0 58
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	6 50	6 62
Chickens, per pair.....	0 35	0 50
Geese, per lb.....	0 08	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 09	0 10
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 22	0 25
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 25	0 27
Parsley, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Colery, per doz.....	0 35	0 40
Radishes, per doz.....	0 20	0 25
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 20	0 30
Onions, per bag.....	1 00	1 10
Turnips, per bag.....	0 25	0 30
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 65
Beets, per bag.....	0 60	0 40
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 00
Apples, per bbl.....	2 00	3 25
Hay, timothy.....	9 00	10 00
Straw sheaf.....	5 00	9 00
Straw, loose.....	6 00	6 50

**LIVE STOCK MARKETS.**

TORONTO, Jan. 3.—Little business was done at the Western cattle yards to-day, and the attendance of buyers was small. Only ten car loads of stock offered altogether, which included 141 sheep and lambs, and 165 hogs. Prices were nominal and unchanged.

**MILK COWS AND SPRINGERS**.—About half a dozen head offered, and all sold at steady prices, the range being from \$30 to \$50, according to quality. Only extra choice fetch the latter figure.



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1-y REV. J. R. TEEFY, President

**Children's Colds.**  
The prevalence of colds in children, giving rise to croupy coughs and bronchitis, give parents, especially attentive mothers, more uneasiness than any other trouble which commonly visits the home. These things are not incurable but the distress they occasion the little sufferer causes them to be dreaded. So few of the cough mixtures on the market are at once safe to administer and certain to give immediate relief that those who have used Hallamora's Expectorant for years, appreciate the boon it is to the family. For sale by druggists everywhere 25c bottles only.



## THE GLADIATORS:

A Tale of Rome and Judea.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE

EROS

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED)

The mist comes thicker still, driving over the plain in waves of vapour, that impart a ghostly air of motion to the stones that tower erect around the mystic circle. Grey, moss-grown, and unhewn, hand of man seems never to have desecrated those mighty blocks of granite, standing there, changeless and awful, like types of eternity. Dim and indistinct are they as the worship they guard. Hard and stern as the pitiless faith of sacrifice, vengeance, and oblation, inculcated at their base. A wild low chant comes waiving on the breeze, and through the gathering mist a long line of white-robed priests winds slowly into the circle. Stern and gloomy are they of aspect, lofty of stature, and large of limb, with long grey beards and tresses waving in the wind. Each wears a crown of oak-leaves round his head; each grasps a wand covered with ivy in his hand. The youth cannot resist an exclamation of surprise. There is desecration in his thought, there is profanity in his words. Louder and louder swells the chant. Closer and closer still contracts the circle. The white-robed priests are hemming him in to the very centre of the mystic ring, and see! the sacrificial knife is already bared and whetted, and flourished in air by a long brawny arm. The young warrior strives to fly. Horror! his feet refuse to stir, his hands cleave powerless to his sides. He seems turning to stone. A vague fear paralyses him that he too will become one of those granite masses to stand there motionless during eternity. His heart stops beating within him, and the transformation seems about to be completed, when lo! a warlike peal of trumpets breaks the spell, and he shakes his spear aloft and leaps gladly from the earth, exulting in the sense of life and motion once more.

Again the dream changes. Frenzied priest and Druidical stone have vanished like the mist that encircled them. It is a beautiful balmy night in June. The woods are black and silver in the moonlight. Not a breath of air stirs the topmost twigs of the lofty elm cut clear and distinct against the sky. Not a ripple blurs the surface of the lake, spread out and gleaming like a sheet of polished steel. The bitter calls at intervals from the adjacent marsh, and the nightingale carols in the copse. All is peaceful and beautiful, and suggestive of enjoyment or repose. Yet here, lying close amongst the foxglove and the fern, long lines of white-robed warriors are waiting but the signal for assault. And yonder, where the earth-work rises dark and level against the sky, paces to and fro a high-crested sentinel, watching over the safety of the Eagles, with the calm and ceaseless vigilance of that discipline which has made the legionaries masters of the world.

Once more the trumpets peal; the only sound to be heard in that array of tents, drawn up with such order and precision, behind the works, except the footfall of the Roman guard, firm and regular, as if it relieved the previous watch. In a short space that duty will be performed; and then, if ever, must the attack be made with any probability of success. Youth is impatient of delay—the young warrior's pulse beats audibly, and he feels the edge of his blade and the point of his short-handled javelin, with an intensity of longing that is absolutely painful. At length the word is passed from rank to rank. Like the crest of a sea-wave breaking into foam, rises that wavering line of white, rolling its length out in the moonlight, as man after man

springs erect at the touch of his comrade, and then a roar of voices, a rush of feet, and the wave dashes up and breaks against the steady solid resistance of the embankment.

But discipline is not to be caught thus napping. Ere the echo of their trumpets had died out among the distant hills, the legionaries stand to their arms throughout the camp. Already the rampart gleams and bristles with shield and helmet, javelin, sword and spear. Already the Eagle is awake and defiant, unruffled, indeed, in plumage, but with beak and talons bare and whetted for defence. The tall centurions marshal their men in line even and regular, as though about to defile by the throne of Cæsar, rather than to repel the attack of a wild barbarian foe. The tribunes, with their golden crests, take up their appointed posts in the four corners of the camp; while the Prætor himself gives his orders calm and unmoved from the centre.

Over the roar of the swarming Britons, sounds the clear trumpet note pealing out its directions, concise and intelligible as a loud voice, and heard by the combatants far and wide, inspiring courage and confidence, and order in the confusion.

Brandishing their long swords, the white clad-warriors of Britain rush tumultuously to the attack.

Already, they have filled the ditch and scaled the earthwork, but once and again they recoil from the steady front and rigid discipline of the invader, while the short stabbing sword of the Roman soldier, covered as he is by his ample shield, does fearful execution at close quarters. But still fresh assailants pour in, and the camp is carried and overrun. The young warrior rushes exulting to and fro, and the enemy falls in heaps before him. Such moments are worth whole years of peaceful life. He has reached the Prætorium. He is close beneath the Eagles, and he leaps wildly at them to bring them off in triumph as trophies of his victory. But a grim centurion strikes him to the earth. Wounded, faint, and bleeding, he is carried away by his comrades, the shaft of the Roman standard in his hand. They bear him to a war-chariot, they lash the wild galloping steed, the roll of the wheels thunders in his ears as they dash tumultuously across the plain, and then the gentle mission is fulfilled, the doves fly down again in Proserpine, and the young, joyous, triumphant warrior of Britain wakes up a Roman slave.

CHAPTER II.

THE MARBLE PORCH.

It was the sound of a chariot, truly enough, that roused the dreamer from his slumbers; but how different the scene on which his drowsy eyes unclosed, from that which fancy had conjured up in the shadowy realms of sleep!

A beautiful portico, supported on slender columns of smooth white marble, protected him from the rays of the morning sun, already pouring down with the intensity of Italian heat. Garlands of leaves and flowers, cool and fresh in their contrast with the snowy surface of these dainty pillars, were wreathed around their stems, and twined amongst the delicate carving of their Corinthian capitals. Large stone vases, urn-shaped and massive, stood in long array at stated intervals, bearing the orange tree, the myrtle, and other dark-green flowering shrubs, which formed a fair perspective of retirement and repose. Shapely statues filled the niches in the wall, or stood out more prominently in the vacant spaces of the colonnade. Here cowered a marble Venus, in the shame-faced consciousness of unequalled beauty; there stood a bright Apollo, exulting in the perfection of god-like symmetry and grace. Rome could not finger the chisel like her instructress Greece, the mother of the Arts, but the hand that firmly grasps the sword

need never want for anything skill produces, or genius creates, or gold can buy, so it is no marvel that the masterpieces and treasures of the nations she subdued found their way to the Imperial City, mistress of the world. Even where the sleeper lay reclined upon a couch of curiously carved wood from the forests that clothe Mount Hymettus, an owl so beautifully obdurate that its very breast plumage seemed to ruffle in the breeze, looked down upon him from a niche where it had been placed at a cost that might have bought a dozen such human chattels as himself; for it had been brought from Athens as the most successful effort of a sculptor; who had devoted it to the honour of Minerva in his zeal. Refinement, luxury, nay profusion, reigned paramount even here outside the sumptuous dwelling of a Roman lady; and the very ground in her porch over which she was borne, for she seldom touched it with her feet, was fresh swept and sanded as often as it had been disturbed by the tread of her litter-bearer or the wheels of her chariot.

Many a time was this ceremony performed in the twenty-four hours; for Valeria was a woman of noble rank, great possessions and the highest fashion. Not a vanity of her sex, not a folly was there of her class, in which she scrupled to indulge; and then, as now, ladies were prone to rush into extremes, and frivolity, when it took the garb of a female, assumed preposterous dimensions, and a thirst for amusement, incompatible with reason or self control.

There is always a certain hush, and, as it were, a pompous stillness, about the houses of the great, even long after inferior mortals are astir in pursuit of their pleasure or their business. To-day was Valeria's birthday, and as such was duly observed by the hanging of garlands on the pillars of her porch; but after the completion of this graceful ceremony, silence seemed to have sunk once more upon the household, and the slave whose dream we have recorded, coming into her gates with an offering from his lord, and finding no domestics in the way, had sat him down to wait in the graceful shade, and, overcome with heat, might have slept on till noon had he not been roused by the grinding chariot-wheels, which mingled so confusedly with his dream.

It was no plebeian vehicle that now rolled into the colonnade, driven at a furious pace, and stopping so abruptly as to create considerable confusion and insubordination amongst the noble animals that drew it. The car, mounted on two wheels, was constructed of a highly polished wood, cut from the wild fig-tree, elaborately inlaid with ivory and gold, the very spokes and fellos of the wheels were carved in patterns of vine-leaves and flowers, whilst the extremities of the pole, the axle, and the yoke, were wrought into exquisite representations of the wolf's head, an animal, from historical reasons, ever dear to the fancy of the Roman. There was but one person beside the driver in the carriage, and so light a draught might indeed command any rate of speed, which whirled along by four such horses as now plunged and reared and bit each other's crests in the portico of Valeria's mansion. These were of a milky white, with dark muzzles, and a bluish tinge under the coat, denoting its soft texture, and the Eastern origin of the animals. Somewhat thick of neck and shoulders, with semicircular jowl, it was the broad and tapering head, the small quivering ear, the wide red nostril, that demonstrated the purity of their blood, and argued extraordinary powers of speed and endurance; while their short, round backs, prominent muscles, flat legs, and dainty feet, promised an amount of strength and activity only to be attained by the production of perfect symmetry.

These beautiful animals were harnessed four abreast—the inner pair somewhat in the fashion of our modern curricles, being yoked to the pole, of which the very fastening pins were steel overlaid with gold, whilst the outer horses, drawing only from a trace attached respectively on the inner side of each to the axle of the chariot, were free to wheel their quarters outwards in every direction, and kick to their heart's content—a liberty of which, in the present instance, they seemed well disposed to avail themselves.

The slave started to his feet as the nearest horse winced and swerved aside from his unexpected figure, snorting the while in mingled wantonness and fear. The axle grazed his tunic, while it passed, and the driver, irritated at his horses' unsteadiness, or perhaps in the mere insolence of a great man's favourite, struck at him heavily with his whip as he went by. The Briton's blood boiled at the indignity; but his sinewy arm was up like lightning to parry the blow, and as the lash curled round his wrist he drew the weapon quickly from the driver's hand, and would have returned the insult with interest, had he not been deterred from his purpose by the youthful effeminate appearance of the aggressor.

"I cannot strike a girl" exclaimed the slave, contemptuously, throwing the whip at the same time into the floor of the chariot, where it lit at the feet of the other occupant, a sumptuously-dressed nobleman, who enjoyed the discomfiture of his charioteer, with the loud frank glee of a master jeering a dependant.

"Well said, my hero!" laughed the patrician, adding in good humoured, though haughty tones, "Not that I would give much for the chance of man or woman in a grasp like yours. By Jupiter! you've got the arms and shoulders of Antæus! Who owns you, my good fellow? and what do you here?"

"Nay, I would strike him again to some purpose if I were on the ground with him," interrupted the charioteer, a handsome, petulant youth of some sixteen summers, whose long flowing curls and rich scarlet mantle denoted a pampered and favourite slave. "Gently, Scipio! So-ho, Jugurtha! The horses will fret for an hour now they have been scared by his ugly face."

"Better let him alone, Automedon!" observed his master, again shaking his sides at the obvious discomfiture portrayed on the flushed face of his favourite. "Through your life keep clear of a man when he shuts his mouth like that, as you would of an ox with a wisp of hay on his horns. You silly boy! why he would swallow such a slender frame as yours at a gulp; and nobody but a fool ever strikes at a man unless he knows he can reach him, ay, and punish him too, without hurting his own knuckles in return! But what do you here, good fellow?" he repeated, addressing himself once more to the slave, who stood erect, scanning his questioner with a fearless, though respectful eye.

"My master is your friend," was the outspoken answer. "You supped with him only the night before last. But a man need not be in the household of Licinius, nor have spent his best years at Rome, to know the face of Julius Placidus, the Tribune."

A smile of gratified vanity stole over the patrician's countenance while he listened; a smile that had the effect of imparting to its lineaments an expression at once mocking, crafty, and malicious. In repose, and such was its usual condition, the face was almost handsome, perfect in its regularity, and of a fixed, sedate composure which bordered on vacuity, but when disturbed, as it sometimes, though rarely, was, by a passing emotion, the smile that passed over it like a lurid gleam, became truly diabolical.

The slave was right. Amongst all the notorious personages who crowded

and jostled each other in the streets of Rome at that stormy period, none was better known, none more courted, flattered, honoured, hated, and mistrusted, than the occupant of the gilded chariot. It was no time for men to wear their hearts in their hands—it was no time to make an additional enemy, or to lose a possible friend. Since the death of Tiberius, emperor had succeeded emperor with alarming rapidity. Nero had indeed died by his own hand, to avoid the just retribution of unexampled vices and crimes; but the poisoned mushroom had carried off his predecessor, and the old man who succeeded him fell by the weapons of the very guards he had enlisted to protect his grey head from violence. Since then another suicide had induced Vitellius with the purple; but the throne of the Caesars was fast becoming synonymous with a scaffold, and the sword of Damocles quivered more menacingly, and on a slenderer hair than ever, over the diadem.

When great political convulsions agitate a State, already seething with general vice and luxury, the moral scum seems, by a law of nature, to float invariably to the surface—the characters most destitute of principle, the readiest to obey the instincts of self-aggrandisement and expediency, achieve a kind of spurious fame, a doubtful and temporary success. Under the rule of Nero, perhaps, there was but one path to Court favour, and that lay in the disgraceful attempt to vie with this Emperor's brutalities and crimes. The palace of Caesar was then indeed a sink of foul iniquity and utter degradation. The sycophant who could most readily reduce himself to the level of a beast in gross sensuality, while he boasted a demon's refinement of cruelty, and morbid depravity of heart, became the first favourite for the time with his Imperial master. To be fat, slothful, weak, gluttonous, and effeminate, while the brow was crowned with roses, and the brain was drenched with wine, and the hands were steeped in blood—this it was to be a friend and counsellor of Caesar. Men waited and wondered in stupefied awe when they marked the monster reeling from a debauch to some fresh feast of horrors, some ingenious exhibition of the complicated tortures that may be inflicted on a human being, some devilish experiment of all the body can bear, ere the soul takes wing from its ghastly, mutilated tenement, and this not on one, but a thousand victims. They waited and wondered what the gods were about, that Divine vengeance should slumber through such provocations as these.

But retribution overtook him at last. The heart which a slaughtered mother's spectre could not soften, which remorse for a pregnant wife's fate, kicked to death by her brutal lord, failed to wring, quailed at the approach of a few exasperated soldiers; and the tyrant who had so often smiled to see blood flow like water in the amphitheatre, died by his own hand—died as he had lived, a coward and a murderer to the last.

Since then, the Court was a sphere in which any bold unscrupulous man might be pretty sure of attaining success. The present emperor was a good-humoured glutton, one whose faculties, originally vigorous, had been warped and deadened by excess, just as his body had become bloated, his eye dimmed, his strength palsied, and his courage destroyed by the same course. The scheming statesman, the pliant courtier, the successful soldier had but one passion now, one only object for the exercise of his energies, both of mind and body—to eat enormously, to drink to excess, to study every art by which fresh appetite could be stimulated when gorged to repletion—and then—to eat and drink again.

With such a patron, any man who united to a tendency for the pleasures of the table, a strong brain, a cold head, and an aptitude for business, might be

sure of considerable influence. The Emperor thoroughly appreciated one who would take trouble off his hands, while at the same time he encouraged his master, by precept and example, in his swinish propensities. It was no slight service to Vitellius, to rise from a debauch and give those necessary orders in an unforeseen emergency which Caesar's sodden brain was powerless to originate or to understand.

Ere Placidus had been a month about the Court, he had insinuated himself thoroughly into the good graces of the Emperor.

This man's had been a strange and stirring history. Born of patrician rank, he had used his family influence to advance him in the military service, and already, whilst still in the flower of youth, had attained the grade of Tribune in Vespasian's army, then occupying Judæa under that distinguished general. Although no man yielded so willingly, or gave himself up so entirely to the indolent enjoyments of Asiatic life, Placidus possessed many of the qualities which are esteemed essential to the character of a soldier. Personal bravery, or we should rather say, insensibility to danger, was one of his peculiar advantages. Perhaps this is a quality inseparable from such an organisation as his, in which, while the system seems to contain a wealth of energy and vitality, the nerves are extremely callous to irritation, and completely under control. The Tribune never came out in more favorable colors than when every one about him was in a state of alarm and confusion. On one occasion, at the siege of Jotapata, where the Jews were defending themselves with the desperate energy of their race, Placidus won golden opinions from Vespasian by the cool dexterity with which he saved from destruction a whole company of soldiers and their centurion, under the very eye of his general.

A maniple, or, in the military language of to-day, a wing of the cohort led by Placidus was advancing to the attack, and the first centurion, with the company under his command, was already beneath the wall, bristling as it was with defenders, who hurled down on their assailants darts, javelins, huge stones, every description of weapon or missile, including molten lead and boiling oil. Under cover of a moveable pent-house, which protected them, the head of the column had advanced their battering-ram to the very wall, and were swinging the huge engine back, by the ropes and pulleys which governed it, for an increased impulse of destruction, when the Jews, who had been watching their opportunity, succeeded in balancing an enormous mass of granite immediately above the pent-house and the materials of offence, animate and inanimate, which it contained. A Jewish warrior clad in shining armour had taken a lever in his hand, and was in the act of applying that instrument to the impending tottering mass; in another instant it must have crashed down upon their heads, and buried the whole band beneath its weight. At his appointed station by the Eagle, the Tribune was watching the movements of his men with his usual air of sleepy, indolent approval. And even in this critical moment his eye never brightened, his color never deepened a shade. The voice was calm, low, and perfectly modulated in which he bade the trumpeter at his right hand sound the recall, nor, though its business-like rapidity could scarce have been exceeded by the most practised archer, was the movement the least hurried with which he snatched the bow from a dead Parthian auxiliary at his feet and fitted an arrow to its string. In the twinkling of an eye, while the granite vibrated on the very parapet, the arrow was quivering between the joints of the warrior's harness who held the lever, and he had fallen with his head over the wall in the throes of death. Before

another of the defenders could take his place the assaulting party had retired, bringing along with them, in their cool and rigid discipline, the battering-ram and wooden covering which protected it, while the Tribune quietly observed, as he replaced the bow into the fallen Parthian's hand, 'A company saved is a hundred men gained. A dead barbarian is exactly worth my tallest centurion, and the smartest troop I have in the maniple!'

Vespasian was not the man to forget such an instance of cool promptitude, and Julius Placidus was marked out for promotion from that day forth.

But with its courage, the Tribune possessed the cunning of the tiger, not without something also of that fierce animal's outward beauty, and much of its watchful, pitiless, and untiring nature. A brave soldier should have considered it a degradation, under any circumstances, to play a double part; but with Placidus every step was esteemed honorable so long as it was on the ascent. The successful winner had no scruple in deceiving all about him at Rome, by the eagerness with which he assumed the character of a mere man of pleasure, while he lost no opportunity the while of ingratiating himself with the many desperate spirits who were to be found in the imperial city, ready and willing to assist in any enterprise which should tend to anarchy and confusion. While he rushed into every extravagance and pleasure of that luxurious Court—while he vied with Caesar himself in his profusion, and surpassed him in his orgies—he suffered no symptoms to escape him of a higher ambition than that of excellence in trifling—of deeper projects than those which affected the wine-cup, the pageant, and the passing follies of the hour. Yet all the while, within that dainty reveller's brain, schemes were forming and thoughts burning that should have withered the very roses on his brow.

It might have been the strain of Greek blood which filtered through his veins, that tempered his Roman courage and endurance with the pliancy essential to conspiracy and intrigue—a strain that was apparent in his sculptured regularity of feature, and general symmetry of form. His character has always been compared to the tiger's, and his movements had all the phant ease and stealthy freedom of that graceful animal. His stature was little above the average of his countrymen, but his frame was cast in that mould of exact proportion which promises the extreme of strength combined with agility and endurance. Had he been caught like Milo, he would have writhed himself out of the trap, with the sinuous persistency of a snake. There was something snake like, too, in his small glittering eye, and the clear smoothness of his skin. With all its brightness no woman worthy of the name but would have winced with womanly instincts of aversion and repugnance before his glance. With all its beauty no child would have looked up frankly and confidently in his face. Men turned, indeed, to scan him approvingly as he passed; but the brave owned no sympathy with that smooth set trow, that crafty and malicious smile, while the timid or the superstitious shuddered and shrank away, averting their own gaze from what they felt to be the influence of the evil eye.

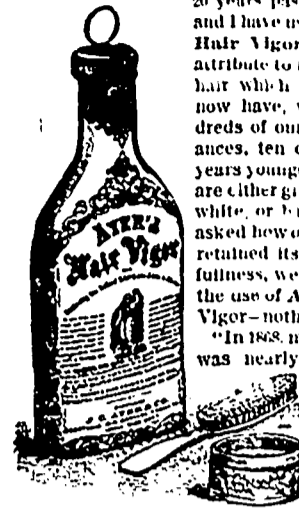
And yet, in his snowy tunic bleached to dazzling white, in his collar of linked gold, his jewelled belt, his embroidered sandals, and the ample folds of his deep violet mantle, nearly approaching purple, Julius Placidus was no unworthy representative of his time and his order, no mean specimen of the wealth, and foppery, and extravagance of Rome.

Such was the man who now stood up in his gilded chariot at Valeria's door, masking with his usual expression of careless indolence, the real impatience he felt for tidings of its mistress.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Gentleman

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

Mlle Dupont, cousin of the President of the French republic, has become a nun.

Bishop Gabriels and Father Edwards of Ogdensburg, N.Y., who have been in Rome for some time, are on their way home.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew had an interview with the Pope at Rome, whom he pronounces the most intellectual man he ever met.

Five Catholic missionaries recently left Hamburg for the Cameroons to further assist in the spread of the faith, which is now making rapid head way amongst the natives.

Archbishop Ireland has been invited by the Jesuit Fathers in charge of the church of the Sacred Heart, Chicago, to deliver a lecture on education. He has accepted and the date will soon be announced.

There is trouble in the A. P. A. camp of Fall River, Mass. One of its members was expelled from the order, because he dared support a Catholic for a political office.

The Indian papers announce the disappearance of one of the last vestiges of the Goanese schism. The little group of Christians at Duwa, in Ceylon, who for some years had refused to recognize their legitimate pastors have happily made their submission and been received back into communion with the Catholic Church.

Bishop Dunne is not going empty handed to his diocese, for which he will leave Chicago some time during January. The presents made to him on the occasion of his consecration last month amounted to \$22,000, of which sum \$5,000 was donated by the priests of the Chicago archdiocese, and the remainder by the friends of the new prelate, Mr. Cudahy, the well-known Chicago Catholic, giving \$5,000 as his personal donation. As the Dallas diocese is financially a poor one, these gifts come in very handy for the good bishop who will, doubtless, expend the most of the money on his flock.

Mr. Howard Mortimer, a student at the Princeton Theological Seminary, called upon Father Young, of the Paulist Fathers, recently, and told him that he desired to espouse the Catholic faith and enter the order. Father Young is a graduate of Princeton College, having been a member of the class of '48. Mr. Mortimer said that he had had the subject under consideration for some time and had concluded that this was the only course for him to take. He also said that another student was desirous of following his example.

Mgr. Casanova, the exiled Archbishop of Guatemala, is on his way to Costa Rica. He was driven from his See in Guatemala by the Masonic government of that state in 1887, because he objected to the irreligious text books which were being forced upon the pupils of the public schools. Despairing of seeing him soon restored to his Archbishopric, the Holy Father has directed him to take charge of the government of the church in Costa Rica, and the Archbishop hopes while residing there to be able also to succor and direct his clergy and people in the neighboring state of Guatemala.

William T. Coleman's will, filed December 7, at San Francisco, made provision for the distribution of his estate in case his sons should die childless. In that event one tenth of the estate, or \$60,000, goes to the president, and board of directors of the St. Louis University, where Mr. Coleman received his education. With this money the directors are enjoined to create a fund, to be styled the "Carrell" fund, or the "Coleman-Carrell" fund, to be devoted to the education of poor orphan boys. The fund is so named in remembrance of Father George A. Carrell, S. J., to whom the testator was indebted for much kind-

ness and consideration during his early struggles in life.

A quiet but romantic royal wedding was celebrated in Genoa by Archbishop Reggio. The bride was the the granddaughter both of the Emperor of Austria and the Prince Regent of Bavaria. The contracting parties were Baron Seefried, son of Chamberlain Seefried von Baltenheim, a handsome young subaltern in the Royal Guards, and Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Prince Leopold, inspector of the Bavarian Army. At first the relatives of the bride firmly declined to give consent, and Baron Seefried was sent in disgrace to Metz, but during the summer Princess Elizabeth pleaded his cause so effectively with the Emperor at Ischl that his approbation was won. Both her parents, as well as Princess Gisela, were present at the ceremony.

Municipal Elections.

The returns of the elections held in this city on Monday are given below. For the Mayoralty the figures stand:

Kennedy	13,503
Fleming	9,094

Majority for Kennedy..... 4,409

The Aldermanic vote was cast as follows:

FIRST WARD.

Stewart	1,098
Allen	1,024
Frankland	927
Small	905
Peter Macdonald	904
Leslie	862
E. A. Macdonald	805
Forster	580
Davis	536
Heakes	336

SECOND WARD.

Hallam	1,997
Lamb	1,942
Hewitt	1,404
Drayton	1,065
Anderson	1,029
Foster	1,027
Spence	1,020
Kelly	936
Carlyle	892
Beatty	434

THIRD WARD.

Shaw	2,049
McMurrich	2,472
Thompson	2,117
Sheppard	1,857
Fraser	1,726
Score	1,616
Clarke	886
Muerril	316

FOURTH WARD.

Burns	2,011
Hubbard	1,993
Jolliffe	1,600
Crane	1,558
Verral	1,381
Harris	1,123
McCaffrey	1,014
Alison	986
Williamson	960
Ward	511
Dill	340

FIFTH WARD.

Crawford	2,671
Bailey	2,015
Dunn	1,960
Bates	1,655
Kennedy	841
Woods	821
Winton	481
Aldridge	349
Smith	282
Hay	116
Lindsey	30

SIXTH WARD.

Atkinson	1,242
Graham	1,105
Gowanlock	897
Murray	894
Verral	732
Maloney	719
Stewart	699
East	643
Denison	592
McCrae	583

On Nov. 27 an old woman named Kane, who resided at Ballyhine, near Barntown, died suddenly. Deceased, who was almost seventy years of age, had been in failing health for some time past.

At a special meeting of the Tuam Town Commissioners on November 18th the retiring chairman, Mr. Patrick Culklin, was unanimously re-elected for the ensuing year. This is Mr. Culklin's sixth year as chairman of the Board.

General Thomas Lloyd, Beechmount, Rathkeale; Hon. William Crosby Trench, Castle Oliver; and Colonel Lionel Butler Massey, Cragbeg, Limerick, have been named for the office of High Sheriff of Limerick County.

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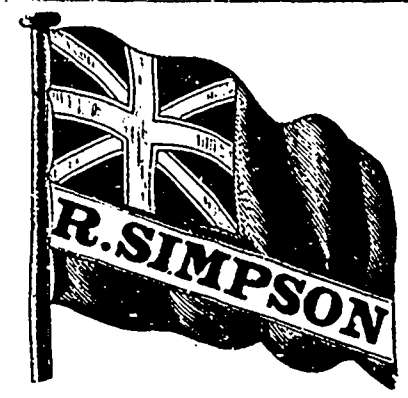
**Confederation Life Association**  
OF TORONTO

IT IS ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL CONDITIONS AND RESTRICTIONS from the date of issue.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY AND AUTOMATICALLY NONFORFEITABLE after two years.

Full information furnished upon application to the Head Office or any of the Company's Agents.

**W. O. MACDONALD,** ACTUARY. **J. K. MACDONALD,** MANAGING DIRECTOR.



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Salisbury Flannel, 25c, worth 35c.  
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Cashmere Mufflers, fast colors, 30c, regular price 50c.  
Scotch Lamb's Wool Underwear, 65c, regular price, 90c.  
Men's Top Shirts, 50c, worth 75c.  
Cardigan Jackets, 75c.

**LADIES' UNDERVESTS—**  
Ladies' Vests, high neck, long sleeve, 45c, worth 90c.

**BOOTS AND SHOES—**  
All Slippers at big sacrifice.  
Ladies' Dongola Lace Boot, \$1.50, were \$2 to \$2.50  
Ladies' Dongola Hand-made Boots, \$2, were \$3.50.  
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Girls' Oil Pebble School Boots, 75c, regular price, \$1.  
Men's Hand-made Rivetted Button Boot, \$1.15, regular price, \$1.50.  
Men's Rivetted Whole Fox Bals, \$2, regular price, \$2.50.

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A Tapestry Carpet for 20c, worth 30c.  
Leader in Tapestry, 28c, worth 35c.  
Brussels Carpet, fine, 75c.  
Union Carpet, 25c, worth 40c.  
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**BLANKETS—**  
A Warm Pair of Blankets for \$1.50.  
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Hon. Sir R. J. Cartwright, } K.C.M.G.,  
Hon. S. C. Wood, } Vice-Presidents.

The Corporation undertakes all manner of TRUSTS and acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, COMMITTEE, TRUSTEE, ASSIGNEE, LIQUIDATOR &c., or as AGENT for any of the above appointments. Estates managed. Money Invested. Bonds issued and countersigned. Financial business of all kinds transacted.

Deposit safes to rent all sizes. Valuables of all kinds received and safe custody Guaranteed and Insured.

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