

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 4.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, JAN. 13, 1882.

NO. 170

CLERICAL.

WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments. We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade.

N. WILSON & CO.

Sing, Little Bird.

BY FANNY FOSTER.

Sing, little bird, on the shimmering bough,
A grateful hymn to this dawn of love;
The voice of discord is silenced now,
And hosts of angels rejoice above.
Our feeble voices we dare to raise,
No sing, little robin, thy song of praise.

Sing, little bird, that immortal song
The shepherds sang in the days of old,
When watchful angels, a glittering throng,
The strains first wakened on lyres of gold.
All earth rejoices this rapturous morn-
Oh! sing, little robin, for Christ is born!

Sing, little bird, of that Father dear,
Whose loving eye, "marks the sparrow's fall."
The faintest whisper His heart can hear,
His tender mercy enfolds all.
We feel His presence this happy day,
No sing, little robin, thy sweetest lay.

Sing, little bird, of the wondrous tale
That thrilled through Mary, the Virgin mild,
When her lips first printed a mother's kiss
On the sacred brow of her Heavenly Child,
While choirs of angels adore above,
Oh! sing, little bird, of that Mother's love.

Sing, little bird, while their white wings
Shine,
Of that burning rapture, that deep delight,
Which burst on her soul when His smile
Divine
Flashed on the gloom like a meteor bright;
And sing, little bird, of the trembling form,
Which the tender glow of her heart made
Warm.

Sing, little bird, of the dawn's gray—
Of the shout of triumph that rent the skies,
Of the humble straw where the Saviour lay,
With the light of heaven in His holy eyes;
And sing, little bird, of the peace that stole
Like a seraph's breath over the sinner's soul.

Sing, little bird, for he loves to hear
The simple strain that the lowly sings—
Such loving praise to His heart is dear,
So shake the dust from thy dusky wings;
Let rapture glow in thy crimson breast,
For the songs of the humble He loves the best.

—[Dublin Nation.]

CATHOLIC PRESS.

London Universe.

EVERYBODY remembers the story of the three black crows. The Irish news sent to the English market is generally manufactured on the principle of the three black crows story. It is bad enough to have a country in a disturbed state, but that is no reason why every trifling incident in such a country should be magnified into a most heinous crime for newspaper-selling purposes. A case in point out of many that might be cited. The other morning a certain news association circulated a report to the effect that three policemen had been fired at in Limerick. The actual occurrence turned out to be that one stone had been thrown at three policemen. Of course, the news organization, although informed of the real extent of this particular Irish outrage, took no steps to remove the bad impression which the manufacture atrocity was calculated to produce on the minds of persons so easily imposed upon, when prejudice against Ireland is excited, as the people of England. The publication of such reckless fabrications ought to be made a criminal offence.

Old Catholicism is dying hard. The "hundreds of the clergy, and hundreds of thousands of the laity" who, as poor old Dollinger uttered ten years ago, were ready to join the new sect, have, by this time, dwindled down to such very small proportions, that among these apostates both the clergy and the "faithful" now count only by units. In many places, where the sectarians professed to be as numerous as the Catholics, they have now disappeared altogether; and, in others, where there are still some of them left, they have become the laughing-stock of all those who know how to tell humbug from reality. Their principal stronghold in Germany is at present Wiesbaden, the capital of the ex-Duchy of Nassau. Seven years ago, the statistics of Old Catholicism in that city showed an "effectiveness" of 456 householders, whose families numbered 2000 strong. The latest account returns the number of householders at 79.

Hamlet, what a falling-off was there! But that is not all. The large church which was taken from the 6000 Catholics to make room for the handful of Old Catholics, is not attended by 40 people on holidays, whilst on ordinary Sundays the attendance ranges from 18 to 28. This is a long way behind the "hundreds of thousands of the faithful" dreamed of in Dollinger's philosophy.

New York Freeman's Journal.

"I owe," said a gray-haired man, surrounded by a happy family on

Christmas Day, "all my present happiness to the fidelity and perseverance with which my wife and I recited the prayers of the Holy Rosary. Never, except for extraordinary reasons, have they been omitted at ten o'clock every night. The boys thought it hard sometimes to drop their amusement and join in the prayers; but, to show that they do not regret it, I can say that they follow the practice themselves, now that they have families of their own." A fortunate father!

The announcement of the appointment of Cardinal Howard to succeed Cardinal Borromeo as Archbishop of St. Peter's has brought out some silly comments. The opinion that it is significant of the intention of His Holiness to espouse the cause of English landlordism has ever been advanced by fools who lose no chance of improving on the utterances of demagogues. The list of modern English Cardinals is made up of illustrious names—Wolsey, Reginald Pole, Fisher, who died a martyr, York, Weld, Wiseman, Manning and Newman. Men, pretending to be Catholic, who talk of "English influence" at Rome, etc., are open to the suspicion that they are at heart secret enemies of the Church.

Boston Pilot.

The poor old dying Catholic Church, as our friends of Zion's Herald and the Methodist pulpits love to call her. This is how she died. In the year 1559 a Diocesan Synod was held in Edinburgh, Scotland. On that occasion, after passing thirty-four canons, it was agreed that the bishops and clergy should meet in the following year to see that their enactments had been carried out. They never met again, however, for before the year was out the "Reformers" had put them under ban and outlawry. But on Tuesday, Dec. 13, 1881, that Diocesan Synod reassembled in Edinburgh, and the splendid ceremony was witnessed, says a Protestant paper of that city, "by a large and devout congregation." The poor old decrepit Church!

It may throw some light upon the hostility existing between the Boers and the English colonists in South Africa to read that the latter have refused to accept a governor appointed by the home government, because he is not a man of title. The appointee, a Mr. Scudall, is said to be every way competent, but the colonists wanted a five nobleman, and nothing less would satisfy them or answer as their money's worth. No wonder that the fierce Democrats of the Transvaal detest as well as despise such neighbors.

ABBE BICHERY, who was for a while chaplain to Father Hyacinthe Layson, has been received into the American Protestant Congregation at Rome. Some time ago this unsettled gentleman left Hyacinthe on account of some sudden notion, and returned to the Catholic Church, from which he had strayed. He entered the monastery of La Trappe, from which place he wrote a letter, about a year ago, telling the public how sorry he was that he had ever left the Catholic Church. The door is still open even for him, and the candle always shines in the window.

Buffalo Union.

They did not die out with the Mosiac dispensation. They are far more numerous to-day than in the old time, when Christ denounced them for their hypocrisy and hardness of heart. No Christian community is without them, with their ostentatious prayers and alms, and their merciful virtues. They are still searching for the mote in their brothers' eye, and forgetting the beam in their own; still entertaining Heaven with the list of their good deeds, and still, at the sight of human frailty, giving thanks that they are not as other men. And meantime, many a humble sinner repents, and goes onward justified; while they, secure in their own conceit, are drifting farther and farther away from Heaven's gate, through which none but the meek and merciful can enter.

Well for the Pharisee, if he learn while there is yet time to make the knowledge profitable, that he is of the same clay as the rest of mankind. Only through sore temptation—nay, sometimes, it would seem, only through defeat—can he be brought to distrust of self and compassion for the weakness of his fellow-mortals.

Baltimore Mirror.

OUR separated brethren make so much use of Galileo that one would

suppose he was a Protestant. He was nothing of the sort, and would turn in his grave if such an accusation were made over his tomb. He died a good Catholic and is buried in the Church of Santa Croce in Florence.

When Frederic Ozanam and his seven companions met to organize the first conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, they heard these words of wisdom from the mouth of M. Bailly, the Mentor who presided over their deliberations. "If you intend the work to be really efficacious," said he, "if you are in earnest about serving the poor as well as yourselves, you must not let it be a mere doing out of alms, bringing each your pittance of money and food; you must make it a medium of moral assistance, you must give them the alms of counsel (l'aumone de la direction)." According to M. Bailly's idea, the lawyer was to give the poor his legal services; the doctor attend to them in sickness; the business man grant them the benefit of his experience in the ways of getting on in the world; so that the members of the society should put their mind and heart, as well as their pocket, at the use of their proteges, and so help them as to teach them how to help themselves. Now do the Brothers of this emulating association hereabouts carry out this its fundamental purpose—to sympathize with the poor, advise them, get employment for those who can work, encourage those among them who are Catholics to practice their holy religion, and so raise them out of the material, mental and spiritual bogs into which they may have fallen? It is not by bread alone that man lives, but by love and faith, and the benefactor who attends only to the wants of the stomach, leaving the heart and soul uncared for, is as poor in philanthropy as his beneficiaries are in dollars and cents.

Catholic Review.

SEVEN days in the week and six times a day, the devil has the ear, or perhaps rather the eye of the readers of Newspapers. Against this, the Catholic priest has five minutes instruction, at an early mass on Sunday. So far as opportunity of teaching goes, all the advantage is on the side of the devil. It would seem to us therefore, the commonest kind of prudence, to try and pre-occupy to some extent the field in which he has so unquestioned sway. That, it seems to us, is the main argument in favor of the Catholic Press. And if we are to have all concerned, it is not worthy of its work, worthy not merely in aspiration but worthy in execution. That can be secured only by the cooperation of all. It will not do, in a moment of enthusiasm, to start a journalistic rowboat a few miles above the rapids, and bid the oarsman strike for the great lakes of prosperity and influence. They may have the skill of Maury and the enterprising genius of Columbus, but without a little steam, and some relays of hands, and something in the locker, the single unaided boatman of such enterprises are foundering every day, from Boston to Oregon. It need not be so. Free trade is admirable in theory, perfect, perhaps, but in practice, a little protection and nurturing has to be tried, where struggling industries are to be fostered. So with the industry of Catholic literature. It has been, after all, a hardy and vigorous plant in America; if it had not been, it could scarcely have survived against all its odds. But what is a bush might be a great tree, filling all the land, if its Catholicizing power was really appreciated by those who might use it best. We are glad to perceive that bishops and clergy everywhere are becoming fully alive to the vast aid which their teaching can receive from the use of the printing press.

The Holy Father has sent a precious and beautiful letter to the lady who at the recent Teachers' Congress in Milan had the courage to protest against an atheistical speech delivered by Becelli, the Minister of Education, and to maintain the necessity of religious instruction in the schools. The lady's name is Angiola Casaro; she is a teacher in the public schools of Milan.

Windhorst said recently in the German Reichstag. "The entire sixteen millions of German Catholics will hang together in a solid and unbroken phalanx, until they have secured at last their just demand, freedom for their Church. In any case such a serried phalanx is strong enough to maintain a passive resistance. It is a matter that no siege can overthrow, and engineers will speculate in vain on its fall."

OUR ENEMIES.

The greatest enemies of the Church are not Protestants, but "liberal and enlightened" Catholics, who, if they have any religious interest, see it only to advance their temporal interests. These are the men who help our enemies to outrage the Catholic conscience. Let us take a specimen of the genus. There is the professedly political Catholic. If he gets into a high office on the shoulders of the people, he is either too stupid to grapple with the leading Catholic questions of the day, or, if he understands them he is too self-interested to make his voice heard, or his influence felt, on any question affecting his co-religionists.

The political Catholic is a character whom we would gladly treat with the silence of contempt; did not his "affecting" religion mislead many worthy people who place too much reliance on him. If the political Catholic is a "liberal," as he generally is, he pits the "superstitions" of the practical Catholic. The man who goes to Mass and confession has all his "commitment" to the political Catholic.

The "liberal" Catholic is "all things to all men" in a sense which St. Paul never contemplated. He interprets in a manner that will not offend Protestant ears, the text, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church;" and that other text, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." The "liberal" Catholic is "the greatest triumph of Satan." He proclaims, if not by his words, certainly by his acts, that God has ceased to reign over His Church, and that the Pope is infallible in a sense different from that of the Vatican Council. He regards the Bishops and priests as tolerably good men, who should confine themselves to matters purely spiritual, and not interfere with secular matters as education or kindred subjects. The "liberal" Catholic bears on his brow the mark of reprobation; and when, for political purposes, he discharges some of the external duties of religion, he may be recognized by the thin veil of hypocrisy which reveals rather than conceals the workings of his pharisaical soul.

In every parish there are men professing the Catholic faith who are afraid to appear "bigoted"—that is to say, who are ashamed to be seen saying prayers, going to confession or to Mass. Such men are, as we have said, the worst enemies of the Church. These renegades to the faith may attain position and even power, but they forget the one thing needful—the salvation of their immortal souls. They barter their faith for worldly honor and riches; and if they do not repent in time, they will assuredly hear the terrible words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

If the "liberal" Catholic be a Freemason—which is very frequently the case—he defies the authority of the Church, and the Church in her turn treats him as a rebel. When it comes to that, his degradation is complete. As a man, he would deprive the Church of all authority over him. He knows that the society of which he is a member has been over and over again condemned. This condemnation is founded on the very spirit of the "order." Its secrecy is abhorrent to the light of the Gospel, and the obligation of an oath is repugnant to the teaching of Him who said, "Swear not at all." But the "liberal" Catholic thinks nothing of this. He looks upon Masonry as a powerful aid to temporal gain. It is said that Freemasonry is not irreligious, that it has even its ritual and its ceremonies. Yes, it has its ceremonial, and undeniably the possession of virtue unknown to the Christian religion. When we consider that Freemasonry was born of irreligion, that it grew up with it; that it has kept pace with its progress; that it has never pleased any but men either impious or indifferent to religion, and that it has always been regarded with abhorrence by all good Catholics, we must look upon it as an institution not only bad in itself, but desperately wicked. The Catholic who is a member of such an association is the sworn enemy of the Church of God, the ally of Satan, and a monster far more to be dreaded, detested, and avoided than even the heretic or the infidel.

LOCAL.

Mr. John Drompole of this city sang at the concert given by the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Stratford on Monday evening.

We are glad to notice our esteemed friend John M. O'Meara, of the firm of O'Meara & Bros., is able to be about again, having been confined to the house for some time through illness.

On Thursday last week as Mr. James Lacey was engaged in chopping wood on lot 7, Con. 6, West Nissouri he was instantly killed by a tree falling on him.

A young son of Mr. Gresson, while playing around his father's plowing mill on Simcoe Street happened to touch the belt on the driving shaft and was carried around the pulley and thrown on the fly wheel. When picked up it was found that his skull was broken in five different places and the doctor removed about two square inches of the skull. But little hope is entertained of his recovery.

The St. Patrick's Benevolent Society of this city met on Wednesday evening of last week and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, Bro. Chris. Hevey; 1st Vice-ld., Bro. Thomas Morkin; 2nd Vice-ld., Bro. James Thompson; Recording Secretary, Bro. Thos. Gould; Financial do., Bro. Archibald McNeil; Treasurer, Bro. Wm. McKetrick; Marshal, Bro. Michael Laughlin; Librarian, Bro. Edward Ryan; Trustees, Bros. M. Mulrooney, Mathew Minogue and A. McDonald; Tyler, Bro. Thos. Fitzgibbon.

REDEMPTORIST MISSION IN BRUCE.

To the Editor of the RECORD.

DEAR SIR,—I have no doubt you will be pleased to learn that the cause of the Gospel has recently been stimulated into renewed life and activity in this part of the country, by a visit from the Redemptorist Fathers Miller and McInerney, of Toronto. Last year Fathers Miller and McCormac gave a mission in this parish, which stirred up all the people to a remarkable extent, and brought back many who had practically lived outside of the Church for years. The renewal of the Mission this year has been equally successful. Nearly four hundred people partook of Holy Communion during the week, amongst the number being several adults who approached the Holy Sacrament for the first time. For a number of years after the first settlement of this County our people were greatly scattered, and insufficiently provided with facilities for the active exercise of their religion. Naturally this condition of existence resulted in a serious denuding of Faith with many, and in actual loss to church in not a few instances. But of late years great changes have taken place. His Lordship Bishop Crimmon established numerous Parishes throughout the County, and sent ever there seemed even a slender prospect of their maintenance. And happily they have all succeeded. And now there are not many Counties in the Province where the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Church prosper more abundantly than in Bruce. In the southern portion of the County, comprising the Electoral Division of South Bruce, we have a church, convent, and priest's house, in Formosa; a church and house in Carleton Place; a church in North Bruce; a school and house in Chestnut; a church and school in Mildmay; a church and house, and convent in Dismerton; a church and house in Teeswater; a church in Holyrood; and a church and house in Riversdale. Nearly all these buildings are new, and some of them are of a superior style of architecture. Seven Priests and nineteen or twenty school sisters of Notre Dame minister to the spiritual and educational needs of the people in the different Parishes named, so that altogether we have good reason to feel that the cause of the church is making reasonably satisfactory progress in this County. Our present Pastor, Father P. Lennon, who is a most zealous laborer in the vineyard of his Master, recently invited the Redemptorist Fathers from Toronto to a renewal of their last year's Mission in Walkerton, with the most beneficial results to the people. Father Miller and McInerney seem blessed by Providence with the true spirit of the mission. From six o'clock in the morning until ten every night, they are all joined to the See of Peter, the centre from which radiates the truth, the trunk, with its root in Christ, from which rises the sap of sanctifying grace.

There is but one Church of Christ, and outside of it there is no salvation.—Baltimore Mirror.

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Walkerton, Jan. 7th, 1882. M.C.N.

MAIDSTONE CROSS.

A very enjoyable entertainment was given here on New Year's Eve, in aid of the Catholic Church, on which there still is a large debt. The Rev. Father Molphy, late of Stratford, is rapidly becoming very popular amongst the people of this large parish. He evidently is the right man in the right place and has met, already, with a very fair measure of success financially. Recently he gave a goodhouse to be raffled for, the proceeds to be devoted to the liquidation fund. This raffle came off on the day mentioned, and at the same time the reverend gentleman provided and refreshment stand very well attended. It is clear that there was over \$300 dollars made. He had almost forgotten to mention that considerable money was made by an election for popularity between two young ladies, Miss Halford and Miss Costigan, the prize a fine cake, falling to the former. Altogether the Reverend Father Molphy is to be congratulated on the success of this first entertainment.

J. E. C.

Melancthon's Advice to his Dying Mother.

Melancthon, the pet pupil of the apostate monk, Martin Luther, writes the venerable and accomplished editor of the Catholic Telegraph, prevailed upon his poor mother to forsake the Church of her Baptism and follow him into heresy. On her deathbed she solemnly appealed to him to tell her the truth. "My son," said the distracted woman, "By thy agency I have abandoned the Catholic Church, and followed the new religion. I am about to appear before my God, and I assure thee by that living God, tell me, and keep not the truth from me, in what faith must I die?" The wretched son bowed his head; in a deadly struggle between pride, prejudice and principle, he raised it to answer: "Mother! the Protestant doctrine is the easiest, but the Catholic is the surest." (Audin, "Life of Luther," vol. iii, p. 263.)

To those at least who remember the intense excitement which Cardinal Wiseman's letter announcing the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England created it will hardly be credible that the Standard of Saturday rather authoritatively mentions that the usage recognized in the Exchequer Courts, which includes a Royal invitation to all members of the Sacred College by virtue of their office, will in future be extended to Cardinals named and Newman, on the occasion of Royal receptions in England. The announcement only shows how time works wonders.—Cork Herald.

ONE CHURCH.

A correspondent, who, we suppose, is not a Catholic, sends us this letter:

LOUISA COURT HOUSE, VA.,
January 2, 1882.
Messrs. Editors.—I attended a Methodist meeting yesterday. After the sermon the circuit reader distributed a tract styled, "The Doctrine of Grace and the Ten Points of Church Economy as Held in the Methodist Episcopal Church—By J. H. Vincent, D. D."

I will call your attention to one paragraph of the tract—perhaps you may not have seen it—viz., "The Holy Catholic Church has many outward branches or denominations. One branch is the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was organized in 1784, and is in harmony with the Apostolic Church." Did you know that before, and is it generally known by Catholics?

I had an idea that the Roman Catholic was the only true Catholic Church, but if the Methodist, Baptist, Campbellite, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Lutheran, etc., are all branches and in harmony with the Apostolic Church, there is no need of going to Rome, is there? This is new light, of which I would like to hear more from the Roman Catholic standpoint.

Yours, not one, ISQUEBER.

The Holy Catholic Church has not "many outward branches" in the way of distinct denominations. Christ founded one Church, with "one faith, one Lord, one baptism." He did not institute a go-as-you-please concern, in which every man could pick and choose what he wished to believe and do, and so start with others of the same kidney a new "outward branch," whether in the year 284 or 1784.

Christ founded one Church, and He prayed for its first members and their future disciples "that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." He would have prayed in vain, if Dr. Vincent's theory of "denominations" were correct, as it is not, for those denominations are not one, but many and conflicting; and their opposite and clashing doctrines catch the eye and excite the derision of the very pagans, who in Asia and Africa tell the propagators of an unsettled, multitudinous and hydra-headed Christianity, so-called, to return home and "mend their manners," before starting out to muddy the brains of poor heathens with cries of "Lord, here," and "Lord, there."

The "Methodist Episcopal Church" is no branch of the Holy Catholic Church. The Holy Catholic Church stretches out its arms to inclose its members in every part of the world. Its innumerable congregations may be said to be its branches, but they are all one, as Christ prayed they would be, in the faith they hold, and they are all joined to the See of Peter, the centre from which radiates the truth, the trunk, with its root in Christ, from which rises the sap of sanctifying grace.

There is but one Church of Christ, and outside of it there is no salvation.—Baltimore Mirror.

Beecher on England.

Mr. Beecher's discourse on Christmas day was on what he called Christ's ordination sermon. Picturing Christ in the synagogue reading and teaching, the preacher said: "He taught us there that God is on the side of those who are in trouble. He is with the poor and lowly, for among these classes there is the firmest belief in God. Skepticism is only found among the prosperous and wealthy. Christ in his ordination sermon declared that religion sought out the captive, the broken-hearted, and the oppressed. If the needless sufferings which man endures from man were taken together the sight would make one almost believe that there was no God."

In speaking of the oppressions of theologians, he said: "It appears as if hell had framed the theologians, for if the devil had supervised the writing of them they could not have been better suited to his desires and purposes." When he spoke of oppressions by nations, he said: "England's hands clutch the tightest, and she robs every where in the name of humanity. Her reach goes far out. But if in the name of humanity she would now release her hold of a despoiled nation Gladstone's name would be written high up near the name of Christ."

The recent appointment of the Rev. Father Coleridge, brother of the Lord Chief Justice of the English Common Pleas, as rector of the Jesuit Church in Farm Street, London, has brought to mind how a large number of priests in England were formerly clergymen of the Established Church. Father Coleridge himself was for many years a member of Balliol, and had received deacon's orders before "going over to Rome." At the Brompton Oratory, out of eighteen priests twelve were at one time of life either clergymen or prominent laymen of the Establishment; and of the twenty-one Oblates of St. Charles, in Bayswater, more than half were at one time Protestants.

The new chapel at the House of Providence, Toronto, was dedicated on Friday, the occasion being the Festival of the Epiphany. At half-past ten the ceremony was commenced by the blessing of the chapel by Archbishop Lynch, assisted by Bishops O'Mahony and Cleary. Bishop O'Mahony then celebrated High Mass, assisted by Fathers Foll and Lynnet. A short sermon was then delivered by the Archbishop. The service was well attended. The building is of the French gothic style of architecture, and is eighty-five feet long and forty-five feet wide. It is divided into nave, chancel, and side chapels.

Opportunity.

This I saw once, or dreamed it in a dream: A child had strayed from out the palace gate...

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER IV. WEAVING THE WEB. An elegant building on a principal street bore on one of its doors the name and profession of Dr. Killany.

Juniper thereupon went into convulsions, and roared so loud that the windows shook. Kick me out of doors, I suppose! I shouldn't like him to get his claws on me...

turned from him. She was watching the fall falling through the closed windows, and no suspicion of having said a sharp thing was in her manner.

grace to make a good confession." He began immediately: all joined him, and Mary from heaven above blessed them...

INSUBORDINATION AMONG CATHOLICS. In a recent discourse Bishop Vaughan, of Halifax, England, sketched the characteristic spirit of the present age as follows...

speculatively correct, is practically weakened and corrupted by error and the spirit of self-opinion and insubordination. True religious zeal and devotion, real humility and obedience are incompatible with this spirit...

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The following letters are samples of those which we are constantly receiving from our patrons. We do not wish to draw any comparison between the Record and other papers published in Canada...

THE ROSARY.

The Graces Received by Families Whose Members Recite it Together.

Reciting the Rosary is a very efficacious means of obtaining the best graces of heaven. The efficaciousness is all the greater when the recital is in the church or the family...

THE ELEMENTS OF BONE, BRAIN AND MUSCLE, are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy...

James W. Grace, Marshall, Mich. As a Catholic journal, the Record is a most welcome addition to the household of every Catholic family...

Sea-Rest.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Fair from where the roses rest... Round the altar and the aisle... Which I loved of all, the best... I have come to rest awhile...

ENLIGHTENED PROTESTANTISM.

There is no ignorance so dense as that of "enlightened" Americans. It has been said, with much truth, that, until the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876...

the power of the State to interfere with the works of God. This deprives his article of any value, except as an example of the vague fear of well-intentioned Protestants...

THE EDINBURGH KIRKS.

In St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, Broughton Street. No series of historical notices of Edinburgh kirks would be complete which did not include an article devoted to a Roman Catholic place of worship...

which leads from the public church to the cloister-chapel, when the wall gave way, burying all within the chapel beneath its ruins. The Archbishop himself was splintered with the hot debris, and had he proceeded a yard further into the chapel he also must have shared the fate of the others...

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE TRUE RELIGION—AND WHY?

1. Because God made her; and God alone has the right to say how we should adore and worship Him. The Catholic Church has always claimed Jesus Christ, the Man God, as her only founder...

A Thorough Job.

Judge M.—a well known jurist living near Cincinnati, was fond of relating this anecdote. He once had occasion to send to the village for a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools...

GULLY OF WRONG.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some all-verified remedies fully worth all that is asked for them...

Had Suffered Many Physicians. and grew no better but rather worse. Mr. D. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., after dismissing his physicians, tried nearly half a gross of the various blood and liver remedies advertised, with no benefit...

The Catholic Record published every Friday morning at 428 Richmond Street.

Annual subscription £2 00 Six months 1 00

ADVERTISING RATES. Ten cents per line for first, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. All matter intended for publication must have the name of the writer attached, and must reach the office not later than Tuesday noon of each week.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. London, Ont., May 23, 1879. DEAR MR. COFFEY.—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and to the general public that the change of ownership will work no change in its aims and principles; that it will remain, what it has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and to the promotion of Catholic interests.

Mr. THOMAS COFFEY, Office of the "Catholic Record."

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, JAN. 13, 1882.

IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS.

The conduct of the British Government in its treatment of Irish political prisoners is certainly deserving of a most severe condemnation. It is still no doubt in the recollection of many that some years ago the present premier of England, Mr. Gladstone, treated Europe to the most magnificent effusions on the question of individual liberty.

As to the progress of Protestantism in continental countries, the only authority we have is the bare word of well-paid missionaries who find it indispensable to their own comfort and prosperity to tell some extravagant stories in order that they may be permitted to retain their positions.

A REBUKE.

The corporations of Dublin and Cork have extended the freedom of these cities to Parnell and Dillon. This is a circumstance which proves beyond doubt that the heart of Ireland is true to the imprisoned suspects and that England's government holds no place whatever in the esteem of the vast majority of the Irish people.

blot upon the boasted civilisation of England, who on every conceivable occasion has been lecturing the different nations of Europe on the subject of individual liberty.

A 'CONVERT' TO METHODISM.

Our cotemporary the Christian Guardian, in reviewing the events of the past year, claims that "the political movements in France have not been the only sign during the year of the decline of Romanism," and takes comfort in the fact that a Canon of St. Peter's had become a Methodist. It is strange our Toronto friend can find any degree of satisfaction in the accession to his Church of a person whose scandalous mode of living called forth ecclesiastical censure before he took it into his head to leave the church.

But has the Catholic Church really lost ground? We will answer this question by quoting a paragraph which appears in another column of the Guardian of the same date. It is as follows: "A correspondent of the London Tablet is authority for the statement that during the past thirty years great numbers of the laity, and over 300 of the clergy, of the Anglican Establishment have become converts to the Catholic Church."

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THE NEW IRISH ATTORNEY GENERAL.

The gentleman who, by the resignation of Lord Chancellor O'Hagan, finds himself called to the attorney-generalship of Ireland, has appealed to an Irish constituency, and the grounds on which he asks their suffrages is certainly, considering the causes of the present trouble in Ireland, a strange one. In 1880 Mr. Parnell and his colleagues advised the Irish tenants to pay none but a fair rent, and this was made the motto of the agitation. For this these gentlemen were cast into prison, and after some time were put upon their trial before a jury of their countrymen, and acquitted. Today Mr. Taylor, the new Attorney-General, in his address to the people, asks them to vote for him and fair rent. It is really wonderful how the very cause that plunged one man into prison, under the present English government, would by an officer of the same government be employed as a reason why Irishmen should give him their suffrages. "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

WHAT AN ENGLISH EARL SAYS.

English Earls are supposed to be intelligent persons. We have evidence, however, of at least one who is either very stupid or very ignorant, and this is Earl Derby. A few days since he delivered a speech at a Reform Club meeting in Liverpool. Referring to Home Rule for Ireland he said: "America is not a despotic or reactionary country, but we know how she dealt with secession, and we see how thoroughly the traces of the sanguinary conflict have disappeared. I do not see why we should show less determination, or have less good fortune." We might be permitted to inform the noble Earl that the Southern States were in possession of the privileges of Home Rule before the war broke out. What they desired was to break up the Union and establish an independent nation. The Irish Home Rulers ask the same privileges enjoyed by the Southern people both before and since the war.

A PRETTY LITTLE STORY FOR THE POOR LANDLORDS.

The Leeds (England) Mercury has manufactured a very beautiful little story which will perhaps create a wave of sympathy for the poor, dear, down-trodden, boycotted landlords of Ireland. Millions of people will most assuredly shed bitter tears because of the dreadful straits in which are placed the kind souls who have been so good and considerate to those Irish people who would starve despite all their philanthropy. Never, never, again will the people be delighted with the presence of the magnificent hunt over their farms. Never again, perhaps, will continental countries be favored with the presence of those accomplished gentlemen, the Irish landlords, and English Lords who are also landlords in Ireland. Times are changing. Fate seems to have taken these noble personages by the coat collars and given them an unmerciful shaking. Here is the story referred to. We found it in a city cotemporary of a recent date, and reproduce it for the benefit of this down-trodden class. We are, however, forced to condense it somewhat. It is really too pathetic in its entirety!

There was a sea captain, we are told. His name is not given, but for convenience sake he is called Captain Jack. Well, Captain Jack's father is an Irish landlord. He came home suddenly and found the

family starving. Captain Jack couldn't stand it; of course he couldn't. It was more than flesh and blood could bear: so he sallied out with revolver in hand to hunt up the tenants who owed rent to his father. He met one, who is called Tim, in a public house, and the revolver had the effect of taking from Tim a cheque for three hundred pounds. Tim must have carried his cheque book in his pocket, you see, and also must have been swindling his landlord and hoarding up immense wealth.

This is in substance the story of a poor Irish landlord. It is very touching, and it must be true, because it is taken from an English paper, the Leeds Mercury. Lo! the Poor Landlord!

BISMARCK AND THE VATICAN.

We learn from the cables of Saturday last that Bismarck had addressed a note, kind but explicit, in which he politely informs Humbert that the question of the people's independence is one which does not concern the home policy of Italy as much as it does that of entire Europe. Though we do not place much confidence in these messages from Europe, yet we have no doubt that, if the necessity of the independence of the Holy See has not yet been recognised, the day is not far distant when the thrones of Europe will find that their stability will need the support of an independent Papal power. With communism reigning supreme and plunging royal houses in mourning, the kingdoms of Europe will sadly need the moral restraining power ever exercised by the Holy See to keep in check the passions of turbulent men, and the royal houses of Europe will find their greatest security in sustaining the Vicar of Christ, who ever teaches submission to legitimate authority.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH IRELAND?

This question has often been put to us by persons acquainted with the manner in which the country has been governed by its conquerors. "What is the matter with Ireland?" "Has she not, in conjunction with the other two Kingdoms, the benefits of the most glorious constitution on the face of the earth?" These are the questions invariably propounded by persons whose knowledge of history is derived from the newspapers. But occasionally the newspapers pick up scraps of history which serve to set men thinking, and reflective minds have long since come to the conclusion that it is really wonderful the Irish people have so long borne the terrible hardships and unjust exactions consequent upon their forced connection with England, a nation whose selfishness and national greed have, in the present day, been so clearly demonstrated, that happy and contented nations gaze on her with that contempt which her hypocrisy so richly merits. The following written by Mr. Lecky, the historian, will serve in some measure to demonstrate "What is the matter with Ireland?" After reading it carefully, many persons will, no doubt, be not much astonished at the existence of Home Rulers and Land Leaguers:

"The Duke of St. Albans, the bastard son of Charles the Second, enjoyed an Irish pension of £900 a year; Catherine Sedley, the mistress of James the Second, had another of £5000 a year. William bestowed confiscated lands exceeding an English county in extent on his Dutch favorites, Portland and Albemarle, and a considerable estate on his former mistress, Elizabeth Villiers. The Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Darlington, the two mistresses of George the First, had pensions of the united annual value of £5000. Lady Walsingham, the daughter of the Duchess of Kendal, had an Irish pension of £1500. Lady Howe, the daughter of Lady Darlington, had a pension of £500. Madame de Walmeden, one of the mistresses of George the Second, had an Irish pension of £2000. The Queen Dowager of Prussia, sister of George the Second, Count Bernstorff, who was a prominent German politician under George the First, and a number of other less noted German names may be found on the Irish pension list."

In addition to the prodigates mentioned in the foregoing list as having been quartered on the Irish pension establishment, Froude mentions Sophia Kielmasch, another mistress of George the Second, who was created Countess of Leinster and endowed with £2000 a year. Besides the pensions there were the salaries for English sinecurists which were almost as scandalous. Mr. Lecky says on this subject: "Until Lord Townsend's administration the Viceroy was always absent from the country from which they derived their official incomes for more than half, usually for about four fifths, of their terms of office. Swift, in one of his 'Drapers' Letters,' written in 1724, has given a curious catalogue of the great Irish offices, some of them perfect sinecures, which were then distributed among English politicians. Lord Berkeley held the great office

of Master of the Rolls; Lord Palmerston that of the First Remembrancer, at a salary of nearly £2,000 a year; Dedington was Clerk of the Rolls, at a salary of £5,000 a year; Southwell was Secretary of State; Lord Burlington was hereditary High Treasurer with an income of £9,000 a year; Addison had a sinecure as keeper of the Records in Birmingham Tower, and four of the Commissioners of Revenue lived generally in England."

DIocese OF KINGSTON.

The following letter which was read in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, and which we take from the Daily News of that city, explains itself. It certainly must be most gratifying to his Lordship Bishop Cleary to see his efforts to free the diocese of Kingston from its debt so generously seconded by both priests and people. Certainly the generosity with which his Lordship's call has been responded to is a grand example which might be well followed by the sister dioceses in their different diocesan undertakings:

To the Congregation of St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston.

Being under the necessity of going from home for ten or twelve days to take part in the deliberations of the bishops of this province respecting matters of high ecclesiastical interest, I desire to express to you, my good and faithful parishioners of Kingston, my best wishes for your welfare, accompanied by my prayers to God for the spiritual and temporal happiness of yourselves and your families throughout the new year. This is a fitting occasion for me to declare that you have deserved well of me since my advent amongst you and have made me feel happy in the discharge of my duties as pastor of this city and diocese by rendering to me not only the duty of obedience, but the more pleasing homage of kindness and affection manifested in various ways, public and private. You have been most attentive to your religious duties and docile to my instructions; and, on a recent occasion, when God was pleased to visit me with a domestic affliction, you extended to me the comfort of your kindly sympathy. A still more public and striking proof of your thorough Catholic spirit of loyalty to your church and your bishop has been exhibited to me and the diocese generally in your ready and unanimous approval of the arrangements made by me, in conjunction with a committee of twelve priests of the diocese, for the extinction of the diocesan debt, and your noble response to the call made upon you for \$4,500—your share of the liability; more than half the amount having been subscribed the first day, and all but a trifle of your entire liability being now discharged. The action of Kingston parish in this respect could not have failed to edify the entire diocese and serve for a good example. Although a whole year has been allowed to each parish for the payment of its share of the debt, it is most cheering to be able to announce that contributions have been already received from twenty-two parishes amounting to thirteen thousand two hundred dollars, that thirteen parishes have entitled themselves to special distinction by the payment in full of their liability in these first weeks; and that the pastors of the other missions have almost without exception, arranged with me respecting the convenient time and method of collecting their apportioned sum at no distant day in the new year. Thus the debt, which hitherto oppressed the diocese of Kingston, and fettered the hands of its bishops, is virtually discharged; and for this I hereby publicly thank my zealous and beloved clergy and most dutiful people throughout the whole extent of the diocese, and in a most particular manner my loyal and loving Catholic congregation of St. Mary's Cathedral. May the Divine blessing come abundantly upon you all, upon Kingston city and Kingston diocese in this new year of grace and for many years in succession.

JAMES VINCENT CLEARY, Bishop of Kingston. Dec. 31st, 1881.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HERE is a noble act being performed by the Emperor of Austria. He is erecting at his own expense a Memorial chapel on the site of the Vienna theatre, lately consumed by fire, in which a thousand human lives were sacrificed. Mass will be annually celebrated in this chapel for the repose of the souls of the victims. The Emperor also contributed munificently towards relieving those who were deprived of means of support through the dreadful occurrence.

EACH soldier in the British army costs £120 a year, and Mr. Gladstone has now some fifty thousand troops in Ireland. These figures put together mean that the overloaded British taxpayer is mulcted at the rate of six millions sterling a year for the maintenance of an army to support the landlords in evictions, which are "equivalent to death sentences," and in rack rents, which are levied out of "confiscation titles," and out of improvements "nineteenths of which have been effected by the tenants."

THE Duchess of Marlborough, in the Morning Post of London, touchingly alludes to the "spoliation" which the landlords will have to suffer from the Land Courts! Poor fellows! they deserve a large share of sympathy. Perhaps some of them will be "spoliated" to such a degree that it will be impossible for them to enjoy themselves on the continent as usual, squandering hundreds of thousands of pounds wrung from a starving peasantry. Would it not be in order were the

Duchess to touchingly allude to the "spoliation" which the people of Ireland suffered when their lands and their homes were confiscated by the government and handed over to the ancestors of many of the present holders of large estates.

A FEW months since an Italian firebrand named Gavazzi came to Canada to make money on the credulity of the sects. This he succeeded in doing in a manner most satisfactory to himself. The sects of Toronto held high jubilee while he remained in their midst, and a Methodist paper dubbed him, "The noble old man." The following paragraph from an English paper of a recent date will most certainly convince our friend that the old man was not so very noble after all—"Signor Gavazzi, who is described as an 'English preacher,' was yesterday sentenced by the Seine Tribunal to thirteen months' imprisonment for immoral behavior." More than thirty years ago this man was denounced by Wrightson (a Protestant), in his "History of Modern Italy," as a "preacher of sedition and active subverter of order."

A LONDON Tory paper says: The irony of destiny has never made itself more apparent than in the career of John Bright. One illustration may suffice to substantiate this statement. No man has so energetically denounced the existence of sinecure offices. He designated them as jobs, founded for the sole purpose of affording outdoor relief to the aristocracy. This, however, was before he had attained his fiftieth year or worn the Queen's livery. Since then we find him holding one of the most lucrative sinecure offices under the Crown—that of Chancellor to the Duchy of Lancaster. Beyond the signing of tickets giving admission to fashionable marriages at the Savoy Chapel, Mr. Bright has really nothing else to do than to draw his salary of £2,000.

WHAT a terrible castigation is that given by the Episcopal Bishop of Rochester to narrow-minded and ignorant bigots who have been ordained as ministers of the thousand and one minor sects of Protestantism. Would it could be read to them in their conventicles when they are loudly declaiming against a religion of which they know so little.

After describing "her magnificent claims, her consummate organization, her sonorous authority, her grand traditions," he adds the pertinent advice, "Do not despise her, for nothing serves her purpose so well. Do not mouth at her; she is worth all the reasoning we can find. Single souls, and beautiful, still go out from us to her and seldom come back. Exaggeration and ignorance, a spurious liberalism and a petulant bigotry equally play her game and fill her ranks." We would commend a study of the Bishop's remarks to the Rev. Dr. Savage, of the Wellington street Methodist Church, in this city.

THE Catholic Church has always given her benediction to labor.

Summoned by her holy bell, the peasants, whose welfare she has cherished, have gone forth to their labor until the evening, and some of her learned communities have worked with hands and arms, in no amateur spirit, but in the frank way of business; and it is with pleasure that we put on record labors of hand and arm which the Franciscan Capuchin Fathers are prosecuting at Chester. Funds and facilities failed, it appears, for the building of the necessary schools, and the Provincial of the Order, the Reverend Father Pacificus, has led his sons into the breach. For the last two or three months these brave ecclesiastics have been at work, digging, brick-laying, building, carpentering, for the sake of the children of the Catholic population among which they live. The erection of the schools has been begun at the rear of the church, on the last piece of land available to the community. The Provincial unloads bricks, with his sleeves rolled up on his capable arms; a scholarly-looking friar digs at his side; another, whose hair and beard are white, is laying the mortar; a group of lay brothers are at labor with them. Men of many nations, they form a picture as real, sincere and charming as it is quaint. The world just now is eager after the deliberate idyllic and the picturesque by premeditation. The little scene at Chester is as unconscious as nature herself.

BISHOP CLEARY.

Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, spent a few days this week with His Lordship Bishop Walsh.

The little property that Archbishop MacLachlan owned in and around Tuam, he bequeathed to the trustees of Maynooth College for the establishment of burses to support indigent students from Tuam and other dioceses in Ireland.

Feast of the Presentation of Mary in the Temple.

BY FATHER RYAN.

The Priests stood waiting in the Holy place... When sudden up the aisle there came a Face...

Low were the words of Joachim. He spoke in a tremulous way... As if he were afraid...

A silence, for a moment, fell on all: They gazed in mute surprise... Then Simon spoke: "Child! hast thou...

"Yes! heaven sent me here. Priests! let me... (And the voice was sweet and low)...

"Yes! Holy Priests! our Fathers' God is great... And all His mercies sweet: His angel bade me come...

As if she were the very Holy Ark, Simon placed his hand... On the fair, pure head...

And Joachim and Anna went their way: The little child—she shed... The tenderest human tears...

And twelve years after, on this very aisle... Where Simon had smiled...

PRESENTATION.

From the Armipr Chronicle we learn that the good people of Armipr have been of late presenting their devoted pastor...

A very pleasant surprise was arranged for Rev. A. Chaine, parish priest of Armipr, by the members of his congregation...

To the Rev. A. Chaine, Parish Priest, Armipr. REV. AND DEAR SIR,—In behalf of the members of your congregation...

Signed on behalf of the congregation, JOHN TIERNY, JAMES WHITE, PHILIP DONTIGNY, PETER MCGONIGAL, DENNIS MCGNAMARA.

WHY CATHOLIC GIRLS ARE PURE.

An Interesting Experience.

EDITOR N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL: DEAR SIR—A very interesting and edifying little story in your issue of the 31st December reminds me of an experience of my own.

Some years ago I lived at a boarding-house in London. Among my companions was an engineer, who, though an unmarried and comparatively young man, had seen a good deal of the world.

One Sunday, after breakfast, he expressed a wish to accompany me to the High Mass at a neighboring Catholic Church, if I had no objection.

The next Sunday he again presented himself at the church-door, and, though he did not directly propose to accompany me, I could perceive, from his remarks and manner, that he desired to be invited.

"I did invite him again, but, to my disgust, I found his demeanor in church no way improved. On the third Sunday he was about to accompany me, as a matter of course, when the following conversation took place:

"Wilson," I said, "it appears to me that you go with me to the Catholic church pretty much as you go to any ordinary worldly spectacle—to look partly at the proceedings, partly at the spectators, and listen to the music."

"You mistake my motives very much," he replied, blushing. "I long ago learned to entertain a profound respect for your Church."

"As if, at all events, you had but little reverence for the place. For my part, I think a Protestant, earnestly saying his prayers in his own place of worship, would be making greater advances towards Catholicity, than sitting in a Catholic church to make a critical survey of its humble worshippers."

"I must confess," he rejoined, "that I exhibited an almost indecent curiosity in the Sunday. I forgot myself; but when I tell you what actuated my conduct you will probably excuse me."

"Go on, Wilson," I said, relating "you have an indulgent judge."

"I was watching the expression on the people's faces," he continued, "to judge if they were really believers in the preached things at the altar. For this purpose, I turned round a little at the most solemn part of the service. Probably that annoyed you."

"Well, just a little. You Protestants cannot form an estimate of our feelings at that awful moment. But let that pass. What has given you such an interest in determining the sincerity of our poor people's piety?"

"I'll tell you that he replied with blunt Saxon frankness; 'I want to learn as much as I can about your religion before I commit myself to the study of books on the subject.'"

"Have you a mind to become a Catholic?" I asked with some surprise.

CATHOLIC AND ANGLICANS.

How a Doctor, in Communion with Canterbury, served a Mass in Stockholm—and what it led to.

From the Catholic Examiner. The writer gives the following "True Incident" very much in the words of the narrator, Graf S—, priest of the Parish of Jesus—

I was, I think, in 1871, when parish priest in Malmo, Sweden, that I received one day a visit from an English family, Dr. G., his wife and children. "We are Catholics," said the Dr., after our mutual greeting; "for some time we have sought a Catholic priest; your address was forwarded to us from Stockholm, and we are here to number ourselves among your parishioners."

I expressed my pleasure at so valuable an addition, for, to say the truth, I had feared my sermons would be delivered to empty benches, and so after a few remarks our interview ended.

As time passed and the good doctor served Mass so regularly and all were so often present, my English friends ranked almost the best of my flock. One thing however there was wanting; they had not yet received the Sacraments. Why was this? Should I speak or wait to see what the approaching Christmas would bring? I was still in doubt, when a letter arrived, the substance of which was somewhat as follows:

Dear Father,—We have wished to receive the Blessed Sacrament at Christmas, but before doing so, I think it right to say that we are in communion with the Archbishop of Canterbury. Should you consider this an obstacle, we shall, of course, submit to your decision.

"So then all is clear," I exclaimed, as with feelings of disappointment I laid the letter aside: "that Catholics could mean anything but Roman Catholics never entered my mind. So my English friends are English Catholics, and my best family is no longer mine! Still an effort must be made, and drawing on my pen I set off to see what could be done. But it was in vain that I spoke; grace had brought them thus far, but the way for its final success had yet to be prepared by a noble act on the Doctor's part."

Misfortune, it is said, never comes singly, and on the loss of parishioners of noble birth, the loss of my schoolmaster. What was to be done?

A school without a teacher is even worse off than a pastor without his flock. Who could supply the place? I counted and recounted all the possible substitutes. There was no one but the Englishman. Would he render me this service? Though of noble birth, the family, I knew, had suffered misfortune, and the Doctor was now giving lessons in England; but then the little that satisfied a village schoolmaster could scarcely be an inducement to another for the sacrifice of so much valuable time. Nevertheless I would try.

"Doctor," said I, "I am in difficulties, my school is without an instructor. Could I venture to ask, if you would assist me by taking charge until the loss is made good?"

"Oh yes, with pleasure, I shall come and do everything."

"Not a word! none is required, I shall do the loss of my schoolmaster. But I was not to be satisfied, and insisted on the Doctor accepting the little I could offer."

So the school went on. Later in the year the Doctor sent his family back to England, he himself remaining, Christmas came again, and this time found the Doctor a Catholic.

As one day after his conversion, we were speaking of the past, "Father," he said: "do you know what you once did for me?"

"No, what was it?"

"That day on which you gave me the school money was the second on which I and my children had been without food."

IRISH AGRARIAN CRIME.

A Nationalist's Protest against Some Great Outrages.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Solemn, profound, and impressive are these divine words, like the deep blue sky of midnight, alive with the vivid presence of innumerable stars. Look, and reflect. They bear into the heart of a man a mighty truth, if he will not close his gates against the angelic messenger.

In the solemn night hours, when projects of violence may be devised, we implore the land to look upon the stars—God's bright and watchful witnesses in the sky—and to remember these His sacred words.

Is there to be hope for Ireland? Then her honor must be guarded, and justice ever identified with her name; for it is an immortal and immutable truth that the righteousness exalteth a nation. It is the righteousness of the justice of a cause which gives strength to endure all sufferings, and courage to persevere through all obstacles. It is this justice which brings upon a nation the blessing of the Most High, and endows with a richer harvest in its tribulations than others glean in the false glitter of a mere material prosperity.

Is there to be shame for Ireland? Then her honor must be guarded, and justice ever identified with her name; for it is an immortal and immutable truth that the righteousness exalteth a nation. It is the righteousness of the justice of a cause which gives strength to endure all sufferings, and courage to persevere through all obstacles. It is this justice which brings upon a nation the blessing of the Most High, and endows with a richer harvest in its tribulations than others glean in the false glitter of a mere material prosperity.

There have been many foul and false things alleged daily against her people of late, and we count it not the least cruel element of these slanders that they may tend to make men doubtful when a real offence occurs, and thus not prompt and ardent to condemn and root out the evil, which, like a taint, may increase and corrupt in secret. Against the danger we have guarded and striven, as much as law in our power, sensible of a deep responsibility, far higher than all human considerations, which each man owes to his conscience, and he most of all whose voice may reach to many.

It was a signal glory to Erin that at the voice of one of her sons, her poorest and people, in very ancient times, abolished a very ancient practice, and enacted a law "against killing women in battle." Had the law remained in force, in the Irish heart, no constant now would endure the secret stabbing of remorse for a cruel law. Were that same law of our land still vigorous as it ought to be, in the Irish heart, how could it be possible to imagine such a scene as that reported from a distant county, where a band of men—with faces blackened like their souls—burst into the cabin of a widowed mother and fired at her, in the midst of her young children, fired, lacrating an infant's blood.

And the same law, in the case of a woman, who had been seduced and abandoned, and who was then found in the arms of another man, would have been a law to protect the honor of the woman, and to punish the man who had seduced her.

On such and similar dastards, whose deeds would more degrade, drag down, and destroy the reputation of our native land than could a thousand foes for a thousand years, we invoke the excommunication of their countrymen. Let those be branded as the worst, the most virulent, the most detestable enemies of Ireland—those who could by such crimes contaminate our country and mar the purity of its progress, the immortal justice of its cause. The Ark of Nationhood must be upheld by pure hands; in order to advance, the voice of God must be the voice of the people.—Dublin Irishman.

The Salvation Army.

The latest phase of religious mania is exciting much discussion in English religious journals, the majority of which strongly condemn the tactics of the so-called "army." Still I am bound to confess that much difference of opinion exists as to the relative amount of good and harm that persons who form the "army" may do. Last week I had the misfortune to lose my cook without a moment's warning, and may perhaps have an undue anti-Salvationist bias therefor, as the "Salvationists" were the direct cause of my loss. The young woman, while out for a walk, was impetuously by skirmishers of a Salvation Army procession to "come and be saved," and left my dinner to cook itself, without compunction whatever. A week's shouting and excitement with the "army" were quite sufficient for the errand maid, and at the end of that time she was discharged, cured, and ready to resume her ordinary culinary occupation.—Phila. Telegraph.

Sorrow for Sin.

It will never do to merely say we are sorry for sin, unless we realize this sorrow and sincerely regret having insulted the infinite majesty of God by our sins. To recite an act of contrition for the sin of drunkenness, for example, and go staggering through the street heavily intoxicated in a few hours afterwards, is a sign that a man has no genuine sorrow for having offended God.

THE IDEAL FIRESIDE.

A Homely Picture of a Catholic Family Circle—Pertinent Remarks.

We often recur with feelings of most joyful remembrance to the home of our childhood. There were father, mother, and five children of us. We lived on a farm. Each and every one of us had his own particular work to do, assigned by our father who took care that we should not be overburdened with labor. Father always subscribed for one monthly magazine and two or three weekly papers. When evening came and the chores were all done, we all assembled in the large family room, where we spent some of the most happy moments of our lives.

We always look back with pleasure to those fine winter evenings. Mother and sisters usually occupied themselves with mending or knitting. A weekly newspaper was brought out and one of us appointed to read to the rest. He would read the title or heading of each article when father or mother would ask that the whole article be read, or would say, "Pass on to the next."

Subjects, sentences and words were explained by either father or mother. Very frequently we were asked to tell the meaning of something we read, and thus did we acquire a facility in expressing our thoughts which has been of great advantage to us in after life. Our father or mother took such an interest in explaining everything to us, that we often wondered if there was anything they did not know. Apples, nuts, and pop corn, were then placed on the table. Sometimes we had to sing some songs, etc. So the evening passed sweetly. Our neighbors used to drop in occasionally for a friendly visit, in which case we had the additional pleasure of listening to an entertaining conversation. Since then we have lived in many places and been in many countries, but always and in every place our memory wanders back to the home of our childhood with the most tender recollection.

We think the great majority of our Catholic families are guilty of a great mistake in their carelessness about the reading matter furnished their children. Many farmers, for example, are quite willing to furnish their children a few dollars spending money, from time to time, yet they never get them good books to read. Home frequently is known to children as a place of work. There are no books or papers there, in a word, nothing to make home attractive. If the children wish recreation, they must seek it in the society which frequently is not the best.

This whole state of things is easily remedied. For the small sum of \$2 a good Catholic paper can be furnished for the whole year. Each week it has something new. The reading is always fresh and attractive. The children are sure to read it and learn the news of the day, and always feel as if they were living in the world, and posted in the affairs of society. If they cannot get information in this way they too often seek it from their neighbors who have it tainted and vitiated by the channel of some worldly or vile paper through which it passes.

The father, who each week receives a good Catholic paper into his house, is continually instructing his children. To this may now and then be added a good book which will likewise be read. The children are always ready to read the paper and good books, and the thoughts thus put into their minds make a good impression upon them. Their character is forming, and forming in the right way. There is not much pity for the parent whose last years are embittered by the waywardness of his children, who spend their whole time away from home and are frequently led astray by bad company, when that parent had never in the young and tender years of his children, given their minds that nourishment and instruction which in after years will make them dutiful and good. A small outlay of money now will return itself with compound interest after a time. Are parents excusable who neglect such easy opportunities of caring for their children?

Three Italian merchants from Gubbio were once travelling together to the little town of Cisterno. After finishing their business, they were talking about their return home, and determined to start very early next morning in order that they might reach home in the evening. But one of the three opposed this, and insisted that they ought at least to wait for Mass, as it was Sunday. The other two, however, would not listen to him, and said that God would readily pardon them for once they omitted to hear Mass in order to have a quicker and more pleasant journey.

Hardly had the dawn broken on the following morning when the two merchants were riding out of the gates of Cisterno, whilst their companion remained behind in order to assist at Mass. After journeying on for some hours they came to a river Curfione, across which was laid a long wooden bridge. There had been almost incessant rains for some time previous, and this, together with heavy floods, had rendered the bridge insecure. The riders knew nothing about this, and fearlessly allowed their spirited horses to dash over it; but when they had gone about half way the bridge fell with a crash and was carried away by the swollen stream with horses and riders. Some country people heard the cry of distress that was uttered by the sinking men and hastened to the place, but they could not succeed in saving them, notwithstanding their courageous efforts; it was only after some hours and with great trouble that they managed to draw the corpses of the unfortunate travellers from the water. They laid the bodies down on the banks, and many people came running to the spot, but no one could recognize the strangers.

At last the third merchant came riding from Cisterno, where he had heard Mass; he saw and recognized the bodies of his two friends, and was told by the people the history of their sudden death. Hereupon the merchant threw himself on his knees, raised his hands and eyes to heaven in sincerest gratitude, and then told those that stood around how he had escaped sharing in the fate of his companions, declaring that he owed his life to the fact that he had assisted devoutly at Mass.—Ave Maria.

OUR LORD'S CHOICE OF POVERTY.

Father Faber.

The Holy Ghost was called *Pater Pauperum*: So were some of the Saints also: so was Jesus. Love of the poor is a characteristic of true holiness, as well as of the true Church. The poor you have always with you, but Me you have not always. This shows how completely the poor came to occupy His place, even more than direct texts.

Jesus' choice of poverty. 1. He being the Eternal Wisdom, chose poverty. 2. He selected poverty as the state in which He could raise His sacred Humanity to heights of holiness. 3. As the state fittest for His great end,—the salvation of souls. 4. How consistently He kept to His choice through the three and thirty years. 5. How the choice suited the longings of His Sacred Heart and His Divine Compassion. 6. The result of this choice is that the poor are made authentically the favorites of God. Hence in the church we have always voluntary poverty and sacrifice for the poor.

See the blessed efforts of this choice of Jesus, to all, rich as well as poor. 1. The abundance of holy charity and liberality. 2. His choice rebukes the spirit of the world in us, and so raises us to perfection. 3. It likens us to the Sacred Heart, and so makes us dear to God.

Consider the consolations of the poor, arising from this choice. 1. God has been a poor man—tried it all—scent food—hard lying, trust in alms, labour; those who are sick even have no such consolation; many an evening darkened in—where was He to lodge or lay His head? 2. It is not wrong to feel and feel keenly, the privations of poverty. 3. We have new and supernatural motives for patience, supplied by the choice of Jesus. What then is your riches? The Sacred Heart of Jesus. What have you but love of God? How foolish not to take what is yours! What have you else to make you happy? O blessed poverty, if it drives you into the Sacred Heart—this is its one blessing, in which are all blessings. Forget this, and you are the dull thing the world pronounces you to be.

If a poor man is discontented, because of his poverty, if he compares his fortune with that of the rich and the noble, if he feels the ill temper which results from that comparison, let him turn his thoughts another way. 1. Jesus was God, and mighty by His power have chosen any state—yet He chose poverty. 2. He was Infinite Wisdom,—yet He chose poverty. 3. He came to do His Father's work as we are supposed to do—and He chose poverty. 4. He chose it of the hardest and most continual sort: this will be seen by a comparison between His poverty and the comforts of poor men in general. 5. Let the poor man look to the love Jesus had for the poverty He had chosen.

Again let the poor consider the privileges of the poor. 1. Absence of temptation. 2. Penance for sin, (as poverty can be made). 3. Special promises of the gospel. 4. Easy death bed—so little to part with. 5. Companionship of Jesus—of Him the Psalmist foretold that He will pledge the poor of the people, and will save the children of the poor and that He shall spare the poor and shall save the souls of the poor. O poor, however dark your way may seem, however multiplied your hardships and your woes, you are what Jesus chose to be, and is not that fortune enough to make you richer than all this poor perishing world can give?

ST. BRIDGET'S ASYLUM, QUEBEC. Silver Jubilee Celebration. The stage "Out of a small Acorn a great Oak doth grow" could not be more appropriately applied than in the case of the popular—popular alike among Irish, English, Scotch and French Canadian, Catholic and Protestant—institution whose name appears at the head of this column. Begun with the modest sum of Seventeen Pounds, some odd shillings collected by a few non-commissioned officers of the regiments of the line stationed in this garrison during the early part of 1856; by them handed over to the late, venerated pastor of St. Patrick's, Very Rev. Father James Nelligan, V.G., and by him, in turn to his worthy successor in the pastorate of the Irish Congregation, Rev. Bernard McGaughran, now of Goderich, Ontario,—such in a few words is the history of the "acorn and the oak," to-day a sturdy tree and one likely to bloom and spread its hardy protecting leaves over many a one of the less fortunate of God's creatures. (St. Bridget was the Abbess of Kildare—Kild signifying "cell" and *dara* "oak.") The present year being the twenty-fifth of the existence of the Asylum, it was deemed meet, right and proper that the fact should be enumerated in a formal manner. Accordingly on the 29th Dec., under the Presidency of the present Rev. Pastor, Father Lowenkamp, C.S.S.R., and in the presence of His Grace the Most Rev. E. A. Tachereau, Archbishop of Quebec, who was attended by Rev. Mr. Tetu, Secretary of the Archdiocese; of His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Brousseau; of Rev. Fathers Burke, Corbett, Ryan, McCarthy, Walsh, Rev. Brothers Anselm and Joachim, C.S.S.R., Hon. Mr. Hearn, and Messrs. O'Connor, Carbery, M. P., and Shea, Trustees of the Asylum and, considering the weather, the state of the roads and the counter attraction at the Music Hall, a large audience. The entertainment was opened by the reading of an address by Rev. Father Lowenkamp, which, showed the institution to be in a most satisfactory condition. After the address was given a musical entertainment of a high order. The City of Quebec is justly proud of its St. Bridget's Asylum, and indeed it has good reason to be.

ENGLISH CARDINALS.
A Protestant American Forecast of the Future Progress of the Church in the British Empire.

The Pope has appointed Cardinal Howard to succeed the late Cardinal Borromeo as prefect of the congregation. There are several congregations in Rome, as the congregation of the Index, the congregation of Rites, etc., but the office referred to is that of prefect of the congregation of Cardinals, who are supposed to meet once a year, although they have long ceased to do so. The office of prefect, therefore, is almost a sinecure, but however when the Sacred College does hold a congregation the prefect would ex-officio be the president of it.

Cardinal Manning is the natural protector and superintendent in England, and he is the invariable medium of communication between the British Government and the Vatican. Now, it may largely facilitate and expedite his policy in the conduct of the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church in England to have a fellow-countryman at the head of the Sacred College in Rome.

There are now three English cardinals, Manning, Newman and Howard. Newman still clings to his honours of the order of St. Philip Neri, at Edglington, near Birmingham, and refuses to take part in the politics of the Church. He was not even tempted by the munificent offer made by his old pupil, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Ripon, the Marquis of Bute and others of the English Catholic nobility, of a splendid mansion and equipage in London. The "impenetrable" as the Pope called him, prefers to live in his light under the bustle of the Birmingham Oratory.

But between two such eminent Catholics and patriotic Englishmen as Cardinals Manning and Howard the progress of the Church in the British Empire may be expected to be more decided than heretofore. What is desired in the astute brain of Archbishop Manning is likely to find quicker acceptance than heretofore, when the Prefect of the congregation of Cardinals is an Englishman instead of an Italian.

Heretofore Cardinal Howard, who is a cardinal-deacon—Newman being a cardinal-bishop—has been chiefly famous for his noble lineage, his fine personal physique—he was formerly an officer in her Britannic Majesty's Life Guards—and the inevitable courtesy and good nature he shows to English and American visitors to Rome. Cardinals Manning and Newman, having both been Protestant clergymen, coming of Protestant ancestry, do not represent to the old Catholic families of England the ancient prestige of their religion and its influence on the kingdom, as a lineal descendant of the Plantagenet Howards, who, from the subsequent creation of the dukedom in the middle of the Fifteenth Century have so often written their names in their blood upon the pages of English history. No name has been so intimately connected with the high heroic deeds and names of England as that of Howard, and it was this fact, no doubt, that made Alexander Pope speak of "all the blood of all the Howards" as typical of the glory of ancestral piety. "Rerum pulcherrima Roma" will now probably be more popular with travelers of the English-speaking race than ever, when the cardinal whose nephew is hereditary Earl Marshall of England is at the head of the College of Cardinals.

The modern history of English cardinals is a study of no little interest. The greatest of them, Wolsey, has been a central theme for dramatists, poets and historians. "The sound of Wolsey bell" at the magnificent college of Christ Church, which he founded at Oxford, attests the munificence of his nature and the grandeur of his mind. Then we come to Reginald Pole, who, safe as St. Ignace, his royal uncle, Henry the Eighth, to his heart's content in an exceedingly dry, although vituperative, treatise. With the accession of his cousin Mary to the throne, Pole's star was once more in the ascendant. But before this rises the aged and drooping figure of Cardinal Fisher Bishop of Rochester, put to death like St. Thomas More by Henry for fidelity to his old religion. His greatness, his unflinching courage and the fact that the Pope's bestowal of a cardinal's hat upon him was contemporaneous with his execution, cast a sad but not inglorious lustre upon his memory.

Then there was a long interval during which there was no English Cardinal at all. Midway in the eighteenth century, we have Cardinal York, Henry Stuart, brother of Charles Edward, the second Pretender to the British crown, and with the death of this Cardinal York, the male line of the House of Stuart became extinct. He is buried beside his father and grandfather, James Francis Edward Stuart, otherwise James the Third, who also died at Rome in 1766, in one of the chapels of that still Imperial City. Then we have Cardinal Weld, an English country squire, as one might call him, whose beautiful place, Lalworth, in Dorsetshire, is an object of interest and pleasure—being easily reached by a small steamer in an hour or two—to those old fashioned English families who, instead of fableding about the Continent, spend their summers at Weymouth, the favorite watering-place of old King George the Third. Cardinal Weld was a widower, and took orders at Rome quite late in life.

Again there is a vacuum in the history of English cardinals until, in 1850, the late Pope Pius the Ninth astonished Protestant England by creating Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, who had for some years been a bishop in patibular infidelity, or titular bishop, with the title of Bishop of Melipotamus and Vicar-Apostolic of the London District—Archbishop of Westminster and Cardinal.

Then came Manning, the converted Anglican Archbishop of Chelsea; Newman, of St. Mary's, Oxford, the old Lion of Oriel, as Oxford called him, and Howard, late Captain in Her Majesty's Life Guards.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Dec. 15th.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weakness. It is sold by druggists. The lost arts did not include steel pen making, an invention purely of the nineteenth century. Esterbrook's being superior, standard and reliable.

No more Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food, and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing, get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, HOP BITTERS, that cures always at a trifling cost, you will see good times and have good health.—Chronicle.

Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolutions once, twice, a hundred times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive on. When you have broken your resolutions, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day, which may have been gathering strength for years. It is folly, too, to think that we can break off evil habits by ourselves. We must do all in our power while still praying for strength from above.

Timely Warning. Now is the season for sudden colds and distressing coughs, treat them with HAYWARD'S PECTORAL BALM, it cures influenza, asthma, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints leading to consumption.

A gentleman calling on a farmer observed: "Mr. Jones, your clock is not quite right, is it?" "Nobody don't understand right about that clock but me. When the hands of that clock stand at twelve, then it strikes two, and then I know it is seven o'clock," said Jones.

Rheumatic Remedy. There is no better cure for Rheumatism than HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL used according to directions on the bottle. It also cures Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, Bruises, lameness, and all wounds of the flesh. All dealers sell it, price 25 cents.

A home thrust. It is related of George Clark, the celebrated negro minstrel, that, being examined as a witness, he was severely questioned by the attorney who wished to break down his evidence. "You are in the negro minstrel business, I believe," inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "Isn't that a rather low calling?" demanded the lawyer. "I don't know but what it is," replied the minstrel; "but it is so much better than my father's that I am proud of it." "What was your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer," replied Clark, in a tone of regret that put the audience in a roar. The lawyer let him alone.

How to Cure a Cold. Upon the first feeling of chill or shivering remain indoors if possible, bathe the feet in tepid water, gradually increasing the heat as long as it can be comfortably borne, drink freely of warm ginger tea, or sage tea. Induce perspiration, and take HAYWARD'S PECTORAL BALM according to directions on the bottle. HAYWARD'S BALM cures coughs, asthma, and bronchitis.

An Editor in Luck. St. Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism; of this I am convinced. For years I suffered with rheumatism in my left shoulder and right arm, and last fall I was incapable of attending to my duties, and lay many a night unable to sleep on account of terrible pains. A few weeks ago a severe attack of this terrible disease hit me, and this time I concluded to try the St. Jacobs Oil. I must acknowledge, with but little confidence in its merits. I freely confess that the result has completely astonished me. The first application relieved the pain very materially, and the continued use of only two bottles has completely cured me of this chronic evil, and that, after the most eminent physicians and their prescriptions had been given up as available. I therefore consider it a duty to publish the above for the benefit of all sufferers with rheumatism and kindred complaints. G. A. HELLMAN, Editor Republican, Pittsburg.

Lame Back. Lumbago, Kidney complaint, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all pain and inflammation are speedily cured with HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL. Croup, sore throat, coughs, hoarseness, hoarse voices, colds, flu, influenza, chilblains, and all wounds of the flesh are quickly healed by Yellow Oil.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. The great remedy for consumption. This well-known remedy is offered to the public, sanctioned by the experience of over forty years and when resorted to in season, seldom fails to effect a speedy cure for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, hoarseness, pains or soreness in the chest or windpipe, ailments of the lungs, liver complaint, etc. Beware of counterfeiters! Remember that the genuine Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry has on the outside wrapper the signature of "I. Wistar" and the printed name of the proprietors, "Wm. W. Fowler & Sons, Boston." All others are false imitations. Examine the wrapper carefully before purchasing.

Don't Give up the Ship" were the memorable words of Commodore Perry. We repeat, "Don't give up the ship," poor, despairing invalid, but try BUNDUCK BLOOD BITTERS. It cures others, why not you? It renovates, regulates and tones all the organs of secretion, and restores lost vitality. In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil three or four times a day, or better if the cough spells render it necessary. This widely esteemed remedy also cures crick in the back, rheumatic complaints, kidney ailments, pains, etc. It is used inwardly and outwardly. C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says:—I have sold at retail prices since the 4th of December last, 156 bottles of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, guaranteeing every bottle. I must say I never sold a medicine in my life that gave such universal satisfaction. In my own case, with a badly ulcerated throat, after a physician pending it for several days to no effect, the Electric Oil cured it thoroughly in twenty-four hours, and in threatened croup in my children this winter it never failed to relieve almost immediately.

There is a well known story of the ruin of a London luncheon shop by a spiteful and envious rival. The latter hired a boy to enter the successful shop exactly at the time when it was most crowded, and to lay on the counter before the eyes of all the wondering and horrified guests a dead cat. "That makes nine, ma'am," said the brazen-faced urchin as he deposited his burden and left the shop. What avail were professions of innocence from the indignant president of the counter! The plot had been carefully laid, and it resulted, as was expected, in a stampede of the diners, to return no more. The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists. "My client," said an Irish advocate pleading before Lord Norbury in an action for trespass, "is a poor man. He lives in a hovel and his miserable dwelling is in a God-forsaken dilapidated state; but thank His almighty, I have a better abode than his. Yes, the winds may enter it, but the rain may enter it, but the King cannot enter it." "What—not the reigning King?" inquired his lordship.

Consumption Cured. SINCE 1870 Dr. SHERAR has sent your friends his office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with this disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the discovery of that simple vegetable remedy known as PECTORAL BALM, which is so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Long Croup, Asthma, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all pulmonary complaints leading to consumption. His remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousands of cases, and, animated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me with stamp, giving name, post office, and name of street, and I will send you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use. Address: Dr. Wm. W. Fowler & Sons, 141 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

In the Whole History of Medicine. No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in throat and chest disorders, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and operation, physicians are unanimous in their recommendation of its use in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its healing effects, and will always cure where other cures are possible. For sale by all druggists.

SPECIAL NOTICE. TO THE AFFLICTED. DETROIT THROAT & LUNG INSTITUTE. 253 WOODWARD AVE. DETROIT, MICH. M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M. D. (Graduate of Victoria College, Toronto, and Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario) PROPRIETOR. Permanently established since 1850. Since which time over 25,000 persons have been permanently cured of some of the various diseases of the Head, Throat and Chest, viz: Catarrh, Throat Diseases, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Catarrhal Ophthalmia, and all the various diseases of the Head, Throat and Chest.

Head, Throat & Chest. During which time we have successfully treated over 25,000 cases. We are enabled to offer the most complete and most perfect remedies and appliances for the immediate cure of all these troublesome affections. By the system of MEDICATED INHALATIONS Head, Throat and Lung affections have become as curable as any class of diseases that afflict humanity. All the references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured. Remedies sent to any part of Ontario, Duties Paid. If impossible to call personally, send the name of the afflicted, and a list of symptoms, and we will send you a list of questions and Medical Treatise. Address: DETROIT THROAT & LUNG INSTITUTE, 253 Woodward Avenue. Mention Record.

UNDERTAKERS. W. HINTON (From London England.) UNDERTAKER, & CO. THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE CITY HAVING A FIRST-CLASS HEARSE FOR HIRE. 202, King St. London, Private Residence, 254 King Street. KILGOUR & SON, FURNITURE DEALERS AND UNDERTAKERS. HAVE REMOVED TO THE CRONYN BLOCK. Dundas St., and Market Squares. MONEY TO LOAN! MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of interest. MACMAHON, BOUTLETT, DICKSON AND JEFFERY, Barristers, &c. LONDON.

JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM. Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Cough, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings such as Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains. Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. No Preparation so simple and cheap. External Remedy. A trial cures, but the comparatively trifling cost, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

OFFICIAL. LONDON POST OFFICE. TABLES OF POSTAGE AND FREIGHT. Males and Females. Great Western Railway, Gougeon, East-India Line, London, etc. Includes routes to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc.

R. S. MURRAY & CO. are prepared to fit up churches, public buildings, hotels and private residences with Brussels, Whiltan, velvet, tapestry, three-ply Kidderminster and Dutch carpets, India and China matting, English oil cloth, cut to fit rooms by American and Canadian oil cloth. French, English and German lace curtains always on hand. Largest stock of house furnishings in America. Carpets made and laid at very small charges, cut, matted and tacked free, 124 Dundas Street, and 125 Canine Street.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—J. McKenzie has removed to the city hall building. This is the Sewing Machine repair and attachment emporium of the city. Better facilities for repairing and cheaper rates than ever. Raymond's celebrated machines on sale. Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!!! Aren't you disturbed at night and broken up by your sick child suffering with colic and the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, give your child WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—its effects are instantaneous. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe in all cases, and in the child's taste, and is the prescription of one of the most eminent physicians in the States in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

R. J. C. DAWSON, Postmaster. THE LONDON BRUSH FACTORY MANUFACTURERS OF BRUSHES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. All kinds of Mill and Machine Brushes made to order. To secure a first-class article, ask for the London Brushes. All branded.

JUST ISSUED. THE GREAT IRISH NATIONAL CHROMO RELAND. BEAUTIFULLY COLORED. SIZE, 22 X 28. SENT FREE BY MAIL! FOR \$1.00. The Cheapest Picture yet issued. Nineteen Pictures in one.

THE CAUSE OF IRELAND. BEAUTIFULLY COLORED. SIZE, 22 X 28. SENT FREE BY MAIL! FOR \$1.00. The Cheapest Picture yet issued. Nineteen Pictures in one. THE WELL KNOWN FACE OF CHARLES STEWART PARKELL, nearly life size, with the centric vignette, whilst the eighteen popular leaders of the Irish National Land League, such as WATSON, DUNLOP, SULLIVAN, SMITH, MCCARTHY, HEALY, EGAN, etc., etc., will be recognized and prove interesting to thousands all over the country. In the lower left corner, the Land League is personified in the figure of a man, shielding the evicted Irish tenant from the oppressor, landlord and defamer; the Irish evicted tenants are personified in the figure of a man, holding a banner with the words "The Cause of Ireland".

THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD, OFFICE. LONDON, ONT. Send the money in a registered letter to the above address and the picture will be sent by return mail. It cannot be procured any where else in Canada. It would be well to send in orders without delay, as the supply is limited. \$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples sent free. Address 377-378, Front Street, East, Montreal, June 15th.

WILSON & MUNRO. FURS H. BEATON FURS! Has now in stock a magnificent assortment of goods suitable for the Winter Season, comprising all descriptions of FURS! made up in the latest styles, under his personal supervision. Particular attention has been paid as to the quality of the FURS selected. Those in want of anything suitable for the cold weather would do well to inspect his stock before making purchases elsewhere. H. BEATON, FURMERS BLOCK, RICHMOND ST., LONDON. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS. Has a full elastic force all over, in combination with Self-Adjusting Ball Bearing, making itself to all positions of the body, while the Ball in the center, prevents it from slipping. JUST ISSUED H. BEATON'S NEW FURS! H. BEATON, FURMERS BLOCK, RICHMOND ST., LONDON. CROCKERY. PETER MCGLADE, HAVING OPENED a large stock of Crockery and Glassware in the store next the Post Office, he is prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the city. Remember the name—new door to the Post Office, Adelaide St., London East, Dec 31st.

LONDON COMMERCIAL COLLEGE. THE GREAT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH AMERICA! \$35—SCHOLARSHIPS—\$35. For full Commercial Course, time unlimited, entitling the holder to thorough instruction in the Academic, Ordinary, Commercial and Business University Departments cost \$35. \$25—TELEGRAPH SCHOLARSHIPS—\$25. Good for Thorough Course in Telegraphy, cost \$25. \$25—PHONOGRAPHY—\$25. For full course.

Never before in the history of Canadian Business Colleges, has one enjoyed the confidence of the public to such a degree as the London Commercial College does at the present time. For circulars, etc., address, YEREX & PANTON, BOX 315, LONDON ONT.

EATON'S. Prices this week far too low to publish large stock. Clothing Sales immense—ready-made or made to order. All through the establishment, Goods marked at close prices. Understands and quick returns. EATON protests this matter. Come and see for yourselves.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. Useful & Ornamental. IN IMMENSE VARIETY AND AT REASONABLE PRICES. MAKE YOUR PURCHASE EARLY! We invite Inspection and Comparison.

Anderson & Co. 175 Dundas Street, south side, east Richmond Street, London, Dec. 9, 1881.

BUSINESS CHANGE! I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE THAT I have sold out my business in the City of London, known under the name and style of FRANK SMITH & CO. MESSRS. JAS. WILSON & ANDREW MUNRO, and that the business will be carried on by them under the name of WILSON & MUNRO. All debts due by the said firm of Frank Smith & Co. and all claims against the said firm will be settled and paid for by the firm of Wilson & Munro, and all debts due, as to the late firm of Frank Smith & Co., to the late firm of Frank Smith & Co., shall be paid by the late firm of Frank Smith & Co. FRANK K. SMITH, Dated Toronto, Nov. 21, 1881.

WILSON & MUNRO. FURS H. BEATON FURS! Has now in stock a magnificent assortment of goods suitable for the Winter Season, comprising all descriptions of FURS! made up in the latest styles, under his personal supervision. Particular attention has been paid as to the quality of the FURS selected. Those in want of anything suitable for the cold weather would do well to inspect his stock before making purchases elsewhere. H. BEATON, FURMERS BLOCK, RICHMOND ST., LONDON.

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CROCKERY. PETER MCGLADE, HAVING OPENED a large stock of Crockery and Glassware in the store next the Post Office, he is prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the city. Remember the name—new door to the Post Office, Adelaide St., London East, Dec 31st.

