

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 1.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1879.

NO. 14

N. WILSON & CO.

IMPORTERS OF FINE
WOOLLENS,
BEST GOODS,
MOST FASHIONABLE CLOTHS,
LOW PRICES.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

Sunday	5—Vigil of the Epiphany; semi-double, commemoration of St. Telesphorus.
Monday	6—Epiphany of our Lord Jesus Christ, double 1st class with octave, a holiday of obligation.
Tuesday	7—Offices of the octave of the Epiphany.
Wednesday	8—
Thursday	9—
Friday	10—
Saturday	11—

ANOTHER LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RT. REV. DR. WALSH, BISHOP OF LONDON.

ST. PETER'S PALACE,
LONDON, ONTARIO, NOV. 13, '78.

WALTER LOCKE, ESQ.—

DEAR SIR,—On the 22nd of September we approved of the project of the publication of a Catholic newspaper in this city. We see with pleasure that you have successfully carried into execution this project, in the publication of the CATHOLIC RECORD. The RECORD is edited with marked ability, and in a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and we have no doubt that as long as it is under your control, it will continue to be stamped with these characteristics. Such a journal cannot fail to be productive of a vast amount of good, and whilst it continues to be conducted as it has been thus far, we cordially recommend it to the patronage of the clergy and laity of our diocese.

I AM YOURS,
Sincerely in Christ,
+ JOHN WALSH,
Bishop of London.

LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. DR. CRINNON, BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON,
Nov. 5th, 1878.

WALTER LOCKE, ESQ.—

DEAR SIR,—Your agent, Mr. Goodrich, called on me yesterday to procure my recommendation for the circulation of your paper in this diocese. I willingly grant it, and earnestly hope that your enterprise will meet with the hearty encouragement of the priests and people of this diocese. Your paper is well written, and contains a great amount of Catholic news, and what is still better, it breathes a truly Catholic spirit; so desirable in these days when rebellion against Ecclesiastical Authority is so rampant. I am glad that you are free from all political parties, and therefore in a position to approve of wise legislation and to condemn the contrary. Wishing your paper an extensive circulation.

I remain, dear sir,
Yours very faithfully,
+ P. F. CRINNON,
Bishop of Hamilton.

Bro. Tobias, Director of the Christian Brothers, Toronto, writes:—"We like the first numbers of the CATHOLIC RECORD very much. It bids fair to be the best Catholic journal in Ontario."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Batna Pilot.
The CATHOLIC RECORD, published at Ontario, Canada, is making a good start. It has been in the field scarcely two months, yet it shows signs of able journalism. We wish it every success.
Lockport Catholic Visitor.
We are pleased to notice the establishment of a new paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD—at London, Ontario. Walter Locke is the publisher. It is a large well printed sheet, and offered at 82 a year. We wish the RECORD success.

Hamilton Times.
"THE CATHOLIC RECORD."—This is the title of a new religious weekly paper published in London, which was found to be long felt want in the diocese of Western Ontario. The first number came out on October 4th last, and is an eight page sheet of creditable appearance and much promise. One page is devoted to editorial matter, and able writers have charge of that department. We wish the RECORD a prosperous career.

New York Tablet.
The CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., Canada comes to us this week. It is a bright, well edited journal, conducted with taste and judgment. It displays in its editorial department much talent and, if it continues as it has begun, we hesitate not to say that it will be successful. It is, apart from the able manner in which it is edited, Catholic through and through. It has our warmest wishes for its future.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not responsible for the opinions of our correspondents. All correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the editor of the Catholic Record—not the publisher, and should reach this office not later than Tuesday morning.]

LIMERICK.

[To the Editor of the Catholic Record.]

Sir,—Sitting as I am to-night it is almost impossible to collect my thoughts, as I have so much to think of around me. I see so many evidences of Irish pluck, Irish steadfastness, and indomitable Irish courage, that it is no easy task to find a beginning. Contrast the pleasant home of to-day with the howling wilderness of half a century ago, and you will have a very small idea of the thoughts that whirl like some mighty torrent through my brain. I can almost hear the turbid waters of the Au Sable singing the same song as they sang when the Indian warrior wooed and won his dusky bride, but now all is changed. Instead of the rude wigwam we have comfortable farm houses, with white brick walls and slate roofs, shining through the trees, numerous out-buildings, and in fact, everything that genius can invent to make light the burden of life. As you pass along the car will be greeted with the dull thud of the fall. Farther on you will hear the rumble of threshing machines; indoors you will hear the buzz of the spinning wheel, or the rattle of the shuttle as it passes rapidly from one willing hand to another, converting the raw wool into comfortable home spun. For you must know Mr. Editor and dear city readers of the RECORD, that your country consins are not ashamed to wear the servicable home spun wrought by the kind hands of a loving mother or dear sister. But enough of sentiment, let us have some hard facts. In the first place we will say something about the hardy pioneers who wrought this change, a few of their names would not be out of place. Such names as Glavin, Farmer, Regan, Curtin, and Coughlin, light-hearted boys from Cork's own town, with a logue on their tongues as sweet as fresh butter-milk. By the way, as you know, the North Riding of Middlesex is represented by Mr. T. Coughlin, one of your right sort of men, a genial, warm-hearted, honest man, one who grew up with the country, and knows its ways and has an interest in it, and his many friends feel proud in raising him as they have done to one of the highest positions it was possible for man to be placed in, in this or any other country—to rule his fellow-men.

There are two splendid churches close to one another, St. Peter's, a brick structure, and St. Paul's, a commodious frame church; also two separate schools, where none but competent teachers are employed, the whole under the care of Father Kelly, who governs with that loving-kindness so characteristic of the Catholic Priest—the good shepherd who would give his life for his flock. I must also mention another new church opened last summer in Exeter, also under Father Kelly's guidance. Were space to permit I would like to say more, but I fear I am trespassing too much on your valuable time. Wishing you, Mr. Editor, and the readers of THE RECORD a merry Christmas, yours, MULLOON.

SEPARATE SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

SARNIA.

The usual half-yearly examination of pupils attending the Roman Catholic separate schools, took place on Friday, the 20th ult. Rev. J. Bayard, Local Superintendent, presiding. The forenoon was occupied in the examination of the pupils of boys' schools Nos. 1 and 2, and the afternoon in that of the girls in the separate school, under the charge of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. The pupils of the former named schools evinced a remarkable advance in a knowledge of the various school subjects; while those of the latter exhibited the results of that careful supervision exercised by the good Sisters. Really, it is a matter for congratulation to be aware of the progress made by these little girls in the acquisition of secular knowledge, and more particularly in the knowledge of Sacred History and Christian Doctrine, so fully and firmly implanted in their young hearts by the faithful and accomplished teachers under whom Providence has placed them. The exercises were brought to a conclusion by the distribution of prizes, after which an address was presented to the Rev. Father Bayard.

Great credit is due Mr. M. A. Leeson, the teacher of the boys' school, for the zeal and energy he manifested for the advancement of the boys under his supervision. Certainly, the smart manner in which they replied to the many questions put to them, goes to show that the good teacher's labor has not been in vain.

CORUNNA.

The Christmas examination of the children attending the Roman Catholic separate school of Corunna was held on the 20th ult. Rev. E. J. Waters, Local Superintendent, Rev. J. O'Connor, Messrs. J. Cruise, P. M. Laughlin, and J. Moylan conducted the examination which I may add, reflected much credit on the teacher, Miss Homish, who, by the bye, has been brought up under the training of the Father Matthews, of Canada; The learned and zealous Father Stafford, of Lindsay.

It was truly pleasing to note the marked abilities of the children, which drew from the examiners words of praise and approbation. After the following programme was gone through, the Rev. Father Waters distributed the various prizes, exhorting each proud successful candidate for school honors to preserve in assiduity, and to walk in the paths of faith and virtue.

Following is the programme: Opening chorals; "Welcome;" declamation; "The Inquiry;" play; "Minnie Milligan;" geography; Christian Hymn; "Come to Jesus" chorals; grammar; arithmetic;

"Holly and Ivy Girl," by Miss Kate Hickey; Christian doctrine.

LAMBTON.

The examination of the separate school was held on Monday, the 23d ult. Rev. J. O'Connor, Father Waters' popular and zealous assistant presided. After the distribution of prizes, one of the pupils delivered an address, characterized by its extensiveness and eloquence, which conveyed to the reverend gentleman and to Miss Knight, the popular teacher, the thanks and good wishes of the children. Miss Knight deserves great praise for the happy manner in which she conducts this school. She has been conducting this school for the last two years, and has given every satisfaction. We hope the people of Lambton, for their own interests, will be wise enough to engage her services as long as possible.

Appropos to the subject of separate schools it may be added that the Trustees of Roman Catholic separate schools, and the parents of children attending them, have many and heavy responsibilities of which very often they seem to be totally ignorant, or being cognizant of them, forget to regard them; for, as is often the case, the former treat with the utmost indifference these great interests, the ease of which was intrusted to them, while many of the latter drag up the children with whom God has blessed them as they would a beast of burden, seeming to ignore the fact that to the children of men was given a free will, which with due care might be turned to God's greater glory; but if left to its own inspiration, unrestrained by the saving principles of a Catholic education, will be prostituted.

Indeed, at an examination which I attended some few years ago, a boy when asked "What are the uses for which a boy is made?" informed the examiners that they were to split wood and search for coals.

Now, this is too true. These juveniles are too often made to work before their time, the parents forgetting that the mental faculties should be exercised, if not before, at least in conjunction with the physical powers. Thus the animal passions of the boy are fostered; they grow apace with his years, until this great world seems a blank, which his ignorance will not permit to change into the work of an Almighty hand. Poor soul! He passes from the cradle to the grave in the pursuit of animal pleasures, or in the vilest drudgery; or, perhaps, in the cell of the criminal, always cursing the past, and bemoaning that which deny past the names of his fathers, and his own Creator. Remember that the realization of all hopes beyond the grave is only to be attained by a strict adherence to those principles of a sound Catholic education which were laid down by God Himself, and which are held priceless by His Church on earth.

In a word, let Trustees and people fulfil a trust reposed in them, and in other years they can look back with pleasure and look forward with confidence. Catholic parents, then, who have the eternal welfare of their children at heart, should see that those whom they elect as Trustees would be good, practical Catholics. A man who is careless and faithless to his own family—in a word, forgetful of his duties as a father, is not the man to be placed over children in any charge whatsoever, and certainly cannot guide young children toward their true end when he himself sets at defiance, as much as in him lies, the words of Christ, the True Educator. "Let him who will not hear the Church be unto them as a heathen and a publican." Surely, surely, Catholic parents would not wish to have their children go to school in a school in which their young children are to be taught. Besides, another thing we must remark. Children are governed by their surroundings. If those who are appointed to be their guides give bad example and hearken not to the voice of God and His Church, in vain will they seek to bring up children in the way they should go. Moreover, we know young children are far more ready to follow example, than what is told them in theory, the more so especially if those who would teach them, do not carry out their principles in sound practice. Let us hope that Irish Catholics will take a little honest pride in the welfare of their children, that they will educate them in such a manner that in after years they may be found holding honorable positions in this rising noble Dominion of Canada.

WHEN AND HOW SHALL THE CATHOLIC CHURCH PERISH?

BY THE REV. FATHER O'HAIRE, AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

(Continued.)

Dean McNamara, of Limerick, on the occasion of the consecration of the late Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths, first Bishop of Sierra Leone, alluding to the triumphs of the Church, said—"Of all the miracles that followed the preaching of the Apostles, which excited towards them the admiration of mankind, the first and most transcendent in the eyes of the sage and the philosopher was the contrast between the end and the means of accomplishing so vast an undertaking as the foundation of the Christian Church—means so contemptible and an end altogether supernatural and Divine. Apostles more remarkable for their dullness even than for their obscurity; twelve fishermen incapable of comprehending the plainest discourses of their Divine Master—such were the manifestly weak, the utterly inadequate and contemptible instruments selected by Christ to introduce into the world a change in its annals. At first their mission and that of their successors was met by savage violence, furious persecution, and bitter calumny, so that dark clouds hung as a canopy over the infant Church in deep and terrible aspect; but in time the golden rays of Catholic truth burst through the blackened atmosphere, and displayed to a wondering world the Church's majestic form. In vain were the agitated waves of subsequent heresies driven against the Church. She sailed nobly on, leaving the foaming billows to be swallowed up in fearful fury by the ocean that gave them birth. And now, after 1,800 years of battling with error for the life of truth, we behold that Church as the only one which has survived the revolutions of time, outlived the fall of

the most mighty empires, risen above the perishable nature of sublunary things, grown in majesty and strength in proportion to the opposition of wicked men! We behold that noble Church in which the general desolation that buried all human institutions in ruin or oblivion has served only to shed new rays of glory and splendor upon the glory of eighteen centuries, not one of which has passed without furnishing some new, some grand, some miraculous evidence of the holiness, the power, the divinity of the Catholic religion."

Brennan in his "Ecclesiastical History," page 445 observes—"One of the principal characteristics of Christianity is that its truths had been diffused over the globe, and mighty as the world was drawn, the wealth, power, or persecution. A few individuals bereft of all human aid, but assisted by Heaven, went forth to plant the Cross and to proclaim a gospel every maxim of which was in direct opposition to all the long-cherished prejudices and favorite passions of mankind. The sword was drawn; the spear and mighty of the earth rose up, the philosopher in his pride, the tyrant in his wrath; villages with their populations, cities with their multitudes. The whole world was arrayed in hostility against them, yet they succeeded by meekness and forbearance, by truth and conviction, they laid prostrate the superstitions of ages, and on the ruins thereof erected the Church and the triumphant gospel of a crucified Saviour."

"The indefectibility of the Church," says Faber, "is the standing miracle of history. The Church is from the Holy Ghost; it cannot fail, it is not in its power to die. Heresies cannot corrode it; persecutions cannot waste it; Kings cannot trample the life out of it, however much they may trample it under foot. It passes through such extremes and yet such opposite vicissitudes as no human institution could survive. Every defeat is somehow a victory, and its triumphal road always lies up Calvary." Faber ("Devotion to the Church," 1861.)

The great historian Macaulay says—"The Church of Rome saw the commencement of all the governments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain, before the Frank had crossed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when Arabs were still worshipped in the temple of the Calves, and she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Allow me to cite the touching words of the author of the "Dolorous Way of the Popes," who on page 10 of the introduction to his volume says—"If our grief is profound on the night of Good Friday, it is also replete with hope and with faith, for we know that we shall not have long to wait before we shall be consoled by the first ray of the sun of the Resurrection. Every edifice of Christianity has its foundation resting upon a tomb and upon a resurrection. The Divine Drama which was accomplished upon Golgotha is perpetually re-enacted, and in her when she beheld every manner of false testimony advanced against her, see her convicted, condemned, executed, yet still living, we cannot but cry out, in the language of one of England's greatest writers, "This is the everliving Church." She has confronted her enemies, sometimes singly, sometimes collectively; she has braved the sword, the lance, the halberd, the spear, the stone of the squalid; her head, pierced with thorns, rises resplendent to a new life; and its hands, perforated with nails, are once more stretched out to bless both the city and the world." When we look back upon the rugged road the Catholic Church has traversed from the day when Christ said, "Go forth, teach all nations," to the day we see that the promise—"I am with you always" has ever had its latent fulfillment.

When we view the various battle-fields upon which Paganism, Heresy, Schism, Mahometanism, Protestantism, Rationalism, pretended science and political society have driven the Catholic Church to fight, we are not only reminded of the words of the prophet—"Behold every manner of false testimony advanced against her, see her convicted, condemned, executed, yet still living, we cannot but cry out, in the language of one of England's greatest writers, "This is the everliving Church." She has confronted her enemies, sometimes singly, sometimes collectively; she has braved the sword, the lance, the halberd, the spear, the stone of the squalid; her head, pierced with thorns, rises resplendent to a new life; and its hands, perforated with nails, are once more stretched out to bless both the city and the world." When we look back upon the rugged road the Catholic Church has traversed from the day when Christ said, "Go forth, teach all nations," to the day we see that the promise—"I am with you always" has ever had its latent fulfillment.

Thus were the words of the fourteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Isaiah verified in her regard. "And the children of them that afflicted thee shall come bowing down to thee, and all that slandered thee shall worship the steps of thy feet, and shall call thee the City of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel." Here, then, we witness the likeness of Our Lord portrayed—the trial and the triumph are blended, the persecution and the victory are displayed, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection are realized.

Whilst the Church was in the tomb of the Catacombs, she had also her internal enemies to contend with. Heresies arose among her own children, whom she had fed at her maternal breast. To use the words of the psalmist, "Those who sat at her table and partook of sweet meals with her have shown her great treachery." After her first great triumph she had also to encounter potent and formidable heresies, but she never compromised. Her mission was and is "to teach all things whatsoever Christ taught her." She dared not, she could not countenance error; therefore, her eye was ever watchful over truth. She never took the part of "the dumb dogs of the house of Israel," and hence as heresy after heresy sprang up, she smote them, she shook them off, disowned them, branded them as counterfeit and liars upon the Christian name. She copied after her Divine model, who addressed the enemies of virtue as heretics and the offspring of vipers, and who whipped from J's Father's temple those who outraged its sanctity, saying—"My house is a house of prayer, and you have made it a den of thieves."

In the eighth century there arose an enemy who "voiced vengeance" upon the religion and civilization of the world, an enemy bending under the weight of power, full of gold in an unholy cause. I allude to Mahomet, whose followers were powerfully aggressive and generally successful from the foundation of his system down to the Battle of Lepanto in 1571.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

AFGHANISTAN.

Shaturgardian Pass, December 9.—We are this morning on the point of entering the Shaturgardian Pass. Hitherto we have met with no resistance whatever nor do we anticipate that we shall meet with any to-day, as the natives all say that the Afghans have entirely abandoned their entrenchments. We shall to-day arrive at the top of the Pass, and shall then have accomplished our work, and shall return, a part of the force to Peiwar, the rest to Klurum.

Our march here has for the most part lain through thick pine forests, which have sheltered us much from the wind. Had the road been an exposed one the men would have suffered very severely from the cold, the thermometer standing at present only five degrees below zero. In spite of the fact that the men are not sufficiently clad for such a temperature as this, they have stood the cold well, although there has, of course, been a certain amount of illness.

Everything we see or hear confirms the accounts of the villagers of Ali Kheyl of the complete panic of the Afghan army, and the fact that they have abandoned all the naturally formidable positions through which we have passed, and will not make a stand even at the Shaturgardian, speaks for itself of the utter despondency which has seized them.

At Hazardankit and at other points along the road several dead bodies of Cabulites were found among the trees. These were some of those who were wounded at Peiwar, but who fled as long as they could, and doubtless died of cold when they could proceed no further.

General Roberts has received congratulatory telegrams from the Queen and from the Viceroys. These have given great satisfaction to our little army, and, as one of the men said, are as good as an extra great coat, as it cheers them under their hardships to know that their work has been appreciated.

The Chitpries, to the south of the Shaturgardian, show the same friendly disposition as is manifested by the Jagsis.

An expedition which had been sent to punish the Merzakand tribe, who cut off four men, has destroyed the principal fort at Chiani without meeting any resistance. The prompt punishment of the tribe has produced a salutary effect.

London, December 28.—The Times says the reported arrival of Yakob Khan at Jellalabad cannot yet be regarded as a complete submission of the Afghans as a nation to the English terms, yet it may be accepted as a sign of the willingness of a large and powerful section to treat with the British.

London, December 29.—A correspondent with the Kurram column telegraphs that General Roberts convoked the principal inhabitants of Kurram Valley at Peiwar Pass and Ali Khegal, and informed them that the Ameer's rule had passed away for ever, and henceforth they must look to the Empress of India. The report that Yakob Khan arrived at Jellalabad seems doubtful. There is considerable contradiction in the reports about the whereabouts of Sher Ali. It is rumored he carried away thirty lacs of rupees, and is going to St. Petersburg to appeal to Europe.

STATUE BLESSED.

The beautiful statue of St. Joseph, which was placed on a pedestal in the Convent grounds, Chatham, on the 19th of last November was blessed on the 2nd ult. by Rev. Father William Superior of the Franciscan Fathers of Chatham.

The statue came from France, and is six feet high. It represents St. Joseph with the Infant Jesus, also the Lily in his hand. The statue adds very much to the appearance of the grounds, which are nicely laid out.

The statue is a gift of the former pupils, and other friends of the institution.

WEDNESDAY being the feast of the Circumcision of our Blessed Lord and a holy day of obligation, the Masses at the two churches were the same as Sunday. At St. Peter's, at last Mass his Lordship the Bishop preached a very impressive sermon taking his hearers through the stream of life in his usual eloquent manner, concluding his discourse by exhorting all and everyone to make use of the time now vouchsafed to them, reminding them that it is the everlasting wail of regret of the damned that they had not coincided with the graces bestowed during life. Finally, he wished the congregation every good gift and the grace of final perseverance, and a happy death. After which he imparted his episcopal benediction.

Will They Have Room for Me?

Is there room amongst the angels For the spirit of your child? Will they take your little Mary In their loving arms so mild? Will they ever love me fondly As my story books have said? Will they find a home for Mary— Mary numbered with the dead? Tell me truly, darling mother, Is there room for such as me? Will I gain the home of spirits And the shining angels see?

FABIOLA:

OR THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

"My dear child," said Syra, soothingly, "don't be offended. It was necessary to keep it quite a secret."

"And therefore, I suppose, poor I must not even be present?"

"Oh, yes, Cecilia, to be sure you may; and see all that you can," replied Syra, laughing.

"Never mind about the seeing. But tell me, how will you be dressed? What have you to get ready?"

Syra gave her an exact description of the habit and veil, their color and form.

"How very interesting!" she said. "And what have you to do?"

The other, amused at her unwonted curiosity, described minutely the short ceremonial.

"Well now, one question more," resumed the blind girl. "When and where is all this to be?"

"You said I might come, so I must know the time and place."

Syra told her it would be at the title of Pastor, at laybreak, on the third day from that.

"But what has made you so inquisitive, dearest? I never saw you so before. I am afraid you are becoming quite worldly."

"Never you mind," replied Cecilia, "if people choose to have secrets for me, I do not see why I should not have some of my own."

Syra laughed at her affected pettishness, for she knew well the humble simplicity of the poor child's heart.

They embraced affectionately and parted. Cecilia went straight to the kind Lucia, for she was a favorite in every house.

No sooner was she admitted to that pious presence, than she flew to her, threw herself upon her bosom, and burst into tears.

Lucina soothed and caressed her, and soon composed her. In a few minutes she was again bright and joyous, and evidently deep in conspiracy, with the cheerful lady, about something which delighted her.

When she left she was all buoyant and blithe, and went to the house of Agnes, in the hospital of which the good priest Dionysius lived.

She found him at home, and entering herself on her knees before him, talked so fervently to him, that he was moved to tears, and spoke kindly and consolingly to her.

The Te Deum has not yet been written; but something very like it rang in the blind girl's heart, as she went to her humble home.

The happy morning at length arrived, and before daybreak the moving cavalcade had been celebrated, and the body of the faithful had dispersed.

Only those remained who had to take part in the more private function, or who were specially asked to witness it. These were Lucia and her son, the aged parents of Agnes, and of course Sebastian.

But Syra looked in vain for her blind friend; she had evidently retired with the crowd; and the gentle slave fernal morning had her feelings by her reserves, before their last interview.

The hall was still shrouded in the dust of a winter's twilight, although the glowing east, without, foretold a bright December day. On the altar burned perfumed tapers of large dimensions, and round it were gold and silver lamps of great value, throwing an atmosphere of mild radiance upon the sanctuary.

In front of the altar was placed the chair no less venerable than itself, now cushioned in the Vatican, the chair of Peter. On this was seated the venerable Pontiff, with staff in hand, and crown on head, and round him stood his ministers, scarcely less worshipful than himself.

From the gloom of the chapel, there came forth first the sound of sweet voices, like those of angels, chanting in soft cadence, a hymn, which anticipated the sentiments soon after embodied in the "Jesu corona virginum."

Then there emerged into the light of the sanctuary the procession of already consecrated virgins, led by the priests and deacons who had charge of them. And in the midst of them appeared two, whose dazzling white garments shone the brighter amidst their dark habits.

These were the two new postulants, who, as the rest defiled and formed a line on either side, were conducted, each by two professed, to the foot of the altar, where they knelt at the Pontiff's feet. Their bridesmaids, or sponsors, stood near to assist in the function.

Each as she came was asked solemnly what she desired, and expressed her wish to receive the veil, and practise its duties, under the care of those chosen guides. For, although consecrated virgins had begun to live in community before this period, yet many continued to reside at home; and persecution interfered with enclosure! Still there was a place in church, boarded off for the consecrated virgins; and they often met apart, for particular instruction and devotion.

The bishop then addressed the young aspirants in glowing and affectionate words. He told them how high a call it was to lead on earth the lives of angels, who neither marry nor give in marriage, to tread the same chaste path to heaven which the Incarnate Word chose for His own Mother; and arrived there, to be received into the pure ranks of that picked host, that follows the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. He expatiated on the doctrine of St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians on the superiority of virginity to every other state; and he feelingly described the happiness of having no love on earth but one, which instead of fading, opens out into immortality, in heaven. For bliss, he observed, is but the expanded flower which Divine love bears on earth.

After this brief discourse, and an examination of the candidates for this great honor, the holy Pontiff proceeded to bless the different portions of their religious habits, by prayers probably nearly identical with those now in use; and these were put on them by their respective attendants. The new religious laid their heads upon the altar, in token of their oblation of self. But in the West, but was always left long. A wreath of flowers was then placed upon the head of each; and though it was winter,

the well-guarded terrace of Fabiola had been made to furnish bright and fragrant blossoms.

All seemed ended; and Agnes, kneeling at the foot of the altar, was motionless in one of her radiant raptures, gazing fixedly upwards; while Syra, near her, was bowed down, sunk into the depths of her gentle humility, wondering how she should have been found worthy of so much favor.

So absorbed were both in their thanksgiving, that they perceived not a slight commotion through the assembly, as if something unexpected was occurring.

They were aroused by the bishop repeating the question: "My daughter, what dost thou seek?" when, before they could look round, each felt a hand seized, and heard the answer returned in a voice dear to both: "Holy father, to receive the veil of consecration to Jesus Christ, my only love on earth, under the care of these two holy virgins, already his happy spouses."

They were overwhelmed with joy and tenderness; for it was the poor blind Cecilia. When she heard of the happiness that awaited Syra, she had flown, as we have seen, to the kind Lucia, who soon consoled her, by suggesting to her the possibility of obtaining a similar grace. She promised to furnish all that was necessary; only Cecilia insisted that her dress should be coarse, as became a poor beggar-girl. The priest Dionysius presented to the Pontiff, and obtained the grant of her prayer; and as she wished to have her two friends for sponsors, it was arranged that he should lead her up to the altar after their consecration. Cecilia, however, kept her secret.

The blessings were spoken, and the habit and veil put on; when they asked if she had brought no wreath of flowers. Timidly she drew from under her garment the crown she had provided, a bare, thorny branch, twisted into a circle, and presented it saying:

"I have no flowers to offer to my Bishop, neither did He wear flowers for me. I am but a poor girl, and do you think my Lord will be offended if I ask Him to crown me, as He was pleased to be crowned Himself? And then, flowers represent virtues in those that wear them; but my barren heart has produced nothing better than these."

She saw not, with her blind eyes, how her two companions snatched the wreath from their heads, to put on hers; but a sign from the Pontiff checked them; and amidst moistened eyes, she was led forth, all joyous in her thorny crown; emblem of what the Church has always taught, that the very queen-ship of virtue is innocence crowned by penance.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NOMETAN VILLA.

The Nometan road goes from Rome eastward, and between it and the Salarian is a deep ravine, beyond which on the side of the Nometan way lies a gracefully undulated ground. Amidst this is situated a picturesque round temple, and near it is a truly beautiful basilica, dedicated to St. Agnes.

Here was the villa belonging to her, situated about a mile and a half from the city; and thither it had been arranged that the two, not the three, newly consecrated should repair, to spend the day in retirement and tranquil joy. Few more such days, perhaps, would ever be granted them.

We need not describe this rural residence, except to say that every thing in it breathed contentment and happiness. It was one of those genial days which the Roman winter supplies. The rugged Apennines were slightly powdered with snow; the ground was barely crisp, the atmosphere transparent, the sunshine glowing, and the heavens cloudless. A few greyish curls of melting smoke from the cottages, and the leafless vines, alone told that it was December. Every thing living seemed to know and love the gentle mistress of the place. The doves came and pecked upon her shoulder or her hand; the lambs in the paddock, frisked, and ran to her the moment she approached, and took the green fragrant herbs which she brought them, with evident pleasure; but none owned her kindly sway so much as old Molossus, the enormous watchdog. Claimed beside the gate, so fierce was he, that none but a few favorite domestics durst go near him. But no sooner did Agnes appear than he crouched down, and wagged his bushy tail, and whined, till he was let loose; for now a child might approach him, he never left his mistress's side; he followed her like a lamb; and if she sat down, he would lie at her feet, looking into her face, delighted to receive, on his huge head, the caresses of her slender hand.

It was indeed a peaceful day; sometimes calm and quiet, soft and tender, as the three spoke together of the morning's happiness, and of the happier morning of which it was a pledge, above the humid amber of their present skies; sometimes cheerful and even merry, as the two took Cecilia to task for the trick she had played them. And she laughed cheerily, as she always did, and told them she had a better trick in store for them yet; which was that she would cut them out, when that next morning came; for she intended to be the first at it, and not a least.

Fabiola had, in the meantime, come to the villa to pay her first visit to Agnes after her calamity, and to thank her for her sympathy. She walked forward, but stopped suddenly on coming near the spot where this happy group were assembled. For when she beheld the two who could see the outward brightness of heaven, hanging over her who seemed to hold all its splendor within her soul, she saw at once, in the scene, the verification of her dream. Yet unwilling to intrude herself unexpectedly upon them, and anxious to find Agnes alone, and not with her own slave and a poor blind girl, she turned away before she was noticed, and walked towards a distant part of the grounds. Still she could not help asking herself, why she could not be cheerful and happy as they? Why was there a gulf between them?

But the day was not destined to finish without its clouds, it would have been too blissful for earth. Besides Fabiola another person had started from Rome, to pay a less welcome visit to Agnes. This was Fulvius, who had never forgotten the assurances of Fabiola, that his fascinating address and brilliant ornaments had turned the weak head of Agnes. He had waited till the first days of mourning were over, and he respected the house in which he had once received such a rude reception, or rather suffered such a summary ejection. Having ascertained that, for the first time, she had gone without her parents, or any male attendants, to her suburban villa, he considered it a good opportunity for pressing his suit. He rode out of the Nometan gate, and was soon at Agnes's. He dismounted, said he wished to see her on important business, and, after some importunity, was admitted by the porter. He was directed along a walk, at the end of which she would be found. The sun was declining, and her companions had strolled to a distance; and she was sitting alone in a bright sunny spot, with old Molossus crouching at her feet. The slightest approach to a groom from him, she knew he was with her, made her look up from her work of tying together such winter flowers as the others brought her, while she suppressed, by raising a finger, this expression of instinctive dislike.

Fulvius came near with a respectful, but freer air than usual, as one already assured of his request.

"I have come, Lady Agnes," he said, "to renew to you the expression of my sincere regard; and I could not have chosen a better day, for brighter or fairer scarcely the summer sun could have bestowed."

"Fair, indeed, and bright it has been to me," replied Agnes, borne back in mind to the morning's scene; "and no sun in my life has ever given me fairer. It can only give me one more fair."

Fulvius was flattered, as if the compliment was to his presence, and answered, "The day, no doubt you mean, of your epousals with one who may have won your heart."

"That is indeed done," she replied, as if unconsciously; "and this is his own precious day."

"And was that wreath laid upon your head, placed there in anticipation of this happy hour?"

"Yes; it is the sign my beloved has placed upon my countenance, that I recognize no lover but himself."

"And who is this happy being? I was not without hopes, nor will I renounce them yet, that I have a place in your thoughts, perhaps in your affections?"

Agnes seemed scarcely to heed his words. There was no appearance of shyness or timidity in her looks or manner, no embarrassment even:

"Spotless without, and innocent within. She feared no danger, for she knew no sin."

Her childlike countenance remained bright, open, and guileless; her eyes, mildly beaming, looked straight upon Fulvius's face with an earnest simplicity, that made him almost quail before her. She stood up now, with graceful dignity, as she replied:

"Milk and honey exhaled from his lips, as the blood from his stricken cheek impressed itself on mine."

She is crazed, Fulvius was just beginning to think; when the inspired look of her countenance, and the clear brightness of her eye, as she gazed forward towards some object seen by herself alone, overpowered and subdued him. He recovered in an instant; and again he took heart. He resolved at once to pursue his demand.

"Madam," he said, "you are trifling with one who sincerely admires and loves you. I know from the best authority,—yes, the best authority,—that of a mutual friend departed, that you have been pleased to think favorably of me, and to express yourself so opposed to my urging my claims to your hand. I now, therefore, seriously and earnestly solicit it. I may seem abrupt and informal, but I am sincere and warm."

"Begone from me, food of corruption!" she said with calm majesty; "for already a lover has secured my heart, for whom alone I keep my truth, to whom I intrust myself with undivided devotion; one whose love is chaste, whose caress is pure, whose bridegroomer put off their nuptial vows."

Fulvius, who had dropped on his knees as he concluded his last sentence, and had thus drawn forth that severe rebuke, rose, filled with spite and fury, at having been so completely defeated. "Is it not enough to be rejected," he said, "after having been encouraged, but must insult be heaped on me too? and must I be told to my face that another has been before me to-day?—Sebastian, I suppose, again—"

"Who are you?" exclaimed an indignant voice behind him, "that dare to utter with disdain, the name of one whose honor is untarnished, and whose virtue is as unchallenged as his courage?"

He turned round, and stood confronted with Fabiola, who, having walked for some time about the garden, thought she would now probably find her cousin disengaged, and by herself. She had come upon him suddenly, and had caught his last words.

Fulvius was abashed, and remained silent. Fabiola, with a noble indignation, continued, "And who, too, are you, who, not content with having once thrust yourself into my kinswoman's house, to insult her, presume now to intrude upon the privacy of her retreat?"

"And who are you?" retorted Fulvius, "who take upon yourself to be imperious mistress in another's house?"

"One," replied the lady, "who, by allowing my cousin to meet you first at her table, and there discovering your designs upon an innocent child, feels herself bound in honor and duty to thwart them, and to shield her from the danger which they threaten."

She took Agnes by the hand, and was leading her away; and Molossus required what he never remembered to have received before, but what he took delightedly, a gentle little pat, to keep him from more than growling; when Fulvius, gnashing his teeth, muttered audibly:

"Haughty Roman dame! thou shalt bitterly rue this day and hour. Thou shalt know and feel how Asia can revenge."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EDICT.

The day, being at length arrived for its publication in Rome, Corvius fully felt the importance of the commission intrusted to him, of affixing in its proper place in the Forum, the edict of extermination against the Christians, or rather the sentence of extinction of their very name. News had been received from Nicodemia, that a brave Christian soldier, named George, had torn down a similar imperial decree, and manfully suffered death for his boldness. Corvius was determined that nothing of the sort should happen in Rome; for he feared too seriously the consequences of such an occurrence to himself; he therefore took every precaution in his power. The edict had been written in large characters, upon sheets of parchment joined together, and these were nailed to a board, firmly supported by a pillar, against which it was hung, not far from the Puteal Libonis, the magistrate's chair in the Forum. This, however, was not done till the Forum was deserted, and night had well set in. It was thus intended that the edict should meet the eyes of the citizens early in the morning, and strike their minds with more tremendous effect.

To prevent the possibility of any nocturnal attempt to destroy the precious document, Corvius, with much the same cunning precaution as was taken by the Jewish priests to prevent the Resurrection, obtained for a night-guard to the Forum, a company of the Panonian cohort, a body composed of soldiers belonging to the fiercest races of the North, Dacians, Pannonians, Sarmatians, and Germans, whose uncouth features, savage aspect, matted sandy hair, and bushy red moustaches, made them appear absolutely ferocious to Roman eyes. These men could scarcely speak Latin, but were ruled by officers of their own countries, and formed, in the decline of the empire, the most faithful body-guards of the reigning tyrants, often their fellow-countrymen; for there was no excuse too monstrous for them to commit, if duly commanded to execute it.

A number of these savages, even rough and ready were distributed so as to guard every avenue of the Forum, with strict orders to pierce through, or hew down, any one who should attempt to pass without the watchword, or *symbolum*. This was every night distributed by the general in command, through his tribunes and centurions, to all the troops. But to prevent all possibility of any Christian making use of that night, if he should chance to discover it, the edict, Corvius had one chosen, which he felt sure no Christian would use. It was Numen Imperatorum; the "Divinity of the Emperors."

The last thing which he did was to make his rounds, giving to each sentinel the strictest injunctions; and most minutely to the one whom he had placed to the edict. This man had been chosen for his post on account of his rude strength and huge bulk, and the peculiar ferocity of his looks and character. Corvius gave him the most rigid instructions, how he was to spare nobody, but to prevent any one's interference with the sacred edict. He repeated to him again and again the watchword; and left him; already half-sufficed with *sarcina* or beer, in the merest animal consciousness, that it was his business, not an unpleasant one, to spear, or stab, some one or other before morning. The

night was raw and gusty, with occasional sharp and snaking showers; and the Dacian wrapped himself in his cloak, and walked up and down, occasionally taking a long pull at a flask concealed about him, containing a liquor said to be distilled from the wild cherries of the Thuringian forests; and in the intervals maddily meditating, not on the wood or river, by which his young barbarians were to play, but how soon it would be time to cut the present emperor's throat, and sack the city.

While all this was going on, old Diogenes and his hearty sons were in their poor house in the Subura, not far off, making preparations for their frugal meal. They were interrupted by a gentle tap at the door, followed by the lifting of the latch, and the entrance of two young men, whom Diogenes at once recognized and welcomed.

"Come in, my noble young masters; how good of you thus to honor my poor dwelling! I hardly dare offer you our plain fare; but if you will partake of it, you will indeed give us a Christian love-feast."

"Thank you most kindly, father Diogenes," answered the elder of the two, Quadratus, Sebastian's squire; "Pancratius and I have come expressly to sup with you. But not as yet; we have some business in this part of the town, and after it we shall be glad to eat something. In the meantime, one of your youths can go out and cater for us. Come, we must have something good; and I want you to cheer yourself with a moderate cup of generous wine."

Saying this he gave his purse to one of the sons, with instructions to bring home some better provisions than he knew the simple family usually enjoyed. They sat down; and Pancratius, by way of saying something, addressed the old man. "Good Diogenes, I have heard Sebastian say that you were glad to see the glorious Deacon Laurentius die for Christ. Tell me something about him."

"With pleasure," answered the old man. "It is now nearly forty-five years since it happened, and as I was older then than you are now, you may suppose I remember all quite distinctly. He was indeed a beautiful youth to look at; so mild and sweet, so fair and graceful; and his speech was so gentle, so soft, especially when speaking to the poor. In seeking his own squire, I followed him every where; I stood by, as the venerable Pontifex Sextus was going to death, and Laurentius met him, and so tenderly reproached him, just as a son might a father, for not allowing him to be his companion in the sacrifice of himself, as he had ministered to him in the sacrifice of our Lord's body and blood."

Those were splendid times, Diogenes, were they not?" interrupted the youth; "how degenerate we are now! What a different race! Are we not, Quadratus?"

The rough soldier sniled at the generous sincerity of his complaint, and laid Diogenes on.

"I saw him too as he distributed the rich plate of the Church to the poor. We have never had any thing so splendid since. There were golden lamps and candlesticks, censers, chalices, and patens, besides an immense quantity of silver melted down, and distributed to the blind, the lame, and the indigent."

"But tell me," asked Pancratius, "how did he endure his last dreadful torment? It must have been frightful!"

"I saw it all," answered the old foster, "and it would have been intolerably frightful in another. He had been first placed on the rack, and variously tormented, and he had not uttered a groan; when the judge ordered that horrid bed, or gridiron, to be prepared and heated. To look at his tender flesh blistering and breaking over the fire, and deeply seared with red burning gashes that cut to the bone where the iron bars went across; to see the steam, thick as from a cauldron, rise from his body, and look into his countenance, as he melted away into it; and every now and then to observe the tremendous quivering that crept over the surface of his skin, the living motion which the agony gave to each separate muscle, and the sharp spasmodic twitches which convulsed, and gradually contracted, his limbs; all this, I own, was the most harrowing spectacle I have ever beheld in my life. But to look into his countenance was to forget all this. His head was raised up from the burning body, and stretched out, as if fixed on the contemplation of some most celestial vision, like that of his fellow-deacon Stephen. His face glowed indeed with the heat below, and the perspiration flowed down it, but the light from the fire shined upwards, and passing through his golden locks, created a glory round his beautiful head and countenance, which made him look as if already in heaven. And every feature, serene and sweet as ever, was so impressed with an eager longing look, accompanying the upward glancing of his eye, that you would willingly have changed places with him."

"That I would," again broke in Pancratius, "and, as soon as God pleases, I dare not think that I could stand while he did; for he was indeed a noble and heroic Levite, while I am only a weak imperfect boy. But do you not think, dear Quadratus, that strength is given in that hour, proportionate to our trials, whatever they may be? You, I know, would stand any thing; for you are a fine stout soldier, accustomed to toil and wounds. But as for me, I have only a willing heart to give. Is that enough, think you?"

"Quite, quite, my dear boy," exclaimed the centurion, full of emotion, and looking tenderly on the youth, who with glistening eyes, having risen from his seat, had placed his hands upon the officer's shoulders. "God will give you strength, as He has already given you courage. But we must not forget our night's work. Wrap yourself well up in your cloak, and bring your toga quite over your head; so! It is a wet and bitter night. Now, good Diogenes, put more wood on the fire, and let us find supper ready on our return. We shall not be long absent; and just leave the door ajar."

"Go, go, my sons," said the old man, "and God speed you! whatever you are about, I am sure it is something praiseworthy!"

Quadratus sturdily drew his dlanys, or military cloak around him, and the two youths plunged into the dark lanes of the Subura, and took the direction of the Forum. While they were absent, the door was opened, with the well-known salutation of "thanks to God;" and Sebastian entered, and inquired anxiously if Diogenes had seen any thing of the two young men; for he had got a hint of what they were going to do. He was told they were expected in a few moments.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, when hasty steps were heard approaching; the door was pushed open, and was as quickly shut, and then fast barred, behind Quadratus and Pancratius.

"Here it is," said the latter, producing, with a hearty laugh, a bundle of crumpled parchment.

"What?" asked old eagerly.

"Why the grant of course," answered Pancratius, with a boisterous glee. "Here it goes!"

And he thrust it into the blazing fire, while the stalwart sons of Diogenes threw a faggot over it to keep it down, and drown its crackling. There it frizzled, and writhed, and cracked, and shrunk, first one letter or word coming up, then another; first an emperor's praise, and then an anti-Christian blasphemy; till all had subsided into a black ashy mass.

And what else, or more, would there be in a few years who had issued that proud document, when their corpses should have been burnt on a pile of cedar-wood and spices, and their handful of ashes seraped together, hardly enough to fill a gilded urn? And what also, in very few years more, would that heathenism be, which it was issued to keep alive, but a dead letter at most, and as worthless a heap of extinguished embers as lay on that hearth?

And the very empire which these "unconquered" Augusti were bolstering up by cruelty and injustice, how in a few centuries would it resemble that annihilated decree? the monuments of its grandeur lying in ashes, or in ruins, and proclaiming that there is no true Lord but one stronger than Coasars, the Lord of lords; and that neither counsel nor strength of man shall prevail against Him.

Something like this Sebastian think, perhaps, as he gazed abstractedly on the expiring embers of the pompous and cruel edict which they had torn down, not for a wanton frolic, but because it contained blasphemous against God and His holiest truths. They knew that if they should be discovered, tenfold tortures would be their lot; but Christians in those days, when they contemplated and prepared for martyrdom, made no calculation on that head. Death for Christ, whether quick and easy, or lingering and painful, was the end for which they looked; and, like brave soldiers going to battle, they did not speculate where a shaft or a sword might strike them, whether a death-blow would at once stun them out of existence, or they should have to writhe for hours upon the ground, mutilated or pierced, to die by inches among the heaps of unhealed slain.

Sebastian soon recovered, and had hardly the heart to reprove the perpetrators of his deed. In truth, it had its ridiculous side, and he was inclined to laugh at the morose's dismay. This view he gladly took; for he saw Pancratius watched his looks with some trepidation, and his centurion looked a little disconcerted. So, after a hearty laugh, they sat down cheerfully to their meal; for it was not midnight, and the hour for commencing the fast, preparatory to receiving the holy Eucharist, was not arrived. Quadratus's object, besides kindness, in this arrangement, was partly, that if surprised, partly to keep up the spirits of his younger companion and of Diogenes's household, alarmed at the bold deed just performed. But there was no appearance of any such feeling. The conversation soon turned upon recollections of Diogenes's youth, and the good old fervent times, as Pancratius would persist in calling them. Sebastian saw his friend lonely, and then took a round to avoid the Forum, in seeking his own squire, which told him he had seen Pancratius that night, when alone in his chamber preparing to retire to rest, he would have seen him every now and then almost laughing at some strange but pleasant adventures.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DISCOVERY.

At the first dawn of morning, Corvius was up; and notwithstanding the gloominess of the day, proceeded straight to the Forum. He found his outposts quite undisturbed, and hastened to the principal object of his care. It would be useless to attempt describing his astonishment, his rage, his fury, when he saw the blank board, with only a few shreds of parchment left, round the nails; and beside it standing in unconscious stolidity, his Dacian sentinel.

He would have darted at his throat, like a tiger, if he had not seen, in the barbarian's twinkling eye, a sort of hyacinth squint, which told him he had better not. But he broke out at once into a passionate exclamation: "There it is as you left it in my charge!"

"Where you found it? Come and look at it!"

"The Dacian went to his side, and for the first time confronted the board; and after looking at it for some moments, exclaimed: "Well, is not that the board you hung up last night?"

"Yes, you blockhead, but there was writing on it, which is gone. That is what you had to guard?"

"Why, look you, captain, as to writing, you see I know nothing; having never been a scholar; but as it was raining all night, it may have been washed out."

"And as it was blowing, I suppose the parchment on which it was written was blown off?"

"No doubt, Herr Kornweiner; you are quite right."

"Come, sir, this is no joking matter. Tell me, at once, who came here last night?"

"Why, two of them came."

"Two of what?"

"Two wizards, or goblins, or worse."

"None of that nonsense for me." The Dacian's eye flashed drunkenly again. "Well, tell me Arminius, what sort of people they were, and what they did?"

"What did he do to show it?"

"He came up first, and began to chat quite friendly; asked me if it was not very cold, and that sort of thing. At last, I remembered that I had to run through any one that came near me—"

"Exactly," interrupted Corvius; "and why did you not do it?"

"Only because he wouldn't let me. I told him to be off, or I should spear him, and leave sack and stretched out on my javelin; when in the quietest manner, but I don't know how, he twisted it out of my hand, broke it over his knee, as if it had been a mountebank's wooden sword, and dashed the iron-headed piece fast into the ground, where you see it, fifty yards off."

"Then why did you not rush on him with your sword, and despatch him at once?"

"The Dacian, with a stupid grin, pointed to the roof of the neighboring basilica, and said: "There, don't you see it shining on the tiles, in the morning light?" Corvius looked, and there indeed he saw what appeared like such an object, but he could hardly believe his own eyes.

"How did it get there, you stupid booby?" he asked.

The soldier twisted his moustache in an ominous way, which made Corvius ask again more civilly and then he was answered:

"He, or it, whatever it was, without any apparent effort, by a sort of conjuring, whisked it out of my hand, and up where you see it, as easily as I could cast a quill a dozen yards."

"And then?"

"And then, he and the boy, who came from round the pillar, walked off in the dark."

"What a strange story!" muttered Corvius to himself; "yet there are proofs of the fellow's tale. It is not every one who could have performed that feat. But pray, sir, why did you not give the alarm, and rouse the other guards to pursue it?"

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

RATES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS. Annual subscription \$2.00 Semi-annual 1.00

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

WALTER LOCKE, PUBLISHER, 388 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

The Catholic Record LONDON, FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1878.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

Mr. Dan'l. Fisher is our appointed agent for Stratford.

We are deeply indebted to Rev. Father Bayard, of Saratoga, for valuable assistance rendered to the Record by the very warm manner in which he recommended it to the people.

Two weeks ago we called the attention of the Tribune to the conduct of its travelling agent, Mr. Crowe, believing, at the time, that the proprietor of that paper was ignorant of the way the "Crowe" had been acting, or of the flights he had been taking.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

To our subscribers, present and prospective, and to all our friends greeting—

It affords us especial pleasure to address a few words to our friends and patrons at this season of rejoicing, when no honest heart can be sullied with the stain of enmity, and all is peace and good will.

At New Years it is customary for all newspapers to say a few words as to the course they intend to pursue during the twelve months following.

iums for the presentable manner in which the Record always appears. It is always full of interesting and readable news, carefully selected and systematically arranged, and contains more genuine, original editorial matter than any Catholic weekly paper in Canada, and in the extent, variety and character of its general contents is second to none.

We have only to assure our readers that we will continue in the course mapped out in our prospectus, a course which has given such general satisfaction, and while we use our utmost endeavors to keep up the standard of a truly Catholic newspaper, untrammelled by any political party, we hope to receive an enlargement of that patronage which has been so liberally bestowed upon the Record already.

We thank our subscribers for their patronage, our contributors for the interest they have taken in our regard, and to one, and all, we wish a Happy New Year and many of them, fraught with all blessings, both spiritual and temporal which they hope to obtain.

THE YEAR 1878.

Time in its unvarying law has brought to a close a year which has furnished the historian with ample material. A series of events of the greatest importance—whether considered socially, politically, or religiously—have transpired. And the influences which those events will exert upon future generations must be potent indeed.

In nearly every country the social condition of things is very unsatisfactory. The commercial depression has been unusually severe in most countries, but more especially in Great Britain, where it is likely that its terrible effects may produce fearful consequences.

In England also a bank calamity has occurred, in the suspension of the West of England Bank at Bristol. The commercial failures during the year have been almost unprecedented in number, and in the extent of their liabilities.

Some alleviation of the sufferings of the people may arise from the bountiful harvest with which Providence has favored nearly all nations. In Great Britain the harvest has been better than in several preceding years; while in the United States and Canada the yield has been unprecedented.

The year has been signalized by some of the most fearful disasters, both on land and on sea. Hundreds of lives have been lost by colliery explosions, the most calamitous of which were those of Kilsyth, in Scotland, and Abercrombie, in North Wales.

more to cement the bonds of fraternal union, than the politics of a quarter of a century could accomplish. Many brave Christian heroes succumbed to the ravages of the fatal scourge while ministering to the spiritual and temporal necessities of the afflicted.

The political movements of the world have been varied and exciting. In Europe the map of Turkey has been considerably changed in consequence of the victory of Russia over that country in the early part of the year.

England has declared war against the Ameer of Afghanistan, and political feeling runs high and bitter in that country. The Liberal party most vehemently oppose the war policy of Beaconsfield, but on every occasion on which a vote was taken the Ministry has been sustained by large majorities.

Ireland still hopes on, and despite dissensions and wrangling, still clings to the belief that the great boon of self-government will not much longer be denied her.

In France industry and prosperity reign supreme. The country has made one steady march of improvement in financial, commercial and military matters; and by holding the greatest international exhibition the world ever saw, she has again asserted her pre-eminence in Europe, and recovered in a peaceable manner the glory that was trampled at Sedan.

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an attempt to drive Macmahon from power, or force him to accept a ministry composed of the most Radical elements. Catholic interests in France—except in so far as the Senate can protect them—are at the mercy of the victorious Left.

In Germany Socialism has become so powerful that Bismarck finds it more dangerous to the existence of the Empire than the Jesuits, whom he banished, could ever have been. A severely repressive law has been enacted against them, and the utmost vigilance is exercised throughout the Empire.

In Italy Prince Humbert has succeeded his father, Victor Emmanuel, on the throne, and narrowly escaped assassination while driving in an open carriage with the Queen and his Prime Minister, Signor Cairoli.

In Spain, King Alfonso had a most gorgeous and happy wedding, which was soon followed by the pain and sorrow occasioned by the premature death of his amiable consort, Queen Mercedes.

Throughout Europe there is the most palpable evidence of International Societies, whose aim is the dethronement of sovereigns, and the setting up of a Communistic regime, or universal republic. The governments and sovereigns of Europe encouraged and fostered infidelity and now they have to pay the penalty.

In Canada, the greatest event of the year has been the general election, the result of which was the overwhelming defeat of the Mackenzie Government. The issue upon which the Opposition appealed to the country against the Government was that of Protection versus Free Trade.

There have been many deaths of important personages during the year. The Church had to mourn the loss of His Holiness Pope Pius IX, who was succeeded by Cardinal Pecci as Leo XIII. Next in order on the death roll were Cardinal Franchi, Cardinal Cullen and Bishops Dupanloup, Galberry and Rosecranz.

ROME. AS DESCRIBED BY RT. REV. MON. BRUYERE.

HOW THE LOSS OF THE POPE'S TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY IS REGARDED.

A large congregation gathered in St. Peter's Cathedral last Sunday evening, it having been announced that a lecture on "Rome" would be delivered by the Right Rev. Monsignore Bruyere, who has recently returned from a trip to Italy.

There is a city in the world whose name is dear to every Catholic heart. It is the centre of Catholic unity; it is the residence of Christ's viceregent on earth. That city of which I am going to speak this evening is Rome; that city has been twice the mistress of the world; it has special claims to the love of every Catholic.

It is divided into fourteen districts. Rome, like all ancient cities, is surrounded by a wall, which is entered by fifteen gates. There are in the city 360 Catholic churches, and forty-six piazzas or squares.

The reader of history it is well known that the foundations of the city were laid in the year 753, before the Christian era. Though its beginning is much mixed with fabulous story, it is certain that its first King was Romulus, who invited adventurers from the neighboring nations to assist in forming the new kingdom.

The first Christian Emperor, Constantine the Great, after overcoming his competitors, gave peace to the Church. From that period to the year 800 Rome passed through many changes and revolutions. In order to end this condition of things and to secure the peace of the Church, Pippin, King of France, gave a donation to the Pope, Rome and the territory adjacent.

It is well known that fourteen years after the Pope had restored to him his temporal sway. The revolutionary spirit which broke out in Europe in 1849 did not spare the head of the Church. The Pope was his first victim. He had to flee into exile. He found an asylum in the Kingdom of Naples, in the city of Gaeta.

There are many deaths of important personages during the year. The Church had to mourn the loss of His Holiness Pope Pius IX, who was succeeded by Cardinal Pecci as Leo XIII. Next in order on the death roll were Cardinal Franchi, Cardinal Cullen and Bishops Dupanloup, Galberry and Rosecranz.

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OF THE POPE'S
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-Fonsignere Bruyere, who
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-the centre of Catho-
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-ich I am going to speak
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-of the special providence
-Christ from Peter to Leo
-city of Rome. There
-e churchshed their blood

The city of Rome is
-er of the history of the
-nics to give to you some
-of so famous a spot.
-of 250,000 inhabitants,
-about twenty-five miles
-districts. Rome, like all
-d by a wall, which is en-
-s are in the city 260
-s-y six piazzas or squares,
-ountains, which give the
-best of sources. Though
-ny changes and vicissi-
-tude many forms of gov-
-most remarkable city of
-udge by its numerous
-monuments, etc. To the
-of the Caesars may be
-s both within and with-
-s galleries rich in paint-
-the most eminent masters,
-rgest collections of books
-and rare manuscripts.

it is well known that
-were laid in the year
-an. Though its begin-
-ndulous story, it is certain
-ful, who invited adventur-
-ng nations to assist in
-a. The Government es-
-taquin, having proved
-s subjects established a new
-appointed two consuls,
-eople, to rule the nation
-n people were brave and
-felt that they were called
-indeed within a few years
-nder their sway. Scilly,
-Macedonia and the two
-ted the discord which arose
-the State resulted in over-
-of Government, and
-nder Augustus Cesar,
-years. During his reign
-s, who frequently themselves
-the Caesars were men bet-
-for their virtues. In
-istence of the Church,
-alled to worship God in
-e name of "caesars."

All this I have held and done, as I now per-
-ceive, on a wrong principle—viz., on private
-judgment. When I became convinced that
-the right principle of faith and practice in
-religion was authority; when I saw clearly
-that it is of less moment what one believes
-and does than why one accepts and practises,
-then I had no choice as to my course. The
-only spiritual body which I could realize that
-actually claimed to treat truth upon author-
-ity, and that visibly exercised the authority
-which she claimed, was the Church of Rome.
-For the last time I exercised my private judg-
-ment, as every person must exercise that gift
-of God in some way and to some extent, and
-I humbly sought admission into the com-
-munion of the Catholic Church.

I venture to ask you, sir, to publish this
-statement, not because it contains anything
-which is new, but because I have reason to
-know that there are a large number of per-
-sons of High Church principles in the Church
-of England who still occupy a similar posi-
-tion to the one which I lately occupied.
-There are many, both clergy and lay, who
-believe what I believed, and who act as I
-acted, but who do not yet feel able, or feel
-called, to make the momentous change which
-I have had power given me to make. And
-these I know to be as thoroughly honest as I
-was; to be absolutely convinced of their posi-
-tion, as I was; to be determined never to
-leave it, as I was; until God's grace called
-to leave it, as it called me.

I do not expect that those I worked with
-and ministered to will renounce the obedience
-of a lifetime at the same moment, in the like
-manner, or on similar grounds, as myself.
-On the contrary, they will think me, at the first,
-inconsistent, changeful, weak, and wrong.
-But I have not made my great change in
-my youth, nor precipitately, nor in any par-
-ticular crisis or panic, nor without due and
-anxious deliberation. I have never vacillated
-in my loyalty till I could be loyal no longer.
-I have never had anything to unlearn, but
-rather have ever advanced in divine knowl-
-edge. I gave myself to be led, not whither
-I would, but where I was constrained to go.
-And at last, and after a painful period of con-
-flict, I have gone from whence God had
-placed me to whither He has been pleased to
-lead me.

As I wish still to be allowed to call them—
-eventually will be led to accept all truth upon
-the true principle I do not doubt. It is in-
-evitable, if only they will persevere in using
-the grace which they possess, and in follow-
-ing the light with which they are blessed.
-None can know better than myself what

provinces afforded him, he has not the same facility
-of meeting the expense of ruling the Church.
-Hence, he is obliged to make an appeal to his chil-
-dren in all parts of the world to assist him. I am
-happy to be able to say that his appeal has been
-generously responded to. By means of the Peter's
-pense offerings his needs have been partly supplied.
-Now, some of you perhaps will say, the Pope hav-
-ing lost his temporal power, what will become of
-his spiritual authority? To this I will answer; the
-spiritual authority is not at all essential to the
-Church. The Vicar of Christ has governed the
-Church for centuries without any temporal power.
-The Pope will still be head of the Church, even if he
-were driven to the rock of Gibraltar. We fear not
-for the existence of the Church, Christ has endowed
-it with perpetuity. He has said that the gates of
-hell shall not prevail against it. The Church of
-Christ has subsisted since the days of Christ till to-
-day despite all the efforts of the powers of dark-
-ness. Many dynasties have disappeared during her
-life, but the Church still subsists. We fear not for
-her existence, but we fear for those who are the
-enemies of the Church, for those who are outside of
-the Church. One thousand seven hundred years ago
-a great doctor of the church (St. Cyprian) said; He
-who has not the Church for his mother has not God
-for his father. Let us, therefore, place full confi-
-dence in the sacred promises of Christ. The gates
-of hell will not prevail against His Church. She
-will continue to survive until time shall be no more.
-The delivery of the address was regarded by the
-congregation with the deepest interest.

WHY HE SUBMITTED.

A PROMINENT ENGLISH MINISTER EXPLAINS
-WHY HE BECAME A CATHOLIC.

The following letter from a well-known
-clergyman of the Church of England, the
-Rev. Orby Shipley, appeared in the London
-Times of Nov. 22:

To the Editor.—Sir,—Two years and a
-half ago you allowed me to state that the re-
-port which had appeared in your columns,
-viz., that I had submitted to the Catholic
-Church, was incorrect.

Will you now permit me to say that the
-report which has lately appeared in some
-of your contemporaries is true? After much
-thought and consideration I have felt it my
-duty to leave the Church of England, and I
-ask you to allow me to occupy a small space
-in your paper in order to give some reasons
-for this momentous change in my religious
-life. I cannot otherwise reach many with
-whom I formerly worked, or to whom I once
-ministered, in any other way, and I shall be
-grateful, sir, for this exercise of your kind
-liberality.

The cause of my taking this important
-step was, so far as I can perceive, a simple
-following of Catholic instinct to its legitimate
-and, in my case, logical conclusion—of course
-at the call of God. It certainly was not due
-to personal influence; for though I have
-never willingly lost a friend yet, practically,
-I have not been enabled to remain on inti-
-mate terms with any who have preceded me
-whither eventually I have been led. Nor has
-it been caused by controversy, which I
-have studiously avoided. Nor has it been
-suggested indirectly, from any outward reason.
-The result has arisen mainly from a silent,
-gradual, and steady inner growth of many
-years in religion. I have long held, I have
-long taught, and nearly every Catholic doctrine
-not actually denied by the Anglican for-
-mularies, have accepted and helped to
-revive nearly every Catholic practice not
-positively forbidden. In short, intellectually
-and in externals, so far as I could as a loyal
-English clergyman, I have believed and acted
-as a Catholic.

All this I have held and done, as I now per-
-ceive, on a wrong principle—viz., on private
-judgment. When I became convinced that
-the right principle of faith and practice in
-religion was authority; when I saw clearly
-that it is of less moment what one believes
-and does than why one accepts and practises,
-then I had no choice as to my course. The
-only spiritual body which I could realize that
-actually claimed to treat truth upon author-
-ity, and that visibly exercised the authority
-which she claimed, was the Church of Rome.
-For the last time I exercised my private judg-
-ment, as every person must exercise that gift
-of God in some way and to some extent, and
-I humbly sought admission into the com-
-munion of the Catholic Church.

I venture to ask you, sir, to publish this
-statement, not because it contains anything
-which is new, but because I have reason to
-know that there are a large number of per-
-sons of High Church principles in the Church
-of England who still occupy a similar posi-
-tion to the one which I lately occupied.
-There are many, both clergy and lay, who
-believe what I believed, and who act as I
-acted, but who do not yet feel able, or feel
-called, to make the momentous change which
-I have had power given me to make. And
-these I know to be as thoroughly honest as I
-was; to be absolutely convinced of their posi-
-tion, as I was; to be determined never to
-leave it, as I was; until God's grace called
-to leave it, as it called me.

I do not expect that those I worked with
-and ministered to will renounce the obedience
-of a lifetime at the same moment, in the like
-manner, or on similar grounds, as myself.
-On the contrary, they will think me, at the first,
-inconsistent, changeful, weak, and wrong.
-But I have not made my great change in
-my youth, nor precipitately, nor in any par-
-ticular crisis or panic, nor without due and
-anxious deliberation. I have never vacillated
-in my loyalty till I could be loyal no longer.
-I have never had anything to unlearn, but
-rather have ever advanced in divine knowl-
-edge. I gave myself to be led, not whither
-I would, but where I was constrained to go.
-And at last, and after a painful period of con-
-flict, I have gone from whence God had
-placed me to whither He has been pleased to
-lead me.

As I wish still to be allowed to call them—
-eventually will be led to accept all truth upon
-the true principle I do not doubt. It is in-
-evitable, if only they will persevere in using
-the grace which they possess, and in follow-
-ing the light with which they are blessed.
-None can know better than myself what

leads men onwards, what keeps men in their
-position from being led to mine. There are
-numberless souls in the Church of England,
-both men and women, who have only to ac-
-cept the true principle for all that they already
-believe rightly, and rightly practise—on a
-false principle—in order to be guided, as I
-was guided, into all truth. They have only
-to exchange—though the change indeed is
-great, and is not made without cost—the prin-
-ciple of private judgment for the revealed
-basis of faith, which is authority.

I will not further trespass on your patience,
-nor will I now enter into detail on the dog-
-matic and practical reasons which led me to
-leave the Church of England. If any are suf-
-ficiently interested to learn what was my
-mind on the subject when forced to make my
-important decision, they will find an expres-
-sion of it in the introduction of a book which
-before long will be published.

Your obedient servant,
-ORBY SHIPLEY.
-Athenaeum Club, Nov. 22.

THE PART TAKEN BY TWO CATHOLIC
-PRIESTS IN THE (SO CALLED) STE.
-AGATHE ELECTION ROW.

From the Winnipeg Free Press.
-Sir,—What occurred at St. Jean Baptiste during
-the night of the 11th to the 12th inst., having al-
-ready been commented on in an unjust and unfair
-way, I feel it my duty to make known to the pub-
-lic the part two of my priests were forced to take
-during the deplorable event.

Their honor and their virtue are held too high in
-my esteem for it to be possible for me to remain
-silent when they become the victims of injustice,
-and when insult is added to ill-treatment.
-The documents herewith joined, signed respec-
-tively by M. M. Filon and Charbonneau show, in a
-manner as concise as possible, how the two rever-
-end gentlemen acted and the treatment they re-
-ceived:

WHAT REV. M. FILON WROTE TO ARCHBISHOP TACHE:
-My Lord,—Last Wednesday night, 11th inst.,
-after ten o'clock, everyone in the house being in
-bed except myself, a vehicle with two persons stop-
-ped at the west door of my house, which is always
-closed up in winter. Thinking they might be
-travellers seeking information or shelter, I went out
-and inquired what they desired. One of them
-asked me if Mr. Turcotte was in my house. "Yes,"
-was the reply. "We wish to see him." I observed
-to the parties that it was late; Mr. Turcotte had
-retired. They insisted on seeing him. I then told
-them to come in. They followed me round the
-house to the front door. One of them walked into
-my study with me. I told him to wait for a light,
-went to my bedroom for a lamp, told Mr. Turcotte
-that somebody asked to see him, warning him in
-the meantime that the nocturnal visit seemed some-
-what suspicious. I carried the lamp to my study
-and waited to see what might occur. The outside
-door was opened and the sleigh near the door. Mr.
-Turcotte came to the entrance and asked the stran-
-ger what he wanted. "You are Mr. Turcotte?"
-said the man; "you will play no more bad tricks,"
-and said to his companion, "bring the iron." So
-saying he grasped Mr. Turcotte. I thought it my
-duty to interfere and protect my guest against such
-unaccountable violence. Mr. Taillefer hearing
-noise came to see what was going on. We pushed
-Mr. Turcotte's assailant out of the house. I used
-all my strength, of course; but no weapon. The
-two men outside endeavored to force entrance
-anew, but failing in that they drove away. My
-companion, Rev. Mr. Charbonneau, was in bed and
-took no part in that stage of our difficulty. I found
-out afterwards that the man who came in was
-Charles Taylor. I know the person but did not re-
-cognize him at the time. He did not make known
-to us, nor did I suspect in any way, that he was a
-constable, nor that he was to execute an arrest. We
-were, and remained under the impression that the
-two intruders were moved by evil motives. I was
-and I am still convinced that Mr. Turcotte's life was
-not safe under the circumstances.

A little after six o'clock next morning, Rev. Mr.
-Charbonneau awoke me saying, "Wait," said I, "I
-will go myself and see what they want." On my
-way to the kitchen, the smell of liquor and the
-sight of arms impressed me very unpleasantly. I
-kept distant, and asked the parties, "What do you
-want?" For an answer, Charles Taylor advanced,
-seized me rudely, and, putting his pistol to my
-head, exclaimed, "That is the man who put me out
-last night." I could not help thinking that I was
-at the mercy of a lot of would-be assassins. I dis-
-engaged myself the best way I could from the grasp
-of Taylor, and got the door between us. I did not
-see Mr. Charbonneau interfering, but when risk
-Taylor's grasp, I saw my friend in the hands of the
-armed men. Feeling I could not help him, I went
-to the upper part of the house, used as a chapel,
-took the handbell, went on the platform of the
-church door, and rang the bell to call the neighbors
-to rescue Mr. Charbonneau. There I saw my com-
-panion dragged on the ground in the most brutal
-manner until he was thrown into a sleigh and carried
-off.

Then I descended the platform and found Mr.
-Taillefer in the house, wounded. Useless to speak
-of my apprehensions and tortures of mind. No
-idea, no proof, no suspicion that there was a
-question of arrest, a warrant, or anything of the
-kind.

It was only when Mr. Charbonneau was brought
-back in the evening that I was informed that his
-kidnappers had come to arrest me. Mr. Charbon-
-neau, wounded and very sick, I had to remain and
-attend him on Friday. Rev. M. Sarnoset having
-arrived, I left him in charge of my friend and
-started for St. Boniface, where, as Your Grace
-knows, I arrived on Saturday night. You know
-my disposition, My Lord: I respect and obey the
-laws of my country. A word on the part of Charles
-Taylor to make known the nature of his deplorable
-affair.

This morning I went to Chief-Justice Wood, not
-to deliver myself up as an offender, but to claim
-protection and justice. I follow the advice of His
-Lordship and await the final result of this most ex-
-cruciating affair.

Others have suffered more than I physically, but
-no one endured more mental agony before I could
-find out what had become of my gentle and meek
-companion. Knowing what your anxiety would be,
-My Lord, has so much more added to my pain.

I remain, My Lord,
-your devoted child in Christ,
-J. T. FILON, Priest.
-St. Boniface, 16th December, 1878.

WHAT REV. M. CHARBONNEAU WROTE ARCHBISHOP
-TACHE.

The following is a brief statement of
-the part I have acted, or rather of the share I have
-been obliged to accept in the deplorable events
-which occurred at St. Jean Baptiste:
-I was in bed Wednesday night, 11th inst., when
-Charles Taylor and Timothy Bell came to our house.
-I neither saw them in the house nor did I act any
-part whatever in the events which took place at
-that time.

On Thursday morning about six o'clock armed
-men entered into the kitchen-room; I proceeded to
-inform the Rev. M. Filon of the fact, he told me
-to wait, that he would go himself and inquire of
-them what they desired. I followed Rev. M.
-Filon up to the kitchen door, and in no manner
-interfered between him and the assailants. With-
-out saying a single word, they took hold of me, and
-after severely ill-treating me, they dragged me out
-of the house. I believed them to be drunken men
-who intended making away with us. I struggled,
-but in vain, to free myself from their grasp. I
-called out for help. Then it was that Charles Tay-
-lor dealt me a violent blow with his revolver on the
-head. I called out for help a second time, and that
-brought down on me similar ill-treatment from the
-assailant. The blood ran down my face from my
-wounds and from my nose. I suffered great loss of
-blood all along the way.

I offered up to Almighty God the sacrifice of my
-life, for I thought myself to be in the hands of mur-
-derers.

Whilst they were dragging me by the feet, with
-face to the ground, I heard reports of firearms, but
-I did not know who was firing.
-I was flung in a sleigh with my feet hanging out,
-barheaded and with no other garments than my
-usual vestments when in the house. After a while,
-they threw some thing over me. Further on, the
-men that held me began singing and whistling. A
-savage yell announced our coming at Morris'. They
-supported me whilst going into Gallic's house; I
-was unable to walk in weakness. Mrs. Gallic
-kindly helped me in dressing my wounds. Young
-men abused me, and one of them even cursed me a
-G-d-son of a—

At 2 1/2 p.m., I was called up before the magis-
-trate, who, after some examination, sent me back to St.
-Jean Baptiste, under the condition of reappearing
-before him, on Monday, 16th December, at 3:30
-o'clock p.m.

I suffered great pain from the bruises and blows
-inflicted. I was obliged to keep my bed on Friday,
-Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. Munro having declared that it would not be
-prudent for me to go to Morris on the appointed
-day, Rev. A. A. Cherrier, whom I was so glad to see,
-was kind enough to go with my guardian and del-
-iver the certificate, and to bring back the decision of
-the magistrate. These gentlemen admitted me
-to bed, and postponed the case to be tried in Win-
-nipeg. Being unable to write myself, I dictate
-these details to Rev. A. A. Cherrier, who will deli-
-ver them to Your Grace.

As soon as possible, My Lord, I will go to St.
-Boniface.

Be kind enough, My Lord, to send me your bless-
-ing, and to pray for me and our enemies.

(Signed),
-MICHAEL CHARBONNEAU,
-Priest.
-St. Jean Baptiste, Dec. 16th.

These documents, I say without hesitation, are
-signed by two virtuous priests incapable of telling a
-lie or of doing a dishonest act. Both of the rever-
-end gentlemen are men of sense and of remarkably
-mild disposition. Their feelings of respect and esteem for
-Rev. M. M. Filon and Charbonneau.

They and their friends are quite confident that
-justice will be rendered to them. Unfortunately,
-calumny is not at rest, and, strange to say, men are
-slandering the priest, who, based on the more than
-seen in our midst in what is the bitterest feel-
-ing of the world, I think it advisable to publish
-the above statements. To the newspapers which
-have given to understand that the two priests are
-guilty, I will say: You are bound in honor to pub-
-lish what the priests themselves affirm.

A. ALEY, ARCHD. OF ST. BONIFACE,
-St. Boniface, Dec. 15th, 1878.

APPALLING DISASTER.

THREE PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH IN M'KILLIP
-TOWNSHIP.

DUBLIN, Dec. 28.—It is our sad duty to record
-one of the most painful accidents that has ever oc-
-curred in this vicinity, the unfortunate victims be-
-ing the wife and two children of Mr. John O'Brien,
-who has for many years been a resident of the
-Township of McKillop, on Lot No. 1, Fourth Con-
-cession. As near as we can ascertain, the following
-are the particulars of the sad calamity:

The family retired to bed after they had paid
-to God those duties which Catholic Christians are
-accustomed to give. The welcome sleep crept
-gradually over them, and their dreams perished
-not foreboding to them the frightful accident which
-soon must transpire, for between the hours of one
-and two in the morning one of the sleepers, a young
-lady about eighteen years of age, was awakened by a
-suffocating sensation, and fearful lest the snake
-which enveloped the chamber was a forerunner of
-its dreadful companion—the flames—she descended
-to the kitchen, after alarming those of the house-
-hold, her father being the first to hear her. She
-then proceeded to the back kitchen door, and on
-opening it the madened flames burst upon her, but
-with great presence of mind she immediately closed
-it again, and, returning, she went out the front
-door. Her brother John was the next to descend,
-followed by his brother William, a man about
-twenty-four years of age. John followed his sister
-out of the front door, but William ran to the back
-door, opened it, and rushed into the burning kitchen;
-he remained there, and in all probability even his
-remains would never have been known from the
-ashes which now tell where once stood the peaceful
-homestead of the family, had not his younger
-brother, John, who displayed throughout the great-
-est coolness and heroism, seized an axe, and broke
-open the door just in time to save him from being
-burnt to ashes. The cry then arose that Willie was
-in the flames, which raised the greatest consterna-
-tion and confusion. The frantic mother and her
-daughter Mary, aged about twenty, conceived the
-desire to save the son and brother, but overpowered
-by the heat and smoke fell victims to them. The
-father ran after them, and only for the timely in-
-tervention of John he too would have succumbed.

Daniel, with Fanny, his youngest sister, and Peter
-Lamb, a cousin, were upstairs yet. Lamb imme-
-diately burst open the window and leaped out;
-Daniel then his sister Fanny out, and following
-Lamb's example, leaped to the ground. Those who
-got safe were almost naked, and Johnny, in endeav-
-oring to tear the burning clothing from his brother
-William had his hands burnt in a frightful manner.
-The wildest excitement prevailed. The front
-mother and loving sister were in the burning ruin
-yet, beyond the reach of human aid, and lost from
-their gaze for ever.

When Johnny had done all that was in his power,
-he harnessed a team to take those who were safe to
-their aunt's, a distance of about a mile across the
-black fields. On their way they were all badly

frozen. All of this had taken place before any of
-their neighbors were aware of it. Michael Davis
-being the first to appear on the scene, perceiving
-that they were about to depart came up to the
-sleigh. Willie, who knew that his earthly troubles
-were nearly over, begged him to go for a priest and
-a physician. Davis hurrying in quest of his wants
-was started by the cry of "Oh, God! Oh, God!"
-emanating from the stable, turning, he saw Mr.
-O'Brien, Sen., almost exhausted, lying upon the
-floor, and calling upon God to comfort him; he re-
-mained there until Dr. Bourk and Mr. Pendegast
-arrived and took him to the aunt's. Upon arriving
-at this place they found that their worst fears
-were realized, "no hope for Willie." He lingered in the
-most intense agony until Thursday evening about 4
-o'clock, when death kindly released him from his
-sufferings, but we are happy to state that he re-
-ceived all the rights of the church shortly before he
-expired.

The few charred remains of the mother and
-daughter were taken from the ruins and placed in
-a small box and taken to the house where the fat-
-ally was gathered. Could anything be more heart-
-rending than the sight of a fond wife and mother,
-a loving sister and an affectionate brother resting
-together on one bed, even past the recognition of
-those who were most dear to them. But those lov-
-ing ones have the consolation of knowing that their
-departed friends had fulfilled their Christmas duty,
-Mrs. O'Brien and her daughter Mary having re-
-ceived Holy Communion the Sunday previous to
-this disaster. The funeral, which took place on
-Tuesday, was one of the largest which ever took
-place in this section, over 150 teams following the
-sad procession to St. Columba's Church, where a
-solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by the Rev.
-Father Weir. The sympathy of the community
-is with the bereaved father and surviving mem-
-bers of the family in this their sad affliction,
-Mrs. O'Brien was a native of the County Down,
-Ireland.

IN MEMORIAM.
-Though Nature still smiles with her beautiful face,
-Yet a feeling of sadness comes on apace.
-It is now gathered, an affectionate wife,
-Was called, but her actions shall live through this life.
-A friend to the newly distressed, a mother to the
-The left us and Mrs. O'Brien is no more.
-Her loved ones are with her, they won't be apart,
-For death pierced the trio with unerring dart,
-And Willie and Mary in their mother's embrace
-Have gone to the land that great unknown space.
-Requiescat in pace.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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

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

It will pay you to buy Boots and Shoes at
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-and gentlemen's fine goods. No trouble to
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-tended to. Pocock Bros., No. 133 Dundas
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-and Bed and Pillows, Carpets and Oil Cloths, cut and
-matched free of charge. Every other article, suitable
-for first-class houses, and as low price as any other
-house in the Dominion. Call before purchasing.
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-No. 125 Carling Street, London.

MARKET REPORT.

CORRECTED TO THE HOUR OF GOING
-TO PRESS.

Table with columns for various market items and prices. Includes sections for London Markets, Flour and Feed, and Produce.

Table with columns for various market items and prices. Includes sections for Liverpool Markets and Skins and Hides.

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

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

ATTENTION.
In order to give the RECORD a wide
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to all those who pay the yearly subscrip-
tion in full by the 1st JANUARY, 1879,
THE RECORD

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All parties sending us FIVE names
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THE BIBLE.

A SUMMARY OF A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF LAMBTON.

There exists a book in which is centered much of what is good, a book which confers on him who reads it with a faithful disposition, many of the joys which the Divine Promise bestows, for in almost every verse of the Scriptures is contained a commandment and the reward of observing it, while ever and anon is an account of the punishment upon him who persisted in evil ways.

During his travels in Germany, was received by the Monks of Westminster, and St. Albans; Matthew the historian of the 1st named monastery and Walsingham of the latter encouraging the art by every means in their power. However it was not until the year 1526, that the English translation of the Bible by William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale appeared in printed form, some few years before the church was forced to excommunicate the infamous Henry the VIII of England.

The new Testament known as the Rhinisch new Testament was published in 1582 by the English and Irish Catholics and again in 1609 the great work known as the Douay Bible, issued from the College of Douay where all that was good in England sought refuge from the Elizabethan persecution of that period. It is not my intention to bring under notice the numberless editions of the Bible issued in England since the Reformation; the task would be a useless one, more particularly when we consider the treatment to which the vulgar version was subjected, the changes, contractions and entire omissions which characterized each translation.

The learned Macintosh, in his history of England says, when speaking of the Bible in its relation to the period of so-called Reformation:—It is a singular fact, and one requiring serious attention that the first prohibition or limitation of the reading of the Sacred Scriptures was enacted by the first head of the Reformed Church, No such prohibition was heard of in England until the Reformation. This prohibition was issued under the authority of an act of Parliament (34 Henry VIII, 1) by which it was declared:—First, that Tyndall's version should be altogether disused as crafty, false and untrue; secondly, that the Bible was forbidden to be read by others in public; thirdly the permission of reading it to private families was confined to persons of the rank of lords or gentlemen; fourthly the liberty of reading it personally, or in secret, was limited to men who were householders and to families of noble birth.

Now I will pass onwards to history of the Bible apart from its divine origin, so that each may know something of that book, which was intended for good; but twisted by many men to the destruction of their souls. You are more or less conversant with the early history of the art of printing; how Gutenberg, Coster, Faust, and Schrafer, devoted the best years of their life to the art, and succeeded beyond their expectations, Gutenberg publishing an edition of the Bible in the year 1471, and his associates issuing other editions in the course of the five succeeding years. In 1468 William Caxton, a London citizen, who had acquired the secret of the art of printing

during his travels in Germany, was received by the Monks of Westminster, and St. Albans; Matthew the historian of the 1st named monastery and Walsingham of the latter encouraging the art by every means in their power. However it was not until the year 1526, that the English translation of the Bible by William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale appeared in printed form, some few years before the church was forced to excommunicate the infamous Henry the VIII of England.

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Many men have devoted much attention to the composition of the Bible; indeed a few have labored for years on its dissection, with the result of furnishing statistics truly remarkable. From the calculations of one of these patient investigators I find that the books of the old and new Testament combined furnish 72 books, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, 773,792 words, 3,596,480 letters.

Whatever be the thought of the man who devoted his time to these curious statistics, we must at least say that he was much better employed than he who would misinterpret the hundreds of thousands of words which came under his notice. From the Old Testament we learn that there were fifteen books in addition to the seventy-two recorded; but which we know comparatively nothing beyond that which is related in the Scriptures. There they are referred to as lost and in naming them I will follow in the order of the references.

- 1st. The prophecy of Enoch, referred to in the Epistle to Jude, 14.
2nd. The book of Jasher named in Joshua, x. 13.
3rd. The book of the wars of the Lord, named in Numbers, x. 34.
4th. The book of Eldo, the seer referred to in 2. Chronicles 9.29.
5th. The book of Jihm 2. Chronicles, xx. 34.
6th. The book of Naahan 2. Chronicles, 34.
7th. The Acts of Rehoobon 2. Chronicles, 35.
8th. The Prophecies of Aiyah, 2. Chronicles, 35.
9th. The book of the 191 Psalm.
10th. 11, 12, 13, and 14, which books being those of Solomon—which are supposed to deal extensively with natural history in its connection with beasts, serpents, fishes and birds. Probably if they had been in existence during the sixteenth century we might never have heard the wild theories of a Darwin or Hooting, but still wilder ones, emanating from the brains of ten thousand fanatical and ignorant simple words of Solomon in diverse forms, might dwarf the grotesque progenitors of humanity, as dissected by modern atheists.

Well may we wonder at the strange uses made of the Scriptures. Turn to the courts of the impious kings and Queens of the 16 and 17th centuries, and we will find the beautiful verses transcribed, set in language, the most blasphemous, and quoted to prove, the justice of the greatest utility, and fails not to make his heroes use them with effect. In the play of Macbeth he makes that inhuman wretch, paraphrase the words of the patient Job—thus—Let this pernicious hour stand in accusation in the calendar, which in the third chapter of Job is rendered—Job opened his mouth and uttered his day, let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months. In the same drama Banquo says—Woe to the land that is governed by a child, which bears its original in Ecclesiastes x. 16. Woe to the land which its king is a child, again in the play of Henry the VIII. Shakespeare actually repeats the words once spoken by his disreputable hero.

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling it was set upon ourselves:

This is but a parallelism of the xxii. 5 of proverbs which renders it thus: He that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him. Again that drama Lucifer son of the morning. I could adduce many other instances of Shakespearean literary borrowings from the Scripture, but never has the great poet equalled, much less eclipsed the beautiful poetry to be derived from it, we may also enjoy a good laugh at the expense of Isaiah, Job, Elijah and even the ascetic Paul:—In the 2 Corinthians xii, 13, the apostle Paul indulges in some dry humour for when asked by one of his disciples, why have we not fared as well as the other churches? He answers them saying: Ah! there is one grievance, that you have not me to support. Pray do not try it up against me. Again the patient Job criticises those who scorned him in these words. They are fools. They belong to the long-eared fraternity, among the bushes they bayed, under the walls they were gathered together.

Elijah became ironical in his review of the prophets of Baal—his description of them is a pure criticism from beginning to end. He says: they are clamouring to their God to help them out of a very awkward predicament. The quack prophets have worked themselves into a perfect desperation, and are capering about on the altar as if they had the epilepsy. Shout louder! He is a God, you know, make him hear. Perhaps he is chatting with some body, or he is off on a hunt, or he is gone travelling, or maybe he is taking a nap. Shout away! wake him up! Just picture such a scene taken from the book of kings Bch. 26. 27c. why nothing pertaining to comely in a higher degree could emanate from modern writers.

Isaiah makes a ball which would have travelled round the world, with electrical rapidity, if made by an Irishman. It is contained in the 3d. verse chapter 37th and takes the following form. The Angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand, and when they arose early in the morning behold they were all corpses.

Holy Scriptures have on our attention; the strange uses which men have made of the most poetical and instructive verses; together with many peculiarities pertaining to them. I did not treat of the Bible in its relation to the early years of Christianity at the beginning of this lecture, because it was my desire to deal exclusively with it from the birth of the church to the present time, having the history of manuscript editions for the conclusion that I might better consider its doctrine in relation to the Church. Now my friends the last part of the Testament was not written until sixty three years after the ascension of Christ, nor at any time previously was it considered necessary to the dissemination of the seeds of Christianity, because God Himself, ordered that the which He taught his apostles, should not be forgotten by them, and on the contrary, that it should be told to all nations, and to the end of time, by his apostles and their successors, who would preach it in its purity. Three hundred and twenty-five years have elapsed since the birth of Christ; the Church was slowly, but surely progressing towards universality; her priests had carried the light of the Truth into distant lands, so that when the great Council of Nice was convened in 325, the matter of the Scripture was brought forward, when it was ordered to have the books of the Old and New Testaments collected, and declared to be the written word of God.

We have already seen the Bible contains seventy-two books, and that the former contains forty-five books, the latter twenty-seven; second, with regard to the matter, it may be divided into the historic, the moral, or didactic, and prophetic books. The historic book again into legal and simply historic. The Council of Nice called these two books, with regard to the former, by the name of the Holy Scriptures, and declared them to be written by holy men inspired by the Holy Ghost. The Holy Fathers assembled at this Council declared that these books should be acknowledged by the Catholic Church, saying that the Old Testament contained all the truths made known to man by God before the coming of Christ, while the New Testament contained some of the truths made known to man after the coming of Christ, and was also clearly defined that the interpretation of the Scriptures belonged to the Catholic Church alone; for "no prophecy of it is made by private interpretation." (Peter, i. 20.) Because the apostles instructed their successors with the keeping of the sacred books, and also the interpretation of them. There are many who in the Church, who are not clearly defined that the interpretation of the Scriptures belonged to the Catholic Church alone; for "no prophecy of it is made by private interpretation." (Peter, i. 20.) Because the apostles instructed their successors with the keeping of the sacred books, and also the interpretation of them.

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There did not exist any theological writing for two thousand years, from the time of Adam to that of Christ. Now it is evident that the knowledge of God was preserved to the people; for He, in His wisdom, ordained that the Patriarchs should carry down the word from generation to generation, in exactly the same manner He ordained that the Church should preach His doctrine to all people, and throughout all nations. So it is we learn, that children should be taught in the Scriptures, and that the Sabbath on Sunday instead of Saturday, and that the Bible is the product of divine inspiration.

Therefore, I say, that the faith of the Catholic would have been precisely the same, had the Scriptures never been written; because the written and unwritten word of God would have been carried down to our time in the same terms as we find it. Now it is evident, who occupied the chair of St. Peter. In conclusion I will ask you to keep far off from anything which might tend to weaken your Catholic faith. You know that the Church has given you full security for the divine origin of her teachings, and like that great saint, Augustine, say aloud:—I would not believe even the Bible, if the Catholic Church did not assure us that it was the written word of God.

WHENCE MANITOBA DERIVES ITS NAME.

Manitoba Lake, which has given name to the Province formed of the Red River region, is called after a small island, whence, in the stillness of the night, issue strangely sweet, mysterious sounds. The Ojibway Indians who dwell in that neighborhood believe the island to be the home of Manitoba, the speaking God, and will not land on or approach it for any consideration, thinking they would desecrate or profane it, and that they would meet with some terrible fate for their impiety. The sound is caused, it has been ascertained, by the beating of the waves on the large pebbles along the shore. These with fragments of imbricated, compact limestone that have fallen from the cliffs above, are rubbed together by the action of the water, and give out a tone like that of distant church bells. The natural music is heard when the wind blows from the north, and as it subsides, low, plaintive notes, resembling voices of an invisible choir, are heard. It has been compared to a chant of the nuns at the Trinita de Monti in Rome, with which all travellers are familiar. The effect is impressive. Tourists have been awakened at night in the vicinity, under the impression that chimes of bells were ringing afar off, and that their tones were rippling over the lake. The mystic bells of Manitoba have acquired such reputation that travellers are never satisfied unless they are heard, and often spend days there waiting for the blowing of the north wind. The Ojibway have a number of poetic legends about their Speaking God, whom they profoundly revere.

KILLED BY A FALLING TREE.

We regret to chronicle an account of a sad accident which occurred in the 19th concession of West Williams the week before last. A son of Mr. Donald McCormack who, in company with his brother and others, was engaged in chopping, met with his death under the following circumstances. A tree which his brother had been falling went down in a contrary direction to that intended, striking him on the shoulders and sending him headlong to the ground, and killed him almost instantaneously. His brother seeing the danger shouted to him but it was too late, and he is now so overwhelmed with grief, that any reference to the sad affair causes him the greatest agony. Deceased was 17 years of age and was remarkable for his strength and size, and was admired by all in the neighborhood for his intelligence, wit and many good qualities. His death has cast quite a gloom over the neighborhood.—Com.

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER.

Old bachelors are useless. They do not even know how to drive nails or split wood.

A bar-keeper at a social party being asked to concoct a glass of punch, replied, "This is one of those occasions when I do not mix in society."

Old maids are useful. They can cook, sew, and take care of children, nurse sick people, and generally play the piano.

If you go to call on the Princess Louise you must give your right hand glove at home, and take two card with you.

First student (angrily)—"If you attempt to pull my ears, you'll have your hands full." Second do, (looking at the ears):—"Well, yes I rather think I shall."

Josh Billings suggests that many a young poet might be able to collect his scattered thoughts if he would look into an editors waste basket early in the morning.

The slanderer injures three persons at once; he of whom he speaks ill, him to whom he says it, and most of all himself in saying it.

Why is it that people boot a dog and shoo a hen?—Boston Transcript. And foot a bill!—Philadelphia Bulletin. You might have added:—And cap a climax, and head a movement!—Norristown Herald. And bore a hole.

The phonograph may bottle up the voice and pass it down to future ages; but the smile that twists the face of a man as he seeks solitude and gazes on his name in print for the first time will always have to be guessed at.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge is their any thing you wish to say before the sentence is passed upon you?" That prisoner looked wistfully towards the door, and remarked that he would like to say "good evening, if it would be agreeable to the company." But they wouldn't let him.

It may be all very well to be particular as to whom we show special courtesy to, but the man who is not willing to bow or dodge at the rapid approach of a brick is lacking in the first and truest principles of politeness.

A young young lady hesitating for a word in describing the character of a rejected suitor, said, but—"Dogmatic," suggested her friend, "No he has not dignity enough for that; I think 'pompatic' would convey my meaning admirably."

"Shall I help you to aught?" asked a city expatriate of a muscular country girl who was just about to get out of a wagon that had just come up to the porch of a rural tavern. She jumped from the wagon and indignantly exclaimed, "What do you mean? You don't think I smoke, do you?"

Where is my angel? asks a poet. Ten to one she is lying on a lounge reading a sensational novel, while her mother is frying flap-jacks for supper in the kitchen. Poets angels are always that character of girls.

The first fifteen minutes following a marriage engagement may be turned from ecstatic bliss to bitter gall, by the girl remarking that she can tell a Brazilian pebble from a diamond in a ring with her eyes.

Sh was a noodle and he was a noodle, and when their marriage was announced, Simmons, who knew and appreciated both, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes:—

Two souls without a single thought.

Texas has just executed a man who has committed eight murders and about fifty robberies. He said he was going straight to heaven, but some folks are mean enough to hint that he stubbed his toe somewhere on the route.

The most absent-minded man was not the man who hunted for his pipe when he had it between his teeth, nor the one who threw his hat out of the window and tried to hang his cigar on a peg; no, but the man who put his umbrella to bed and went and stood up behind the door.

"I know where there is another arm just as pretty as this one said a young Oil Citizen to his sweetheart, as he pinched her arm yesterday evening. The storm that quickly gathered upon the lady's brow as she perceived that the young man pinched not her other arm, and said, "It is this one, dear."—Derrick.

Woman may reverse man's powers, his intelligence, and maybe his superiority; but when he comes to taking up a pan of ashes she covers every inch of the floor around the stove, within a radius of ten feet, with bits of old carpeting, and arms herself with the dust pan and broom before she lets him begin the job.

A man met a Burlington boy walking toward town on the Agency road, carrying an apple. "How many apples have you?" asked the man, "One-half as many as I am going to eat, less five that a beggar boy took away from me, divided by two-thirds of the number I dropped in the orchard when I saw the dog, plus six which I ate on the orchard that I tried to get." How many apples did he have?—Burlington Herald.

An American statesman used to say that there were three classes of people whom it was never safe to quarrel with. "First ministers, for the reason that they could denounce me from the pulpit, and I had none through which to reply. Second, editors for they had the most powerful engine from which they could every day hurl wrath and fury upon me, and I had none through which to reply. And, finally, with women, for they would be sure to have the last word anyhow.

He was a wild-eyed, long haired individual, and had a roll of manuscript under his arm. We immediately set him down for a poet, and before he had a chance to open his mouth we informed him that the cashier was not in and we did not want to buy any poetry anyhow. He asked us if there was any other paper in town, and we cheerfully told him there were four others. "Well," he said unrolling his manuscript, which was headed "Public Sale of Real Estate." "I guess I'll have this advertisement printed in one of the other papers, then," and he was gone before we could recover our surprise—leaving us at least eleven dollars out of pocket. Appearances are deceitful, and poets should wear a badge in order to prevent unfortunate mistakes.—Norristown Herald.

He is to be pitied, is the common-place description; he loses so much. When he comes home his descriptions are somewhat like those given to a friend of mine, when he was a little boy, by a newly returned traveler.

And did you see Switzerland, and was it like?" asked the boy, breathlessly.

Switzerland, by? Yes, boy Switzerland is just gay!"

Appared by this incongruous adjective, the boy tried again, in the hope of obtaining more explicit information:

Yes, and did you see the Alps, and how did they look?"

"The Alps, boy? Yes, boy, I saw the Alps, and now I tell you, boy, the Alps are just gay!"

There was an increased emphasis in the enunciation of this second "gay," which promised well; so the boy pricked up his ears, and made a final trial.

And tell me, sir, did you—did you see Mount Blanc, and how did it look?"

"Mount Blanc, boy? Yes, boy, I saw Mount Blanc, and now, boy, I tell you, boy it is, boy, Mount Blanc is just GAY!"

There was a whole collection of avalanches and thunders and lightnings in this last "gay," but it did not satisfy the child, who retired disconsolled from these futile attempts to draw descriptions of Switzerland from his maturer friend.—Boston Journal.

PUZZLER'S CORNER.



We cordially invite contributions to this corner with the name and address of each contributor. Answers will appear two weeks after each set of problems.

Solutions must reach us by the "Monday" previous to publication.

Address: "PUZZLER," Office, "Catholic Record" Office, 388 Richmond Street, London Ont.

PRIZES TO PUZZLERS.

To be awarded on St. Patrick's Day, 1879. 1st. Prize, a handsome Bible; value \$10. 2nd. The Life of the Blessed Virgin; value \$5. 3rd. The Catholic Record for one year, and any book from Sadler's list of value \$2. Total value \$4.

To encourage our young friends, we allow them to compete for all the prizes, with not more than two will be awarded to competitors over 18 years of age. We hope our youthful readers will, for their own improvement, take a special interest in this "Corner."

THE CHRISTMAS PUZZLER'S CORNER will be open for solutions till 1st March, 1879. Take notice of the special prizes offered for it.

71. CHARADE.

A word of three letters: in me you'll descry, Spelt backwards and forwards the same, Unmarried I am, and so must I die, Yet at the altar I once changed my name.

ROSEMAY.

72.

My first is in signet, but not in seal; My second is in ship, but not in keel. My third is in grape, but not in vine; My fourth is in sherry, but not in wine. My fifth is in petal, but not in flower; My sixth is in minute, but not in hour. My seventh is in night, but not in day; My eighth is in girl, but not in boy. My ninth is in cake, but not in loaf; My tenth is in pistol, but not in gun. My last is in eagle, but not in bird; In summer nights my whole is heard.

ROSEMAY.

73. ENIGMA.

Said a child to its father: How does it come That you are my father, yet I am not your son?

74. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Divide a shilling into 39 parts of pence and farthings.

AMICA.

75.

Find an isosceles triangle equal in area and perimeter to the isosceles triangle whose sides are 5, 5, 8.

SOLUTIONS, 55 and 61 to 65.

55. Spin, sister, and I will sew your coat and mine. Ne means spin; seam means I will sew.

G E G I N A
G A L E N
I S M I D
N E U S E
A N D E S

62. I understand you undertook to overthrow the undertaking of the overser.

63. Snow.

64. Let x=A's share = 500-y=B's, 297-y = A's gain = 203 = B's gain = 2y = 4000-8y = 297-y = 203 = 2y = 4042 = 1185000-4000y = 23764-8y. Transpose; divide by 6 and complete the square. y=995+995 = 990025 = 445 = 995+or-445 = 4 4 = 198000 = 4 = 2

275 or 720. Only the value 275 will answer the conditions.

65. The middle No. is 33. Let x = the difference = 33 (33-2) 33 = 3324 = 1089 = 108 = x^2 - 84 = the numbers are 24, 33, 42.

Cora, Annie, Maggie O., and Kate O. have answered all the problems except 55. They gain 5 points each.

We have received several correct solutions to all the Christmas puzzles except 70. We welcome the New Puzzlers to the Corner, and will give proper credit for the points they have gained.

PET NAMES.

Some short time ago a woman was trying hard to get her drunken husband home, and as she pulled him along the street, her words and actions were so tender that a citizen halted and said:

"Well, all drunkards' wives haven't your disposition."

"S-sh-h! don't say anything," she replied in a whisper. "I've got to call him pet names to get him home, but wait till he drops in the hall he there then."

SWITZERLAND IN A WORD.

He is to be pitied, is the common-place description; he loses so much. When he comes home his descriptions are somewhat like those given to a friend of mine, when he was a little boy, by a newly returned traveler.

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Appared by this incongruous adjective, the boy tried again, in the hope of obtaining more explicit information:

Yes, and did you see the Alps, and how did they look?"

"The Alps, boy? Yes, boy, I saw the Alps, and now I tell you, boy, the Alps are just gay!"

There was an increased emphasis in the enunciation of this second "gay," which promised well; so the boy pricked up his ears, and made a final trial.

And tell me, sir, did you—did you see Mount Blanc, and how did it look?"

"Mount Blanc, boy? Yes, boy, I saw Mount Blanc, and now, boy, I tell you, boy it is, boy, Mount Blanc is just GAY!"

There was a whole collection of avalanches and thunders and lightnings in this last "gay," but it did not satisfy the child, who retired disconsolled from these futile attempts to draw descriptions of Switzerland from his maturer friend.—Boston Journal.

LOST ARTS OF WOMEN.

It is possible that in olden times too much stress was laid on the importance of training girls to mend and darn so exquisitely that it would be difficult almost impossible, to discover that there had been any necessity for the labor; but if there was any error in teaching and exacting such perfect work, it was a fault "that leaned to virtue's side," and beyond all comparison better than the wretched "botching" to be found on the trimment of some—of many—of the girls of the present day. Landresses that wash for school girls could make strange revelations of neglect of garments and careless repairs were not their lips sealed from fear of losing good customers. When a broken stitch is allowed to go out unmeasured for until it has become so large that the stocking cannot be worn without some repairs, and is then drawn up in an ugly bunch—hard enough to blister the feet—instead of being nicely darned; or when a tear or rip in dress or undergarment is pulled together with thread coarse enough to injure the fabric; who is to blame—the mother or the daughter? What instruction has ever been given the young girl about looking out for the beginning of evil in her wardrobe? Has she been taught to darn or mend every rent or rip the first possible instant after it was discovered, and to do it neatly? Oh no! Her music or drawing lessons, her French and German, and dancing, are apparently of more importance than such useful work as mending or darning. If a young lady has what, in these days, is the rare skill of compelling her needle to assist her in carrying out all the requisitions which will enable her, with scant materials, to keep herself neatly and genteelly clad; if she can turn, remodel, piece neatly, cover the lack of material by simple and appropriate trimming, until she makes an old, dilapidated-looking garment look "amaist as weel's the new," she will have cause all the days of her life to thank the mother who led her in the way she should go, and whatever changes or vicissitudes may be sent, she has far less to fear than those who, in prosperous days, are only fanciful ornaments of their homes, but when the evil days come, will, through their ignorance, become oppressive burdens upon those who must provide for their support.

DAUGHTER AND WIFE.

A bad daughter seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, snarls at her parents, snaps at brothers and sisters, and "shirks" her ordinary duties, the chances are ten to one that when she gets a home of her own she will make it wretched. There are girls who fancy themselves so far superior to their parents that the mere privilege of enjoying their society in the house ought to be all the old people should have the assurance to ask. While their mothers are busy with domestic duties they sit in the easiest chairs, or lie on the softest sofas, feeding on cheap and trashy novels, and cherishing the notion that they are literary individuals. The household drudgery is too coarse for them, and they are content with admiring their parents' appearance in the intervals of labor. Girls of this sort are very anxious to be married, that they may escape the disagreeables of a home where they are held, more or less, under subjection; therefore they are smiling enough to eligible bachelors, quickly smoothing down the frown which alone they give to their own families. A caller who doesn't have a chance to see how they behave as daughters, may be excused fancying them loving and lovable beings; but one who does see it is foolish if he commits himself by offering marriage to a girl of this sort. She is not fit to be the lady of a worthy man. If she will not assist her mother in the domestic labors, and badgers the servants, is she not likely to be equally slothful and ill-tempered when she marries? If she now thinks herself too fine to work, is it safe to expect that her view as to that matter will radically change if she becomes a wife?

WHAT IS "TUCKING?"

A Bothered-looking citizen came into the Gazette office yesterday afternoon, and respectfully asked to be let look at the dictionary. He sat down, and rather anxiously thumbed Webster awhile.

"What word are you looking for?" asked a reporter, seeing that the stranger had failed to strike the trail.

"Well," said the man, in a burst of confidence, "you see I've only been married a short time, and my wife's gone up to Truckee on a visit, and she's written me to look in the bottom of her trunk for a lot of 'tucking,' and send it to her. Now, what I want to know what in blazes is 'tucking?' It ain't in the dictionary."

"Tucking?" said the reporter, briskly, "why, tucking is the stuff the girls make by poking a sort of short-turned fish-hook through a hole and catching the thread and drawing it back again."

"Then the editor spoke up, contemptuously, and said that a man who was so ignorant as that ought to hold his tongue. What the reporter had described was o-hetting. Every body ought to know what tucking was. The ladies in making it used a little contrivance shaped like a mussel, with thread wound up inside of it. Tucking could be purchased, he believed, for ten or fifteen cents a yard, and why intelligent girls should waste a whole day in making what they could get for a short bit was more than he could understand.

The married stranger said the editor was mistaken; that the a-ticle he mentioned was not tucking—it was tatting. This he knew for a fact.

The editor observed that when a man came to the Gazette office for information, the editor, when he gave it, didn't like to be told he lied. If the stranger wanted to avoid trouble, he had better get out and go to the deuce. As the editor laid down in the face and his eyes were blazing, the married stranger coughed feebly and slunk down stairs. In the meantime, what is "tucking?"

NOTICE.

The Annual Election of Trustees for the **ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOLS** of the City will take place on January 8th, 1879, at the hour of 9 o'clock A. M. One Trustee to be elected for each ward. The Polling Booths will be as follows:

Ward No. 1 At City Hall, Richmond street.
 " 2 Bonnet's office, York st.
 " 3 Jas. Percival's, Queen's Avenue.
 " 4 School House, Colborne st.
 " 5 School House, Bond st.
 " 6 School House, Waterlon street.
 " 7 School House, Common School Trustees is held.

REV. J. M. TIERNAN,
 Chairman R. C. Sp. School Board.

TO THE ELECTORS OF NO. 1 WARD.

Having been requested for several years by the most influential ratepayers and freeholders of the above-named Ward to represent their interests in municipal affairs, I have now consented to become an Alderman for 1879. Should I be elected, having a arge interest in the Ward, I am in duty bound to do all in my power to advance the interests of the city and people generally. Hoping you will give me your individual support.

I am your obedient servant,
J. M'FARLANE.

TO THE ELECTORS OF NO. 1 WARD.

GENTLEMEN.—Having been presented with a requisition, signed by over a hundred ratepayers of the Ward requesting me to become a

CANDIDATE FOR ALDERMAN for 1879, I feel bound to do my utmost to advance the interests of the Ward and city.

JAS. MUIRHEAD.

TO THE ELECTORS OF NO. 1 WARD.

GENTLEMEN.—Having been nominated a candidate for the above Ward for Alderman for 1879, I now solicit your votes, and if elected will do all I can to advance the interests of the city.

Yours respectfully,
ROBT. PRITCHARD.

TO THE ELECTORS OF NO. 1 WARD.

I have served several years in the Council and School Board, I trust faithfully, and being a heavy tax payer, and an old citizen, I request your votes for Alderman—I having time to spare.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN BONSOR.

MUNICIPAL ELECTORS OF NO. 2 WARD.

Having been nominated as a candidate for this Ward for Alderman for 1879, I now solicit the votes of the electors.

W. W. FITZGERALD.

ELECTION NOTICE. TO THE ELECTORS OF NO. 4 WARD.

GENTLEMEN.—Having been solicited by a large number of the ratepayers of No. 4 Ward to allow my name to stand for nomination as Alderman for the ensuing year, I have consented, and now place myself at your disposal. My time is so restricted that I will be unable to see every voter, but I trust that those I do not see will accept this intimation.

Yours faithfully,
BENJ. W. GREER.

TO THE ELECTORS OF NO. 4 WARD.

GENTLEMEN.—Having been nominated as Alderman for the above Ward for 1879, I now solicit your votes, and if returned will do my utmost to advance the interests of the ward and city.

Yours, &c.,
A. KEENEYSIDE.

TO THE ELECTORS OF NO. 4 WARD.

GENTLEMEN.—Having been nominated a candidate for this ward for Alderman for 1879, I now solicit your votes, and if elected will do all I can to advance the interests of the ward and city.

Yours, &c.,
WM. MILROY.

TO THE ELECTORS OF NO. 5 WARD.

GENTLEMEN.—Having been nominated a candidate for Alderman for 1879, I now solicit your support and if elected will do my utmost to advance the interests of the ward and city.

Yours, &c.,
THOS. BROWNE.

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WILSON & CRUICKSHANK, TO THE ELECTORS OF FIFTH WARD.

GENTLEMEN.—Having been presented with a requisition signed by a very large number of the most influential ratepayers of the Ward, asking me to become a candidate for Alderman for 1879, I take this means of placing myself in your hands as a candidate for that position, being assured by the signatures on the requisition that I shall receive your hearty support.

I am, yours, &c.,
GEO. GRAY.

CARD.

WE HAVE RECEIVED DIRECT FROM PRUSSIA, Germany, our usual superb stock of Everlasting Flowers, and Natural and Dyed Grasses, etc., consisting of Wreaths, Anchors, Crosses, Jardiniere, Vase and hand Bouquets, Baskets, &c., & also Ferns and Branches of various designs.

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P. H. ATTWOOD, MANAGER.
 London, December 21st, 1878.

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Prices	\$4.75	\$4.90	\$4.25	\$4.50	\$4.75	\$4.50

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