

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:

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.

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.

Lucia 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 fared mournfully, and 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, the hair was not cut, as it was in the East, 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 undulating 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, and 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 *war* 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 move, 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 troth, 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 consequences."

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, Corvinius 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 extirpation of their very name.

News had been received from Nicedonia, that a brave Christian soldier, named George, had torn down a similar imperial decree, and manfully suffered death for his boldness.

Corvinius 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, Corvinius, 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 of Corvinius 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.

Corvinius 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-satisfied with *subania* 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.

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 Pontif Sixtus 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."

These 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 hid Diogenes go 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 scored 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 tremulous 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 shining 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 Suburra, 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 did 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 reproach 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 CATHOLIC RECORD, Published every Friday morning at 388 Richmond Street, opposite City Hall, London, Ont.

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We solicit and shall at all times be pleased to receive contributions on subjects of interest to our readers and Catholics generally, which will be inserted when not in conflict with our own views as to their conformity in this respect.

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

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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.

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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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. After the fall of Plevna Turkey was entirely at the mercy of the Czar, and a preliminary treaty of peace was signed by the belligerent Powers.

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.

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.

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. Disagreements arose between Mr. Butt and some of his colleagues with regard to the mode of action to be pursued by the Home Rule Party in the House of Commons; however, he has received the confidence of the majority, and at the next session of Parliament we may expect something from him.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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. It is supplied with twelve fountains, which give the people pure water from the best of sources.

The Roman people were brave and warlike; they insistively felt that they were called to rule the world, and indeed within a few years they succeeded in bringing under their sway Sicily, Carthage, Spain, Greece, Macedonia and the two Gauls. But at this period the discord which arose among the chief rulers of the State resulted in overthrowing the Democratic form of Government, and an empire was established under Augustus Caesar, who reigned for forty-four years.

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. This grant was confirmed by his son Charlemagne.

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.

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PUZZLE'S CORNER.



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FRIDAY JANUARY 3.

IRISH NEWS.

THE SOCIAL PROGRESS OF IRELAND.

GREAT SPEECH OF MR. P. J. SMYTH, M. P.

(From our Irish Exchanges.)

The twenty-fifth session of the University Philosophical Society was inaugurated, November 29, in Dublin, by the delivery of an address by the president, Mr. Battersby, A. B.

The Right Hon. Baron Dowse presided. Mr. P. J. Smyth, M. P., who was received with enthusiastic applause, thanked the gentlemen of the Philosophical Society for the honor they had done him, one of the highest to which an Irish citizen could aspire, in assigning him a place on that platform.

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were the guarantee of the permanence and stability of the progress and of the local liberty from which it sprang.

Comparisons were odious, yet it was only by comparing their social progress with that of countries less favored by nature the truth could be made manifest.

In the Congress of the Netherlands, Belgium had half the members, and the arrangement, and they knew what happened.

Had Belgium progressed? Her agriculture had attained the highest degree of perfection; yet she was not an exporter of food, but of manufactures.

Her artizans were not able to undersell the English in their own markets, and but little of that, had in thirty-five years doubled her population, and more than doubled her revenue.

At Constantinople and Leghorn her commercial flag is second only to that of England. At Marseilles that of France. There is no country in the world, the passion that informs young nations and impels them to great achievements in peace and war.

The Israelites, leaning on the memory of the Red Sea, and despairing under the Promised Land, Athens soaring in glory after the revelation of Marathon, the Dutch drowsing their fields and giving the invader a grave—all attest the infinite worth, the might, the majesty of nationality.

In the year 1812 there came to their shores a stranger youth of marvellous genius—this boy was said his eyes beneath his brows. Flashed like a meteor from his death.

And like a silver clarion rung the accents of that unknown tongue—'Excelsior.' When he named him—Percy Bysshe Shelley—they would recognize the greatest poet perhaps in the English language.

He attended an agitational meeting of the Catholics of Ireland in the Fishamble Street Theatre, at which the chief speakers were Lord Fingal, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Wynn, Lord (Glentworth), and Mr. Shelley. (Applause.) I have walked through your streets," he said, "and I have seen the Fane of Liberty converted into a temple of Mammon.

Emancipation will ameliorate your condition, but to restore the fane is a work of more urgent necessity." And the object of his visit was to make to that end an offer of his life and fortune.

He (Mr. Smyth) was too old to be an enthusiast. He knew the trials and disappointments that attend the patriot's career in Ireland, and he granted there was much in the present to tempt not alone the thoughtful, but the enthusiastic, to distrust their destiny.

The young men of a country are its hope. (Cheers.) They inherit the nobleness and wisdom of the past; they are instruments of the future; and that future is their patrimony.

To the end that true social progress should abide with them they must look to the present or the future to create a foundation of concord and nationality by the creation of some idea, toward the completion of which all might toil, and which would comprehend all.

The Freeman, commenting on the article and the letter, says: "So vicious, cowardly, unclean, and utterly degrading a libel never before found a place in the press of any country."

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nationally or creed, be strangers to either cleanliness or comfort, is, alas! too true.

In the English journal of this day I read the following tale of some of those poor little creatures by the "Princess Alice" disaster.

"Twenty-seven English who lost their parents through the sinking of the 'Princess Alice' have just been taken to the Royal Orphan Asylum at Wanstead.

The condition of some of these children was pitiable and disgusting beyond all belief, living, they have been sent to the large workhouse, the most civilized, city in the world.

Their habits and conduct would have been a disgrace to savages. They had never been accustomed to the commonest decencies of life. Their bodies were covered with vermin, and subject to diseases, which, if neglected, must shortly terminate their lives.

The room in which they first assembled was soon found covered with filth, as if it had been occupied by some of the lower animals. Strange as it sounds, the best thing that ever happened these poor children was the loss of their parents, but the wonder is that such fatal neglect of parental duties is allowed to pass unchallenged.

There must be thousands of such miserable little ones in London." I will add that according to the authority of a member of the asylum board, the above picture falls short rather than exceeds the sad reality.

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Putting entirely aside those questions of detail in which Mr. Butt would love to bewilder us, there lies his broad programme—"I would be opposed to any amendment on the address."

In other words, Mr. Butt bills Ireland, through his "dear Dr. Ward," whose late escapade I felt called upon to deal with, that the English minister and the English Parliament may deal just as they please with Irish rights and interests, but that they have nothing to fear from the hill-folk leader of the Home-Rule party in Parliament.

"Parliament," he says to Dr. Ward, "is convened for the purpose of deliberating on matters of vital importance to the United Kingdom."

I wonder he thought to counsel such nice consideration, and no convenient nobody dubbed "doctor," on whom, as a gate pillar, an official *officio* might be appended. Countrymen, we have been humbugged too long.

As Mr. Butt evidently means to give up the cause which he vowed to advocate, I think the sooner we get fresh blood in his place the better.

He addresses himself to Ireland, as if to aggravate the indignity, though an avowed seceder from the National ranks, and he calls on Ireland to endorse a policy of insult, outrage, and brigandage against a feeble, half-civilized state.

Will chivalrous Ireland respond to this un-Irish demand? I remain, fellow countrymen, yours as ever, PATRICK LAVELLE.

GREAT CHRISTMAS SALE AT SUTHERLAND'S READY MADE CLOTHING.

The ORDERED CLOTHING DEPARTMENT receives our special attention. None but first class cutters employed, and a good fit guaranteed.

CLERGYMENS ORDERED CLOTHING. We make this branch a specialty, and employ a cutter for this department, who thoroughly understands this particular line of business.

GEO. D. SUTHERLAND & CO., 158 DUNDAS STREET. PAINTING, GRADING, SIGN WRITING, KALSOMINING, PAPERING, WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, ROLLERS, GLASS, PUTTY, OILS, VARNISHES, MIXED PAINTS, NOBLE & HARGREAVES, 199 ARCADE, DUNDAS STREET.

THE MAGNETICON. THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH MAGNETIC APPLIANCES FOR THE CURE OF DISEASE.

NOTICE THE FOLLOWING RECENT LETTERS: T. J. MASON, Esq., 85 King Street West, Toronto, October 2nd, 1878.

DEAR SIR:—Your British "Magneticon" Belt has been instrumental in recovering me from a state of great prostration, and that speedily. I deem it my duty to yourself and to suffering humanity to testify to the effect with which, and I shall rejoice to do so, it has been able to restore me to health and cheerfulness.

DEAR SIR:—I have much pleasure in informing you of the benefit I have received from the "Magneticon" Belt purchased from you about two months since.

DEAR SIR:—I procured your "Magneticon" Belt about the 12th of April last. For some time previously my hands had been so bad with rheumatism that I had almost lost the use of them—now they are well.

DEAR SIR:—I have just read in your journal—the "Whithell Review" for this week—a reference to my countrymen and co-countrymen in this great city as to which I have a word or two to say.

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L. McDONALD, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE: Dundas-St., 3 doors east of Richmond LONDON, ONTARIO.

J. B. COOK, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE: Opposite Strong's Hat DUNDAS STREET, London, Ontario.

DR. J. B. PHELAN, GRADUATE OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Physician, Surgeon and Accoucher, OFFICE: NITSCHKE'S BLOCK, 372 DUNDAS ST Night calls to be left at the office. 2-ky

WM. J. TRAHER, MERCHANT TAILOR. 402 Clarence Street, 2nd floor south of Dundas LONDON, ONTARIO.

LONDON EAST BARBER SHOP L. MADDEN, Fashionable Hair Dresser, 207 Dundas street, next door to A. Noble's Tin shop. AGENT FOR CATHOLIC RECORD.

EATON'S ARCADE, The Big Cheap Dry Goods House for London and outside of London. JAS. EATON.

MARKET SQUARE STOVE DEPOT. WILLIAM WYATT, Dealer in STOVES, TINWARE LAMPS, Coal Oil, Chimneys, &c. Jobbing and repairing promptly attended to. MARKET SQUARE, LONDON, ONT.

E. E. CROSSIN, Square and Upright Piano-Forte Manufacturer, WILL BE GLAD TO SHOW HIS FIRST-CLASS Instruments to intending purchasers and their friends at his temporary manufactory, over 205 Dundas street, opposite Hartness' Drug Store. 1-1m

THOS. CONNOR, BUTCHER. A good supply of Fresh and Salt Meats always on hand. Corner Richmond and York Streets, LONDON, ONTARIO.

DAVID SMITH, General Fire, Life and Marine INSURANCE AGENT. Lancashire, of Manchester, England, Commercial Union, of London, England, and Canada Farmers', of Hamilton, Ont., Union, of Toronto. CAPITAL REPRESENTED \$40,000,000. OFFICE, 89 Dundas St., London, Ont MONEY TO LOAN.

WILLIAM SPENCE, DEALER IN STOVES, LAMPS, COAL OIL, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Refrigerators and Baths, and General House Furnishings. 377 Talbot Street, Market Square, LONDON, ONTARIO. Roofing and General Jobbing promptly attended to. 5-1m

CHEAP LUMBER, SHINGLES, ETC., AT E. E. HARGREAVES. GEORGIAN BAY LUMBER YARD, 12 YORK STREET, NO. 230. 1-ky

T. & J. THOMPSON, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN ENGLISH, GERMAN AND AMERICAN HARDWARE. Iron, Glass, Paints and Oils, Dundas Street, London, Ont. 1-ky

J. DOYLE & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, PROVISIONS, ETC., SOUTHWICK BLOCK, TALBOT STREET, ST. THOMAS AGENT FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. 2-ky

P. O'KEEFE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, ETC., FRONT STREET, STRATHROY. Next to Federal Bank. AGENT FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. 1-ky

J. D. DEWAN & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, PROVISIONS, ETC., FRONT STREET, STRATHROY. 1-1m

P. O'DWYER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN GROCERIES, LIQUORS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, ETC., CUTTEN HOUSE BLOCK, FRONT ST. STRATHROY 1-1m

WESTERN HOTEL, BELLAWARE. THIS IS THE MOST COMFORTABLE House in the village. A good stable is attached and conveniences for the travelling public. FRANCIS JARVIS PROPRIETOR. 1-ky

ECONOMY COMBINED WITH RESPECTABILITY. BINTON & PORTWOOD, (From London, England), UNDERTAKERS, &c. The only house in the city having a children's Mourning Parlour. BERTS-CLASS HEARSE FOR HIRE.

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 such fine ladies as they. The business of their parents is to provide them with nice clothes, and be content with admiring their handsome 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 badger 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 to 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 the red 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. Perceval'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.

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

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

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.

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.

MUNICIPAL ELECTORS OF NO. 2 WARD.

GENTLEMEN.—Having been nominated as a candidate for the above Ward for 1879, I now solicit the votes of the electors.

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 occupied that I will be unable to see every voter, but I trust that those I do not see will accept this intimation.

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.

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.

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.

A. & S. NORDHEIMER'S

PIANO-FORTE AND MUSIC WAREHOUSES, ODDFELLOWS' BLOCK, 220 DUNDAS STREET.

General Agent for the celebrated pianos by Steinway & Sons, New York; Chickering & Sons, Boston; Dunham & Sons, New York; Haines Bros., New York. Also Organs by Prince & Co., Buffalo.

Canadian Agents for Novello Ewer & Co., of London, the renowned publishers of Sacred and Secular Music and Musical Works. A large assortment of Music by Mozart, Hayden, Lambillotte, Mercadante, Hummel, Peters, Jansen, Emerig, and Rosewig, and other celebrated composers of Catholic Music. Every variety of Sheet Music, Musical Merchandise and Instruments kept in stock.

NOTICE.

WILSON & CRUICKSHANK Are Selling TEAS! TEAS! TEAS! IN BLACK, JAPAN OR GREEN, IN 5 OR 10 POUND CADDIES. Cheaper than any other House in the City. Sugars and General Groceries of All Grades. Also our STOCK OF WINES AND LIQUORS, are very superior. Carling's and Labatt's Ale and Porter, Guinness' Dublin Stout, &c. Goods delivered promptly.

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, Jardinieres, Vase and hand Bouquets, Baskets, &c., &c. Also Ferneries and Branches of various designs. These goods are really beautiful, are very moderate in price (from 5c. to \$5.00), and for holiday presents are in particularly good taste. We cordially invite the early inspection of the citizens and visitors to London. Respectfully, MCBROOM & WOODWARD, (Successors to McColl Bros.) Seed Merchants, Molsons Bank Building, Market Square, London. Send for beautifully Illustrated Seed Catalogue Free by mail to any address. London, December 21st, 1878.

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OFFICE: 45 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

The above Company make advances on real estate on favorable terms of repayment. Six per cent. interest allowed on all Savings Bank Deposits "at call." For large sums and for a fixed period liberal terms will be made. F. A. FITZGERALD, Esq., President. W. H. FERGUSON, Esq., Vice-President. JAMES ARDILL, Inspector. MACMILLAN & TAYLOR, Solicitors. P. H. ATTWOOD, MANAGER. London, December 21st, 1878.

NEW FALL DRY GOODS.

A CHOICE AND COMPLETE STOCK JUST OPENED OUT!

J. J. GIBBONS.

CRYSTAL HALL BUILDING, 199 DUNDAS STREET. A call is respectfully solicited. 1-ky

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IS OFFERING 1,000 OVERCOATS At extremely low prices. Also, 250 BOYS' ULSTER COATS IN ALL NEW COLOURS.

READ PRICE LIST:

Years of Age 3 4 5 6 8 10 Prices.....\$4.25, \$4.50, \$4.75, \$4.90, \$4.25, \$4.50. Years of Age 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 Prices.....\$4.75, \$4.90, \$4.25, \$4.50, \$4.75, \$4.25, \$4.50. 8-nm

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NOTICE.

To anyone sending us the names of FIVE subscribers, with cash for same, we will mail a handsomely bound copy of the Third Volume. 1-4m

CHRISTMAS WEEK!

DONT PASS BY THE—GOLDEN LION! You will want to buy a suitable present for Mother or if you want to please Father buy him something nice and warm. Have you a sister? Make her happy. You can do it by visiting our store. Or if you have a Brother, we have just the thing for him. Or is there some one nearer and dearer than any. Then you want to inspect our Endless Variety of Fancy Goods during the next two weeks. We have taken on an extra staff of hands so as to give more time to customers who are in doubt as to what they want. No trouble to show goods. Millinery, Mantles, Shawls, Dress Goods, Wood Goods, All kinds. READY MADE CLOTHING, Cash only. One price.

SELLING OFF. MILLINERY, VELVETS, SILKS, SATINS, LACES, EMBROIDERY, &C.

Complete stock of Trimmed and untrimmed, and a large assortment of A FULL ASSORTMENT OF WOOLS, SLIPPER AND TIDY PATTERNS. Just the thing for a CHRISTMAS GIFT! MRS. J. J. SKEFFINGTON, 103 DUNDAS STREET. 227 Cape Hats and Bonnets always on hand. 1-ky.

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H. BEATON'S, RICHMOND STREET. 5-m

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Established 20 Years, RICHMOND-ST. OPPOSITE CITY HALL. Mr. McKenzie begs to announce that he has been appointed Sole Agent for the celebrated "Scillian" or "Algar Wine," shipped directly from "Messina" in "specially" by the well-known firm of Ingham & Wattaker. By kind permission Mr. McKenzie is allowed to refer to Bishop Walsh, of London, to E. A. Arch, of Quebec, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, in support of the above article, which, from the highest scientific tests, has been found to be of the greatest purity, and amply confirmed by certificates in the Agent's possession. Mr. McKenzie would further invite the attention of his numerous friends and the public generally to his LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED STOCK of general GROCERIES, WINES, SPIRITS &C. Embracing the Choicest Brands and lines usually to be found in a FIRST CLASS AND OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE. The prices of which will be found as LOW as it is POSSIBLE TO SELL A GENUINE ARTICLE for. Your patronage esteemed a favor. R. M'KENZIE, Grocer, &c.

R. PATTON, IMPORTER OF & DEALER GAS FURNISHING GOODS

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TO THE READERS OF THE "CATHOLIC RECORD,"

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As my intention is to retire from business, parties wanting clothing, &c., will do well to inspect my stock before purchasing elsewhere. NOTE OUR REDUCED PRICES: Our Men's Ulsters start from.....\$6 00 Our Men's Overcoats " "..... 5 00 Our Men's Suits " "..... 9 50 Our Boy's Ulsters " "..... 2 50 Our Boy's Suits " "..... 2 50 White Dress Shirts " "..... 75 Colored Regatta Shirts " "..... 50 Heavy Shirts and Drawers..... 35 All Wool Canadian Tweeds at 50c. and upwards.

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