

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. I.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1878.

NO. 7.

## ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

November, 1878.

Sunday, 17—Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost. Scrumble office of the Sunday Gospel (Matt. ix, 18-20).  
Monday, 18—Dedication of the Basilicas of Sts. Peter and Paul, double, St. Pontianus, double.  
Tuesday, 19—St. Elizabeth, widow.  
Wednesday, 20—St. Felix of Valois, double.  
Thursday, 21—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, double Major.  
Friday, 22—Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.  
Saturday, 23—St. Clement, Pope and Martyr.

### "Our Daily Bread."

A beggar stopped at a rich man's door—  
"I am homeless and friendless, and faint and poor,"  
Said the beggar boy, as the door-drop rolled  
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold.  
"Oh! give me a crust from your board to-day,  
To help the beggar boy on his way."  
"Not a crust of a crumb," the rich man said,  
"Be off and work for your daily bread."

The rich man went to the parish church;  
His face grew grave as he trod the porch;  
And the humping poor, the untaught mass,  
Drew back to let the rich man pass.  
The service began; the choral hymn  
Arose and swelled through the long aisles dim;  
The rich man knelt and the words he said  
Were, "Give us this day our daily bread."

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

ST. PETER'S PALACE,  
London, Ontario, Nov. 13, '78.

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, Sir,  
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.

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.

Leipzig 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 dioceses 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.

Abrington News.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London, is on our exchange list. In age, it is but a trifle in advance of the NEWS. It is remarkably well edited, and is evidently under the supervision of an experienced hand. Devoted almost exclusively to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada, it is as yet free from narrow minded bigotry, and in this respect may well be patterned after by many denominational journals of Protestantism.

## THE CHURCH OF ST. CANICE, AGHABOE.

From the Dublin Weekly Freeman.

The Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Lord Bishop of Ossory, presided and preached at the sacred ceremonies attending the consecration of the new high altar in the beautiful new church of St. Canice, in the parish of Aghaboe, Queen's County, on Sunday, St. Canice's, it will be remembered, was dedicated in all but finished majesty last November. Externally it might rank with the churches of proud cities—an exquisitely shapely Gothic mass of blue limestone, with tracered windows, corbels, and gargoyles, picked out in Wicklow granite, and a stately square tower, pierced by ogee, worked like a flagpole, all set upon the breast of a swelling height, whence the eye ranges for many a luxuriant mile over the fittest plains of the Queen's County, with the storied ruins of old Aghaboe planted close by. The wonder is not that so fair a temple should have taken some £12,000 to place it upon its throne, but by what incredible efforts of piety on the part of the people, and heroic zeal on the part of their pastor, the patriotic Father Mat O'Keefe, so vast a tribute was laid upon the altar in a comparatively poor and scattered rustic parish. Miracles of the sort, however, are wrought so thick around us that we have almost ceased to wonder. Internally a good deal remained to be done, and generous benefactors have not been slow to do it. The aisles are screened by arcades supported on columns of polished black marble. The floor of the church is comfortably seated, the sanctuary is tessellated, the high-pitched roof is panelled with oak, there is an organ gallery and a soft-voiced little organ. Lord Castletown has been a prince among the benefactors of the church. He contributed the fee-simple of an Irish acre of ground for the site. He contributed liberally to the building fund. He made a present of the altar rails, of rich suits of vestments, of the massive silver lamp which swings before the high altar. But his crowning benefaction was the gift of the high altar itself, a magnificent mass of carved and polished dark oak, sculptured in an almost forgotten style of prodigal art in the tabernacle, the antependium, and the retables. This was the rich table at which the Holy Mass was for the first time celebrated yesterday. The beautiful tracered window behind the altar is filled with a magnificent group of subjects in stained glass, all contributed by the munificence of Mr. Phelan, of San Francisco, in memory of old associations with the parish. The Crucifixion is the central subject, and the wealth of figures, colours, and exquisite outlines is worthy of the happiest of the artist's handiwork (Meyer's, of Munich). Mrs. Grace, of Gracefield, has contributed the lamp which hangs before what will yet be the Virgin's altar. The high altar having been consecrated on Saturday, yesterday's ceremonies commenced with a High Mass *coram episcopo*.

The Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Lord Bishop of Ossory, presiding, assisted at the throne by the Very Rev. Canon Lynch, P. P. V. G. Rathdowney; and the Very Rev. Thos. Canon O'Shea, P. P. Comeris. Among other clergymen present were:—  
Rev. Mathew O'Keefe, P. P. Aghaboe; Rev. John Walton, P. P. Castletown; Rev. Michael Drea, P. P. Borris-in-Ossory; Very Rev. Canon Moore, P. P. Johnstown; Rev. John Fitzpatrick, P. P. Galmoor; Rev. P. Phelan, C. C. Collohill; and Rev. J. Cosgrave, C. C. Aghaboe; Rev. Fr. Phelan was high priest at Mass; Rev. Fr. Drea, P. P. officiating as deacon; and Rev. Fr. Cosgrave, sub-deacon.

After the first gospel, the Most Rev. Dr. Moran preached an eloquent sermon upon Irish faith, its perils, and its triumphs. Having dwelt upon the heavenly gifts of sanctity, with which the Church is pre-eminently adorned, and which it is her mission to impart to her children, his lordship said it was this feature of our Church's sanctity that was prominently set before us in the various feasts which were clustered around their joyous celebration to-day. They celebrated the feast of their glorious patron, St. Canice; they celebrated the solemn dedication of this altar to the glory of God; and, above all, they commemorated the dedication of all the churches of Ireland, even from that first rude edifice erected by our Apostles to the glory of God, down to the beautiful structure which their piety had raised, and of whose consecration they were to-day celebrating the first anniversary. The altar of God was holy. When the great patriarch of old saw in a vision a ladder which reached from earth to heaven, by which the angels of God ascended and descended, and at its summit God from His throne of mercy dispensed His blessings to the earth, he arose in prayer and erected a pillar-altar on the spot, and poured out on it the oil of consecration, and declared—"This spot is holy." Even such was this holy altar around which they stood. The Holy Sacrifice which was offered there in truth united earth and heaven, and reconciled the creature with the Creator, and appeased the anger of God, and the angels of God joyously kept watch around it, and they bore the prayers which were offered there as a fragrant incense before the throne of the Most High, and in return they bore back to the men the graces and blessings they desired. The Church of God was holy. That material, visible cloud of the glory of God, which overshadowed the sanctuary of the Jewish temple of old, was but the figure of the true glory of God that abides in the tabernacle of a Christian temple. But it was not only the beautiful structures they saw rising around them on every side to the glory of God that they celebrated to-day. The feast of the dedication of Ireland's churches led them to the altars where their sainted fathers prayed. It brought them back to the first altars erected by their great Apostle, St. Patrick, when, bearing his Divine commission from the holy city, from the Successor of St. Peter, he unfurled among their forefathers the standard of the faith, and announced to them the glad tidings of the Resurrection. It was, then, indeed, that they should raise their hands and hearts to Heaven to thank God for the wondrous mercies He had vouchsafed to their people, for all the blessings of God were poured out upon their nation, and well might they exclaim with the Psalmist, "He hath not shown such mercy to every nation." They were told that St. Patrick erected no fewer than 200 altars and St. Patrick created the length and breadth of the Church throughout the land; that he consecrated a bishop and that to each of them he consecrated a bishop; that to each of them he consecrated a bishop and that to each of them he consecrated a bishop; that to each of them he consecrated a bishop and that to each of them he consecrated a bishop.

ornamented by some church, or monastery, or hermit's cell—some retreat or sanctuary dedicated to God; and every blessing of Heaven was poured out without measure upon their nation, and even distant countries saluted their country as a nation of saints. Other countries might point with pride to the long roll of saints which they had added to the Church's calendar. The Anglo-Saxon Church had her royal virgin saints; France had her glorious confessors and her heroic missionaries; Spain was justly proud of the illustrious founders of religious orders, and of her learned pastors; Italy might justly point to that countless army of her white-robed martyrs, but it was the special glory of Ireland—it was, so to speak, the distinctive feature of their Church's sanctity, that the Divine spirit of holiness was poured out upon their whole nation. Young and old, rich and poor, the virgin in the cloister, and the matron at her own fireside, the holy priest within his sanctuary, and the sons of toil at their respective pursuits in life—all cultivated the heroism of their Apostle, and perseveringly pursued the paths of perfection. This sanctity of our country overflowed distant lands, and well was it for Europe that she had prepared the Church in Ireland as a secure home and asylum for civilisation and religion. Wave after wave of barbarism passed over the fairest countries of Europe, leaving nothing but the wrecks of institutions and civilisation to mark their onward course, but from our country the heroes of faith went forth, troops of holy men, to win back all these nations to the fold of Jesus Christ. His lordship recalled the labours of St. Feargal on the Rhine, of St. Gall in Helvetia, of St. Columbanus in Brittany, and of St. Congall in Franconia, and said it was in these early ages of our country's glory, foremost among those heroes of our holy faith, that their own great patron, St. Canice, flourished. He was born in the commencement of the 6th century. From his childhood he was marked out by Providence as a child of grace and prodigality. In his youth he pursued the paths of piety, not alone in the great colleges at home, but also in the monasteries of Wales, which were then famous for the perfection of their religious life. His lordship traced the course of the close friendship between St. Canice and St. Columbkille—their joint labours in the conversion of the Picts, and their part in the great convention at Drumceath, where all the princes, bishops, and clergy of Ireland assembled to deliberate on many things important to the welfare of the Church and people. Among the institutions which sprang forth from the zeal and piety of St. Canice, the first and foremost was the great monastery of Aghaboe, which he founded here amidst their forefathers. For a thousand years this great monastery flourished here amongst them, and well might St. Canice have prophetically foretold that countless as the flowers of the rich meadows of Aghaboe would be the troops of saints and of holy men abiding in its cloisters. But it was not only those churches of their early ages of the faith that they commemorated to-day. There were other altars, too, at which their fathers wept and prayed. If it were the great convention at Drumceath, where all the princes, bishops, and clergy of Ireland assembled to deliberate on many things important to the welfare of the Church and people, and among the institutions which sprang forth from the zeal and piety of St. Canice, the first and foremost was the great monastery of Aghaboe, which he founded here amidst their forefathers. 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RELIGIOUS ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Some objects of interest to Catholics at the Paris Exhibition are thus described by a correspondent of the London Tablet: It is a pleasant thought, says the writer, that even in this age of luxury, all the splendor, the riches, the lovely designs, are not to go to the embellishment of private dwellings, or gardens, or public buildings; much is destined for the house of God, the place where His glory dwelleth; the Church, which in the Middle Ages preserved the traditions of art, still claims the prize for beauty and elaborate workmanship.

The following account of the sumptuous remembrance made for the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de Lourdes will convey to many who never had an opportunity of seeing it some idea of its extraordinary richness and beauty. The idea that is aimed at in its composition is "L'Immaculee Conception d'un monde le Dieu de l'Eucharistie," a style it is modified 13th century. The foot is a quatrefoil around it are Archangels in armor triumphing over demons in the form of dragons, whilst other Angels above offer the victory to God; the background round which they contend is meant to represent an impregnable fortress. The wings of the Archangels, encased in many colors, are extended till their points touch, and under them are seen personages and places typical of the mystery of the Immaculate Conception, viz., the triumph of Judith, the Crowning of Esther, the Garden of Eden (wherein we see the Blessed Virgin borne by Angels—showing to Adam and Eve the chalice of Redemption), the Tree of Life and the Proclamation of the Dogma itself. Round the shaft above this part is a grand crown formed of vine leaves, among which are doves picking at the grapes, and round it the following verses are seen—over the earthly Paradise: "Ipsa concipit caput crucis," over Judith: "Benedicta tu Domine pro omnibus," over Esther: "Non pro te sed pro omnibus," over Pius IX.: "Tota pulchra es et macula non est in te." Above this crown the shaft takes somewhat the form of a palm and spreads out leaves that support four Angels, and an interwined ribbon of blue enamel has on it verses from Holy Writ relating to the Blessed Sacrament: "Domine pro omnibus," over Esther: "Non pro te sed pro omnibus," over Pius IX.: "Tota pulchra es et macula non est in te." Above this crown the shaft takes somewhat the form of a palm and spreads out leaves that support four Angels, and an interwined ribbon of blue enamel has on it verses from Holy Writ relating to the Blessed Sacrament: "Domine pro omnibus," over Esther: "Non pro te sed pro omnibus," over Pius IX.: "Tota pulchra es et macula non est in te."

sent by figures in high relief, against a gilt background, with the Holy City, etc., shown in it. The tower is surmounted by a figure of our Lady. This set must surely be intended for some out-door way of the Cross, or at least for some vest cloister. Two of the mysteries are apparently intended to be represented on each tower. We were glad to see in this part of the Exhibition many of the works of religious art marked "sold." Solon, Rue Petrelle, has an extremely grand statue of the Madonna, above life size and finely colored, the deep rich blue of the outer robe contrasting finely with the delicate pattern-work on a cream-colored ground, of the all-like under robe. Near this are very lovely statues of St. Genevieve and of Our Lady of Lourdes, etc. In group No. 6, Ballu et Cie, has one of the most striking things in the way of religious art in the building. It is an allegorical group. In the centre is a model of the church in the course of erection in honor of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, on either side of the main altar, a figure representing France, and both adoring the Sacred Heart. Behind the church is a vast figure of our Lord, rising above the world and with extended arms blessing it. The statues of Mons. Robert near this are remarkable for great beauty of expression—in this branch of religious art the French are apparently quite equal to the German artists. Retzard, in the French "orfèvrerie" department we are arrested by an altar of great size and brilliant effect—it is apparently entirely of gold and with many statues of silver; a Gothic retables of excellent though florid, design rises behind it with a grand arrangement for Benediction, and two large angels in silver; it is a grand example of a newly discovered method of gilding and silvering copper; and an anonymous society, called the "Pantographic Voltairique" Society, has been formed for working out the discovery. Their first efforts have been for the church, and we are assured that their method of gilding is very durable, at the same time that it is comparatively inexpensive; certainly the effect is superb. This grand altar has been sold for a church at Libourne, and some very fine high altar candlesticks have been made by the company for Cambrai. In passing out through the garden we came upon a very elegant and lofty wayside crucifix made of Brittany granite, and executed by Le Goff, a sculptor at Ste. Anne.

IRISH LOVE OF HOME.

A CORPSE SIX YEARS IN AMERICA BROUGHT OVER TO IRELAND.

Ballinacree, Oct. 15.—The remains of a man who was buried six years ago in America, passed through Ballinacree yesterday evening, and were interred in Killebegley graveyard.

Sixteen years ago there dwelt a family named Kilduff in the parish of Moore, convenient to this town. The times were none of the best, and Michael Kilduff, the head of the family, thought it best to emigrate, and so parted as best he could with the "bit of ground," gathered the family group around him and with them emigrated to New York. In a little time the Kilduffs settled down in Brooklyn. Ten years rolled by, and time laid its heavy hand on old Michael; age weighed down his enfeebled frame, and he had to lie on a bed of sickness. Feeling his death approaching, the old man called his son to his bedside and besought him to convey his remains to "the dear old land," and lay his bones beneath the sod in Killebegley churchyard, the village burial ground. The old man died but the son thought it was mere fancy proceeding from dotage which made his father prefer the strange request; and considering the immense trouble and expense involved in complying with it, he determined not to heed it, and buried the deceased in Brooklyn. After the interment the son was deprived of his rest at night by strange unheard-of noises in the house, and his belief was, and it is still his impression, that the place was haunted by his father's ghost. Circumstances, however, prevented him from obeying his father's dying wish until a short time ago, when fortune favoring, he had the remains dug up, placed in an oak coffin, and the whole enclosed in a box covered with galvanized iron, and put on board a homeward-bound ship.

Yesterday evening at five o'clock Mr. Kilduff, with his father's remains passed through this town. The coffin was placed beneath the sod in Killebegley, and Kilduff is narrating in his native village to wondering listeners the story of his father's ghost.

Old Michael Kilduff was a well-known Ribbonman at the time that "scare" in Ireland. Many of the inhabitants here could scarcely believe that the long box brought through Ballinacree by the "stranger" held his father's bones till they saw it lowered into its narrow home.

THE IRISH AS RULERS.

Lord Dufferin, in his reply to the address of the Ontario Municipalities, having spoken in most laudatory terms of the Marquis of Lorne, added:

And yet, gentlemen, pleasant and agreeable as the prospect for you and them, we must acknowledge there is one drawback to the picture. Lord Lorne has, as I have said, a multitude of merits, but even spots will be discovered on the sun, and, unfortunately, an irreparable and, as I may call it, a congenital defect attaches to this appointment. Lord Lorne is not an Irishman. It is not his fault. He did the best he could for himself. He came as near the right thing as possible by being born a Celtic Highlander. There is no doubt the world is best administered by Irishmen. Things never went better with us either at home or abroad than when Lord Palmerston ruled Great Britain, Lord Mayo governed India, Lord Monk directed the destinies of Canada, and the Robinsons, the Kennedys, the Laffans, the Callaghans, the Gores, the Hennessys, administered the affairs of our Australian colonies and West Indian possessions. Have not even the French, at last, made the same discovery in the person of MacMahon. But still we must be generous, and it is right Scotland should have a turn.

After all, Scotland only got her name because she was conquered by the Irish, and if the real truth was known it is probable that the house of Lorraine owes most of its glory to an Irish original. Nay, I will go a step farther; I would even let the poor Englishmen take an occasional turn at the helm, if for no better reason than to make him aware how much better we manage the business. But you have not come to that yet, and though you have been a little spoiled by having given three Irish Governor-Generals in succession, I assure you will find your new Viceroys' personal and acquired qualifications will more than counterbalance his ethnological disadvantages.

THE POSITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY IN CATHOLIC THEOLOGY.

WHY WE HONOR HER.

Heroes and statesmen may receive the highest military and civic honors, which a nation can bestow, without being suspected of invading the domain of the glory which is due to God. Now, is not heroic sanctity more worthy of admiration than civil service and military exploits, inasmuch as religion ranks higher than patriotism and valor? And yet the admirers of Mary's exalted virtues, can scarcely celebrate her praises without being accused in certain quarters of Mariolatry.

When a nation wishes to celebrate the memory of its distinguished men, its admiration is not confined to words, but vents itself in a thousand different shades. See in how many ways we honor the name of Washington. Monuments on which his good deeds are recorded, are erected to his name. The Washington's tomb, or a leaf from a shrub growing near the heroic deeds of the first President were delivered, the festivities of the day closing with a social banquet.

As the citizens of the United States manifest in divers ways their admiration for Washington, so do the citizens of the republic of the Church love to exhibit in corresponding forms their veneration for the Mother of Jesus.

Monuments and statues are erected to her. Thrice each day, at noon, noon, and even, the Angels bells are rung to recall to our minds the Incarnation of our Lord, and the participation of Mary in this great mystery of love.

Her shrines are tastefully adorned by pious hands, and are visited by devoted children who wear her relics, or any object which bears her image, or which is associated with her name.

Her natal days and other days of the year, sacred to her memory, are appropriately commemorated by processions, by participation in the banquet of the Eucharist, and by sermons enlarging on her virtues and prerogatives.

As no one was ever suspected of loving his country and her institutions less because of his revering Washington, so no one can reasonably suppose that our homage to God is diminished by fostering reverence for Mary; for, as our object in exalting Washington is not so much to show our thankfulness to Him, as to show our love for his laws, and which He orders at His Incarnation, the same is the case with the Mother of Jesus.

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The defender of a beleaguered citadel concentrates his forces on the outer fortifications and towers, and which He orders at His Incarnation, the same is the case with the Mother of Jesus. The defender of a beleaguered citadel concentrates his forces on the outer fortifications and towers, and which He orders at His Incarnation, the same is the case with the Mother of Jesus. The defender of a beleaguered citadel concentrates his forces on the outer fortifications and towers, and which He orders at His Incarnation, the same is the case with the Mother of Jesus.

Hence, if we wish to see the defense of the gate of David, it is because we are more earnest in protecting Jerusalem from invasion. If we forbid profane hands to touch the ark of the covenant, it is because we are anxious to guard from profanation the Lord of the ark. It is because "the love of Christ" presses us. If we will not permit a single wreath to be snatched from her fair brow, it is because we are unwilling that a single feature of Christ's sacred humanity should be obscured, and because we wish that He should ever stand forth in all the splendor of His glory, and clothed in all the panoply of His perfections.

And even as children who have much offended a too indulgent mother, in their childish way, speak to their sister and confiding wait till she goes in before and intercedes; so men, repenting of their evil deeds, draw near, with their requests, an angry Father's ear. And she in heaven for them makes intercession." —Langfellow's "Golden Legend."

Do you ask me, is Mary willing to assist you? Does she really take an interest in your welfare? Or is she so much absorbed by the fruition of God as to be indifferent to our misery? Can a woman forget her name so as not to have pity on the fruit of her womb? (Isaiah xlix. 15.) Even so Mary will not forget us.

The love she bears us, her children by adoption, can be estimated only by her love for her Son by nature. It was Mary that nursed the infant Saviour. It was her breast that sheltered him from the rude storm and from the persecution of Herod. She it was that wiped the stains from his brow when taken down from the cross. Now we are the brothers of Jesus. He is not ashamed, says the Apostle, to call us His brethren. (Heb. ii. 11.) Neither is Mary ashamed to call us her children by adoption. At the feet of the cross she adopted us in the person of St. John. She is anxious to minister to our souls as she ministered to the corporal wants of her Son. She would be the instrument of God in feeding us with divine grace, in clothing us with the garments of innocence, in wiping away the stains of sin from our hearts.

If the angels, though of a different nature, from ours, have so much sympathy for us as to rejoice in our conversion, (Luke xv. 7) how great must be the interest manifested towards us by Mary, who is of a common nature with us, descended from the same primitive parents, being bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and who once trod the thorny path of life which we tread now!

Though not of the household of the faith, Edgar A. Poe did not disdain to invoke our Lady's intercession, and to acknowledge the influence of her patronage in heaven.

For, behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." (Luke i.) Here are the names of Creator and creature interwoven like threads of gold and silver in the same woof, without provoking the jealousy of God. God jealous of the honor paid to Mary! As well might we imagine that the sun, if endowed with intelligence, would be jealous of the mellow, golden cloud which encircles him, which reflects his brightness, and presents in bolder light his inaccessible splendor. As well imagine that the same luminary would be jealous of our admiration for the beautiful rose, whose opening petals, and rich color and delicious fragrance are the fruit of his beneficent rays.

Hence in uniting Mary's praise with that of Jesus, we are strictly imitating the Sacred Text; and as no one ever suspected that the same luminary pronounced on Judith and the virtuous Kings and Prophets of Israel detracted from God's honor, so neither do we lessen His glory in exalting the Virgin Mary. I find Jesus and Mary together at the manger, together in Egypt, together in Nazareth, together in the temple, together at the cross. I find their names side by side in the Apostles' and the Nicene Creed. It is fitting that both should find a place in my heart, and that both names should often flow successively from my lips. Inseparable in life and in death, they should not be divorced in my prayer. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

WHY WE INVOKE HER.

The Church exhorts her children not only to honor the Blessed Virgin, but also to invoke her intercession. It is evident from Scripture that the angels and Saints in heaven can hear our prayers, and that they have the power and the will to help us. (Gen. xlviii. 16; Tobias xii. 12; Luke xv. 10, Zach. i. 12, 13.) Now if the angels are conversant with what happens on earth; if the prophets, even while clothed in the flesh, had a clear vision of things which were then transpiring at a great distance from them; if they could penetrate into the future and foretell events which were then hidden in the womb of time, shall we believe that God withhold a knowledge of our prayers from Mary, who is justly styled the Queen of Angels and Saints? For, as Mary's sanctity surpasses that of all other mortals, her knowledge must be proportionately greater than theirs, since knowledge constitutes one of the sources of celestial bliss.

If Stephen while his soul was still in the prison of the body, "saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God;" (Acts viii. 55) if Paul "heard secret words" (2 Cor. xii. 4) spoken in paradise; it is surprising that Mary hear and see His glory, and that she is elevated to heaven, and stands "face to face" before God, the perfect Mirror of all knowledge? It is as easy for God to enable His Saints to see things terrestrial from heaven, as things celestial from earth.

The influence of Mary's intercession exceeds that of the Angels, Patriarchs and Prophets, in the same degree that her sanctity surpasses theirs. If our heavenly Father listens so propitiously to the voice of His servants, what will he refuse to her who is his chosen daughter of predilection, chosen among thousands to be the Mother of His beloved Son? If we ourselves, though sinners, can help one another by our prayers, how irresistible must be the intercession of Mary, who never grieved Almighty God by sin, who never tarnished her white robe of innocence by the least defilement, from the first moment of her existence till she was received by triumphant angels into heaven.

In speaking of the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, we must never lose sight of her title of Mother of our Redeemer, not of that great price which she paid for our redemption. Mary was the Mother of Jesus. She exercised towards Him all the influence which a prudent mother has over an affectionate child. "Jesus," says the Gospel, "was subject to them." (Luke ii. 51) that is, to Mary and Joseph. We find this obedience of our Lord towards His Mother forcibly exemplified in the marriage of Cana. In wishing to delicately expressed in these words: "They have no wine." He instantly obeyed by changing water into wine, though the time for exercising His public ministry and for working wonders had not yet arrived.

Now Mary has never forfeited in heaven the title of Mother of Jesus. She is still His Mother, and while adoring Him as her God, she still retains her maternal relation, and she exercises towards Him that loving willingness to grant her requests, which the best of sons entertain for the best of mothers. Never does Jesus appear to us so amiable and endearing as when we see Him nestled in the arms of His Mother. We love to contemplate Him, and artists love to represent Him in that situation. And it appears to me that had the Jews, who envied Him, and recognized, like Simeon, the Lord of majesty in the form of an Infant, and had we a favor to ask Him, we would present it through Mary's hands, while the divine eyes of the Babe were gazing on her sweet countenance. And even so now. Never will our prayers find a readier acceptance than when offered through the hands of Mary. In invoking our Lady's patronage, we are actuated by a triple source of the majesty of God, our own unworthiness, and of Mary's incomparable influence with her heavenly Father. Conscious of our natural lowliness and sins we have often recourse to her intercession in the assured hope of being more favorably heard.

And even as children who have much offended a too indulgent mother, in their childish way, speak to their sister and confiding wait till she goes in before and intercedes; so men, repenting of their evil deeds, draw near, with their requests, an angry Father's ear. And she in heaven for them makes intercession." —Langfellow's "Golden Legend."

Do you ask me, is Mary willing to assist you? Does she really take an interest in your welfare? Or is she so much absorbed by the fruition of God as to be indifferent to our misery? Can a woman forget her name so as not to have pity on the fruit of her womb? (Isaiah xlix. 15.) Even so Mary will not forget us.

The love she bears us, her children by adoption, can be estimated only by her love for her Son by nature. It was Mary that nursed the infant Saviour. It was her breast that sheltered him from the rude storm and from the persecution of Herod. She it was that wiped the stains from his brow when taken down from the cross. Now we are the brothers of Jesus. He is not ashamed, says the Apostle, to call us His brethren. (Heb. ii. 11.) Neither is Mary ashamed to call us her children by adoption. At the feet of the cross she adopted us in the person of St. John. She is anxious to minister to our souls as she ministered to the corporal wants of her Son. She would be the instrument of God in feeding us with divine grace, in clothing us with the garments of innocence, in wiping away the stains of sin from our hearts.

If the angels, though of a different nature, from ours, have so much sympathy for us as to rejoice in our conversion, (Luke xv. 7) how great must be the interest manifested towards us by Mary, who is of a common nature with us, descended from the same primitive parents, being bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and who once trod the thorny path of life which we tread now!

Though not of the household of the faith, Edgar A. Poe did not disdain to invoke our Lady's intercession, and to acknowledge the influence of her patronage in heaven.

cession, and to acknowledge the influence of her patronage in heaven.

"At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—  
Marta! thou hast heard my hymn!  
In joy and weep those words I say,  
Mother of God, be with me still!  
When that hour comes, those words I say,  
And not a cloud obscured the sky,  
My soul, lest it should faint, he,  
Thy grace did guide to this, and then;  
Now, when storms of fate o'ercast  
Lurk my prayer, thy grace, O God,  
Let my future radiant shine,  
With sweet hopes of thee and thine."

Some persons not only object to the invocation of Mary as being unprofitable, but they even affect to be scandalized at the confidence we repose in her intercession, on the groundless assertion that by praying to her we ignore and dishonor God, and that we put the creature on a level with the Creator.

Every Catholic child knows from the catechism that to give to any creature the supreme honor due to God alone is idolatry. How can we be said to dishonor God, or bring Him down to a level with His creature by invoking Mary, since we acknowledge her to be a pure creature indebted like ourselves to Him for every gift and influence which she possesses? This is implied in the very form of our petitions.

When we address our prayers to her we say, *Pray for us, sisters*, implying by these words that she is herself a petitioner at the throne of divine mercy. To God we say, *Give us our daily bread*, thereby acknowledging Him to be the throne of all bounty.

This principle being kept in view, how can we be justly accused of slighting God's majesty by invoking the intercession of His handmaid?

If a beggar asks and receives alms from me through my servant, should I be offended at the blessings which he invokes upon her? Far from it; I accept them as intended for myself, because she bestowed what was mine, and with my consent.

Our Lord says to His Apostles: "I dispose to you a kingdom that you may eat and drink at My table in My Kingdom, and may sit upon thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." (Luke xxii. 29, 30.) And St. Paul says: "Know you not that we shall judge angels, how much more things of this world?" (1 Cor. vi.) If the Apostles may sit at the table of the Lord in heaven, without prejudice to His majesty, surely our Lady can stand as an advocate before Him without infringing on His rights. If they can exercise the dread prerogative of judges of angels and of men without trespassing on the divine judgment of Jesus, surely Mary can fulfill the more modest function of intercessor with her Son without intruding on His Supreme mediocrity, for, higher is the office of judge than that of advocate. And yet while no one is ever startled at the power given to the Apostles, many are impatient of the lesser privilege claimed by Mary.

THE INFLUENCE OF HER EXAMPLE.

But while the exalted privileges of Mary render her worthy of our veneration, while her saintly influence renders her worthy of our invocation, her personal life is constantly held up to us as a pattern worthy of our imitation. And if she occupies so prominent a place in our prayers, this prominence is less due to her prerogatives as a mother, or to her intercession as a patroness, than to her example as a saint.

After our Lord Jesus-Christ, no one has ever exercised so salutary and so dominant an influence as the Blessed Virgin on society, on the family, and on the individual.

The Mother of Jesus exercises throughout the Christian Commonwealth that hallowing influence which a good mother wields over the Christian family.

What temple of chapel, how rude soever it may be, is not adorned with a painting or a statue of the Madonna? What house is not embellished with an image of Mary? What Catholic child is a stranger to her familiar face?

The priest and the layman, the scholar and the illiterate, the prince and the peasant, the mother and the maid, acknowledge her divine sway.

And if Christianity is so fruitful in comparison with paganism, in conjugal fidelity, in female purity, and in the respect which is paid to womanhood, these blessings are in no small measure due to the force of Mary's all-pervading influence and example. Ever since the Son of God chose a woman to be His mother, man looks up to woman with a homage akin to veneration.

The poet Longfellow says the following tribute to Mary's sanctifying influence:

"This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,  
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!  
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;  
Alike the bondmaid with the sacred crown,  
The priest, the prince, the scholar and the peasant,  
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,  
Pay homage to her as one ever present."

And if our fate had given us nothing more than this example of all woman-kind,  
So mild, so merciful, so true, so good,  
So patient, so powerful, legal, loving, pure,  
This were enough to prove it higher and truer  
Than all the creeds that have been given before."

St. Ambrose gives us the following beautiful picture of Mary's life before her spouse: "Let the life," he says, "of the Blessed Mary be ever present to you, in which, as in a mirror, the beauty of chastity and the form of virtue shine forth. She was a virgin not only in body, but in mind, who never sullied the pure affection of her heart by unworthy feelings. She was humble of heart, serious in her conversation, fond of reading than of speaking. She placed her confidence rather in the prayer of the poor than in the uncertain riches of the world. She was ever intent on her occupations. . . . and accustomed to make God rather than man the witness of her thoughts. She injured no one, wished well to all, reverence age, yielded not to envy, avoided all hearing, followed the dictates of reason, and loved victory. When did she sadden her parents even by a look? . . . There was nothing forward in her looks, bold in her words, or unbecoming in her actions. Her carriage was not abrupt, her gait not indolent, her voice not petulant, so that her very appearance was the picture of her mind and the figure of her piety."

Her life as a spouse and as a mother was a counterpart of her earlier years. The Gospel relates one little circumstance which amply suffices to demonstrate Mary's super-eminent holiness of life, and to exhibit her as a beautiful pattern to those who are called to rear a household. The Evangelist tells us that Jesus "was subject to them" (Luke ii. 51) that is, to Mary and Joseph. He obeyed all her commands, fulfilled her beliefs, complied with her smallest injunctions. In a word, he discharged towards her all the filial observances which a dutiful son exercises towards a prudent mother. And these relations continued from his childhood to His public life; nor did they cease even then.

Now Jesus being the Son of God, "the brightness of His glory and the figure of His substance" (Heb. i. 3) could not sin. He was incapable of fulfilling an unrighteous precept. The obvious conclusion to be drawn from these facts is, that Mary never sinned by commanding, as Jesus could not sin by obeying; that all her precepts and counsels were stamped with the seal of divine approbation, and that the Son never fulfilled any injunction of His earthly Mother which was not ratified by His eternal Father in heaven.

Such is the beautiful portrait which the Church holds up to the contemplation of her children, that studying it they may admire the original, admiring they may love, loving may imitate, and thus become more dear to God by being made "conformable to the image of his Son." (Rom. viii. 29) of whom Mary is the most perfect mirror.



A VISIT TO THE SACRED HEART ACADEMY, LONDON, ONTARIO.

"Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning, clouds and her tears are worth evening's bloom light."

Sung the immortal Irish poet, Tom Moore. No school-boy, "creeping snail-like unwillingly to school," ever sighed more ardently for "man's estate" than did the writer of this article, and none perhaps accused the poets more, of saying one thing and thinking another.

As years rolled on, and as day after day, I bade farewell to many a well-thumbed page, the aspirations of my childhood appeared to me more and more reasonable. But in one short hour my convictions changed, and now I am perfectly willing to admit that my judgment of the renowned poet was too hasty.

Reader, this extraordinary transformation of my ideas took place on Monday, the 11th inst. Leaving for a while the shady streets of our fair Forest City, I entered one of those educational institutions known amongst us by the significant name of "Convent Home."

Many reminiscences of college days crowded upon my mind, visions of base ball, cricket, leap-frog, etc., loomed up before me as I slowly sauntered through the spacious avenue, and viewed the beautiful play-grounds of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Dundas street.

The happy impressions already received were confirmed, when, ushered into one of the bright, cheerful parlors, I met with a warm welcome from the courteous mother superior. With many others I had been invited to a festival, by which the pupils of the institution commemorated the eleventh anniversary of Right Rev. Dr. Walsh's elevation to the episcopacy.

As I was conducted to the brilliantly-lighted reception hall, my prejudices gradually dwindled away, so charming was the aspect that met our gaze. The lofty, airy corridors leading thereto, were carefully calculated to dispel every unpleasant feeling.

Overlooking the two main corridors, and embedded in a cluster of ivy and evergreen, stood a magnificent statue of the Sacred Heart, the gift of His Lordship Bishop Walsh to the institution. The hand is uplifted to bless, while the mild, almost speaking eyes, appear to be gazing lovingly on the passers-by.

A happy influence must certainly be exercised over the privileged inmates of the Convent by his most life-like representation of our Divine Redeemer.

But how shall I attempt to describe the principal reception hall? I shall not say I fancied myself in fairy-land, but I must avow that for a moment I was spell-bound, so unprepared was I for the bewitching scene which broke upon my view. The unassuming dress and charming simplicity of the pupils contrasted with the elegant decorations of the apartment, while the happy smile which leamed on every countenance, and lit up every eye, presented a picture of interest and beauty, not unworthy of the poet or the painter.

Amid sweet strains of music, His Lordship, Bishop Walsh, escorted by the Bishop of Hamilton, took his seat beneath an elegant canopy of crimson and gold, surrounded by a number of the diocesan clergy. The chair destined for His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, remained unoccupied, as this distinguished prelate, after a brief visit to the Academy, was compelled to return home by the evening train.

During the course of the entertainment our admiration was alternately excited by the refined taste displayed in the selection of the various recitations, and the easy, graceful manner in which they were rendered. The elocution was all that could be desired; the feeling which animated every tone and gesture even of the most youthful speakers, gave unequivocal proofs of the superior training bestowed on their pupils by the ladies of the Sacred Heart.

The skill displayed in the execution of the instrumental music plainly testified that the Academy affords every advantage for acquiring proficiency in this favorite accomplishment. The organ "I Puritani," by Berg, was remarkably well played by Misses E. Johnston and C. Jell. A complimentary allegory in verse—"Faith, Hope and Charity"—was prettily spoken by three little girls, Misses Coffey, L. and A. MacAdams. Scarcely had they gilded to their places when three other juniors, Misses Locke, Maude Murphy and M. Leys, adorned with baskets of choice exotics, advanced and gracefully deposited them at the feet of the distinguished prelates. This simple act told more eloquently than words, of the rarer and more acceptable blossoms of grateful hearts, which are cultivated with special care by the gentle guardians of those favored pupils.

In the chorus that followed this pleasing offering, it was easy to perceive in the glistering eye and animated countenance of the youthful band, that their lips only echoed the deep affection of their hearts, for one of the kindest and most beloved of pastors; and that the cordial welcome extended to all present, was as sincere as it was delicately expressed.

A bright-eyed little girl, aged about eight years, then sprang upon the stage, introducing herself as "Sailor Boy," and well she spoke of her mountain

home, and her life on the billowy wave. In pretty verse she declared that she was bound for sea once more, begged the messages of all, and particularly a prayer in behalf of the "Sailor Boy," Patrick Greene.

A most comic vocal duo, entitled "An unexpected meeting between Patachon and Giraffier," Miss E. Johnston personating the former, and Miss B. Duffanel the latter, was next on the program. As we cannot do justice to the subject, which kept the audience in peals of laughter, for about ten minutes, we leave it to the trumpet of Faust.

"Duo Brillant sur les motifs d'un opera de Donizetti," by Bertini, was admirably rendered by Misses Barbour, Margaret, Beathi and Penwarden. The forty fingers kept perfect time, and executed the entire piece with a spirit and expression which reflect the highest credit on the teachers.

"The Last Angelus," a superior composition, was delivered in splendid style by Miss M. Long. The finale was a tableaux vivant—the presentation of the child Mary in the temple. The infant "Queen of Virgins" was represented advancing towards the Lord, while St. Joachim and St. Anne gazed in mute admiration on their Heaven-sent babe. As we contemplated this ravishing picture, the "Audi filia," a most exquisite vocal gem, was beautifully rendered by the choir.

At the close of this delightful hour, His Lordship Bishop Walsh made a few well-chosen remarks, with the graceful eloquence so peculiarly his own. Before terminating His Lordship granted the pupils the usual annual holiday in honor of this happy occasion. Needless to add that this act of paternal kindness on the part of the Bishop, was gratefully and enthusiastically acknowledged by a hundred youthful hearts.

The guests then adjourned to the dining-room, where a sumptuous repast was spread. After we had enjoyed for a while the many good things before us, our attention was for a moment diverted by an inspection of the programme for the following day. The number and variety of games, and amusements planned for every half-hour, showed that the good plans for this festival, held in anticipation this grand holiday, but particularly, that they not only know how to provide pleasure, but also that with true maternal instinct, they do not consider labor or fatigue when there is question of the welfare, or happiness of the children confided to their care.

After partaking for about an hour longer of the hospitalities of the Sacred Heart, we took our leave; but long in our memory shall remain enshrined the remembrance of this most happy festival. As we sauntered homeward, the conviction forced itself upon our minds, that the people of this country and of the United States, whose children are so tenderly nurtured in this flourishing Academy, may well appreciate the generous labors and untiring zeal of the daughters of Madame Barat.

LETTER FROM ROME.

(Special correspondence of the Catholic Record.)

Rome, Oct. 26, 1878.

DEAR SIR:—Yesterday evening I had just partaken of a frugal supper, when a very pleasing visitor, though hitherto unknown to me, made his appearance in the hall of my modest boarding house, situate near the splendid Hotel de Minerva. My welcome visitor—shall I name him?—was the CATHOLIC RECORD, fresh from London, Ont., the first number of that much wanted exponent of Catholic interests in Western Canada. Before reaching me, the Record had travelled a long way and gone around many circuitous roads, as shown by innumerable blottings and re-writing on the envelope.

Welcome to Rome, the capital of the Christian world, I said to my unexpected friend. Come and show me thy claims to stand among the trusty defenders of our rights, justice and religion. Forthwith I sat down and began to peruse thy splendid pages, so rich in varied matters. Now, after a patient and careful study of its numerous columns, I hope I will be permitted to express my modest opinion of its merits. Unwilling though I am to make too rude an assault on the modesty of the talented editor of the RECORD, I feel great pleasure in saying that this excellent journal bids fair to take its stand among the staunchest defenders of Catholic rights and interests. Its editorials are inspired by a sound and a true Catholic heart; its selections are made with a judgment and tact highly commendable. Without speaking of the magnificent article on "Mixed Marriages," which I hope all my young friends of London have carefully read, I have noticed with great pleasure a number of incidents, anecdotes and selections—all well calculated to edify, instruct and inspire with a love of what is good and beautiful. I will add that this truly correct exposition of our religion, which is the only one established by our Blessed Lord, has not come a moment too soon. Too long has our Catholic stomach been stuffed with unwholesome food, poisonous substances. It was high time to place before our readers a healthy and palatable food, a companion sound in faith and morality, and whose beneficial influence will be calculated to remove many prejudices, correct not a few misrepresentations, and instill into the heart of youth the love of virtue.

I beg, therefore, to add my modest recommendation to that of the learned Bishop of London, and to express my sincere and earnest hope that the CATHOLIC RECORD will be before long a welcome visitor to every frieze in Western Canada.

Now, dear sir, permit me to add a few remarks about myself, though I may appear egotistical. Few months have elapsed since I left our dear Canada. What vast spaces of sea and land now intervene between us! Since the 8th of July last, when I received the hearty good wishes of my friends in London, I crossed the broad Atlantic, ran over France from one end to the other, visiting its great cities, Paris, with its magnificent Exposition, Lyons and Marseilles. On the 10th inst. I found myself in Rome, the capital of the Christian world. Since my arrival within its sacred walls a considerable portion of my time has been spent in visiting its most remarkable monuments. As yet I feel unable to give an adequate idea of the solemn impressions which have been made upon my mind. Suffice it to say that, though Rome has undergone during the past ages many changes, and vicissitudes, it is still today the most remarkable and the most beautiful city of the world. Witness its three hundred and sixty churches resplendent by the grandeur of their architecture, and the rich decorations which adorn them. Add to this the precious remains of the remotest antiquity, the Forum Romanum, the Theatre of Marcellus, the Colosseum, the ruins of the Palaces of the Caesars, the Forum of public baths of Titus and Caracalla, the Forum Trajanum, the Pyramid of Cestius, the great Catacombs of St. Sebastian, St. Callixtus, St. Agnes, the numerous stately columns or obelisks which adorn every public place. Lastly, let me mention here the rich collections of antiquities, paintings and sculptures, which are to be found in large abundance at the Vatican, the Capitol, Lateran, and in some of the villas of the Roman nobility. Behold some of the attractions which daily draw to

the eternal city strangers from every clime and nation. Now, let me ask the question: Will the persistent revilers of the Church attempt again to charge her with being opposed to progress and science, and fostering ignorance and the degradation of the human mind? Is it not the Popes who have filled the public libraries of Rome with the most precious manuscripts and volumes of past ages? Is it not these so much maligned Popes who have brought into existence the Michael Angelo, the Raphael, and legends of others to whom the world is indebted for its masterpieces of architecture, painting and sculpture? Is it not the centre of the Catholic Church? If such be the case, let me hope that no one shall be found for the future so vile and so destitute of honor as to insult again a Church which is not only the guardian of Christianity, but also the just and encourager of all that is grand, beneficent and beautiful.

With the above remarks I beg to terminate this long and tedious letter of mine. Hoping soon to see again our dear London, I remain, dear sir, Your most obedient servant, J. M. BUCKEY, V. G.

OUR MANCHESTER LETTER.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Manchester, England, Oct. 30, 1878.

On Wednesday last the remains of the eminent French Bishop Monsignor Dupanloup were carried to their last resting place. All classes seemed anxious to show by their presence at his funeral the intense respect they had for the greatest of French Prelates. Orleans said never to have seen such throngs of mourners lining the streets of the melancholy procession. Besides the long array of the French hierarchy, three members of the French Academy were present to show honor to the dead, besides a long list of other dignitaries. France has mourned a great loss, too a member of the same church grieve that one who has so eminently a champion of the Church, should be taken from us. We have scarcely read the particulars of the great funeral, when the message comes, that another of the Churches' Princes has passed away.

Cardinal Cullen. I am sure that you will have felt equally with ourselves, the irreparable loss consequent on the death of this illustrious Irishman: As a defender of the Pope's temporal authority, as an enemy to the governments system of Godless Colleges, and as a determined foe to the secret societies, which at one time were so powerful in Ireland; Cardinal Cullen wielded an influence second to none. R. I. P.

Last week an advertisement appeared in the London papers stating that the Tableau on the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play would be given at the Westminster Aquarium, which is a place of great resort for Londoners as within its walls you have entertainments of almost every kind. The advertisement invited the attention of religious people, and mentioned in the dailies condemning the proposed Play. The Cardinal Archbishop took the matter up and addressed a letter on the subject to the Times, in which he strongly deprecated the intended performance. He said it would be a degradation of English art, and a profanation of the most sacred subjects of our faith. It would be difficult to say what has mostly induced the manager to forego all thoughts of giving the famous Passion Play, but certainly he has advertised that he abandons the project. We think we are right in assuming that it has been relinquished through the prompt action of the Cardinal Archbishop, who has written in his letter why the Play should not be transplanted. Some years ago one of our local clergy gave us an excellent description of this Ober-Ammergau Play in the Free Trade Hall, the various scenes being made very interesting by the aid of descriptive letters. The story connected with this play is briefly this. In the year 1432, following the desolation of the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, a plague broke out and committed great ravages. The inhabitants of the Bavarian Tyrol in and around Ober-Ammergau were wonderfully preserved from the effects of the scourge; and as a thank-offering to God they instituted a custom of performing the Passion Play every ten years. In the year 1840, the play was started fully alive, and it was only permitted at last, that they should be given in the original spot which is a village high up in the mountains beyond Munich. There the Passion Play is given with all due impressiveness as it does the life and death of our Saviour. I have heard those speak of our Saviour, I have seen those speak of the letters which were religiously preserved, and the representation as given by these simple villagers. There was a realism about the whole series of scenes enacted which was truly marvellous. The principal performers were most devout Catholics, who by their daily lives, and their fitness for the parts undertaken by them, were good worthy people. The play is a true rendering of the Bible narrative. People here might well wonder that these simple religious persons could be induced to visit the English cities in order to give the Passion Play, but our doubts are now quite set at rest on this point as the Burg-Master of Ober-Ammergau has telegraphed that the proposed representation of the Passion Play at the Royal Aquarium is wholly a sham. No native of the district is concerned in it.

As the distance between Manchester and London only makes a railway journey of five hours duration we have frequently amongst us a number of English men who come down to take on Tuesday Lancashire work, such was the case on Tuesday week, when Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends held a great alliance meeting at the Free Trade Hall. His Eminence the Cardinal also stayed in order to be present at the meeting as one of the speakers, as he takes great interest in the Temperance movement. The United Kingdom Alliance is a great social movement now being on its side many started fully alive to the true rendering of the play, and they were patient and now the society has grown in immense wealth and influence. It includes people of every shade of religious thought and as a result it is no doubt of the worst social sin of mankind there is no doubt of its ultimate success. The Cardinal is regarded as one of its prominent leaders, but the pet speaker and the most successful interpreter of its views is undoubtedly Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

Whenever it is announced that Sir Wilfrid is to be present not only here but I believe in every town he visits he is sure to be crowded. Sir Wilfrid is not only a capital speaker but he is a great humorist. His listeners are sure to be amused as well as instructed. In the House of Commons his jokes are looked for and meet with a success which few other speakers can boast. The Alliance has been held through the medium of a little pamphlet of his jokes, but except his own telling of them. He is a slim-built, quiet looking gentleman of about 60 years, and far different in appearance to what you might expect from his speeches which are bold, vigorous, polished and yet full of rollicking humor. The occasion of

the meeting here referred to was I think really to celebrate the closing of the public houses in Ireland. Very appropriately the chair was taken by Prof. fessor Smyth, M. P., for Londonderry, who was the promoter of the Irish Sunday Closing Act. Mr. Smyth is a good looking gentleman, a professor of Oriental languages and an ex-Presbyterian Minister. He, too, is an excellent speaker. The Alliance is worked by excellent machinery. Its advocates are in earnest and its influence is manifestly increasing year by year. Some people consider that as yet they have not done much good but they do their best to carry on their war against the liquor traffic and here their influence is certainly felt. It is a struggle in every sense for them. Sir Wilfrid Lawson first introduced his Permissive Bill in 1864, and has reintroduced it many times since then with varying success, and who knows but that soon, his and his supporters wishes may be fully gratified.

WINDSOR. November, 11th, 1878. A PLEASANT EVENING. What was the bleak November night of the 8th inst. to the happy group assembled in the halls of St. Mary's Academy, to congratulate the Very Rev. Dean Wagner, on the return of his paternal feast!

The decorations made for the occasion merit special mention. Passing over a luxuriant landscape which stood out in bold relief at the lower extremity of the hall, we would especially allude to the gold and crimson-tinted leaves, Autumn's gracious boon, which formed into graceful emblems, and mingling their brilliant hues with the pure white drapery of the walls presented a rich and delightful contrast. An additional charm was borrowed from the bloom, freshness and innocence of Christ's little ones, and the *tout ensemble* formed an exquisite picture, reminding us forcibly of this line of Keats: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The rendering of the programme, interspersed with music, dialogue and song, afforded us a delightful moment of recreation. As a supplement to a scene in which a group of little ones had been called upon to guess the most beautiful thing on earth, one of the juveniles read the following: "REV. AND KIND FATHER.—Among the many beautiful things of God's happy world we must not forget to mention the love and charity of His dear ministers. The heavens and earth are fair to our sight, but the love of Christ's ministers is sweeter far to our souls, beautiful as a mother's smile, pure as an angel's whisper. It was kind of our dear Lord to bless these little Jewish children, kinder still to leave us His dear devoted priests. The priests is a king whose power no evil dares dispute. He speaks and the new-born babe becomes like the snowy dove. He raises his hand and sin flies from the soul. He speaks again, and oh! what happiness, we press Jesus to our hearts; He becomes our own, our dear, dear Father, the kind father who guides our footsteps with words of charity and love. Thank God for the angel minister who protects our innocence, as do our guardian spirits in heaven. May the Saviour and His angel-whisper heavenly seeds to your souls, they did in his dark dungeon to your patron saint, and may your life's devotedness to the Holy Church, like His be rewarded by the smiles of Jesus throughout an eternity of joy. The Rev. Dean Wagner was felicitous in his response, comparing the labors of the priest in a convent to those of a gardener in his chosen parterre.

LOCAL CLEANINGS. EN ROUTE FOR MANITOBA.—On Sunday last about two hundred Mennonites passed through this city, per G. W. R., for Manitoba.

VERY LOW.—Late advices from Winnipeg represent Mr. F. E. Cornish, well known in this city, to be in a very low state, and his death is daily expected.

SUDDEN DEATH.—News has been received of the sudden death of Major Daniels, well known in this city, which occurred on the 21st September last. He was with his regiment in India at the time of his death.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.—The Dominion Government has appointed Wednesday, December 4th, as a Day of Thanksgiving throughout the Dominion. We trust all good citizens will not forget to govern themselves accordingly.

RAILWAY RECEIPTS.—The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, during the week ending November 2nd, increased its passenger earnings \$487 over the corresponding week last year. The freight receipts, however, show a decrease of \$26,177.

COMMITTED SUICIDE.—John Armstrong, a shoemaker of Paisley, committed suicide on the 10th inst. He took two doses of strychnine to accomplish his purpose. Intoxicating beverages led to the crime. Another proof in favor of "total abstinence."

WATERWORKS.—The London Oil Refining Company have decided to make use of the London waterworks. The other refiners will probably follow suit. This is decidedly very gratifying and we trust other manufacturers will likewise follow the good example.

CHEESE FAIR.—At the cheese fair held last Saturday, 9th inst., three factories were bulletined as offering 2,180 boxes, and there were six or eight thousand other boxes represented as ready, did the state of the market seem to justify it. The last market of the season will be held next Saturday, November 16th.

RE-ORGANIZED.—The re-organization of the Detroit & Milwaukee Railway Company was effected on Saturday, 9th inst., at a meeting of the governing powers held at the general office. The new organization will be known as the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railway Company, with a capital of \$1,500,000.

SAB ACCIDENT.—On Saturday, 9th inst., a singular shooting accident occurred near Blackfriars Bridge. A number of boys had made a cannon out of a piece of old piping, and this they loaded, having a large screw as the missile. By some means it exploded while one of the boys—a seven-year-old son of Mr. F. Church, janitor of the Customs House—was standing in front of it, and so to relieve he received the screw in the end of his leg. The wound is painful but not considered dangerous.

JUST WHAT YOU MIGHT EXPECT.

San Francisco News Letter.

About two weeks ago, as the overland train was passing Cheyenne, the attention of the passengers was attracted by the lamentation of a poor Irish emigrant, whose berth had been robbed during the night, and every penny of his scanty savings stolen, and whose family would, therefore, arrive beggars in a strange land. The charitable passengers at once began a subscription, which finally amounted to something over \$250. When the money had been handed to the sufferer, a pious, plausible-looking man, dressed in black and adorned with a white cravat, drew him aside at one of the stopping places, and said: "My poor man, I am truly sorry for you. Your sad case touches me deeply. I am myself well provided with this world's goods, however, and so will give you \$250 more. Here is a \$500 gold note. Give me the \$250 you have, and keep the rest. May heaven bless you."

The poor Irishman did as requested, with many blessings on the generous stranger, who insisted that his gift should not be made known. When the passengers reached this side of the bay the pious-looking philanthropist was nowhere to be found, he having evidently gotten off at Oakland, for reasons of his own.

The next morning the emigrant repaired to a bank to get his note changed. The teller picked up the bill and began narrowly examining it. "There—there is nothing wrong with the bill, is there?" gasped the poor fellow.

(Now the clever reader has seen all about what was going to happen. He has read lots of just such incidents as this. It is the old-story. Well—we'll see about that.)

"Nothing in the world is the matter with it," said the teller quietly, and he handed the man fifty cents. That ended it.

PRIZES.

The following are the prizes drawn at the prize-drawing of No. 7, in St. Mary's school-house, London, for the benefit of the poor: Ticket No. 617, 807, 926, 135, 1342, 408, 1197, 1408, 220; Prize drawn, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Ticket No. 1204, 491, 1292, 780, 635, 495, 68, 1207, 1104, 325; Prize drawn, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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

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

MARKET REPORT.

CORRECTED TO THE HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS.

London Markets.

Table with columns for various commodities like White Wheat, Flour, and Beans, with prices listed.

PRODUCE.

Table with columns for Eggs, Store Lots, Butter, and Cheese, with prices listed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Table with columns for Mutton, Bacon, and other miscellaneous goods, with prices listed.

SKINS AND HIDES.

Table with columns for Sheepskins, Calveskins, and other skins, with prices listed.

Liverpool Markets.

Table with columns for Flour, Sugar, and other goods, with prices listed.

Toronto Street Market.

Table with columns for various street market goods, with prices listed.

Bramford Market.

Table with columns for various market goods, with prices listed.



LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

PARIS AND AMERICAN FASHIONS. Mrs. J. J. Skelton, Edress. We note by the latest Paris fashions that moire, or watered-silk, which has been quite given up for years, has once more appeared, and is much used in the new winter costumes. Not, however, for the bodice of a dress, so much as for its accessories, such as waistscoats, facings, and pockets. Black moire thus employed is frequently embroidered with tiny stars, either in black or colored silk.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

ANTRIM. A meeting was held in Warrenpoint on Oct. 23rd, to organize a company to run a line of steamers between Westport and Liverpool. CLARE. A farmer named Patrick Bernard was killed on Oct. 19th, while passing Traugh Castle, the seat of Colonel O'Donnell, on his way to Limerick market with a load of corn. CORK. A party of burglars visited the house of the Very Rev. Dean O'Mahony, the respected parish priest of Mitchelstown, recently, and made off with his collar and stole £35. They got clear free. DUBLIN. On the average it rains in Ireland 220 days in the year. On the 4th of Oct., at the Convent of St. Andre, Tournai, Belgium, Henrietta Marie, only daughter of Mr. N. J. Anderson, late of Great Brunswick street, Dublin, in religion Madame Edelburg, made her religious profession. DOWN. On Oct. 19th, a small farmer named Owen Flanagan, residing near the town of Newry, died in the 104th year of his age. During his long life he enjoyed the best of health, and he only complained of illness a short time before his death. GALWAY. A man named Andrew Brennan, a laborer in Mr. Wade's Hill, in Galway, was killed on Oct. 21st. KING'S COUNTY. Rev. Michael Colgan, P. P., Rahian, died at his residence, on Oct. 22nd. LOUTH. On Oct. 19th Captain John Carpenter, Harbor Master of Drogheda, died of apoplexy. MEATH. On Oct. 20th the Rathkenny Catholic church was re-opened, having undergone some much needed improvements. WEXFORD. George Hornidge Porter, Esq., F. R. C. I. S., Surgeon, to Her Majesty in Ireland, 2 Merrion Square, North, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Wexford. The Wexford Union had a balance in its favor in the hands of its treasurer at the close of the financial year—29th September—of £318 5s 3d. It is the only Union in Ireland which can show a balance. Its treasurer, the National Bank, allowed £182 8s. 6d. interest. MAYO. Mr. Patrick J. Ansbry is a candidate for the office of Castlebar Town Commissioner, in room of his father-in-law, Mr. Edward MacMahon, who lately resigned. SLIGO. On Oct. 23rd, an inflammatory placard was posted against the wall of the recently erected residence of Charles Phibbs, Esq., J. P., Doobeg, near Bunninadden, threatening him with all sorts of vengeance if he attempted to increase the rents, &c., on the tenants on his property. TIPPERARY. On Oct. 19th, a respectable farmer named James Burke, residing near Carrick-on-Suir, died whilst at prayers. He was in full enjoyment of all his powers up to the moment of his demise. Mr. Burke, who was about sixty years of age, transacted business in Garrick up to a late hour on the previous evening. WESTMEATH. The annual election of a chairman for the Mullingar Town Commissioners took place on Oct. 23rd, in the Commissioners' Office, Mullingar. Mr. Edward Coffey proposed that the chairman for many years past, Dillon Kelly, Esq., M. D., J. P., be re-elected. The resolution was seconded by Mr. Wm. Farrell, and carried unanimously. On the night of Oct. 18th, John Donnellan, a herd in the employment of Major Upton, at Coolemore, was in bed when a party broke open his door, and when he made his appearance attacked him with pitchforks, and with these he was stabbed in different parts of the body. He was left insensible on the floor, and supposed to be dead. The inmates of the house being alarmed came upon the scene of the occurrence, and seeing the state that Donnellan was in immediately sent to Mount for Dr. Fry, who promptly attended; but the man died from the effects of his injuries on the following day. Donnellan's brother had married against his will, and died, leaving his goods to his widow. The will was made by a man named Dunigan, whom the deceased was subsequently instrumental in evicting from his farm, and the hatred engendered against Donnellan induced the police for several months to guard him. He was a widower and lived alone with a servant man. The servant was temporarily absent on the occasion of the murder, and on his return found his master stabbed twice through the body and once through the temple with a pitchfork.

Russian Government at Rome. The French, from which we translate, was itself made from the Polish translation of the original: To our Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

If the termination of the widowhood of the Church, by the grace of God, was a cause of joy to all the faithful, we are not surprised, venerable brother, that in your country, so celebrated for its faith, it was a cause of equal happiness. Therefore we accept with gratitude your sincere wishes as well as your assurances of love and veneration for the Vicar of Christ in our humble person. We accept them as a pledge of the perfect love which shall not cease to unite you to us, as it unites us at this moment. May our Apostolic Benediction, which we transmit to you with all our heart, venerable brother, to you and your whole diocese, as a messenger of Divine grace and as a testimony of our particular affection, may it increase this love and strengthen it more and more. Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 29th of July, 1878, the first of our Pontificates. LEO XIII., POPE.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

From the N. Y. Herald. What may yet prove to have been a cowardly and brutal murder, but which has thus far been called an accident, yesterday threw the city of Patterson, N. J., into a fever of excitement and for the nonce distracted attention from the all-absorbing topic of the elections. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon smoke was seen issuing from the second floor of the building in rear of No. 229 Marshall street. The floor is occupied by William Rafferty, a workman employed in the Passic Rolling Mill, who lives with his wife and daughter, the latter two years old. ARROUSED BY SMOKE. At the time the smoke was discovered Mrs. Rafferty and her child were alone in the apartments, and their piercing shrieks attracted the attention of James Murray who occupies the front building. Hurrying to their assistance he found the doors leading to the first floor locked, and returned for his keys. By this time a number of men had gathered in the yardland when the door was unlocked rushed to the floor above. John Cahill, who first entered Mrs. Rafferty's room, was stifled with the smoke, being restored to consciousness with no little difficulty. When the atmosphere had slightly cleared another man entered, and Mrs. Rafferty was carried into the street, allowing the wind to blow away the remaining smoke. A HORRIBLE SIGHT. When the air had become sufficiently clear a horrible sight met the gaze of the men who had gone to Mrs. Rafferty's relief. The poor woman lay on the floor in the agonies of death. Her clothing had been entirely destroyed, and her flesh, especially in the middle of the room, was burned to a crisp. In the middle of the room was a pool of blood, and everywhere were traces of a terrible struggle. The walls and ceilings of the room in which the dying woman was found and of the adjoining bedroom were smeared, as if an attempt had been made to escape in that way. Mrs. Rafferty was carried into the street, and the charred flesh actually dropping from her bones. Death came to her relief in a few moments. Her husband, who was summoned from a polling place in the neighborhood, was well high crazed by the catastrophe. THEORY OF THE CRIME. There seems to be little doubt that Mrs. Rafferty was the victim of a terrible outrage. The stove in the room where she was found was not sufficiently heated to have set fire to her clothing, and the bloody evidences of the death struggle in her apartments are proof that her taking off was not accidental. The theory that finds most favor with her neighbors and the townspeople generally is that she was mortally wounded by a desperado who sought to make her death doubly sure while at the same time concealing the traces of his bloody deed. What leads to this supposition is the fact that an ill-favored man, apparently a tramp, was seen to leave the house in which the tragedy occurred shortly before the arrival of relief. Instead of leaving by way of the front yard the unknown man made his escape across the vacant lots bordering on Main street. The police are actively investigating the mystery, and strenuous efforts will be made to capture the fellow whose suspicious actions attracted the attention of those who saw him on his way from the scene. The little girl, who was left in the room with her mother when Mr. Rafferty went out in the morning, was found sleeping in the bedroom, the bedclothes covering her face so closely as to have prevented her being awakened by the noise of the struggle or the clank of snuff that filled the apartments. The afflicted husband is wholly in the dark as to the motive of the crime—for that a terrible crime has been committed there is little ground for doubt. Up to a late hour last night no further clue had been obtained as to the identity or motive of the guilty party. An inquest will be held to-day.

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CATHOLICITY IN POLAND.

HER PRESENTS ALLOWED TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE POPE—A SIGNIFICANT ACT.

The newspapers of Cracow have published a correspondence which has taken place recently between Mgr. Popiel, Bishop of Cracow-Katitsch, and the Holy Father. The fact of this correspondence is extraordinary, for it is the first time since 1831 that the Government, so bitterly opposed to anything Catholic, has permitted a Polish bishop to write to the Sovereign Pontiff. It is even more than probable that the Government encouraged the matter, and what is still more astonishing, the publication of this correspondence, which is a condemnation of the policy Russia has pursued, even up to the present day, was sanctioned and authorized. The letter of Mgr. Popiel is as follows: HOLY FATHER.—It is with most lively joy, Most Holy Father, that we have heard of your election to the See of the Vicar of Christ and the supreme head of the Church. The joy which fills our heart is shared by all the bishops and the faithful of the Catholic Church, for all rejoice equally that, after the death of the great Pius IX., of imperishable memory, it is you Most Holy Father, whom Divine Providence has elevated to a dignity the most exalted in this world. In this our faith renewed vigor, visibly testifying that God protects and directs the Church in the midst of the greatest dangers, and our hearts have reason to hope that under your Pontificate, Most Holy Father, the faith shall triumph over all dangers, and shall establish peace of conscience so necessary for the whole world. May that time arrive very quickly. This is what we wish from the bottom of our heart Most Holy Father, together with our clergy and people, all sincerely attached to the Holy Apostolic See. And in wishing your Holiness length of years, we cast ourselves at the feet of your Holiness and kiss them with the most profound veneration, and we ask that you grant us, to our clergy, and the people committed to our care, the Apostolic Benediction. The reply of the Holy Father was transmitted through M. Salvini, the agent of the

INDIAN GRATITUDE.

AN INCIDENT RECALLING THE MINNESOTA MASSACRE OF 1862.

From the Wichita (Kas.) Eagle. There resides in Wichita a widow lady by the name of Mrs. A. H. Gibson. She is of slight stature and very quiet and retiring, and with her daughter carries on the profession of milliner and mantua maker in the store of Huse & Charlton. During the late visit of the Indians to our Fair, and as the sons of the forest were in single file passing along the street, a Cheyenne brave suddenly broke ranks, and, running into the above establishment, put his arms about Mrs. Gibson, patted her with his hand, and in broken English gave expression to great joy and satisfaction. All the ladies in the store were, of course, nearly frightened out of their wits, while the blanched savage kept repeating, "Good squaw!" "Heap good squaw!" The sequel is not interesting. Previous to the great Indian massacre in 1862, Mrs. Gibson, then Mrs. Southworth, lived in a small town on the frontier. One day a squaw came to her house and made her understand that she wanted soup, after obtaining which, carried it away in a vessel to the woods. For several days she came regularly on the same errand. A few days before the bloody massacre, in which so many men, women and children were ruthlessly butchered, two of the squaws came to her house to get soup, which she did, and that no harm could befall her. Of course she could only submit, and as she was being carted to her destination during the next day saw the burning homes, fleeing settlers and scenes that will never be effaced from her memory. From the squaws she had learned that the soup she had daily made was for a sick chief, Monaway, who resided in a small town, and had determined to save her and hers. When she returned to her home the following spring, after several months' absence, she found everything just as she had left it. Not a cow or even a chicken was missing, but everything had been cared for, fed and protected during the long winter by some Indians who had been detailed for that purpose, and who had immediately relinquished everything to her peaceful possession. Our hero was one of the party, and in spite of the time intervening immediately recognizing her, and expressed his satisfaction as related.

THE EARLY RISING DELUSION.

For farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight or nine o'clock, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up all ten or eleven o'clock, and then rises at five or six because of the teachings of some old ditty about "early rising," is committing a sin against his own soul. There is not one man in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours sleep. All the stuff written about great men who slept only three or four hours a night is apocryphal. They have been put upon such small allowances occasionally and prospered; but no man ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. If you can get to bed early, then rise early; if you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be proper for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. Let the rousing bell be rung by at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulses. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. It is barbarous to expect children to land on the centre of the floor at the call of their nurses, the thermometer below zero. Give us time as you call us to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

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RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

The New York Express has an article upon railway conductors, which shows up in an interesting manner that the popular idea is ill-founded which considers that the occupation of railway conductors is one of those that men who depend upon the labor of their hands for support, are apt to look to as particularly desirable; a life filled with pleasing incidents, enviable authority, and opportunity for constant enjoyment.

Having taken charge of a train on the point of starting from a terminus, the conductor is supreme in authority upon and over it until it reaches its destination. It is true that the engineer has certain responsibilities of his own, among which is included the matter of "making time," or arriving and leaving intermediate stations in accordance with a fixed schedule, and running the train into the last station at a precise minute previously fixed; but in controlling his movements to meet the requirement he is subject to the action of the conductor, who may seriously interfere with or without just cause, with the engineer's performances. This will be noticed further on. When the conductor gives the signal for starting the train, then and there only must it be put in motion, and if he chooses to stop it in two seconds afterwards, or the lapse of half a minute, or anywhere between stations, neither engineers nor others have the right to thwart his will. He is supposed to know, and unless somebody other than himself has blundered, he does know all important circumstances connected with his running. If excursion trains are out he knows where to look for or pass them; he knows if any engine is "running wild" so as to cross his path; he understands all the points where he may expect, where he ought, in fact, to meet regular trains, and he knows when and where he has a right to the road over which he travels, and under what circumstances to grant it to other trains. He knows just how long he may stop at a station without losing time, and he has a ready sense of all the endless disputes which may arise either with train or road hands, or passengers, and how to settle them. There are many other things he takes into account which his passengers never dream of, and which his associates on the train feel little or no responsibility about, although they are alert in such affairs as a matter of self-interest. He must tell by his sense of hearing whether all is right, or rather, if anything is wrong, among the wheels or mechanism of the train on which he rides. When he passes over a bad place on the road he knows pretty nearly what makes it bad, and whether it has grown worse since he last passed it, and whether he should give additional warning concerning it at headquarters. Moreover he knows—and this he must not only know, but must not forget—how to be a gentleman, even under the most trying circumstances.

Few people feel as do the conductor and engineer the importance of making time with a train, although most people are ready enough to notice any omission to do this. Supposing a half-minute to be lost at a station, and there are fourteen intermediate stations between termini, it is clear that about seven minutes would be lost in the trip, from this cause alone, supposing only the normal trip rate of speed run by the train. The conductor and engineer ought to be, and generally are, upon pretty good terms, and if time is thus lost the engineer will make it up between stations somewhere, unless, indeed, he has reasons for not doing, which would be likely in some way to be connected with the conductor. Under ordinary circumstances the conductor would not, however, lose a half-minute, or any time at all, at intermediate stations. On some trips, say those on Saturday evening, when people are going home for Sunday, or any special occasions, such as will readily present themselves to the reader, stoppage at stations must be prolonged to accommodate unusual travel, but your really energetic conductor, who knows his business and has a reputation for making time, has a sort of magnetism and persuasive way with him which make people step about lively, and jump off and on the train in a manner business-like, which is not at all dangerous. It is the slow, sluggish conductor who never leaves exactly on time, that is perpetually leaving passengers. Promptness in word and action on the part of a conductor will always insure prompt movement all along the line where he is known.

There are few cases wherein a passenger is warranted in pulling the cord which runs through the whole length of a passenger train, since such proceeding stops the train as speedily as possible, and if the practice should become general, or was of frequent occurrence, great confusion would result. As a rule, this bell-cord is entirely under the control of the conductor, and should be used only by him or with his sanction. To be sure, if one saw a person fall from a platform, or found the car to be on fire, or was cognizant of some circumstance of equal importance, pulling the rope would be justifiable, and ensure would not be likely to follow where reasonable persons were interested. But the action may not be unaccompanied by extreme peril, and that without the help of the person stopping the train, as the following will illustrate: On the Old Colony Road, during the time when the steamboat express train left Boston for Fall River at 5.30 p.m., a train bound for Plymouth, from Boston, rolled into the depot at South Braintree about 5 o'clock, on time and all right. Due about the same time, but on this occasion a few minutes later, the train from Cape Cod, bound for Boston, rolled in on the other side of the same depot. The two trains usually waited for an interchange of mails and passengers, the operation being performed in a very short time. It was Saturday night, and, as has been said, the Cape was just a little late. The steamboat express was within a minute or two of being due, but always there on time. The Plymouth train stood upon the roadway over which the express would have to pass, and the latter made no stop, nor even slackened speed. Immediately after leaving the depot the Plymouth train would branch off to the left and take another track, leaving all clear for the express to go down the same road over which the Cape train had just come. The conductor of the Plymouth train gave the signal to his engineer when he knew he ought no longer stand there, although he had ample time to get his train clear off in season. The train was eleven cars, or something over 500 feet long. It started and had cleared half its length upon its own track when bell-cord was jerked, and the train was stopped as speedily as possible. Fully one-half the cars were now directly in the track of the coming express, which would not be able to see them until it was upon them, and the express was due in a few seconds. The conductor had not pulled the cord; he did not know who had. He was fully impressed with the importance of the situation, but what should he do? For all he knew, in the darkness, half a dozen women or children were under the wheels of his train, or some of his cars were off the track, and he called aloud to know who had stopped his train. "I did," replied a gentlemanly season ticket-holder, who stood upon a car platform. "What is the matter?" The lives of all on board the two trains had been put in peril that a negro girl who had arrived on the Cape and wished to take the Plymouth might be gratified. She had become bewildered in the darkness, and was wandering around in that way when the train started. In a second of time the train was again in motion, cleared the track, the headlight of the express appeared rounding the curve, and it rushed past into the darkness, its passengers all unconscious of the danger which had been so near them.

A PROMOTION.

A boot-black, seeming ready to burst into tears every moment, was yesterday seated in the sun at the post-office, and a good-hearted lawyer chucked him under the chin and asked if his regular fall season for chills had arrived. "I kinder feel like having chills, and I kinder feel sad in my thought," was the reply. "Any of the folks sick?" "Not as I know of." "Perhaps the sight of falling leaves and other evidences of the dying year affect you," observed the lawyer. "Mebbe they does, and mebbe it's cause I lent a boy ten cents Saturday night." "But won't he pay it back?" "I dunno. He went out hunting Sunday, and I've got a feelin' that he went to shoot at a crow, and the crow flew, and the gun went off, and the muzzler kicked around, and the breech flew up, and all the shot hit Dick in the stumix. If he got shot and taking on, that no one will think to ask me if he owed me ten cents." "Will this relieve your mind?" asked the lawyer as he passed over a dime. "Well, not quite, sir, but it'll sort o' reconcile me to takin' mere chances on Dick's hittin' the crow instead of himself!"

STARTING A BOY.

Detroit Free Press. A lonesome-looking boy was yesterday hanging around a wood-yard in the northern part of the city, when the owner of the yard, having both charity and philanthropy for boys with tears in their eyes, asked the lad why he didn't peddle apples or do something to earn a few shillings. The boy replied that he had no capital, and the wood-yard man took out a nickel and said:

"Now, my boy, I am going to start you in life. Take this nickel and go and make a purchase of something or other. I'll buy it of you for ten cents, no matter what it is. Come, now, let's see what sort of a business lead you have on you."

The boy took the nickel and went off, but in ten minutes was back with a gallon jug which he had purchased with the nickel. "Well, you are a keener," replied the man. "I never saw one of those sold for less than fifteen cents to any one. I want such a jug, and here's its fair price. Go now and lay out your fifteen cents in apples, and I'll buy half your stock."

The boy did not return. Perhaps he fell in on a sewer somewhere; but you can't make the wood-yard man believe so. When he lifted the jug from under the table where the boy had carefully placed it he found a hole in the bottom large enough to let in a black and tan terrier.

SHE SAW

A tacky sort of a boy stood in front of a house on Sprout street yesterday for a full quarter of an hour, gently rubbing his sore heel against the fence-pickets and thinking deeply, but there was a well-counterited look of alarm on his face as his vigorous pull at the bell got the woman of the house to the door. "What is it?" she asked, as he looked this way, and that, and danced around. "Put down yer winders—bolt yer doors—yard all full of lions!" he replied as he skipped for the gate.

She uttered a little scream and disappeared, and for half an hour that house was as tightly closed as a post-office box on the upper tier. Then the woman cautiously put her head out, gazed around, grew bolder and finally appeared in the front yard. She looked about her, her chin trembling a little, but by degrees a peculiar look stole over her face. "Yes—um—I see!" she snipped as she turned to go in. "The boy saw these tiger lilies and played a game on me. Um—I see!" She never thought of dandelions.—Detroit Free Press.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND.

The general report for 1870 of Dr. Middleton, H. M. I., concerning the "Lower Ward of Lanarkshire and five adjoining parishes," is very interesting to Catholics. Dr. Middleton states that our body has put forth great exertions during the past seven years, and he gives evidence thereof. The number of schools built since August, 1870, is 18, and they provide accommodation for 9874 pupils, at a total cost of £70,735. There are four other schools in contemplation, entailing an expense of £14,400. The teacher-stalls comprise 64 certificated teachers, and 31 non-certificated. Well might the Inspector say:—"The magnitude of these figures attests the educational zeal and liberality of the Roman Catholics. The money they expend in school building may fairly be considered money? to the ratepayers." As regards the furnishing and general appliances, the testimony is most favorable. Then Dr. Middleton touches upon a fallacy frequently expressed—that in Catholic schools religion is everything and secular education of small account. He attributes this delusion to ignorance, and points out that the managers, while taking care of the child's religion, are deeply impressed with the importance of sending him forth, with secular equipment sound enough to give him a fair chance in the competition with others. In plain terms, there is exactly the same secular instruction given in Catholic schools as in non-Catholic schools—which Catholics already know and prove, but which it is as well all the world should know, from so impartial and so undeniable an authority. When the Inspector comes round he subjects all—pupils and pupil-teachers—to the same tests of efficiency; and Dr. Middleton advises those who wish to know what Catholic schools can earn in the way of annual grants to consult the Blue Book.

A man who had been fishing, and came home without any spoils of the finny tribe, told his wife that he had seen but one fish, and that was pike, which looked at his bait and seemed weighing the chances between catching it and being caught himself. The wife responded:—"And of course he was able to weigh the matter correctly, because he had so many scales." "That finishes me," exclaimed the man, as he dropped into a chair.

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