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EDITORIAL NOTES.

A SORROWFUL Christmas tide will the present one be for poor old Ireland. Once sgain, as the sunshine of freedom was about to break over her and about her in splendor, her hopes appear blasted by the miscenduct of one of her own We say appear blasted, and, in deed, appearances are dark enough and heart breaking enough for those whose hopes were high and whose love for Ire land was second only to their love of Gcd. But a firm hope, notwithstanding, should take possession of every heart. The darkest hour is the hour before the dawn. In the hands of Gladstone and the Erglish Liberals Ireland's cause will surely not be given up because the Irish leader faltered and fell on the way to victory. We hope and pray, and we know our readers will join with us, that before Ireland's national day comes around, the blessed spirit of unity will they will raily around McCarthy and his followers, and once again present an unbroken front in England's House of Com-

A TORONTO paper, the leading Orange organ, expresses much annoyance because a Mr. Patrick Divver has been made one of the police justices of New York. The principal objection of our contemporary to the appointment, we fancy, is to be found in the fact that Mr. Divver's name is Patrick, and that he is a Catholic adds additional scandal to the transaction. A further evidence of disqualification is given because Mr. Divver is engaged in the l'quor traffic, and the paragrapher attempts to be funny in the midst of his sarcasm, for he adds : "To the first lawyer who attempts to bother him when he takes his seat on the beach he may be expected to say, as an Ohio gentleman once did under similar circumstances: "Never mind, sir, the court knows how to discharge his judicial ermine in this case."

It is undeniable that many strange specimens of police justices are to be found in the United States, but Cana. dians should not be too ready to call our neighbors to account for their short. comings in this regard. We have presently in mind the saying of an Orange justice in one of Ontario's townships. He always took pride in the fact that he did not owe his appointment to either Conservatives or Reformers, as he received his commission from the "Collision" (Coalition) government. On another occasion he became very angry with a prisoner because he did not instantly incover his head when he was brought into the little parlor known as the court, and he exclaimed in thundering tones : "Do you not know better, sir, than to keep your hat on in the presen and God."

that the Holy Father is dangerously ill. Later reports say that the statement was grossly exaggerated. His Holiness was suffering from a slight cold, but he was able to give an audience to the Cardi. nals on the 16th inst., just when the despatches were representing him as being in a most critical condition. It is the custom with the newspaper correspondents at Rome to misrepresent from time to time the condition of the Pope's health, that is to say, whenever the Government officials think it advisable to create an agitation in ecclesiatical circles. It was so during the life of Pius IX, and the same course has been followed regarding Pope Leo XIII.

MR. WALSH, Mayor of Wexford, is once more incorcerated for publishing reports of the proceedings of branches of the National League. This is the third time he has been imprisoned for the same "crime." It is no wonder that a constant correspondent of the Mail describes crime as rampant in Ireland when such acts are made crimes by alien law; but when it comes to crimes of the Jack the Ripper species, England decidedly carries off the palm. Mr. Walsh would have escaped imprisonment if he had consented to give bail not to repeat his offence, but he refused to do so.

PROFESSOR SKINNER, who occupies the Hebrow chair in the Presbyterian College Landon, England, in treating the subof Higher Criticism, recently gave utterance to views which show that he is tainted with the Rationallem which is so universal among German Protestants. As a consequence of this many strict Presbyterians who formerly aided in sustaining the college are now refusing to contribute. The Presbyterians have been unfortunate of late in having Rationalisite | peared in Orispi's orgen, the Biforms.

Professors in their Church Colleges both in Ergland and in Scotland. Rationalistic views are evidently very prevalent among the teachers who are training the rising generation for the ministry, and it may reasonably be expected that the coming generation of ministers will have very little faith in the Westminster Confession or in any other form of Christianity. Professor Skinner declares that Moses is not the author of the Pentaterch, which he maintains was not written until lorg after Moses' time.

THE Protestants of Brighton, Ont., presented to the Rev. Father Davlin, of the Order of Jesuits, an appreciative and highly laudatory address, expressing the edification and instruction they derived from his sermons delivered recently during a retreat which he conducted in that town. We are pleased to notice this evidence of the good feeling which exists between the Catholics and Protestants of the locality, and our gratification is all the greater because Father Davlin is a Jesuit, a member of that illus trious order which has been recently so much abused by such men as Drs. Wild. again take possession of the people, that Carman, McVicar and others. It is a proof that the calumnies of these socalled ministers of the gospel of peace have very little weight with the Protestant public. There is too much good sense among the Protestant laity to permit them to accept as truth the assertions of such ministerial bigots, and the denunciations of the latter against Jesuits are believed only by the most rabid and unreasoning of their own co religionists. Nevertheless we expect these foolish distribes to be repeated by the press and in the pulpit as the time approaches when the Equal Righters will hold their next convention in 1891

> GERMAN despatches state that Herr Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party in the Reichstag of Germany, is very seriously ill. We are forry to learn of this, and we trust that the elequent and able champ'on of Catholic rights may soon recover his strength. To Herr Wind. thorst in a very great measure are due the strong influences which Catholics now exert in the counsels of the German Em. pire, and the repeal of many of those penal enactments which were issued under Bismarck's regime. The Catholics of Germany would suffer serious loss if their fearless leader were taken from them at

DURING the Catholic Congress at Coblentz, while Herr Windthorst was in the midst of his famous and eloquent speech, the Angelus bell rang, and in the presence of the thousands who formed his audience he paused to recite that beautiful prayer. This is an example of a profession of faith made without fear of adverse comment, and Catholics should be proud to imitate in this one of the most respected and intellectual of living men.

WHILE the Mail has delighted in open ing its columns to anonymous writers who endeavor to cast odium on the A NEW report was cabled last week name of the late Cardinal Newman, it is pleasing to notice that His Eminence as a scholar, his acknowledged nobleless of character and his kindness of heart won for him the admiration and affection of Protestants in England as well as Catho lics who knew him intimately. It can not be supposed that his Protestant friends were pleased that he became a Catholic, but they knew that he took this step through honest conviction, and they did not admire him any the less for the straightforward conduct which caused him to make sacrifice of his earthly interests on the altar of truth. Hence, we find that among those who are interesting themselves in the erec. tion of a worthy memorial to the deceased Cardinal and the names of the Dean of Durham and Sir Frederic Leighton, both of whom have become members of the Memorial Fund Com-

> of Italy published a letter addressed to members of the order, in reference to the course they should pursue in the general elections. He says "it is the duty of Freemasons to fight without any truce against clericalism, and this is the only arty hate which may be regarded as holy." It needed not this document to convince good Catholics that the associaation is rightly condemned by the Church. It may be true that Freemasonry in this country does not aim so pertinaciously at this ever present object of the order in Europe, but from the fact that the societies are one, and mutually support each other, the order here is responsible for the official acts of the supreme author itles in Europe. No Catholic can be a member of the order anywhere, just because # is condemned by the Church. It is suggestive that the Masonic letter ap-

THE Grand Master of the Freemasons

THE IRISH TROUBLES.

members of the two factions. As Mr. Davitt began his speech a waggenette, in which were Mr. W. R. dmord, M. P., and other Parnellites, was driven through the lower part of the square, followed by a cheering crowd. Mr. Redmord began speaking simultaneously with Mr. Davitt. The advent of another party, headed by Dr. Tanner and several priests, driving beiskly through the crowd, put a temporary stop to the speeches at both meetings. The new comers ranged themselves alongside the car occupied by Mr. Davitt. Amid a chorus of mingled by Mr. Davitt. Amid a chorus of mirgled cheers and exerciations Mr. Scully took up the speaking, and was expressing his views when great shouting announced the arrival of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Harrison, and a number of supporters on horseback and in cars. Mr. Parnell's appearance beside Redmond was the signal for cheers and yells. Amid the din Mr. Parnell and yells. Amid the oil Mr. Farcell spoke to the group around him as follows: "I come to insult no man. I come to speak of the great National crisis. I will not enter into a personal contest or squabble with any men. I regret that Mr. Davitt is not at my side to fight for Ireland with me as strongly as here-tofore. I will speak only about Hennessy, the man who went to Parliament in 1:61 as a Tory supporter of Disraeli and who now wants to go as a Liberal supporter of Gladstone. In 1861 Hensupporter of Gladstone. In 1861 Hen nessy defended in the House of Comthe evictions proceeding through-ing's County. Will Kilkenny take out King's County. Will Kilkenny take a man who defended the extermination of these people? Disraeli gave him s

place and a pension."

THED OF THE LUNATICS

The din here increasing, Mr. Parnell paused, and, pointing towards the opposition meeting, said: "Let's get away from these lunatics. I can't hear my own voice." Mr. Harrington shouted, "Don't let us leave the field to them now." Several men now made a strong effort to drag the weggenette into the midst of the anti-Parpellites, but were dissuaded from their purpose and stopped, Mr. Davitt, who was speaking, and Dr. Tanner, also appealing to those who rallied to their flig. Mr. Parnell resuming, called Sir John Pope Hennessy "this rat Hennessy," and made an impassioned appeal for support.

A SUDDEN CONFLICT arose on the verge of the crowds. A rush was made towards Mr. Davitt's car and a general melee ensued. Forests of ash. plant and blackthorn sticks arose and de-cended in the air where the dividing lines cented in the air where the dividing lines of the opposing factions met. Mr. Davitt leaped from his car, wielding a thick hazel stick, and fought his way, foot by foot, straight toward to Mr. Parnell's waggon, giving and receiving numerous blows He finally reached the waggon hatless and with his face badly marked and with a few of his men with him, who also bore traces of the savge paye they had re few of his men with him, who siso dore traces of the severe using they had re-ceived. Standing on the steps of Mr. Parnell's waggon, Mr. Davitt uttered a breathless and indistinct defiance.

MR DAVITT INDIGNANT. and wildly excited factions, and with an exchange of a shower of blows, Mr. Davitt Kilkenny ! I came here in defence of the public meeting and liberty of Our opponents sent their blackspeech. Our opponents sent their black-guards to interrupt the proceedings, but we have beaten them back. I was never struck by an Englishman, but to day was imes struck by my own country-These remarks were greeted with tumultuous cheers, after which the crowd dispersed. Mr. Parnell and his friends drove to Castlecomer, Messrs. Davitt and Tanner following in their wake.

ANOTHER CHALLENGE DECLINED.
At Castlecomer to-day Davitt and Tanner addressed an open-air assemblage, dilating upon the incidents at Ballinakil and asserting that Parnell brought a hired mob there to attack them. Just then the carriages containing the Parnellites passed owd. which hooted and pelted then with mud and stones. William Redmond Davitt sent him a message say that it Parnell would agree to stand beside him and deliver a speech Davitt would reply to it and would guarantee Parnell a quiet hearing. Redmond bore the message to Parnell, who replied: "I am not in a position to treat. I am only in a position

SPARROW" AND "JACKDAW" men who had stood by his side many a long day, but he was not going to ask permission to speak from a cock sparrow like Tanner or a jackdaw like Davitt.
While other Parnellites were addressing
the crowd a number of Mr. Davitt's followers got together and began hooting at the speakers. The Parnellites closed around the vehicle from which their orators were addressing the people, and the police appeared and tried to divide the factions. The meeting ended in a scene of wild confusion, and Mr. Parnell and his friends drove off amid shower

MR PARNELL STRUCK IN THE FACE. Frequent attempts to assail the members of the party were made and severa bags filled with hime were thrown at Mi Parnell. Mr. Harrington's shoulders were covered with lime and a mess of lime struck Mr. Parnell full in the face completely blinding him. This infuri-ated Mr. Parnell's friends, Mr. Harring-

ton salvencing toward Father Downey, the populace on the question of Patnell's each, namely Mess s. J. T. Brunner and DIEGRACEFUL SCENES IN CONNEC-TION WITH THE KILKENNY who was at the head of Mr. Parneil's opponents, and shouting "Coward, vou are a disgrace to your Church!" The TION WITH THE KILKENNY

ELECTION.

Dublin, Dec. 16 — Mr. Davitt, ac
comparied by Father O'Halloran, was the
first of prominent speakers to arrive at
their seats and finally got away on the
road. Mr. Parnell's
road. Mr. Parnell suffared intense police again interfered and Mr. Parnell's party, who had left their cars sgain, took the meeting to-day at Bailinakti, and he agony and had to leave his carriege twice took his stand in the higher vari of the equare near the church. Caeers and counter cheers and partisan shouts were bundled in by the seembled members of the two factions. As Mr. Dantt hears his nearly a recognition of the two factions. blunt point of a lead pencil and by pouring oil in Mr. Parnell's eyes. Per-manent injury to his eyes is not feared. Dublin, Dec. 17—The Times' Kil-kenny despatch says: Davite's onslaught was so sudden that Parnell and his companions watched with bated breath the progress of his dark figure in an Astrachan coat as he hewed his way along to where the fight was thickest, When Davitt had made half the distance his bat was battered and shapeless. He received many heavy blows on the face, the left side of which was especially badly marked. The handful of men with him, who had forced their way from end to end of the square, all bore traces of severe usage. They had driven before them a force of fighters who dis puted every inch of the ground, and dealt out blows with lightning swiftness and effect. Davitt presenting himself and breathing defiance, with gleaming eyes and haggard look, then pushing back through the maddened crowd, and the shrill cries of his partisans and the execrations of his opponents was a note worthy episode of the fray.

A CHANGED PARNELL. The Daily News correspondent at Kil-kenny contrasts the Parnell of to day with the Parnell of a year ago. He says: When Parnell was deromeing Tanner and Davitt his white teeth cleamed, and his words issued barshly and tero ciously. It was not the refined voice of Parliament, but the hard cruel voice of one hungering for vengesnce. He patted Harrington on the shoulder in approval of the latter's denunciations of Sir John Pope Hennessy. How me mingless the gesture seemed to be! Parnell's face was thinner than I ever before saw it. The lustre of his eyes was gone, and they seemed dezed. He smoked many cigarettes. His gesticulations and his familiarities with his followers were utterly different from anything I ever saw in his demeanor before.

A RAP AT BALFOUR.

The News says editorially: "It is evident Mr. Balfour ordered the police not to arrest Mr. Harrison. Should Dillon or O Brien be arrested it will reduce to an utter absurdity and a revolting fiction the theory that the law is impartially administered in Ireland." News trust Mr. Dillon will use his toffuence to prevent a repetition of the criminal folis of the lime-throwing incident. The beway, the paper continues, to destroy who PAID PARNELL'S ELECTION EXPENSES
Mr. Labouchere, in a speech at Stratford
to day, declared the London Tortes paid
Mr. Parnell's election expenses in 1880
He asserted he could bring forward abun

dant proof of this. NEW NATIONALIST PAPERS

Dublin, Dec. 17.—A new paper appeared here to day under the title of the nsuppressible.

The prospectus of the Irish National Press was also issued. It states that the object of the publishers is to issue a new Dablin daily paper that will represent the national interests, which, it says, are justicely in the publishers is to issue a new Dablin daily paper that will represent the national interests, which, it says, are justicely in the property of the prop Then, turning, he pushed his way back pardized by the want of an organ giving to his own car surrounded by his faithful independent expression to the political supporters and amid the continuous yells conviction of the I dah people. The can't tal of the paper is divided into 12 000 shares of £5 each, and the directors are: Mesers. Wm. O'Brien, chairman and chief editor; Justin McCarthy, and Messrs. Sexton, Murphy, Timothy Healy, Dickson

and Barry.

MR M'CARTHY AT CORK.

Cork, Dec 17.—The city and county convention assembled to-day. The hall was crowded with delegates and spectators.

The name of Parnell was greeted with The name of Parnell was greeted with cheers by the delegates. But the crowd groaned. A number of policemen guarded the entrances. The High Sheriff of Cork presided. The chairman read a telegram from Patrick Egan giving instructions for the transfer of his shares in United Ireland to Mr. McCarthy. Mr. McCarthy, in an address, declared if the Irish party wanted on the other or searching for what they had authority or sanction for what they had dove the magnificent gathering there assembled gave it to them. After such a meeting they would be entitled to speak in the name of the Irish people, and they

would have a still better right so to speak
after the election in Kilkenny.
Many priests and prominent citizens
were present Risolutions were passed
expressing approval of Mr. McCarthy's
course and Patrick Egan's action in telegraphing instructions for the transfer of his United Ireland shares to Mr. McCarthy. Mr. S xton declared that Mr. O'Brien heart and that Mr. Parnell would be eatle. fied with nothing short of the most

abject submission. MR DAVITT'S VERDICT. London, Dec. 18-The Labor World, Mr. Davit's paper, in an article on; the frish situation, says: Every hope founded upon Mr. Parnell's supposed honor, patriotiem and political honesty has been dashed to the ground. He has more than justified all that his worst foes have ever said about him. His tactics in Ireland are the crowning disgrace of his career. False to his friends, false to his country, he stands revealed as the most unscrupulous tyrant that ever rode roughshod over the hopes of a ration. Let the end be what it may, Parnell will be forever more impossible as the leader of a

PARNELL'S HOLD WEAKENING. New York, Dec. 18 -The Times' correspondent at Kilkenny says a long tour through the districts of the Kilkenny division yesterday went to strengthen the im-pression as to the growing sentiment of

retestion of the leanership. Every day weakens his hold on the people. This is for the simplest of all reasons—that each day the populace is gaining a knowledge of the vital nature of the matter at issue.

A CONFERENCE OF PRIESTS
Dublin, Dec. 18.—A conference of
priests at Castlebar to-day passed a resolu
tion condemning Parueli and denouncing
the Freeman's Journal

DILLON AND CARDINAL GIBBONS. Baltimore, Dec 18 - John Dillor, the Irish envoy, called on Cardinal Gi bons to-day and had a conversation with the Cardinal lasting half an hour. It turned entirely upon the expressions by Mr. Dillon of his great sorrow because of the domestic disturbances of Ireland, of how much could be done for the country if the people could be kept united, and of his anxiety about the future in the presence of exciting quarrels. Cardinal Gibbons was in full sympathy with Mr. Dillon in all of his ex pressions. He too deeply grieves over the ituation, and thinks no one can forecast the future if there is not a guick cessation of strife. The Cardinal speaks very highly of Mr. Dillon, who is so slucere that it can be told on every line of his countenance and in every word of his conversa

FLOUR, NOT LIME DUST. Lunkon, Dec. 18.—The correspondent of the Daily News at Kilkenny asserts that only been of flour were thrown at Parnell and his companions at Casclecomer and that Parnell's eye was injured by a stone which must have contained lime. PARNELL'S SELFISHNESS.

Cork, Dec. 18.—At the city and county convention yesterday Mr. McCarthy said he remembered that in one important inmeeting, told the members of his party meeting, told the members of his party that if the majority opposed he should not feel justified in retaining the chair. But of late years, said Mr. McCarthy, by steps so gradual as to be hardly perceptible, Parnell's authority has been sweeping and spreading over all the action of the party. Recent revelations, showing that important Recent revelations, showing that important facts had been kept secret for a whole year, led them to feel the danger of a want of implicit confidence between the leader and the party. They were now entitled to speak in the name of the Irish people and they would stand firm at their posts. They would welcome help from every English party generous and brave enough to assist them, but the very essence of their life was that the Irish party shall never be absorbed in-to or attach itself to any English party whatever. No matter what gratitude whatever. No mater what greated they might justly feel towards any great English man or English party, they would never place their independence at the dictation of any authority but that of

the Irish people.

Mr. Sexton said if Parnell was Premier of Eugland, and any man dared to oppose him, that man would find him little different from Balfour.

THE STRENGTH OF PARTIES
Of the seats occupied by Nationalists, fifty are against Mr. Parnell, thirty two have declared for him, and three of the members for which are absent from the country have not as vet made known their sentiments. These, with the

same motive. Speaking on this subject at the adjourned meeting of the Irish party when Mr. Parnell's deposition from the leadership was proposed, Dr. Tanner said to Mr. Parnell: "Issy with the profoundst respect and regret that on last Toes day, when you were re-elected as our leader during the present session, had I no been misled by reports that apparently came from an authoritative source that you were going to resign the chair after being voted to it as a mark of our respect —had I not believed you would have with drawn after the vote of confidence was drawn after the vote of contracted passed in you, for all your past cervices, I should have felt it my duty to have voted against you as leader of the party voted against you as leader of the party was leader of the party and the party of during the present session. I wish it to be particularly understood that I voted for your continued leadership hoping that you would not have continued, but would have accepted the position of affairs. I regret to have to say now—and it is one of the most painful duties of my life to say it—that I must unhesitatingly and unflinchingly vote against your continued leadership, and may God protect the right.

The London Rvening Telegraph is records of the war office show that of the "gallant six hundred," whose fatal but "gallant six hundred," whose fatal but glorious charge at Baiaklava was one of the most glorious feats recorded in British history, 428 were natives of Ire land and sons of Irish parents. It is not stated how many of the remaining 172 of other than Irish birth were sons of Irish.

men. The fine of £20 imposed upon Rev. David Humphreys, of Cashel, by the resident magistrates of Tipperary was paid by his fellow-priests; and, as a protest against the unjust sentence, the members of the Sacred Heart Society of Tipperary presented him with £50, with which he intends to found a library for

the society.

Among the English contributions made to the fund for Irish evicted tenants £3,275 were given by nine persons.

Two of these contributors gave £1000

me out and Dure. Friend always to

Iranc Holden, members of Parlian THE KILKENNY ELECTION.

As we go to press advices from K4-kenny state that Hennesy, the auti-Parnellite candidate, is undoubtedly elected by a large majority.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

ST PETER'S CATHEDRAL

On last Sanday the congregation of St. Peter's Cathedral had the pleasure of listening to a very able and most instruclistening to a very able and most instruc-tive sermon delivered by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor. After reading the gospel of the day, he madespecial reference to the devotion of the F rty Hours, which was to be commenced immediately after Mass. After explaining in a very clear and lucid manner its mesning, he dwelt for some time on the great truth of our Holy faith, that Christ was really and substantially present on the altar, and hence it was most fitting that Catholics should does it. to possess the privilege of being afforded an opportunity to spend some time in the church in adoration of our blessed Redeemer. In the course of ridly affairs, he said, it is the custom for friends to visit friends when passing by their dwelling places. How fitting then is it that in passing by the church of God we should make a visit where He dwells, make known to Him our trisls and short-comings and seek that strength giving grace which enables us to battle with the world, its sin and its temptations. His Lordship earnestly hoped that all his people would show themselves truly loyal to God and His Church by ap preaching the sacraments at this holy

AT St. MARY'S CHURCH,
On Sunday evening His Lordship paid
a visit to St. Mary's church, Hill street,
where he opened the Triduum, and
preached a very instructive sermon. The
people of St. Mary's are always most happy to see the Bishop in their church and his visit on this occasion and the practical lessons contained in his discourse,

will produce much good fruit.

MISSION AT STRATFORD.

A mission was opened here on Sunday, 7th inst., by two Carmeli e priests, Fathers Kreitz, of Nisgara Fells, and Ambrose, of New York, and continued for Amorose, of New York, and continued for two weeks, closing last Sunday at the end of High Mass, when Father Kreiz bestowed the Papal benediction, which secured a plenary indulgence for all secured a pienny independent those present who made the mission and who were then of the proper discositions. Every morning during the positions. Every morning during the mission there were three Masses at 5 for those whose occupations prevented their attending the others, at 8 and at 9:30 At three in the afternoon there was the Way of the Cross Three sermons were preached every day by Father Kreltz at the first and last Masses and at 7:30 in the evening. On the second Sanday there was a conference in the afternoon for men only, when the good missionary gave them a good practical exhortation. He seemed to understand clearly the difficulties, trials, temptations and struggles which men have in their contact with the rough world and how hard it is for them to be good. At the same time he showed how essy it is to overcome those obstacles in wacancy of Kulkenny, make up the eighty six.

DR. TANNER'S STATEMENT.

When the members of the Irish party supported unanimously Mr. Parnell's leadership, after the O'Shea divorce sult revelations, many among them did so on the understanding that he would retire voluntarily immediately after this expression of confidence. There was certainly in this course an amount of sympathy expension. On every occasion the church. in this course an amount of sympathy eximission. On every occasion the church which may well be considered as inconsistency; yet it was dictated by generosity of heart. Dr. Tanner was one of those who acted on this impulse, and it is known that many others acted from the known that many others acted from the constant of the specific process. mission. On every occasion the church, times to the doors, and everyone showed himself to be very much in earnest and anxious to partake of the fruits of the mission in order to strengthen himself in mission in order to strengthen intest in the terrible, and some times seemingly hopeless, struggle sgainst temptation. Every indication goes to show that the mission was a great and complete success. It could hardly be otherwise, for no one who attended it (and I think everybody did) could resist the almost apostolic fervor of the holy missionary, as sometimes in the intensity of his feeling he rose to the heights of oratory as he dwelt on the necessity of working out our salvation,

of conforming ourselves to the will of our Heavenly Father, and of ever keeping our minds and hearts directed towards the throne of divine grace, or when earnest, sympathetic tones he spoke of the infinite mercy of God and the tender love of the crucified Saviour who gave up everything in order to be one of us and by living a life of poverty and suffering and dying the cruel death of the cross, satisfied God's justice for our sins, and showed us an example by imitating which we would assuredly be saved. The persuasiveness and intense earnestness of his manner even more than his anguage (with which no fault can be found) were irresistible, and I don't think there was one of his hearers but solved for the future with God's help

to live a lite pleasing to Him and in accordance with His will.

Dr. Kilroy expressed bimself as being very much edified and consoled at the manner in which the people took adventage of the mission.

A Favorite Annual.

Benziger's Catholic Home Almanac for 1891 has been issued. It has a beautiful frontispiece of the Sacred Heart, in colors. while the best writers in the country were while the best writers in the country were The illustrations are of a very fine order. employed to supply matter that render the volume a treasure in every Cath olic home. The price is twenty-five cents, Orders sent to this office will be prompt

MOONDYNE.

BOOK SECOND. THE SANDALWOOD TRADE.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'RRILLY.

THE MATE OF THE CANTON.

It is midwinter, in a little Luncashire village on the coast, not for from Liver-pool. One quiet main street, crossed by three or four short side streets, that lead in the summer days into the sweet meadows and orchards. One of these side streets has only three houses on one side, separated by goodly gardens. The house in the centre is the smallest, but it is extremely neat, and the gerden fairly glows with

color.

Tale is the home of Mrs. Walmeley, Tale is the home of Mrs. Walmeley, a widow; and the garden is looked after by herself and her daughter Alice, about sixteen years cill. The house on the right of Mrs. Walmaley's belongs to Mr. Draper, the richest man in the village, a retired storckeeper. The house on the left belongs to Captain Sheridan, a bluff old Irishman, retired from the Navy, and now Inspector of Coast Guards, whose family consists of his son and daughter — Will Sheridan, the son, being just twenty years consists of his son and daug-Sheridan, the son, being just twenty years

At the gate of Draper's garden, opening on the street, stands a handsome young man in the uniform of the merchant marine. He is Sam Draper, first officer of the Canton, arrived a few weeks before

"Good-morning, Alice," he says in a

"Good-morning, Allee," he says in a cheerful but not a pleasant voice, as Alice Walmeley passed down the road.

Alice stopped and chatted lightly for a minute with her old schoolmate. Draper evidently paid her a compliment, for her checks were flushed as she entered her mother's gate, standing near which was young Sheridan, whom she slightly saluted and hurriedly passed, much to his surprise, for their relations were, at least, of the for their relations were, at least, of the oldest and closest friendship.
"Alice," said Will, in a wondering tone,

as the girl passed with her flushed face.
"Well—did you speak?" And she
paused and turned her head.

Will Sheridan loved Alice, and she knew it, though no word had been spoken. the had loved ner for years in a boy's way, cherishing her memory on his long voyage, for Will, too, was a sailor, as were aimost ell the young men of the village; but he was soon to leave home for a tw years' service on Sam Draper's vessel, and of late his heart had been urging him to

of late his heart had been urging him to speak to Alice.

He was a quiet, thoughtful, manly young fellow, with nothing particular about him, except this strong secret love for the prettiest girl in the village.

"Yes, I spoke," he answered hesitatingly, as if wounded; "but perhaps you haven't time to listen."

"What is it, Will?" she said in a kind-lier tone, and smiling, though before she

lier tone, and smiling, though before she spoke she saw with a side glance that Sam Draper had gone away from the gate.

"Oh, it isn't anything particular," said Will; "only there's rare skating on the mill pond, and I was going there this after-

"And —?" queried Alice, archly.
"Yes — I wish you would," said Will,

earnestly.
"Well, I think I will," she replied laughingly, "though you haven't told me yet
what I am to do."

what I am to do."
"Why, go skatirg with me," said Will, highly pleased; "Sam Draper and his sisters are going, and there will be a crowd from the village. Shall I come for you

Yes," she replied, "I 'll be ready ;"

and as she turned toward her mother's house, the flush was in her face again. Will Sheridan walked lightly on, thinkgate, Sam Draper stepped from the shrub bery, whence he had observed the inter-view. He was a tall, handsome fellow, with fair hair and blues eyes; not the soft with fair hair and blues eyes; not the sort blue which usually denotes good nature. but a pale slaty blue that has a hard and but a pale slaty blue that has a hard and favorite. After a while he heard the gate swing, and saw Alice approaching the house, and Draper looking after her from ful and amiable. But if you observed him closely, you would see, in the midst

of a bolsterous laugh, that the cold blue

eyes were keenly watching you, without eyes were keenly watching you, without a particle of mirth.

There was something never to be forgotten by those who discovered this double expression in Draper's face. He had a habit of waving his arms in a bolsterons way, and bending his body, as if to emphasize the heartiness of his laugh or the warmth of his greeting. But while these visible expressions of joillity were in full play, if you caught the cold calculating look from the blue eyes that were weighing you up while off your guard, you would shudder as if you had looked suddenly into the eyes of a snake.

be read by keen eyes; and he tried to mask even the habit of concealment, until at last his duplicity had become extremely artful and hard to be discovered. But he always knew the people who had caught his eye and read his soul. He never tried has been extremely artful and hard to be discovered. suddenly into the eyes of a snake.

his betaerous manner on them sgain, but treated them gravely and quietly. But these were the people he hated. Seven years before, when he and Will Sheridan were school boys, Sheridan not only saw through the felsehood of Draper's manner, but exposed it before Draper's manner, but exposed it before the whole school. Nearly every boy in the school had had some reason to dislike Draper, but his loud good-natured way had kept them from speaking. But when Will Sheridan publicly pointed out the warm laugh and the cold eye, the friendly word and the cruel act, every one saw it at a glance, and a public opinion against Draper was instantly made among his school fellows, which no after effort of his could guite remove. his could quite remove.

From that day he nourished in his soul a secret derire to do Sheridan some injury

that would cut him to the quick.

Not that Draper had no friends—indeed he was always making new friends and his new friends were always loud in his praise; but when they ceased to be new, somehow, they ceased to admire Sam Draper, and either said they were mis-taken in their first impression, or said

Both young men were sailors,

discipline and promotion as the Royal Navy, and young men of good position entered it as a profession. On his last voyage Draper had become first mate; and Will Sheridan had lately engaged to take his old place on the Canton as second

mate.

As Draper stepped from the shrubbery and hailed Will with a cheery word, his hand was outstretched in a most cordial way, and his lips smiled; but his eye was keen and smileless and as cold as ice. He had known for years of Will's affection for Alice Wamsley; and it was commonly said in the village that Alice returned his love.

his love.

"Why don't you ask Alice to go skating

"Why don't you ask Alice to go salating this afternoon?" said Draper.
"I have just asked her," said Will, "and she is going"
"Bravo!" said Draper, in a hearty tone, so far as the sound went; "I thought she would like to be asked, when I told her half an hour ago that we were going."
Will Steridan had some light word on

will Scerian had some light word on his lip, but he did not speak it; and his amile faded, though without apparent cause, while he locked at Draper's pleas ant face.

"She didn't say he had told her," he thought, and somehow the thought

"She didn't say he had told her," he thought, and somehow the thought troubled him. But he put it away and forgot all about it before the afternoon. The mill pond was covered with skaters when Will and Alice arrived. They had often skated together before, and because Alice was timid on the ice, she used to hold Will's hand or take his aim; and now and then, and as often as he could, Will's arm was around her, as he struck

Will's arm was around her, as he struck

Will's arm was around her, as he struck out strongly and rapidly.
Unconsciously they had assumed settled relations toward each other—she resting on him with confidence, and he quite assumed of her trust.

To-day there was a disturbing element somewhere. Before they had been ten minutes on the ice, Will noticed that Alice was, for the first time in her life, listening inattentively to his words. And more than once he saw her looking over his shoulder, as if seeking some one in the his shoulder, as if seeking some one in the crowd of skaters. After a while she evidently found whom she had sought, and her face brightened. Will, at the moment, asked her some question, and she did not hear him at first, but made him

did not hear him at first, but made him repeat the word.

With a strange sinking of the heart, he followed the direction of the girl's eyes, and was just in time to see Sam Draper kiss his hand to her — and Alice smiled.

Will Sheridan was a sensitive and proud young fellow, and his quick feelings of honor were wounded by what he perhaps too hastily deemed the deceit of Alice Walmsley. A change had certainly come in her relation to him, but what right had he to change her with deceit? He had no claim on her — had never speken a word of love to her in his life.

The evening had closed when he left her

The evening had closed when he left her at her mother's gate. They said "Good night" in a new fashion—the words were as cold as the wind, and the touch of the hands was brief and formal.

hands was brief and formal.

After that Will did not ank Alice to walk or skate with him. He called no more at her mother's house as he used to do. He went to none of the usual places of meeting with her. If he had gone, he should have been all the more lonely; for he could not pretend to be pleasantly angaged with others while his heart was engaged with others while his heart was full of pain and unrest. But he could not help watching for her from his room

not help watching for her from his room window; and surely it were better for his happiness had he overcome this, too.

He saw that where he used to be, there every day was his rival. He heard Draper's loud and happy voice and laughter; and he noticed that Alice was happier and far more boisterous than ever head though her and that her heart he had known her—and that her happiess and gayety became even louder when

she knew he was observing.

But at last came the time of the Canton's saling. On the evening before leaving, Will Sheridan went to Mrs. Walmsley's to say good by, and, as Alice was not

the gate.
When Alice entered, he was standing and blidding farewell to her mother, who Was weeping quietly.

Alice understood all, and the flush

faded from her cheek.

"Good by, Alice," he said, holding out his hand "You know I am going away in the morning." He had walked towards the door as he spoke, keeping her hand, and now they stood in the porch.

He saw the tears in her eyes, and his courage gave way, for he had only a boy's heart to bear a man's grief; and he

heart to bear a man's grief; and he covered his face with his hand and sobbed.

In a few moments he was calm, and he bent over the weeping girl. "Alice!" he whispered, tenderly, and she raised her tear stalued face to his breast. Poor Will, yearning to take her in his arms, remembering what he had seen, only pressed her hands in bis, and stooping kissed her on the forehead again and again. Then he walked, tear-blinded, down the straight path to the gate.

A moment after, he felt a man's hand on his collar, and, turning, met the hard eyes of Draper. Sheridan's face was still eyes of Draper. Sheridan's face was still quivering with the powerful emotion. "What do you mean, Draper?" he de-

manded argrily, dashing the hand aside.
"I mean to let you know," said Draper, contemptuously, weighing the words "that I saw all your snivelling scene, and that I have seen all your impertinent attentions to that girl."

Will Sheridan controlled himself by a violent effort, because the name of Alice Walmsley was in question.
"That girl, as you impertmently call

her," he said, calmly, "is one of my oldest friends. My attentions have never been impertinent to her."

"You lie, you cur !" brutally answered Draper.

Though faw words had been spoken that was old and rankling. On both sides there had been repression of feeling; but now the match had touched the powder, and the wrath flamed.

and the wrath flamed.

The word had barely passed the insulter's lips, when he recled and tumbled headboth young men were sailors. Some
lars ago, the English merchant service to turned, and walked toward his own home,
melmost as well ordered and precise in

It was half a minute before Draper pleked himself from the frozen earth, still dezed with the shock. He showed no desire to follow, or continue the quar-rel. With teeth set like a vice, and a livid face, he looked after the strong figure of

Next day, the young men left the vil-lege, and entered on their duty as officers of the Conton, which lay in Liverpool dock. No one knew of their quarrel, as neither had spoken of it, and there had been no

witnesses.

The preparation for sea kept them apart for several days. The vessel sailed from Liverpool, and soon cleared the Channel. Two weeks later when the ship passed on a beautiful night within sight of the Western Islands, the young men came face to face on the poop. Will Sheridan face to face on the poop. Will Sheridan had come on deck to enjoy the delightful scene, not thinking that the first mate was

officer of the watch.
"Draper," said Will, in a friendly tone,
holding out his hand when they met, "I
did not know you were engaged to Miss
Walmsley. We should both be sorry for what happened that night."

The eyes of Draper glittered like steel

"And who told you, sir, that I was engaged ?"
"I judge so from your conduct," said

"You are not a good judge, then," answered Draper.

"Then there's all the less reason for us to quarrel, man. Take back your insulting words, and let me apologize for my

"My insulting words—let me see, what were they? Ab, yes,"—he spoke slowly, as if he meant to wound with the repetition—"I think I said that I had been a witness to your salvelling scene of farewell—and that I was acquainted with your unsoughtand impertiuent attentions to that girl. By the way, I may tell you that she herself made me acquainted with the offensive persistence of her obtuse admirer."

admirer."
"She told you!" said Will, staggered by the word. "She said my love was offinsive to ber?"
"Ha! no—not love exactly," said the other, with the same biting sneer; "I believe you never gave her a chance to fling that in your test?"

that in your teeth."

"Take care, Draper!" said Sheridan.

"Well, let us go on with the insulting words, as you choose to call them. I also said you were a liar, if I remember well; and a cur—did I not?"

"Why do you repeat the foul words, man?'s ked Sheridan, indignantly. "Why! Because I used them after "Why? Because I user them after careful choosing—because they are true! Stay?—" be added, rateing his voice, and backing to the rail, as he saw Seridan approaching. "I am the first officer of this ablp, and if you dare to raise your hand against me, I will shoot you like a dog. We'll have no mutiny here."
"Mutiny!" cried Sheridan, more as-

I want to be caim, Draper, for old time's sake. You call me vile names, and threaten my life, and yet I have given you no earthly cause. What do you man ??

I mean, that he who pretends to be my friend, while he ruins my character, is a liar; and he who tells a slander in secret is a coward."

"Slander your character!" sald Shertdan, "I never sald an ill word of youthough I have unwillingly become acquainted with some things that I wish had never known."

The latter part of the sentence was slowly added. Draper winced as if cut with a whip.
"You have made a charge," continued

Sheridan, sternly, "and you must ex-plain it. How have I slandered you?"

Draper hesitated. He hated the man before him, like a fierd; but he hated still more the subject he had now to

"You knew about that girl in Calcutta," he said, now fairly livid with passion; "no one in England knew it but you." "Yes," said Sheridan, slowly, "I learned something about it, sgainst my

"Against your will !" sneered the other, "Was it against your will you told the story to - her?" Draper never repeated Alice's name

as if it were unpleasant to his tongue. "I never mentioned your shameful affairs," answered Sheridan, with scorn anaire," answered Sheridan, with scorn and indignation; "but you are justly punished to have thought so."

"You did tell her!" cried Deaper, terribly excited; you told her about my marriage in Calcutta."

"Your marriage!" and Sheridan

rour marriage!" and Sheridan stepped back, as if recoiling from a reptile. Then, after a pause, as if speaking to a condemned culprit,—
"Your infamy is deeper than I thought. I did not know till now that your victim

With lightning rapidity Draper saw the dreadful confession his error had led him into. He knew that Sheridan spoke the truth, and he hurledly attempted to close

the grave he had exposed.

"She is dead," he said, searching Sheridan's face; "you should have known

"Dead or alive, God have pity on her!" answered Sheridan, whose face and voice were filled with revulsion and con tempt. "For her sake, I pray that she may be dead; but I do not believe you, I shall see that those be warned in time who are still in danger."

Sheridan deliberately turned on his heel and entered the cabin, while Draper, con founded and dismayed at his self-conviction, leant on the rall looking out at sea curring his own stupidity that had betrayed him. "Who else could have known?" he

muttered; "and who else could have told her? But she doesn't wholly believe it and, when I swore it was false that last evening, I think she believed me. I'll take care, at all events, that he shall have no chance to unsay my word."

For hours the brooding raical walked the poopdeck, till the watch was changed, when he went below, and tried to sleep. TO BE CONTINUED.

Popularly called the king of medicines Hood's Sarsaparilla. It conquers scrofusalt rheum and all other blood diseases. Minard's Liniment for sale every-

3

THE ABBE OF THE BIRDS. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

When we were all young together in the Academy of Montpellier there was not one of us but predicted for Cyprien Coupiac, the smallest boy in the school, bonor and advancement in the priest's calling for which he was preparing himself. Such ardor, such unselfishness, such sweet humility and devotion distinguished him that it was hard to tell whether we most loved or admired him. The professors alone sbrugged their shoulders—from jealousy rather than judgment, according to our theories—when they repeated, as they often did, "That boy's vocation runs away with him." But there was no one to agree with them.

"That boy's vocation runs away with him." But there was no one to agree with them.

The one weakness of this pure and ardent soul was his passion for birds. As we took our daily walks together in the park of La Vallette or in the fields near the sea-shore, he would raise himself on tiptoe, with hands and eyes lifted to heaven, at the least whir of wings or ripple of song, murmuring in an undertone of ecstasy, "Ravishing! ravishing!" Sight or sound of the little flying creatures seemed to carry him wholly out of himself. But who could reproach so amiable a fault when he shared it with such good company as St. Busventure, friend of the sparrows, and St. Francis of Assisi, who loved all those "small beasts of God?" Little we dreamed, as we laughed at his foible, how it was to affect his life.

After ordination he was sent to the best living in France. But how could a

best living in France. But how could a fastidious congregation tolerate a curate who ran through the streets like a boy who ran through the streets like a boy with a nest of linnets or a twittering finch rolled up in the skirt of his cassock? You may be sure it was not the poor or the maimed of body and spirit that found fault with him; his ministrations to them were too tender and constant. But when his rare moments of stant. But when his rare moments of eisure came he was off to the woods or the marshes with his horse hairs and his

the marshes with his horse hairs and his little pot of glue; and the bare walls of the presbytery were filled cages and with chirping, fljing morsels which were a heavy weight to the heart of Angeline, his housekeeper, and a subject of gossip to the town. His parish priest expostulated, but he might as well have hoped to keep the sun from shining. So a fine day came at last when he was met in the churchyard, his soutane torn in two places and the soutane torn in two places and the heads of a brace of red partridges show ing through the rents, and the outraged Superior appealed to the Bishop. A week later he was transferred to Roquesels, a village of three hundred souls, as poor as St. Fulcrans had been rich.

Here for a year he kept clear of temptation; but, alas! one September morn. ing as he read his breviary in the little ing as he read his oreviary in the little garden a shadow fell on the book, a jubi-lant trill of voices fell from heaven, and a long line of larks dropped into a neigh-boring corn field. Next morning all the empty cages in Roquesels were borrowed and filled; Angeline's life was again a burden; and history repeated itself to a certain degree. The Vicar General, coming with the Cure of the next parish to visit, surprised the little Abbe returning from the fields, hatless, collarless. from the fields, hatless, collarless, scraiched, breathless, and happy. In two days came a mandate from the Bishop, citing Monsieur the Abbe Cyprien Coupiec to appear before the official tri-bunal of the diocese, In the midst of his larks and finches,

sparrows and blackbirds, Angeline saw her master shrink away before her very eyes, day by day, like a prisoner await-ing execution. Was he to be degraded ing execution. Was he to be degraded sgain in the eyes of men? Keener torture yet—were his beloved companions to be taken from him? Driven to desperation, the good soul, who did not want for courage to scold her master on ordin ary cocasiors but who had kept silent now for very pity, came to him one morning where he sat feeding a sick dove with little pellets of meal.

If I were you, Monsieur, I would go to morrow, without waiting to be called, and ask pardon of Monseigneur,"
"Pardon?" stammered the Cure;

Yes, pardon!" repeated the house keeper, firmly. "Perhaps Monseigneur is not so bad as they make him out to

"Monseigneur Charles Thomas Thi bault bad? He is goodness itself, Auge line; goodness itself!"
"Then, if you're not afraid of him

what makes you waste away from morn-ing till night and from night till morn I waste away ?"

"Why, you dance in your clothes until it's a pity to look at you." "Me? I dance?"

Pere Coupiac, flushing to the roots of his thin hair, put the dove back in its basket, unfastened the big linen apron he wore while attending his pets, bent his head for a moment as if in meditation, and then :

"Yes, Angeline, you are right. Pec-cavi, and I should ask pardon! But it is new I will go, without waiting for to morrow. Quick, my Sunday soutane, and hat!"

"Ah! here you are, Monsieur, the re-lapsed sinner!" said the Bishop as he "I am come to throw myself at the

"I am come to throw myself at the feet of Your Grace. The knowledge that I had offended you was killing me!"

"Killing you!" Then, with a kindly look at the kneeling figure before him:

"Rise, my child; this is not a hanging matter."

"I have displayed my Rishon."

"I have disobeyed my Bishop." "Your Bishop remembers the best boy in his seminary long ago; he does not confound your edifying virtue with this foolish fancy. Simply he would like to see your deportment as dignified as your character is true."
"I understand you, Monseigneur. Un-

happily, even the seminary could not weed out of me the peasant nature which loves every winged creature. I have trouble—oh! such trouble—in—"
"In separating yourself from birds!

country-side as 'Coupiac, the Part-

country-side as 'Couplac, the Partridge.'"

"And you cannot but know that,
partly from your size and partly
from your bird-loving mania, you are
called 'Abbe Couplac, the Wren?'"

"I like the nickname, Monseigneur!
It is such a slender, bright, brisk little
creature. Only its voice is somewhat dry
and weak—"

"Precisely like your own, my dear

"Precisely like your own, my dear Abbe. But with your sportman instincts —or poscher's, I should rather call it— -or poscher's, I should rather call it-you must live on game all the year

"I est game, Monseigneur? I could

"I est game, Monseigneur? I could not touch it!"

"What do you do, then?"

"Why, my sick people and my poor! who never have a good morsel if I could not help them." stammered the poor little Cure of Roquesels, his eyes cast down, half in sorrow, half in shame.

"But even for them I could not kill my little could not lill my little could not lill my little could not will my ittle creatures. I give them away, and

then—"
The Bishop stretched out both hands
and pressed those of the Abbe warmly.
"You are from Ginestee?" he asked, after a moment's silence. "Isn't Cabrecolles somewhere near it?"
"Just a short league away, on the

"Just a short league away, on the mountain spur."

"Knowing now better than ever your love for the poor, it will not be painful to you—answer me now frankly. I do not wish to leave you at Roxuesels under the authority of those not in sympathy with you. The Abbe Calmels of Cabreolles is dead. Would it please you

with you. The Abbe Calmels of Cabrecolles is dead. Would it please you to have the parish?"

"Ah! with what gratitude, Monseig neur! To go back to my own country. To be among the graves of my own people. To live among the nountains where I was born. Monseigneur! Monseigneur!" And large tears wet his pale checks.

The Bishop lovingly addressed him.

The Bishop lovingly addressed him.
"Monsieur, the Abbe Wren," he said
with a smile, "my dear brother, to

morrow you will pack your truck for Cabrecolles. All your sins of bird catch ing are forgiven." And lifting his arms over the bowed head of the Cure, who had fallen again on his knees: "Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum."

During the month of December, 1874 During the month of December, 1874, there was a general gathering among all our people of the Cevennes to hunt the wolves, which had been more than usually bold that winter. I took a gun with the rest and joined the party at the rendezvous. One can imagine the tumult that a hundred and fifty sportsmen, averaged to the texts in single shape in a standard and standard armed to the teeth, singing, shouting wild with hunger and thirst, would make each evening in the small inns and large farms of the neighborhood. Ac cording to popular report, we were to free the Black Espinonzs for ever from any trace of the stealthy and cruel beasts which were the terror of the place, and return to our own homes covered with wolf skins and glory. It was all very well while we remained in the valleys, stalking the fields all day and gathered about the enormous fire places of the too comfortable and hospi able farm houses in the evening; to cent the omelettes and fat pullets vere to ease our ravenous appetites, and to sleep at night in the great barns fra grant with fresh hay and the sweet breath of the cows. But it was a different thing when the question arose of climbing the steep and frozen sides of Le Rondil in a cold that would stiffen an Esquimau, with only water to drink, a cowherd's but to lie in, and hard bread cowherd's nut to he in, and hard bread and cold sausage to eat. In vain the Count de Tussac, our leader—a charming and gentle man in spite of his ferocious whiskers—tried to interpose his author-ity. In vain he showed us that, instead of

seven welves killed in twelve days, we could slay a hundred in half the time now that we had tracked them to their lairs. The men were tired; Christmas was spproaching, and the odors of its prepara-tion were in every kitchen of the low-lands, seducing with a more practical ap-peal than the song of the strens. When the morning came on which the bittue the morning came on which the battue was to make its way up the mountain its members, with their dogs and rifies, had vanished away on this side and that among the peaks and precipices, as the passangers of some brave craft that has suddenly foundered in a storm disappear from tight under the tossing wayes. "If they only had more heart and less stomach," groaned the poor Count, looking after them, as a captain on his quarter deck watching his people sink in the ter deck watching his people sink in the furious sea. Alas! the gallant man had to resign himself to complete shipwreck. His craft, the wolf-hunt of the Rondil, had

gone to pieces.

When the last vestige of the troop had faded away among the degles of the Espinozza, being sltogether too poor a shot to console the Count for the desertion of his followers, I took one of the steep paths which would lead me into the valley of the title where I was to calculate. paths which would lead me into the valley of the Urb, where I was to celebrate Christmas with some of my own people at Bedarleux. In the little cabaret of the hamlet of Gluestet I had as table companion at my 2 o'clock lunch the most deter-mined hunter and best fellow of the whole battue, who had himself killed five of the seven wolves that formed our record. He was sitting before the fire of the seven wolves that formed our record. He was eitting before the fire when I entered, cutting with his pocket knife into the side of a fine ham which sparkled pink and white on the platter before him.

"Ab, Miguel! you here?"

"Yes, Monsieur. Won't you try a sice of our comrade here? It smells good enough to raise the dead."

"So, you, too, are returning home."

"So, you, too, are returning home," said I, sitting down on the bench at his

side, having discovered at once by eight and smell that "our comrade" really was excellent.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I stay any longer up there with that handful of pea-shooters?—those fellows from the plains who go up into the mountains, and instead of shooting wolves how at them. Besides, they sing the midnight Mass at our place to morrow

night."
"And you are one of the choir?"
"And you are one of the choir?" "And you are one of the choir?"

"If you could but know the snares I used to make in my native woods of Ginestet! All my family were the same; my father was known through the whole all."

"And you are one of the choir?"

"No! but I promised Monsieur le Care to be St. Joseph at the church, and you understand..."

"Fatth, no! I don't understand at

He looked at me half suspiciously, as if he thought I might be pretending ignor-ance. Then, disarmed by my frank suri-

ance. Then, disarmed by my frank enricaity:

"It's a very old custon in the Black Espinonze at the Christmas feetival."

"But what is a very old custom, my dear Miguel, if I am not too curious?"

"It is a fashion among us that the father and mother with the last male child born in the parish shall be the Holy Family in the stable of Bethlehem at the church."

"And this year it is you?"

"Yes"—then a little hurriedly: "I married Jeanne Targan fifteen months ago. She was the only daughter of the people at Border-Lands, the richest farm in the Espinorz. I was only a farm-laborer on the estate before I went to the war with those cursed Prussians of Germany; and I never cou'd tell why Gaillaume Targan gave her to me, unless it was that I had cracked a good many Uhlan belmeta."

"You are not so badly built. Perhaps Jeanne berself found the young soldier to her taste."

her taste."
" Oh!" he muttered, half shamefacedly, "so long as a man is sound and not as ugly as a Tirebose wolf—" Then standing up and caressing his soft black beard, trimmed in two shapely points, while his face lighted with a brilliant smile: "Three months ago Jeanne brought me a boy, as months ago Jeanne brought me a boy, as handsome as day dawn; as handsome as she is berself. For, Moraieur, Jeanne Miguel is the prettlest woman in the mountains. She has hair as blonde as a disteff of hemp, which is seldom seen among our people, who are as black as moles. It is the color of a stalk of yellow broom when it flowers in summer time. Upon the faith of a M'guel, who doesn't know how to lie, Monsieur le Care Couplat hasn't had such a Blessed Virgin before for—"

" Monsieur le Care Couplac! The Abbe Cyprien Couplac!"
"You know him, then?"

"Know kim! Why we were school friends, the best, the truest. It is ten years since I saw him."

years since I saw him."

"Ah! Monsteur, if you would but go to see him, now that you are in the neighborhood. We are within half an hour of Cabrecolles. It would be such a delight for him, and he is so good. He gives everything away in charity. He is poorer than a church mouse. But if his larder is empty, why Border-Lands is not a gun shot beyond, and there is plenty, with a fine carpeted chamber where the Bishop slept when he came last to give First. Communion and confirmation. You will be so welcome, to him and to us. You will be so welcome, to him and to us.

You will be so welcome, to him and to us.

"You tempt me sorely, Miguel."

"Mother Bergorde!" shouted the stout
peasant. The landlady entered. I was
forced to let him pay my reckoning with
his own, and the next moment he had
shouldered my gun, for fear I might be
inclined to change my mind, and I well

inclined to change my mind, and I was following him down the billside.

An hour later, as we turned a charp angle of the rocky path, the last rays of the sun touched the red roofs of a little hamlet gleaming in the valley before us. hamlet gleaming in the valley before us.

"Cabrecolles!" cried Miguel, with eyes widened as if he stready saw Jeanne, with her hair yellow as the broom in summer and a baby like day-dawn upon her breast; and ten minutes after we were knocking at the door of the priest's house.

What a joyful meeting! Audyet for me it had a touch of advans. What a joyful meeting! And yet for me it had a touch of sadness. I had always known him thin and pale; but the head was massive, and the features refined to a degree rare among the peasantry from which he sprang. He had superb eyes glowing under bushy brows, and a mass of closely-cropped black hair like a cap of fine piled velvet. Now all was changed. He was quite bald; the face was covered with a net work of fine wrinkles, so weblike that they seemed to strangle express. like that they seemed to strangle expres-sion; the cheeks were emaciated and

"My poor little 'Wren!" I said at last; trying jestingly to hide the anxiety I felt, and returning his embraces with in-

"Ah! how good of Miguel to bring you, and of you to come!" he repeated again and again, pressing me to his heart between each phress what a magnificent Christmas feast we have here. It was surely the good God who sent you here to Cabrecoiles, 'the who sent you here to Cabrecoiles, 'the country of goats,' to be edified. Just as you knocked Angeline and I—you remember Angeline Bourel, my house keeper at Roquesels?—she and I were failehing the dresses for St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin. There is a fine white mantle out of an old surplus for Jeanne, and this dalmatic will give Miguel an air like one of the Magicoming uel an air like one of the Magi coming with gifts. No one will recognize him.

As the night fell there arose one of the bitter wird; so common to the country. It whistled through the loose windows in a way that made me shiver. I drew

"You are comfortable, dear friend?"
he asked, his kind hand on my shoulder.
"Yes, for the time being. But, heavenly goodness! this house is a cage."
It was his turn to shiver now. He looked at me a monocare like the ship of the ship o looked at me a moment sadly: "You know I no louger have a cage," he said.
"Have you so completely renounced your winged temptations? That is herolo."

"Monseigneur Le Courtec, who suc-"Monseigneur Le Courtee, who succeeded by good Bishop Thibault, admonished me often; but it was an accident which finally forced me to give all my birds up. Shall I tell you about it while Argeline prepares dinner?"

"Certainly,"
"The year that took our young men
"The year that was the coldest ever away to the war was the coldest ever known in the mountains. Wolves preyed upon the outlying farms and carried away upon the outlying farms and carried away lambs and kids. Great black eagles, famished with hunger, came down from the mountains, and between them the farmyards were ravaged. At last they even attacked man. One poor three year-old darling was enatched away from its owldoor-step in Gluestet and torn to pleced the bushes. To add to our troubles snow fell day and night. Only the old men and children were left to care for the herds, so the evil grew and grew. It was but rarely one could get near enough to shoot the maurauders, and then at best they were only wounded. On day Guillaume Targan hit an immense eagle and made him drop his prey, but did not check his flight to the mountains. The next Sunday a shepherd reported to me till he had passed a great bird, black as

"One must I mended the while they istrengthened hoops, which Day after de houses to get tasted oursel cannot expres to move the he was quite appeared above that cut thro hen in the ho An answering terrible, strong my poor litt housekeeper i my awful pr whether it wa creature from ny weak hes from gate, and himself free. room. Twice giant wings at My only engra —was shattered

gling in a ditthe last pealm to the spot w pected, the er been broken, the other as Justin Valence

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The little t fire, was resp and red flowe pea-soup, yel our honey-bec "What a pi chance upon as his spoon with the ene movement. the vigil of a the dispensati line shall di morrow." " Really, I to use the cou

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ly sou. on his way to Mass, strug gling in a ditch by the read-ide. When the last pealm was sung at Vespers I went to the spot with him and found, as I expected, the ergie. A leg and wing had been broken, and he beat savagely with the other as I attempted to raise him. Justin Vairos raised his crook to beat out his brains, but I stopped him; and in the end we got him rolled into my wadded like a great bundle?"

"What a novel sort of tran."

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"What a novel sort of trap."

"One must use what is at hard. Well, I mended the broken bones, and kept him while they heald in an old hen coop, strengthened by wooden bars and iron hoops, which I had brought into my room. Day after day I went among the farm houses to get the fresh meat we as seldom tasted ourselves for my proteg; and I cannot express my joy when he first began to move those beautiful, fearful wings and show signs of healing. One day, after he was quite sound egain, another eagle appeared above my roof. It gave a shrick that cut through the air, and made the hundred and sixty four little birds I had then in the house fall from their perches. An answering cry rang from the coop— "Certaility, but not igside the should he are, and for house fall from their perches.

An answering cry rang from their perches.

An answering cry rang from their perches.

An answering cry rang from the read-in the farm house fall from their perches.

An answering cry rang from the read-in the farm the manual congregation?" I taked. "Do holds this manual congregation?" I taked. "Do holds this ment and the cope in the first head then in the house fall from their perches.

An answering cry rang from the read-in the farm the farm that the first head then in the house fall from their perches.

An answering cry rang from the read-in the first head the manual congregation?" I taked. "Do they come to the Mass?"

"Certaility but not inside the church head the manual congregation?" I asked. "Do they come to the Mass?"

"Certaility but not inside the contact of the sight of the first head the content was strange sighting the condition of the stream. It was sungle stone on the stream in order the hundred and sixty four little birds I had then in the house fall from their perches. An answeing cry rang from the coop—terrible, strong, plercing—from the croature who through all his confinement had been voiceless. Must I confesse it? While my poor little pets trembled, white my housekeeper fled crying, I was filled with a sort of pride to hear the defiant roar of my awful prisoner. I began to doubt whether it was right to keep this glori us creature from freedom. Prompt to obey my weak head, my hand undid the bar from gate, and with a bound he shook himself free. He seemed to fill my little himself free. He seemed to fill my little room. Twice I was thrown down; his giant wings struck the walls, the celling. My only engraving—Christ Raising Lazarus—was shattered and torn; and it was only —was shattered and torn; and it was only when, tired of hurtling against the bed, the buffet, the chimney, he rested for a moment on the back of my chair that I thought of opening the window. As I passed him he raised bis right wing, the one I had healed—and—O the foolishness! the weakness!—I could not forbear to lay my hand upon the plumage, now so rich and shining. The next instant he turned, burtled his iron beak in my left eye, and

nearly tore it from its socket."
"Horrible!"
"The blood et fled me, but I managed to reach the window and fling it wide open. With another cry the creature darted forward, and "—

buried his iron beak in my left eye, and

"What a pity that your first visit should chance upon a fast day," said my friend, as his spoon travelled from plate to lip with the energy that marked his every movement. "You remember we are at the vigil of a feast. But you come under the dispensation for travellers, and Angel the shall display to her store for the fields of her white paralle. line shall dip into her stores for to-

coup of your house keeper is so good that, to use the country phrase, one could lick one's fir gere after it."

"Don't tell her so. Vanity is the one weak point in her estimable character."

" Really, I am embarrassed. This pea

"I suppose she was not sorry to be rid of the eagle?" "She is lifted up by angels since my birds, big and little, were sent out of the

"And you? Are you lifted up by angels, according to your picturesque

angels, according to your picturesque phrase?"

"Here is an omelette," said the Abbe, reddening like a child surprised in mischief. "It is Angeline's master piece."

"Thanks. I will accept the omelette, which looks delicious, when you answer me. Are you lifted up by angels?"

"No! no!" he murmured in a broken release.

Then quickly: "I cannot become ed. The less of my eye made a resigned. The less of my eye made a candal in the diocece. No one pitted me among our clergy, I had been so long insubordinate. At last the Bishop himself came and gave me his sentence. There were twenty six large cages at the time, all overflowing: one by one I had to let my little creatures go—all, all—even to a blackbird which had been taught to speak my name, and who called 'Cou pi ac!' whenever he wanted food H₂ few slowly away; then came back

"Yes! Our Lord in the real stable must

"If he could only nurse a bit!"

"Why not?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?"

"Oh! do you thick he might, Monsieur?

"Hush!" murmured Abbe Coupiac, who overheard us whisperlug; and the next moment we too were bending before the Holy Family and the Unseen Presence beyond.

But the poor little Bambino! He was weeping tears bigger than the biggest dry peas ever seen in Cabrecolles! In vain Gou plac! whenever he wanted food
H3 flew slowly away; then came back
and rested for a moment on that thorn
bush outside the window. 'Cou-plac?'
Cou plac!' he said, and vanished after the
others. My dear birds! It was still cold.
I was trembiling when it was over, and the
Bishop did not go away too soon. Before his carriage had entered the village
streat! was grying like a child."

"Monsieur le Cure told me to call him when the first bell rang," said Angeline, entering. "It has just sounded."
"Take the costumes into the sacristy.

"Take the costumes into the sacristy. When Jeanne comes let me know. Goon with your dinner, dear friend. When the beasts begin to leave their stables I will tell you."

"The beasts! What beasts?"

"In the Black Espinonze all the animals which belong to us take part in our Corlsimas. They come to rejoice that a Child is born unto us. You remember the introit, Parvulus natus est novis "—and his wrinkled face became suddenly bright as he chauted the passage in his dry as he chanted the passage in his dry "wren's" voice. He drew me after him

plicity.

At length the Abbe's step sounded be hind me. "What are you to do with this unusual congregation?" I asked. "Do they come to the Mass?"

"Certainly, but not inside the church. We gather them in the great court-yard outside. The deors are not closed; they can hear the hymns and canticles, and warm with their breath the spot where the infant Saviour rests. They will make

son-in law are ready if you wish to begin"
"We will follow you at once, Targan," said the Abbe; and with the gesture of a boy dragging a comrade he loves he hurried me after him.

The whole pepulation of the parish in holiday dress were gathered about the church, which glowed with light from every window. The thiers, led by a withered little woman, were already sing ing the Ceveneee Caristmas hymn, and each one in passing through the porch each one in passing through the porch ighted a long candle of yellow wax, which was carried in the hand. Meantime which was carried in the hand. Meantline the flocks and herds were pouring through the entrance arch into the yard, the leaders walking proudly as if knowing the dignity of their position. "Volros!" the Atbe called to the handsome young to reach the window and fling it wide open. With another cry the creature darted forward, and "—

At this tragic instant Angeline Bourel appeared at the door of the room, and in a calm voice announced:

"Monsteur, dinner is ready."

The little table, drawn up before the fire, was resplendent in a enowy cloth, a service of coarse crockery with big blue and red flowers, and a steaming turced of our honey-bees of the Cevennes.

"What a pity that your first visit should door came four altar boys in coarse red woman, slight and fair, her pale golden hair failing loose, and a rosy infant held in the folds of her white mantle. And, last of all, the little Abbe, his face trans

figured, radiant with holy recollection, as he bore aloft the chalice, himself half hidden under a gorgeous gold embroidered chasuble. The Mass began, with every one who could sing chanting the responses. Mean time, under a rude roof of fir boughs fast time, under a rude roof of it boughs fast ened over the canopy used in the proces sions of the Blessed Sacrament, and orna-mented with leaves and barries of holly, I could not turn my eyes from the Holy Family in their stable of Bethlehem Correggio alone could have done justice to its sweet simplicity. The young to its sweet simplicity. The young mother in her vaporous cloud of lace and muslin, the soft glory of her hair shining in the light, was an ideal vision of chasticy and purity, as if the part she played had dowered her with its own beauty. As the Abbe latoned the first words of the Gloria and turned to seat kimself while the people continued the hymn, Pierre Miguel, until this moment straight as a

and fair."
"Yes! Our Lord in the real stable must have looked like him; and then the voices of the singers filled my ears like a whirlwind until the "Dei Patris, Amen" invited the Abbe to go on with his Mass. The infant slept like an angel in Jeanne's arms; its rose leaf face half buried in the frilled cap of the country side, with broad white ribbons falling to the hem of it-dress. One little hand, plock and dimpled, rested on the mother's breast, who touched it now and again with her lips as it was daying homes. touched it now and again with her lips as if rendering homage. The service went on, and the congregation in a solid mass pressed forward to the Communion; first of all the blonde young peasant Vairos, his handsome curly head bent in deep de votion. A word from the Abbe in the yard informed me that he was the Vairos of the eagle, who had led him to the quest of the wounded bird that ill-omened Sanday four years ago. I looked at him with close interest Kneeling at the extreme end of the railing he was the first to receive the Sacred Host. The Abbe, in approaching him with the consecrated Host, proaching him with the consecrated Host, looked down on the fair young fellow

as he chanted the passage in his dry "wren's" voice. He drew me after him to a small terrace outside the window. The bitter wind had dropped into perfect calm. The moon shed a faint transparent light into the valley beneath us, and lit the snowy peaks above with silvery radiance until they shone like mystic torches. A few stray gleams showed here and there through the shadows about the farmhouses, and a mountain brook shot like a silver arrow through the pines.

"I must be ef. You will excuse me. I hope our simple festival to-night will be more beautiful than ever."

The beloved little msn gave me a final embrace as he hurried away, and I turned again to the prospect. A confused sound began to creep through the night silence. The distant twinkling lights began to move toward certain directions, and then, messing tegether, threw certain spots into brilliant relief. Human voices made themselves occasionally heard, and the stoft muffled tumult sped back from the

Then, turning toward the ciborium, with its gilt rays shining on the altar:

"Yes, my dearest brothers, my good friends, God is here. And the spot which holds Him should be approached with fear, for it is terrible—'terribilis est locus isie,' as the Holy Scriptures say. But it is beautiful also and full of rejoicing, and it is in this angith that Hadestra you to approach this spirit that He desires you to approach

Hun Come then, come to adore Him and rejoice Venue adoremus et exultemus?

Pere Targan, proud of his authority as master of ceremonies, arranged the crowd, who were preparing to hur y pell mell toward the grotto. He placed two of the toward the grotto. He placed two of the elder singers in front, and off went the long procession, each pair pausing for an instant to bow deeply before the Lafant Jesus, before the Half Virgin, before St. Joseph, immovable all three in their celestial digatty, and then marching slowly through the dim sisles, singing as loadly as their well, were threats would allow. as their well-worn throats would allow :

"O people of Jerusalem! The Lord is born to-day; Come has en all to Bethlehem To praise Him and 10 pray."

By the time half the parish had performed their act of devotion and the rest were well upon the way, the old man drew near me.

"Moneleur," he whispered in a suppli-

cating voice, "it is my turn now to follow the others and kneel before the Holy Family." "And you must be pleased to do so, Targan. Your daughter is really beauti-

"And my grandson ?" "Lovely enough to represent the Infant Saviour Himself." "Do you know what you ought to do.

Monsteur?"
"What, Targan?" "You ought to come and make your act of adoration, toc."

"Certainly, if you would like to have me."
Monsieur le Care Couplac would be so

pleased."
"Let us go then, at once;" and we followed at the end of the line, the old man rubbing his hands with satisfaction un'il it seemed as if he would crack the

kin.
"The most wonderful thing to me, Monsieur, in all this beautiful midnight Mass is the way our baby takes it. At home, if he isn't nursed every hour and a half, he cries like one possessed and tears as big as dried peas roll down his cheeks; here he is quiet as a lamb after three long hours. Certainly the good God Himself must have put it into his head to stry

quiet."
"It does look like a miracle, surely." By this time not more than twenty per sons were between us and the grotto. The Abbe, still on his knees before the little altar, saw us as we approached, and a gleam of pleasure passed over his intent face. The next moment a faint cry, like tate. In a next moment a faint cry, like that of a young builfinch caught in a snare, made itself heard in the stable of Bethelehem. The old farmer stopped, looking at me aghast.

"Ab, Monsieur! I spoke too soon of

the little one's goodness! He has waked up and it won't be easy now to quiet him."

"Perhaps be is hungry."
"If he could only nurse a bit!"

beyond.

But the poor little Bambine! He was weeping tears bigger than the biggest day peas ever seen in Cabrecolles! In valu Pierre Miguel called him softly by name, CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.

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Physical Slavery.

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Bushville, Fairfield Co., Ohio.

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Yours truly,

HANNAH E. DICKSON.

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Root Pills.

Sir: For years I have been afflicted with graved and after trying the best doctors in this locality with out receiving any benefit, I tried Br. Morge's Indian Root Pills with the result that lo-day I am a new man, completely curred. I would not be without them; they are the best Pill I ever used.

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Yours, &c., Celia Johnson.

Yours, &c., Celia Johnson,

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W. H. Constock:

Dear Sir: — Your Br. Morse's Indian Root
Pills have effected a most remarkable cure. My
mother was suffering from kidney difficulties; the
disease had got so firm a grip upon her that she could
not walk a step. I bought a box of your pills and
commenced giving her two pills every might; before
she had taken all of one box she could walk about the
house. To-day she is perfectly well and says that
Morse's Pills saved her life.

Yours, &c., L. W. Fergusch.

W. H. COMSTOCK, MORRISTOWN, N.Y. BROCKVILLE, CNT.

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Price of Eubscription—\$2 00 per annum. EDITORS. REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES.

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGEAVES.
(Author of "Mistakes of Molem Infidela.")
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Catholic Record

London, Sat., Dec. 27th, 1890.

To all our readers we heartily extend the compliments of this blessed as d glorious and joy ful season. May their cup of blies be filled to overflowing-may the peace of God reign with them and about them - may His all sustaining hand be present when the clouds of misfortune hover over and dessend upon them, and we pray and bope the new year will bring to them every joy and happiness, made more true nu more perfect and more beautiful by the resence of the Child of Bethlehem blessing and guiding their footsteps in the path which He has marked out for them to follow.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will" is the angelic song that was heard on the mountains of Judea nigh two thousand years ago. It was intoned and sung aloud . mid the starry vaults by hosts of angels sent to announce tidings of great joy and herald the coming of Him Who was the desired of all nations. The learned doctors of the law who sat in the chair of Moses were not favored with so wonderful a manifestation of God's love for mankind, nor was the Divine message conveyed by voice or sound of trumpet to the palace of King Herod or to the Imperial councils of Augustus Cærar. God's ways are not men's ways. The most consoling and most glorious news ever communicated from heaven to earth, from God to man, was given by angels to the simple-minded. lowly shepherds who were watching their flocks on the hillsides of Galilee and were probably entertaining each other with praise and admiration of heaven's marvellous beauty and with love and adoration of Him Who created

The firmament on hi h With all the blue ethereal sky.

Not to the votaries of pleasure, or to the ambitious of this world's honors, or to men vain of power, does God reveal Him. self, but rather to the simple of mind and the innocent of heart. We read in the book of the wise man : " Every mocker is an abomination to the Lord and His communication is with the simple." Or again, as we are told in the sermon on the Mount: " Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God."

The songs that two thousand years ago brought joy to the hearts of the humble shepherds of Galilee have been repeated at every Christlan home and before every who gathered their innocent children around a rude representation of the crib of Bethlehem and told them the story of us and of a Saviour that was born to us." Tae angelic sounds "Gloria in Excelsis" re-echo in our churches still and are repeated in the homes and at the family gatherings where the happy group is formed around the maternal arm chair, and all are happy and all are blessed and all are loud in their exciamations of pure delight, giving glory to God in the highest, and willing, most willing, to be at peace with all the children of God who are men

of good-will. Worldlings and unbelievers may treat the Christmas holidays with the cynicism of cold contempt and consider as money thrown away and time lost which Chris tian parents employ in the gratification of their childrens' innocent longings for the gifts and playdays and merry rompings of the joyous season that comes but once a year. They do not calculate upon the mighty influence for good which the memory of those pleasant hours will produce for all time to come, nor do they consider how in after life, when grown to man's cetate and mixed up in a world of slp, their descendants will look back with pleasure and anxious longings to the days when Christian joys made them truly happy and the recollection of a mother's smile or a father's blessing on Caristmas morn will make their hearts they ever experienced on earth. If the Mr. Parnell's action in this whole writer after each strong point, adde sarcas.

doubting and unbelieving few had human governments and human affairs at their disposal, what a cold, selfish, mocking, miserable world they would make of it! The Reformation did its best to annihilate Christmas joys and to wipe out from the calendar the name of Bethlehem and of the Epiphany.
The French Revolution enthroned Reason and Infidelity, while faith in the world's Redeemer was made by law a crime of high treason. But human nature and man's generous instincts of gratitude to "a Saviour that was born to us" have triumphed over rebellion against God and His Church Christmas' innocent joys and hallowed associations have again asserted themselves and the cynic and the agnostic are Christian world which to day rejoices with its lowly shepherds and the joyous prattle of its innocent children singing with the white-winged angels in Heaven: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

THE POSITION OF MR. PAR. NELL.

With indomitable perseverance and determination, unchecked by the formidable opposition of former friends and admirers, Mr. Parnell still holds out and bids defiance to every opponent. His attitude in the presence of the condemnation of his continued leadership by the Irish hierarchy and by a majority of the Nationalist party is one of sublime audacity and boldness, of which a parallel can scarcely be found in the history of the parliamentary life of any leading politician. While we admire his wonderful pluck and manly steadfastness in presence of such mighty odds against him, we cannot but deplore his unwill. ingness to abide by the decision of the mejority, and retire, for a while at least, until the false position in which he stands be satisfactorily explained or with due contrition and amendment be universally condoned. and, if possible, entirely forgotten. There are very few, if any, who doubt the greatness of the man. No one can be found to minimize the vastness of the services which his parliamentary tactics and statesmanship have rendered to Ireland. but a heavy, dark cloud has risen to overshadow his public career. lreland's national characteristic for purity of faith and purity of morals has to be maintained and transmitted to posterity. When MacMorough carried away the Prince of Brefini's wife his subjects rebelied and fought and sacrificed their dearest temporal interests rather than again submit to his authority. Nor have their pure, Catholic instincts since that long period suffered any change. The national instincts of the Irish people are just now as sensitive on that delicate matter as they were seven hundred years ago. Parnell, although born in Ireland and endowed with singular fight. ing and staying qualities, is not of their kith and kin in the Catholic appreciation of moral rectitude, nor does he seem to enter into the national Catholic feeling of abhorrence which conjugal infi lelity stirs up in the minds of the people and of their leaders - the Bishops and priests of the Catholic Caurch, of which he is not a member.

in Canada, who are accustomed to Home Rale and who know how political leaders Catholic altar down through the centuries. | always yield and step down and out when They brought simple joy and ecstatic de. requested so to do by a majority of their light to the men of faith in every sge supporters - fancy that Mr. Parnell should, under similar circumstances, bave graciously retired and bowed to the wishes of the able and patriotic men who, at h! the birth of "A Child that was given to request, met in a chamber of the House of Commons for the purpose of deliberating on the advisability of his continuing in the leadership. In Canada it is the custom at all county conventions, when a majority decides in favor of one candidate, all the others retire with a promise of ad hesion to the party and of generous support of the nominee of the convention Mr. McKenz'e, who was leader of the Reform party for many years, withdrew from the leadership when a majority of his supporters decided that the interests of the country would be better provided for under the management and director ship of Hon. Elward Blake. If Mr Parnell has not acted with a like humility and subserviency to the wishes of the majority of the Nationalist party in Ireland, we in Canada must look upon his insubordination as a very grave mistake. But when he went to Ireland in the face of the opposition of the whole clerical party, and in spite of the actual disapproval and condemnation of Bishops and Archbishops who were his staunchest friends, then we cannot but consider bis action as a piece of unpardonable, if not irreparable, madness. How can be ever represent Catholic Ireland, or command the affection, the respect and the loyal support of Ireland in the face salary and a more prominent position in of the determined opposition of Ireland's athe once more for the innocence and known and trusted friends and leadersthe righteousness of life that were for patriotic priests and Bishops who live and them but the sure and abundant source | die for the people and by the people and of the only period of solid enjoyment with the people. We sincerely regret our instances of this are given, and the

But all those considerations apart, we

matter. It can only result in disruption of the whole National party, the alienation of all Engish sympathy and This writer is followed by others who in setting back Ireland's chances of emanetpation for another decade of years,

TWO PICTURES.

There is nothing more constantly repeated by certain clergymen whom we need not now name, than that when Luther preached his new doctrines, the Church was badly in need of a reformation. It is stated by these gentlemen that the Catholic clergy were in a demoralized state, that s'mony was openly practiced, and other abominable practices so frequent that nothing less than the overthrow of the Church and of its head, whom they called a usurper, an auti-Christ, man of sin, would effect the desired Reform.

It is not to be denied that there were some abuses which needed to be corrected. and that there were some of the clergy who were unworthy of their sacred office. just as there was a Judas among the twelve Apostles, but this was far from being so generally the case as is represented by enemies of the Church, and within the Church itself there was, as there is to-day, the power and will to correct such abuses.

Commencing with the Head of the Church, there was at this very period which has been so misrepresented a line of illustrious and virtuous Pontiffs whose energies were directed towards keeping up a body of zealous and plous Bishops and priests who might be the means of bringing salvation to their flocks. Such a man was Leo X, who was the Pontiff so much abused by Luther, and such a man was also his predecessor Julius II. But we shall not go into details on this point. We shall merely quote the well-known Protestant historian Leopold Rauke in

reference to this very period. He says: "What judgment can we reach con-cerning the Popes? They had always in view great interests, the direction of a religion under oppression, the contest with pagen'sm, the propagation of Christianity among the Northern nations, the foundation of an independent hierarchical authority. It pertained to the dig-nity of human existence to wish for and to execute great things. These noble pur-poses the Popes possessed to a superior degree. . . . Rome, the seat of papal power, became more and more the centre of the faith and moral life of the Southern nations of Europe. There we could see bold, and often beneficial efforts made to make other nations more sub missive to her authority.'

The Popes were seconded in their efforts to do good by holy Bishops and priests in all parts of the world. The noble qualitles and the wisdom of Cardinals Amboise and Ximenes, called at this time to be Prime Ministers of France and Spain respectively, were productive of much good in these countries, and the very earnestness with which, full of devotion to religion, the people united in saving Europe from the power of the Turks, is an evidence of the strong faith which was then prevalent. The worst scandals which occurred took place in spite of the exertions of the Bishops, and they were attributable, not to the Church authorities, but to the interference of monarche with the libertles of the Church,

But let us turn our attention to things which are going on before our eyes. Are there no scandals taking place in some churches during the closing years of this progressive nineteenth century ! We do not refer to the deplorable reports of which we so often read in the papers concerning the misdeeds of errclergymen. These are the acts of individuals, which are so numerous, in deed, that they should cause a blush to rise on the features of those who are so fond of making wholesale accusations against the priesthood of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We speak of scandals which are said to dominate in some of those churches which are most rabid against Catholics, and which are uncontrolled, perhaps uncontrollable, by any authority.

A series of letters has appeared recently in the Toronto Mail from indignant, yet apparently devoted members of the Methodist body against these scandals, Our readers will remember that recently a delegate in the Conference accused the clergy of that Church of tyranny fully equal to that exer cised by the much abused Popes of Rome. And the speaker was practically endorsed by the voice of the laity. But the charge brought now is of a more serious character, nothing less than a most widespread simony and worldliness on the part of ministers of the Churca who are already luxuriating on rich salaries.

The Christian Guardian asked recently : Shall we have a general Revival, (Reformation?) of Religion this year?" One writer says that a revival is indeed needed, but it is not to be expected when the leading clergy are thinking of nothing but the serious problem, "Where shall I find at the next moving time a higher social status?" He adds : "Men are now tempted to sell their services to the highest bidder, if not in one Church, then into another for place and salary." Numer-

confirm all his statements. One says in the Mail of 20th Inst. :

"Our Church needs a revival in itself and until one comes upon it it is use'sss praying for the Holy Spirit to be poured upon the people." This is severe enough; but he adds: "It is a fact, air, there is more wire pulling at the present time among the Methodist ministers to obtain good calls than you will find among the ward politicians to obtain s liquor license." He, too, gives instances. He states that in Toronto alone "three or four deals are being consummated among the different churches of the city which are a disgrace to Methodism."

This article calling attention to these doings might not have been writter were it not that the writer of the letter in question tries in this connection to blacken "Popery." He adds: "It is time the people lifted up their voices with no unmistakable sound against the Popery which is in its midst."

This writer is quite astray. Such scandals as he describes are not to be found in Popery. It is absolutely impossible they should occur, unless, perhaps on some extremely rare occasions. The "Popish" method of appointing dif fers most radically from the Methodist mode as described by him.

We would therefore ask these people Does it not strike you that a " Reformation" is now needed in Methodism? And if so would it not be advisable to return again to that Popery which you have been abusing for the last-300 years, shall we say? On no. Protestantism has lasted a little over 300 years, but Methodism is but a few years older than a century. If so young a child has grown so precocious, what will be the condition of Methodism when the wrinkles of nearly nineteen centuries shall have appeared upon its brow?

A third writer denies the statements of the former two in part; but the log rolling which notoriously took place at the New York General Conference, and which, to say the least, was very disreputable, is enough to convince an unprejudiced observer that the men whose conduct at a General Conference was so unworthy the clerical char acter, must have learned their tactics before they showed up at the Conference, and the in ference isthat the complaints are not far from the truth.

DEATH OF VICAR-GENERAL LAURENT

The citizens of Toronto must have been greatly shocked on Friday evening last when the sad and startling news was carried around that Vicar General Laurent had died suddenly. So awfully sudden was the taking away of this good and holy priest that not one in Toronto, most probably not even himself, suspected that there was anything wrong with his health or that he would not live for many years to come. But God's ways are not ours; they are hidden and mysterious, especially as to the day and the hour when we shall be summoned to render an account of our stewardship, religious communities to sustain them. Father Laurent was born in 1822 at Anjou, in France, and came to this country on the invitation of Bishop de Charbonnell, by whom he was ordained two years after his arrival, in 1860

After remaining a few years attached to the parcchial ministration of St. The children are well fed and clothed. Michael's Cathedral, in which he acquired and the establishments are models of celebrity for indefatigable zeal and un- cleanliness and neatness in every regood work, he was placed in charge of St. Patrick's parish. Here he was faced from the start with enormous difficulties. The old frame church had been burnt to the ground some time previously; the population, although of the poorest class, was constantly on the increase. A church edifice of large dimensions was imperatively necessary to meet the grow- have done, but when rabid journalists like icg wants of he congregation, and adequate school accommodation had to be uselessness of religious orders, and when found. Father Laurent met these difficulties without alarm. St. Patrick's upon the public, it is quite pertinent that church alone cost in the neighborhood of | we should ask whether our religious com-\$30,000; but this large sum, by his un- munities are not doing as much for the flagging industry, was found and paid public as are these Protestant insane over to the contractors, so that when he asylum directors who are appealing for aid was recalled to the cathedral the Redemptorist Fathers, who succeeded him, found they have incurred in their excess of zeal the parish free of debt. On the elevation to establish an institution which their coof Very Rev. Father Jamot to the religionists fail to maintain. If the Monepiscopal diguity, Father Laurent was treal Protestants had but some religious appointed by him Honorary Vicar- orders as devoted as those of the Catholic General. Archbishop Lynch raised him to the Vicar Generalship of Toronto and different story to tell now; and it is a named him rector of St. Michael's sign that many who have ere now been Cathedral. These positions he filled loudest in their abuse of the religious much dignity and with much profit to the people at large while the many religious institutions which depended on Michael's were upheld, as they were edified by his unostenta. tions plety and the great interest he displayed in the success and prosperity of every one of them. The Toronto Globe, alluding to the sudden death of Vicar-General Laurent, says of him :

Father Laurent was known and respected all over Canada. By his own people he was greatly loved and will be sorely missed. His face and manner were peculiarly winning and irresistably attracted all who were brought into contact with him. The Protestant clergy the missed with him. The Protestant clergy the missed with him. The protestant clergy the missed with him with him. The protestant clergy the missed with him with him

on all. He was an earnest worker among the poor of his own Church, but aided also many movements tending to pro mote the welfare of the poor of all denominations. His intellectual attain denominations. His intellectual attain meuts were of the highest order and his interests in art and literature very keen. There were protections in the city than the deceased priest, who yet lived most simply and in as retired a manner as was consistent with the performance of the heavy parochial work which he faithfully eavy parochial work which no interest will enformed to the last. The funeral will enformed to the last.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS AND CHARITABLE INSTITU-TIONS.

While the Mail is constantly dinning nto our ears that the lunatic asylums and other works of charity which are con ducted by religious orders in the Province of Quebec are a failure and a burden on the people, it will be interesting to the public to have a look at the other side of the picture. A number of Protestant gentlemen of Montreal, certainly impelled by the good motive to give proper care to the Protestant patients, started a Protestant Insane Asylum, which has been in operation r a couple of years. These gentlemen were not content with the Government Insane Asylums, some of which are under the care of nuns, who are naid \$100 per annum for each patient, an others under the care of lay persons, at the rate of from \$132 to \$150 per aunum for each inmate. It now appears that, though a Government grant was given to aid the new Protestant asylum, the novelty of the thing has worn itself out, and it is at the present time in a position verging on bankruptcy.
Overtures have been made to the

Quebec Government by the directors of tais institution to have the Government assume the responsibility, preserving the distinctly Protestant character of the establishment; but, as the Government existing asylums, and these contracts will not lapse until 1895, Mr. Mercier has refused to take the institution, at least until the present contracts termin. ate. The directors are thus in a quandary, as it has been shown that they are piling up a debt at the rate of \$14,000 a year, this being the annua deficit of the institution, the responsibility for which they wish Mr. Mercier's Government to

On the other hand, Mr. Mercier has stated before now that the asylums which are under charge of the religious orders are in a high state of efficiency, being at least as well managed as those which are under lay control, although they are much more economically con-

We have also in Ontario a number of Catholic charitable institutions, which rely almost entirely upon private generosity and the zeal and hard work of The Government aid extended to them is exceedingly small - a few dollars less than seven dollars, per annum for each inmate of the orphan asylums. Yet every one of these institutions is in a most flourishing condition. n the other ha which have been incurred for building them are made smaller every year.

We do not, by any means, desire to depreciate the generosity and charity of those who have made great escrifices in order to maintain the Montreal Protestant Incane Asylum, as undoubtedly many Protestants in the Province of Quebec the Mail are constantly raving about the they declare that these orders are a burden to deliver them from a huge deficit which Church they would probably have had a orders, are aware that their denunciations were unjust and slanderous, inasmuch as both Presbyterians and Methodists are seriously considering the question of estab lishing similar communities, even though they be not in every respect like those of the Catholic Church. The Anglicans have many such communities already, and it is an oft-repeated saying that imitation is the most sincere form of praise.

BRITISH LAW ON EXTRA-

The French papers comment freely on

the English judges who acquitted Castioni, the socialist assessin of Mr. Rossi, State Counsellor of Ticino, one of the Catholic cantons of Switserland. Social. ists and agents of the secret order of Carbonari have made two unsuccessful attempts within the last few years to upset the governments of the Catholic cantons, and, by creating disorder and panic among the peaceable inhabitants, to enrich themselves with plunder. At the first attempt the insurrectionists were scattered, and some of their number shot down, among whom one Castioni, a leader, whose brother resides ordinarily in London, Eugland. The latter travels about a good deal at the expense of the secret societies. his only business being to organ. ize new branches and sow the seeds of disloyalty and socialistic principles in every little town and village of Europe where he can escape police vigilance. About a year ago he was instrumental in formenting a small rebellion in Ticino, and during the excitement, while armed rioters were surging around the Government buildings and calling for a change of masters, Castioni made his way secretly to the office of Mr. Rossi, Counsellor of State, and, with a revolver to his head, shot him dead at his writing-deak. This being made known to the multitude, the riot ceased; for its object was gainedthe assassination of a good man, a firm upholder of Catholic rights and a noble citizen. Ticino, the murderer, escaped and hurried back to England. He was pursued, however, and arrested at his lodgings in London. The Swiss Government formally demanded his extradition, and the trial came off before judges Denman, Haw. kins and Stephen. Castioni entered the plea that he was innecent of the crime of murder; and that even were he guilty his offence assumed a political complexion and did not subject him to extradition, everal witnesses, however, both ccular and auricular, identified him as the assassin, and furnished proofs has contracts made with the already of Castioni's determination to slay, his avowed aim and purpose being to avenge the death of his brother. Judge Den. man, after having expressed the opinion that John Stuart Mills' definition is not correct if it means that every act committed during the course of a political uprising, independently of the aims and intentions of the movement, is covered by the Act of Extradition. declared that, on examination of the evidence produced, he came to the conclusion that Castioni was from the beginning mixed up in the political disorders of Ticino, and that it was not sufficiently proved that it was his intention to avenge the death of his brother by shooting down Mr. Rossi. He, therefore, ordered his discharge from prison. Judge Haw. kins and Judge Stephen concurred with the decision of Judge Denman, and the assassin was allowed to walk out of the

dock a free man. The Paris Univers says, apropos of the decision of the judges, "There goes once more the right of asylum and shelter granted by British justice to the political malefactors and assassins of the continent. It should be hoped that our excellent neighbors beyond the straits will stop their complaints about European sympathy with the 'Nationalists of Ireland.' Toe Pronix Park assassins were guilty of crime more political in its aspect than the murder of Mr. Rossi, and they satisfied the demands of justice in being hung for their crime. But the English judges say to continental revolutionists : assassinate those who stand in your way, but be sure to get up a political agitation, and we will accord you right of asylum."

The Univers then takes Sir Charles Russell to task for having undertaken the defence of a notorious criminal, and says that he, along side of Mr. Matthews, the Catholic representative of the English bar, should have left to others the honor and profits of a case so unworthy of his standing and reputation.

The Toronto Globe mentions the facts as stated above, but makes no commentary on the decision of the English judges. It omits also two important facts, viz., that the victim, Luigi Rossi, was a Minister of State and that Castioni's brother had been killed by the troops during the course of a previous insurrection. Castioni was heard to pronounce vengeance on the members of the Swiss Government, who are Catholics, and this was sworn to a the trial in England. It is certain he left England and went to Switzerland with the avowed purpose of getting up another agitation, so as to find an opportunity of avenging his brother's death. It must have required a long stretch of forensic imagination on the part of Judge Denman to give a political complexion to a well-devised, long-planned, murder in cold blood. Luigi Rossi, the man murdered, occupied the same position in the Government of the Catholic canton of Ticino that Mr. Balfour holds in Greet Britain. Let us suppose the possibility which may God avert-of a crowd of

ing weapons of Governme while a priva enters stealth and assassing desk. Woul borror heard would not E dition of the wha country two cases are that Ticino province and the seas.

VAGARIES The Rever

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VAGARIES OF A CONGREGA-TIONALIST MINISTER.

The Reverend J. Madill preached carlous sermon to the Toronto Protestant Society called the Sons of St. Patrick on Sunday, the 15th inst., in Concord Congre. gational Church. St. Patrick, be said, "was the first Protestant saint," but he gave one good advice to his hearers, namely, that they and all Irishmen should study the life and character of the great patron saint o Ireland. If they act on this advice they will find that St. Patrick received his commission from a great Pope, Celcatine, and that he advised his people to be "children of Rom as they were children of Christ." They will find that he did not act on the Congregationalist every project sanctioned by her for the promotion of religion and charity, I can system of suiting his teaching to the notions of the people to whom he presched, but that he brought them out of Paganism, and established faith in the Real Pres ence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, that he enjoined on them to assist at Mass and to offer up that holy sacrifice for the living and the

culcated priestly abs lution an tential works on account of sin. will discover that St. Patrick was consecrated bishop by order of the Pope, and that he inculcated veneration of the saints and their relics, besides other practices which would be sadly out of place in a Congregational meeting bouse.

As it was near the middle of the fifth century when St. Patrick went to Ire land, the Rev. Mr. Madill does not say much for Protestantism, even if his as sertion were true, that St. Patrick was the "first Protestant saint." Protestants generally claim that primitive Christianity was Protestantism. How is it, then, that the Rev. Mr. Madill concedes that Sts. Peter and Paul, and the other apostles, as well as the illustrious saints of the first four centuries, were all Oatholics and Roman Catholics at that?

If Protestantism be primitive Christi anity, how comes it that it was so apathe tic during the first four centuries as to

have produced no saints? The Rev. Mr. Madill has evidently a very poor opinion of Protestant primitive Christianity, and if his audience at all understood the force of his state ments, they must have shared his evident opinion that primitive Protestantism is but a myth.

YOUTHFUL CRIMINALS.

A sad story comes from Cheyenne, Wyoming. A few days ago a fifteen year old boy named Charles Miller murdered two men of St. Joseph, Mo, by shooting them while they were asleep in a box car on the 27th September. He is now on trial for the crime, and corroborative evidence has been brought in showing that he was guilty. His purpose in committing it was to get their money, amounting to \$150.

Though brought up for some time in an appear and appears and the wealth of pagan Rome. She fought perseveringly, the moral training, and was not conscious of having committed any crime except that he was found out. One of the murdered men died instantly on being shot, and the other died after an agony of several hours from a fearful wound on the right temple. It is not pretended that the youthful murderer is insane, but having been reared without any principles of religion he was actuated solely by the greed for money. He was several times bound to farmers in Min. nesota and Kansas, but ran away from them whenever an opportunity afforded, and was pronounced incorrigible. The frequent occurrence of such tragedies as this should be a warning to the community not to be so intent as many are on driving religious instruction from the schools in which our youth are trained.

Almost similtaneously with the above mentioned tragedy, another occurrence similar to it took place in Chicago, with the more atrocious circumstance that the victim who was murdered in the second case was the boy-murderer's father. Paul Holz rushed into the police station saying that his father had committed suicide by cutting his throat. When the officers arrived at the scene, the father who was not yet dead, pointed at his son saying: "He did it, He killed me for the insurance." The son, who is only seventeen years of age, afterwards confessed that he was guilty of

the crime.

It is not at all likely that any of these horrible crimes would have been committed if the perpetrators had had any religious training.

Rev. Father Michael Byrne, of Egan-ville, Ont., has given \$1,000 to Cardinal L. vigerie to assist the African missions.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON. LETTER FROM HIS GRACE ARCH.

To the Editor of the Canadian Freeman:

DEAR SIR—I beg to declare publicly the assurance I have already given you, that I am grieved beyond measure by the necessity imposed on me, as the divinely-appointed guardian of the faith of my people, to censure your editorial article on education delivered to your readers in the Canadian Freeman of last Wednesday's issue. Would that I were wednesday's PEUE. Would that I were free to hold my peace, or to adminster only a private correction and warning on this, as on former occasions. But the frequent repetition of these offences against religion in your paper, and the in sulting and defiant tone in which the writer of last Wednesday's article assails the entire Catholic Church, her faithful laity, her anointed pastors and rulers, her more than miraculous civilization of the nations, and shove all her faith, her Christian faith, and her authoritative teaching of it to her children in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, have left me no option, no possible alternative. I am constrained by the imperative exigencies of my office to choose be tween public correction of those shock ing calumnies against God's Church and scandalous dereliction of my pastoral duty.

Knowing you personally to be a loyal son of Holy Mother Church, not by profession only, but by regular observance of her laws of worship and her discipline not believe that the obnoxious editoria has been written by you or published with your approval. I am bound, indeed, to treat it as yours, since it has been given to the public in your name. But I am fain to attribute this odious blot on your newspaper to your impru-dent practice, against which I have more than once warned you, of accepting quasi editorial contributions from out siders and giving them place in your foremost columns on the too facile assumption that their authors are cunning enough or honest enough not to involve you in trouble by dendling their pet theories before the public whilst

fathering them on you.

It would be wearlsome to deal with the offensive writer's sentences in detail, neither would it serve any useful purpose. I prefer to invite attention to certain most glaringly erroneous and contumell-ous passages, in which the substance and spirit of the whole article are embodied.

One of these passages reads as follows:
"The consequence is that an educated common people no longer allow themselves to be looked upon as so many nonentities In either Church or State, and on every proper occasion they assert, in no un-meaning terms, the manhood and independ-

and the state of the state of the state of the state of Jesus Carist and His Holy Caurch, I pronounce the foregoing proposition to be a false and scandalous innuendo, derogatory to the doctrinal rights of the Sovereign Pontiff and the Bishops appointed to feed and rule the flock of Unrist, offensive to Caristian ears and contumelious to religion. Who has ever heard of the Catholic Church treat ing the children of redemption as "non-entities," and crushing out their "manhood and independence of freemen?"
It shall "no longer" be allowed, says
your article writer. When has it ever
or anywhere been done or attempted?
Has not the elevation of man, individual man, to the dignity of "manhood" in its truest sense and highest grade, and the msintenance of his right to the "inde-pendence of freeman," been the special work, the glorious and laborious task of the Catholic Church throughout her long centuries of conflict with the multitudin ous oppressors of human liberty and perscience? This has been the maio feature of her history from Pentecost to the present day. For this she strugg el at her outset with the Jewish Sanhe Iria bled profusely; myriads of her brave ons and daughters died the martyr's death. Victory at length crowned her death. Victory at length crowned her struggle. Whose was the victory? It was the victory of individual man's preminent moral "entity" and Christian dignity, and of his right to his "manhood and the independence of freemen," in despite of exquisitely organized material representations and the all perveding indisence of forces and the all pervading influence of time honored and universally accepted systems of public life socially and mor-ally depressing him.

THE CHURCH THE NURSING MOTHER OF

Who but the Catholic Church, and she alone, has civilized humanity, giving that nobility to manhood which is pro-perly called civilization? Not to speak of the results of her early evangel sation of the races spread over the wide continent of Asia from the Dardanelles to the eastern coast of India, and of the inhabitants of the Cimmerian regions peyond the Tauric Chersonese; likewise of the peoples resident on the northern and eastern coasts of Africa and the countries bordering on the Nile, let us fix our attention for a moment on her wonderful dealings with the nations of

She had already established the religion of the crucified Redeemer amongst them everywhere, and had well nigh succeeded in abolishing their ancient superstitions, when the most awful cataclysm of which when the most awful cataclysm of which history bears record came upon Europe and Africa in the fifth century, sweeping away the whole empire of the west, with its authority and its laws, its military and civil institutions, its proconsuls and politics, and all its acquired rights and possessions. The hardy barbarians of the north rushed down in armed multitudes, numbering at times half a million of men under command of a single chief, and seized upon the several countries of the west and south in quick succession, plun-

among the enslaved remnants of the evicted populations, and formed themselves into new and independent States throughout Garmany, Italy, Spain, Gaul, Eagland and Africa. The bare mention of the names of Alaric, Generic, Attila and other leaders of those sanguinary hordes of savages suffices to recall to mind the dreadful desolation that fell upon Christian society in that calamitous period. Civilization had utterly disappeared. Christianity barely survived to mourn the loss of its Bishops and priests, its churches, loss of its Bishops and priests, its churches, alters and libraries. The blessed work of regeneration had to be commenced anew by the Catholic Church. It was an undertaking of inconceivable magnitude. How did she succeed in transforming those new patterns of wild man of the forest of forcest of forces. nations of wild men of the forest, of fero-cious tendencies and untamed passions, iato gentlemen of culure and suavity of manners and highest intellectual, moral and authoric refinement? The means she employed were many and various. Among them were the following most potent

1st. The Roman Pontiffs sent amongst them missionaries from Ireland (whose monasteries and schools were then the most renowned centres of learning and piety in the world), also from various parts of the east, to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, its sublime mysteries and its precepts of charity and mercy and gentleness, its hopes of everlasting ro-ward and its threats of everlasting punishment; and by the daily oblation of the adorable victim of the New Testa-ment and the administration of the sacraments of grace, to ensure efficacy to their teaching in its firm acceptance and faithful practice by those to whom their mission was directed in the decrees of the God of Mercy. The learning, the divine z-al for the salvation of souls, the sanctified lives and edifying example of those holy men, no less than the miracles not unfrequently wrought by the Almighty hand at their call, worked radually the conversion of all the nations of Europe to the faith of Jesus Carist in His Catholic Church.

2nd. For their intellectual cultivation and social equipment she employed the pest specimens of all former civ sations. which the Roman Pontiffs had be most careful to preserve, in regard of laws, manners, public policy, municipal liberties, history, oratory, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, architecture and all other refining and ennobling arts.

These means of education were judiciously applied by the Bishops and paro-chial clargy, who took care to establish schools beside the churches everywhere and keep them under their immediate supervision for religious instruction, first of all, and for the communication of secular knowledge to the masses generally in such manner and degree as was useful practically possible in those ages mankind had not the advantage of the art of printing and no one had ever yet seen a page of letter-press or a geo-graphical engraving! But it was in her nasteries the Church concentrated her resources for higher education, and by means of them diffused widely the bless legs of them diffused which has been ings of superior cellightenment in every department of science and art and politic learning. Those busy lives of in tellectual industry multiplied with in-credible rapidity in all parts of the west soon after the beginning of the sixth century. Their splendid services to society in fostering civilization, as well as to religion in forming Caristian hearts on the most perfect models, attracted to them the good, the unselfish and the talented of all ranks of life, whose ambition was to devote themselves perpetually to the service of God and their fellowmen. In the first two centuries following their introduc-tion into England, no less than thirty royal personages renounced the pomps of the world and embraced the monastic state. Other nations show similar records. All the purposes of our later institutions, designated universities, were more than amply fulfilled in the monasteries of the middle ages. Each had its great public school, to which all aspirants to literary or scientific excellence were welcome with out pension or pay. The best manu-scripts were at their command; for every monastery had its scriptorium or department for the transcription of books; an occupation to which a large number of monks were continually

assigned as an equivalent for the pre-scribed duty of manual labour. Thus did the Catholic Church provide the mental culture of her children and the advancement of true civilization in those times when learning was most difficult of acquisition by unaided effort. Is it true that in all this her aim was

to make men "nonentitics," and to de-fraud them of their "manhood and the and pendence of freemen?

3rd. Not by the preaching of the word only, but by means of stern legislation also through her Provincial Councils of Bishops, renewed triennially during the successive extension. independence of freemen"? successive centuries, she recast the ble order of family life, on which the the suc good order of society most of all depends and by her laws on marriage and the Christian relation of man and wife, established a fruitful nursery of virtue in every home, and sanctified society all round by the diffusion of domestic sanc tity. The sum of her marriage laws was thus expressed, "one with one only, and for ever." This brief maxim comprehends the most vital laws of life in Christian society. It proclaims under divine sanction the unity and indissolu bility of marriage; it excludes divorce and polygamy on any pretext whatso ever. It insures the woman an inviolable home to the end, and guarantees her sgainst the caprices, the jealousies, the ready alienation of conjugal affection, that naturally follow from the looseness of the matrimonial bond. Herein is the enough. The Caurch further insisted on the equality of the woman with the man by virtue of fraternity in Jesus Christ and equality before God in the order of regenerated life. She is to be no longer his slave, but his partner, in equal companionship and joint responsibility in the domestic sphere. She must hold authority over her children, and bear the chief part in the formation stability of the family. But this was not enough. The Caurch further insisted on west and south in quick succession, plundering and reraise plant and bear the chief part in the formation and fertile plants along their line of march, and elaughtering the inhabitants without discrimination and without mercy, till they had insured a fixed abode must hold authority over her chidren, and their rights of manhood much more. It is interesting to note that St. Ambrose obtained from the Emperor, before giving him absolution, the enactment of a law that has been thenceforth observed in the respect due to her dignity, in public Christian countries generally and is prac-

and in private, in the crowded thorough-fares of the city, in the Caurch, in the theatre, in the drawing room — every-where. Who does not see the far reacting power of these sublime principles in fashioning the world's civilization? Shall it be said that the Caurch sought to reduce woman to a "nonentity," and to deprive her of her just "indepen-

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH COMPELLED KINGS, AS WELL AS PROPLES, TO RESPECT Once the Caurch had put forth her

doctrines of individual man's dignity and woman's equality with him in the frater nity of Jesus Christ, and the consequent rights of his manhood and her woman she was bound in honor to sustain this position against every effort to hold them fast in the shackles which had been framed for them by Pagan civilization under whose cast iron system each individual was in very truth and in fact rendered a "nonentity," a mere atom of existence absorbed into the body politic, and a chattel of the State, worth of estimation only just so far as each of and his belongings were of any value to the State. Did the great Catholic Church allow the powerful ones of the political world to counteract her laws of civilization, whether in regard of man' manhood and just freedom or of woman' newly asserted dignity and special sacredness in the family and in society. Not she. A few historical facts illustra tive of her long record, will show he consistency.
TYRANNICAL ACTS OF MONARCHS AGAINST

PRIVATE CITIZENS PUNISHED BY THE

4th. Cruelty and ferocity, the readiness to use the sword and degger, and, if necessary, to take an opponent's life in pursuit of every passion or interest, was the characteristic of those newlyformed states of Europe composed of untutored warriors, the men of blood and iron who had settled upon the lands and seized the high places in the cities of the defunct Roman empire of the west One shudders on reading the historical records of those times. Moral force was an unknown agency. Reasoning was folly. Rights there were none, but the right of the strongest. Who was there to restrain this terrible power of the sword and bring it within the rules of reason and right and public law? The head of the family in his home, the feudal lord in his castle, the King in his court, were arbitrary despots, each in his domain? What power on earth could lay hold of the entire system of life and reduce it to order for the safety of society? Kings and Emperors indeed made oath at their coronation to rule their subjects justly and in accordance with the fundamental laws of the State; but whensoever cupidity or batred tempted them to act otherwise, how were they to be curbed ? Thanks be to God, there was a power, an unarmed power, that had the courage of unfailing taith and hope in the destiny of man as the child of God, and valued each individual as a moral "entity" of noble origin and noble end, little less than the angels, entitled by his birthright to the distinct of his far phood and the index dignity of his "manhood and the inde-pendence of freemen." The Oatholic Uhurch, conscious of her divine mission to regenerate society, knew she pos-sessed this controlling and directing power, and the world can never sufficiently thank her for her effective exertory-I mean England's true historyare acquainted with the invaluable ser vices rendered in this respect by S Dunstan, St. Tucmas of Canterbury Cardinal Langton and other churchme

in every chapter of history from the fourth to the fifteenth century. Let one example stand for all ST AMBROSE AND THEOD SIUS THE GREAT The Emperor Theodosius, surname the Great, by reason of his splendid per sonal virtues, combined with his military successes and admirable administration the representations of his courtiers signed a warrant in the year 290 for the retaliation of his soldiery upon the popu-lace of Thessalonics who had killed some military officers in a street riot.
The imperial warrant was executed with atrocious cruelty, the innocent and the guilty having been slaughtered alike without trial and without pity. Tais oc-curred in the distant Province of Illyricum; but the Enperor held his court Milan, a city in the north of Italy, of which Ambrose, philosopher, orator, whilom a high civic official, was then Bishop. The saintly Bishop wrote to the Emperor condemning his act, and exhorting him to public reparation; and informing him, moreover, that until he had expiated his guilt by penance in eight of all men, his customary Sunday offering would not be accepted, nor would holy Mass be celebrated in the church, should he be present. Theodo sius, nevertheless, came to Mass as usual

Similar defence of public liberty and

individual rights by the Bishops of other

European nations, and especially by the

Roman Pontiffs, stands out conspicuously

But the Bishop met him at the church door and forbade His Majesty to enter, saying to him, "Sire, you are of the same clay with those you govern, and there is one common Lord and Emperor of the world. How will you lift up to Him in prayer those hands stained with blood prayer those hands stained with blood unjustly spilt? Depart, therefore, and, as you have followed David in sinning, follow him also in repentence." The Emperor submitted and accepted the penance imposed on him, which was exclusion from the Caurch, and confinement in his palace in the mourning garments of repent-ant sinners for a term of eight months; nor was he permitted to enter the Church till he had made public confession of his sin and done penance a Bishop, who loved his imperial master much, but loved his fellow citizens and their rights of manhood much more. It

iced under our eyes at this moment in ticed under our eyes at this moment in Canada, viz: that there shall be a respite of thirty days before the execution of any warrant, or judicial sentence affecting life or the forrelture of estates, lest surprise or passion should have had any part in decisions of such grave import. Whose was the triumph in this memorable instance? Manifestly it was the triumph of citizenship over arbitrary the triumph of citizenship over arbitrary power: it was individual men's "entity" recognized by the wearer of the sceptre and dladem: it was his "independence of freemen" vindicated, and a basis laid for

government. I reserve for your next issue my farther comments upon the editorial article I have been censuring, the writer's direct attack upon Christian faith being too grave a matter for carsory observation.

the gradual introduction of constitutional

I remain, dear sir, Yours faithfully in Christ, † JAMES VINCENT CLEARY Archbishop of Kingston, The Palace, Kingston, 15th Dec., 1890

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

ORDINATION AT ST. BASIL'S

In St. Basil's Church Rev. Mr. Fivne was elevated to the dignity of the holy priesthood and Mr Thomas Hayes was ordained sub-deacon by His Gace Archbishop Walsh. Many of the students of St. Michael's College were present. Rev. Father Flynn left vesterday for his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he will celebrate his first Mass on Christ. mas Day. During the past five years he has been a professor of St. Michael's College. He was ordained for the Brooklyn diocese Rev. Mr. Hayes is a member of the Basilian Community of this city. He is one of the professors of

the college,-Globe, 19th inst. SUCCESSFUL CONCERT. A very successful concert was given in aid of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Toronto in the Temperance Hill on the evening of the 16th inst. Nearly a thousand tickets were sold, and a highly an preclative audience was present to assist in the good work and to enjoy the treat. Every part of the programme was well rendered, the violin solos of Mr. A. H. Harris being especially worthy of proise. Mr. W. E. Rumsays' comic songs also elicited great praiss. The other ladies and gentlemen who took part were Mrs. M. Kinnen, Mrs. Balancer, Miss. Blancer, Miss. Blancer, Miss. Blancer, Miss. McKinnen, Mrs. Belanger. Mrss Blats, Miss Saurlot and Mrssrs Pelletier, Paul N J Harrls, Georgie E Hardie and the N J Harris, Georgie E. Handson, The members of the Sacred Heart choir. The church is especially for the French-Cana dians of the city.

Noel.

Wm. D. Kelly in Boston Pilot. bld the yule log blaze and brightly

And hither mistletoe and holly bring!

Their glorious anthems to the new born King; Lo! like a bride arrayed in robes of white, The earth awaits the coming of His feet, And in the stillness of the stadit night, Noel! Noel! the joyous bells repeat.

That dear, delightful memories to night Come back to us of other scenes and

Come back to us
climes!
Of gathered groups around the yule-log's
light,
ho sat and listened for the Christmas chimes
And whiled the hours away with tales betimes:

times;
Of cosy ingle corners which displayed
The children's stockings hanging in a row,
And swains saluting every blushing maid
Who strayed beneath the pendent mistle-

Bid it, then, welcome to our hearths anew. This gracious feast of the departing year, That trings our halls the holly and the yew And heaps our boards with plenty and good-cheer, Now that the chimes announce its pres ence near!

ence near! see, in the limits of the eastern skies, A rosy blush proclaims the coming morn, And loud and clear each steeped bell re el! Noet! because the Christ is born.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

Catholic young men and women who are out of employment would do well to com-municate with Mr. Wm. II. Hughes pro-prietor of the Michigan Catholic. 11 Row land street, Detroit That beautiful work, giving a full account of the great Centen-nial celebration at Baltimore, which he has nial celebration at Baltimore, which he has published, sells readily. It is a book which should be in every Catholic home. On reading it over our people will be more than ever impressed with the conviction that it is a proud and glorious privilege to belong to the true fold of Christ. The second edition of the work has just been issued and contains nearly one thousand peautiful half-tone portraits and engravngs, including the portraits of the thirteen

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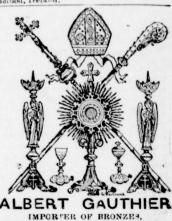
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and poor Jeanne, gently swaying him in her arms, murmured soothing worde, and the old grandfather, leaning forward, touched the round cheek careasingly—the situation was becoming more and more dramatic. The cry incressed to a roar.

A fine moisture began to gather on the mother's long lashes. The grief of her darling seemed to pierce her own soul, and turning toward the priest she gave one entreating, voiceless prayer. The Abbe, absorbed in mediation, was still conscious of that silent appeal.

"Give him the breast," he sa'd, as if in answer, and turned again to his devotions. Then in that poor little sanctuary, in an out-of the-way corner of the bleak Covennes, I was witness to a strange and rare s'ght. The young peasant girl, noble in her motherbood, pure, beautiful, pressing the lips of her child to her modest breast under the white cloud of the Vargin's mantle, was like some supernatural creature in whom the simple virtues of humanity were clothed with the lineaments of divine grace. She bent above her child, her blue eyes filed with a gentle and tender light, somewhat touched with awe at the strangeness of her surroundings, as that other Mother, "Blessed among women," might have bant over the manger eighteen hundred years ago. It was in itself a Christmas anthem beyond all that had been said or sung before.

"Listen, Monsieur," said Targan, softly.

It was the sound — learty, healthy, human—of the baby nursing. I do not know what strange connection brought back to me the memory of my own mother, but the next moment tears as large as those now dry on his cheeks were pouring over mine; and if old Guillaume Targan had not led me by the hand I could not have seen the way back to my corner by the altar. When I raised my head again it was to see Abbe Couplac in the midst of the grotto giving the Bread of Life to Miguel and Jeanne as they knelt before him, and to hear him repeat above each bowel head: "May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ bring your soul to eternal life (Corpus Pomini nostri Jesu Christi extendit experience in mostri Jesus Christ bring your soul to eternal life (Corpus Pomini nostri Jesus eternal life (Corpus Pomini nostri Jesu visti custodiat animam tuam in vitam

ternam). Amen.
The midnight Mass was over. as the last words of the Gospel of St.

John had been read the glare of numerous
torches in the yard without began to
throw a red light through the windows, and a confused sourd of voices and ories came through the open door. The priest laid aside part of his vestments and clothed himself in a long mantle, his cope—splendid yet, though well worn—which covered him from head to foot. His mas sive head and face, brown and wrinkled, as it appeared above this gorgeous garment, made him look like some pictures and the stance of the stanc esque Eastern Magi, or some strange Hierarch taken bodily from an old Bysan

"What is going to be done now?" I whispered to Targan.
"Now it is going to be the beasts' turn to have their Christmas blessing. If Monsteur will have the goodness to follow

The Abbe took from the hand of his as The Abbe took from the hand of his as sistant an aspersoir dripping with hely water. Then, turning toward the grotto, with the long folds of his regal mantle sweeping the floor, he commanded:

"The stable of Bethlehem in front!"

Eight robust arms lifted the poles which supported the green roof with its boughs and flating streamers of ribbon.

boughs and fl. ating streamers of ribbon, and the Virgin, with the Child in her arms and St. Joseph at her side, advanced with slow and solemn step under the humble and symbolic shelter. After them walked Gu liaume l'argan, proudly bearthe holy-water vessel, with the Abbe following, surrounded by the four acolytes. The people crowded and pressed behind, and I took my place in the cortege, which moved on to a wide platform outside the church door and raised a few feet above the level of the courtyard. Upon this the priest mounted with his immediate atten dants, while the remainder of the parish grouped itself closely about. Under the white moonlight and the glare of scores of torches the vast mass of animals rested in a semi transparent shadow worthy the pencil of Rembrandt. The cxen of Border-Lands were drawn up so as almost to touch the hem of the priest's garment. to touch the hem of the priest's garment. I could see the great brown, astonished eyes of Jacquon and Blereau as they slowly turned their heads.

"My brothers," said the Abbe, lifting his voice so as to be heard by the groups scattered among the animals as well as by those near him, "on this radiant festival, which commemorates the birth of His those near him,
which commemorates the birth of His
divine Son, God, who Himself blessed
you within the church, has sent me
here to bless your flocks and herds in
His name. They too are part of His
creation, useful and dear to you in help
ing to till your fields and make your
and the services of rest and comfort. He desires that they shall have their place in this glorious festival, and be associated with you, according to our time-honored cus tom in the celebration of our midnight Mass. I desire you then to slog what we of Cabrecolles have named 'The Christmas Hymn of the Flocks,' for God is pleased to hear all creatures that He has made to live proclaim the glory of His name."

And he himself intoned "In the midet of angels singing," while every voice, re-freshed by the few moments' silence, burst with a hearty, joyous, swinging rhythm into the words after him. The animals, startled by the sudden outburst, lifted their heads and roared in chorus, as if they desired to join the strain, and thus the wild and beautiful chorus was borne away to come back in ringing echoes from the dark mountain sides beyond. Far above the whole the high, thin, clear voice of the Abbe led those of his parishioners, man and beast. The old peasant nature again claimed the ascendant, and he stood with eyes uplifted and hands raised in blessing from the majestic folds of his The old peasant pature long mantle, singing in an costasy of de-light and emotion. Here are the words, written generations ago for this simple and touching ceremony by some unknown and humble St. Francis of our wild and lonely mountains of Cevennes:

CHRISTMAS HYMN (F THE ANIMALS.

Chorus.
In the midst of angels' singing,
To our stables as we slept

The Ozen.

On a trues of straw He's lying, Paie His cheek and cold as death; Let us, to His call replying, Warm and cheer Him with our breath.

Bending low to soothe and cheer Him,
And the pangs of birth torgot,
See the Blessed Virgin hear Him,
Smiling at her happy lot.

The Goats. With a broom of thick green rushes, Working well with hand and might, Good St. Joseph sweeps and brushes Soil and dirt from Jesus' sight.

As the last words died away the Abbe lifted the aspersoir full of holy water; Jacquon and Biereau, guided by Voirce and followed by all the herds of their own and followed by all the herds of their own farm, passed proudly before the priest, receiving the sprinkling with perfect dig nity, and moved away into the outer shadows, while the flocks and cattle of every holding. little or great, in the limits of the Black Expiners walked in pictur eque confusion after them. With a regular and benign movement the Abbeblessed, and blessed, and blessed, until the last lamb had disappeared, then, as he turned, happy and ifred, to follow the rustic stable which was being borne again into the church over the Holy Family, a voice sharp and tremulous stopped him at voice sharp and tremulous stopped him as

the door.
"And I, Moneieur le Cure! Aud I?" "You, L. Monsteur le Cure ! And I?"

He turned to see a little old woman,
witbered and substanceless as a haudful of
dried grass and covered with regs, who in
her esgerness had caught his robe to attract attention.

"You, Babet?" he said.
"You, I. Monstang le Cure . I. Rebet

"Yes, I, Monsteur le Cure; I, Babet Enjolier, of your own parish of Gin-

"I remember you well, Babet. Alas! you are almost the only one left me to remember—so many have passed away."

And stammering, with a gleam of tears in his eyes: "Glaestet! my Glaestet!

Your churchyard holds all that is mine

"I knew your mother and your father who used to be called 'The Partridge,' and I have come to you with my old donkey Magnette, that she may gain courage and strength to carry me well over the rough ways,"

"And where do you go over the rough ways, Babet ?"
"Here and there, begging saving your
"Here and there, begging saving

presence. I was seventy-eight yesterday, and there's little more than skin and bones on me to bear jolting. Life is a hard journey, Moneleur." "Be consoled, my good Babet. Heaven is at the end of the road."

The old woman stepped back a pace or two and drew forward a wretched animal, as thin, as old, and as dilapidated as her-

"Babet," said the good priest, "since you came to me at Christmas you shall remain as you like. God sent you; I re ceive you and Magnette from His hand."

ceive you and Magnette from His haud."
And in a louder voice: "On your
knees." Babet knelt upon the stone pavement, holding her donkey by the bridle.
Abbe Couplac lifted the aspersoir once
more, sprinkling the two with the last
drops of holy water; then raising his arms
he murmured in a fervent undertone:
"May the all-powerful God bless and protect you. (Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus,
Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus, Sanctus)."
"Amen!" responded Pere Targan; and

"Amen!" responded Pere Tayan; and the little procession took up its inter-rupted line of march to the sacristy with

rupted line of march to the sacristy with all the pomp imaginable.
Within the vestry the assistants in the ceremony were disrobing with all possible haste and preparing to go home. The good priest only, his lips moving in silent prayer, slowly laid aside his vestments, then turning to me a little archly:

"So you are to share the feast at Border Lunds? They have killed the fatted calf in your honor."

in your honor."
"What do you think?" I asked, repress-

ing a strong desire to yawn.
"Your eyes look as if they would

smiled at clumsy Pierre wrapping a warm woolen shawl around her yellow locks and rolling her like a child into a great

"Au revolr, then, my dear friend. We will meet in the morning "
Outside all was silence and repose.

Outside all was slience and repose. An ideal screnity fell from the crystal-clear sky on the sleeping earth; only a few faint wandering lights, like falling stars, showed where the patient herds were moving slowly homewards. On beavenly night of Christmas in the Black E-pin-orzs! Oh, unforgetable night! What a memory of innocence and peace you have left with me!

It is humiliating to confess, but I could not j in in the homely feetivity of the farm house. A lamb had been stuffed with chestnuts and rossted whole. Jeanne placed the most delicate morsels on my plate; the family looked at me with kindly smiling eyes; the old grandfather brought the rosy Bambluo to put in my arms. In vain! in vain! Nature re-venged herself for this unusual night venged nessit for this unusual night watch after the twelve days spent in her company, and I had to beg at last like a child to be allowed to go to rest.

"Bat certainly, Monsteur. The bed is

"But certainly, Monsteur. The bed is quite ready—the bed of Monseigneur. May you sleep well! After a wolf hunt one needs to close the eyes. Only it would have pleased us well to see you able to eat a little."

Father Targan himself, with Pierre bearing a second candle, lighted mo up the stairs to the carpeted chamber and the great four posted couch of Monseigneur.

great four posted couch of Monseigneur the Bishop. Ab, what a night I passed in that soft, warm solitude! Did Moneelg. Ab, what a night I passed in neur know such delicious rest that night after the last Confirmation at Cabrecolles Did any thought fit through his dreams, as through mine, of that gentlest, sweetest, purest of souls, the Abbe Cyprien Countries, who is but the countries.

Espiners ? And did he regret, as I, the hardness he was obliged to use in casting loose that beloved band of little creature from the heart that so loved them—especially the blackbird who, receiving his freedom with a sigh, turned back again to perch on the thornbush outside his benefactor's windew, and to call for the last time "Cou-pi ac! Cou pi ac!"—Mary Rizabeth Blake in Catholic World for December.

VISION OF THE FAITHFUL DE-PARTED.

THEIR TRUE STATE.

London Universe London Universe.

On Sunday evening the Rev. Dr. Suili van delivered the last of his course of sermons in the Church of Our Ludy, Grove Rad, S.: John's Wood, on the "Faithful Departed," taking for his text the words from the Apocatypee, "I heard a voice from heaven saying, 'Bleesed are the dead that die in the Lord.' Even so, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, for their works follow them," He said that one of the greatest revelations made by Christ our Lord to this tions made by Christ our Lind to this world was included in these beautiful world which St. John heard doubtless from his Savour in the Apocalyptic vision on Patmos. That revelation, which had had the greatest effect in reconciling men to a life of resignation and sudurance. to a life of resignation and endurance, was the thought that

the thought that

AT THE END OF ALL CAME DEATH,
which, after ail, was not pata or suffering,
though accompanied by suffering, but was
only a kindly rest. He had spoken to
them of the condition of the dead,
of their sleep, of their sufferings, of
the commemoration they made of them,
and now he had only to speak to them of
their rest—the joys and the consolation
which awaited those who departed this
life in the Lord. Only they who died in
the Lord were blessed. Sacred Scripture
eadd that the death of sinners was accursed,
and no one who had ever stood by the and no one who had ever stood by the death-bed of a man or woman who had cast in their lives wholly with

THIS LIFE AND ITS FLEETING PLEASURES could fail to realize most powerfaily the words of Sacred Scripture, that the death of sinners was accursed, Sad retrospect if they went to their death-beds having control pathing before than to plead if they went to their death-beds having sent on nothing before them to plead their cause at the judgment-sast of our Lord and Saviour. But, blessed beyond measure were they if they had heaped up treasures in heaven, because no moth could ever fret away those treasures, and no thief could ever break in the safe keep. no thief could over break in there to steal, for such treasures were in the safe keeping of Aimighty God. What was the rest of the faithful departed? The faithful were divided into two classes—those who passed directly into the presence of their passed directly into the presence of their Master without delay, and those who were delayed in the outer world courts of the heavenly city because they needed purification. The rest of the faithful departed

WAS THE REST OF WEARIED HUMANITY WAS THE REST OF WEARIED HUMANITY They were like poor thred children who had gone to sleep. He did not know whether many who heard him that night had ever read that touching story entitled "Misunderstood." It was the story of two brothers, one of whom was in tensely loved by their father, and the other disliked, because the father could have understand the nature of his elder. never understand the nature of his elder son. He looked upon him as a light, callous, heartless boy, but it so fell out that the end of that boy's life was full of exceeding pathos. He broke one of his limbs as he fell from a tree, and he was taken home and laid upon a couch under the image of his mother whom his father thought he had never loved. He lay

and no healing art, as the story told, could bring relief. As he was breathing his last breath his little brother, who his last breath his father than was brought to see him, knelt by his death bed, and prayed for a considerable time whilst his father and other rein tives stood around. At last the little fellow locked into his face. "It is no use praying any more," he said, "because he has gone to sleep." Death to cause ne has gone to sleep." Death to the innocent soul was nothing but a kind of rest—it was the repose of wearied humanity. There was no revel-ation which had brought greater com-fort to the wearied stricken hearts of men than the thought that at leat who will be the "Your eyes look as if they would rather sleep."

"To tell the truth, after these weeks in the open air, I would rather be in bed than at a banquet."

"And it is all prepared for you, Monsieur," said Jeanne. "A bed where Monsieur," said Jeanne. "A bed where Monsieur will elsep like a saint;" and she amount of the saint of the traveller. The saint is the traveller, or to the traveller, or

THE EXILE WHO HAD BEEN BANISHED for years. Who could think of the death of St. Bede, the English saint, whose life was one of surpassing loveliness—a life which united in itself the most beautiful characteristics possible to possess—who was a scholar, a priest and a saint. In his old age, after having worn himself out in the service of the Lord and the English Church (when there were no divisions in the faith in English of the church England, but when all were united in one faith and one hope), his death came on the eve of Ascension Day. He was in his little cell which overlooked the church where the monks were assembled courch where the monks were assembled singing the anthem on the vigil of Ascension Day. It was in the summer time, amid the glad twilight, and St. Bede listened to the strains of that anthem as it ascended upwards, and as he repeated the words his soul went with them into the presence of the risen Lord of heaven. Death was not only a rest from the trials of humanity, but was a of heaven. Death was not only a rest from the trials of humanity, but was a

rest from sin-from THE DARK INCENTIVES TO SIN THE DARK INCENTIVES TO SIN
which men bore within them, because of
their fallen nature and the scorching
temptations that come from without. As
the flowers turned their faces towards the suc, so the heart of any man that was not spoiled by a course of sin must free sibly turn towards its Creater. And so, though the souls in purgatory suffered unspeak ably, yet in some unspeakable manner hard to understand they related weard. hard to understand, they rejulced expeed-ingly. They were like St. Paul, who said, "I abound exceedingly in joy in the midst of tribulations." They were like those Japanese girls who, while suffering at the stake, stooped and kissed the burning wood through love of their Divine Master like those who was been staked the burning wood through love of their Divine Master like these who was the state of t place through mine, of that gentlest, sweetest, pure to f souls, the Abbe Cyprien Couples, who is but the counterpart of many a hidden life among the poor parishioners of flues that they might the more speedily—

beyond. Each year for a long while past the little village has been more and more crowded by invalids of every rank. Herr Kneipp has built a hotel lately, at which the charge per diem for board and lodgings is 21, paid by such as can afford the extravagance. There is no fee for treatment, no sale of medicines, no recommendation of patent articles, no ingenious device to extract the sufferers' cash. Wealthy patients are expected to contribute for the support of their poorer breth ren. Medical men not only send patients from Vienna itself; doctors come to study from Vienna itself; doctors come to study the good priest's methods on the spot These methods, sre, in brief, a return to nature. Herr Kaelpp is satisfied that people generally consume an undue pro-portion of meat, and he recommends more vegetables. White bread he detests; portion of mean, more vegetables. White bread he determe, of fire he strongly disapproves; tea is his shomination. Invalids may smoke and

abomination. Invalids may smoke and drink wine if they please.

Fifty years ago the good priest of Voershofen became convinced that the softness of our skins, above all our feet, is the root of bodily evils. Therefore to begin with, finnel is banished, together with all woolen materials for underwear.

He has devised or introduced a very convenience. He has devised or introduced a very coarse inen which scratches the skin mildly and inen which scratches the skin mildly and keeps it aglow, while flaunel enervates it. Koelpp linen" is commonly manufactured now in Munich and Stuttgart. Constant plunging in cold water is the second rule. It must be a mere plunge, and to dry the body is forbidden; throwing on his clothes with the utmost speed, a nation, tarry to you for a question of the starry to you have the young the starry to you have the young the patient starts to run for a quarter of an hour, if he be able—at least, he takes strong exercise. At the end of that time his dip, his moistened linen, and his scratched skin, together, have generated an intense warmth vastly wholesome.
The feet in especial must be hardened.
English doctors have begun to protest
against the usage of covering this part of
the body from early years. As soon as a
child oan walk its feet are incased in materials more or less calculated to exclude terials more or less calculated to exclude air ; and so they remain for life, excepting only the hours passed in coddling and softening them under blankets.

It is this mischief which Herr Knelpp sets himself to remedy. His patients—men, women and children—run barefoot through snow, where snow can be found; at other times in wet grass or coli water. Half an hour of this exercise is prescribed, but the limit is reached gradually; they the the transfer of the state of the limit is reached gradualty; then the inva-lid hurries on his socks—of linen—and his boots, and sets off briskly for a walk. It is needless to quote a multitude of success-ful cures. Weak brethren may be im-pressed by the case of a Rothschild, which has carried the fame of Herr Kneipp to these islands.

Many worthy subscribers read their papers from day to day, or week to week, without giving a thought to their indebt edness for the same; but when the fact comes directly under their notice, like honest men, they discharge the robligation full and satisfactorily. We are now send full and satisfactorily. We are now send ing out bills and would feel grateful if they are promptly responded to.

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think that patent medicines are a humbug,
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biggest humbug of the whole (because it's
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It is very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—never made a sick woman well—and the "Favorite Prescription" has cured thousands of delicate, weak women, which makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your "don't believe." We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again. money again.

When proof's so easy, can you afford to

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whose heart was filled with the love of Jesus found intense joy in suffering for Him. The rev. preacher then sketched the life of Clara Vaughan, who, he said, was a member of ONE OF THE CLIEST CATHOLIC FAMILIES

OME OF THE CLDEST CATHOLIC FAMILIES.

which had kept the faith steadily and resolutely during three hundred years of persecution. She was a sample of what the homes of Catholic England were be fore the land was robbed of its faith. In her were to be seen the force, the traditions which were alive in England before the deadly work of the Reformation began. He could not explain how the suffering of the souls in purgatory could exceed those of earth, while at the same time those souls could rejpice, and even pray that suffering might be sent to them, and all the while enjoy unspeakable consolation. Be autiful were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia and the consolation where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem were the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem were the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem were the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem were the pagan poet Virginia were those lines in Dante's poem were the pagan poet Virginia w solation. Brattiful were those lines in Dante's poem where the pagen poet Virgit told him that when he had passed through hell and witnessed the punishment of the loat, he would see those who were content in the fismes, because they hoped that one day they might come to the happy people. So it was with the suffering souls. They knew that release must come some day, and they had an unspeakable longing to reader themselves worthy to stand in God's presence. Then, the holy dead were secure, and men on earth were not secure.

FATHER KNEIPP'S CURES.

If diseases are multiplying and complicating, as most people think, it must be owned, says the London Standard, that the inventors of "cures" keep up with them fairly. The name of our latest benefactor is Sebastian Kneipp, kie dwelling place the hamlet of Voerishofen, near Augsburg, and bis atate of life that of parish priest. All three he has made famous throughout the Austrian Empire and beyond. Each year for a long while past the little village has been more and more

IS THIS FOR YOU?

fi mes that they might the more speedily Minard's Liuiment relieves Neuralgia.

IT TAKES VIGOR AND BACK BONE TO GO AGAINST THE TIDE. THE SICK MAN IS SELDOM THE SUCCESSFUL MAN. THE POINT IS: GET WELL AND KEEP WELL THIS CAN BE DONE; HERE'S A NATURAL WAY: INHALE NATURE'S VITALIZER-DXYGEN. NOT THE AMOUNT WHICH YOU GET IN ORDINARY BREATHING BUT A CONDENSATION OF ... THIS IS FOUND IN COMPOUND OXYGEN. THIS POWERFUL REMEDIAL AGENT IS NOT ONLY AN INCREASE OVER THE NORMAL SUPPLY, BUT IT IS VITALIZED BY CHARGES OF ELECTRICITY. IT MAKES STRENGTH AND MAINTAINS IT. THE BEST FEATURE

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New York Catholic Review. THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT.

"Let your modesty be known to all men."—From to day's Epistle. If all the mombers of this congregation do not know the name of this third Sun-day of Advent, it is not for the want of being told. For the benefit of those who base short memories we will tell you sgain. It is so named, as some other Sundays are, from the first word of the Introit of the Mass. The first word of to day's Introit is Gaudete, which mesns Rejutes.

Bejoice.

On all cccasions of rejoicing people like to be well dressed. The dress of s bride indicates the joy of her heart on her marriage day. Therefore on this Sunday, as on Mid Lent Sunday, called Lattere Sunday, also meaning rejoice, the priest and his ministers wear rose colored vesiments at High Mass. You may be sure that in making the choice of such a color for those two Sundays the Church does what is two Sundays the Church does what is becoming; for in the manner of dress she has both common sense and good taste; which is more than can be said for some of which is more than can be said for some of her children. The rese color in a penitential season, like Advent and Lant, is a color not only of joy, but of modest joy.

Let your modesty be known to all men, says St. Paul in tc-day's Epistle. So I say, that even in dress, no matter how joy, one the occasion, the character of modesty

ous the occasion, the character of modesty ought never be wanting in a Christian. And by modesty I mean not only decency, but also what is ropey and becoming but also what is proper and becoming one's means and state of life. . . Alas! there are Christians whose style of dressie often offensively indecent, and especially

offen (ffensively indecent, and especially on festive occasions.

You say, Oh, Father, that is because it is the fashion. If that means anything it means that it is more important to obey the whimsical laws of fashion than the everlasting precepts of the Christian Gestall Kennyana fashion. pel. Keep your fashions of dress within the limit of common decency; and, though the pricet may allow himself a smile at the absurd shapes and colors of your gar-ments, he will not feel it his duty to find

fault with them on the score of morality . Women are expected to dress with great care and nestness, and a married woman is in duty bound to adorn berself with a riew to pleasing the eye of her husband.
I would like to know why some daintily-dressed girls turn into such a dious looking slatterns soon after their marriage.

It is said, and with good reason, that a man is perfectly dressed when nobody re marks anything he has on. And I think that criterion is in accordance with Chris-tian medisty too. But what shall I say of the chameful and sinful extravegance lavished in our day upon the dresses of children, so contrary to Christian modera tion in expenditure, filling their young hearts with vority, envy, sensual desires and cravings; teaching them to be spend-thrifts, and leading them to esteem a jewel or a pretty gewgaw as of more value than their virtue. A little child, or a school-girl, dressed up like a princess is, from a Chilstian point of view, a scandalous and

a ridiculous right.

There has been a good deal said about people dressing seconding to their con-dition, and with justice. For those who are obliged to work bard for their living, ard at small wager, to deck themselves out in costly clothing is mere vulgar pre tension, and as contrary to Christian mcdesty as to good taste. Becure of one thirg that Christian modesty and good

In these days of self indulgence—the age of the lusts of the eye, the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life—it behooves all Chilettene, rich and poor alike, to set a good example, and show a little of that spirit of humility and self-denial, which

Put the good inspirations you have had from hearing this ermon into practice by not spending that money you intended for some useless finery, and you will have more to make the poor happy on Christ. mas Day.

ORDINATION AT TRIM.

From the Drogheda Independent we learn that on Sundar, November 16, the interesting and impressive ceremony of ordination of a young priest was per-formed at St. Patrick's Church, Trim, with much solemnity and in presence of a large and respectable congregation, by His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty Blehop of Meath. The young gentleman,

—Rev. C. Crinion—who has given up his
life and his talents to the service of God, is a member of a highly respectable family residing at Rushwee Slane. The father and mother of the candidate for holy and mother of the candidate for holy orders, besides a large circle of relatives and friends, were present, and had the great satisfaction of witnessing the high nopes of the young Levite realized to the fullest fruition, at the hands of their revered Bishop. His Lordship celebrated the ordination Mass, and was assisted by a large apprise of clears. Boy Eather a large number of clergy. Rev. Father Woods presched a very beautiful sermon on the occasion. After Mass Father Behar delivered an address thanking the Bishop for his presence and made special reference to the worthy young man who had just been ordained. Father Crinion then bestowed his bless ing upon the congregation, his mother being the first to receive the blessing of her newly ordained son. The rev. gentleher newly ordained son. The rev. gentle-man is first cousin of Rev. J. E Crinion, the estimable parish priest of Dunnville, diccese of Hamilton.

A Wedding Present

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imitations.

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Preaching at the Church of Our Lady
Help of Christians, Kentish Town, on
Sundsy, the Rev. Father Connolly. M.
R, took for his text the words, "The
kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of
mustard seed which a man took and
sowed in his field" (Mat. xiii. 31, 32).
The rev. preacher compared the parable Sowed in his field " (Mat. xiii. 31, 32). The rev. preacher compared the parable with the growth and progress of the Catholic Church throughout the world, how it had sprung from a grain into an indestructible faith, which had spread its branches all over the globe—into the camp of the soldier, the Sarate House camp of the soldier, the Senate House, and the chamber of the King—how that faith had sprung up unnoticed, and now the recognized religion of the civilized inhabitants of the universe, This Church of our Blessed Lord was founded on the grace of God, that supernatural agency by which God works in the scul; that unseen and invisible power and influence that He spiritually exercises over the scul of man. the scul of man. But this marvellous influence that God had over the hearts of men, that God was daily working, hourly bringing into operation, that grace was counteracted by the base desires of man and his pursuit after tem-

THE WORLD CARPD NOTHING for the preaching and revelation of the hidden mysteries of religion. What does the world care about Christ or His religion? What did it care about the propagation of the teaching of the Holy Gospel? Alas! it cared little whatever about God or the mission of our Lord Jesus Christ, The world only care about those things which it can touch and feel those things which it can fouch and feel and result in some temporal comfort. The man of fashion cared about the en joyment of his usual luxuries, and did not think of Him to whom he owed his redemption. In these days of heresy and atheirm it was indeed melancholy to witness the irrelegious lives of men who knew only too well that God was their God. Our Blessed Lord says, "Without Me you can do nothing." their God. We could not make one coward move without the special aid of Jesus Christ.
No, the world did not understand what the grace of God was, and many who did made no effort to practice and take adworld knew of that grace that was Daniel's food, it was David's weapon, it was Judah's strength. How little the world knows of the power of grace in the soul of man ; it could

poral pleasures. In the eyes of the world the teaching of God was con-

THROW LIGHT INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE DUNGEON, and console the widow in her sorrow and the exile in his effliction. God's teaching to us was not of a violent nature; He did not use force; it was by little and he do not use force; it was by little and little that He made us virtuous. Little by little as we grew up, so little by little we were associated with the will of God, and brought into spiritual contact with His angels. How many there were in

WHO BURIED THEMSELVES IN THE

CLOISTERS and convents to pursue a spiritual life in the midst of prayer. How oftentimes it may happen a person may go into a church to scoff and ridicule the divine service of the Church, and then it may be that his heart is touched and his conscience rebuked for having never thought of our suffering Redeemer. It may be that he has heard and taken to heart some words of seeming no impor-tance in themselves, but to him they reveal some past action of his life, and HE LISTENS WITH MORE ATTENTION TO THE

words of the preacher till at last he is struck with the reality of his wickedness, and repents of those years passed in sensual. Chieflane, new and self-denial, which even the infidel expects to see in the disciples of Him who, though God, took upon Himself the form of a servant, and lived and died a poor man; never preterding by His cutward behavior or dress to be a rich one.

Some word of the saying, "Blessed are beard Him saying, "Blessed are bear of the saying, "Blessed are beard Him saying, "Blessed are bear of the saying, "Blessed are beard Him saying, "Blessed are bear of the saying, "Blessed are beard Him saying, "Blessed are bear of the saying, "Bl His eyes when she was in the crowd and said: "There is one to whom I can tell at will the weight of my sorrow, One that I can trust. There is a kind beam in those eyes which, if it falls on me, will immediately win my heart." It was by some little circumstance such as this that led to the conversion of that woman, whose life had been previously passed in sin. We know how the Samaritan woman was converted—

IT WAS BY A LITTLE ACT OF COURTESY. As she drew near to draw water she saw seated at the well Jesus Christ, His fac seated at the well Jeaus Christ, His face flushed with walking, and His limbs fatigued after His journey, dust upon His garment, and sweat upon His brow, and He saked her for a draught of water, and she was converted. God leads us to Himself by little things. We are not all called to make sacrifices, we are not all called to rot in the durgeon or to live like martyrs and shed our blood as they did. We are not all called to do nenen

did. We are not all called to do penance like them, but we are all called to do something for the sanctification of our souls, and therefore we should do that which lays in our power—viz, to praise and glorify God in that manner which He has laid down for us in the teaching of His Church, and by doing little things of His Church, and by doing little things which God asks, and doing them per-severingly. It is not always in cloisters that men were saved. Everywhere and

IN LIFE MEN WERE GIVEN THE OPPORTUN

to serve their God and do that which He has commanded—in the counting house in the factory, in the workshop, in the household work in which servants are household work in which servants are engaged. It was by continually doing these things that we became great in the sight of God and His angels. See how it was that in our affections we could all easily, if we only tried, be doing for God that little that He asks us to do. He told them the kingdom of heaven could not be destroyed. Little by little that kingdom of God was destroyed in the heart of man. It was not all at once

Little but active-are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Best Liver Pills made; gentle, yet thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.

that that took place, but gradually, like his temporal destruction took place. Take a man in business, HE NEGLECTS HIS BUSINESS GRADUALLY, AND HE THEN BECOMES BANKRUPT. How did we lose our realth? Tampering with our constitution. First, we took liberties with our health; did too much work; or lessened our strength by indulging in illegitimate plessures. How did we manage to bring our household to ruination, little by little, by petty extravagances. In the same man petty extravagances. In the same man ner we lost our soul. There was a Latin proverb, " No man ever becomes wicked all at once." It was by negligence of prayer that they lost their souls. At prayer that they lost their souls. At first prayer was sweet, then they left off prayer—it came in the way of other dutier—then they missed all opportunities of prayer; then prayer became intolerable—it became distasteful, and there was no communication whatever has soul and God. This was etween the soul and God. This was the way the soul went down to perdition.
As little by little we fall away from God, little by little we went towards God. We ought, then, to be faithful to Him in little things, and doing the little that God wishes us to do. This was the way to serve God and save our souls, and by so doing win that everlasting reward which He has prepared for us in heaven.

SOLEMN RECEPTION OF THE BISHOP OF DUNKELD IN DUNDEE.

On Sunday an interesting ceremony took place at the Church of St. Joseph, Dundee, on the occasion of the solemn reception of the Right Rev. Dr. Smith, the newly-consecrated Blahop of Dunkeld, by priests and people. The event had been looked forward to, and despite the inclemency of the weather large congrega-tions were present at all the Masses, High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop, and the church was so crowded that many had perforce to stand throughout the ser-Outside the sacred edifice was displayed a large oil painted screen repre-senting the arms of the Bishop, and bear-ing the scroll, "The people of St. Joseph's welcome their Bishop." Within, above the star, a large banner had the words of the star, a large banner had the words of St. Peter inscribed on it, "The shepherd and Bishop of your souls." Both were greatly admired. The Rev. Father Hoseitt was deacon and Rev. Father McDonald sub deacon at the Mass. The Ray. Father Holder was assistant priest, and the deacons at the throne was the and the descons at the throne were the Rev. Fathers Phelan and Brophy, of St. Mary's. The master of ceremonies was Father Lavelle. The Rev. the Rev. Father Lavelle, The Rev. Father Holder preached the sermon from the text, "Obey your prelates and be subject to them" (Hebrews xiii., 17). He argued the necessity of apostolic succession expedient to research feet and the present the server of t slop, appealing to resson and fact, and concluded with a touching reference to the new Bishop: We may congratulate curelyes that we are no longer as sheep without a shepherd. We may corgratulate ourselves, too, on the particular choice the Holy Father has made for us. In the Right Rev. Dr. Smith we have a Bishop who from his early years has been distinguished for hard and earnest work ; a scholar of wide and varied. est work; a scholar of wide and varied, and, what is far more rare, of deep and solid attainments; a pastor brimful of zeal, and possessing as, perhaps, no other man in Scotland does, a thorough and practical grasp of the religious and educational redrements of our time and country During the Holy Szcrifice, my brethren, you will pour forth your prayers to God for "the shepherd and Bishop of your souls," that God may grant him lergth of days. Add finally are load in the Ard, finally, my Lord, I will verture to say in the name of all that the injunction of the Apostle shall be fulfilled in us—'Obey your prelates and be subject to them." "We are the children of the saints"—the children of St. Joseph through whose veins courses the blood of Patrick and of Malachy, of Lawrence O'Toole and Columbia. And the burden

Why go about hawking and spitting when Nasal Balm will speedily relieve and permanently cure the worst case of Catarrh and Cold in the head? Sold by all dealers. M. Sheehan, of Oscoda, Mich, writes: I have used Dr. Thomas' Ecleotric Oil on horses for different diseases, and found it to be just as you recommended. It has done justice to me every time and it is the best oil for horses I ever used.

when the end comes you may be ab'e to give an account of our souls.—London

best oil for horses I ever used.

Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie
Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, ss fellows:

"I have been a great sufferer from
neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being
advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now
heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have
been greatly benefited by its use."

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Was very bad with costiveness, and one ottle of B. B. cured me, would not be without it, says

MRS. WM. FINLEY, JR of Bobcyageon, Ont.

Thos Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise Mother and Rehe-

Gentlemen.—I have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for a bad cough, and was cured by one bottle. My babe only two months old also had a cold and cough and on giving him some it helped him very much,

MRS E. J. GORDIER,

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O. E. Comstock, Caledonia, Minn, writes: I was suffering the most excruciating pains from inflammatory rheumatism. One application of Dr. Thomas Eelectric Oil afforded, almost interest. forded almost instant relief, and two bottles effected a permanent cure. VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE is a great aid

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Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below,
Over the housetops, into the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing - Firrting - Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a froitcome freak;
Beautiful snow from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle an love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the fiskes gather and laugh as they go.
Whirling about in maddening fun,
To play in its glee with every one.
Chasing—Laughing—Hurrying by.
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive and its heart is a relow,
To we'come the coming of beautiful snow!

ing by.

To be trampled and tracked by thousands of

Once I was pure as the snow; but I fell— Fell like the snow flakes from heaven to hell—

Orce I was fair as the beautiful snow, With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow; Once I was loved for my innocent grace— Flattered and sought for the charms of my

face!
Father-Mother-Sisters, all.
God and myself I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too

How strange it should be that this beautifu should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go! How strange it would be when the night

To lie and to die io my terrible woe. With a bed and a shroud of beautiful snow.

enters the Christian home than bad books There are, unfortunately, too many of them in existence. They abound in liter-ary emportums. Too many of our modern novels are of this dangerous and immoral character. It requires the utmost vigilence on the part of parents to quard against their entrance into their houses. Through a too common carelessness or neglect in this respect, too many bad oks do find entrance to the jeopardy of

reading is only too abundsn', and we all know, and, let us hope, deplore how true it is. Of late several new books profess to advocate skepticism, and we have been astonished and grieved to observe how that circumstance only appeared to enhance their popularity. When one such book has had its run, another soon follows to enter upon the same career of assailing Christian faith.

he greatest danger to young people lies. A class of bad books, written for the express purpose of undermining the most vital of moral teachings, is presented by the authors and publishers in all the garb of harmlessness Here is where the emand is made upon the care and watch fuinces of parents. The young are, of themselves, incapable of discriminating. The book obtains entrance into the bouse hold. Its title studiously falls to suggest its real object. The book simply resem-bles other books. The parent may notice of our prayer will ever be that your reign it on the table, but fails to give it more than a cursory glance, and thinks no more about it. Meanwhile, the son or daugh ter has read the book, and the mind of he young person has had imprinted upo it a stain that is only too much of an in-

> The plain duty of every parent, in every such instance is to ascertain before hand what kind of a book your child is about to peruse. In order to secure them against the danger, it is therefore highly advisable for the parent to provide a reasonable amount of good By doing so you do much to exclude those of a bad and dangerous character.—Pitts erg Catholic

> > Easily Caught.

Capur, colds, sore throat and many painful ailments are easily caught in this changeable climate. The never-failing remedy is just as easily obtained in Hagrard's Yellow Oil, which is undoubtedly the best of all the many remedies offered for the cure of colds or pains. Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto.

writes. "My wife was troubled with Dyspersia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did time; she tried many different medicines, but did not got any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Curs. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years."

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SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

This poem, which we published in a recent issue, contained many errors. We now pub-lish it in corrected form:

How the wild crowd goes swaying along.
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for the moment then din to the eye;
Ringing—Swinging—Dashing they go
Over the crust of the beautiful snow—
Show so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowds passing by.

Till it blends with the horrible flith in the street.

hell—
Fell to be trampled on, spit on, and beat,—
Fell to be scoffed, in the mercliess street.
Pleading—Cursing—Preading to die,
Melling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hattig the living and fearing the dead.
Merchol God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow

For of all that is on or about me I know,
There is nothing that's pure but the beauti
ful snow.

comes again

If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain, brain,
Fainting-Freezing-Dying alone.
To wieked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone msd in its joy at the snow's coming

BAD BOOKS.

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innocence, the peril of morats, and the loss of God's grace.

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I have kept a Scrap Book for a good many years of letters received from pa-tients; some are long—too long to pub-lish; some are short—short and good. Rainy days I sit down and read them, and have learned a good deal about the human body from some poor, sickly woman or overstrained man. Here is one of them. I call it a good letter:

TRENTON, Texas, Sept. 28, 1886.

"To Kennedy of the Medical Discovery, Roxbury, Mass. I am proud of my recovery as to express my feelings in thanks to you. The KHKUMATISM has made me four-legged for six years. At last I have traded off two of them to Bell—Druggist—for four bottles Kennedy's Discovery. I am yours gratefully and unsolicited. J. B. Iyr." yours gratefully and unsolicited. J. B. Ivy.

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O. M. B. A.

We learn from the Montreal Gazette of the 18th that Supreme Deputy Campeau, of Uttawa. called a meeting of the French C. M. B. A. members in Montreal, at the hall of Branch S3 Mignome street, on the evening of the 18th, for the purpose of forming a Grand Council for the Province of Quebec.

We are pleased to note that Pro. Deare in the last number of the C M B A. Weekly, apolicy are for having inserted the letter of "Uspital," an anonymous acribe whose proclivity appears to be to impute unworthy motives to everyone who does not think as he dues We seeppi B o Deare's amende in the spirit in which it is given in the discussion of C. M. B. A. matters what we would like to see employed is argument pure and simple Those who employ sneers and personalities show, first, that they are incapable of argument, and, scoond, that they are a very underirable annex to the C. E. B. A. craft.

C. M. B. A. craft.

The C. M. B. A. Journal, of Montreal, has changed hands, and is now published by Mr. Jer. coffey. It is a bright, interesting monthly, and no doubt will be of much service in spreading the C. M. B. A. The subscription price is flity cents per annum. The publisher hopes to be able ere long to make the journal a weekly. Its labors will not be cannined to C. M. B. A. matters, the interests of all other societies connected with should be church receiving attention. We hope the subscripties will receive that encouragement of which it is so eminently deserving. All communications should be addressed to the publisher, P. O. Box 347.

"Oculus" in the Buffalo Union, deals severely, but not too much so, with that class of representatives who permit themselves to be led into the "slate" business at conventions. He has special reference to New York Grand Council. But what, we may ask, can be expect in the way of reform as regards Grand Councils, when the Sapreme body outrivals all the Grands combined in the tricks of "slate" making. "Oculus" should commence at the top. Good example should be shown by the heads of the house.

Dominion C. M. B. A. Directory. Beminion C. M. B. A. Directory.

Bro T. J Finn, of Montreal, has in course of preparation a Complete Directory of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association in the Dominion of Caxada. It will contain the names of clithe members and such other information as will be of interest. It will form a very valuable and interesting volume, and, it is bound, will be en means of still further extending the membership as well as briging those who are already enrolled into closer relations of business and friendly intercourse. Ten thousand copies will be published for free distribution. The size of page will be 8x41 inches. The rates of advertising are: For full page, \$12; half page, \$7; quarter page, \$5. Those of our members who are ergaged in business will flux this an excellent advertising medium. Address the publisher, f. J. Finn, Gazette cones, Montreal.

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7

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This, use of the pionesy Branches of the
stater top sahips, was organized Dece

Resolutions of Condelence.

Moved by Brother Schuler, seconded by Brother Grant Schuler, seconded by Brother O. Harpadon's father, be it therefore Resolved, Toat we, the members of Branch S. C. M. J. L. In meeting again assembled tender o Brother O. Harpadon our deep and heartfelt sympathy in the loss they have sustained by the death of a loving father, whose life such that of an exemplary Catholic, and we fervently pray that his soul may rest in peach the formula proposition be published in the CATHOLIC RECER, the ordical organ, and a copy of this resolution be published in the CATHOLIC RECER, the ordical organ, and a copy to sent to Brother Harpadon and spread on the minutes of this meeting.

WENDLIN SCHULER, Rec. Sec.

The Christmas Mass. BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN. The air is cold and silent,
The midnight hour is past,
The dawn is only coming,
The moon is waning fast,

You see the gleaming river,
And the starlight on its tide—
A giant sword of silver
Hung at the black night's side.

The stars are bright above you;
Long have those eyes kept ward—
Long have they watched and waited
For the coming of the Lord. And now they count your footsteps, Steps echolog in the street— Angels' eyes! they count your footsteps As you go the Child to greet.

At last you reach the threshold, Where the sacred candle light Rests on the blind old beggar, Gives a blessing to the night.

The blind old beggar thanks you As he never did before; For who can be a miser On this morn, at Christ's own door.

In all the glorious hours
Of the golden Christmas day,
Is there any purer, sweeter,
Than the one that leads the way

To the manger of the Christ-child, To the altar of the King, To the temple of the noly, Where the joyous angels sing?

OBITUARY.

Mr. John Hartt, Edmundston.

Mr. John Hartt, Edmundston.

A private telegram was received yeaterday morning announcing the demise at his home in Edmundston, Madawaska Co., N. B., at lo'clock on the previous night, of Mr. John Harit, an old and respected and prominent inhabitant of that town. Decesaed was brother-in-law of the Honorable John Costigan, and was born in the town of Ballina, in County Mayo, Ireland, about seventy years ago. Mr. Hartt paida visit of a couple of weeks to the Capital about six years ago, and during his stay made a number of friends amongst those with whom he came in contact.—Ottawa Citizen, Dec. 18.

Mrs. Keys, Hagarsville.

Mrs. Keys, Hagarsville.

The announcement of the unexpected death of Mrs. Daniel Keys, nec Catherine Cavanagh, which was made on December 8 brought grief to the hearts of her family and to a large citcle of friends with whom she had been connected. The departure of the "angel of home," occurring as it did when we are about to celebrate Carlait's birnday, has caused the blow to fall more heav ly on the bearts of the family. But the spark of a truly Christian life has fied to celebrate that great feast in the home of its blessed Redeemer. Hers was a life which was modelled on the life of the Biessed Mother of Him whose feast we are about to celebrate. It is widow in 1863 with a family of as small children, she had a difficult task before her, to guide and direct them through the mazes of religion, while succeeded, despite all her troubles, to make them seeds and all practical Catholies. When sfill cted by the alliest Catholies, when sfill cted by the alliest cat wish. But in spite of all their care as datention the grim visitor came and carried the jewel from its earthly home. Deceased was a native of Waxford County, Iraiand, and came to this country about the year 1849. She settled hear Hagarsville, where she iesided until her decease. She was widely known for her kind and charitable decea, and the sorrowing samily have the heartfelt symnathy of the entire community in the sad bereavement. May her soul rest in peace.

E. B. A.

Election of Officers for 1891. O'Connell Branch. No. 2, Toronto.

President J H Dovle, V President P Cotter, Rec Sec J O'Neill. Fin Sec P Keenan. Treas T Doyle, Stewards W J McLean and J Travers, Marshai H Lee, Asst Marshai J McNulty, Mess W Gaffrey, Libr J Judge and J Cronin, Surgeon W Wallace.

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Chaplain Rev J Davis, Pres M C O Neil. V
Pres M Madden, Rec sec M C Lee, Fin Sec
Jno McGarry, Treas D a Carey, Stewards A
Mulhern and M J Tierney, Marshal John
Keating Jr. Asst Marshal M McCabe, Mess
T Richardson, Libr W Hcgan, Surgeon J
McMahon.

Davit Branch, No. 11, Toronto. Davit Branch, No. 11, Toronto.
Chaplain Rev H J McPhillips, Pres T
Mahoney, V Pres J Delory, Rec Sec P Doncvan, Fin Sec P Walsh, Treas J L WoodMarshal G Maribarough, Asst Marshal P
Slattery, Siewards M Sheehan and T Reardon, Mess P McGarry, Surgeon J McMahon.

St. Patrick's Branch, No. 12, Toronto, St. Patrick's Branch, No. 12, Toronto, Chaplain Rev F Corduke, Pres J J Night-ingale, V Pres M Stringer, Rec Sec F Dow-ney, Fin Sec J J Maloney, Treas W Lune, Stewards P O'Connor and T Carroll, Marsha J Fahey, Asst Marchal P Sweeney, Mess J Bovair, Surgeon J McMahon.

Bovair, Surgeon J McMahon.
Sacred Heart Branch, No. 25, Ingersoll.
Chaplain Rev J P Molphy. Pres A W Murdock. V Pres P Gorry, Rec Sec D H Henderson, Fin Sec J Keating, Treas J O'Callaghan, Stewards D Howe and F Keating, Marshal M McDermott, Asst Marshal J Thornton, Mess E falburt, Libr J Halsm and C Gorry.

KINKORA.

Con the 19th inst. the closing exercises of Kinkora public school were held. The pupils acquitted themselves very creditably in the examinations on the different branches taught, mariting the highest praises. The recitals by the pupils formed an interesting feature of the proceedings, being of a high order and well rendered. At the close the following address was tendered the control of the proceedings, being of a high order and well rendered. At the close the following address was tendered with feelings of deep regret that we heard of your intention to resign your position as teacher of this chool. During the three years which you have apent among us you have deserved and chianced the esteem of everyone connected the interest of the three years which you have apont among us you have deserved and chianced the esteem of everyone connected the challed the everything that concerned the interest in the everything that concerned the interest in everything that concerned the interest in everything that concerned the profits and profits and harmony which has subsisted between yourself and the people of this section. And be assured that wherever you go or whatever business four may engage in you carried and and harmony which has subsisted between yourself and the people of this section. And have you which you wind you go as kind and fond "fermered" and hope your faiture steps may be guided by our Heav

KATIE HABAGAN, MINNIE BROWN Mr. Burns, addressing the pupils, thanked them for the kind manifestation of their regard for him, and expressed his sincere regret at departing from them.

When you kneel in the green trimmed

When you kneel in the green trimmed church and say over, quite quietly, the little prayers which you love, just think, a minute or two afterwards, how you can make somebody else happy on Christmas Day, and you will gain in this way more absolute joy than has come from the Christmas presents sent to you. The key note of Caristmas Day is the doing for somebody else.

The Christ Child came into the world, not to be happy, but to make happiness for others; to make the pathway of life amooth, and to ahew how forgiving, even unto death, one should be. So make that your Christmas. Make it the day when enmity and grudges are forgotten, when the friendly grasp is given where it has been withheld for a year, and where everything is blotted out from your life except a blessed peace and an your life except a blessed peace and an entire good will to all the world,

PARISH OF WALKERVILLE.

The Rev. B. Boubat, of Walkerville, sends us for insertion the following letter addressed to his friends and to well wishers to religion throughout the diocese and elsewhere. It is in connection with an in tended bezsar and an appeal for assistance in relief of the very heavy butthen which oppresses financially his church at Walker-ville:

Walkerville, December 15 1890.

Availing myself of your devotedness to the cause of religion and of your kindly friendship towards me, I take the liberty of tending you the enclosed tickets on a life-size portrait in cil of His Lordship the Right Rev. Donis O'Connor, D. D. the much esteemed new Bishop of London, and therewith I beg confidently to solicit the assistance of your charity towards the very urgent needs of the Church of Our Ludy of Luke St. Clair, Walkerville, Out., to the charge of which I was lately appointed. Kindly do your best endesvours to dispose of these tickets, and at your earliest opportunity remit me \$100 Walkerville, December 15, 1890. your earliest opportunity remit me \$1 00 for each book of five tickets.

The reasons which, as I believe, legi-

timate this my appeal to Catholic charity abroad are, among others, the following: First—The need of funds to save my church from bankruptcy are unusually urgent and imperative. It is not business to initiate every body into one's financial entanglements, and therefore I will not, in a letter intended for the public, tell the exact figure of our indebtedness. Suffice it to say that, although the bur den which has been placed upon my shoulders is not, in itself, absolutely for mideble. I nevertheless have reason church from bankruptcy are unusually midable, I nevertheless have reason owing to local considerations, and after taking stock of the present and probable resources of my church, to dread the issue and to fear lest I may be handicapped much more hopelessly than would be the case with twice or thrice the same amount in any other mission of average size and resources with which I am individually acquainted in the diocese of London, not excepting my late field of labor, "far away little Ashfield."

Secondly- The population on whose behalf, at the urgent request of the Von.
Dean Wagner, the church at Walkerwille
was erected and the parochial residence

behalf, at the urgent request of the Yon. Dean Wagner, the church at Walkerville was preceded and the parochial readdence established seven years ago by the diocean administration of the day is, with very few exceptions, composed of people of the poorer working class, of a flasting character in a great measure, and made up of every nationality—French, Irish, German, E. gillsb, Soutch, Italian and others.

It is true Walkerville is quite a manufacturing centre, and the products of its industries doubtedlessly bring annually from all parts of the Duminon and other countries hundreds of thousands of dollars; but the stable were not to the progress which has been made of the countries hundreds or the countries hundreds or the countries hundreds or the countries hundreds of the countries hundred of the countries hundred of the countries hundred the countries hundred to the countries hundred the countries hundred to the countr

J turing subarb," me and which I fear very much is more than I can accomplish unless I receive very generous aid. I, therefore, as an earnest of my appeal, furthermore preume to call your attention to the prom ise made by Oar Blessed Lord that He shall not leave unrewarded, the "cup of

cold water " given in His rame.

Give to those who stand in need of your kind charity, and Our Blessed Saviour will, from the altar, make a special pleadwin, from the autr, inter a special pleading for you when your pastor shall be desired to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for your personal intentions and needs.

Then, out of its fullness, the Sacred Heart

Then, out of its fullness, the Sacred Heart of Jesus will pour out upon you in abundant streams the life-giving benedictions of His love; "For God loveth a cheerful giver," (St. Paul, if. Cor., 97)
Finally, wishing you a merry Christmas to yourself and yours, with all the joys and accompanying happiness of the season, I humbly beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,
B. Bourar.

B. BOUBAT,
Pastor of Walkerville, Ont.

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

Buy no more than you can afford. Give no gift where you do not delight

Shop no more than you have the

strength for. Entertain only within your means.

Entertain only within your means.

Keep your Christmas nerve, and muscle, and heart, and hope, and cheer, first for your own home, your own fiteside, your dearest, your closest, your sweetest—and then for the homeless, the fireless, the unloved, the "unendeared," and be true, true, to the last Christmas card that your noat-office, or the last goes to your post-office, or the last "Merry Uhristmas" that crosses your

We are a generous people, and a happy people, and a Christian poeple, and we must keep our festival with sincerity, honor, intelligence and good sense, if we would keep it allow and "in His name."—

Elizabeth Signet Philps.

THE KEY-NOTE OF CHRISTMAS. DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

MISSION AT BRIGHTON.

Special to the CATHOLIO ENCORD.

A most successful mission, conducted by Father Devlin, S J, has just been terminated in this parish. At the devotional exercises, both in Wooler and Brightor, were very largely attended by Protestante as well as Catholios. Many came from a distance to hear the eloquent and plous father, and so greatly pleased were all that heard him that he was made the recipient of two addresses: viz, one from Mctanel Cowan, on part of the Catholics of Wooler, and the other from Lawyer Titus, on behalf of the Protestant citizens of Brighton. To both addresses the good Father made feeling replies.

On Thursday evening a representative hody of Protestants of Brighton called at Father McCloskey's house, where an hour was pleasantly spent in Father D viln's c. mpsny, after presenting him with the following address and a purse.

To Rev. Father O. B. Devlin, S. J.
Og behalf of the Protestant elitizens of the protestant elitizens of the protestant of Brighton called at Father McCloskey's house, where an hour was pleasantly spent in Father D viln's c. mpsny, after presenting him with the following address and a purse.

c. mpsny, after presenting him with the following address and a purse.

To Rev. Father O. B. Deviin, S. J.

Oa behalf of the Protestant citizens of the village of Brighton, who have enjoyed the pleasure and the prices of attending the series of addresses delivered by you at the Church of the tidy Angels in this village during your anission now about to be concluded, permit us to present you with this estimony of tearl as a very slight recognition of the profit (which cannot be meanied in the current coin of our realm), which has accred to us from an attendance upon the services continue to differ from certain views and tenets held by that great body of the continue to differ from certain views and tenets held by that great body of the continue to differ from certain views you are so able and elequent an exponent, mil in the fullness of time the verified to which now apparates us from the mysteries and the girles of the unknown shall have been real in twain and we small stand in the presence which now divide us; yet it would be impossible, even if we so desired, to fail to recognise that the gifts with which our benefication of the members of zeal has ever characterized the members of zeal has ever characterized the members of zeal has ever characterized the Cannian wilderness and with untiring energy and heroic courge, midst toil, privation, disease, danger, torture and death, carried to the aborigines the first glimmer of those glorious truths which were taught by Him, who was the light of the world.

Their devotion and their zeal have no doubt inspired you to labor, and your eloquence and shifty have conduced to render that labor productive.

We soan shall part, possibly never again to meet till

We shall meet no more to sever,
In the dawning of that day
Where the mists have rolled in splendor
And the clouds have cleared away.

But we shall remember as a season of pleasure and profit your stay in our midst and we hope that your own recollections of this occasion may be such that you memory will involuntarily turn to it with satisfaction. staction.

Igned at the village of Brighton, this 10 h

of December, A. D., 1890—C. M. Senford,
D. F. E. Titus, C. A. Lepp, L. P. Flagler,
Meade, T. D. Sanford, James T. Loggie,
D. Weller, I. M. Wellington, T. D. Wanmaker, D. C. Bullock, Thos. Webb.

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor arrived His Lordship Bishop O'Connor arrived Wednesday, when he was met by Fathers McCloskey and Larkin and many of the Brighton and Wooler people; and on Taursday morning he administered the sacrament of confirmation to twenty-teven children. The people of this parish are always highly delighted to meet their Bishop, and extend to His Lordship as

Bishop, and extend to His Lordship a warm welcome. The following address was presented by the parishioners:

In reply to the addresses, His Lordship spoke of the good feeling existing between priest and people, and dwelt at some length on the good feeling exleting between Protestants and Catholics in this parish, which has just been manifested in a most striking manner by the address presented to Father Devlin, a Jeaut, by the Protestant citizens of Brighton. His Lordship departed from Peterborough on the afternoon train. the afternoon train.

On Friday morning the good Jesuit Father started on his journey to Amherstburg, where he assists Father Ronan to give a mission.

give a mission.

Many who have heard Father Devlin any he is the ablest pulpit orator in Canada. May Almighty God preserve him long to continue throughout all Outario the good work he has begun in Brighton

We, the Catholics of this parish, extend our heartfelt thanks to Father McCloskey, our priest, for giving us such an opportunity of doing so much good for our selves and our families.

J. S.

Our Blessings.

All God's angels come to us disguised.
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after another lift their frowning masks
And we behold the seraph's fees beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the saim
Of having looked upon the face of God.

Every one is looking for cash in these times, and a good opportunity is offered everyone of fluding it just now. The pro prietor of Happurn's Brood Purifier offers a series of prizes embracing \$1,000 to every person sending in the largest list of words omposed from the letters in the name Bund Purifier. The prizes will embrace the Bund Purifier. The prizes will embrace the Bund Sub 60, \$50,00, \$700,000, three prizes of \$10,000 cach, twenty-one prizes of \$5.00 cach, all in each, and a handsome present to every other person sending in a list of words. Send 38 stamp for circular giving all particulars, special offer to those who cannot get up a list of words. Address, C. E. Heppurn, Druggist, Iro quois, Ont.

The Coming Day.

William D. Kelly in Ave Maria. &

Under the stars, in the ages olden,
The world awaiting its saviour slept,
When down the steps of the stairway golden
The mora He chose for His elming crept;
Never had half as fair a dawning
Gladdened the gars of the waking earth
As when the angels that radiant morning
Sang the savet song of the Carist Child's
birth.

For as they harkened and heard the story, with roater nues seemed the heavens agirw;
A gentier grace and a grander glory transformed the face of all things below: The rugged mountains their froward dissembled,
Sembled,
The valleys coftened with new desires,
And through the ether there thrilled and troubled trambled.
The glorious chant of the angel choirs.

And year by year, when each new December Briugs back to us the day once more, if neither the skies nor the earth remember To don the spiendors that more they wore, Faith arrys the one of their sembres hadows, Love floods the other with Joy and mirth, Love floods the other with joy and mirth nd sweetly over the snow-clad meado as Eshoes the soug of the Carist-Child's birth

DILLON STATES THE ISSUE.

John D llon in his manifesto sume up the situation when he says the "issue is not a personal one, but it is a question of public policy and it is exceedingly simple. Whether, if Mr. Parnell persists in refusing to retire from the lendership the Tory Whether, if Mr. Parnell persists in refusing to retire from the leadership the Tory party will win at the general election by such a m-juity as will condemn Ireland to another seven years of Coercion and destroy all hope of gaining Home Ruleby Parliamentary action in our time. This, and this alone, is the question which the Irish people have to consider; and the various other questions which at this moment are being hotly debated by Irish men all over the world are irrevelant side issues raised for no other purpose than to divert the public mind from the one great issue on which Mr. Parnell knows he is hopelessly wrong, and with which neither in his manifesto nor in any of his recent spaeches has he even attempted to deal."

We think no one will undertake to contradict this statement of one, who, from the beginning of the deplorable controversy that Parnell has forced on the Irish people, has shown himself welldiaposed towards the late leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. Mr. Dillon, like every other man whose reason is not blinded by passion, sees that the cause

like every other man whose reason is not blinded by passion, sees that the cause of Home Rule is utterly ruined if Ire-land does not set her seal of condemnation on Parnell, who, within the last few weeks, has shown himself utterly regardless of her welfare. His own personality towers up before his vision and shuts out Ireland from his view. He speaks and acts as if he thought that the banding over their country to the Country. and acts as if he thought that the hand-ing over their country to the Coercion-ists for years to come was a chesp price for the Irish people to pay for retaining him as their leader. Never was there a more glaring exhibition of heartless sel-

PARNELL'S NEW ALLIES.

The Tories, thick witted as they usually are, have not been so dull as not to be able to see and appreciate the sort of service Parnell is rendering them and their cause by the course he is pursuing. At present he has their warmest sympsty, because they hope that the policy he has adopted will result in inflicting an irreparable injury on the Irish cause. If they could have their way Parnell's efforts to create dissensions among the PARNELL'S NEW ALLIES.

be the best way of perpetuating the power of the Coercionists.

If Parnell were not blinded by pride If Parnell were not blinded by pride and passion he would restize the position he is placed in by this Tory support, and he would put himself the question, What have I done that I have earned the approval of these enemies of my country? But in the wild career on which he has entered he has thrown reason as well as patriotism to the winds. With him all thought of Ireland is subordinated to the desire of riding rough shod over the opposition that he himself wantonly created.

There is, however, a nation to be saved.

aftion that he himself wantonly created.

There is, however, a nation to be saved. That thought in this tremendous crisis cought to be paramount in the minds of all patriotic Irishmen. It will help to cultivate a spirit that will prevent Parnell's evil work from producing the results the Tories are anticipating with so much glee.

—Irish World.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN ON PARNELL.

Philadelphia, Dec. 11.—Archbiahop Ryan to day declared himself opposed to Charles Stewart Parnell as leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. "I am in accord," he said, "with the Irish Bishops in their manifesto. The Irish nation, which has been conspicatous for her purity and virtue, will not accept as leader a man guilty of so foul a crime as Mr. Parnell has proven himself guilty by not making an effort in self-defence. I also agree with Mr. Gladstone, who has aiready expressed my opinion, as well as the Irish Bishops. I sadly deplore these present differences among the Irish mem bers of Parliament and hope that harmony and unity will soon be restored, and that the people who present the mony and unity will soon be restored, and that the people who represent the Irish nation will soon be a unit in the battle for justice and liberty."

At his father's residence (near Bolsover) on Friday morning, November 28, 1890, William, elucation of James and Edgabeth Connolly. May his soul rest in peace.

C. C RICHARDS & Co.

GENTS, -We consider MINARD'S LINI MENT the best in the market and cheer fully recommend its use.

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L. R. C. S., Ediaburgh,
M. R. C. S., England,
H. D. Wilson, M. O.,
Uni. of Penn.



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HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda It is almost as palatable as milk. Far

other so-called Emulsions. onderful flesh producer. SCOTT'S EMULSION is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00.



Would rather be without bread BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Marquettle, Mich., Nov. 7, 1889. 'Ano Rev. J. Kossbiel of above place writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I feel now a nervous attack coming I take a dose of Paster Keenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

Cured entirely after 12 years! Cured entirely after 12 years!

Tonawanda Erif Co., N. Y., Febr. 1883.
My daughter had fits from fright since 12 years, sometimes 3 to 4 attacks within 24 hours without any warning; during these spells her thumbs would be cramped toward the inside of per hands, her mouth be drawn sideways, her heck would swell up, and her face assumed a blueish color, this would last from 16 to 15 minutes after that she slept, was drousy for about 8 hours.—We tried many remedies without any improvement, but 6 bottles of Pastor Keenigs Nerve Tonic cured her at last; we therefore recommend this remedy to all sufferers.

JOHN EDIN.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of norvous discusses will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us of the first part of

tion by the

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WANTED. PARTNER WITH SOME CAPITAL TO manage agents for London and county. to place on markets as heap domestic article required by every homeshold. Just patented. Address, C. J. ARTHUR, room 4, 172 Yonge street, Toronto.

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on December 24:h and 25th, valid for return until December 26th; and on December 21st and Jan. 1st, valid for return until Jan. 2ad. First-Class Fare and One-Third First-Class Fare and One-Third from Dec 18th to 25th, inclusive; 31st and Jan. 1st, valid for return until Jan. 5th. 7c Students and Teachers, on presentation of certificates from their Principal, the dates of issue will be extended from 10th to 31st December, returning until January 31st, in Canada only.

For tickets and further information apply to any of the Company's seents.

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