

MOONDYNE.

BOOK SECOND. THE SANDALWOOD TRADE.

By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

I. THE MATE OF THE CANTON.

It is midwinter, in a little Lincashire village on the coast, not far from Liverpool. 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 center is the smallest, but it is extremely neat, and the garden fairly glows with color.

This is the home of Mrs. Walmesley, a widow; and the garden is looked after by herself and her daughter Alice, about sixteen years old. The house on the right of Mrs. Walmesley's belongs to Mr. Draper, the richest man in the village, a retired storekeeper. 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 old.

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 from China.

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

Alice stopped and chatted lightly for a minute with her old schoolmate. Draper evidently paid her a compliment, for her cheeks 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 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. He had loved her for years in a boy's way, cherishing her memory on his long voyages, for Will, too, was a sailor, as were almost all the young men of the village; but he was soon to leave home for a two years' service on Sam Draper's vessel, and 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 kinder 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 some skating on the mill pond, and I was going there this afternoon."

"Ah—? I queried Alice, archly.

"Yes—I wish you would," said Will, earnestly.

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

"Why, go skating 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 at 2?"

"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, thinking happy thoughts. Passing Draper's gate, Sam Draper stepped from the shrubbery, whence he had observed the interview.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, with fair hair and blue eyes; not the soft blue which usually denotes a good nature, but a pale blue that has a hard and shallow look. He had a free and easy way with him that made people who met him for the first time think he was cheerful and amiable. But if you observed him closely, you would see, in the midst of a boisterous laugh, that the cold blue eyes were keenly watching you, without a particle of mirth.

There was something never to be forgotten by the people he looked upon, a subtle expression in Draper's face. He had a habit of waving his arms in a boisterous 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 jollity 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 into the eyes of a snake.

Draper knew, too, that his face could 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 his boisterous manner on them again, 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 falsehood of 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, who no after effort of his could quite remove.

From that day he nourished in his soul a secret desire to do Sheridan some injury that would cut him to the quick.

Not that Draper had no friends—in deed 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 mistaken in their first impression, or said nothing.

Both young men were sailors. Some years ago, the English merchant service was almost as well ordered and precise in

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 sunken, and as cold as ice. He had known for years of Will's affection for Alice Walmesley; and it was commonly said in the village that Alice returned his love.

"Why don't you ask Alice to go skating 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 Sheridan had some light word on his lip, but he did not speak; it and his smile faded, though without apparent cause, while he looked at Draper's pleasant face.

"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 arm; and now, then, and as often as he could, Will's arm was around her, as he struck out strongly and rapidly.

Unconsciously they had assumed still relations toward each other—she resting on him with confidence, and he quite assured 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 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 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 her 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 Walmesley. 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 spoken a word of love to her in his life.

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.

After that Will did not ask 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 engaged with others while his heart was full of pain and unrest. But he could 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 noted that Alice was happier and far more boisterous than ever he had known her—and that her happiness and gaiety became even louder when she knew he was observing.

But at last came the time of the Canton's sailing. On the evening before leaving, Will Sheridan went to Mrs. Walmesley's to say good-by, and as Alice was still more about the subject he had now to touch.

"You know 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, against my will."

"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 and indignation; "but you are justly punished to have thought so."

"You do for her sake," cried Draper, terribly excited; "you told her about my marriage in Calcutta."

"Your marriage?" and Sheridan stepped back, as if recoiling from a repulse. 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 in Calcutta was also your wife."

He was lightning rapidly Draper saw the dreadful confession his error had led him into. He knew that Sheridan spoke the truth, and he hurriedly attempted to close the grave he had exposed.

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

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

Sheridan deliberately turned on his heel and entered the cabin, while Draper, confounded and dismayed at his self-conceit, leant on the rail looking out at sea, cursing his own stupidity that had betrayed him.

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

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

It was half a minute before Draper plucked himself from the frozen earth, still dazed with the shock. He showed no desire to follow, or continue the quarrel. With teeth set like a vice, and a livid face, he looked after the strong figure of Will, till he turned into his father's house.

Next day, the young men left the village and entered on their duty as officers of the Canton, 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 called 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 had some 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 Walmesley. We should both be sorry for what happened that night."

"The eyes of Draper glittered like steel as he answered in a sneering tone,—

"And who told you, sir, that I was engaged?"

"I judge so from your conduct," said Will.

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

"Then there's all the less reason for us to quarrel, man. Take back your insult now, and then, and as often as he could, Will's arm was around her, as he struck out strongly and rapidly.

"My insulting words—let me see, what were they? Ah, 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 snivelling scene of farewell—and that I was acquainted with your unthought and impertinent 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."

"She told you!" said Will, staggered by the word. "She said my love was offensive to her?"

"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 teeth."

"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?" asked Sheridan, indignantly.

"Why? Because I use them after careful choosing—because they are true! Stay!" he added, raising his voice, and backing to the rail, as he saw Sheridan approaching. "I am the first officer of the ship, 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 astounded and puzzled than angry. "What in heaven's name are you talking about? I want to be calm, 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 mean?"

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

"Slander your character?" said Sheridan, "I never said an ill word of you—though I have unwillingly become acquainted with some things that I wish I had never known."

The latter part of the sentence was slowly added. Draper winced as if cut with whips.

"You have made a charge," continued Sheridan, sternly, "and you must explain it. How have I slandered you?"

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

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THE ABBE OF THE BIRDS. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I. When we were all young together in the Academy of Montpellier there was not one of us but predicted for Cyprien Coupiau, the smallest boy in the school, honor 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 shrugged 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.

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 under-tone of ecstasy, "Evising! ravishing! Sight or sound of the little flying creatures seemed to carry wholly out of himself. But who could reproach so amiable a fault when he shared it with such good company as St. Basaventure, 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.

An ordination he was sent to the best living in France. But how could a fastidious congregation tolerate a curate 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 leisure came he was off to the woods or 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, flying 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 heads of a brace of red partridges showing through the rents, and the outraged Superior appealed to the Bishop. A week later he was transferred to Roqueville, 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 morning as he read his breviary in the little garden a shadow fell on the book, a jubilation of voices fell from heaven, and a long line of larks dropped into a neighboring corn field. Next morning all the empty cages in Roqueville 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 Curé of the next parish to visit, surprised the little Abbe returning from the fields, hatless, collarless, scratched, breathless, and happy. In two days came a mandate from the Bishop, citing Monsieur the Abbe Cyprien Coupiau to appear before the official tribunal 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 awaiting execution. Was he to be degraded again 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 ordinary occasions 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 Curé; "pardon?"

"Y' pardon!" repeated the housekeeper, firmly. "Perhaps Monseigneur is not so bad as they make him out to be."

"Monseigneur Charles Thomas Thibault bad! He is goodness itself, Angeline; goodness itself!"

"Then, if you're not afraid of him, what makes you waste away from morning till night and from night till morning?"

"I waste away!"

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

"Me! I dance?"

Pere Coupiau, 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. Pardon, and I should ask pardon. But this now I will go, without waiting for to-morrow. Quick, my Sunday soutane, and hat!"

"Ah! here you are, Monsieur, the repentant sinner!" said the Bishop as he entered.

"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 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. Unhappily, 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! Are you insane?"

"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

country-side as 'Coupiac, the Partridge-hunter!'"

"And you cannot but know that, partly from your size and partly from your bird-loving mania, you are called 'Abbe Coupiau, 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 Abbe. But with your sportsman instincts—or poacher's, I should rather call it—you must live on game all the year round."

"I eat 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 Curé of Roqueville, his eyes cast down, half in sorrow, half in shame.

"But even for them I could not kill my little creatures. I give them away, and then—"

The Bishop stretched out both hands and pressed those of the Abbe warmly.

"You are from Ginestet?" he asked, after a moment's silence. "Isn't Cabrecolle somewhere near it?"

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

"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 Roqueville under the authority of those not in sympathy with you. The Abbe Calmeils of Cabrecolle is dead. Would it please you to have the parish?"

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

The Bishop lovingly addressed him.

"Monsieur, the Abbe Wren," he said with a smile, "my dear brother, to-morrow you will pack your trunk for Cabrecolle. All your sins of bird catching are forgiven. And lifting his arms over the bowed head of the Curé, who had fallen again on his knees: "Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum."

II. 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, 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. According to popular report, we were to free the Black Espinozas 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 fireplaces of the too comfortable and hospitable farm houses in the evening; to scent the omelettes and fat pullets that were to ease our ravenous appetites, and to sleep at night in the great barns fragrant 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 the valleys, stalking the fields all day and gathered about the enormous fireplaces of the too comfortable and hospitable farm houses in the evening; to scent the omelettes and fat pullets that were to ease our ravenous appetites, and to sleep at night in the great barns fragrant with fresh hay and the sweet breath of the cows. 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On his way to Mass, struggling in a ditch by the roadside. When the last psalm was sung at Vespers I went to the spot with him and found, as I expected, the eagle. A leg and wing had been broken, and he beat savagely with the other, I attempted to rise him. Justo Valros 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 trap."

"One must use what is at hand. Well, I mended the broken bones, and kept him while they lay 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 seldom tasted ourselves for my protegee; 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 again, another eagle appeared above my roof. It gave a shriek that cut through the air, and made the hundred and sixty four little birds I had then in the house fall from their perch. An answering cry rang from the coop—terrible, strong, piercing—from the creature who through all his confinement had been voiceless. Must I confess it? While my poor little pet trembled, while 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 glorious creature from freedom. Prompt to obey my weak head, my hand uplifted the bar from gate, and with a bound he shook himself free. He seemed to fill my little room. Twice I was thrown down; his giant wings struck the walls, the ceiling. My only engraving—Christ kissing Lazarus—was shattered and torn; and it was only when, tired of hurrying against the bird, 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 his right wing, and I saw he 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, buried his iron beak in my left eye, and nearly tore it from its socket.

"Horrible!"

"The blood at it did me, but I managed to reach the window and fling it wide open. With another cry the creature darted forward, and—"

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

"Monsieur, dinner is ready."

III.

The little table, drawn up before the fire, was resplendent in a snowy cloth, a service of coarse crockery with big blue and red flowers, and a steaming tureen of pea-soup, yellow as the golden comb of our honey-bees of the Cevennes.

"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 vigils of a feast. But you come under the dispensation for travellers, and Angeline shall dip into her stores for tomorrow."

"Really, I am embarrassed. This pea-soup of your house-keeper is so good that, to use the country phrase, one could lick one's fingers after it."

"Don't let her so. Vanity is the one weak point in her admirable character."

"I suppose she was not sorry to be rid of the eagle?"

"She is lifted up by angels since my blide, big and little, were sent out of the house."

"And you? Are you lifted up by 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 voice. Then quickly: "I cannot become resigned. The loss of my eye made a scandal in the diocese. No one pitied me among our clergy. I had been so long in subordinate. 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-plac!' whenever he wanted food. He flew slowly away; then came back and asked 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 trembling when it was over, and the Bishop did not go away too soon. Before his carriage had entered the village street I was crying like a child."

"Monsieur le Cure took you to call him when the first bell rang," said Angeline, entering. "It has just sounded."

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

"The beasts! What beasts?"

"In the Black Espinozas all the animals which belong to us take part in our Christmas. They come to rejoice that a Child is born unto us. You remember the introit, *Parvulus natus est nobis*—and his wrinkled face became suddenly bright 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 farm-houses, and a mountain brook shot like a silver arrow through the pines.

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

The beloved little man 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, meeting together, threw certain spots into brilliant relief. Human voices made themselves occasionally heard, and the soft muffled tumult sped back from the

preedle walls like whispers heard in a dream. It was like some strange evening plume to a stranger scene. The lights began to move toward the height upon which I was, which held the village church upon its summit. Soon I could discern, along the narrow roads on each side of the stream, a long file of farm animals with shepherd dogs running hither and thither to keep them in order. In front moved the cows and oxen. Then the sheep and lambs, headed by rams with magnificent curling horns, and the goats led by patriarchs of the flocks. The illumination, growing more intense at each step, fell upon a splendid confusion of gleaming horns, shining skirts, and gleaming moist noses, as the herds and keepers came on to assist at the Great Birth day," in the pretty Cevennes dialect. Under the midnight sky it made a scene of incomparable harmony, like all that nature does when left to its own simplicity.

At length the Abbe's step sounded behind 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 courtyard outside. The doors 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 the rest of their party known to you themselves by the mouths of their cowboys and shepherds."

"Monsieur," said a little old man appearing on the terrace, "my daughter and 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 population of the parish in holiday dress were gathered about the church, which glowed with light from every window. The stables, led by a withered little woman, were already singing the Cevennes Christmas hymn, and each one in passing through the porch lit a long candle of yellow wax, which was carried in the hand. Meanwhile 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 Abbe called to the handsome young peasant who guided them, "bring your animals as near to the church door as possible. It is their turn to have the best place to warm our Lord to-night. And, Targan, look after my friend here," he called to the old man of the terrace, as with a final pressure of the hand, he disappeared inside the church. We pushed slowly after through the packed congregation, while the vibrant voices made our roof ring again as they shouted the Christmas hymn, and the voices of the animals suddenly seemed to re-echo its gladness. Suddenly silence fell, as from the vestry door came four altar boys in coarse red gowns and white surplices, swinging censers before a tall, handsome man robed in an old dalmatic and bearing a long shepherd's crook. After him walked a young woman, slight and fair, her pale golden hair falling loose, and a rosy infant held in the folds of her white mantle. And, last of all, the little Abbe, his face transfigured, 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 fastened over the canopy used in the processions of the Blessed Sacrament, and ornamented with leaves and berries of holly, I could not turn my eyes from the Holy Family in their stable of Bethlehem. Correggio alone could have done justice to the sweet simplicity. The young mother in her vaporous cloud of light, the manilla, the soft glow of her hair shining in the light, was an ideal vision of chastity and purity, as if the part she played had lowered her with its own beauty. As the Abbe intoned the first words of the Gloria and turned to seat himself while the people continued the hymn, Pierre Miguel, until this moment straight as a pine, bent to whisper a word to his wife, who smiled without speaking. His life, the groto, to return next moment with a rude wooden stool, upon which he seated Jeanne, drawing her draperies about her with awkward tenderness. As he did so, a few low words passed between them, of which I could hear the first:

"It is not beautiful, Pierre? So strong 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 *"Da Patria, 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 fripled cap of the country side, with broad white ribbons falling to the hem of its dress. One little hand, pink and dimpled, rested on the mother's breast, who 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 Valros, his handsome curly head bent in deep devotion. A word from the Abbe in the yard informed me that he was the Valros of the wounded bird that ill-omened Sunday four years ago. I looked at him with close interest. Kneeling at the extreme end of the railed floor, he was the first to receive the Sacred Host. The Abbe, in approaching him with the consecrated Host, looked down on the fair young fellow with a smile of gentleness and love which was almost a blessing. Perhaps he thought for a moment of the wounded eagle, and touched again by a divine pity for this young man who had led him to it and become in a certain sense the cause of his grief and suffering, covered him anew with holy forgiveness.

The giving of Communion concluded, the entire gathering rose to its feet, while old Gustave Targan, as master of ceremonies, led the Abbe toward the stable of Bethlehem where Jeanne and Pierre Miguel still knelt, half indistinct behind the clouds of incense which floated about them. Upon a small altar arranged under the grotto he placed first the ciborium, and after a few moments of silent prayer beckoned to the multitude, who instinctively began to sing the Christmas hymn. A thousand voices caught up the triumphant strain, while the good priest

in an attitude of inspired fervor prostrated himself before the holy shrine, and fit lowed with a his heart, although his lips were silent, the canticle of praise:

"O people of Jerusalem!
The Saviour's birthday sing:
Oh! hallelu-o to Bethlehem!
To hail our Lord and King!"

IV.

Meanwhile more candles had been lighted within the grotto, and the people, arranged by Targan in a large procession, were ready to advance two by two toward the enclosure. The Abbe moved a step toward the entrance and addressed his flock:

"My brothers," he said, "advance slowly and reverently. Remember that God is here, and indeed; and when you prostrate yourselves to night before this representative of His Son, Who came down to earth that we might be saved, it is before Himself you bow."

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 must be approached with fear, for it is terrible—*terribilis est locus iste*—as the Holy Scriptures say. But it is beautiful also and full of rejoicing, and it is in this spirit that He desires you to approach Him. Come then, to adore Him and rejoice. *Veni adoremus et exultemus*!"

Pere Targan, proud of his authority as master of ceremonies, arranged the crowd, who were preparing to hurly pill mill 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 Infant Jesus, before the Holy Virgin, before St. Joseph, immovable all the while in their celestial dignity, and then marching slowly through the dim aisles, singing as loudly as their well-worn throats would allow:

"O people of Jerusalem!
The Lord is born to-day;
Come and adore Him with gladness,
To praise Him and to 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.

"Monsieur," he whispered in a supplicating 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 beautiful."

"And my grandson?"

"Lovely enough to represent the Infant Saviour Himself!"

"Do you know what you ought to do, Monsieur?"

"What, Targan?"

"You ought to come and make your act of adoration, too."

"Certainly, if you would like to have me."

"Monsieur le Cure Coupic 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 as if it seemed as if he would crack the skin.

"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 stay quiet."

"It does look like a miracle, surely."

"By this time not more than twenty persons 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 that of a young bullfinch caught in a snare, made itself heard in the stable of Bethlehem. 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 he is hungry."

"If he could only nurse a bit!"

"Why not?"

"Oh! do you think he might, Monsieur? The midnight Mass is not yet finished."

"Heh!" murmured Abbe Coupic, who overheard us whispering; 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 Pierre Miguel called him softly by name,

CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.

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Seventh Monthly Drawing, Jan. 14th, 1891.

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The Catholic Record.

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Approved by the Archbishop of Toronto, and recommended by the Archbishops of St. Boniface, Ottawa, Kingston, and the Bishops of Hamilton and Peterborough, and leading Catholic Clergymen throughout the Dominion.

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Catholic Record.

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

To all our readers we heartily extend the compliments of this blessed and glorious and joyful season. May their cup of bliss 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 descend upon them, and we pray and hope the new year will bring to them every joy and happiness, made more true, more perfect and more beautiful by the presence 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 eight thousand years ago. It was intoned and sung aloud, amid 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 Cæsar.

Not to the votaries of pleasure, or to the ambitious of this world's honors, or to men vain of power, does God reveal Himself, 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."

The songs that two thousand years ago brought joy to the hearts of the humble shepherds of Galilee have been repeated at every Christian home and before every Catholic altar down through the centuries. They brought simple joy and ecstatic delight to the men of faith in every age who gathered their innocent children around a rude representation of the crib of Bethlehem and told them the story of the birth of "A Child that was given to us, and of a Saviour that was born to us."

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.

THE POSITION OF MR. PARNELL.

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.

But all those considerations apart, we in Canada, who are accustomed to Home Rule and who know how political leaders always yield and step down and out when requested so to do by a majority of their supporters—fancy that Mr. Parnell should, under similar circumstances, have gradually retired and bowed to the wishes of the able and patriotic men who, at his request, met in a chamber of the House of Commons for the purpose of deliberating on the advisability of his continuing in the leadership.

Worldlings and unbelievers may treat the Christmas holidays with the cynicism of cold contempt and consider as money thrown away and thus lost which Christian parents employ in the gratification of their children's innocent longings for the gifts and playdays and merry romps of the joyous season that comes but once a year. They do not calculate upon the mighty influence for good which the memory of these pleasant hours will produce for all time to come, nor do they consider how in after life, when grown to man's estate and mixed up in a world of sin, 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 Christmas morn will make their hearts ache once more for the innocence and the righteousness of life that were for them but the sure and abundant source of the only period of solid enjoyment they ever experienced on earth. If the

matter. It can only result in disruption of the whole National party, the alienation of all English sympathy and in setting back Ireland's chances of emancipation 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 doctrine, 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 simony 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 anti-Christ, a 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 pious 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. We shall not go into details on this point. We shall merely quote the well-known Protestant historian Leopold Ranke in reference to this very period. He says: "What judgment can we reach concerning the Popes? They had always in view great interests, the direction of a religion under oppression, the contest with paganism, the propagation of Christianity among the Northern nations, the foundation of an independent hierarchical authority. It pertained to the dignity of human existence to wish for and to execute great things. These noble purposes the Popes possessed to a superior degree."

The Popes were seconded in their efforts to do good by holy Bishops and priests in all parts of the world. The noble qualities and the wisdom of Cardinals Ambrose 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 monarchs with the liberties 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 erring clergymen. 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 Catholicism, and which are uncontrolled, perhaps uncontrollable, by any authority.

A series of letters has appeared recently in the Toronto Mail from indignantly, 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 exercised 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 Church 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 salary and a more prominent position in 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." Numerous instances of this are given, and the writer after each strong point, adds sarcastically: "But then shall we have a general revival this year?"

This writer is followed by others who 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 useless praying for the Holy Spirit to be poured upon the people." This is severe enough; but he adds: "It is a fact, sir, 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 a 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 things might not have been written 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 unimpeachable 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 differs 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? Oo 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 character, must have learned their tactics before they showed up at the Conference, and the inference is that 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. Father Laurent was born in 1822 at Anjou, in France, and came to this country on the invitation of Bishop de Charbonnel, by whom he was ordained two years after his arrival, in 1860.

After remaining a few years attached to the parochial ministrations of St. Michael's Cathedral, in which he acquired celebrity for indefatigable zeal and untiring efforts in the prosecution of every good 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 growing wants of the congregation, and adequate school accommodation had to be found. Father Laurent met these difficulties without alarm. St. Patrick's church alone cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000; but this large sum, by his unflinching industry, was found and paid over to the contractors, so that when he was recalled to the cathedral the Redeemer's Father, who succeeded him, found the parish free of debt. On the elevation of Very Rev. Father Jamot to the episcopal dignity, Father Laurent was appointed by him Honorary Vicar-General. Archbishop Lynch raised him to the Vicar-Generalship of Toronto and named him rector of St. Michael's Cathedral. These positions he filled with 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 unostentatious piety 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 irresistibly attracted all who were brought into contact with him. The Protestant clergy

of the city who became associated with Father Laurent in charitable and other work always became possessed of a feeling amounting almost to affection for him. His goodness of heart and gentleness of demeanor impressed themselves on all. He was an earnest worker among the poor of his own Church, but aided also many movements tending to promote the welfare of the poor of all denominations. His intellectual attainments were of the highest order and his interests in art and literature very keen. There were probably few riper or more accomplished scholars 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 performed to the last. The funeral will take place on Tuesday morning from the palace to St. Michael's Cemetery.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

While the Mail is constantly dining into our ears that the lunatic asylums and other works of charity which are conducted 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 insane patients, started a Protestant Insane Asylum, which has been in operation 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 paid \$100 per annum for each patient, and others under the care of lay persons, at the rate of from \$132 to \$150 per annum 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 this institution to have the Government assume the responsibility, preserving the distinctly Protestant character of the establishment; but, as the Government has contracts made with the already existing asylums, and these contracts will not lapse until 1895, Mr. Mercier has refused to take the institution, at least until the present contracts terminate. 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 annual deficit of the institution, the responsibility for which they wish Mr. Mercier's Government to assume.

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 conducted.

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 religious communities to sustain them. 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. The children are well fed and clothed, and the establishments are models of cleanliness and neatness in every respect, while on the other hand, the debts 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 sacrifices in order to maintain the Montreal Protestant Insane Asylum, as undoubtedly many Protestants in the Province of Quebec have done, but when rabid journalists like the Mail are constantly raving about the uselessness of religious orders, and when they declare that these orders are a burden upon the public, it is quite pertinent that we should ask whether our religious communities are not doing as much for the public as are these Protestant insane asylum directors who are appealing for aid to deliver them from a huge deficit which they have incurred in their excess of zeal to establish an institution which their co-religionists fall to maintain. If the Montreal Protestants had but some religious orders as devoted as those of the Catholic Church they would probably have had a different story to tell now; and it is a sign that many who have ere now been loud in their abuse of the religious orders, are aware that their denunciations were unjust and slanderous, inasmuch as both Presbyterians and Methodists are seriously considering the question of establishing 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.

A terrible accident occurred at Lewis, P. Q., on the 18th, by which six persons lost their lives. Amongst the number, we regret to say, was Mr. Michael Lebel, uncle of Mr. J. D. Lebel, lumber merchant of this city.

BRITISH LAW ON EXTRA-DICTION.

The French papers comment freely on the English judge who acquitted Castioni, the socialist assassin of Mr. Rossi, State Councillor of Ticino, one of the Catholic cantons of Switzerland. Socialists 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, England. The latter travels about a good deal at the expense of the secret societies, his only business being to organize new branches and sow the seeds of disloyalty and socialist principles in every little town and village of Europe where he can escape police vigilance. About a year ago he was instrumental in fomenting 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, Councillor of State, and, with a revolver in his hand, shot him dead at his writing-desk. This being made known to the multitude, the riot ceased; for its object was gained—the 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, Hawkins and Stephen. Castioni entered the plea that he was innocent of the crime of murder; and that even were he guilty his offence assumed a political complexion and did not subject him to extradition. Several witnesses, however, both ocular and auricular, identified him as the assassin, and furnished proofs of Castioni's determination to slay, his avowed aim and purpose being to avenge the death of his brother. Judge Denman, 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 Hawkins 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.' The Phoenix 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 Catholic, and this was sworn to at a trial in England. It is certain he left England and went to Switzerland with the avowed purpose of setting 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-divided, 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 Great Britain. Let us suppose the possibility—which may God avert—of a crowd of

evicted tenants... ing weapons... of Government... while a priest... enters stealth... and assassina... desk. Would... horror heard... would not En... dition of the... who country... two cases are... that Ticino... province and... the seas.

VAGARIES OF TIONA.

The Reverend... curious sermon... Society called... Sunday, the 1... galional Chur... the first Prote... good advice... they and cha... life and cha... saint o Irela... vice they en... ceived his con... Celestine, and... to be "childr... children of C... he did not ac... system of sent... of the people... that he brow... and establish... ence of Chris... that he enjo... Mass and to... for the living... culcated pri... tential work... will discover... secreted bis... and that he... sists and... practices wh... place in a Co... As it was... century how... land, the Re... much for Pre... scription were... the "first... testaments... Christianity... it, then, the... cedes that S... other apost... ests of the... Catholics an... If Protest... unity, how... e during th... have produ... The Rev... very poor o... tive Christi... all underst... ments, they... dent opinion... ism is but a... YOUTH

A sad st... Wyoming... year old... murdered... by shooting... in a box ca... He is now... corroborate... in showing... purpose in... their mon... Through br... orphan say... moral train... having com... he was four... men died i... the other c... hours from... right tem... that the y... but havin... principles... solely by t... several tim... neots and... them when... and was p... frequent o... this shoul... munity no... on driving... schools in... Almost... mentioned... similar to... the more... the victim... second ca... father, I... police stat... committed... When the... the father... at his son... killed me... who is onl... wards com... the crime... It is not... horrible c... mitted if... religious t... Rev. Fa... ville, Ont... L. vigerie

evicted tenants or Parnellites brandishing weapons and shouting for a change of Government outside Dublin Castle, while a private enemy of Mr. Balfour enters stealthily by a secret passage and assassinates him at his writing desk.

VAGARIES OF A CONGREGATIONALIST MINISTER.

The Reverend J. Madill preached a curious sermon to the Toronto Protestant Society called the Sons of St. Patrick on Sunday, the 15th inst., in Concord Congregational Church. St. Patrick, he said, "was the first Protestant saint," but he gave no good advice to his hearers, namely, that they and all Irishmen should study the life and character of the great patron saint of Ireland.

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 of life, your ready co-operation also in every project sanctioned by her for the promotion of religion and charity, I cannot believe that the obnoxious editorial has been written by you or published with your approval.

As it was near the middle of the fifth century when St. Patrick went to Ireland, the Rev. Mr. Madill does not say much for Protestantism, even if his assertion were true, that St. Patrick was the "first Protestant saint."

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.

Who but the Catholic Church, and she alone, has civilized humanity, giving that nobility to manhood which is properly called civilization? Not to speak of the results of her early evangelization 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 Tauric Caucasus; 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 Europe.

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 Eganville, Ont., has given \$1,000 to Cardinal Lavigerie to assist the African missions.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON. LETTER FROM HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

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.

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 of life, your ready co-operation also in every project sanctioned by her for the promotion of religion and charity, I cannot believe that the obnoxious editorial has been written by you or published with your approval.

As your Archbishop, vested with the authority of Jesus Christ and His Holy Church, I pronounce the foregoing proposition to be a false and scandalous insinuation, derogatory to the doctrinal rights of the Sovereign Pontiff and the Bishops appointed to feed and rule the flock of Christ, offensive to Christian ears and contemptuous to religion.

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 maintenance of his right to the "independence of freeman," been the special work, the glorious and laborious task of the Catholic Church throughout her long centuries of conflict with the multitudinous oppressors of human liberty and personal conscience?

THE CHURCH THE NURSING MOTHER OF CIVILIZATION.

Who but the Catholic Church, and she alone, has civilized humanity, giving that nobility to manhood which is properly called civilization? Not to speak of the results of her early evangelization 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 Tauric Caucasus; 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 Europe.

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 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 provinces and possessions, and all its acquired rights and possessions.

among the enslaved remnants of the evicted populations, and formed themselves into new and independent States throughout Germany, Italy, Spain, Gaul, England and Africa. The bare mention of the names of Alaric, Genseric, 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.

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 reward and its threats of everlasting punishment; and by the daily oblation of the adorable victim of the New Testament and the administration of the sacraments of grace, to ensure efficacy in 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.

2nd. For their intellectual cultivation and social equipment she employed the best specimens of all former civilizations, which the Roman Pontiffs had ever most carefully 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 parochial clergy, who took care to establish schools beside the churches everywhere and kept 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 possible in those ages when mankind had not the advantage of the art of printing and no one had ever yet seen a page of letter-press or a geographical engraving!

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 centuries, she recast the whole order of family life, on which the 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 around the diffusion of domestic sanctity.

4th. Cruelty and ferocity, the readiness to use the sword and dagger, and, if necessary, to take an opponent's life in pursuit of every passion or interest, was the characteristic of those newly-formed 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.

and in private, in the crowded thoroughfare of the city, in the Church, in the theatre, in the drawing room—everywhere. Who does not see the far reaching power of these sublime principles in fashioning the world's civilization? Shall it be said that the Church sought to reduce woman to a "nonentity," and to deprive her of her just "independence?"

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH COMPELLED KINGS, AS WELL AS PEOPLES, TO RESPECT HER CIVILIZATION.

Once the Church had put forth her doctrines of individual man's dignity and woman's equality with him in the fraternity of Jesus Christ, and the consequent rights of his manhood and her womanhood to "the independence of freemen," 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, worthy of estimation only just so far as each one and his belongings were of any value to the State.

4th. Cruelty and ferocity, the readiness to use the sword and dagger, and, if necessary, to take an opponent's life in pursuit of every passion or interest, was the characteristic of those newly-formed 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.

TRANSCENDENT ACTS OF MONARCHS AGAINST PRIVATE CITIZENS PUNISHED BY THE CHURCH.

What dear, delightful memories to night come back to us of other scenes and climes! Of gathered groups around the yule-log's light. Who sat and listened for the Christmas chimes. And while the hours away with tales betimes. Of easy innards corners which displayed The children's stockings hanging in a row. And swains saluting every blushing maid. Who strayed beneath the pendant mistletoe.

Now bid the yule-log blaze and brightly glow. And higher mistletoe and holly bring! This is the night when, centuries ago, The startled shepherds heard the angels sing. Their glorious anthems to the new-born King! Lo! like a child arrayed in robes of white, The earth's first monarch came to His feet, And in the stillness of the starlit night, "What dear, delightful memories to night come back to us of other scenes and climes!"

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

Catholic young men and women who are out of employment would do well to communicate with Mr. Wm. H. Hughes, proprietor of the Michigan Catholic, 11 Rowland Street, Detroit. That beautiful work, giving a full account of the great Centennial celebration at Baltimore, which he has published, sells readily. It is a book which should be in every Catholic home.

tioned 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 forfeiture of estate, 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 power: it was individual men's "entity" recognized by the wearer of the sceptre and diadem: it was his "independence of freemen" vindicated, and a basis laid for the gradual introduction of constitutional government.

I reserve for your next issue my further comments upon the editorial article I have been censuring, the writer's direct attack upon Christian faith being too grave a matter for cursory observation. 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. Flynn was elevated to the dignity of the holy priesthood and Mr. Thomas Hayes was ordained sub-deacon by His Grace Archbishop Walsh. Many of the students of St. Michael's College were present. Rev. Father Flynn left yesterday for his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he will celebrate his first Mass on Christmas Day.

A very successful concert was given in aid of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Toronto in the Temperance Hall on the evening of the 16th inst. Nearly a thousand tickets were sold, and a highly appreciative audience was present to assist in the good work and to enjoy the treat.

Now bid the yule-log blaze and brightly glow. And higher mistletoe and holly bring! This is the night when, centuries ago, The startled shepherds heard the angels sing. Their glorious anthems to the new-born King! Lo! like a child arrayed in robes of white, The earth's first monarch came to His feet, And in the stillness of the starlit night, "What dear, delightful memories to night come back to us of other scenes and climes!"

TEACHER WANTED.

A FEMALE ASSISTANT TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 4, Biddulph, holding second or third class certificate, with good references and salary negotiable. Address P. J. DEWAN, GARDNER, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED.

A CATHOLIC TEACHER HOLDING A 3rd class certificate and capable of teaching and speaking French and English. For P. S. S. 2, Springfield, Quebec to begin on Jan. 1, 1891. Address: J. J. DEWAN, GARDNER, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED.

HOLDING SECOND OR THIRD CLASS certificate, for R. C. S. S. No. 1, Melville, Ont. Apply to J. J. DEWAN, GARDNER, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED.

FOR VESPERA SEPARATE SCHOOL for 1891, a female teacher holding a 3rd class certificate, and applicant with references and salary negotiable to JOHN R. CURRY, 266-268, BATHURST ST., Ont.

ORGANIST.

A YOUNG LADY, THOROUGHLY COMPEtent in all branches of music, and capable of managing the 3 manual organ, desires a situation as organist of a church. She has had several years' experience in managing a choir. References given. Address "K" Catholic Record office, London, Ont.

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Canadian Prelates who attended the Centennial exercises, and two hundred members of the delegates of the Catholic Congress.

Dr. Prices Cream Baking Powder. A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard. Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome. No other baking powder does such work.

BUSINESS COLLEGE. THE work in Book-keeping is practical and thorough, the instruction in Penmanship excellent. N. E. BULLOCK, MOORE CREEK. After three and a half months in shorthand I wrote 175 words per minute, now 200 words per minute. My long kaleidoscope has been broken and I have written 7 Dollars, according to my list. Post Office Orders payable to B. & E. MCHUGH, (Limited) Belfast, Ireland.

ALBERT GAUTHIER. IMPORTER OF BRONZES. CHURCH ORNAMENTS. CHANDELS, ALTAR WINE. Manufacturer of Statues, Statuettes of the Cross, Palm-trees, Decorative Lanterns, Flags, Banners, Etc. Etc. 1677 NOTRE DAME ST. MONTREAL.

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A HANDSOME PRESENT FOR \$2.50. The Second and Complete Edition of THE Souvenir Volume OF THE Centennial Celebration AND Catholic Congress IS NOW READY. WITH its admirable contents, wealth of illustrations, and handsome binding, THE Souvenir Volume is the most noteworthy publication of the year in the entire field of American Catholic literature. It contains the official and only authentic report of the ceremonies attending the great Catholic Centennial Celebration; the full proceedings of the First American Catholic Congress; the inauguration exercises of the Catholic University of America, and upwards of 500 half-tone portraits of the Prelates, Priests, and distinguished laymen who participated in these three great events. NO MORE BEAUTIFUL OR APPROPRIATE PRESENT could be selected for a Relative or Friend. Sent to any address in the U. S. or Canada on receipt of the price, \$2.50, per copy. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Address, WILLIAM H. HUGHES, PUBLISHER, 11 ROWLAND ST., DETROIT, MICH.

and poor Jeanne, gently sweeping him in her arms, murmured soothing words, and the old grandfather, leaning forward, touched the round cheek caressingly...

in the savage mountains of the Black Apennines? And did he regret, as I, the husband he loved, had of little creature from the heart that so loved them...

VISION OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED. THEIR TRUE STATE. London Universe. On Sunday evening the Rev. Dr. Sulist delivered the last of his courses of sermons in the Church of Our Lady, Grove Road, St. John's Wood...

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 their rivalry...

ONLY LIVE FISH. IT TAKES VIGOR AND BACK BONE TO GO AGAINST THE TIDE. THE SICK MAN IS SLOWLY THE SUCCESSFUL MAN. THE POINT IS: GET WELL AND KEEP WELL THIS CAN BE DONE...

"CHRONOLOGICAL GOTHIC WINDOW OF ALL THE POPES." AGENTS, AGENTS, AGENTS. We have the sole control in the Dominion of this greatest Catholic work of art...

CATHOLIC HOME Almanac. For 1891. With a Remarkably beautiful Frontispiece of the Sacred Heart in Color. Price, free by mail, 25c.

BENZIGER BROTHERS. MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF VESTMENTS AND CHURCH ORNAMENTS. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

MERCHANTS' GARGLING OIL. CURES Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Chills, Bruises, Headaches, External Poisons, Fish Wounds, Toothaches, Cramps, etc.

THE DOMINION Savings and Investment Society LONDON, ONT. To Farmers, Mechanics and others wishing to invest their money upon the Security of Real Estate...

IT'S FREE. YOU PAY NOTHING. A guarantee that this is the greatest bargain ever offered, that the watch is worth FAR more than the price offered...

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY. Under the patronage of the Rev. Father Labella. Established in 1884, under the Act of Quebec, 22 Viet., Chap. 38, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

HIRST'S PAIN EXTERMINATOR. WILL POSITIVELY CURE CRAMPS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH. Bowel Complaints, Diarrhoea. SUMMER COMPLAINTS. KEEP A BOTTLE IN THE HOUSE.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually the impurities and foul humors of the system...

DEAFNESS'S CAUSES AND CURE. Scientifically treated by an artist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 2 to 20 years' standing...

SMITH'S BROS. Plumbers, Gas-Fitters, Steam and Hot Water Heating Engineers. 172 K E STREET, LONDON. Telephone No. 538.

EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition...

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Preached in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth Avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review. THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT. "Let your modesty be known to all men."—From St. Paul's Epistle.

If all the members of this congregation do not know the name of this third Sunday of Advent, it is not for the want of being told. For the benefit of those who have short memories we will tell you again. It is so named, as some other Sundays are, from the first word of the Introit of the Mass. The first word of today's Introit is Gaudete, which means Rejoice.

On all occasions of rejoicing people like to be well dressed. The dress of a bride indicates the joy of her heart on her marriage day. Therefore on this Sunday, as on Mid Lent Sunday, called Lectare Sunday, also meaning rejoice, the priest and his ministers wear rose colored vestments 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 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 her children. The rose color in a penitential season, like Advent and Lent, is a color not only of joy, but of modest joy.

Let your modesty be known to all men, says St. Paul in St. Paul's Epistle. So I say, that even in dress, no matter how joyous the occasion, the character of modesty ought never to be wanting in a Christian. And by modesty I mean not only decency, but also what is proper and becoming one's dress and state of life. . . .

You say, Oh, Father, that is because it is the fashion. That means anything it means that it is more important to obey the whimsical laws of fashion than the everlasting precepts of the Christian Gospel. Keep your fashions of dress within the limit of common decency; and, though the priest may allow himself a smile at the absurd shapes and colors of your garments, he will not feel it his duty to find fault with them on the score of morality.

Woman are expected to dress with great care and modesty, and a married woman is in duty bound to adorn herself with a view to pleasing the eye of her husband. I would like to know why some daintily-dressed girls turn into such dilapidated looking creatures after their marriage. . . .

It is said, and with good reason, that a man is perfectly dressed when nobody remarks anything he has on. And I think that definition is in accordance with Christian modesty. . . .

There has been a good deal said about people dressing according to their occultic, and with justice. For those who are obliged to work hard for their living, and at small wages, to deck themselves out in costly clothing is mere vulgar pretension, and as contrary to Christian modesty as to good taste. . . .

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

ORDINATION AT TRIM.

From the Drogheda Independent we learn that on Sunday, November 16, the interesting and impressive ceremony of ordination of a young priest was performed 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 Bishop of Meath. . . .

A Wedding Present

Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure pore cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. . . .

HOW TO SERVE GOD.

London Universe. Preaching at the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Kentish Town, on Sunday, the Rev. Father Connelly, 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 WORLD CARES 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? . . .

Without Me you can do nothing. We could not make one onward 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 advantage of His teaching. . . .

WHO BURIED THEMSELVES IN THE DARKNESS OF CLUSTERS 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 his suffering Redeemer. . . .

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? . . .

Easily Caught. Croup, colds, sore throat and many painful ailments are easily caught in this changeable climate. . . .

A Successful Mission. The medical mission of Burdock Blood Bitters in cure of constipation, has been markedly successful. . . .

Mother and Babe. GENTLEMEN.—I have used Hagar's Pectoral Balsam for a bad cough, and was cured by one bottle. . . .

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.

SOLEMN RECEPTION OF THE BISHOP OF DUNDEE 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 Bishop of Dundee, by the people. . . .

Perhaps no greater spiritual enemy enters the Christian home than bad books. There are, unfortunately, too many of them in existence. . . .

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"Beautiful Snow."

This poem, which we published in a recent issue, contained many errors. We now publish it in corrected form: Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow, Filling the sky and earth below. . . .

Once I was fair as the snow; but I fell— Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven to hell— Fell to be trampled on, spit on, and hoed— Fell to be scuffed, in the merciless street— . . .

BAD BOOKS.

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ST. JACOBS OIL THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN. RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Frost Bites, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Etc.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY. Under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Assumption, Ontario. This educational establishment highly recommends itself to the favor of parents desiring to give to their daughters a solid and useful education. . . .

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE. BERLIN, ONT. Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses, and Shortland and Typewriting. For Further particulars apply to Rev. L. FUSGEN, C. R., D. D., President.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, ONT. In affiliation with Toronto University, under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers. . . .

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE BELLEVILLE. TWENTY-SECOND YEAR. W. B. ROBINSON, J. W. JOHNSON, F. C. A., PRINCIPALS.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART, LONDON, ONT. Conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart offering peculiar advantages to pupils even of delicate constitutions. . . .

ADRIAN I. MACDONELL, BARRISTER. Solicitor, Conveyancer, etc., Cornwall, Ont. P. O. Box 535. Collections and agency matters receive prompt and personal attention.

DR. HANAVAN, SURGEON TO "D" Hospital School of Infancy. Office and residence, 289 Burwell street, second door from Dundas.

DR. WOODRUFF. No. 185 QUEEN'S AVENUE. Defective vision, impaired hearing, Nasal catarrh and troublesome throats, Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours—12 to 4.

DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says I have kept a Scrap Book for a good many years of letters received from patients; some are long—too long to publish; some are short—short and good. . . .

TRINITY, TEXAS, Sept. 28, 1890. "To Kennedy of the Medical Discovery, Roxbury, Mass. I am proud of my recovery as to express my feelings in thanks to you. . . .

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS. W. J. THOMPSON & SON, Opposite Revere House, London. Has always in stock a large assortment of every style of Carriages and Sleighs. . . .

Catholic Almanacs FOR 1891. BEST FAMILY READING FOR THE WINTER MONTHS. Catholic Home Almanac, paper, 25c. Catholic Family Annual, 25c. . . .

IT DOES NOT FADE. Overcoatings that do not fade. Suitings that do not fade. Unshrinkable lambs wool Underwear.

PETHICK & McDONALD 393 Richmond St. First Door North of City Hall.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP. DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OF ALL AGES. SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. Should be used, if it is desired to make the finest class of Goods—Rich Biscuits, Pastries, Johnny cakes, Pie Crust, Boiled Paste, etc. . . .

INSURANCE. PHENIX FIRE INS. COY. Cash Assets . . . \$ 3,000,000.00 Paid in losses over . . . 25,000,000.00

MANUFACTURING UNDERTAKERS Wholesale and retail. Outside the combine. Always open. R. DRISCOLL & CO. 124 Richmond-st., London, Ont.

ASTHMA DR. TAPP'S ASTHMA REMEDY. THE DR. TAPP'S ASTHMA REMEDY. THE DR. TAPP'S ASTHMA REMEDY. THE DR. TAPP'S ASTHMA REMEDY.

McShane Bell Foundry. Finest Grade of Bells, Chimney and Pipe for Churches, Colleges, Tower Churches, etc. . . .

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Colleges, Tower Churches, etc. . . .

WINEYARDS. SANDWICH, ONT. ERNEST GIRARDOT & COMPANY. PURE NATIVE WINES. Altar Wine a specialty. . . .

Branch No. 4, London.
Held on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month...

O. M. B. A.

We learn from the Montreal Gazette of the 16th that the Supreme Deputy Comptroller of Ottawa...

The C. M. B. A. Journal, of Montreal, has changed hands, and is now published by Mr. J. J. Coffey...

"Oculus" is the Buffalo Union, deals severely, and not too much so, with that class of legislators...

Bro T. J. Finn, of Montreal, has in course of preparation a Complete Directory of the whole Mutual Benefit Association in the Dominion...

Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. Craven
Chancellor, Thos. Lawlor
First Vice-President, J. J. Coffey

Branch 10, Tilbury Centre.
President, W. McGeoghegan
First Vice-President, Henry Benoit

Branch 15, Toronto.
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father McNerney
President, J. J. Dutton

Branch 16, Montreal.
President, P. Nugent
First Vice-President, J. J. Jenson

Branch 17, Gananoque.
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. O'Gorman
President, J. D. O'Gorman

Branch 18, Merrickville.
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. O. Duffus
President, W. L. Carney

Branch 19, Chatham.
Spiritual Adviser and Chancellor, Rev. S. E. Wade
President, J. W. McNab

Branch 20, St. John, N. B.
President, John L. Carleton
First Vice-President, Thomas Gorman

Branch 21, Waterloo.
President, Dr. J. F. C. Phelan
First Vice-President, A. F. Savaria

Branch 22, St. John, N. B.
President, John L. Carleton
First Vice-President, Thomas Gorman

Resolution of Condolence.
Moved by Brother Schuler, seconded by Brother Sullivan...

The Christmas Mass.

The air is cold and silent,
The midnight hour is past,
The dawn is only a mist...

You see the gleaming river,
And the fastidious tide—
A giant sword of silver...

The stars are bright above you;
Long have those eyes kept ward—
Long have they watched and waited...

And now they count your footsteps,
Steps echoing in the street—
Angels' eyes they count your footsteps...

At last you reach the threshold,
Where the secret of our faith lies hid—
Rest on the blind old beggar...

The blind old beggar thanks you
As he never did before;
For you are the light that leads the way...

In all the glorious hours
Of the golden Christmas day,
In these your purer sweeter...

To the manger of the Christ-child,
To the manger of the Christ-child,
To the manger of the Christ-child...

Where the joyous angels sing:
Where the joyous angels sing:
Where the joyous angels sing...

OBITUARY.

Mr. John Hart, Edmundston.
A private telegram was received yesterday morning announcing the demise at his home in Edmundston...

Mrs. Keys, Hagarville.
The announcement of the unexpected death of Mrs. Daniel Keys...

E. B. A.
Election of Officers for 1891.
President, J. H. Doyle, Vice-President, P. Cotter...

Chaplain Rev. J. Davis, Pres. M. O'Leary, V. Pres. M. Madden...

Chaplain Rev. H. J. McPhillips, Pres. T. Mahoney, Vice Pres. J. Delory...

Chaplain Rev. J. P. O'Connell, Pres. A. J. Keating, Vice Pres. J. O'Connell...

Chaplain Rev. J. P. O'Connell, Pres. A. J. Keating, Vice Pres. J. O'Connell...

Chaplain Rev. J. P. O'Connell, Pres. A. J. Keating, Vice Pres. J. O'Connell...

THE KEY-NOTE OF CHRISTMAS.

When you kneel in the green trimmed church and say over, quite quietly, the little prayers which you love...

PARISH OF WALKERVILLE.

The Rev. B. Boubat, of Walkerville, sends us for insertion the following letter addressed to his friends...

Availing myself of your devotedness to the cause of religion and of your kindly friendship towards me...

The reasons which I believe, legitimate 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.

Secondly—The population on whose behalf, at the urgent request of the V. O. Dean Wagner, the church at Walkerville...

Thirdly—The population on whose behalf, at the urgent request of the V. O. Dean Wagner, the church at Walkerville...

Fourthly—The population on whose behalf, at the urgent request of the V. O. Dean Wagner, the church at Walkerville...

Fifthly—The population on whose behalf, at the urgent request of the V. O. Dean Wagner, the church at Walkerville...

Sixthly—The population on whose behalf, at the urgent request of the V. O. Dean Wagner, the church at Walkerville...

Seventhly—The population on whose behalf, at the urgent request of the V. O. Dean Wagner, the church at Walkerville...

Eighthly—The population on whose behalf, at the urgent request of the V. O. Dean Wagner, the church at Walkerville...

Ninthly—The population on whose behalf, at the urgent request of the V. O. Dean Wagner, the church at Walkerville...

Tenthly—The population on whose behalf, at the urgent request of the V. O. Dean Wagner, the church at Walkerville...

DIocese OF PETERBOROUGH.

MISSION AT BRIGHTON.
A special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

A most successful mission, conducted by Father Devlin, S. J., has just been terminated in the parish...

On behalf of the Protestant citizens of the village of Brighton, who have enjoyed the privilege of attending the series of addresses...

While we are able to judge, will continue to differ from our own, and tend to differ from our own...

But we shall never forget, as a season of pleasure and joy, the time spent in our midst; and we hope that your own recollection of this occasion may be such that your own recollection...

Where the mists have rolled in splendor and the clouds have cleared away.

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The Coming Day.

Under the stars, in the age of dawn,
The world awaiting its avenger's sleep,
When down the steps of the stairway golden...

For as they harkened and heard the story,
With rapturous and a grander glory
A gentler tone and a grander glory...

And year by year, when each new December
Brings back to us the day once more
If better the stars nor the earth remember...

DILLON STATES THE ISSUE.

John Dillon in his manifesto sums 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 leadership of the Tory party will win at the general election by such a majority as will condemn Ireland to another seven years of O'Connell and destroy all hope of gaining Home Rule by Parliamentary action in our time.

And this alone, is the question which the various people have to consider; and at this moment are being hotly debated by Irish men all over the world are irrelevant side issues raised for no other purpose than to divert the public mind from the one great issue on which Mr. Parnell insists.

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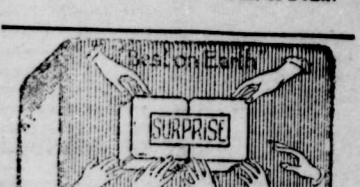
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