

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 1.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1879.

NO. 16

N. WILSON & CO.

IMPORTERS OF FINE

WOOLLENS,

BEST GOODS,

MOST FASHIONABLE CLOTHS,

LOW PRICES.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

January, 1879.

Sunday, 19.—Second Sunday after Epiphany; Feast of the most holy name of Jesus.
Monday, 20.—Saints Fabian and Sebastian martyrs.
Tuesday, 21.—Saint Agnes, Virgin and Martyr.
Wednesday, 22.—Saints Vincent and Anastasius, martyrs.
Thursday, 23.—Espousal of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
Friday, 24.—Saint Timothy bishop and martyr.
Saturday, 25.—Conversion of Saint Paul.

A SONG.

Only a song of the olden time
With its melody soft and low,
And a tender grace in its rhythm and rhyme,
And a silvery sound like a faint far chime;
The old song of the olden time—
Why does it haunt me so?
Why is it weaving its shining theme
Thro' my dismal thoughts to-night,
Back and forth—a sunbeam
Penetrating a shadow'd stream,
Thro' the depths with the glittering gleam
Of its legend in lines of light.
Only a song of the far-off past!
And adieu to its mild, sweet tide,
Like glided shadows, the words sail fast—
A thought like a demon on each tall mast—
And they come from the shores of the far-off Past
And home to my heart they glide.
And the silence is filled with the passionate spell
And the dusk of my lonely room,
Is dazed with the tremulous rise and swell
Of the mystical cadence I love so well;
And over my heart comes the old sweet spell—
And I dream in the silence and gloom.
London, Jan. 9th, 1879. SENG.

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

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

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

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

I am yours,
Sincerely in Christ,
+ JOHN WALSH,
Bishop of London.

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

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON,
Nov. 5th, 1878.

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

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

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

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

THE SEPARATE SCHOOL BOARD.—The first meeting of the newly-elected Catholic Separate School Board of Education of this city was held last evening in St. Peter's School House. After the minutes of last meeting were read, and the declaration of office from each of the newly-elected members received, the following officers were appointed for the year 1879: Rev. M. J. Tierman, Chairman; Samuel R. Brown, Secretary; James Reid, Esq., Treasurer; Messrs. T. E. O'Callaghan and J. B. Phelan, M.D., Auditors; Messrs. Reid, Burns, Glyn, Simple and Gibbons, Improvement Committee.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

A POSTAL ANNOYANCE.

[To the Editor of the Catholic Record.]

SIR,—Will no one free us from this abominable Post Office regulation; that "all insufficiently stamped letters shall be sent to the Dead Letter Office?" Continually we find letters returning to us through the D. L. O. under this pretext; We even had one letter returned to us through that office, on which we had written the direction, that if not called for in 20 days to &c." Why was this letter sent to the Dead Letter Office at all? Could not the Post Master have retained it himself without sending it to be read by the Dead Letter Office. It is no use telling us that we ought to be careful to stamp sufficiently. Every one cannot afford a pair of letter scales, and even if they could how could we be certain of their continued accuracy? "Get your letter weighed then at the office (of departure)." We have done so and had them weighed by hand. "Oh! this is all right sir." And they came back upon us.
It is not a pleasant idea, that through your defective (contract negligence or insufficient stamps your most private correspondence may be read and laughed at by some enemy headed clerks in the Post Office department, and talked of and discussed all over the country. To say the least of it this regulation is un-English and could only have crept into the country through the contamination of the United States.

I purposely omit dating my letter, lest it should draw down blame on the office whence it is mailed. I wish to blame the regulation, not the officials appointed to carry it out. Yours, S.
Given at least a hundred miles from London.

THE CORK THAT GRANT COULDN'T PULL.

[To the Editor of the Catholic Record.]

SIR,—All your readers know what and where Cork is; and not a few I make no doubt, treasure its image in the coziest little recess of memory's shrine. And very properly, for a right gallant old town is Cork, full of gay, dashing men, and fearless women. But I am not concerned with describing it now. Davin has done enough of that for current use.

What I am thinking of is this, a queer thought, surely, but then allowance may be made, under circumstances. I am wishing that somehow or other, not much matter how, good old Cork's own town, instead of the huge multitudinous, unembracable thing it is, could be approached as a single individual, and shaken by the hand, and patted on the back and cheered at and for, till our lungs ached. For all these manifestations of a most hearty admiration it would be a high delight to us, just now to make an acknowledgement as of Cork's general deserving, so chiefly if her special merit in administering a genuine unmistakable snubbing to Gen. Grant.

And this pleasure arises in no wise at all from the consideration that he is an American. This would be absurd; nor yet from a knowledge of the pompous independence by which he presumes to be, who he is not, a representative of the Great Republic. No, but because the whole proceedings at Cork show first, what I suppose nobody ever doubted, that the people there are thoroughly Catholic; and secondly, that they are a reading, well informed people, acquainted with their own principles, and not ignorant of the men and influences, even in foreign countries, who oppose these principles. And here is the reason of this opinion.

There is no sort of question America is very popular in Ireland. The mere fact of being a native of that country is sufficient passport to the affections of the Irish people, and, but for special reasons, to the contrary, the presence of a high personage or a representative man from the United States would be said to work feelings of great respect not to say enthusiasm. Now these special reasons to the contrary, what were they in Grant's case? He came there as ex-President, as ex-general-in-chief of that part of the American army with which the Irish nation sympathized; he came with the added prestige of courtship reception from the highest people in Europe, and still Cork snubbed him, snubbed him bluntly, and made him go grizzle where he liked; they wanted none of him. And why? Because the good people of the queen city of the South are first of all a thoroughly Catholic people, holding their religion (as all men with brains in their head, who profess religion at all hold it), above every other thing on this earth, and next, being a well informed reading people, they know him, not merely as the ex-President, but also as the author of Des Moines speech.

They know that, in the hope of creating another Know-nothing excitement upon the waves of which he might be borne a third term into the Presidential chair, he did not hesitate to blacken and malign the Catholic religion, and to do what he could to plunge the great majority of the Irish people in America, into a condition little better than that from which they have escaped at home. Not all the glories of being an ex-President could blind the sharp-sighted citizens of Cork to this view of the General, nor all the incense, all the nobles or kings of Europe had burnt round him, would make them insensible to the ill odor that must ever be attached to the heartless unprincipled politician, who was prevented only by the good sense and love of justice of the American people, from originating a new persecution of the Catholic Church, and the Irish people in America. We do not begrudge you our oysters or champagne or other liquors, but until you repent and do penance for the Des Moines speech, we want none of you. Again I say, "Good for Cork!"

"GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO."

[Bothwell, Jan. 14, 1879.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD:—
SIR,—On the 29th of December, 1878, a new Catholic Church was solemnly dedicated under the patronage of St. Thomas, by His Lordship Bishop Walsh, in Wardsville, which, in itself, is an item of sufficient interest to all Catholics, more especially to those immediately concerned. But it is my pleasure to chronicle the opening and solemn dedication, also by His Lordship, of another church in the same neighborhood on Sunday last, namely, at Alvinston, under the patronage of St. Matthew. Both these churches belong to the parish of Bothwell, which is under the ministrations of the Rev. M. McGrath. To open two churches within the short space of a fortnight is a pleasure which few priests ever experience. Too great praise cannot be given to Father McGrath for carrying to a successful completion this dual event, rendered all the more remarkable by the fact that it is only eight months last Saturday since Father McGrath undertook the charge of the mission of Bothwell. This speaks well for both priest and people, who have worked together in the greatest harmony, and with a determination which alone could bring about such splendid results.

The church at Wardsville is in the most finished condition of the two and presents a very fine appearance, standing as it does on a rising plot of ground, donated some thirty years ago by a Protestant gentleman, a Mr. Ward, from whom the village takes its name. It is of brick, measures 90x35 feet, has a seating capacity of between 700 and 800, and cost about \$6,000.

The one at Alvinston sister to it, being in almost all its details similar in size construction and cost. The inhabitants both Protestant and Catholic are justly proud of this imposing edifice and ornament to the village and right royally did they do their duty on Sunday last. It was evident from an early hour that an event of no ordinary circumstance was to be witnessed, for the number of teams which arrived every few minutes loaded to their fullest capacity with people whose faces betokened anxiety. When, however, the Alvinston Band, eleven strong, marched through the village playing, "The sweet bye and bye," all was astir and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the villagers possessed a truly Christian spirit worthy of the name and of emulation. The band also assisted during mass, and vesper in the evening marching in line through the village afterwards playing triumphal marches. The band has only been organized some six months, but from the manner in which difficult pieces were executed, it showed what an amount of study, training and careful practice the members must have undergone. The most pleasing feature in connection with these gentlemen is the fact that all are Protestants yet they felt themselves called upon to contribute their valuable services to the general edification and rival the pleasure experienced by their chosen friends. Bigotry evidently has no place in Alvinston. His Lordship was so well pleased with this exhibition of good feeling that he made them a suitable present.

The church was packed morning and evening, fully three-fourths of the number being members of other denominations. After a brief but well chosen remarks by His Lordship, explaining the nature of blessing a church the ceremony of solemn dedication, commenced from the outside of the building.

High Mass was then sung by Father Murphy of Strathroy. The choir under the direction of Miss Croft, rendering Peter's Mass in a manner which would have done credit to much older organizations. The sermon was previously announced by His Lordship, and was a masterpiece of eloquence which gave great pleasure to his Protestant hearers, a fact which formed the theme of conversation during the whole day.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

[To the Editor of the Record.]

SIR,—Even unto Washington, unto the heart of the Union, has your sparkling journal penetrated, coming from the snow-draped North like a beam of the boreal aurora, eliciting our admiration by its lustre, even though it fails to touch our hearts with its warmth.

Among the articles which failed to warm our hearts was the one on "Annexation," which appeared some weeks ago. Your utterances, in the main, were, I am sorry to confess, correct, but in some places I think you were unnecessarily bitter, and just a little unjust. Allow me to offer for your consideration a few plausible parts. You call us a "multifarious conglomeration." So we are. What then must be the strength, the solidity of that Government which has conducted a nation composed of individuals differing so widely in habits, tastes and prejudices, in one short hundred years to the position we now occupy among the nations of the world? Let me quote your countryman Mr. Goldwin Smith, on the principles of our government: "There can hardly be," says Mr. Smith, "a more crucial test of the strength of a government than its power of going through a perilous crisis without suspending the ordinary course of law and resorting to violent measures of repression. Nothing more decisively displays its confidence in the soundness of its foundations and the free allegiance of its people." He then proceeds to show where England's government, "reputed the very type of strength," gave evidence of weakness when threatened by the French revolution, by suspending the ordinary course of the laws, interrupting personal liberty, gagging opinions, and having recourse to many other extraordinary measures of repression. And his too when the war was a foreign one, and the sympathizers of the French in England, were few and weak. Contrasting this with our government he says: "The existence of the American government was threatened by a great rebellion on its own soil, the hostile armies menaced the capital, sympathizing with the enemy were ripe and avowed. The French in England, were few and weak. 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The Old and the New.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

How swift they go! Life's many years, With their winds of woe, And their storms of tears, And their darkest nights whose shadowy hopes...

And ah! we pray With a grief so dear, That the years may stay When their graves are near...

For the heart so true To the Old Year cleaves, Tho' the hand of the New Year's glory zephyr waves...

Yes! men will cling With a love to the past; And wildly sing Their arms round the past!

As the vine that clings to the oak that falls, As the key twines round the rumbled wains...

And why not so? The Old Year's days They knew and they know...

We walked by their side, and we told them each grief, And they kissed our tears while they whispered relief...

Let the New Year sing To the Old Year's grave, Will the New Year bring Down the Old Year's woe?

Ab! the Stranger Year trips over the snows, And his brow is encircled with many a roose...

Let the New Year smile When the Old Year dies, In how short a while...

Yes! Stranger Year, thou hast many a charm, And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm...

Yet, bright New Year! With song and cheer, They will greet thy birth; They will trust thy face, they will land thy power...

FABIOLA:

OR THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

What is your history? Whence do you come? I have no history. My parents were poor, and brought me to Rome when I was four years old...

And how have you lived since? God became my only Father then, and His Catholic Church my mother. The one feeds the birds of the air, the other nurses the weaklings of the flock...

Oh, yes! how could I deny it? That that meeting was a Christian meeting? Certainly; what else could it be?

He wanted no more; his suspicions were verified. Agnes, about whom Torquatus had been able or willing to tell him nothing, was certainly a Christian. His game was made. She must yield, or he would be avenged.

After a pause, looking at her steadfastly, he said, "Do you know whether you are going?" "Before the judge of earth, I suppose, who will send me to my Spouse in heaven."

And so calmly? he asked in surprise; for he could see no token from the soul to the countenance, but a smile.

"So joyfully rather," was her brief reply. Having got all that he desired, he consigned his prisoner to Corvinus at the gates of the Æmilian basilica, and left her to her fate. It had been a cold and drizzling day, like the preceding evening...

As Corvinus had prepared his father for what he was to expect, Tertullus, moved with some compassion, and imagining there could be little difficulty in overcoming the obstinacy of a poor, ignorant blind beggar, requested the spectators to remain perfectly still, that he might try his persuasion on her, alone, as she would imagine, with him; and he threatened heavy penalties on any one who should presume to break the silence.

It was as he had calculated. Cecilia knew not that any one else was there, as the prefect thus kindly addressed her: "What is thy name, child?" "Cecilia."

"I thank God that I am poor and meanly clad, and face not daintily; because by all these things I am the more like Jesus Christ, my only Spouse."

"For that, more than all the rest, I thank Him daily and hourly with all my heart. How so? dost thou think it a blessing never to have seen the face of a human being, or the sun, or the earth? what strange fancies are these?"

"They are not so, most noble sir. For in the midst of what you call darkness, I see a spot of what I must call light, it contrasts so strongly with all around. It is to me what the sun is to you, which makes a sign to Cecilia to place her upon it."

"Oh, no! Christians never hurt one another." The rack was standing, as usual, before him; and he made a sign to Cecilia to place her upon it. The executioner pushed her back on it by her arms; and as she made no resistance, she was easily laid extended on its wooden couch. The loops of the ever ready ropes were in a moment passed round her ankles, and arms, drawn over the head. The poor sightless girl saw not who did all this; she knew not but it might be the same person who had been conversing with her. If there had been silence hitherto, now now held their very breath; while Cecilia's lips moved in earnest prayer.

"Once more, before proceeding farther, I call on thee to sacrifice to the gods, and escape cruel torments," said the judge, with a stern voice. "Neither torments nor death," firmly replied the victim tied to the altar, "shall separate me from the love of Christ. I can offer up no sacrifice but to the one living God; and its ready oblation is myself."

The prefect made a signal to the executioner, and he gave one rapid whirl to the two wheels of the rack, round the windlasses of which the ropes were wound; and the limbs of the maiden were stretched with a sudden jerk, which, though not enough to wrench them from their sockets, as a further turn would have done, sufficed to inflict an excruciating, or more truly, a racking pain, through all her frame. Far more grievous was this, from the preparation and the cause of it being unseen, and from that additional suffering which darkness inflicts. A quivering of her features, and a sudden paleness, alone gave evidence of her torture.

"Halt! halt!" the judge exclaimed, "thou feelest that I come, let it suffice; obey, and thou shalt be freed." She seemed to take no heed of his words, but gave vent to her feelings in prayer: "I thank Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that Thou hast made me suffer pain the first time for Thy sake. I have loved Thee in peace; I have loved Thee in comfort; I have loved Thee in joy, and now in pain I love Thee still more. Be much sweeter it is to be like Thee, stretched upon Thy Cross, even than resting upon the hard couch at the poor man's table."

"Thou triflest with me," exclaimed the judge, thoroughly vexed, "and makest light of my fealty. We will try something stronger. Here, Catullus, apply a lighted torch to her sides. Use it for a double purpose; as a direct torment, and to keep the body distended for the application of other tortures. This of fire was one of the most common."

A thrill of disgust and horror ran through the assembly, which could not help sympathizing with the poor blind creature. A murmur of suppressed indignation broke out from all sides of the hall. Cecilia, for the first time, in pain I love Thee still more, rushed into her brow, her face, and neck, just before white as marble. The angry judge checked the rising gush of feeling; and all listened in silence, as she spoke again, with warmer earnestness than before:

"O my dear Lord and Spouse! I have been ever true and faithful to Thee. Let me suffer pain and torture for Thee; but spare me confusion from human eyes. Let me come to Thee at once; not covering my face with my hands in shame, where I stand before Thee."

Another muttering of compassion was heard. "Catullus!" shouted the baffled judge in fury; "do your duty, sirrah! what are you about, fumbling all day with that torch?" The executioner advanced, and stretched forth his hand to her robe, to withdraw it for his torture; but he drew back, and, turning to the prefect, exclaimed in softened accents:

"It is too late. She is dead!" "Dead!" cried out Tertullus; "dead with one turn of the wheel? impossible!" Catullus gave the rack a turn backwards, and the body remained motionless. It was true; she had passed from the rack to the throne, from the scowl of the judge's countenance to her Spouse's welcoming embrace. Had she breathed out her pure soul, as a sweet perfume, in the incense of her prayer? or had her heart been unable to get back its blood, from the intensity of that first virginal blush? (There are many instances in the lives of the martyrs of their deaths being the fruit of prayer, as in St. Praxedis, St. Cecilia, St. Agatha, &c.)

In the stillness of awe and wonder, a clear bold voice cried out, from the group near the door: "Impious tyrant, dost thou not see, that a poor blind Christian hath more power over life and death, than thou or thy cruel masters?"

What! a third time in twenty-four hours will thou dare to cross my path? This time thou shalt not escape." These were Corvinus's words, garnished with a furious imprecation, as he rushed from his father's side round the enclosure before the tribunal, towards the group. But as he ran blindly on, he struck against an officer of herculean build, who, no doubt quite accidentally, was advancing towards it. He recoiled, and the soldier caught hold of him, saying:

"You are not hurt, I hope, Corvinus?" "No, no; let me go, Quadratus, let me go." "Where are you running to in such a hurry? I help you!" asked his captor, still holding him fast. "Let me loose, I say, or he will be gone."

"Who will be gone?" "Panicratus," answered Corvinus, "who just now insulted my father." "Panicratus!" said Quadratus, looking round, and seeing that he had got clear off; "I do not see him." And he let him go; but it was too late. The youth was safe at Diogenes's, in the Subura. While this scene was going on, the prefect, mortified, ordered Catullus to see the body thrown into the Tiber. But another officer, muffled in his cloak, stopped aside and beckoned to Catullus, who understood the sign, and stretched out his hand to receive a proffered purse.

"Of fright, I fancy," he replied. "Of Christian modesty," interposed a strange who passed them.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETRIBUTION.

The prefect of the city went to give his report on the untoward events of the day dyed, and do what was possible, to screen his worthless son. He found the emperor in the worst of moods. He found Corvinus come in his way early in the day, nobody could have answered for his head. And now the result of the inroad into the cemetery had revived his anger, when Tertullus entered into the audience-chamber. Sebastian contrived to be on guard.

"Where is your body of a son?" was the first salutation which the prefect received. "Humbly waiting your divinity's pleasure outside, and anxious to propitiate your godlike anger, by the tricks which fortune has played upon his zeal."

"Fortune!" exclaimed the tyrant; "fortune indeed! His own stupidity and cowardice; a pretty beginning, forsooth; but he shall smart for it. Bring him in."

The wretch, whining and trembling, was introduced; and cast himself at the emperor's feet, from which he was spurned, and sent rolling like a lashed brand, into the midst of the hall. This set the imperial divinity a-laughing, and helped to mollify its wrath.

"Come, sirrah! stand up," he said, "and let me hear an account of yourself. How did the edict disappear?" Corvinus told a rambling tale, which occasionally amused the emperor; for he was rather taken with the trick. This was a good symptom.

"Well," he said at last, "I will be merciful to you. Lectors, bind your faces. They drew their axes forth, and felt their edges. Corvinus again thrust himself down, and exclaimed, 'Spare my life; I have important information to furnish, if I live.'"

"Who wants your worthless life?" responded the gentle Maximian. "Lectors! put aside your axes; the rods are good enough for him." In a moment his hands were seized and bound, his tunic was stripped off his shoulders, and a shower of blows fell upon them, delivered with well-regulated skill; till he roared and writhed, to the great enjoyment of his imperial master.

Smarting and humbled, he had to stand again before him. "Now, sir," said the latter, "what is the wonderful information you have to give?" "That I know who perpetrated the outrage of last night, on your imperial edict."

"Who was it?" "A youth named Panicratus, whose knife I found under where the edict had not been seized and brought him to justice."

"Twice this day he has been almost within my grasp, for I have heard his voice; but he has escaped me." "Then let him not escape a third time, or you may have to take his place. But how do you know him, or his knife?"

"Yes, sir," Torquatus, who had abandoned the Christian superstition, had told me. "A Christian presume to teach my subjects, to make them enemies of their country, disloyal to their sovereigns, and contemners of the gods! I suppose it was he who taught that young viper Panicratus to pull down our imperial edict. Do you know where he is?"

"Christ's superstitious, has told me." "And pray who is this Torquatus?" "He is one who has been staying some time with Chromatius and a party of Christians in the country."

"Why, this is worse and worse. Is the ex-prefect then, too, become a Christian?" "Yes, sir, he lives with many others of that sect in Campania."

"What perfidy! what treachery! I shall not know whom to trust next. Prefect, send some one immediately to arrest all these men, and the school-master, and Torquatus." "He is no longer a Christian," interposed the judge.

"Well, what do I care?" replied the emperor peevishly; "arrest as many as you can, and spare no one, and make them smart well; do you understand me? Now begone, all; it is time for my supper." Corvinus went home; and, in spite of medicinal applications, was feverish, sore, and spiteful all night; and next morning begged his father to let him go on the expedition into Campania, that so he might retrieve his honour, gratify his revenge, and keep the disgrace and sarcasm that was sure to be heaped on him by Roman society.

When Fulvius had deposited his prisoner at the tribunal, he hastened home to recount his adventures, as usual, to Euratias. The old man listened with imperturbable sternness to the barren recital, and at last said, coldly: "Very little profit from all this, Fulvius."

by which we concentrated in your hands the divided remnant of family wealth." Fulvius covered his face with his hands and shuddered, then said entreatingly, "Oh, spare me that, Euratias; for heaven's sake spare me!"

"Well, then," resumed the other, unmoved as ever, "I will be reef. Remember, nephew, that he who does not recoil from a brilliant future, to be the past. Let our compact, therefore, be straight-forward and honest; for there is an honesty even in sin. Nature has given you abundance of selfishness and cunning, and she has given me boldness and remorselessness in directing and applying them. Our lot is cast by the same throw,—we become rich, or die, together."

Fulvius, in his heart, cursed the day that he came to Rome; or bound himself to his stern master, whose mysterious ties was so much stronger than he had known before. But he felt himself spell-bound to him, and powerless as the kid in the lion's paws. He retired to his couch with a heavier heart than ever; for a dark, impending fate never failed to weigh upon his soul, every returning night.

Our readers will perhaps be curious to know what has become of the third member of our worthy trio, the apostate Torquatus. When, confused and bewildered, he ran to look for the tomb which was to guide him, it so happened, that, just within the gallery which he entered, was a neglected staircase, cut in the sandstone, down to a lower story of the cemetery. The steps had been worn round and smooth, and the descent was precipitous. Torquatus, carrying his light before him, and running heedless, fell headlong down the opening, and remained stunned and insensible at the bottom, till long after his companions had retired. He then revived; and for some time was so confused that he knew not where he was. He arose and groped about, till consciousness completely returning, he remembered that he was in a catacomb, but could not make out how he was alone, and in the dark.

It then struck him, that he had a couple of tapers about him, and means of lighting them. He employed them, and was cheered by finding himself again in light. But he had wandered from the staircase, of which, indeed, he recollected nothing, and went on, and on, entangled himself more intricately in the subterranean labyrinth.

He felt sure that, before he had exhausted his strength by his tapers, he should come to some outlet. But by degrees he began to feel serious alarm. One by one his lights were burnt out, and his vigour began to fail, for he had been fasting from early morning; and he found himself coming back to the same spot, after he had wandered about apparently for hours. At first he had looked negligently around him, and had carelessly read the inscriptions on the tombs. But as he grew fainter, and his hope of relief weaker, those solemn monuments of death began to speak to his soul, in a language that it could not refuse to hear, nor pretend to misunderstand. "Deposited in peace," was the inmate of one; "resting in Christ" was another; and even the thousand nameless ones around them reposed in silent calm, each with the seal of the Church's motherly care stamped upon his place of rest.

And within, the embalmed remains awaited the sound of angelic trumpets, to awaken them to their death. And he, in a few more hours, would be dead like them; he was lighting his taper, and had sunk down upon a heap of mould; but would he be laid in peace, by pious hands, as they? On the cold ground, alone, he should die, unshrouded, unanointed. There he should rot, and drop to pieces; and if, in after years, his bones, cast out from Christ's sepulchre, should be found, it could not be to speak to his soul, in a language that it could not refuse to hear, nor pretend to misunderstand. "Deposited in peace," was the inmate of one; "resting in Christ" was another; and even the thousand nameless ones around them reposed in silent calm, each with the seal of the Church's motherly care stamped upon his place of rest.

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It was coming on fast; he could feel it; his head reeled, his heart fluttered. The taper was getting too short for his fingers, and he placed it on a stone beside him, that he might burn three minutes longer; and extinguished it. So covetous did he feel of those three minutes more of light, so jealous was he of that little taper-end, as his last link with earth's joys, so anxious was he to have one more look at things without, lest he should be forced to look at things within, that he drew forth the red dirt and steel, and labored for a quarter of an hour to get a light from tinder, damped by the cold perspiration of his body. And when he had lighted his remnant of candle, instead of profiting by its flame to look around him, he fixed his eyes upon it with an idiotic stare, watching it burn down, as though it were the charm which bound his life, and this must expire with it. And soon the last spark gleamed smouldering like a comet's tail on the red earth, and died.

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youngful acolyte Tarcisus bearing a censer steaming with perfumed smoke; and, after others of the clergy, the venerable Pontiff himself, attended by Repartus, and another deacon. Diogenes and his sons, with sorrowful countenances, and many others, treated of death. At length it was placed in the tomb prepared for it, under an arch. While this was being done, Torquatus drew nigh to one of the spectators, and whispered to him the question, "Whose funeral is this?"

"It is the deposition," he answered, "of the blessed Cecilia, a blind virgin, who this morning fell into the hands of the soldiers, in this cemetery, and whose soul God took to himself." "Then I am her murderer," he exclaimed, with a hollow wail; and staggering forward to the holy bishop's feet, fell prostrate before him. It was some time before his feelings could find vent in words; when these came, they were the ones he had resolved to utter:

"Father, I have sinned before heaven, and against Thee, and I am not worthy to be called Thy child." The Pontiff raised him up kindly, and pressed him to his bosom, saying, "Welcome back, my son, whoever thou art, to thy Father's house. But thou art weak and faint, and needst rest."

Some refreshment was immediately procured. But Torquatus would not rest till he had publicly avowed the whole of his guilt, including the day's crimes: for it was still the evening of the same day. All rejoiced at the prodigal's return, and even from her last affectionate glance on the blind virgin's shroud, added thought that she could almost see her seated at the feet of her Spouse, smiling, with her eyes wide open, as she cast down a handful of flowers on the head of the penitent, the first-fruits of her intercession in heaven.

Diogenes add his sons took charge of him. A humble lodging was procured for him, in a Christian cottage near that of his mother; and he was enrolled in the class of penitents; where years of expiation, shortened by the intercession of confessors—that is, future martyrs—would prepare him for full re-admission to the privileges he had forfeited. (The penitentiary system of the early Church will be better described in any volume that embodies the antiquity of the second period of ecclesiastical history, that of *The Church of the Basilians*. It is well known, especially from the writings of St. Cyprian, and those who proved weak in persecution, and were subjected to public penance, obtained a shortening of its term,—that is, an indulgence,—through the intercession of confessors, or of persons imprisoned for the faith.)

CHAPTER XIX. TWOFOLD REVENGE. Sebastian's visit to the cemetery had been not merely to take thither for sepulture the relics of the first martyr, but to consult also with Marcellinus about his safety. His life was too valuable to the Church to be sacrificed so early; and Sebastian knew how eagerly it was sought. Torquatus now confirmed this, by communicating Fulvius's designs, and the motive of his attendance at the December ordination. The usual papal residence was no longer safe; and a bold idea had been adopted by the courageous soldier,—the "Protector of the Christians," as his acts till he had been authoritatively called. It was to lodge the Pontiff, whose name no one could suspect him to be, and where no search would be dreamt of in the very palace of the Cæsars. (This is related in the Acts just referred to.) Efficiently disguised, the holy Bishop left the cemetery, and, escorted by Sebastian and Quadratus, was safely housed in the apartments of Irene, a Christian lady of rank, who had a remote part of the Palatine, in which her husband held a household office.

Early next morning Sebastian was with Panicratus: "My dear boy," he said, "you must leave Rome instantly, and go into Campania. I have horses ready for you and Quadratus; and there is no time to be lost."

"And why, Sebastian?" replied the youth, with sorrowful face and tearful eye. "Have I done something wrong, or are you doubtful of my fortune?" "Neither, I assure you. But you have promised to be guided by me in all things; and I never considered your obedience more necessary than now."

"Tell me why, good Sebastian, I pray." "It must be a secret as yet."

"What, another secret?" "Call it the same, to be revealed at the same time. But I can tell you what I want you to do, and that I think will satisfy you. Corvinus has got orders to seize on Chromatius and all his community, yet young in the faith, as the wretched example of Torquatus has shown us; and, what is worse, to put your old master Cassianus as Fandi to a cruel death. I want you to hasten before his messenger (perhaps he may go himself), and put them on their guard."

"Panicratus looked up brightly again; he saw that Sebastian trusted him. "Your wish is enough reason for me," said he, smiling; "but I would go to the world's end, to save my good Cassianus, or any other fellow-Christian."

He was soon ready, took an affectionate leave of his mother, and before Rome had fully shaken off sleep, he and Quadratus, each with well-furnished saddle bags on their powerful steeds, were trotting across the campagna of Rome, to reach the less-frequented, and safer, track of the Latin way.

Corvinus having resolved to keep the hostile expedition in his own hands, as honourable, lucrative, and pleasant, it was delayed a day, both that he might feel more comfortable about his shoulders, and that he might make proper preparations. He had a chariot hired, and engaged a body of Numidian runners, who could keep up with a carriage at full speed. Though he was thus a day behind two Christians, though he, of course, travelled by the shorter and more beaten Appian road.

(To be Continued.)

The Congressional report on libraries pronounced that of Georgetown College the oldest and most interesting on the continent.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT. WINTER FASHIONS.

Mrs. J. J. Skelton, Editor. The following are a few of the most fashionable skating-costumes adopted this winter:

SKATING COSTUME. The dress is of deep, dark velvet, trimmed with feather trimmings, and bows of black satin ribbon. The hat is of black felt; trimmed with a jet of the same color as the dress.

FOR YOUNG GIRL. Dress of Bengal check woolen goods; palette of fawn-colored diagonal cloth, deeply bound and piped with silk of the same shade, ornamented with horn buttons.

SKATING COSTUME. of seal brown cashmere, trimmed with bands of velvet; silk fringe, and small silk buttons of the same shade. Brown straw bonnet; trimmed with a gauge scarf, deep crimson roses, and frosted foliage.

SKATING COSTUME. of MOIRÉ beigeuse, flaked with pale blue and gold color. The sleeves, revers, and cross-bands on the polonaise are of bronze silk. Bronze belt bonnet; trimmed with feathers and silk to match the dress, and pink roses.

FOR YOUNG LADY. The costume is of grey cashmere trimmed with silver fox fur. Grey felt hat trimmed to correspond.

SKATING OR WALKING COSTUME. The skirt is of olive cashmere; polonaise of basket-woven woolen material, trimmed with bands of satin of a darker shade, rich chenille fringe and bows of corded ribbon. Black clips bouret trimmed with olive satin ribbon, scarlet berries and foliage.

SKATING COSTUME. This is composed of amand-colored cloth streaked with moss-green and Sultan. The skirt trimmings, plastron, sleeves and pockets are of faille; the tablier and long jacket are trimmings with grey fox fur. Togue of felt of the same color as the dress, trimmed with fur and a Sultan wing.

HOUSEWIVES CORNER.

NEW YEARS CAKES.—One and a quarter pound sugar, one pound butter, half pint cold water three and one-fourth pounds flour, two eggs, one teaspoon soda. Mix well and bake in hearts or rounds, or any small tins.

NET CAKE.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, three cups flour, one cup cold water, four eggs, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar, two cups kernels hickory nuts, carefully picked out and added last of all.

FANNY'S SUGAR CAKES.—One leaping fourth of sugar, three-fourths teaspoon butter, one-fourth teaspoon sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon soda. Flour to roll, salt, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste. Roll thin, cut into round cakes and bake quickly.

BROWN SUGAR CAKE.—Two quarts of flour, sift and rub quarter of a pound of butter in it; beat together ten eggs and one and a half pounds of sugar; stir in a wine-glass of brandy, with a nutmeg and some orange-peel grated in it; roll out, and bake in an oven, in cakes cut out with a shape.

DIPHTHERIA.—The death of Princess Alice increases the melancholy interest which prevails in connection with this strange and fatal malady; and the following extract from the report of the physicians in attendance upon the Royal Family should be placed upon permanent record: "No member of the household (in all the sixty persons), no nurse, no physician, has been infected. It is therefore clear that all the cases have been produced by direct infection, doubtless by kisses. It is unknown by whom Princess Victoria has been infected, but the physicians explain, in their report, that even slight and at first overlooked cases may infect others."

Mr. J. S. Wiles, surgeon, Thornton, Dorset, confirms the excellence of sulphuric application. He mentions that the mother of a family, whose members he was attending for diphtheria, gave him an extract from an American paper recommending sulphur, and that he was afterwards much impressed with the efficacy of it. Mr. Wiles says: "I never lost a case where the remedy was used at the earliest stage of the infection. In one or two instances where resorted to when the affection had almost blocked the throat before I was consulted it had complete success. For infants I used the milk of sulphur, and for older children and adults I used the stronger 'flowers' of sulphur; and when it could not be swallowed, some of the powder was blown into the throat and nostrils through a quill. The admixture of as much sulphur as is possible with glycerine, bringing it to a creamy consistence, and then applying to age, three or four times a day—also the application of a little to the nostrils with a sponge—is what Mr. Wiles recommends. The prescribed remedy is very simple, safe, and procurable, and cannot be made too generally known."

HINTS FROM ELIZA COOK.—"To be frugal is wise, and this lesson of truth should ever be preached in the ears of youth." "I thank you for health and sleep, light, and I thank your God, for health and sleep." "Give what ye can spare, and be ye sure, he serveth his Maker who aideth the poor." "All the evil gold can do, cannot wip the heart that's true." "Ye lovely born! oh, covet not one right the sceptre beings; the longest name and peerest lot amongst the pomp of kings." "I have that infant in my arms; I see the stronger 'flowers' of sulphur; and when it could not be swallowed, some of the powder was blown into the throat and nostrils through a quill."

The various sects and isms of every age have rejected Peter as the rock upon which Christ built His Church, and they think, contrary to Christ's declaration, that they can build upon another foundation. But Christ has made Peter alone the "head of the corner," and declared him to be the rock upon which He would build His Church, and resting on this rock the Church is stronger than heaven and hell; for Christ said that "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." Now His words declare that "The gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church," founded on the rock of Peter—(Matt. xvi, 18). Rome, the grandest, the most corrupt, and the most populous city of all time—Rome, the city of the Caesars, and centre of the civil government of an enslaved world was the place selected by Divine Providence to be the seat of the spiritual empire of the world; and the spot selected in which to plant the conquering standard of the cross, which was to be held aloft by the strong arm of Christ's representatives, whose faith was never to fail. The clouds of temporal bondage were to be broken by the preaching—efficacy of spiritual freedom. Rome was to be the heart of the fallen world, and regeneration must commence in the heart; therefore, St. Peter conceived and executed the bold design of fixing the seat of his spiritual empire in Rome.

This was the capital of the world made the capital of Christ's Kingdom, the Church. The world was seated in the darkness of slavery, both temporal and spiritual, and liberty had no name on the face of the earth. Hence the centre of tyranny was made the centre of liberty—the darkened spot from which radiated the divine light of Him who "was the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." From this spot alone, by the power of Christ's vicars, St. Peter and his successors, the bonds of civil and spiritual slavery were broken, and the sun of eternal justice and truth having dispelled the dark-

THE PERPETUITY OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

GRAND LECTURE BY FATHER COONEY IN CINCINNATI.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial of Jan. 6.] Last night Rev. Father Cooney, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, Ind., delivered a lecture in the Church of the Atonement, on Third street, on the "Perpetuity of the Church," to a very large and intelligent audience. The reverend lecturer commenced by quoting the text, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—Matt. xvi, 13.

He then called attention to Macaulay's description of the perpetuity of the Roman Catholic Church in his essay on "Ranke's History of the Popes." He said Macaulay called the Catholic Church a "human institution," although he gave it the attributes of a divine institution by declaring, among other things, that "she saw the beginning of all the Governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and that there is no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all."

Father Cooney went on then to prove that the Catholic Church is a divine institution, and that her perpetuity is a necessary consequence of her being the work of God, who has promised that she shall never fail—"the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

He alluded to the miracles of Christ, which prove His divinity, as recorded in the Gospels.

If, then, Christ is God, the words of Christ are the words of God. His commission to His Apostles is the commission of God Himself. The reverend lecturer then stated what the Gospels record—that Christ appointed twelve men, whom He "called Apostles;" that He appointed one of the twelve as the head and chief of the Apostolic College; that He gave to Simon the name of Peter, which signifies rock, as if to signify the nature of the office which Peter was to hold as foundation of His Church; that Christ prayed for Peter that his "faith fail not;" and, after His resurrection, that He gave to Peter the charge of feeding the "lambs and the sheep" of His flock; that these prerogatives belonged to Peter's office, and, therefore, that they descended to Peter's successors; that the Divine prerogative of infallibility, by virtue of Christ's prayer and promises, was given to Peter and his successors in office, as defined by the Council of the Vatican; that Peter's infallibility made the Church infallible, since the Church could not exist without a head, and the body partakes of the qualities of the head. The Church thus constituted and organized was taken possession of by the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost; and the Holy Ghost was promised to "abide forever" with the Church, and to "teach her all truth." The Church then went forth as a living organism, to do God's work to the end of time, and to speak His will to men; and Christ commanded all to "hear the Church," under the penalty of being "heathens and publicans." The Church is, therefore, divine, and her perpetuity rests on the promises of Christ, whose word can not fail.

From Jerusalem the Church arose as an eternal sun, never to set until time shall be no more, and she has since shone with meridian splendor over the nations of the earth, illuminating the way to heaven. For from the day of Pentecost, 1845, years ago, when Christ's promise was fulfilled of sending the Holy Ghost to abide forever with His Church, the history of the Catholic Church is but the history of the fulfillment of Christ's promises to Peter.

The Catholic Church has always been governed as her Divine founder ordained, and the "lambs and sheep" of His flock have ever been fed with the Divine aliment of truth by St. Peter and his successors in office. Never have the children of the Catholic Church—the Church of all ages—known any other teacher, and we challenge the world to show any contradiction in the teaching of that long, unbroken line of two hundred and sixty-three sovereign Pontiffs, from Peter to Leo XIII., now happily reigning; for their teaching has ever been the teaching of the Church, since no decree of any council or apostate Christian powers, but also against formidable heresies, as they sprang forth consecutively from the pride of private judgment and the corruption of the human heart—such as the Arian, Macedonian, Nestorian, Eutychian, Monacan and Pelagian heresies, which threatened to sweep from the earth every vestige of Christian faith, and hurl man back into the gulf of Paganism. But thanks be to the Catholic Church, built upon the rock Peter, the very names of these heresies are now scarcely remembered, and the same Church still stands in full vigor of maintaining life to confront and condemn, by the firm voice of St. Peter's successors, the same errors, as they appear under new names and forms. Thus does the Church stand unchangeable in the midst of change as the very embodiment of God's power upon earth. But why should I endeavor to give further proof of the divinity of the Catholic Church, and the infallibility of her visible head to those who fail to recognize the living miracle of her perpetual existence shining like the sun in the heavens to pour God's light and the heat of His love into the hearts of men, and to show them the way to heaven. Thus has the Catholic Church passed through every ordeal with renewed vigor and life. You who still doubt, examine her well. She stands before you as a towering rock, immovable in the midst of the angry waves, and prominent on that pedestal of truth, you see the grand figure and hear the firm voice of Peter, whose word brought salvation and peace into the council of the Apostles in Jerusalem. The same voice has been heard and obeyed with the same effect in every council of the Church and through the lips of Pius IX. in the Council of the Vatican the Church has solemnly proclaimed what she has always believed—that by the divine assistance that voice can not utter a falsehood when defending and expounding her doctrines to the whole Church and speaking as her head in the name and by the authority of Jesus Christ. Woe to the world if this declaration were not true. Christianity in its purity and integrity, could not have survived even the first of the ten persecutions, and the name itself would have passed down the stream of time only as the laughing stock of the infidel and the atheist, and the grateful theme for the scoffs and ridicule of the Voltaires of every age. The divine principle of obedience to an unerring authority which is centered in the sovereign Pontiff is, therefore, the strength of the Catholic Church, and without this obedience religion and religious order must become powerless for good and finally die. Here is the grand principle of religious life which the power, strength and glory of the Catholic Church behold then the divinely-appointed organ of Christ upon earth with a voice to teach, to explain and to transmit His holy word, both written and unwritten to the generation of men, "even to the consummation of the world." Thanks be to God, then

ness of the pagan world, revealed to the astonished eye of man the glory and splendor of the Christian Church which gave to Rome one of its own attributes, and, therefore, Rome became the Eternal City, and the word "Roman" was applied to the Catholic Church. From Rome, then, in every age St. Peter and his successors commissioned and sent those missionaries and preachers of God's will who carried the light of the Gospel to a benighted world, and procured for so many millions the glory of the children of God. And thus the honor of the priesthood to themselves, or preach without being sent, they waited for the appointment and commission of the Roman Pontiff, or those authorized by them. From Rome alone, therefore, the divine light of Christianity spread first through the Eastern Nations, then through Italy, Spain, Portugal and France, through England, Germany, and the continent of America.

And if some of those nations are now suffering from the cankers of heresy and infidelity it is because they turned a deaf ear to the warning voice of the vicars of Christ, and the noble army of martyrs and confessors, who either gave their lives for the cause of a crucified God. Thus we see that those who have ever been the greatest lovers of God, have also been the most devoted to His Vicar, by the light and strength of whose faith they knew and saw God. They knew with St. Ambrose, that "where Peter is, there is the Church," and with St. Paul, that "the Church is the pillar and ground of truth."

What but the fulfilled promises of Christ has made the successors of St. Peter the wonder of the world in every age? Where now are the successors of the Caesars? For thirteen hundred years their names and never have ceased to be mentioned in history; like all human creation, they are but things of the past. But the successors of St. Peter still live in the possession of the plenitude of his apostolic authority, and enshrined in the loving hearts of the children of God. And to-day three hundred millions of the human race—children of the Catholic Church—turn with anxious look and burning love toward the occupant of the Papal chair, enthroned upon the very spot which was consecrated by the blood of St. Peter, in whose honor the Catholic world has built thereon the grandest temple erected by the hand of man. All stand in full admiration of the man who sits upon the throne of the Church—turn with anxious look and burning love toward the occupant of the Papal chair, enthroned upon the very spot which was consecrated by the blood of St. Peter, in whose honor the Catholic world has built thereon the grandest temple erected by the hand of man. All stand in full admiration of the man who sits upon the throne of the Church—turn with anxious look and burning love toward the occupant of the Papal chair, enthroned upon the very spot which was consecrated by the blood of St. Peter, in whose honor the Catholic world has built thereon the grandest temple erected by the hand of man. 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WALTER LOCKE,
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The Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1879.

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We hope that all our subscribers who have not yet paid their subscriptions will do so as soon as they conveniently can. Where we have a local agent all monies can be paid to him, thereby avoiding the trouble and risk of sending them by mail. Care should be taken when making payments to obtain a receipt, and subscribers are hereby cautioned against paying money to any person except our duly authorized agents. Our St. Thomas subscribers should pay money to no person except Mr. John Doyle, Merchant, or ourselves.

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THE EAGLE SHOUTS FROM WASHINGTON.

We publish in another column a letter of an esteemed correspondent from Washington in which he complains that we have been "unnecessarily bitter" in an article which appeared in our columns some time ago, headed "Annexation," and simply showing reasons why Canada did not desire to become annexed to the United States. Our correspondent mistakes us when he supposes that we were intentionally unjust in drawing a comparison between the institutions of the United States and Canada. We stated facts—as our correspondent admits—and if there is anything unjust or bitter in that, why the facts must be blamed, not us. While assuring our correspondent of our sincere respect and admiration for the people and institutions of the United States, we can not at the same time lose sight of the fact that the Catholics of Canada—whose public servant we are, and for whom we are in conscience and justice bound to tell the truth—enjoy more real, genuine freedom than their compatriots on the other side of the line. We owe also, the duty of acknowledging this fact to the country which grants us such liberty. Our correspondent asks: "What must be the strength, the solidity of that Government which has conducted a nation composed of individuals differing so widely in habits, tastes and prejudices, in one short hundred years, to the position we now occupy among the nations of the world?" We answer, it

must be great indeed. But we might ask with equally as much logic: What must be the strength, the solidity of a Government that professes to rule by the voice of the people, whilst at the same time it tramples under foot that most sacred right of freemen? How much freer is America to-day than France was under Napoleon the Third? That celebrated juggler made the French people believe, for a while, that they actually had a voice in the Government of the country, that they had free institutions, and that they had the power of sending men of their choice to represent them in the Legislature of the country. But was it not a delusion? His Government, when they had everything ready in the way of stationing agents and prefects, and bullies, at the different polling places, proclaimed a certain Sunday for the polling to take place. The polling was all done in one day, the returns made out by hirelings, and, as a matter of course, the Imperial majority was always a large one. Gen. Grant is the Napoleon of America, and he manipulated the Government of that country in a manner nearly parallel. Of the two, Grant was the most despotic and tyrannical, in so far as he dare go. Is there any greater system of tyranny than that of denying a man the right of paying for the education of his children according to the dictates of his conscience, and compelling him to pay for the education of other people's children according to a system he does not believe in? In one of his annual messages Grant declared himself strongly in favor of this system, and he has on all occasions showed the most utter hatred of everything Catholic and Irish. Now, if the United States be such a free and liberal country, how does it come that one class of people are denied the privileges accorded to others? France under Napoleon was far ahead of the United States in this respect, Protestants and Jews being allowed not only liberty of conscience and freedom of worship, but also had their ministers paid by the State. France got rid of Napoleon, but America has not got rid of Grant yet. His term of office expired and he stepped down and out, but there is reason to believe he will walk in again. If his party manage the next election as they did the last one, there can hardly be any doubt about his again occupying the Presidential chair. Our correspondent thinks the people of the Union deserve the greatest praise "for having re-strained themselves in their great excitement, and practised wonderful patience 'under that mammoth outrage.'" So they do. But we would ask, is there not something radically wrong in the constitution of a country where a political party can inflict such an outrage—and may probably re-inflict it—upon a people claiming to be free? Such an outrage would be impossible in Canada under our existing institutions, hence we claim superiority in that respect over the United States. When our correspondent quotes Mr. Goldwin Smith as an authority, and a countryman of ours, he makes a slight mistake. Mr. Smith is no countryman of ours, he is English by birth and American by adoption. We are neither one nor the other. As to Mr. Smith's opinion of England as compared with the United States, all we have to say is, that, so far as we are concerned, he is perfectly welcome to it. In our article upon "Annexation" no reference was made to England. We simply defended Canadian institutions, and we will do that upon all occasions upon which we may feel called upon. We can assure our correspondent that any particular charms English institutions may have for Canada, it is "distance that lends enchantment" to them. We like them well enough as long as they keep them in England and allow us to model ours upon an improved plan. We claim, as before, that Canadian institutions are superior to those of the United States in some of the most important particulars, and if in support of our assertion we stated certain facts that did not redound to the honor of the land of Washington, we were not actuated by motives of ill-feeling, passion or prejudice. On the contrary, there is so much that we admire in American institutions we only regret that there is anything to find fault with.

"With the noble Bishop Dupanloup," says Mr. Hutchinson, an English convert, in a letter to the *Whitehall Review*, "I believe that when the hideous mask that for centuries has been pitilessly held before the fair features of the Church shall fall, not only every dread of her shall vanish, but all will be enamored with her divine beauty, and will bend with love and reverence before the Chair of Truth. The yearning after union that so many separated feel, must come from God. Men are weary of divisions, and millions are longing for the happy dawn, when over all our earth that blissful chorus shall again resound: 'Mercy and truth have met each other, justice and peace have kissed. Truth is sprung out of the earth, and justice hath looked down from heaven.'"
 It was expected, according to our late advice from Rome, that Pope Leo would proclaim during the month of January, the Jubilee granted at the accession of a new Pope. It was believed that he would limit its time to a fortnight or month at farthest for Rome and other places where the news could reach in time, and would appoint the anniversary of his consecration as the opening day.

THE NECESSITY OF SAINTS IN RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

We must have saints—that is certain. We can no more do without them than we can do without the sunlight. What would the world be without the light of the sun? Well, the result would be too terrible to contemplate. The plant? It would not exist. To be a plant however small it must use its every effort to reach the sun; it must stretch every tendril to embrace it; it must put forth every leaf, every blossom, to drink in sunlight. Nay; there are those who affirm that every plant, from the palm to the hyssop on the wall, is nothing else but congealed sun rays. And so with every part of the creation. Even the mighty ocean would become a reeking, stinking, stagnant pool, but for the rays of the sun. And what would the soul become but for the sun of justice? She too would become a reeking, stinking, stagnant pool. And after all what is this saint worship but light worship, worship of everything that is bright, beautiful, and most noble in man? What is it but the plant action of the soul, using every effort to reach the sun (of justice), stretching every tendril to embrace it, putting forth every leaf and blossom to drink in this sunlight. Nay, is not everything that there is of good in the soul sought else but congealed sun-rays, that sun being the Sun of Justice? Yes, we must have saints—that is certain. The Protestant has his saints as well as the Catholic, though from a Catholic point of view they are of an inferior class. He himself acknowledges this; within himself, perhaps; but still he acknowledges it, and calls them heroes. Demosthenes and Cicero, and Burke and Bright, and alas! Spurgeon and Beecher amongst orators, and Homer and Virgil, and Dante and Tasso, and Schiller and Goethe, and Shakespeare and Byron, amongst poets; and Alexander and Darius, and Caesar and Napoleon, with a hundred others, amongst conquerors, and so on through every department of human attainments. There is something noble in this Protestant saint worship, even though it be human idolatry, the worship of everything of mental greatness that is in man. But when we come to Catholic saint worship, how much more noble still! Protestant saint worship renders homage only to prowess of body or excellence of mind. Catholic saint worship renders homage to prowess of soul. For what are our Catholic saints? Soul heroes; embodiments in the flesh of Christ's teachings; "other Christs," as the Apostle himself expresses it. Just as our philosophers would hold that all organic life is only congealed sunlight in different forms, so our Catholic saints are congealed Christianity (Christ teaching) under various aspects. In this view how much more noble is our Catholic saint worship than that offered by the Protestant mind to its heroes. Protestant saint worship reverses only all that is human (of the earth earthly) in man. Catholic saint worship, passing over all that is human, reveres only what is divine.

It is true that even Protestant hero worship may be made to partake of the nature of a divine worship. If the Protestant mind, passing over the individual hero, reverences in him the greatness of God as manifested in the intellectual greatness of that hero, this hero worship partakes immediately of the nature of a divine worship. But even then it is inferior to our Catholic saint worship, which is a worship of God's higher greatness as manifested in the divine grace with which God has adorned the souls of His saints. In other words, just as grace transcends intellect, so does our Catholic saint worship transcend Protestant hero worship.

But it will be objected, If saint worship is only another form of God worship, why not go direct and worship God alone. Never was there a more fallacious argument than this one of going straight to the point. Our chemists have found it out long ago in the matter of stomach food, and we suspect there is a strong analogy between it and soul food. Professor Leibig's extract of meat will never nourish any man. The whole structure of man goes to prove this, even if experience did not teach it. If concentrated meats have to become the food of man, his whole structure is a mistake. His mouth is a mistake; his throat is a mistake; his stomach is a mistake; his bowels are a mistake; his very stature is a mistake. A tablespoon of meat extract represents a beefsteak equal to a ploughman's dinner. For such a morsel as this tablespoonful a three-inch morsel is hardly wanted. To masticate a tablespoonful of extract with thirty-two teeth and jaws that will crack hickory nuts is evidently using five wheels to a wagon. A stomach that will hold five pints and bowels thirty-two feet long cannot be wanted for the absorption of a tablespoon of food. Five feet eight, the average height of man, cannot be necessary to enclose the organs requisite to absorb a tablespoonful. Concentrated meats, then, if concentrated meats have to be used in their concentrated form, are as food for anything short of angels an evident mistake. And so with soul food. If all our devotion has to centre in God alone,

we fear this concentrated soul food will be as little assimilated by our souls as Leibig's extract by our bodies. We cannot see God, nor understand his attributes. All our knowledge of God and His attributes is only approximation; we arrive at it by comparison with known standards of excellence, just as by our knowledge of inferior standards of admeasurement we arrive at an approximate idea of great distances. How, then, if we do not recognize the divine goodness and grace as shown in His saints, are we to grasp any idea whatever of divine goodness and race? No; as well might we throw away our standard yard measure and our standard mile in grasping the idea of the earth's circumference, as throw away saint worship in our endeavor to grasp the idea of God. SACERDOS.

THE CALENDAR.

By the term year as commonly used, we mean the civil year; and among the different divisions of time this is the most important. The sidereal year is the time which the earth takes to perform exactly one revolution around the sun, but as the seasons depend on the position of the earth with regard to the sun, it is more convenient to take for the length of a year, the time from the commencement of the spring to the commencement of that season again. This period, which is shorter than a sidereal year, is called a tropical, equinoctial, or mean solar year; and as it includes and corresponds with the vicissitudes of the seasons upon which all agricultural and other operations depend, it is the one about which we are most intimately concerned. The equinoctial year consists of about 365 1/4 days, and as it would be inconvenient to have a year begin at any other time except at the commencement of a day, we have the civil year containing exactly 365 days, and every fourth year 366. The method by which the two modes of computation shall be brought to agree from time to time, we borrow from the Romans. In the Roman calendar, before the time of Julius Caesar, the year was reckoned twelve revolutions of the moon, and the consequence became very apparent, for the vernal equinox, which was at the commencement of the spring months, gradually began to go back, until the calendar was involved in great confusion. Julius Caesar, aided by an astronomer of Alexandria, named Sosigenes, attempted a reform, and conceiving that the length of the year was 365 1/4 days, ordered that every fourth year a day be added to the calendar, and that the beginning of the year be the first of January. Previous to this, the commencement of the year was in March, having been formerly placed in that month by Romulus in honor of his patron Mars. The intercalary day was placed by Caesar between the 23rd and 24th of February; but the Romans did not number the days of their month as we do, they called the first day of March, the *Calends of March*; the 28th of February, *pridie Calenda Martias*, &c.; the 24th of February was *sextus Calenda Martias*, and as the intercalary day was added just after this day it was called double sixth day, *bissextilis*. Hence the year in which the intercalary is added is called *bissextilis* (Leap year). Had there been exactly 365 1/4 days in an equinoctial year the correction which Caesar introduced would certainly suffice to keep the tropical and civil reckonings together; the length of the tropical year, however, is not 365 1/4 days, but 365 days five hours, 48 minutes, 51 3/5 seconds, a difference of 11 minutes, 8 2/5 seconds. Hence the length of the year assumed as the basis of the Julian calendar being between eleven and twelve minutes too long, an error arose amounting to about one day in 133 1/2 years. In the year 1582 this difference accumulated until it amounted to over eleven days, of course the equinoxes and solstices did not happen on those days appointed to them. Pope Gregory XIII, who occupied the Pontificate in 1582, seeing that the equinox instead of falling on the 21st of March, happened on the 11th, suppressed ten days in the month of October in that year, by directing that the day following the 4th of October should be reckoned the 15th instead of the 5th, and thereby restored the vernal equinox to its former position. But something further had to be done in order to prevent the re-occurring of the accumulation, and Pope Gregory further directed that from that time, three of the four centennial years in each four centuries should not be reckoned as bissextilis, but common years, that is, the intercalary day, although ordinarily omitted in each centennial year, was to be retained every four hundredth year. The 1st of January of the forty-sixth year of Caesar was adopted as the first of the Christian era, and, therefore, the fourth year A. D. was a leap year, and, as the intercalary day is added every fourth year, if we divide the year of the Christian era by four and there be no remainder it is a leap year, if a remainder, then that remainder is the number of years since the last bissextilis; this method of calculating the leap year is correct, except in the case of the centennial year; thus the centennial years 1600, 2000, 2400, etc. are bissextilis, but the years 1500, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, etc., are not leap years, for the reason above given, and this correction is quite accurate enough for all purposes, the vernal equinox always occurring on the 21st March.

The Gregorian calendar was not adopted in England until the year 1752; at this date there was a difference of eleven days between the Julian calendar and the Gregorian, and the English Parliament at last ordered that the Gregorian calendar be adopted, and enacted that eleven days be left out of the month of September of the year 1752; since then we have used the Gregorian calendar. In Russia, and wherever the Greek Church is established, the Julian calendar is still used, and the inhabitants of those countries are, therefore, now about twelve days behind us in their reckoning. There is a move on foot in Russia at present to adopt the Gregorian calendar. The Julian calendar is called the "old style," and the Gregorian the "new style." In Asia a variety of calendars exist. The Chinese civil year is lunar, and consists of 12 months of 29 and 30 days alternately. In every three years a thirteenth month is added to accommodate

the variations of the solar and lunar years; but as this is not entirely effected by such an arrangement, the Chinese have a cycle of sixty years, in which period twenty-two intercalary months occur. Their year is divided into twenty-four periods, corresponding to the position of the sun—at its entrance into, and at the middle of each sign of the zodiac. In Japan the year is divided into twelve months, corresponding to the twelve signs of the zodiac; the months, however, vary in length, and the Mikado assigns the necessary intercalary days, and the months that have to be added to accommodate the variation of the solar and lunar years. The Hindu's year commences at the instant of the conjunction of the sun and moon in the sidereal month *Chaitra*. Their months consist of thirty *tithis* (lunar days), and are divided into two equal parts of fifteen *tithis* each, corresponding with the increase and decrease of the moon in regard to its brightness; but in different parts of India variations of this method occur, to make up deficiencies, etc., that arise in the annual, or successive annual calendar in regard to intercalary days. The Mahomedan calendar was first reckoned from our 15th or 16th of July, the date of Mahomet's flight, as regards the year. The latter is lunar, and consists of months of thirty and twenty-nine days alternately. A day is added 11 times in a cycle of thirty years, in a manner and for a purpose similar to our intercalary leap-year day. By this system the lunar year has 354 days 8 hours, and the year begins from 10 to 11 days earlier in the season than the preceding, owing to the difference of the Epact.

FOSSIL MINDS.

Every now and again one comes across queer specimens of Protestant humanity which amuse the world with their quaint ideas of Catholic doctrine. Your fossil mind is never strong on historical Christianity. Like Rip Van Winkle and the bears, he hibernates as far as Catholicity is concerned half his time and sleeps the rest. What wonder then if he is ignorant? His ignorance, however is amusing, and if he will persist in airing it, he cannot blame the world if it laughs at him for his pains. We met the other day in a railway train a regular Yankee specimen of this genus, fossil, who thought Pope Pius IX. was the inventor of the Immaculate Conception. He had evidently got Catholic doctrines badly mixed up in his mind with patent dash churns and pump handles. We asked him if he thought Pius the Ninth was Pope before America was discovered? He reckoned not; he had heard tell that Pius the Ninth was made Pope the year "their Abe" was born. This was coming down to dates. We asked him if "their Abe" was four hundred years old? He reckoned the stranger was chaffing him. "Chaff or no chaff," we answered, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was at least four hundred years old, and that therefore, if Pope Pius the Ninth was the inventor he must have been Pope that number of years, which would leave "their Abe" a pretty old boy. "Do tell," said the Yankee. Exactly, said we, and we went on to explain to the fossil mind how in the year 1476 (Edward IV. being King of England) one Sixtus IV., Pope of the Universal Church (which had not in those days arrived at the time of the Reformation, nor heard tell of America), instituted, but did not invent this Feast to be celebrated by the Catholics of the whole world on each recurring 8th of December. That it had ever since been so celebrated; and that consequently when on the 8th of December, 1876, the Universal Church celebrated that Feast it was celebrating also the fourth centenary of that Feast; which left the doctrine which that Feast was instituted to commemorate at least 402 years old. Our fossil collapsed, and we—well! we meditated instinctively on the abnormal condition of fossil minds in general, and our Yankee specimen in particular. We did not take the fossil mind any further back than the institution of the Feast lest the tension should be too much for it.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

From Our Special Correspondent.]

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, Dec. 26th, 1878.

The severity of the weather during the past three days has, I believe, been for this district quite unprecedented. The minimum range of the thermometer at St. Bede's Catholic College, Alexander Park on Monday night registered the extraordinary temperature of 41 deg. Fahrenheit. Throughout Tuesday the cold was intense and street traffic was for some hours rendered almost impracticable by a dense and suffocating fog. All except a few of the town omnibuses were withdrawn at mid-day. The accounts that have reached me of the loss of horses belonging to the Bus Companies seem so incredible that I am afraid to give you the figures, but the tremendous work they have had to endure in dragging these large machines through the snowed-up streets would warrant any one in supposing that much horse flesh has been sacrificed. Such a severe and early winter as the one we are now experiencing was quite beyond all ordinary expectation. It is true that some of the weather prophets gave us timely warning but we do not readily believe what we are not willing to believe. Your readers may perhaps smile at what we consider a severe winter, but the snow fall has been so general in England and Scotland that traffic is seriously deranged. In the North of Scotland even the fall of snow has been almost unprecedented. We read of train after train being hopelessly snowed up, of passengers passing the night in wayside cottages or the cabins

and lunar years; but as by such an arrangement, of six years, in which every fourth year, the sun—at its entrance into each sign of the zodiac, is divided into twelve months, and the signs of the zodiac, in length, and the intervals between days, are added to accommodate the lunar year. The year begins from 10 to 11 of the preceding, owing to the fact.

MINDS.

in one comes across Protestant humanity with their quaint ruse. Your fossil mind historical Christianity, like and the bears, he catholicity is concerned with the rest. What woman, and if he will persist blame the world if it is his pains. We met the train a regular Yankee nose, fossil, who thought the inventor of the Im- He had evidently got tly mixed up in his mind rns and pump handles, thought Plus the Ninth merica was discovered? had heard tell that made Pope the year m. This was coming asked him if "their d years old? He reck- s chaffing him. "Chaff vered, the Feast of the ion was at least four and that therefore, if Pope the inventor he must number of years, which "Abel" a pretty old boy. "Yankee. Exactly, said to explain to the fossil 1476 (Edward IV. be- one Sixtus IV., Pope arch (which had not in the time of the Retor- of America), instituted, is Feast to be celebrated the whole world on each mber. That it had ever and that conse- 8th of December, 1876, celebrated that Feast also the fourth century left the doctrine which to commemorate at Our fossil collapsed, and dered instinctively on the of fossil minds in general, icemen in particular. We mind any further back of the Feast lost the ten- ch for it.

of signalmen, of engines with the tops of their funnels covered with two feet of snow, and of the total stoppages of traffic by road, rail, and river. The Thames is frozen over at Windsor, and at Nottingham the deep and rapid current of the Trent is covered with ice, a circumstance unparalleled since the winter of 1860, when, I am informed, the Mercury at Nottingham fell to zero. But joined to all these troubles we have had in Manchester the daily companionship of a dull heavy dense fog. All the business establishments have been lit up with gas as if we had a permanent night. Buyers from all parts of the world have come and fled away finding it impossible to buy anything in textile fabrics, which had any pretensions to shades of color. Each fog seemed to put every thing at a standstill. Nothing but fog. In the principal streets down which the buses pass it was impossible even to distinguish the forms of the large vehicles as they went slowly by. This, too, though all the street lamps were lit, all the shops ablaze with light, and lamps suspended from the buses. The drivers could not even distinguish the heads of the leading horses and as a consequence one or two men went ahead of the horses in order to give the signal when a stoppage was necessary for safety. While I write I am fancying what a fine subject a fog would be for some misanthropic poet to exercise his genius upon. How he could depict the strange unearthly shadows gliding through the darkness "that come like shades; so depart." The old fantastic forms that seem to belong to another world, a world of darkness and misery, condemned to wander without hope of light, while gifts of clothing and coal are being sent to the poor, and the blessed sunlight from us. But it is not obscurity alone which we have to endure a fog is generally damp; it effects your breathing; it weighs you down; you are insufferably miserable. The fog clings to you closer than your overcoat, it embraces you with a cold clammy clasp which seems to draw out your vital heat. Your hair and beard act like sponges extracting and holding the dampness that envelops you. Your eyes smart, your brow becomes clammy, your body shrinks, your thoughts are heavy and gloomy, your temper becomes soured, life seems a misery, and you long to be anywhere, anywhere out of the world. This is fog. I understand you have nothing of the kind in Canada. I hope not, but like the terrible attentions upon our loss of friends of the poor people here cannot be properly described. The efforts made to relieve distress in Manchester and Salford are producing excellent results. Unprecedented, if we except the period of the cotton famine, as is the distress in this district it is unmistakably yielding to the almost boundless efforts of the special committee who have undertaken its relief. There appears to be little doubt that but for the timely measures taken by the District Provident Society, the distress would, during the past weeks of inclement weather have resulted in actual starvation to many. Happily the need for assistance was no sooner made known than the requisite funds were supplied, and willing and experienced workers were found to undertake the task of investigation and distribution. Various committees are now formed in different parts of the city, in order to give relief to those requiring it, without having to go to a greater distance than their own neighborhood. It will not really be seen that no light task has been undertaken by the gentlemen who have so nobly come forward to discharge the by no means pleasant duty of listening to tales of distress and awarding the relief which is required. Leaving their business they have in not a few instances spent ten or twelve hours a day in this laudable work. The numbers of those seeking relief increases daily. The ranks of the unemployed are being daily augmented, and for the same causes that have been in operation for months past, continue in unaltered force, whilst the long continuance of frost and snow has begun to tell upon stone masons, bricklayers and others engaged in outdoor work, who are gradually being reduced to destitution. Many of the unemployed have been provided by the corporation with work, chiefly for the present in clearing away the snow from the streets in order to facilitate traffic. There are now altogether 1,500 men employed besides 200 horses and carts. It will be some time apparently, before their services will be dispensed with even at this work. The payment each man receives is fourpence per hour. Most extensive soup kitchens are also being erected, while gifts of clothing and coal are being generally extended to all the charities interested in the relief of the poor. Our case, unfortunately, is not alone. Intelligence comes daily of great suffering in places we thought removed from the danger, such as Chester, Southampton, Birkenhead, Stoke on Trent &c. Accounts from Preston, Bolton, Bury, and Oldham are very melancholy. Destitution in these places are very great. Recent accounts received from such places as Sheffield show that want and misery are undiminished. Altogether Christmas here, and within forty miles is very gloomy and the greatest exercise of Christian charity will be necessary in order to save not hundreds but thousands from the dreadful death of starvation.

THE LINDSAY PUBLIC SCHOOL BOARD AND THE LORETTO CONVENT.

A CORRECTION.

[To the Editor of the Canadian Post.]

SIR—The following note appeared in the Mail of the 3d of January:

"Some discussion has taken place at Lindsay as to whether the Convent Roman Catholic School was entitled to take its share of the Government grant, seeing that none of the teachers had received certificates in the ordinary way, and a resolution was passed directing that the Secretary should communicate with the Education Department to ascertain the number of properly qualified teachers in the Separate School of the town. Under our present system such an application will be futile."

This note is misleading. The ladies of the Loretto and of all the different teaching sisterhoods of the Roman Catholic Church of Canada are legally qualified teachers. This appears evident from Article XIII. Roman Catholic Separate School Act, 1863, which reads thus: "The teachers of the Separate School under this Act shall be subject to the same examinations, and receive their certificate of qualification in the same manner as common school teachers generally. Provided that persons qualified by law as teachers, either in Upper or Lower Canada, shall be considered qualified teachers for the purpose of this Act." Now, who are qualified by law as teachers? The answer to this question is to be found in the Consolidated Statutes, Quebec (1861) chap. 15, sec. 110, page 97: "Every priest, minister, ecclesiastic, or person forming part of a religious community shall be in every case exempt from undergoing an examination before any of the [school] Boards."

From these clauses of the Separate School Act of 1863, and of the Public School Act of 1871, it is evident that the ladies referred to, forming part of a religious community as they do, are qualified by law as teachers, and what is more, they hold their qualification from the highest tribunal in the country—the Legislature itself.

It is to be hoped this answer may be found satisfactory to the gentlemen who form the High and Public School Board in the town of Lindsay, and also to the County Inspector—all gentlemen of honor and high intelligence, but evidently not well conversant with certain matters lying at the base of the boundary of their official duties as a Public School Board.

M. STAFFORD, Priest.

Lindsay, Jan. 10, 1879.

DEDICATION OF THE R. C. CHURCH AT ALVINSTON.

IMPOSING SERMON BY HIS LORDSHIP RIGHT REV. BISHOP WALSH.

On last Sunday the new R. C. Church of Alvinston, was dedicated to the service God by His Lordship Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of London. Alvinston is a prosperous village, pleasantly situated on the River Sturdeham, in the county of Lambton. The new church is built of white brick, and is beautifully designed. When finished it will cost about \$6,000. Father McGrath, pastor of Bothwell, deserves great credit for the zeal and energy displayed in the erection of this handsome church. The ceremony of dedication began at 11 a. m. in the presence of an immense crowd the majority of which were Protestants. The Alvinston brass band on the arrival of His Lordship on Sunday morning welcomed him by playing St. Patrick's Day, and other tunes. Rev. Father Molphy, of Strathroy, celebrated the High Mass. At the Post Communion, His Lordship came forward and delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon suited to the occasion. He began by congratulating the pastor and his people on the erection of their handsome church, which could not have been built except at the cost of numerous sacrifices of time and money. In this church God will be adored and glorified; the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up for the living and the dead; the word of God will be preached in its integrity and purity; the sacraments of Christ will be administered; the sorrow stricken will be consoled; the light of hope poured on the mind of the despairing souls redeemed in the blood of Christ will be rescued from the servitude of Satan, and restored to the liberty of the children of God. He might therefore say to them in the language of Holy writ that in building this church they had done a great work, for they had built a house not for man, but for God; not for the want of the perishable body, but for the greater needs and wants of the imperishable soul.

The object they sought to realize in the building of this temple, and the motive of their conduct were to promote the glory of God, and the good of souls in order to fulfill the destinies for which they had been created. The salvation of the soul should be the work of life, the master action to which all other actions should be subordinated. Man was created by God that he might know and serve Him here and by this means attain to his last end, the enjoyment of God in heaven. This was the grand object of God in our creation and of the Redeemer in the work of our redemption. Time was His Lordship went on to say, when nothing existed save God alone, no created voice broke the awful stillness of the eternity in which He lived, no music broke in waves of melody against His throne. In that solitary eternity God was infinitely happy, and stood in need of no created thing to promote his glory, but it pleased Him to manifest Himself in external works. He spoke the creative word and as the world rang through the salutes of space that word rang through the salutes of space. The worlds sprang into existence, and the new-born creation fresh from the hands of the Lord smiled in all its loveliness and beauty. In that exultant dawn of the creation, in the language of Holy Writ, the morning stars shone out together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. God and man, the master-piece of God's works, the king of this material creation he was gifted by God with reason and endowed with an immortal soul, capable of knowing and loving Him. The material creation and irrational animals were made for man's use and benefit, but man was made for God and for His glory. Our immortal souls, the Redeemer, the holy service. This is repeated, His Lordship, the object of man's creation to know and love God and to save His soul. "Thou hast made our heart for thee O Lord," says St. Augustine, "and they are not at rest until they repose in Thee." Time is not the term of our being, it is but the threshold of our everlasting existence. Our immortal souls, the daughters of Heaven, are in exile here, their home is with God and their country is Heaven. They were not destined to be forever shrouded in the darkness and clouds of this valley of tears, rather were they destined to shine like stars in the firmament of glory during the everlasting ages. As those waters that rise in vapors from the bosom of the ocean mingle with the clouds and then fall down in rain upon the thirsty earth and form rivulets and among rivers and then flow back to the ocean from which they first had risen, so our souls having come forth from the hands of God forever tend with their boundless aspirations to lose themselves in the infinitude of God's being. Free in every thing else we were not free in the pursuit of happiness, which from an impulse mercifully given by our creator, we necessarily seek and that happiness is to be found in the service of God here and in fruition of the beautiful vision hereafter.

In language that thrilled the crowded audience, His Lordship went on to develop this idea for some time and concluded this part of his discourse in the words of our Blessed Lord "seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice strive to enter by the narrow gate. What loath it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his soul, or what exchange shall a man make for his soul?" His Lordship then proceeded to show that the object of the Redeemer's coming was to enable man to win back the heaven he had lost. He developed this idea in an able and touching manner, which seemed to make a deep impression on the audience. He then pointed the means by which men could work out their salvation. The first condition he said, of salvation was the true faith. "He that believed and is baptized shall be saved," he said, "without faith it shall be damned." "Without faith," says St. Paul "it is impossible to please God." Christ re-vealed but one true faith. "One God," says St. Paul "one faith one baptism." Whenever He (Christ) spoke of His church He spoke of it in the singular number to indicate its unity and oneness. "Upon this rock I will build My Church. He that will not hear the church let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican." Christ could not contradict Himself, but He would have done so had He

revealed contradictory religions. Of two contradictory modes of belief one must necessarily be false, and there can no more be two or three or more true religions which contradict each other and hold conflicting creeds than there can be a pluralist and truth is manifold and is ever changing, therefore Protestantism is not the revealed truth of God. Bossuet wrote the history of the variations of Protestantism, now a history of variations must necessarily be a history of errors.

The second condition of salvation laid down by His Lordship was the performance of good works, in other words, faith working through charity. One of the master errors of Protestantism was to assert that faith alone was sufficient for salvation. "Faith without good works," says St. James, "is dead, and the body is dead without the soul." Did Christ say to the young man of the Gospel: "If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments." If faith alone were sufficient for salvation, then thieves, drunkards and murderers could take their places in the celestial kingdom, for many of them believe and tremble. His Lordship then sketched the means of grace left by Christ to enable us to do the holy will of God, to observe the divine commands and to practice Christian virtues. These means were prayer, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the worthy reception of the Sacraments, His Lordship concluded his sermon, which lasted about an hour, by a peroration of singular power, urging his hearers to bear in mind the lessons which he inculcated, and "to work out their salvation with fear and trembling." Time is short and fleeting, the short years pass away," says holy Job, and will return. The flow of time is swift and ceaseless, like the flowing of a rapid river. Swift as an arrow shot from a bow, as the flight of a bird through the air. Time is the measure of our lives, "and what is life," says St. James, "what a vapor which appears for a little while and is then dissipated: a bubble on the stream of time which is soon dissolved and swept away into the ocean of eternity." The moment will come, said His Lordship, when death will come upon you, when the soul will be separated from the body, when kind friends will take your life, and lifeless remains from the house which you built, and the friends you loved, and will carry them to the graveyard, there to deposit them in the cold and silent grave; O, many a day will pass over your silent tomb, and you will heed it not; many a day many a summer's sun will dart its burning rays upon your sleeping place; many a spring will bud forth and blossom; the flowers will scent the air with their fragrance; the birds will make a joyous melody in the forest, but the voice of spring will not awake you from your slumbers, nor will it generate into the dark and silent grave, where you are sleeping away the long Sabbath of the tomb, unheeded and long forgotten. But if you be true to your religion and to the duties it inculcates, the time will surely come when at the summons of the Archangel trumpet you will awake from the dust and ashes of the tomb, will arise into a new life, robed in the glories of a happy immortality, and you will hear from the lips of your merciful Redeemer on the dread accounting day "the consoling sentence, 'Come ye blessed of My Father, receive ye the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'"

MEETING OF ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

The Literary Club not having met on the 26th ult. on account of the holidays the programme arranged for that evening was carried out Thursday evening Jan. 9th.

The debate—the affirmative introduced the subject, "Resolved that labor-saving machinery is injurious to the working class"—by directing attention to the deplorable condition of the working classes all over the world—a condition due, they argued in a great measure to the introduction of labor-saving machinery which by doing the work of millions of men throws the masses out of employment and lowers wages. Among the many trades mentioned as injured in this way that of the boot and shoe was referred to, in which 85 per cent. of the work is done by machinery. The result being, it was stated, that many thousands of that trade can find no employment, and those who do get scarcely sufficient wages to procure food and clothes. They held that, in most instances, machinery was employed to do the light work, leaving the heavy to animate labor, and therefore did not lessen the hardship of the working-classes as claimed by the negative. Great stress was laid on the fact that thousands are annually killed or maimed by machinery.

The negative said that even if their opponents could prove much distress was caused by the introduction of machinery, they must admit the benefits were far in excess of the injuries. Every great reform is for a time likely to be followed by distress, owing to many not being prepared for the change, but after a time the good resulting far exceeded the evil. They showed that machinery lessened the hardships of labor by being made to do work which, when performed by man, taxed his strength beyond endurance, broke his constitution, and hurried millions to early graves. The slavery of farming before the machinery of the present day made it an easy employment was mentioned, as well as the condition of seamstresses at the present time, when compared with what it was before the days of sewing-machines. Then the few who were fortunate enough to get employment frequently ruined their health working long hours for wages insufficient to procure the actual necessities of life, now three times as many are employed, get good wages, have shorter hours, better health, and are immensely improved in every respect. They argued machinery had much to do with the development of countries and the improvement of the resources of the countries by facilitating transportation, and by enabling people to do their work in shorter time, allowing time for mental culture, etc. Those employed in the manufacture of machinery would, it was said, more than equal the number thrown out of employment by machinery. Machinery, by cheapening the products, has brought many luxuries within the means of the working-classes, and enabled them to live better on a small salary than they could formerly. In answer to the argument of the affirmative that machinery is very destructive of life, it was affirmed that machinery, by reducing most employments less exhausting and more healthy, thereby considerably increasing the ratio of the duration of life among the working-classes, left quite a margin in favor of machinery. Being put to a vote the question was decided in the negative.

Programme for next meeting: A debate—"Resolved, That the training of young women of the present day unfits them for becoming good wives and mothers"—readings, recitations, and an essay by one of the members.

SHAKESPEARIAN HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.—"Happy are they that hear their own detractions, and can put them to mending." "It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases of one another; therefore let men take heed of their company." "Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners." "Unquiet meals make ill digestions." "They are as sick that surfeit to much, as they that starve with nothing." "Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain, for they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain." "To mourn a mischief that is past and gone, is the next way to draw a mischief on." "The sweat of industry would dry and die, but for the end it works to." "The labor we delight in physics pain." "We ignorant ourselves, beg off our own harms, which the wise powers deny us for our good." "Striving to better we oft make what is well." "The gods are just, and our pleasant vices oft make instruments to plague us." "Every inordinate cup is unlessed, and the ingredient is the devil." "Love all, trust few, do wrong to none."

SACRED HEART ACADEMY.—A new session commences at the above-named institution on Monday, Feb. 3.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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

REMOVAL.—Wm. Smith, machinist and practical repairer of sewing machines, has removed to 233 Dundas street, near Wellington. A large assortment of needles, oils, bobbins, shuttles, and separate parts for all sewing machines, kept constantly on hand.

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

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MARKET REPORT.

CORRECTED TO THE HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS.

London Markets.

London, Ont., January 15, 1879.

The deliveries of grain and dressed hogs fair, with a slight advance in price for the latter, the demand was good. Hay and straw was plentiful at a slight advance in prices.

Table with columns for GRAIN and FLOUR AND FEED, listing items like White Wheat, Red Bull, and Flour with prices.

Table with columns for SKINS AND HIDES, listing items like Sheepskins, Catkins, and Hides with prices.

Table with columns for MISCELLANEOUS, listing items like Cotton, Wool, and various oils with prices.

Table with columns for LONDON OIL MARKET, listing items like Refined oil, Benzine, and Lard with prices.

Table with columns for LIVERPOOL MARKETS, listing items like Flour, Wheat, and various oils with prices.

Table with columns for TORONTO STREET MARKET, listing items like Barley, Wheat, and various oils with prices.

Table with columns for BRANTFORD MARKET, listing items like Flour, Wheat, and various oils with prices.

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

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

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CATHOLICS IN NEW YORK.

Fully half the population of New York City is Catholic. It is well known that the Catholics lead in all kind charities, their asylums and hospitals taking first rank in number and in character.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

The following most singular occurrence came to us from a quarter perfectly authentic, and still forms the subject of conversation in Brittany. During the utmost frenzy of the French revolution, there was a cure at Rheims, whose purity and benevolence had so endeared him to people of all descriptions, that in the height of their rage and madness the Septemberizing committee dared not openly to attack him.

THE GENERAL COUNCILS OF THE CHURCH.

The Nineteen Councils which have taken place in the nineteen centuries of the Christian Era may be thus epitomized: I. The Council of Nice (i), in 325, when 318 bishops were present.

XVI. That of Florence, in 1438, when there were 200 bishops, and the Orientals were again united to the Catholic Church.

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All parties requiring Church and School furniture or pewing should send for our illustrated guide to Church and School furnishing and decorating.

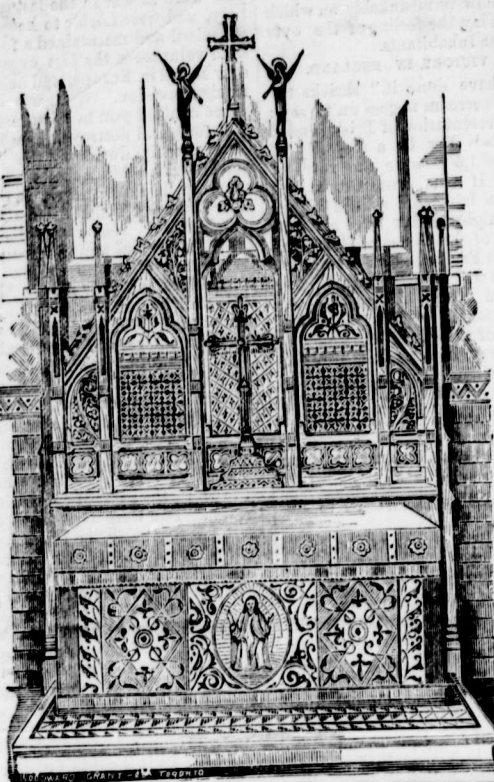
The Guide contains a great deal of information, besides Illustrations of Altars, pulpits, altar-rails, lecterns, pews and school furniture manufactured by us.

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London, December 21st, 1878.

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