

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen." — "Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

NO. 537

VOLUME 11.

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Established in 1871, under the Act of Quebec, 23 Vic., Chap. 39, for the Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D.

The 20th Monthly Drawing will take place ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 20, '89

At 2 o'clock p. m.

PRIZES VALUE \$50,000.

CAPITAL PRIZES:

One Real Estate worth \$5,000.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Real Estate worth \$5,000 \$5,000

1000 Shares worth \$100,000 100,000

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Feb. 2nd. 1889.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An idea of the increase of French Canadians in Vermont may be obtained from the fact that the Rt. Rev. Bishop de Goodland, of Burlington, dedicated a church for French Canadians at Johnsonburg on the feast of the Epiphany, the building having cost \$37,000. The sum of \$108,000 has been expended on the church, cemetery and school. The pastor of the church is Rev. J. Boissanault.

The subject of the evening sermon in the Toronto Unitarian Church on the 13th inst. was "Robert Elsmere." This has become a favorite theme for sermons all over the United States, and a witty clergyman says that the charge given to ministers at their ordination should be changed to "preach Robert Elsmere, and the most modern discoveries of science."

REVIVALIST MASON Honteman, of New York, has been sentenced by the judge to imprisonment for blasphemy at Belvidere, N. J., Warren Co. On being arraigned he pleaded not guilty and said the Lord would be his bondsman and would defend him from his enemies. He declared to be the Saviour and the Son of God and received adoration from his dupes. Such vagaries are the necessary result of private interpretation of the Scripture.

PREFETS have been directed by the Italian Minister of Public Instruction to have lessons in religion given during school hours in elementary schools, but the priests are not to be allowed to interfere. This is carrying out the theory that the State and not the Church is the authorized teacher of religion. What kind of religious instruction will that be which is founded upon a principle so vicious and so contrary to the first principles of religion?

It is a mistake to suppose that the election of a Liberal member for Govan division is a gain for the Home Rule party. Balfour has a way of his own of keeping up his majority in the Commons. When one home ruler is elected he puts another one in jail. Mr. Sheehy's imprisonment is the latest instance. It may be said that the Irish secretary is a very much abused man, but it may also be claimed, with equal truth, that there is not in the British Empire, or out of it, a man more richly deserving the execration of mankind.

AN effort is now being made in New Jersey to tax the Catholic parochial schools. These schools already save to the State about \$870,000, which is paid by Catholics who support them, besides paying taxes for the support of the public schools. The bigots of the State, however, wish to inflict this new injustice on the Catholic population, in the hope of crippling the Catholic schools, though the State law exempts from taxation all buildings devoted to educational purposes. In Plainfield the city assessor levied a tax on parochial school property, but payment has been refused, and the case will go before the Supreme Court of the State.

In Glasgow Free Church College the Westminster Confession of Faith was made the subject of discussion among the students, and a vote was taken on the question of its abolition. Professor Candlish was leader of the attacking party, and the result was that seven were in favor of retention of the Confession as it is, six were for modification, and twenty-six for its total abolition. The attacks upon the Confession were very violent, and the Professor said "the flowing tide is with us." If other Presbyterian bodies are in accord with the College, it would appear that the Confession of Faith must go.

GENERAL CLUSSETT, who has been elected to the French Chamber of Deputies for the Department of the Var, was saved from death by the charity of a priest when the French troops rescued Paris from the hands of the Communists in May, 1871. The General appealed to the priest for protection, and was at first hidden for some weeks in the priest's house, and was then aided in escaping into Belgium. The General is not, however, overstocked with grateful feelings, as he is one of the most rabidly anti-clerical members of the Chamber now. The Department of the Var has done itself small credit by electing such a man.

It is now pretty certain that no successor will be appointed to Lord Sackville-West until the new President be inaugurated. The Americans do not seem to be very anxious whether the appointment be made at all or not; but in the present complications which are arising in East Africa the English press are finding it very inconvenient that there is no representative of England at Washington.

This is another of Lord Salisbury's diplomatic blunders. Undoubtedly, Lord Sackville-West committed himself by allowing himself to be entrapped, and a false sense of dignity ought not to be assumed to shield the erring one at the expense of the country.

SAM JONES said in a sermon the other night, "when you get up from a progressive euchre table, whether you win or lose, you are as much a blackleg gambler in the

sight of God as any faro or poker player in Chicago." My comment on this, the Chicago Times says: "This is on a level with the doctrine of the drs that the man who drinks a glass of hard cider is as wicked as the one who goes to bed drunk every night. The doctrine of degrees in crime is unknown to all of them. The lovers of progressive euchre need not tremble, however. It is not likely that on the last day they will find the Rev. Sam Jones occupying the judgment seat and consigning people to hell or heaven after his peculiar notions. It is even possible he may be among the goss." It has been decided by Judge Tuley, of Chicago, that as long as the Anarchists do not incite directly to crime, it is lawful for them to hold meetings and to advocate their principles. It seems to us that the public advocacy of principles which would certainly subvert social order would very properly be punishable by the State, or, at least, that the State should prohibit such advocacy; still there will arise from the decision this good result, that such outrages as the Haymarket murders will be the more readily traced to their origin, if the Anarchist leaders be allowed to vent their views in public. Besides, many persons are attracted towards secret societies by the excitement caused by their secrecy. Judge Tuley's decision may in this way have the effect of keeping many from becoming members of the Anarchist societies, who would join them if they were obliged to concealment.

REV. CHAPLAIN PERRY said in his lecture at St. Catharines "that he complimented the Free Masons for the stand they took when their power was cast in with Garibaldi, the Apostle of Liberty, in wresting the bloody sword from the hands of the Pope." Wonder if Mr. Perry ever read or heard of the fable of the "Wolf and the Lamb?" The Pope wears the white cassock, the symbol of peace. It was Garibaldi who wore the "bloody shirt." Except for the fact of his being chaplain to the Grand Orange Lodge, it is inconceivable how Mr. Perry, as a Christian minister, could ally his cause with that of Garibaldi, and sound the praises of a red-hot Revolutionist who declared war against all religion; and, while discarding the three Divine Persons of the God-head, dared to commit acts of the most impious blasphemy. At Milan, in the open streets, and in presence of a crowd of applauding onlookers, he baptised a child in the name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity!

THE opposition to the admission of New Mexico as a State is based really upon the fact that the population of the territory is chiefly Catholic, though the pretence is that the language spoken there is for the most part a foreign language. There is the same spirit exhibited in regard to the schools in Boston and Haverhill, Mass., and in the action of the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention. But in spite of all the efforts of bigotry to stay the progress of the Catholic Church, the Church is in the United States to stay, and politicians of every shade may as well at once recognize the fact. We are pleased to find that the conduct of the Boston and Haverhill bigots is producing the effect which might have been expected. Within the last couple of months great activity has been displayed in the establishment of Catholic schools throughout Massachusetts. From all appearances, the public schools will soon be left to the Protestant population who have Protestantized them. However, it does not follow that the Catholics will give up their right of voting at school board elections. As long as they are taxed for the support of the schools, they will insist on having a voice in their management. No taxation without representation! Let the Catholic taxes go to the support of Catholic schools and Catholics will not ask to control the public schools.

THE Holy Father received the members of the Sacred College on Christmas Eve and in reply to an affectionate address read by the senior cardinal, reviewed his situation in Italy. Among the matters upon which he touched, he stated to their Emphances that the enemies of the Church are constantly manufacturing new weapons with which to attack the Holy See. He continued:

"It is persistently asserted that the Pope is the enemy of Italy, but that assertion is made to mask the real object of the perfidious war which is being waged against the Church, and to render the Italians hostile to the Papacy. To vindicate the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff is in reality, to advance the prosperity of Italy. To demand that the greatest moral power in the world should possess in Italy, where it had been established by Providence centuries ago, a real sovereignty is not an act of hostility against the country. The fact that the Bishops, faithful to the Holy See, in foreign countries labored in the cause of the temporal power is proof in itself that the cause is one in which the interests of the whole of Catholicity are bound up."

The English Government have chosen, indeed, a suitable time for the evictions on the estate of Mr. Wybrants Olphert, at Cloughaneely, backing them with battalions of police and military. New Year's day is the time when above all we are disposed to wish each other "a happy New Year." The contrast strikingly exhibits the kindness of Lord Salisbury's Government towards Ireland, for they choose New Year's day to send ninety men of the Sixtieth Rifles, under

Major Meade, to turn out of their own, not their landlord's houses, the tenants of Mr. Olphert who were unable to pay the impossible rents and arrears which that Shylock is exacting. The police and emergency men were received with showers of stones, and though they were freely returned these New Year's greetings, they were completely worsted until the military were ordered to load and present their rifles. The defenders of their homesteads were still undaunted, but on the entreaty of Father McFadden, they gave up the contest. They surrendered and were at once taken prisoners. The prisoners from one house were thirteen in number; among them were a little boy aged about ten years. Similar scenes took place at many houses, and make homeless scores of unfortunate tenants. In Wexford like scenes were enacted on the same day.

IRELAND'S STRUGGLE.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE GREEN ISLE.

THE ARREST OF MR. SHEEHY.

Mr. David Sheehy, M. P. for South Galway, was arrested on the 21st ult. in Glasgow on a warrant issued under the Coercion Act. On the same day the Court of Exchequer refused to confirm the conditional writ of habeas corpus granted for the release of Mr. Edward Harrington, who has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment under the same Act. The Daily News denounces Mr. Sheehy's arrest as Balfour's revenge for the defeat sustained by the Government in Govan, where Mr. Sheehy spoke in favor of Mr. Wilson, the successful candidate. The Earl of Aberdeen also condemned it at Patrick, Scotland, saying that its monstrousness would make Scotland realize the meaning of Coercion. Great indignation was manifested in Glasgow, and the Liberals held a large meeting to denounce the action of the Government in serving Irish warrants in Scotland. Fearing trouble, the police has sent Scotland into a howl of wraith, and is condemned even by moderate Unionist papers here. The warrant upon which Mr. Sheehy, who is in himself an unimportant figure, was arrested, was issued several weeks ago, and the offence on which it was based was over three months old.

Notwithstanding the slighting tone in which the despatch speaks of Mr. Sheehy, he is one of the most universally respected members of the House.

FEATURES OF THE IRISH STRUGGLE.

One of the most peculiar and unique features of the Irish agitation for local self government is the phenomenon that where thousands and tens of thousands of the people are the possessors of certain knowledge, the police and authorities are kept in complete ignorance of what is going on. Some time ago Mr. Wm. O'Brien was advertised to address a mass meeting at Carrick on Sunday. Late on Saturday night the meeting was proclaimed by the authorities—the object being of course to keep the people in ignorance of the proclamation, and then when they would assemble, disperse them by force—but Mr. O'Brien and the people are not to be caught with chaff. The meeting in Carrick that the military and police were assembled to disperse was merely a decoy, and while the authorities were guarding Carrick to prevent Mr. O'Brien from addressing the people, that gentleman was at that very moment speaking to ten thousand people two miles further off. This is how Ireland's most beloved son, William O'Brien, describes the scene: "I have a thousand fond recollections of the fidelity of our countrymen (cheers). The police cannot find a man or child in the whole county side, for love or money, who will give them even a hint in Carrick (cheers). Here we are within ear shot of them almost every moment, speaking to ten thousand people two miles further off. This is how Ireland's most beloved son, William O'Brien, describes the scene: "I have a thousand fond recollections of the fidelity of our countrymen (cheers). The police cannot find a man or child in the whole county side, for love or money, who will give them even a hint in Carrick (cheers). Here we are within ear shot of them almost every moment, speaking to ten thousand people two miles further off. This is how Ireland's most beloved son, William O'Brien, describes the scene: "I have a thousand fond recollections of the fidelity of our countrymen (cheers). 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THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"He said some very civil things about your notions on that head when I saw him in Edwards'."

"Well, you shall judge for yourself; mine-ventilation was always a hobby of mine own, and there is fine scope for indulging it at Bradford."

The early train on Monday morning bore me away from the hills and valleys of Glenleven, from the gray mist, and the clear river bubbling among its rocks, and the granite peaks as quiet as the sky among which I had spent a fortnight so rich in bright and ennobling thoughts that it seemed to me as if I had been out of the busy world for a twelvemonth.

An hour or two brought us to the smoke and ashpits of Bradford; and the spell was rudely broken. Grant twittered me a little on my pensiveness, and my reluctance to return to common life, and he took me to the house of his engineer, telling me it was an excellent school for curing a man of day-dreams.

"I'm here to be here to-morrow," said Grant, at last; "and before he comes I shall have an examination of the Hen and Chickens myself."

"The Hen and Chickens?"

"Yes, my dear sir, we name our mines hereabouts, and this particular one, after the name of the multitude of cuttings proceeding from the main shaft. It was once considered the most dangerous mine of the district, but we have tried this plan of double shaft ventilation, and have redeemed its reputation. I think we shall teach Brysones a thing or two."

"How far is it from here to the mine?"

"About two miles, and the horses are at the door; so before returning to civilized life come and take your first lesson in mine engineering."

We mounted and rode off, and on the road he explained to me the system of ventilation which had been introduced in this particular mine, of which I retain only the general recollection that the air was admitted by one shaft and forced through the mine, leaving it by another; that these two shafts were at a considerable distance one from the other, and that the workings in the mine were, furthermore, divided into different compartments, or "panels," as they were called, isolated one from another by certain strong doors, the object being, in case of an accident occurring in one of them, to prevent its extending to the others.

The most important system of doors was at what he called the "Little Shaft," in a part of the mine which, for one cause or another, might often generate the bad air. It was the business for one gang of men to open these doors at certain hours and close them at others, according to the part of the mine in which the workings happened to be going on; and by a careful attention to the system and regulations he had devised, all accidents had now, for a considerable time, been prevented.

"The shaft we are going to inspect first of all," he continued, "is the great shaft; the little one is a mile and a half away on the other side of the hill; but Dymock, the engineer, tells me that the men are at work on this side, and I am anxious to ascertain if the whole thing is in order before Brysones begins his visitation to-morrow."

We reached what Grant had called "the Great Shaft." I am not a professor, dear reader, and can only explain this much, that when a mine is ventilated by two shafts, one shaft is necessarily longer and deeper than the other, and the weight of the air column, therefore, heavier than at the shorter shaft. This causes the air to be forced in at the long shaft and out at the short one; and entering pure and wholesome, the air travels through the mine, issuing forth at the further end clogged with noxious gases. The "Great Shaft," then, was the spot where the air was forced in. Grant inspected the machinery, received a number of details from the overseer in attendance, and was informed that one hundred and eighty men were actually at work on the northern side of the mine. The "Little Shaft" was on the southern side, and no miners were at work on that side; but a certain number of men were on duty there attending to the doors, for the purpose of ventilation.

Grant proposed a walk to the Little Shaft, leaving our horses under the care of the overseer; and we set out, climbing the hill (very different in its aspect from the healthy mountains of Glenleven), and descending on the other side to a spot where a few sheds, some machinery, and a signal house, with a telegraph communicating with the works at the other side, indicated the locality we were in quest of.

"But where were the men?" Not one was visible.

"In the shaft, I suppose," said Grant, a supposition quickly dispelled on approaching the mouth of the aperture, which displayed the necessary arrangements for descending it, prepared and ready for use; no one, it was evident, had as yet gone down. Grant looked thoughtful, not to say perplexed. Presently he caught sight of a shock of hair and a raggid jacket in one of the sheds, and advancing to the spot, laid his hands on a will-looking boy, who seemed to shun observation.

"Hallo! whom have we here? Who are you, my lad?"

No answer.

"Where are the men on duty?"

"Do not know."

"Are they in the shaft?"

"Do not know, but he said 'That overseer will be here in an hour, and if he finds no one here but you, and you refuse to answer his questions, it will be as worse for you. Come, none of that' as the creature tried to free itself from the strong grasp; 'you'll stay where you are; and if you don't want all the bones in your body broken when the overseer comes, think better of it, and tell me where Jones and the other fellow are at this moment.'"

The boy scratched his head, and fidgeted about in more distress for a minute or so, and then came out to the reply: "Well, I guess they're at the 'Feathers.'"

"The Feathers?"

"Aye, the public, Jones is father to I, and he bid me wait." The little public house on the road to Bradford, rejoicing in the sign of the Prince of Wales' Feathers, had proved too strong in its attractions for the guardian of the Little Shaft.

After a moment's silence he resumed his interrogatory. "See here," he said, "you'll let run off to the Feathers, and tell your father the Duke of Leven is waiting for him here. Now be sharp."

"And leaving hold of his collar, Tim darted off down the hill, and disappeared in the road."

"Isn't it enough to break a man's heart?" said Grant. "Turn where you will, do what you will, always confronted with the course of the evil genius, and an air of deep pre-occupation. In a few minutes Tim returned in company with a big man, who, judging by his appearance, was not the better for his sojourn at the Feathers. He surveyed the Duke with an air of stupid amazement, and in reply to his questions gave an incoherent answer which too plainly betrayed the fact that the visit to the ale house had not been a brief or passing one. Grant turned to the boy. "Is this your father?"

"No."

"Then where is he, and why didn't you bring him?"

Then came the fatal reply: "Father's drunk."

Yes, it was so; Jones, the responsible guardian and doorkeeper was drunk, his companion little better; and the small amount of sense retained by the latter was of little purpose, for he was not the responsible man in charge of the shaft; and by himself, even had he been sober, could not have been trusted to do the necessary duty. After painful questioning we at last gathered the alarming fact, that the shaft had not been entered nor the ventilation doors attended to that morning; that Jones, the only man of the two who understood the business, was past all efforts to recall him to consciousness, and that his comrade, who the bucket was lowered into and raised out of the shaft. Of the doors and management he knew nothing.

The situation was serious: Grant looked at his watch. "How long were we coming from the Great Shaft?"

"Three quarters of an hour or thereabouts."

"And this fellow would get over the ground in half an hour. Well, we must try what can be done." He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote the following words: "The two men drunk; doors unopened. Signal all the men out of the mine. Send us a gang at once to see to things here."—LEVEN.

Folding it up, and directing it to the overseer, he gave it to the boy, with half-a-crown, and bade him run for his life with it to the Great Shaft. If you are quick and faithful, you shall have the same sum when you return, not less no time, but be off."

The boy grinned at sight of the silver, and set off at a rapid pace.

I only imperfectly apprehended the state of things, but I saw that Grant kept an anxious look-out on the road to detect the first appearance of the relief party. But half an hour passed, and no one yet appeared.

"The boy is frightened," he said, "and has made off. Well, there is only one other chance. Here, you fellow," addressing the man, who by this time was partially sobered, "can you trust yourself to handle the winch, and lower the bucket?"

"I shall," said the Duke, firmly; and in another moment he had entered the bucket; and seizing the chain, gave the signal to lower away.

"Grant!" I exclaimed, "don't be so mad; what you do the fellows will be here in a moment; what can you do?"

"Leave go, Jack, it's all right; I must see to those doors."

"Is there danger, then?"

"To the hundred and eighty men on the other side of the pit there is, if they are not out of the mine."

"Let me go."

"Stu! What would you do? You don't know a door from a donkey."

"But you?"

"I could find my way blindfolded. Why, Jack, I have planned the whole business; I've been in and out here a dozen times at least."

I implored, but all in vain; he gave the signal, and the man lowered the winch; Grant nodded to me with his bright, frank, fearless look. "All right, Jack; say a Hail Mary," and he was out of sight."

I tried to still my fears—fears of what? After all, I knew not. I paced up and down, whether for hours or minutes I could not tell. At last, looking towards the hill, I caught the welcome sight of a dozen men descending the road towards the shaft. I waved my hat to urge them quicker, and in my impatience set out to meet them. We were nearing together when there was a low sound, as it were, far beneath my feet, a slight trembling of the earth, and a cry from the men. I sprang forward, crying, "The Duke! the Duke!"

"Where?" said the overseer, who led the party.

"Then God rest his soul!" he exclaimed; "that was an explosion."

We hastened to the shaft, and whilst some telegraphed for more aid, others prepared to clear the shaft and descend without loss of time. Before long the whole gang were on the spot; for Leven's message to signal the men out of the mine had cleared the workings, and saved the men from danger. They were all there, the hundred and eighty men he had so nobly saved; many of whom a short week before had been burning him in effigy, and as the rumor of the accident spread, and women and children came hurrying in dismay to the pit's mouth, loud was the expression of joy and thankfulness to find fathers, sons, husbands, all safe and sound. But how was it with Leven?

An hour or two of work sufficed to answer that question. The shaft was cleared, and when the working party who had volunteered to explore came to the surface, they bore him with them, and laid him on the grass, and in another moment I was kneeling beside him.

Yes, he was dead. Not a mark of exterior injury. The breath of the fire had not touched him. A sweet smile on his face, a smile of inexpressible peace, but life had been extinct at least an hour. The cause of his death was not the actual combustion, but what miners call the "after-damp," that is, the mixture of bad gases caused by the explosion, and resulting in suffocation.

They laid him in one of the sheds, and we telegraphed to Glenleven and Oakham.

I do not stop here to speak of my own feelings, or those of the men around me. Some sensations are not keenly felt from their very intensity. This blow had come with a shock which, for the time, stunned me. I could act, and speak, and move, and give orders, but at first could not think.

Only gradually did the truth, the whole truth, break on me, and deluge me with anguish; and I understood that a noble life had been consumed by a death of sacrifice, and that in very deed and truth he had given his life for his brethren.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE END.

We carried him to Oakham. He was so completely the last of his family that we should have been perplexed as to who to commit the disposal of affairs had it not been for his secretary, Mr. Dymock, who placed in my hands a sealed packet which has been given into his keeping by the Duke the evening before he had last left Oakham. It was directed to myself. I opened it, and found his will, drawn up and signed with the usual formalities, and a brief document declaring Sir John Ripley myself, and Oswald, his trustees and executors, and myself sole guardian of Edward Wigram, his heir.

This sufficed to enable us to act; and as we knew that he had already fixed on Glenleven as the place of his interment, intelligence of what had happened had already been sent to the monastery; and on our arrival at Oakham we found the abbot, Werner, and some others of the monks waiting to receive us.

Werner and the other brethren gently and reverently prepared him for his last rest, and then it was we came to know that not care nor toils alone had done the work of age, but that he, who had sacrificed his life to charity, had also been used to offer his body to God by the longer and more lingering sacrifice of penance. There were the rough hair shirts, and the iron bands, and the sharp penitentials. I beheld it all, and then, when I recalled the frank, joyous voice, and inartificial manner, I marvelled at the power of self-repression, the exquisite ingenuity with which he had hidden from curious eyes every one of his higher gifts of sanctity.

Until all was ready for his removal to Glenleven, we laid him in the little chapel, before the golden tabernacle, and there, hour after hour, we watched beside him whilst there crowded in from all portions of the country round all whom he had served, and helped, and ministered to, young and old, Catholics and Protestants, gentle and simple, to look on him, and pray beside him, and take their last farewell.

But there was one who came and would not go away; he knelt there like one who had been smitten to the heart with something more than sorrow. It was Wilfrid Knowles, who, in the closing scenes of that beautiful life, received the light of faith in his soul, and awoke to reality. The light of faith in his soul, and awoke to reality. The light of faith in his soul, and awoke to reality. The light of faith in his soul, and awoke to reality.

joined my companions, who were already at table in the inn.

We had just finished lunch and were about entering the coach, when I felt a little hand taking hold of mine and trying to draw me away. It was Betsy.

"Come, sit," said she, "please, come."

"And where do you want to bring me?"

"To our house; it is quite close by."

I followed her; my companions did the same, a little puzzled by the proceedings. She led us to the bottom of a narrow lane before a humble cottage. She pushed open the door and we entered.

It consisted of a single apartment with hardly any furniture, gloomy and poorly lighted.

An old woman was sitting at the little window; it was the grandmother. In one corner was the bed of the grandmother, and, beside it, that of the child.

At the foot of this little bed Betsy showed me, with great pride, a shelf, covered with white linen, on which rested the image of St. Patrick, the cherished patron of Ireland, and, between two bunches of flowers, the little shoes I had bought for her. The whole formed a pleasant and smiling little spot in the midst of all this misery.

The poor little thing was gazing on them with admiration, almost with devotion, as if at the relics of a saint.

"But you ought to put them on your feet," I said to her, laughing.

She appeared astonished, almost angry: "Oh!" she cried, "never! they are too lovely!"

We put some money into the hand of the grandmother and said good-bye to Betsy. But she would not leave us yet, and went with us as far as the coach, which she followed with her eyes as long as she could get a bit of it.

A month afterward we were passing the same route, returning from Clifton to Gaiway. We halted at the same little village, but we missed little Betsy. Before leaving this country, which, doubtless, I shall never see again, I resolved to pay a visit to the child who had interested us so much.

I knocked at the door of the poor cottage, but as nobody opened I raised the latch and entered. A sad sight met my eye. Around the little bed of Betsy, lit by three smoky candles, knelt three old women reciting the prayers for the dead. As soon as I appeared the prayers ceased and every head was raised. One of the old women came towards me; it was the grandmother; she had recognized me. Big tears were running down her wrinkled cheeks.

"Betsy!" I murmured. "Betsy—"

In a few words, which I guessed at rather than understood, she explained to me, in a low voice, that Betsy had caught the fever and died that very morning. I drew near the little bed. The pale face of the child was resting peacefully; her long black hair was scattered in thick curls over the pillow; her lovely blue eyes had been closed. With her thin little hands she clasped to her heart the image of St. Patrick and the two little shoes.

"During the whole time that she was sick," said the old woman, "she would not part with them. I will bury them with her, as she asked me before she died."

The tears came to my eyes. I bent over the poor child and gently kissed her forehead. Poor little Betsy!

THE END.

LITTLE BETSY.

Adapted from the French of "Jacques Normand" for the Freeman's Journal.

I was travelling in Ireland with a few friends. After some time, we found ourselves on the south-west coast, crossing through Connemara, the poorest part of that terribly poor country, lying between Galway, on the one side, and Clifden and Westport on the other.

If anything can give an awful impression of barrenness and misery, it is surely Connemara. An immense sorrow seems to weigh on this corner of the earth. You don't see any cultivation; to your left and right, and up to the sea, to the right, a chain of bare mountains, looking as if they had been ravaged by a vast conflagration, and you travel through immense spaces without meeting a village, or even a house. When you do meet one after journeying a couple of hours, it is simply four walls of rough hewn stones without cement, with a low, blackened roof, through which issues a slender thread of blue smoke.

As soon as one passes in front of one of those cottages, a bunch of children rushes out, from five to twelve years old, bare footed, pale and ragged, yet often with faces which artists in search of a model for the Divine Child would delight in. Uttering strange cries in a language half Irish, half English, they will run after the steeple-coach for several miles. With a suppliant hand, they offer you a bunch of sticks, or blackberries, the national produce of the district, or a little nosegay of the lovely, pale flowers that are gathered on the sides of the mountains. As they run by the side of the coach, panting, "A penny piece sir; only a penny!" is repeated in chorus again and again. Their poor voices, shrill and yet silvery, continue this monotonous chant a long time, until gradually one after another drops out of the race.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon we were not far from Oughterard, where we were to lunch. For several hours a young girl about twelve years old had been following our coach. Out of a band of five or six children, whom we had outstripped on the road, she was the only one to hold out.

She was slender and quite tall for her age; very brown, with a charming head, of the fine Irish type, and with large eyes. Her cheeks were flushed by the exertion of the race, and her mouth, widely opened to inhale the air, showed teeth gleaming like pearls. A rough bodice of coarse cloth, with a poor old ragged petticoat, formed her whole costume, and gave a glimpse of a breast and shoulders so white and delicate that they must, it seemed, have been bruised by a rough garb.

Poor little thing! It saddened one's heart to see her!

Suddenly she uttered a cry, raised her arms and fell on her face. We stopped the coach at once; but it was almost nothing. A sharp pebble had slightly cut her foot, which was bleeding a little.

We asked her who she was and where she came from. She told us her name was Betsy, and she lived in Oughterard. We bade her come into the coach with us and we would bring her there. She looked at us evidently not understanding. We had to repeat the same thing two or three times. When she understood, she blushed with pleasure, and fixed on us a long gaze from her beautiful eyes, beaming with gratitude. To ride in a coach! What joy! It was, without doubt, the first time in her life. Ten minutes later we were in Oughterard, a poor village of some forty houses.

We went to the shop and the child. She could not believe her eyes.

As she was limping somewhat I was afraid that the cut in her foot might have been irritated by her long race; so I went into a shoe store, the only one in the place, and bought her a pair of shoes.

Betsy had been looking at me all the time, considerably puzzled, and eyed me curiously through the little window of the shop. When she saw me come out and hand her the shoes, which I told her were for herself, it would be impossible to describe her astonishment. She was altogether dazed. She did not dare to take them surrounded by three or four little girls, who were also looking on with wide open eyes, she stretched out her hand, then withdrew it.

At last, when I insisted firmly on her taking them, she seized the shoes and, skipping with delight, without ever saying "Thank you," she ran away. "What a little savage!" I thought. And I

joined my companions, who were already at table in the inn.

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A SWEET STORY.

On a cold and foggy evening a tall man, leaning upon a stick, was going painfully along the Rue Mazarine, Paris. His clothing, insufficient to protect him from the biting of the northeast wind which that evening blew with great fury, consisted of a pair of summer pantaloons, and of an old overcoat buttoned up to his chin. A broad-brimmed hat, slouched down over his face, left in sight only his beard and the long white hair that fell upon his stooping shoulders. He carried under his arm an object of oblong shape, wrapped in a plaid handkerchief.

He crossed the bridge and the Place du Carrousel, reached the Palais Royal, and made the tour of the garden, stopping several times; then, as if the floods of light and the savory odors of the delicious viands which the restaurants had made him sick at heart, he turned away with a trembling gait, and came out at the Cour des Fontaines. There he raised his head, seeing light in all the windows of that industrial human hive, where life and labor go on with a busy hum. He sought shelter under an awning at the corner of the narrow street forming an angle with that much-frequented passage, laid a stick with the reach, leaned against the wall, unrolled the plaid handkerchief, expecting to view a violin, felt along the strings to see if they were all there, tuned them up with a trembling hand, folded the handkerchief and laid it under his chin, placed the violin upon it, and began to play something so dis-tressing, so discordant, that two or three streeturchans who had planted themselves before him ran off saying that "that was a tune to bury the devil with!" and a great mob came up from his heart.

At that instant three young men came sauntering along the dark and narrow passage, humming an air then in vogue:

Lorsque deux élèves du Conservatoire, Remontant enlever du Conservatoire, Ceis fait trois élèves du Conservatoire, Enchassés ravis bien contents de se voir, T'ree loins, t'ree loins, t'ree loins audit Conservatoire.

The first, then, did not see the old violin player. One of them nearly stepped upon him, another knocked his hat off, and the third was greatly surprised to see the old man rising and coming out of the shadow.

"Pardon, monsieur. Have we hurt you?"

"No," replied the old violinist, leaning over with difficulty to pick up his hat, which one of the young men hastened to hand him, while his comrade, seeing the violin, said:

"You are a musician, monsieur?"

"I used to be," sighed the poor old man, and two great tears ran slowly down the furrows of his cheeks.

"What is the matter with you? Are you suffering?"

The old man looked at the three young men; then he handed to them his hat, saying:

"Give me something for charity's sake. I can no longer earn my living by playing the violin, my fingers are crippled with rheumatism, my daughter is dying of consumption and of want."

There was so much of real sorrow in his voice that the young fellows were moved from head to foot. They quickly put their hands in their pockets and drew out all they contained. Alas! the first found fifty centimes, the second thirty centimes, and the third a piece of resin; total, sixteen sous, for relieving so much misery. It was very little. They looked at each other helplessly.

"Come, friends," cried the one who had questioned the unhappy old man; "let us take hold, all three of us, and with good will. He is a fellow artist. Adolphe, take the violin and accompany Gustave, while our friend Charlie takes up the collection."

out with your best piece to draw the people together!"

Under the expert fingers of the young virtuoso the old man's violin resounded joyously and the "Carnaval de Venise" came out with extraordinary brilliancy. All the windows opened, passersby looked around, applauded, burst out on all sides, and many pieces of silver fell into the old man's hat, placed in good view under a gas light. After a pause of a few minutes the violin began to prelude.

"Now, Gustave, it is your turn," commanded Charlie.

The young man inhaled sang, "Viens, Gentille Dame," with a warm, superb, and resonant tenor voice. The hearers, delighted, cried: "Bis! bis! bis!" and the collection went on increasing, the crowd becoming more and more dense.

The originator of the idea, seeing that their success and the receipts had been so great, added:

"Now, then, to finish, the trio from 'Guillem Tell.' Adolphe, my old man, while you are accompanying us make the most of your bass notes and I, with my charming voice, will come in on the baritone to the best of my ability. Now, Gustave, my fine tenor, for some high notes, and the larks will fall down already roasted."

The trio commenced. The old man who, until then, had remained passive, not daring to believe his eyes or his ears, fearing that he was the victim of a delusion, drew himself up to his full height, his eyes sparkling, his face transfigured, and, seizing his stick, he commenced to beat the time in such a masterly way that under his direction the young musicians electrified and excited the crowd which withheld neither its applause nor its money. Silver pieces rained down from the windows, came up from all the pockets, and Charlie had all he could do to pick up what fell outside of the hat.

The concert finished the crowd dispersed slowly, for dull remarks were going the rounds and everybody stopped to listen:

"Oh, those are no street players, they are too swell for that!" "What a fine spread they will have with all that cash!" "Mon Dieu, but there was money for you!" "I wish I could have seen their faces, but there was no way to do it!" They were so well amused by it! "And the old fellow with his stick, he used it like a drum major!" "I tell you, those are artists playing out a bit!" "I've been to the G and Opera and they don't sing any better there!" "And the fiddle, didn't it sound well? Tinkled me all up and down my backbone!"

These and other remarks of the same kind were heard in the dispersing of the audience.

The young men approached the old one who was almost speechless with emotion.

"Tell me your names," he cried, "that my daughter may mention them in her prayers."

The first one said:

"My name is Faith."

"And I am Hope," added the second.

"Then I am Charity," said the third, at the same time laying down the hat brimful of money.

"Ah, messieurs! messieurs! you must know at least who it is you have helped so generously. My

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Feb. 2d, 1889.

A FASCINATING STORY.

Next week we will begin in the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD a charming story, by Christine Faber, entitled "Carroll O'Donohue," a tale of the Irish struggle of 1866 and of recent times.

The following story was written with the hope of contributing a little to the literature which seeks to delineate faithfully the Irish character—the faults of the latter have served too often as a fruitful theme, while its virtues were either ignored, or so caricatured that they failed to be appreciated, or even understood.

REV. C. E. PERRY ON ORANGISM.

We have read in the St. Catherine's Star, of the 19th inst., a lecture by Rev. C. E. Perry, on Orangism, which, while imparting no information, is replete with the hackneyed self-glorification of its aims and objects, and of lies and base imputations of Catholic teachings and principles.

There would be some reason for it all if any provocation had been given. Or we might understand it if the members of the Church were by orders of their ecclesiastical superiors in the habit of enjoying the privilege granted freely to the Salvation Army and of marching in procession with Catholic songs and bands and banners.

Rev. Mr. Perry, it appears, "is a tall, compactly-built man, in the prime of life, with a rich North-of-Ireland accent."

anecdotes, launched out into his subject." He said "there are some people who imagine that Orangemen are all 'wild Irishmen.' They judge the whole by a few."

Canon Knox-Little was generally known to be of very high Church views; but the doctrines which he inculcated and strongly insisted upon have astonished not a little those who were not aware of the extent to which the reading of the Fathers, the early writers and doctors of the Christian Church, has caused the High Church section of the Church of England to adopt Catholic doctrine.

While Congress is making preparations for the admission of Dakota and several other Territories as States, the Mormons are making desperate efforts to have Utah also admitted to the same privilege.

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from the line which admittedly received all jurisdiction from Rome, that the hierarchy and clergy of the Church of England derive their Apostolic succession and authority.

THE TEACHINGS OF CANON KNOX-LITTLE.

A considerable sensation has been caused in Toronto by the missionary services conducted in St. Luke's Church of England by the Rev. Canon Knox Little.

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WHERE IS CHRISTIAN UNION?

At a time when, like the present, we are so frequently treated to discussions on the reunion of the various denominations, it is interesting to note the manner in which the union movement is progressing among those subdivisions of sects which profess to abide by the same creed.

DESPOITISM IN A REPUBLIC.

The Haverhill school board in Massachusetts have taken the high handed measure of closing one of the Catholic schools in that town.

The Rev. Mr. Langtry also maintains that every honest clergyman and churchman believes that the baptized person receives through baptism "remission of his sins by spiritual regeneration."

THE CONDITION OF UTAH.

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THE RIGHT TO CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

Catholics will hail with satisfaction the decision of Judge Beach in the Supreme Court of New York in the case of John McGuire, who died suddenly last February while in attendance one Sunday evening at a meeting of the Anti Poverty Society.

I am unable to conceive in what material respect this case differs in its facts from The People ex rel. Coppens v. The Trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral et al., 28th Sup. Ct. Repts., 184.

The celebrated Guilford case in Montreal was very similar to this of Mr. McGuire. Mr. Guilford was held to be not a member of the Catholic Church, because he resided while living in being a member of the Institute Canadien, though the association was condemned by the Bishop of Montreal.

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THE DECLARATION OF JUDGE BEACH.

The decision of Judge Beach appears to us to be more in accordance with the spirit of equity than that of the Council. In giving his reasons for his decision, Judge Beach said:

"In my opinion the Court should and will not review that or any decision upon matters of faith, discipline, or doctrine. Whatever relief there may be should come by appeal to higher Church authority, as provided by the judicatory of the Church. In the Reformed Church v. Siebert, 34 Penn. Repts., 252, the Court said: 'Every other judicial tribunal, whether it be a court of law or a court of equity, is not a court of the Church, and the discipline of the Church, other than those Courts must be decided by the judicatory of the Church.'"

TRAINED NURSES AND SISTERS OF CHARITY.

News has come from France that trained nurses who took the place of Sisters of Charity were not provided for. In last week's Advertiser we saw an item that has been going round the daily press, and which was copied from Paris, viz: that a campaign has been made against trained nurses and a return to the old system of nursing by Sisters of Charity has been strongly advocated.

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The decision of Judge Beach appears to us to be more in accordance with the spirit of equity than that of the Privy Council. In giving his reasons for his decision, Judge Beach said:

"In my opinion the Court should not, and will not review that on any decision upon matters of faith, discipline, or doctrine. Whatever relief there may be must come by appeal to higher Church authority, as provided by the judicatory procedure of the Church. In the General Reformed Church v. Slebert, 3d Barr, Penn. Rpts., 282, the Court said: 'The decisions of Ecclesiastical Courts, like every other judicial tribunal, are final; as they are the best judges of what constitutes an offence against the Word of God and the discipline of the Church. Any other than those Courts must be incompetent judges of matters of faith, discipline and doctrine; and Civil Courts, if they should be so unwise as to attempt to supervise on matters which come within their jurisdiction, would only involve themselves in a sea of uncertainty and doubt which would do any thing but improve either religion or good morals.'

TRAINED NURSES AND SISTERS OF CHARITY.

News has come from France that the trained nurses who took the place of the Sisters of Charity have not proved a success. In last week's Advertiser we read an item that has been going the rounds of the daily press, and which was copied from Paris, viz: that a campaign has begun in Paris against trained nurses and a return to the old system of nursing by Sisters of Charity has been strongly advocated. The mortality in hospitals has been computed to be much greater, at least four per cent. higher, since the introduction of trained nurses. The infidel Free Mason government, which now, unfortunately, rules over the destinies of the French Republic, have passed many abominable acts that shocked the public sentiment, but none so hateful as the decrees which drove the Sisters of Charity from the bedside of the sick and the dying. The country could tolerate the expulsion of the teaching orders—although not a few of the members of such orders wore medals of honor won for distinguished services performed, some even on the battle-field. But there were lamentations heard and bitter waiting when the Sisters of Charity were, by a brutal soldiery, torn from the grasp of little orphans and disconsolate old age; and when the sick and the wounded in the hospitals missed the cheerful countenance and assuring words of hope of the favorite Sister, forced from their bedside at the point of the bayonet. How Catholic France has tolerated such infamies no foreigner can ever understand, or how the secret societies have gained such ascendancy over the minds and morals of Frenchmen as to prevent such monsters from being hurried from power, and a Christian government substituted, is one of the problems of the nineteenth century. But true works wonders, and truth is great and must prevail. The revolution of 1789 abolished all religion in France, suppressed all orders, banished all religious communities and put to death every priest who refused to sign the new constitution or take the oath of allegiance. The reign of infidelity became a "Reign of Terror." Rivers of innocent blood flowed in France. It is said that 500 priests and four million of people were massacred in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity, the three gods that replaced Christianity. Never since the days of Nero and Caligula, the Pagan Emperor who put to a horrible death every person proved to be a Christian, never were such horrors witnessed, or such were brought down upon a nation as France had to suffer during the reign of Danton and Robespierre. Exactly one hundred years ago all this happened, and now history seems about to repeat itself. A volcano of popular fury and Communistic rage may burst out at any moment that will deluge once more with Christian blood the fair fields of Catholic France. Her past experience, however—the prayers of her consecrated virgins and the sacrificial acts of heroism of her many sons engaged in missionary work away in China and Africa—may yet save her from a repetition of the untold miseries and dread ordeal of blood she passed through towards the close of the last century. Of late years we have noticed signs of an anxiety on the part of the French government to back out from the independent and insulting attitude it formerly assumed towards the person and office of the Father of the Faithful in Rome. The religious teaching orders have not been interfered with those few past years—even one or two members of each order suppressed have been left in possession of the college or monastery that had been closed by order of the Government—and now that the Parisians are sick and tired, and utterly dissatisfied with hired nurses, trained especially for hospital work, "Sainre Gamp" will be dismissed, as she was from the British army in the Crimea, and from the American army in Washington, and Republican France and Republican America will recognize the Sisters of Charity as the angels of mercy they were designed to be by their saintly founder.

St. Vincent de Paul, and as such only, recognized and encouraged by the Saviour of all society and all civilization, the Catholic Church. How true come the words of our Lord: "You are the salt of the earth!"

THE CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND:

OR HISTORICAL SKETCHES, Showing the state of the Catholics and the Catholic Religion in Scotland from 1560, and the Extinction of the Hierarchy in the Year 1688. By Rev. James McDonnell Dawson, L.L.D., F.R.S.E., &c. A large octavo volume. Priced \$2.00. To subscribers, \$1.00.

Several persons who have read these portions of Catholic history, have expressed their wish to possess them in a more permanent form than what a newspaper affords, and many more having shown great interest in them as they appeared weekly in the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD, it has been resolved, provided that a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained, to present them to the public as a book. Our Catholic journals very laudably recommend that readable and instructive books should be provided for our Catholic people. Many of them scarcely read at all, whilst others are satisfied with the most trashy novels. It is surely praiseworthy to endeavor by means of publications that are interesting as well as instructive, to wean the latter class of people from their pernicious habit; and, at the same time, inspire the former with a desire to learn from reading, who they are, of what society they form a part, and how that society came to exist in its present condition. The proposed publication may, in this respect, prove useful to persons of Irish as well as to those of Scottish origin. There may be in this country—we have no doubt there are—Irish families who have been members of the great congregation of Glasgow. It will be impossible for such, assuredly, to read without emotion, the account of the beginnings of a congregation now as important. They may even drop a tear over the wrecking of good Mr. McDonnell's house, in a room of which all the congregation that then was assembled to hear Mass. Their sorrow will give place to joy when a later chapter of history informs them that that small portion of an all but annihilated church is succeeded by more than 100,000 parishioners who participate in the solemn act of worship in many churches throughout the great commercial city.

All Catholics, whilst they lament the hardships to which the pastors of the church were subjected in persecuting times, will read with delight, that those same pastors having survived the evil days, pursued, in peace their pious avocations; and were held in honor by the great and the learned of the land. Such was signally the case with two eminent bishops who occupy a prominent place in these histories, Bishops Hay and Geddes. Who can more command our sympathy than the former bishop, who, after the burning of his house and chapel, dared not appear in his episcopal city; and yet, undaunted, and in high honor, the blind fanaticism and insane hatred which pursued him.

CARDINAL MANNING.

The movement for the celebration of the silver jubilee of his Eminence Cardinal Manning, by its universality shows the great affection and esteem in which the eminent Prince of the Church is held by the Catholics of the British Empire; and it is not alone in England that this manifestation is made, but also from Ireland evidences of the love and respect of the Irish people for him are arriving daily. Among these is a letter from Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, who forwarded £50 to the London Committee. His Grace of Cashel states that Ireland, full of gratitude to the Cardinal for his interest he has always manifested for the welfare of Ireland, and the sympathy he has shown for her in her sufferings, will join in the general movement to celebrate his silver jubilee.

Archbishop Croke's letter appears in the Dublin Freeman, and at the same time the Freeman warmly appeals to the Irish public to take part in the presentation which is to be made to His Eminence.

It has already been made known that his Eminence intends to present the offering which is to be made to him, for the liquidation of the debt on his cathedral, which will be a grand monument of the zeal of all who shall have contributed towards its erection.

The Freeman remarks that it is a splendid omen for Ireland that the three men who are most universally respected throughout Great Britain, Cardinals Manning and Newman, and Mr. Gladstone, "the intellectual giants of the nineteenth century," are all the firmest, truest and fastest friends of Ireland in her effort for liberty. It adds:

"Cardinal Manning has the unique distinction of being equally esteemed and beloved in the three kingdoms, and to be as much honored in the mansions of the noble and the proud as in the homes of the poor and the lowly. . . . There is no ecclesiastical of any Church in England held in more honor, and by his preternatural activity he seems to multiply himself in doing good."

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. DIOCESE OF LONDON.

DEDICATION OF PRINCETON CHURCH.

On Sunday, the 27th ult., the new church at Princeton was dedicated by His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, assisted at the throne by Rev. Father O'Connell, P. P. of Paris. The pastor of the parish, Rev. M. J. Brady of Woodstock, sang High Mass, and Rev. G. R. Northgraves, editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, officiated as master of ceremonies. A description of this handsome new church appeared in our columns on the occasion of the blessing of the corner stone, to which we need only add here that the main building is seventy-six feet in length, and thirty-seven feet in breadth. The sanctuary and tower make the entire length ninety-six feet. It is built of brick, and is furnished with elegant stained glass windows, two of which, in the sanctuary, representing our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, are of especially exquisite workmanship. The windows are from the stained glass manufactory of Mr. McCauland of Toronto.

The Church was erected by the generosity of Miss Markham, of Princeton, who, with the assistance of her brother in law and sister, Mr. Larimer the general station master of Princeton, and Mrs. Larimer, furnished it completely with vestments, chalice, ciborium and the other requisites for divine worship. A bell of excellent tone, and weighing 441 lbs., the only church bell in Princeton, and one of the needful articles which constitute the equipment of the building. The total outlay, including the altar, pews, stations of the cross, and other articles necessary for divine worship, amounts to about \$7000.

The choir of St. Mary's Church, Woodstock, furnished excellent music under the guidance of Miss Murphy, organist, and Mr. Corliss, the leader.

Towards the end of the Mass, Rev. Father Northgraves preached an appropriate sermon on the real presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist.

He took for his text the words of the prophet Malachi III, 1: "And presently the Lord, whom you seek and the Angel of the Testament whom you desire shall come to you: and he shall tread down the high places, and shall worship in the second temple of the Hebrew people, which was built on their return from their long captivity. The first temple was that erected by King Solomon, the magnificence of which, as described in Holy Scripture, was the glory and pride of Judea; but nearly 600 years before Christ it was destroyed by the King of Babylon. On the return of the Jews a second temple was erected by the permission of Zorobabel, and it was this building that God promised that our Blessed Saviour, the Angel of the Testament spoken of in the words of my text, should visit it, and it was by this visit that the words of God told by the Prophet Aggeus were to be fulfilled: "The Desert of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts. The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts. Great shall be the glory of this last house more than of the first, saith the Lord of Hosts; and in this place I will give peace saith the Lord of Hosts."

The young people of Israel were joyful when they beheld the noble second temple rising up, as a house in which the great Jehovah was to be adored; but the older people remembered the first temple, which was by far more glorious than this one, and they could not but feel sad at the loss of that magnificent work. Then it came that God commanded them with the promise that the second temple should exceed the first in glory; not that it should be a handsomer or a richer building in its profusion of ornament, in the silver and gold which should render it brilliant, but because it should be made glorious by the presence therein of Jesus the Saviour of mankind, the Desired of the nations who were to be redeemed by His precious blood.

This prophecy was fulfilled. It was the second temple which Jesus frequently visited while He dwelt among men. It was in this temple that He taught the saving mysteries of our redemption, and this was even to make it glorious, far beyond even Solomon's temple. It was the house of God dwelling in the flesh among men; and it is the thought that Jesus will dwell in this building which has been dedicated this morning in honor of His Sacred Heart, that renders it an object of the greatest reverence and devotion. It is indeed a beautiful building, admirably furnished by the piety and generosity of the benevolent lady who has erected it out of her own means, but it is not the amount of money which has been expended upon it which renders it truly a glorious work: it is the fact that our Lord Jesus Christ will visit it in person, and will make His dwelling place. He has visited it already, this morning, for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has just been celebrated, and when the holy Mass is celebrated, Jesus Christ is present, offering Himself as a Sacrifice to His heavenly Father, as truly as He offered Himself on Mount Calvary for the salvation of mankind, living and dead. The Mass is the reproduction of what Christ did at His last supper. Sitting at table with His Apostles, Christ took bread, blessed and broke and gave to His disciples and said, Take ye and eat; this is My body. And taking the chalice He gave thanks, and gave it to them saying, Drink ye all of this. For this is My blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins. (St. Matt. xxvi.) These words from St. Matthew are recorded also in St. Luke xxiii, St. Mark xiv, and in the eleventh chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians.

We believe that they are to be taken literally. That is why the Holy Eucharist, Christ truly unites us with a heavenly food, which is His own flesh and blood, together with His soul and divinity.

Father Northgraves then proceeded to point out that these words of Christ must be taken literally. The fact that He was about to die, and that He was leaving His last legacy to the world required that His words should be clear and indisputable. Such should be the character always of a last will and testament, but they do not mean precisely what they express—that He left us in the holy Eucharist His flesh and blood to be our food. We are told sometimes that

He used a metaphor here, a figure of speech. But a metaphor is used only for the purpose of illustrating a truth, and it cannot be employed except when there is some kind of resemblance between the figure and the real object implied by the figure, and then the metaphor must bring this resemblance home in a striking manner. He then shows that there is no such resemblance between wine and his blood. To make a metaphor admissible here there should be some evident connection between bread and wine and the mystery of our redemption by Christ's death, which our Blessed Lord here declares to be shown in the Eucharist which He then and there institutes. There is sometimes in Holy Scripture a metaphor implied when the eating of flesh and the drinking of blood is quite similar to that of the eating of flesh. But when this metaphor is used, it has quite a different meaning from that which Christ intended here to convey. We find that metaphor used by holy Job, xix, 22:

"Why do you persecute me as God, and glut yourselves with my flesh?" The same metaphor is employed in Micahs III, 3: "O ye princes of Juda. . . . You that hate good and love evil. . . . You that have eaten the flesh of my people. . . . The Lord will hide His face from them at that time as they have behaved wickedly in their defiance."

The metaphor of eating one's flesh means, therefore, to treat injuriously, and to speak evil of one. To speak evil of Christ, is blasphemy. Therefore, if Christ's language were metaphorical when He said "eat ye all of this" or when He said, "unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, you shall not have life, and he that eateth Me, shall have life," the meaning would be: "If we would attain to life everlasting we must injure Christ and blaspheme His sacred name. On the absurdity of this it is needless to dwell. Christ's words were creative words. They produce their effect at once, just as when He said: "Be light made, and light was made: Let there be a firmament, and it was so." In the same way when He said: "This is My body; this is My blood;" and the force of His divine words was heard and wine became His sacred flesh and blood. The whole context of the passages of Scripture to which I have referred proves that Christ's words were received literally by the apostles, and tradition or Church history prove this equally with Holy Scripture, for they have been received in their literal sense from the very beginning.

From the sixth chapter of St. John's gospel, Father Northgraves then showed that Christ had promised that He would do what He actually did at His last supper. He had then promised that He would give His flesh for our food and His blood for our drink, and His promise was understood literally by the Jews, by many of His disciples, and by His Apostles. Many unbelieving disciples went from Him on account of the difficulty of accepting His teaching on this subject. It is evident that they were blasphemous not far from misunderstanding Him, but refusing to believe that He was unable to fulfil such a promise. His apostles, however, are our models on this occasion. St. Peter declared in their name their implicit faith in what He promised, for when asked by Christ, "will you also go away," St. Peter answered, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Not with the unbelieving disciples, but with St. Peter and the believing apostles should we take side.

We can only give this short sketch of Father Northgraves' closely reasoned discourse, which was listened to with great attention by the large assembly present. The new church was closely thronged, and though benches were provided in the aisles, many were obliged to stand near the door.

Before beginning the dedication, His Lordship Walsh addressed a few words to the congregation explanatory of the rite and some of the customs of the Church. He explained, among other things, the use of the Latin language by the Church, and announced that owing to a severe cold from which he was suffering he would be unable to speak at length. He paid a warm tribute to the zeal and devotion of Miss Markham, out of whose generosity the church had been erected. After Mass His Lordship addressed a few closing words to the people. He referred briefly to some misconceptions of Catholic doctrine that were known to prevail. The Catholic Church is, he said, the oldest Church in the world. It dates from the day of Pentecost and connects the present Pope of Rome with St. Peter by an unbroken chain of succession. It is the Catholic Church that has Christianized the world. No other Church is worthy of so much attention. Sit we had a great many good people with the strangest misconceptions of the teaching of this Church. For instance, the Church is called the enemy of God's word; forbidding her people to read it. He had been preaching Catholic doctrine for thirty-four years in Upper Canada and he should know what Catholic doctrine was. No assertion could be more cruel and more untrue than to say that the Catholic Church is the enemy of God's word. The Catholic Church believes the Bible to be the very word of God; believes it to be inspired by the Holy Ghost; believes that it is the living word of the living God. The Catholic Church protected the Bible in the days of the Roman persecutions. She clasped it to her bloody breast, and on the bodies of her martyrs were found copies of the Book bespattered with blood. When the Barbarians came down and destroyed all the vestiges of Roman civilization it was the Catholic Church that preserved the Bible. It was the Catholic Church that employed hundreds and thousands of monks and nuns to transcribe the Bible from one manuscript to another. There were thousands of Bibles in the world before Luther rebelled; to day every priest of the Church is in duty bound to read portions of the Scripture every day. The Church believes in allowing her children to read the Bible, but does not believe that every old woman can draw her religion from it. Does not the civil State appoint its judges to define the law and its officers to enforce it? It is also said that the Catholic Church has

set aside our Saviour and put the Blessed Virgin and the angels and saints before Him. This is a cruel and a wicked calumny also. The Church believes Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, true God and true man, the Redeemer of mankind and the only name under heaven by which man could be saved. Every time a Catholic blesses himself he is reminded of what Jesus Christ suffered for him. In every Catholic church are to be found the Stations of the Cross to remind the people of the sufferings and Passion of Christ. In the days of the Aryan heresy of old, when the divinity of Christ was denied, the Catholic bishops met together, condemned the heresy and in many cases were banished from their sees for so doing. What is it that causes thousands of Catholic young women to spend their lives in monasteries and cloisters? The love of Jesus. What induces bishops and priests to leave their homes and friends? The love of Jesus. But do not Catholics adore the Blessed Virgin? No. They believe that there is as much difference between Christ and the Blessed Virgin as there is between the sun and a candle. Christ is God; the Virgin is a creature. The difference between them is infinite. But don't Catholics honor her? Certainly; why not? If we love Jesus Christ shall we not honor His mother? Can we honor the son by dishonoring the mother? We honor the Virgin because of her position and we ask her prayers; but we do not worship her. Is there any harm in that? Is it unlawful to ask the angels and saints to pray for us? Did not Paul ask his disciples to pray for him? Do we not ask each other to pray for us? But do the saints hear our prayers? Christ has said that there is joy in Heaven at the conversion of a sinner. If the angels know and are interested concerning us why not the saints?

His Lordship concluded by asking those present not to believe the misrepresentations set afloat concerning Catholic doctrine, but to get their information from members of the Church or from the Church's books.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. THE OBLETE MISSIANS.

Lesser Slave Lake, St. Bernard's Mission, 15th Nov., 1888.

To His Lordship Bishop I. Clut, O. M. I.

MY LORD AND DEARLY BELOVED FATHER—Long had I been expecting news from you when an unlooked-for carrier brought me your two letters. Thanks, my lord, for granting me from time to time a little souvenir. Your dear letter awoke feelings of joy in my heart, so crushed by most cruel trials concerning my poor children of the woods. It is necessary to recall the superhuman efforts of the Protestant ministers to extinguish all faith in the hearts of my poor children of St. Bernard's mission. They attack particularly our little Catholic children, hoping thus to realize more easily their projects. Their finest hopes rest upon their Protestant schools. However, vigilant ourselves, Rev. Father Dupin and I, we protect our flock and principally the little children against the dangers which threaten them. Notwithstanding our extreme poverty, we thought it necessary to found a school, of which I have taken charge, assisted in this difficult task by Brother Ryan. After two years of excessive struggles we have succeeded in gathering together in our school all the poor little children; thanks be to God for that. The other schools are now almost deserted. But with us, what poverty, what misery! On all sides I beg pecuniary assistance, but am nevertheless poor as Job. The ministers, our rivals, receive cases of different things destined to attract souls and reward them should they fall. And I, what I offer to those who, unwilling to abandon us, refuse the fine garments offered them. Only a few carrots or a few turnips, to aid, encourage and reward my children in their struggle against the ministers to be able to offer only a carrot, a turnip, or a potato! Are there not in our Catholic Canada some generous hearts to aid us?

In my fair country how many rich persons, without any great sacrifice, collaborate at least a little the condition of our poor children of the woods. I can only weep and sigh over these poor little souls who are so dear to me. True, all the potatoes and turnips we have grown are for them. But our cellar will be empty long before spring, for we have forty children at school, fourteen of whom are boarded gratis, twelve half boarders. A large number of them have no change of clothing, and what is the result? Your long experience, My Lord, will suggest the consequence better than I might tell. I would wish to find some remedy for this state of affairs. The only one I can see would be that charity might procure clothing for them. I still hope on "Caritas patiens est omnia operatur, omnia subinet." When the time shall come He who feeds the birds of the air and clothes the lily of the field will also aid us.

The Protestant ministers make so much noise and display about our people that I almost despair of saving a certain number of Catholic families, when to my great surprise we succeeded in having the families far from our mission send their children to our school. Great must be the disappointment of the poor ministers who now find empty the magnificent schools they have built. The hand of God is truly there. However, all is not secure. During the winter I will have many journeys to make, many trials to endure, strength and fortify the faith of our poor Catholics. Hence I beg for the assistance of your good prayers and the prayers and aid of all those who shall read these lines written in haste during the hours of night, while all my little children of the woods fast asleep are snugly snoring near my room door. Dear children, they are all calm at rest, gathered around the stove which I take care to keep well heated, because you know they have generally but a blanket to cover them.

With the school children, my solicitude must also extend to all my flock scattered here and there. In September last I visited three times a day a little girl of fourteen who was very ill. During three

weeks she was constantly in the throes of agony. At the same time she received the visit of the Protestant minister, who would sing hymns to her. On Sunday, 23rd of September, immediately after the recitation of the beads, I went to see her. What was not my surprise to find with her the rev. minister. I seated myself upon a packing case and began a most animated conversation with the preachers. My little patient, who had received the last sacraments, was quiet, and manifested great joy at seeing me. I ardently wished for the departure of the ministers, but they would insist upon sleeping before leaving the child's sick room. At four o'clock one of them took from his satchel a hymn book and turned over the leaves to sing. I began anew to converse with his companion in a more lively strain still. But at five o'clock their patience was exhausted. They arose. "Before going," said one, "we will sing; it will probably be the last time." "You will not sing in my presence," replied I, and taking my beads I turned to those present, saying: "Let us all pray together." We all knelt, yet the troubled ministers had not decided to go. I recited the "Memorare." The ministers asked the master of the house for permission to sing. The latter hesitated, not knowing what to say, when his wife exclaimed, with the assurance of faith: "Gentlemen, you shall not sing. The Father alone shall remain here." The ministers, quite crestfallen, were forced to retire. After their departure I gave a few words of advice to the family and withdrew, thanking God and His Immaculate Mother for the protection extended on that occasion.

As you are aware, I was alone all summer, Father Dupin having gone to St. Albert and Moose Lake, where we are together; he assumed a great share of my troubles and cares. Your Lordship knows we have terrible trials to undergo; hence we need the aid of your prayers and of those of our brethren. For our dear country and half breeds the autumn fishing is not very favorable. Next spring they will fall a prey to famine unless the winter fishing beneath the ice prove very abundant. I implore God to preserve us from this new plague of famine. Would you send Father Dupin the little amount that was given you for our school. We have here a good Canadian Catholic, a merchant, who offers to sell his goods at cost price, not deducting the lading expenses. It will be a happy benefit for our school. It should be any charitable person offer anything to our mission, they may send it direct to us. I thank you sincerely, my Lord, for the interest you take in us. The necessity of a new building for our school is felt more and more; we have only the old cabin that lodged your Lordship during your stay at "Lesser Slave Lake." Your Lordship can thus judge of the necessity of a new school house.

I end by beseeching of your Lordship a special blessing for my dear companions, my little children and myself.

Believe in the affection of your son in Jesus Christ and Mary Immaculate.

A DESMARAIS, Priest, O. M. I.

THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.

Since our last summary of the proceedings of the Forged Letters Commission, a man named Farragher deposed that Archbishop Walsh had advised him not to pay his rent, and Farragher was evicted. He also stated that he had carried letters from Patrick Egan to Mallett the Invincible; and that Messrs. Parnell and Sexton were members of the League Executive. Little more than this has been elicited during the week. A passage of arms took place, however, between the opposing camps regarding the reading of speeches, whether the whole of the speeches or only extracts from them should be read. On the 24th Jan. Sir Henry James announced that he intended to read extracts from speeches.

Sir Charles Russell wanted all of Mr. Parnell's speeches read, not extracts.

Justice Hannen, seeing that Sir Henry had a pile of speeches a foot high, entrusted counsel to consider how to shorten the reading.

Sir Henry read extracts from a speech by Mr. Biggar in October, 1888.

Mr. Biggar said he would not have extracts. He was anxious to hear the whole speech, which was well worth hearing. (Laughter.)

Sir Charles emphasized Mr. Biggar's desire, and Sir Henry acceded. After reading a while, his voice failed, and he was relieved by Mr. Lockwood, of the Parnellite counsel.

The proofs of Mr. Parnell's connection with the criminal outrages, and of the genuineness of the forged letters seems to be as far off as ever.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Murphy, Guelph.

Died at her residence, Mount Tara, Guelph, on the 8th November last, Ellen O'Brien, the beloved wife of John Murphy, Esq. J. P., at the age of sixty-one years. She was one of the most kind hearted and charitable of women, her heart had ever ready to relieve the poor and the afflicted. She died fortified by the Holy Sacraments, and what was most remarkable, a halo of light shone around her face, after death, just as the Mass, under the invocation of St. Joseph, was being celebrated in the church. She was the only sister of the late Right Rev. John O'Brien, D. D., Bishop of Kingston.

This worthy family lived for many years in Shelburne, County Addington, where her husband acquired a considerable wealth; being a magistrate and reeve till he removed to Guelph in 1871. Here more facilities were afforded them for educating their young and interesting family in good Catholic schools.

Mrs. Murphy was held in very high estimation by all classes, for her noble works of charity as well as her other virtues. After two years' suffering from an internal disease, this good woman gave up her pure soul to Him Who gave it. She leaves a sorrowful husband and six children to mourn her loss. May her soul rest in peace.

A precious one from us is gone,
A voice we loved is stilled;
A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.

God in His wisdom has recalled,
The boon His love had given;
And though the body moulders here,
Her soul is safe in Heaven.

God be With Thee!

God be with thee! thou must wander Through a world of toil and care; God be with thee! in sin and woe...

THE DEATH AND LETTERS OF D'ARCY MCGEE.

By the Editor in Irish Monthly. There is a certain fitness in opening our seventeenth yearly volume with a further contribution to that department...

One of the most variously endowed members of the Young Ireland Party was Thomas D'Arcy McGee. His friend, the Rev. C. P. Meehan, has been good enough to place in our hands the last letters which he wrote just before his death.

The first date, that of his birth, was April 13th, 1825. His mother was the daughter of a Dublin bookseller named Morgan; his father was in the coast-guard service, and, at the time of his birth, was stationed at Carlingford.

His seventeenth year found him in the United States; and on the Fourth of July, 1842, he made his debut as an orator at a gathering of his countrymen. Before he was nineteen he was practically editor of the Boston Pilot.

His death was on the 28th of July, 1862. He was in the 37th year of his age. He was a man of great ability and great public spirit. Thomas D'Arcy McGee was a man of great ability and great public spirit.

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of a clansman of Tyrone a year or two after their flight—when there still was daily hope and nightly prayer for their return. You may do as you please with the verses.

James Duffy has done his part nobly, not only as to the typography, but those admirable portraits. How I wish you may be so cheered on as to take up Owen Roe! What an admirable sequel it would make to this volume, which, save and except Prendergast's, I hold to be far and away the most valuable contribution to our historical literature for many a long day.

They were a band of brethren, richly graced with all that most exalts the soul of man—honour, genius, wit, will, piety.

Of this same band of Young Irelanders the account given in a recent important publication, "Two Centuries of Irish History," edited by James Bryce, M. P., concludes with the following remarks:

"I have written these letters to you, my dear father, in the hope that you will be able to read them with interest and pleasure. I have written them to you, my dear father, in the hope that you will be able to read them with interest and pleasure.

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parties had anything in them. Can you put me on the track of serving, or trying to serve, that gifted old friend of both of us?

"I am very sorry for O'Sullivan, but I told him years ago he was going too far in the Fenian direction. I hope it will not lead to the suppression of the Nation, which is the result of the flight."

"The lines quoted in Father Meehan's preface, and which McGee wishes very properly to be linked with his own name as their author, are these, referring no doubt to the Young Ireland Party:

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Jealous of Death, she guards them still. The dearest friend will turn away. And leave the story to keep the clay—Ever and ever she will stay.

These triplets were published in the New York Tablet of March 28, just a week before the sudden, but, as we are happily assured, the not unprovided death, in his forty-third year, of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. O Lord, have mercy!

Werner, the great German dramatist, at the close of his career as a Catholic, and afterward a priest. His writings prove that he regarded the faith as the chief blessing of his life, and that he clung to it as the anchor of his soul.

A farmer once planted some potatoes on a piece of ground not properly prepared. The tops grew thickly, with branches long and green, spreading around and covering the ground.

Why is it that the world hears so much about unhappy marriages and so little about happy ones? Is it not merely from the fact that the untoward things of life are generally brought into disreputable prominence?

THE TREE OF THE CROSS. There is a pretty legend connected with the tree of which the Cross of our Saviour was formed. On Adam's death, three seeds from the Tree of Life were allowed by the Archangel to be planted under Adam, which grew into a cedar, a cypress, and a pine, in the Vale of Hebron.

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of the modern school of false philosophy. He wrote several works which are a compound of impiety and revolting cynicism; in these he calls prayer a depravity of morals; faith and hope, the virtues of dupes; and charity, an absurdity. After the Reign of Terror in France, Volney went to the United States, where he lived for more than two years. It was during his residence in that country that the following striking incident in his life took place:

He was sailing one day with some friends along the coast of Chesapeake Bay. The wind rose suddenly, and the little yacht, which bore some notorious unbelievers of the Old World and the New, was twenty times more than twenty going down. Everyone began to pray, and Volney prayed like the rest; the famous philosopher was even seen with a rosary in his hands, and he recited "Hail Marys" as long as the danger lasted.

One of his companions afterwards approached him and said, with a sneer: "Sir, to whom have you been addressing your prayers, and what sort of a thing were you passing through your fingers?" As Volney remained dumb, one of his friends remarked in French: "A man may be a philosopher and unbeliever in his library, but not in a tempest."

Learned philosopher and ignorant peasant are alike human, and human nature is pretty much the same all the world over. While life goes smoothly, it is easy enough to lapse into phrasemongery, and say, "There is no God" but when calamity comes, let it take what shape it will—tempest, disease, or sorrow—then the would-be blasphemers are inclined to think that there is a God, or, at any rate, something very like Him.

A STORY OF TWO POPES. At the opening of the jubilee in 1775 there was an splendid procession got up in the little town of Osnio, near Loretto, in which all the pupils of the colleges and seminaries took part. The rich silver chandeliers which accompanied the cross were carried by two young seminarists about fifteen years of age, and whose names were Della Genga and Castiglione; both were of noble and illustrious families. I know not what was the cause, but the two acolytes began to quarrel, and, carried away by their anger, passed from words to blows, and for want of arms they used their chandeliers. Notwithstanding the promptitude with which they were separated, poor Della Genga received a blow which disabled him.

Four years later, after, alas! a too short reign, XII died, and Cardinal Castiglione, as Pius VIII, succeeded him. The public witness of the procession and quarrel in 1775 would have been very much astonished indeed if he could have foreseen the future. Those who commence badly can finish well, and should never despair of doing so.

THE ORPHANS. "Look at this! For God's sake look at this!" was a thing to look at. The three children close together, and two of them relying solely on the third; and the third so young, and yet with an air of age and steadiness that sat so strangely on the childish figure.

"How did she die?" "Over thirteen, sir," replied the child. "Over thirteen, sir," replied the child. "Over thirteen, sir," replied the child.

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know, and Tom ain't afraid of being locked up, are you, Tom?" "No-o!" said Tom, stoutly. "When it comes on dark, the lamps are lighted down in the court, and they show up here quite bright—almost quite bright. Don't they, Tom?" "Yes, Charley," said Tom, "almost quite bright."

It was the first time since our entry that a tear had been shed among these children. The little orphan girl had spoken of their father and their mother, as if all that sorrow were subdued by the necessity of taking courage, and by her childish importance in being able to work, and by her bustling busy way. But now, when Tom cried, although she sat quite tranquil, looking quietly at us, and did not, by any movement disturb a hair of the head of either of her little charges, I saw two silent tears fall down her face.—Dickens' Bleak House, Chap. 15.

Croup, whooping cough, sore throat, sudden cold, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take and certain in its action.

"Did n't Know 't was Loaded" announcement of the Rev. John J. O'Connell, D.D., of the University of Notre Dame, who had been elected to the office of President of the University of Notre Dame.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Advertisement for Sarsaparilla, featuring a bottle illustration and text: "Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle."

Advertisement for Catarrh, featuring a bottle illustration and text: "CATARRH, You will save Money, Time, Pain, Trouble, and WILL CURE CATARRH By Using ELY'S CREAM BALM."

Advertisement for Myrtle Smoking Tobacco, featuring a bottle illustration and text: "MYRTLE CUT and PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO FINER THAN EVER. See T & B IN BRONZE on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE."

Advertisement for The Dominion Savings & Investment Society, featuring a bottle illustration and text: "THE DOMINION Savings & Investment Society LONDON, ONT. To Farmers, Mechanics and others wishing to borrow money upon the Security of their Real Estate."

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including page numbers and other markings.

Something Great.

The trial was ended—the vigil past; All clad in arms was the night at last. The godliest light in the whole wide land. The face that shone with a purpose grand. The king looked on him with anxious eyes. And said: "He is most for some high enterprise."

So from the palace he rode away; There was trouble and need in the town that day. A child had strayed from his mother's side into the woodland dark and wide. "Help!" cried the mother with sorrow wild—"Help me, sir knight, to seek my child!"

One winter night when the sun had set, A blind old man by the way he met; "Now God be right, for our Lady's sake, On this night's wandering, may I have aid."

It was on the 10th of the month of May, A respectable farmer named Shanahan was fined 10s for having a gun in his possession in a proclaimed district without a license.

It has transpired that Mr. Condon, M. P., held a midnight meeting on the Kenmare estate, near Fermoy, on December 29th.

Mr. Condon delivered a speech. The police did not put in an appearance.

Mr. Condon, sub-sheriff, and his two bailiffs, arrived in Kilmallock, on Jan. 31, and thence proceeded to Mountcoote, a distance of two miles, to visit a Mr. John Byrne, a large farmer on the Coote estate, for non title.

It is anticipated that the struggle on the Glensharrold estate will result in the eviction of almost every family on the property.

Through the instrumentality of the agent, J. Butler-levens, Esq., J. P., Glenduff Castle, an abatement of 25 per cent. has been offered to the Staveloy (minors in Chancery) tenants at Coolahoy, Coolinacorney, Cloncurry, Gardinfield, Kells, and Ballymaginn.

A respectable farmer named Mr. O'Garra, of Shanahan, was the victim, it is alleged, of a moonlighting attack on St. Stephen's night, when three or four armed men visited his dwelling-house.

On Monday night, Dec. 31st, at about 42-30 o'clock, St. Patrick's and John's hands, Kilkenny, played outside the residence of Mr. P. M. Egan, T. C., out going Mayor, and the present Mayor, Alderman John Coyle. As the police were all asleep at the time there was no disturbance of any kind, and the proceedings passed off quietly.

At the Waterford Quarter Sessions for the Hilary Term, on January 31, the Grand Jury returned a verdict of acquittal in the case of a man named John O'Brien, charged with the murder of a woman named Mary O'Brien.

On New Year's Eve, a force of twenty police, accompanied by Mr. Townley, the Sub-Sheriff of Cavan, to the townlands of Derrycreegan and Killycogan to effect some seizures for rent and law costs on the estate of the Honorable George Annesley. They found the cattle all locked up and no seizures were effected.

The proceedings on the Olphert estate testify how far Mr. Balfour has succeeded in attaining his much-prized object of smothering the "brand of evictions." The Tories appreciate fully the effect which such scenes as these enacted, in the attempt to throw the poor peasants of Gweedore on the roadside, exercise on the public mind of these countries.

The death is announced of Mr. Peter Taaffe, late of Rathcar, Dunleer, who took place at South Melbourne, on the 13th of November last.

It is announced that the intelligence will be, to a numerous circle of friends, a source of sincere sorrow. He was a young man endowed with such sterling qualities and agreeable and good-natured dispositions, as could not fail to convert all those who came within the circle of his acquaintance into personal friends.

On December 29th, Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., left Dublin by the four o'clock train for Carrick on Shannon.

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The Earl of Bandon's agent, Messrs. Doherty and Jones, calling on the tenants to pay up the rent due in November last within a week. Numerous writs have also been issued for the recovery of rent on the property.

On Jan. 2, a centenarian patriot named Michael Carroll, Coolagowan, Fermoy, died at the ripe old age of 101 years.

He was a wonderful old man, firmly built, and he possessed extraordinary vital powers. Only a week before his death he walked to Fermoy and back, a distance of eight miles, without feeling any fatigue.

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Mr. Condon, sub-sheriff, and his two bailiffs, arrived in Kilmallock, on Jan. 31, and thence proceeded to Mountcoote, a distance of two miles, to visit a Mr. John Byrne, a large farmer on the Coote estate, for non title.

It is anticipated that the struggle on the Glensharrold estate will result in the eviction of almost every family on the property.

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A respectable farmer named Mr. O'Garra, of Shanahan, was the victim, it is alleged, of a moonlighting attack on St. Stephen's night, when three or four armed men visited his dwelling-house.

On Monday night, Dec. 31st, at about 42-30 o'clock, St. Patrick's and John's hands, Kilkenny, played outside the residence of Mr. P. M. Egan, T. C., out going Mayor, and the present Mayor, Alderman John Coyle.

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The proceedings on the Olphert estate testify how far Mr. Balfour has succeeded in attaining his much-prized object of smothering the "brand of evictions."

The Tories appreciate fully the effect which such scenes as these enacted, in the attempt to throw the poor peasants of Gweedore on the roadside, exercise on the public mind of these countries.

The death is announced of Mr. Peter Taaffe, late of Rathcar, Dunleer, who took place at South Melbourne, on the 13th of November last.

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Crown should have riveted so effectually the eyes of the people on the seasonable work in which Mr. Balfour is engaged during his Christmas visit to Ireland.

The tenants of the Rev. T. L. Hicks, Ballydeob, have refused to pay the judicial rents, though offered abatements of 25 per cent.

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A Famous Doctor

Once said that the secret of good health consisted in keeping the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open.

The celebrated Dr. Farnsworth, of Norwich, Conn., recommends Ayer's Pills as the best of all remedies for "Intermittent Fevers."

Dr. L. E. Fowler, of Bridgeport, Conn., says: "Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."

Dr. Mayhew, of New Bedford, Mass., says: "Having prescribed many thousands of Ayer's Pills, in my practice, I can unhesitatingly pronounce them the best cathartic in use."

The Massachusetts State Assayer, Dr. A. A. Hayes, certifies: "I have made a careful analysis of Ayer's Pills. They contain the active principles of well-known drugs, isolated from inert matter, which plan is, chemically speaking, of great importance to their usefulness. It insures activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. Ayer's Pills contain no metallic or mineral substances, but are a combination of pure vegetable remedies in skillful combination."

Ayer's Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. THE REMEDY FOR CURING CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP, ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS. Printers to the Holy Apostolic See. MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF VESTMENTS & CHURCH ORNAMENTS.

Cambridge's Compound. THE REMEDY FOR CURING CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, CROUP, ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS.

Cambridge's Compound (Liquid). This is in every way a beautiful household remedy, in fact, in expression, in printing, and in binding, and makes a most attractive and appropriate holiday gift.

My Toothache. Is an exclamation heard every hour in the day. Toothache is the most common ailment of young and old, and in the aggregate inflicts more suffering than perhaps any other single complaint.

A Hint to Housekeepers. Mrs. Robert Williamson, of Glenora, Parry Sound, Ont., says, "I could not keep house without Hagar's Yellow Oil at hand."

The Proper Channel for the escape from the system of impurities which would, if they remained, poison the blood.

A Severe Trial. Frances S. Smith, of Emsdale, Muskoka, writes, "I was troubled with vomiting for two years, and I have vomited as often as five times a day."

A Postmaster's Opinion. "I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagar's Yellow Oil."

A Severe Attack. "I never felt better in my life than I have since taking Burdock Blood Bitters."

CATARH.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT FOR THE CURE OF CATARRH, CHRONIC DEAFNESS, AND HAY FEVER.

The microscope has proved that these diseases are contagious, and that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the internal lining of the tubes.

The regular method of treating these diseases is to apply an irritant remedy weekly, and evade danger by keeping the delicate membrane in a constant state of irritation.

Mr. Dixon discovered the parasite in catarrh and formulated his new treatment, and since then his remedy has become a household word in every country where the English language is spoken.

So highly are these remedies valued, and so great is the demand for them, that Mr. Dixon has arranged for their sale by mail.

NEW BOOKS.

GOD KNOWABLE AND KNOWN. By Father Vincent, S. J. Author of "Religion and Science: Their Union Historically Considered."

THE WAY OF INTERIOR PEACE. By Rev. Father von Leden, S. J. From the German of Rev. Father von Leden, S. J.

THE LIFE OF ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA. By Rev. Father von Leden, S. J.

THE PEACEMAKER OF HILMITY. By His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

LOURDES: Its Inhabitants, Its Pilgrims, Its Miracles. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J.

THE SACRAMENTS. The Sacraments, Ceremonies, and Festivals of the Church explained in Question and Answer.

THE SACRAMENT OF MARRIAGE. A valuable work for home or school, containing the substance of the main points of Catholic worship.

THE SACRAMENT OF CONFIRMATION. A valuable work for home or school, containing the substance of the main points of Catholic worship.

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ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART

Huron, Ontario. Locally unrivaled for thoroughness offering peculiar advantages for the young.

Extensive grounds admirably adapted for the enjoyment of invigorating exercise, system of education thorough and practical, French is taught, free of charge, not only in class, but practically by conversation.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LAKE Huron, Ontario. This institution offers every advantage to young ladies who wish to receive a solid, useful and refined education.

St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ontario. This institution offers every advantage to young ladies who wish to receive a solid, useful and refined education.

St. Joseph's Academy, Chatham, Ontario. This institution offers every advantage to young ladies who wish to receive a solid, useful and refined education.

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Advertisement for Sarsaparilla, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, highlighting its content and subscription information.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, focusing on its local news and community reports.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, detailing its circulation and advertising rates.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, emphasizing its commitment to providing timely and accurate news.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, discussing its long history and reputation for quality journalism.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, mentioning its extensive network of correspondents and reporters.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, showcasing its diverse range of articles and features.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, highlighting its role in shaping public opinion and holding power to account.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, providing contact information for subscriptions and advertising.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, reiterating its commitment to transparency and integrity.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, celebrating its achievements and looking forward to the future.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, expressing gratitude to its readers and staff.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, providing a final call to action for readers and advertisers.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, ending with a message of hope and optimism.

Advertisement for 'The Record' newspaper, featuring a closing quote and a final reminder of its value.

C. M. B. A. We would call the attention of our C. M. B. A. Branches and members to the fact that we make a very pretty silk C. M. B. A. badge, nicely trimmed with gold fringe, according to price, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, and \$2.00, and can be used by branches where, at a demonstration of any kind, and it imparts to a body of men a most appearance.

C. M. B. A. The Grand Secretary is now enabled to supply Branches with the new Constitutions, having just received a supply.

Resolutions of Condoleance. St. Thomas Jan 16th, 1889. To the Editor of the Catholic Record, London: DEAR SIR—The following resolution to the family of our deceased brother, Wm. Burke, was passed at our last regular meeting, Jan. 16th. Please insert it in your paper.

A Pleasant Affair. DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—Branch 24, C. M. B. A. had a pleasant time at its last meeting, when a beautiful badge pin was presented to Marshal Thomas McDonnell, together with a congratulatory address from the officers of the Branch in recognition of his noble work in inducing his fellow-parishioners of St. Mary's to become members.

A Letter From Bro. Beare. Editor London Catholic Record: DEAR SIR—Permit me space for a few words to say that the far fetched inferences of John O'Meara in your issue of the 19th inst. are entirely unfounded, and exist only in the imagination of the writer.

Election of Officers. Branch 43 Brockville. Spiritual Adviser, Very Rev. Dean Gauthier, President, M. K. Fraser.

Branch 15, Ingersoll. Spiritual Adviser, D. J. Molphy, Chancellor, D. H. Henderson.

Branch 13, Stratford. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Dr. Kilroy, Chancellor, Ed. O'Leary.

Branch 7, Minto. Spiritual Adviser, J. J. Guillard, President, A. Giesler.

Branch 53, Mount Forest. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. P. J. Casin, President, D. McManus.

Branch 51, Barrie. President, John Rogers, First Vice-President, Robert Martin.

Branch 55, Ottawa. Chancellor, Louis Dauray, President, J. B. Durlan.

Pure Beeswax Candles, for Church purposes, for sale at the Catholic Record Office.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. THE LATE FATHER BODREAU, PASTOR OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S, PARIS, MISCOUCHE, P. E. I.

The Diocese of Charlottetown has sustained a great loss in the death of the universally beloved and esteemed pastor of Miscoche, P. E. I., in the person of the late Father Bodreau.

When in 1879, the Rev. Ronald B. Macdonald, S. J., then pastor of Miscoche, resigned his charge, with the view of entering religious life, Father Bodreau was appointed to that mission, conjointly with those of Notre Dame de Carmel, Fifteen P. Int., and the Immaculate Conception, Wallington.

Father Bodreau was a man of talent, with rare administrative abilities combined with a singular charm and gentleness of manner that endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

His funeral took place on Tuesday, the 8th January, and was very largely attended. We wept our tears and left him there, and brought his memory home.

THE WAY OF INTERIOR PEACE, Dedicated to Our Lady of Peace, by Rev. Father Von Lehren, S. J. Translated from the German by a Religious, with a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbon.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS TO FATHER HAROLD.

Rev. Father Harold, who is obliged to go South on account of a laryngeal impairment, was tendered a farewell banquet, also an address and purse by the priests of the archdiocese, on the eve of his departure.

DEAR FATHER HAROLD—We, the priests of the archdiocese of Toronto, wish to testify to you our feelings of deep regret on the eve of your departure from amongst us.

Many of us have known you from boyhood, and our anticipations and hopes in you have been more than realized; for in you, the intelligent child has grown into the ripe, sound and general scholar, whose rare and varied erudition as a priest, might reflect honor on any diocese.

It is unnecessary here to advert to your other good qualities of head and heart. It might look like flattery on our part; yet we earnestly hope that you will in the future, as in the past, impart to those confided to your care the knowledge with which God has blessed you.

REMINDER. The Westport bazaar will be held in St. Edward's hall, Westport, next week. The grand drawing will take place on Friday evening, all duplicates should be in on the 7th inst.

TO CORRESPONDENTS—Catholic Parent.—It is not lawful for Catholics to join in prayer offered publicly by Protestants, as this would be an intercommunication with them in divine worship.

NEWS NOTES. The Chinese of New York have completed a Jose House, so that the Chinese divinity will be worshipped in a place near the centre of the Chinese population.

White Caps at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, beat two men who took the places of striking weavers, so that they are in danger of death from injuries inflicted.

Rev. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, seems to be another of those instances—sufficiently rare to be prodigies—in which a Protestant minister can and does rise superior to the usual dictates of a narrow bigotry.

Lord Ripon presided at a banquet given by the National Liberal Club on the 21st ult. to the Hon. Dababhai Naoroji, who was called in contempt by Lord Salisbury "a black man."

WEDDING BELLS.

On Tuesday morning, the 22nd inst., another happy union was solemnized in St. Columba's church of West Williams, the contracting parties being our local and worthy friends, Mr. Angus A. Morrison of the thirteenth concession of West Williams, and Miss Kate Morrison, the amiable and popular daughter of Angus Morrison, one of the early settlers of the town.

On Wednesday afternoon last a very pleasant affair took place at St. John's church, Perth, in the shape of the marriage of one of Perth's most popular young ladies, Miss Josephine E. O'Brien, eldest daughter of William O'Brien, Esq., to Mr. O'Connell, a well known and successful business man of Perth.

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CATHOLIC PRESS.

North Western Chronicle. Here is an effective hand which is being distributed in Leicestershire, Eng.: "Englishmen—Read! During the fifty years of Victoria's reign 1,225,000 Irish men have died of famine; 3,668,000 Irishmen have been evicted; 4,186,000 Irishmen have emigrated, being obliged to leave Ireland! This means 400 per cent. of famine, 1,400 per cent. of evictions, 1,600 per cent. emigration! Men of Leicestershire, do you realize that 1,225,000 souls is a number equal to ten times the population of your county town—Leicester. Can you wonder Ireland's bitter wrongs cry aloud to you for redress?"

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