

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 4.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1881.

NO. 157

CLERICAL.

WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments.

We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade.

N. WILSON & CO.

In Memoriam!

Mary Estella Spoor, died Sep. 25th, 1881.

Dead—sweet flower of faith,
Gone to thy Father above!
Gone like a ray of the morn,
Beam from the ark of God's love,
Now narrow keeps watch at the door,
While we bow to death's chast'ning rod!
At the altar of Mary we kneel
And pray for thee flower of God.

Dead—sweet emblem of grace—
Star in the rosary of Heaven!
Our tears are but rainbows of hope,
Thinning each prayer that is given,
How short was thy sweet tender life!
How rich in the perfume of love!
Rest to thy pure bright soul
With Jesus and Mary above!

Dead—dear child of thy God
Yet living in memory here!
For souls that are holy and good
Live embalmed in the heart like a tear.
No more from the convent walks
Will thy footsteps be heard in the hall;
No more at the altar of prayer
In response to thy Master's call.

Dead—and we live in tomorrow
Through hopes and fears and tears;
Dead—but thou livest forever
And we but a few short years!
Dead—while we chant *De profundis*
In cloudlets of sorrow and care!
Miserere! my God! Miserere!
We kneel at thy altar in prayer!
Belleville, Oct. 4th, 1881.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

New York Freeman's Journal.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas is a Methodist. What he believes is doubtful. At any rate, he is, according to the variable and fallible decrees of Methodism, a heretic. The Observer severely says, commenting on his trial, "The Church is fast coming to see that a minister who denies the inspiration of the Bible, the atonement of Christ, and the endless punishment of the finally impenitent, may not justly lay claim to a standing in the Christian Church."

The Observer means the Methodist "church," whatever that is. From this admission that the "church" is just beginning to see that Christianity is necessary to Methodism, only one conclusion can be drawn—namely, that Methodism has found it necessary to draw the line somewhere—that a man cannot reject the Scriptures and remain a Methodist in good standing—that he may be a Deist, and yet, whatever he could officiate in the past, he cannot officiate in the present and expound now. This is rather hard on Methodists, when we remember that they have always been great sticklers for private judgment. But are we justified in taking the word of the Observer for this? The Observer is not infallible. A man may, after all, be an unbeliever in Christianity and remain a Methodist. The Methodist Ecumenical Council could not decide what constitutes a Methodist, or define any dogma, since that would be an interference with the right of private judgment, which is one of the cherished belongings of Protestantism. Mr. Thomas, then, does well to appeal to the highest denominational court, which, if it decide against him, cannot prevent him from starting a Methodist sect of his own on a "liberal" plan. Mr. Thomas has not greatly accepted the censure of his brethren. He talks back; his friends say that there are many leading Methodists who share his peculiar views. Among them are "three Presidents of theological seminaries," one "General Secretary" and—worse still—two "official editors" and three Bishops. If the higher court declare him heretical, all these will the Rev. Mr. Thomas declare heretical too. If there are so many heretics in the Methodist church, it may be that the heretics are the real Methodists, and the apparently real Methodists only heretics. But the question is complicated. Who's who? Mr. Thomas and the doubters have a right to throw back the cry of "heretic"—since Methodism is without an infallible guide.

When the great Bismarck, as some of the Germans once loved to call him, said, "I will never go to Canossa," the non-Catholic world believed him. But the Church waited. Greater and more powerful men than this ruler of blood and iron had gone to Canossa. Henry IV., arrogant, powerful, Emperor regnant over more lands than William rules to-day, went to Canossa, where the persecuted Pope, Gregory VII., waited, as Pope Pius and Pope Leo have waited. Pursued by the furies of an

Alpine winter, the Emperor made his way over the mountains to throw himself at the feet of the saintly Pontiff whom he had insulted. But Gregory was not easily moved. He represented the offended dignity of God. Justice, not mercy, was what the unscrupulous Emperor deserved. During three days the proud Emperor, dressed in penitential sackcloth, the snow of winter falling on his head, begged for admission and forgiveness. At last he was admitted. Prince Bismarck should have been careful when he made his arrogant boast. He was flushed with victory. He fancied that the sword which had been so powerful against a sister nation might also conquer the Church—the Church, which seemed weak and helpless, strong only in a strength which this man of material force did not acknowledge—the promise of God. A few years have passed, and Bismarck has begun his pilgrimage to Canossa. Many steps must be taken before the Catholics of Germany will enjoy their rights—before the poor can live and die Catholics under the guidance of their pastors. And much sackcloth and ashes will not wash away the heinous crimes against God which this iron-headed chief of a gigantic bureau of corruption has committed. Hope has dawned for Germany. Let us pray that it may not be eclipsed. The Greeks, even when they bear gifts, are to be distrusted; and Prince Bismarck is not penitent; he either hopes or fears! Socialism has grown since the Chancellor exiled Bishops and imprisoned priests. The Emperor trembles at the horrors of irreligion; and Bismarck, going toward Canossa, is forced in spite of himself. If he hopes, however, that the noble band of Catholics in the Reichstag—nobler than that at provincial Thermopylae—will yield a principle in return for his concession, he hopes in vain.

London Universe.

TOLERATION and liberality are all very well to talk about and to boast about; but let us look around us and see how they are practically. England, according to Englishmen, is the land of toleration, of civil and religious equality, and general liberty. If that be really so, how comes it that there is not as much as one single Catholic in the House of Commons representing any constituency of Great Britain? Of course we shall be told that this is only the result of chance. How comes it, again, that Catholic Ireland sends plenty of Protestant members to Parliament? A Catholic candidate—Mr. Jennings—has had the pluck to stand as a candidate for Berwick. We are curious to see what the result will be. We shall be agreeably surprised to find bigotry so weak in that part of Great Britain as not to be able to successfully oppose a Catholic candidate.

A committee of the House of Lords has made a report against the present jury system in Ireland, because, forsooth, juries in that country will not always convict prisoners. Now, it must not be forgotten that in some cases which occurred this year the judges themselves directed verdicts of acquittal, and that in all cases the jurymen (who, as neighbors, know the character of witnesses better than the judges, who are strangers) are by law the only persons to decide on matters of fact. We notice that Lord Ardilaun (lately Sir Arthur Guinness, the Dublin brewer) voted for depriving his fellow-countrymen of their constitutional rights, and filling the jury box with Government officials, and others possessing no sympathies of the people. But, happily, there is no danger for the present. The opponents of the change are Ministers and Ministerials, and a bill in the form suggested could not, in the present state of parties, pass the House of Commons.

Herr von Schlotzky has, we understand, been most happy in the success which has attended his mission to the Vatican. The enemies of the faith, of true liberty and of justice are proportionally in a condition of pitiable discomfiture. For true-blue Protestants to be compelled to admit that Catholicity is the only power able to save the people of Prussia from royal despotism is enough to make Martin Tupper break his banjo upon the head of the sepulchral Potter.

It is now plain to every mind in Prussia that the May laws will have to disappear. The so-called Liberal papers are crying out that the Government are going to knuckle under, and that the Catholic priesthood will

henceforth be all-powerful. But a Government journal, the Grenzboten, points out that it shows strength and not wisdom in a Government to admit its mistakes and correct them. We translate the following passages from its article on the subject:

When the Old Catholic movement began, it was hoped that it would be a powerful confederate of the State; but this was a mistake. Do the handful of generals without an army expect us to continue the struggle for their benefit?

The writer next adverts to Dr. Falk, the father of the May laws. He says:

Every child knows now that Dr. Falk may be a good lawyer, but that he is no statesman. His penal laws have done nothing but procure a cheap martyrdom to the clerical party.

Well, it is not a cheap martyrdom to see the entire organization of the Church of nine million people broken up by violent means, and three million Catholic people, entirely deprived of spiritual comfort. But still it is true what the writer says in the concluding words of his article:

It is necessary to repeal laws which can either not be carried out, or which give opposite result of the one contemplated. The only thing to be ascertained now is the method by which the Prussian Government means to carry out this repeal.

Cincinnati Telegraph.

It is said there are snobs in England who dearly love a lord, no matter how wretchedly mean, or bestialy profligate he may be. A poet has been found to make the hysterical prayer that whatever else might pass away "oh! leave us our old nobility." From beer to a barony one would think to be a long step. Not so, Gladstone has just made the big beer-man Majoribanks, aristocratically pronounced Marshbanks, a baron. What say the "old nobility"? But beer-lords are plentiful as blackberries in England. Sir Arthur Guinness, the noble inventor of that boon and blessing to men, "bottled stout," was last year transformed into Lord Ardilaun. Lord, lord, when plebeian republicans quaff their bottled Bass they may lay the flattering unction to their souls that the boss of the bottling firm is a Baronet with all the honors of the bloody hand on his escutcheon.

Catholic Review.

In expressing their sympathy for the President and their horror of Guiteau's crime, some of the sectarian preachers have made very awkward blunders, showing how far from them is even a very slight knowledge of the letter of the Bible, and how entirely absent from them are its spirit and the teaching of Christ. Of course Guiteau's crime was one of the most dastardly known to man, but even such crimes as his are included within the forgiveness of God. The sentiments, then, of the blundering Talmage, are revolting in the extreme. Contrast their brutal paganism, unadvised by a single redeeming trait of Christian feeling, with the just and sensible remarks of the Bishop of Kingston, when in referring to the murder, said: "It is not alone to proclaim our abhorrence of the murderer that we have assembled—we would consider him unworthy of our attention; we can have no feeling but pity for the miserable wretch, whom we leave to the justice of public law and to God's mercy."

The Irish bishops assembled at Mayo have issued an address to the Irish people on the subject of the new Land Act and the questions connected with it. Their words in any case would not fall to the ground among their faithful flocks. Least of all could they be expected to do so when the noble and patriotic stand of the Irish hierarchy through the extremely trying scenes of the past two years is taken into consideration. Notwithstanding all the intriguing of the British Government at Rome and at home, notwithstanding all the efforts that the government knows so well how to use and where, the Irish bishops have never swerved from their close alliance with the Irish people in their lawful agitation against a great and grievous wrong. While laboring with much success to keep the agitation always within the bounds of order and of law, while repudiating every hint or shadow of lawless conspiracy and false alliance, the bishops boldly told the British government that they could never expect peace or contentment from the Irish people while their liberties were outraged, and while they groined under an infamous system of legislation. This was the substance of the declaration of the Irish bishops, while as yet the

Land League was in its infancy. It was their influence also that upset the English intrigues in Rome, and laid the true state of the country before the Holy Father, who with his usual wisdom, in Ireland as in Germany, let the people fight their own battle in their own way under the law. In the hurly-burly of the times and the noisy brawls in the English House of Commons, in the wild scenes on the hustings and the tumults attending great meetings, this solid, steadfast, quiet but far-reaching action of the Irish bishops is apt to be forgotten or overlooked. As a matter of fact, it was they who gave the whole movement for reform in the Land laws its back bone and staying power.

Irish American.

The London Standard's "Roman Correspondent" is, undoubtedly one of the irrefragables. As an accredited inventor of colossal falsehoods he has long ago carried off the palm from all competitors. He never stoops to anything small; his lies are almost invariably immense; and, as our French cousins say, he shows that he has the courage of his opinions (or assertions); for, no matter how often they may be refuted and exposed, he comes up again, in the parlance of the prize-ring, "smiling, and with confidence"—in the next canard he is prepared to float. On Irish affairs he is especially strong. He has, in his dispatches, placed the Land League movement successively under the "ban" of the Pope, Cardinal Manning and the Irish Hierarchy; and when each of these Balaams of old, refused to curse it at his bidding, but rather gave the movement their blessing, the genius of the Standard man rose to the height of the occasion, and summoning the College of Cardinals to his aid he boldly proclaimed his latest dictum, as follows:

"The Extraordinary Congregation which has been for a long time making an examination, with the object of ascertaining what action the Vatican can take in regard to the disturbed state of Ireland, has concluded its labors. The report remains secret, as it comprises many cases of conscience; but the general result is that there are no means of accommodating the differing views of the Irish Bishops, because the Congregation sees no way of interfering in strictly political matters."

Here the genius of the Standard correspondent displays itself. The "report" of that "Extraordinary Congregation" remains secret—secret as a "case of conscience" always is in the Catholic Church. But the Standard's correspondent penetrates that secrecy at once, without an effort, and perceives that "there are no means of accommodating the differing views of the Irish Bishops, because the Congregation sees no way of interfering in strictly political matters." A little while ago, this same correspondent announced that the political situation in Ireland engrossed the almost exclusive attention of the Vatican, that an English "Legate" was about to be appointed; and that Irish prelates like Archbishop Croke and Dr. Nulty, who had the bad habit of being too Irish in their political leanings, were to be sharply rapped over the knuckles, and compelled to take very remote back seats. Now, it appears there are "cases of conscience" in the way of carrying out that very brilliant idea of the Standard,—a matter we can readily understand; for, of all the powers of the world, England has been the only one that has never shown any conscience whatever in dealing with the Irish people; and hence it is easy to see how one of her representatives—when he sees anything like justice accorded to our unhappy country,—must at once conclude that it is a "case of conscience."

New York Tablet.

It is truly said that God helps those who help themselves. This adage should be taken to heart by Irishmen. When Ireland is supine she is forgotten; when silent herself no one ever speaks of her. In these days there is a change. Ireland has spoken, and her voice has gone abroad. In future she will be neither a mendicant nor a suppliant—not while her own land bears the fruit that sustains life. The press of Europe now thinks it worth while to include Ireland among the nations whose doings command attention. The French papers that have correspondents in London must have news of Ireland, and must supply their readers with the movements of public opinion and Irish representatives.

The campaign in Ireland will be memorable in the annals of British warfare for the invention and intro-

duction of iron huts. Nearly every battle-field is provided with one of those Birmingham bastions for the protection of all whom safety may concern. The constabulary are chiefly the occupants of these abodes, which are significantly expressive of the iron rule of the foreigner. It should be known that it takes an army-service corps and a long train of wagons to get one of those war machines into a field of battle. All this happens in Ireland, which is blessed by English rule and England's glorious constitution.

ENGLAND having prohibited the growth of tobacco in Ireland, some Irishmen are thinking of proposing a bill next session for the purpose of asking the English Parliament to remove the boycott ban from the weed that soothes old heads and sickens young ones. If such a bill is moved next year, Mr. Forster, if he be then in the flesh, may think fit to countermand the second reading on the ground that if the Irish were allowed to grow tobacco they might take it into their heads to smoke out the alien garrison.

Harlem Union.

IN THE great Dublin demonstration in honor of Parnell last week, an incident occurred not likely to be soon forgotten. We read that—

As Mr. Parnell's coach passed the old House of Lords and the remnants of the Parliament building he rose in his seat, while the bands stopped playing and the hurrying multitude was hushed in silence. Baring his head, his figure standing out in bold outline amid the flickering torches of his body-guard, he pointed his outstretched arm towards the black old Parliament House and cried in firm, ringing tones: "Fellow countrymen, I cannot pass this hallowed spot without saying that here where our parliament died our nation shall yet reassert her freedom."

No wonder "the effect was electric," and that the shout that went up was echoed in those Dublin streets far into the night. The editor of the Catholic Union proclaims himself a firm believer in the National Gospel then preached by Parnell; and hopes to see the aspirations of a long down-trodden people, there so bravely voiced by their chosen leader, find full realization in the near future.

WE ARE one with McGee's Illustrated and the New York Freeman's Journal in their timely denunciation of those popular monstrosities—the stage Irishman and Irishwoman. Now that the amusement season is well upon us, we may look for Myles, Mick and Barney, with their respective indispensable colleens, the accommodating parish priest, the wicked lord, &c. But playwrights and managers are less blamable than are Irishmen themselves for these caricatures of the Irish name and name. If Irish money did not call them into existence, it certainly sustains them in vigorous life, and encourages their multiplication. If the stage Irishman—adept in lying, swearing, whiskey-drinking, and sometimes—for "variety is charming"—in skull-breaking and indiscriminate love-making—is taken by strangers as a fair specimen of the nation, who but Irishmen themselves are responsible for it? Let Irish patronage be withdrawn from these false and degrading representations, and we will soon have reconstructed dramatic renditions of Irish life. The average playwright, like the average politician, is "according to circumstances," and has not the least objection to omitting vulgarity and improbability provided only the elimination pays.

Philadelphia Standard.

AN unseemly discussion is being carried on in the columns of the New York Sun by some of its readers as to whether it is right to pray for Guiteau. One of the latest parties to the controversy contributes the following precious *maxims*, which appears in the Sun of Monday last: "To the Editor of the Sun—Sir,—That lady whom you mentioned as praying and singing for the wretch Guiteau should be safely lodged in an insane asylum. I say, down, down to hell with him. Heat it a thousand, yea ten thousand times hotter for him is the prayer of—A CHRISTIAN."

What kind of "Christian" wrote this our readers will easily determine. A Christian inspired with the spirit of the devil. Christ died to save the souls of men, whatever their sins might be, from hell. This "Christian" would consign them to hell. Christ commands us not to "judge" others, and says God is the final Judge of all. This self-proclaimed follower of Christ arrogates to himself that divine office, and there are thousands of people in the United States who indulge in a fiendish spirit towards the miserable wretch who murdered our late President. Is not this an instance of the fulfillment of our Saviour's prediction that the time would come when pretended followers of Him would serve the devil in His name, and in His name preach "the devil's gospel."

Catholic Columbian.

Of all created things man alone dares to offend his Creator by disobeying His laws. Yet he is the most perfect work of His Master, and has reason to guide him in rendering an intelligent service.

WHAT a mocking to cry for mercy and pardon, when we entertain embittered feelings against a fellow mortal! "Forgive us as we forgive others." O, God! what judgments we bring down upon ourselves.

STAND on your own merits. It is the surest footing and the glory will all be your own. The best man is the man who makes himself. He who sails under borrowed plumage is at best but a walking advertisement of another's goods.

"For though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evils; for thou art with me." So long as the trustful heart beats in unison with these words of faith and hope no evil can befall it. With God doing battle on your side whom should we fear.

The work of destroying another's character must be indeed a pleasurable occupation, if we may judge from the delight and apparent satisfaction enjoyed by those engaged in it. They sow in joy but they shall reap in tears. The injury they would do others comes back to themselves.

EVIL minded persons have generally very plausible tongues. The greatest misfortune connected with their devilish enterprise is the fact, that those who do not know them may be and are deceived into believing them. Suspect every one you hear uttering bad of another—their employment is an evidence of their character.

The Bible teaches God created man and from him all races of men descend. Professors teach that there are at least twelve different species of man which cannot possibly have descended from one man. They believe in their doctrine as infallible. Other professors teach that man's great grandfather was a lump of mud that transformed itself through every species of the animal kingdom until after every change it laid aside the shape of the monkey and became man. They swear to their doctrine as infallible also. Which of the three doctrines do you prefer as the most reasonable?

PASTORAL CHANGE.

It will be learned with sincere regret by his parishioners of Caledonia and Danville especially, and by that portion of the community generally who have had the pleasure of Rev. Father Doherty's acquaintance, that he is about to leave his present field of labor for that of Bradford, having been appointed by the R. C. Bishop of this diocese assistant pastor of St. Basil's Church in that city. During his three year's residence in Caledonia Father Doherty has greatly endeared himself to the members of his own church by his zeal for their spiritual welfare, his kindly efforts to promote their temporal interests, and his Christian benevolence to the poor, in their hours of trouble and adversity, while at the same time his suavity of manner, gentlemanly deportment, and manifestations of friendly feelings towards those not of his church, have won for him the respect and esteem of the whole community. In the discharge of his clerical duties and in his intercourse with the public, Father Doherty has sought with true Christian charity to smooth down the asperities and jealousies which too often exist between different organizations and denominations of the Christian church; to allay all feelings of hostility between people of discordant creeds, and to excite in their place sentiments of peace, kindness and good will. Indeed his mission here seems to have been one of "peace and good will to man," irrespective of religious biases and sectarian predilections. With the pastors of other churches he has endeavored, as far as opportunity permitted, to cultivate and maintain the most friendly social relations. We are well aware from personal knowledge that Father Doherty has labored to crush out all those feelings of jealousy, suspicion and distrust with which Protestants and Catholics too often regard each other, and to introduce in their place the kinder amenities of the Christian graces and mutual confidence. That he has succeeded in his beneficent object to the extent of his desires we will not assume to say, but that he has accomplished much we know, for the evidence of it exists throughout this community where there is less of religious animosity and more liberality of feeling between Catholics and Protestants than is to be found almost anywhere else in an equally mixed and diverse population in race and creed. When Father Doherty leaves for his new mission in Bradford he will, we are sure, bear with him the warmest wishes of the whole community for his future welfare, health and happiness, and the hope that he will meet as cordial a welcome when he arrives there as his high merits as a cultivated Christian gentleman and devout priest deserve.—Grand River Sachem, Oct. 6.

The Face in the Mirror.

E. C. D. IN THE "MIRROR OF THE SACRED HEART."

The incident embodied in the following lines is said to have led to the religious vocation of one of the first and most devoted Mothers of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in France.

The brilliant ball is over. The guests and mistresses gone— Within her own fair room, The maiden stands alone.

Her robes of satin trailing, Her eyes in the light, The golden curls her smiling, The lovely face from sight.

She stands—fresh roses falling From sparkling porcelain, With downcast eyes, trembling, The dance and banquet gay.

She draws the night-lamp nearer, The high low journal nearer, And in the shining mirror, Begins to view her charms.

O strange, mysterious image! The soul—what dost thou show? Her own sweet, soft features? Bright eyes, and sunny hair?

Ah, not the glass before her grows dim, as if with tears, And from its depths (no horror!) A bleeding face appears!

A face divinely tender, Whose brow and cheek and lips, Not rich with golden tresses, Not rough with cruel thorns!

The temples bruised and bleeding, The soul and body in the dark, The white lips mutely pleading, Before her, shuddering, rise!

O! pardon, Jesus pardon! She weeps, and her eyes glow, And casts her glistening garments, And casts her gown away.

O! bleeding Face! this favor shall not in vain be shown, Henceforth my heart, sweet Saviour, Is Thine, and Thine alone!

THE END AND THE MEANS.

A Jesuit Bishop Challenges a Masonic Slanderer to show his hand.

The following letter from Bishop Metrin, of Bombay, appears in the Times of India:

"The proposition 'the end justifies the means' can be understood in good sense. The means which lead to an end, are in themselves either good actions, like almsgiving; or bad actions, like lying; or indifferent actions, like taking a walk. When for a good end we use a good means, this becomes doubly good; when we use a means indifferent in itself, it becomes good by its being directed towards a good end; but when we use a means which in itself is bad, it never becomes good thereby, but rather vitiate our good end. We are never allowed to do a bad action and thereby to offend Almighty God, in order to obtain a good end, however much this good end may tend towards the glory of God.

All the theologians cited by 'Nemesis' in your issue of to-day, speak of indifferent actions used as means for a good end, and teach that such actions are thereby sanctified; not one of them says that a bad action becomes good by being used as a means for a good end. They all exclude beforehand bad actions, and many of them, when treating on this question, explicitly repeat that only indifferent actions are talked of; for instance Gury, cited by 'Nemesis': 'Where the end is lawful, the means is, if in themselves indifferent is likewise lawful.' If 'Nemesis' had given the text in English instead of Latin, which is known to some readers, and to our readers, not only the learned, but also every reader of your paper, would have at once detected his fallacy. The doctrine of the Jesuits is the common doctrine of all authors of Moral Theology, and is nothing but a mere reason, admitted by every man of common sense, as must be clear from the above.

I hope that Fr. Darling will be ready to name an arbitrator—any Judge, of any Court—provided 'Nemesis' comes out with his name, names, and address, in the name in which he hides himself, and fights manfully with open visor. But the Instructions given by Voltaire, one of the greatest masonic authorities, to Alembert Helvetius and other Biss, say expressly: 'Destroy the Infamous (the Catholic Church); say boldly all you have on your heart; strike but hide your hand. The Nile hides its source and sends forth its beneficent water; do the same, send off your arrow, but do not let your hand be seen.' Letters to Alembert, 25 Sept. (1739). 'Nemesis' is a perfect adept in this art. Let him first give his name, and then let the decision be given by any Judge, and no doubt, a just decision will strike 'Nemesis'.

'Nemesis, i. e. Vengeance of the Lord, is in Hebrew Nékem Akkaba, and in the holy word of the Kabalah, (Scottish 30th degree) in Sweden, Germany, England, France and so on. In this degree, of a Kadush, the Lodges commemorate the commission of the Order of the Templars by Philip le Bel and Pope Clement V., and the death of their last Grand-master, James Molay, whom Philip le Bel marched to death by fire, on the 11th March, 1314. In this degree there is no more talk of Heaven and of his tragical end; but his alleged reason, as substituted by J. B. M.—Jacobus Barquandus Molay—whose death the initiated vow with terrible oaths to avenge, either imitatively on the authors of his death themselves (i. e. Pope and King), or consequently on those on whom it is just and equitable (i. e. their adherents). (Cf. The secret War of Freemasonry against Throes and altar. From Documents C. VI.) Whether your correspondent 'Nemesis' knows anything of this masonic secret societies, or pledges to, I do not know, because he has his visor on, and may also possibly belong to those who are initiated only in the lower degrees, or perhaps only nominally in the higher degrees, to whom the royal secret is not communicated."

L. MURKIN, S. J., R. C. Bishop. Bombay, 19th August, 1881.

BUT WHAT ABOUT WORSHIP?

Star preachers in these days are privileged characters. The demand for them is so much greater than the supply that they can make their own terms if they choose to do it. Their places are not easily filled, and in churches where the sermon is the main feature of the service, a preacher of attractive eloquence is a prime necessity, if they expect to fill their seats. The pulpit is everything.—New York Sun.

HOW A COURT PRACHER DECLINED A BISHOPRIC.

At the court of King Ferdinand, of Spain, there was a priest who in all his sermons mercilessly lashed the vices of his auditors, without allowing himself to be swayed from the utterance of the truth by regard for their station or their pride. Some of the courtiers looked upon this severity and candor as excessive, and they were for a long time devising plans for his removal; at last a favorable opportunity seemed to present itself. They went to the king, extolled the religious as a priest whose merits were of the highest order and concluded by expressing the opinion that there was no one so well qualified for a higher position, or that more deserved a bishopric that had just become vacant. The king smiled, and answered:

"I am well persuaded of his merit and capacity; but I doubt much if he will accept the vacancy."

One of the courtiers immediately volunteered to secure the consent of the Father. His offer was accepted, and without delay he called upon the hated, but fearless, proclaimer of the truth. He opened his proposal with many flattering speeches, pointed out what a glorious opportunity there would be to render still greater service than hitherto, in promoting the glory of God, etc., etc. The priest, who saw through the design of his would-be friend, met these representations with the modest confession that he was not qualified for such a dignity, was not equal to such a burden; but the nobleman urged him so pressingly that he found himself constrained to oppose artfully by artifice. "I would submit cheerfully to the will of the king," he said, at last; "but I must reflect a while before I change the tranquil life that I now lead for one to which are attached such heavy cares and responsibilities, especially since that high and lucrative position is so deeply involved in debt."

"Oh! to that," replied the nobleman, highly delighted, "before the sun goes down, I will send you 4,000 zedichs." (over \$3,000).

And, in reality, the sun was placed in the priest's hands before night. But meanwhile a number of poor trades-people had assembled in the room of the good priest, creditors of the nobleman, whose tears had often touched the heart of the religious, and whom he had previously gathered together on this occasion. After examining into their demands, he paid these men in the name of his debtor, and sent them home full of gratitude towards the nobleman as well as himself.

On the following morning, when the priest made his appearance in the ante-chamber of the palace, his pretended friends came forward to salute him, and congratulate him on his promotion. He thanked them politely, and then drawing the nobleman into an adjoining room, produced the receipts of the tradesmen, and handed them over, saying:

"Here are your 4,000 zedichs. I have concluded to return them, and remain what I have hitherto been."

The consternation of the courtiers, particularly one, and the amusement of the king, may be imagined.

PRAYING FOR THE CRUSADERS.

A Saloon-keeper's Revenge.

At Aitchison, Kan., the crusade train, invaded a saloon during the crusade time, and tried by praying to induce the proprietor of the saloon to close his place. The proprietor invited the ladies to seats and asked them to pray, and then offered himself the following prayer:

"Almighty Creator in heaven, thou who hast made heaven and earth and created man in thine own image as ruler of the earth. . . . O Lord! we pray thee have pity upon the women who dress extravagantly and lead their husbands by other extravagances, not tending to any well-being, to bankruptcy, depriving them of all pleasures of this world, yet, ever driving them to suicide. O Lord! have mercy on these ladies; look upon them; they wear not even the color of the face which thou hast given them, but they are sinning against thee, and are content with nature, paint their faces. O Lord! thou alone canst perceive that their figure is not as thou hast made it; but they wear humps upon their backs like camels. Thou seest, O Lord, that their head dresses consists of false hair. O Lord! thou woman want men who will patiently accept all this without using the power thou hast given to man that all women shall be subject to man. They will not bear the burden of married life, and obey thy command to multiply and replenish the earth, but they are too busy to rear their own children. O Lord have mercy upon them and take them back to thy bosom; take folly out of their hearts, give them common sense that they may see their own foolishness, and grant that they may become good and worthy citizens of our beloved city of Aitchison. O Lord! we pray thee to deliver us from all evil, especially hypocritical women, and thine shall be the praise for ever and ever. Amen."

"MONKS AS MASONS."

The above is the title of an article in the weekly Register, which rouses some of the old sentiment of a time gone by. We hasten to say that the monks are not Freemasons. They could not be monks and remain Freemasons. They are actual working masons. They have taken up the real work of building as they did in the old days. The Franciscan Capuchin Friars of Chester wanted a school in which they could teach their doctrines to the children of parents who believe in them. But there were no funds. Labour cannot be had for nothing; and the labour they needed the monks could not pay for. So the provincial of the Order, the Rev. Father Pacificus, has led his sons into the breach. "For the last two or three months these brave ecclesiastics have been at work, digging, brick-laying, building, carpentering for the sake of the children of the dense Catholic population among which they live. The erection of the schools has been begun at the rear of the church on the last piece of land available

to the community. The provincial unloads bricks, with his sleeves rolled up on his capable arms; a scholarly-looking friar digs at his side; another, whose hair and beard are white, is laying the mortar; a group of lay-brothers are at labour with them. Men of many nations, they form a picture as real, sincere and charming as it is quaint."

ANOTHER CURE AT LOURDES.

Among the miraculously cured of the last annual pilgrimage to Lourdes was M. Renée de Bil. Le Petit Nord, following Edmond About's paper, the Nineteenth Century, made fun of the miracle, but was contemptuously answered by M. Lays, doctor of medicine at Rospoect:

"I, the undersigned, doctor of medicine, declare that I have attended M. Renée de Bil, aged twenty-three years, without profession, living with his parents, landed proprietors at Hondschoote, in Danquerque, Department of the North. The white swelling with which this young man was afflicted occupied the left knee, and was complicated by fistulous sinuities, with anchylosis of the knee and flexion of the leg to the thigh—a development of disease which, during five years of treatment, I have found to be incurable. On the 13th of August last—the day before the eve of his departure for Lourdes—I examined the sick man, and found him in the same grave condition. To day, September 26, I aver that the white swelling and fistulous passages have disappeared, that the leg has recovered its position, and that the young man walks without help of the crutches which were formerly so necessary to him. To myself, as to all persons not biased, it is evident that a cure so sudden and marvelous can be attributed only to a miracle."—L'Univers (September 10th).

WHO IS TO BLAME?

As long as we can remember, Catholic editors, with few exceptions, have complained of the lukewarm support given their press by the Catholic people, and as long as we can remember, also, the Catholic people, with fewer exceptions, professedly and avowedly, have complained that the Catholic press was not as deserving of support as it might be.

The majority of the Church papers, these censures have said, are too dry, or too milk-and-waterish, or too much given to theology and sermons, or too fond of quoting, verbatim, the words of popes, papers, or too almost anything calculated to repel the support of those whose support is necessary to life. And to the extent of such a sentiment, and it cannot be denied that its existence is deep-seated and wide-spread, is also in part the fact that while of the least appreciative of the Protestant sects the Lutherans—one in every 700 support their press, only one of every 2,000 Catholics do their duty in that respect.

The chief need of a Catholic press is an assertion that requires no demonstration at our hands. The need has always been great, it grows greater every day. And each new day brings into greater prominence the lamentable poverty of our press; and that is the active co-operation of the clergy.

Now, we attribute the poverty of the Catholic press to the lack of the second and third requisites. Catholic capital will seek, in every legitimate means of investment save and except the Catholic press. Approach your wealthy Catholic with a proposition to put his money into a newspaper enterprise, calculated to advance the interests of the faith, and he will wince, unless you can show him that as a future will be the inevitable result. And because of this erroneous belief there is but one Catholic paper of national reputation in the United States that receives more than a half decent support.

Journalists and men are tried to manage a newspaper enterprise, who profess the Catholic faith and rich fields for the exercise of their talents in the secular press, and thither they go. Now-a-days talent of all kinds waits upon money and the press is the only field for its exercise. The capital invested in Catholic journals being of the most niggardly dimensions there is a paucity of talent—and consequently our public are not enthused in the matter of supporting the press devoted to their interests.

NEW STORY ABOUT GEN. GRANT.

It has just leaked out that while General Grant was travelling in Asia he expressed a desire to get a shot at a lion. Not wishing to expose his venerable figure to the natives secured a stuffed lion, and set it up in a jungle and then took the illustrious traveler out for a hunt. When the beast was sighted the General was all excitement, and crawling up to a favorable position began to blaze away at the animal with no perceptible effect. After firing about twenty shots he began to get tired, and taking off his coat, he settled down for a regular siege. Fearing his wrath when he discovered the shell, the attendants began to bludge him with sticks, and the attempt to kill the lion and to take him for a charmed life and that he could not possibly injure it. He told them to go to thunder, that he was after blood and was going to have it. After a vain fusillade he lay on an hour he arose to his feet and gnashing his teeth with rage, threw his suspenders off his shoulders, rolled up his sleeves and grabbed his rifle by the barrel, so he could use it as a club. The attendants again begged him to desist, but he would not be so easily informed that he would have a cut, or leave his honor remain stained, pronouncedly all through that jungle, and with a wild

cry of 'I'll fight it out on this lion if it takes all summer!' he rushes upon the beast and with one well-directed blow laid the noble creature for six miles, but being better acquainted with the country they got away from him in safety.

THE POPE AND PRINCE BISMARCK.

The Roman correspondent of the Manchester Courier, writing from Rome on September 7, says:—"Prince Bismarck's agent, M. Kurt de Schloerer, has been in Rome for the last few days, and he has had frequent interviews with Cardinal Jacobini. The Pope, too, has received him twice in private audience; and it is not improbable that the modus vivendi between the Vatican and the Berlin Government will soon be an accomplished fact. The basis of the negotiations is the old story of minimizing the action on both sides at the time of the nomination of bishops and vicars general. The appointment of the inferior clergy will be conducted canonically, a list being sent up to the Government for its approval. All parish priests and vicars holding the cure of souls. On the other hand, the Government will realize that the Alt Katholik schism is an utter failure unworthy of further patronage, and there will be no more spiteful intrigues in the benefices of the clergy who probably never had any vocation for their ministry, and whose sole title to promotion was the fact that they were at loggerheads with their lawful superiors. The emperor William has always refused to receive Bishop Reinkens, the chief prolate of the new sect, and no body will rejoice more over the success of the negotiations than the sternly pious monarch, whose bent of mind is thoroughly Papal. He is conscious, too, that the Emperor is a strong proponent of the German Catholics, and that his Catholic subjects were as ready to spill their blood for the unity of Germany as others."

UNPLEASANT EFFECTS OF A BAD TEMPER.

There is no greater tyrant in a home than a bad-tempered person. There may be no particular tyranny in his actions, or even words, for looks and manners are of themselves quite sufficient to keep a whole household in awe. Had temper does not consist entirely of passion; in fact, passionate people are often of an affectionate disposition, and injure themselves more than anyone else. But the really bad-tempered person governs the household. He is not the fear of Him, the day-long, life-long fear of His most holy and overwhelming Majesty! You—your who have not the courage to throw God off altogether, but are serving Him with half a heart—you who pray at times, who come to church, who give an occasional alms, but to whom festivity, pleasure, favorably, expensiveness, amusements, are far more sensibly sweet than God—do you imagine God does not see through you? Do you suppose you will surprise God, and slip into heaven by a stratagem? Fool! Do you not see the enormity of the impudence, which even your very religion is to His unspeakable truthfulness, to His inexorable sanctity? O incredible audacity of human nature, audacious in its levity, audacious in its insincerity! How a cruel, cruel, but strictly just deity will swallow up souls by millions, because they would neither face his honest truth, nor live upon it—that everything is mockery of God except a downright genuine conversion of the heart.

TRUE MEANNESS.

It takes a woman to reduce meanness to a science. The other day a young lady was called on to play, and paid the instrument for nearly an hour, to the delight of the company, after which her sister was called on, but declined on the grounds of being an indifferent player. After the guests had departed the dialogue ran as follows: "You are just a mean, nasty thing!" "Why, Jennie, what's the matter?" "My gracious, darling, how you astonish me!" "I've wanted played all the pieces I play the best. You know what my sister's Whispers to my crack piece to show off, and you played that last night. It was the meanest trick I ever saw a girl do in my life. If it was as mean as you I'd—"

THE IRISH GIRL IN AMERICA.

Rev. Father Hunt, O. M. I., in delivering a lecture in Providence, R. I., in following tribute to the Irish emigrant girl in America, creature of the simple, trusting faith heart:

Like the shannock ever struggling, though unmet for strife, who ever struggles and wins as she? Outside her native land, by fraud or necessity, not to say oppression; made early acquainted with suspicion, fear and hate; never-sarilly ignorant of the trials of life, truth yet becomes a strange land the love of her being, a lamp to her feet and a guide to her path. Loving God and virtue beyond everything, she is yet faithful, beyond praise, to home and family as well as duty; with her hand ever at work every thought is far away with the widowed mother to whom she is sent, and yet she is the soul of her immediate surroundings and will often captivate the very mistress who has nothing in common with her but her human nature. Like the little shannock that lies at our feet the whole year round, for the festive pride of resting for one day in our own or on our heart, she will die, 'tis true to say of such as these, 'faithful unto death.'"

THE WILL OF THE LATE DEAN STANLEY.

The will of the late Dean of Westminster was proved on the 27th ult. The gross value of the estate is sworn as £84,291. 6s. 2d., the net value being £28,095. 12s. 6d. Among Dean Stanley's bequests is a sum to be used for remunerating the guides of Westminster Abbey, and so abolishing fees; but that sum is to go to West. Hospital in place of the Abbey shall cease to belong to the National Church as now

by law established in England, "which, however," the late Dean adds, "I think is in the highest degree improbable." Among other bequests is £500 to Paul Emanuel Loysen, son of Hyacinth Loysen, the unfrocked Carmelite of unenviable notoriety.

"BE NOT DECEIVED—GOD IS NOT MOCKED."

By Father Faber. How the Bible is always startling us! We children of men are deeply fallen, but are we come to this—that we dare to mock God? It seems incredible. We are indeed far gone in folly; but are we come to such downright madness as this, that we mock God? Yet an Apostle thinks it needful to warn us against it. There are few things in the Holy Scriptures stranger than this.

1. To mock God. 1. The scene in Herod's court; what if His Divinity had burst forth! 2. God in His Majesty, amidst the burning angel, and the vast fires of heaven. 3. God with the inexorable pressure of His just hand in hell. 4. But even in hell, no one dares to mock. 5. To mock God! unspeakable, unimaginable madness! I never heard even of madness that did it! Yet an apostle thinks it a sin we are not unlikely to fall into. 6. Who mocks God? I fear, there is one of us who has not at some time mocked Him. What if we are mocking Him now? as in Herod's court. What if it is to promise to God. 7. Those that promise to Him and do not perform—perhaps hardly mean to perform. 8. Those who perform carelessly and indifferently. 9. Those who do not even take the trouble to promise, like not answering a man when he speaks to you. 4. Those who delay, trusting to future repentance. 5. Those who do some things for God, and leave other things undone, as if they were His judges and superiors. 11. Playing a part with God is a mocking of Him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, bark, &c., and pulled up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known, valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hip Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—Republican.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow," remarked a bald old tachelet to a pretty girl, as he led her good night. "I should smile," she replied, glancing upon his hair-ness, and wondering how he ever did it.

Young men, and middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, send three stamps for Part VII of the Dime Series Books. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The water-cure is Ireland's national emblem. It has the green above the red.

"Became Sound and Well." Hatcher's Station, Ga., March 27, 1876.

R. V. PRACK, M. D., Dear Sir—Two years ago, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly, THOMAS J. MERRIVILL.

What a country postmistress is to have a postal-card come to the office, written in French.

A SURPRISED PHYSICIAN. A DYING PATIENT recovers through the interposition of a humble German. Some weeks ago Dr. G., a very reputable and widely-known physician, living on C—street, was called to attend a very comely case of rheumatism. Upon arriving at the house, he found a man about forty years of age, lying in a prostrated and serious condition, with his whole frame dangerously affected with the painful disease. He prescribed for the patient, but the man continued to grow worse, and on Sunday evening he was found to be in a very alarming condition. The knees and elbows and larger joints were greatly inflamed and could not be moved. It was only with extreme difficulty that the patient could be turned in bed, with the aid of three or four persons. The weight of the clothing was so oppressive that means had to be adopted to keep it from the patient's body.

The doctor saw that his assistance would be of no avail, and left the house, the members of the family followed him to the door, weeping. At this critical hour, a neighbor, who is a resident of the Queen's-shedmaker, appeared to the grief-stricken ones a saving angel. He had heard of the despair of the family, and now asked them to try his remedy, and accordingly brought forth a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil. As a drawing was made, the patient was so poor the wife applied this remedy, she had no hope, but would try anything, as a matter of duty. The first application eased the patient very much; after a few hours they used it again, and, wonder of wonders, the pain vanished entirely! Every subsequent application improved the sufferer, and in two days he was well and out. When the doctor called a few days after, he was indeed surprised; for instead of a corpse, he found a new-made man.—Exchange.

Some men, when they go to church, never think of dutying the freecoin on the ceiling of the edifice until the collection plate is being passed around.

A Matchless Medicine. The cooling, cleansing, soothing and healing properties of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry render it the best remedy in the world for all forms of bowel complaints, sickness of the stomach, cramps, cholera morbus and dysentery. Purely vegetable, and always reliable.

A Recipe for a stove pie vaguely adds, "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if a body could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.

Get the Best. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best, most prompt and safest cure for Cholera Morbus—Dysentery—Sick Stomach—Cramps—Cholice and Cholera Infantum that has yet been discovered. Its popularity is attested by age. All medicine dealers sell it.

A young bride being asked how her husband turned out, replied that he turned out very late in the morning and turned in very late at night.

HOW TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.

Understand the reason, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject, and there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

A WORD TO OUR GIRLS.

Want of energy is a great and common cause of the want of domestic comfort. As the last laid fire can give no heat unless it is lighted, so the purest intention and clearest ideas will produce no corresponding action without that energy which gives power to all that is of value, and where it is more necessary and available than in the mistress and mother of a family. Girls who have it not—and many are constitutionally destitute of it—would do well to ask their own hearts what compensating qualities they can bring with them entering into matrimony. They should remember that their pretty faces and elegant manners, which gained for them admiring looks, will not enable them to satisfy the various requisitions of perhaps fidgety and exacting husbands. Impetuous lovers, it is well known, are often transformed into this character.

MORE LIGHT ON "DARK DONEGAL."

Landlord Agrarian Outrages. GLENA, COUNTY DONEGAL, August 26th, 1881.

I explained, if I remember rightly, in recent letter, why, as a rule, the landlords of Donegal had never evicted their tenants. The landlords of Mayo and other Western counties evicted their tenants during the famine of 1847. The chief exceptions to the Donegal landlord policy were the late Lord Leitrim who was shot, and John George Adair who is still an shop.

Write in a parish adjoining the scene of one of the most famous evictions—"clearances"—in the history of Irish landlordism and in the house of a Catholic priest who personally knew the victim of this notable agrarian outrage by John George Adair, who was in the parish of Gartinn, in the townland of Derryveagh, the birthplace of the early Irish saint Columbkille, the successor of St. Patrick. Time, April, 1861. The property had been purchased a short time before I was born. It was the residence of the late Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Queen's-shedmaker, and contained about fifty families.

"I had known the district," said Father James M'Fadden, of Cloughaneely, "since my childhood, and its people were peaceable, happy, and comparatively comfortable." Following the same policy that the "cheerful" Lord George Hill adopted—to keep the people in terror of his power—Mr. Adair served notices of ejection on every one of his tenants. In November, 1860, his agent, Mr. Murray, a Scotchman, was murdered. There was no doubt to show that this murder was an agrarian one, and there was, and still is, belief in the neighborhood that it was a tragic culmination of a social scandal. On the night of the inquest, the person who shot Mr. Adair was seen on the estate. Mr. Adair regarded the crime as an attempt to assassinate him. He vowed vengeance on his Derryveagh tenants. To quote the words of a friendly chronicler at the time, "he resolved to clear the whole district, and thus mark his determination to put an end to the outrages which he was taking place." He obtained writs of "habere facias possessionem," and placed them in the hands of the sub-Sheriff. A body of 200 constabulary were drafted into the district to protect this officer. This force commanded by sub-inspectors and a regular magistrate, began operations at Derryveagh. It is a mountain-side, about six miles from Letterkenny. The scene there is picturesque—with its mountains and longings; and these people had lived in that charming country from time out of mind. Mr. Adair had only seen it the first time some years before. Neither he nor his ancestors had ever lived on it. Yet, although he never spent a skill in improving it, and although the tenants or their forefathers had reclaimed it for absolute sterility, the English law required the right of the new lord to evict their homes and fields from them, and the English Government loaned him the force to enable him to commit this agrarian crime. Now the world has heard so much of agrarian outrages alleged to have been committed by the Irish peasantry, that shall describe this typical agrarian outrage by an Irish landlord without abatement and without pity, from unpublished legal documents in my possession, and testimony of living men with whom I have spoken.

The English forces were halted at cabin of a widow named McAvard, in townland of Loughdaragh. She was 85 years of age. Six daughters, with a lived with her. The Sheriff, with a escort, entered the cabin, and "delivered possession" to the steward of Adair. "Long before the house was reached, wrote a spectator at the time, 'loud cries were heard piercing the air, and soon figures of the poor widow and her daughters were observed outside the ho-

Pastor Bonus.

Thrice happy man! no care disturbs his home. His study is to make souls bright and gay. His word, his life, his very act doth come from love divine and virtue's cheerful throng. His store on his placid brow; and through his eyes his grace-enriched soul speaks mysteries.

His pious flock like him are kind and good: 'Twas always so—'like priest and people both. Each household, glory is the holy road. Each proudly boasts the faith which makes him true. Hope scintillates his heart—dispel all cares. And gentle charity reigns everywhere.

His study shows all the marks of deep thought, and his heart is full of love. In calm of storms its Cross glazes in the sky. Beck'ning each spirit on to victory! Hard by, his school in modest grandeur stands. (Deep study trees and flower-beds inter-vene.) Whose heart and mind, obeying Faith's commands, Through learning's walks glide calmly and serene.

Through learning's walks glide calmly and serene. And drink at the perennial spring of Truth. Deep sanctifications to the soul of peace. Sequestered in yon cove of low'ring pines, And cloister'd with arms extending wide. And amid evergreens, and elms, and vines, Girded by fragrant walks on every side, Behold his quiet home, whose friendly door With equal love receives both rich and poor.

Cradled in grief, the sad soul lither comes. And finds relief in words that sooth and cheer. Here, too, what strife disturbs the parish?—'Tis homes. And here, too, what strife disturbs the parish?—'Tis homes. And here, too, what strife disturbs the parish?—'Tis homes. And here, too, what strife disturbs the parish?—'Tis homes.

Trus, hospitable, gen'rous and sincere, And ready to assist in every need. His tongue shall charge the absent with disgrace. And his tongue shall charge the absent with disgrace.

Thrice happy man! I now perceive each point. Hence all his pastoral happiness doth flow. His church where souls are trained and taught to mount. On wings of holiness beyond the skies. His School where faith both art and science guides. His home where friendship reigns and peace abides. Rutland, Vermont, Sept. 9, 1881. B. M. O'NEILL.

St. Augustine had written on his table the following words: "The above district is a free translation: 'My lord allows no vile detractor place. Vitan. Hare mensum indignam reverti esse sibi.'"

Landlord Agrarian Outrages. GLENA, COUNTY DONEGAL, August 26th, 1881.

I explained, if I remember rightly, in recent letter, why, as a rule, the landlords of Donegal had never evicted their tenants. The landlords of Mayo and other Western counties evicted their tenants during the famine of 1847. The chief exceptions to the Donegal landlord policy were the late Lord Leitrim who was shot, and John George Adair who is still an shop.

Write in a parish adjoining the scene of one of the most famous evictions—"clearances"—in the history of Irish landlordism and in the house of a Catholic priest who personally knew the victim of this notable agrarian outrage by John George Adair, who was in the parish of Gartinn, in the townland of Derryveagh, the birthplace of the early Irish saint Columbkille, the successor of St. Patrick. Time, April, 1861. The property had been purchased a short time before I was born. It was the residence of the late Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Queen's-shedmaker, and contained about fifty families.

"I had known the district," said Father James M'Fadden, of Cloughaneely, "since my childhood, and its people were peaceable, happy, and comparatively comfortable." Following the same policy that the "cheerful" Lord George Hill adopted—to keep the people in terror of his power—Mr. Adair served notices of ejection on every one of his tenants. In November, 1860, his agent, Mr. Murray, a Scotchman, was murdered. There was no doubt to show that this murder was an agrarian one, and there was, and still is, belief in the neighborhood that it was a tragic culmination of a social scandal. On the night of the inquest, the person who shot Mr. Adair was seen on the estate. Mr. Adair regarded the crime as an attempt to assassinate him. He vowed vengeance on his Derryveagh tenants. To quote the words of a friendly chronicler at the time, "he resolved to clear the whole district, and thus mark his determination to put an end to the outrages which he was taking place." He obtained writs of "habere facias possessionem," and placed them in the hands of the sub-Sheriff. A body of 200 constabulary were drafted into the district to protect this officer. This force commanded by sub-inspectors and a regular magistrate,

PASTOR BONUS.

Twice happy man! no care disturbs his home; His mind is to make souls bright and gay. His word, his life, his very act doth come From love divine and virtue's cheerful ray...

MORE LIGHT ON "DARK DONEGAL."

Landlord Agrarian Outrages.

GLENA, COUNTY DONEGAL, August 26th, 1881.

I explained, if I remember rightly, in a recent letter, why, as a rule, the landlords of Donegal had never evicted their tenants. The landlords of Mayo and other Western counties evicted their tenants during the famine of 1847. The chief exceptions to the Donegal landlord policy were the late Lord Eginon who was shot, and John George Adair who is still unshorn.

The English force were halted at the cabin of a widow named McAdair, in the townland of Loughlarragh. She was sixty years of age. Six daughters and a son lived with her. The Sheriff, with a small escort, entered the cabin, and "delivered possession" to the steward of Adair.

THE "AESTHETIC" FOLLY.

"Culture" has become rarefied, sublimated, subtilized, made consummate and utterly refined. "Culture" without the new element known as the "aesthetic," is no longer sufficient even for Boston. "Aesthetic" like "conservative" and other words the meanings of which have been revised from time to time by eminent linguists like Dr. Bliss, holds many things in the American language it never meant in Greek or Latin.

This work of diabolism went on for three days. Forty-six cabins were levelled, and forty-six families—241 persons—were driven into the roadside. If this outrage had occurred during the march of an invading army it would have been denounced as an indefensible outrage, because the destruction was indispensable necessary from the strategic importance of the place.

The agony of Mary McAdair had a parallel at every cottage door. The people clung to their homes till the last moment. Sullenly the men removed the scanty furniture; but even after the sheriff's formal warning it was found difficult to tear the women and the children from their homes. Many of them bade adieu to their old cabins in terms of endearment, as if they were living friends!

In almost every cabin there were people stricken in years—many of them tottering to the grave—but they were forced to go, accompanied by a chorus of "the sob of helpless children." A man of ninety years of age, sick unto death, was carried out of doors "in order that formal possession might be taken."

There is not much harm in contemplating a lily, or in trying to exist beautifully on its scent, if a man have the temperament of Dr. Faustus; but this "aesthetic" craze, while it is not likely to produce many such cases, is a most insidious and insidious disease, among the young who are smitten with it, to the restrictions of morality. It leads them to despise conventionalities, and Christianity, according to the cant of "aesthetics," is "conventional." So long as the disciple confines himself to the adulation of the beauty of decay, as seen in a rose, or a water-lily, or the contents of a vase in working "intense" sunflowers and stocks in creel-work, or in adorning "with a fourteenth-century, Italian lute," the conventional habit-dress in her father's house, he or she may be permitted to indulge their folly.

Just one glimpse more of that agrarian outrage. Some of these poor people remained a few days around the ruins of their old homes. Did Adair relent? No—he impounded their cattle for trespass! JAMES REDPATH.

AN OECUMENICAL TRAVESTY.

If imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, Mother Church owes acknowledgment of such a compliment having been paid to her by the followers of Methodism. Those some sectarians have been holding what they are pleased to term an Oecumenical Conference in London. The Methodists cannot claim antiquity for their heresy springing from a heresy; but what they lack in years they compensate for in ignorance, noise, and self-assertion.

THE NATIONAL LAND CONVENTION.

With numbers undiminished, unity unbroken, intact, unshaken, and energy undragging the Convention has found itself at the end of its second day's session. If ever country passed through a Parliamentary apprenticeship of the fullest form, Ireland is that country. No land could be so fertile as to produce so much, nor so far between. But genius has certain prerogatives of prophet, and Dr. Maurier, leaving a spark of genius, drew the "aesthetics" as they were to be—as they are to-day. Swinburne, Rossetti, and a host of imitators of the "fleshy" poets, were the acconquies who helped to bring the first "aesthetic" into the world.

The latest exercises of a newly won power, but an inalienable right, must be admitted by all who watch and listen to be the most flawless and faultless of the series. We alluded yesterday to that freedom of thought and of speech which, momentarily bizarre though the results might be, was of more sterling value than all the regularity which the general prompting or speaking by the card in disciplined diction could achieve.

There is no much harm in contemplating a lily, or in trying to exist beautifully on its scent, if a man have the temperament of Dr. Faustus; but this "aesthetic" craze, while it is not likely to produce many such cases, is a most insidious and insidious disease, among the young who are smitten with it, to the restrictions of morality. It leads them to despise conventionalities, and Christianity, according to the cant of "aesthetics," is "conventional." So long as the disciple confines himself to the adulation of the beauty of decay, as seen in a rose, or a water-lily, or the contents of a vase in working "intense" sunflowers and stocks in creel-work, or in adorning "with a fourteenth-century, Italian lute," the conventional habit-dress in her father's house, he or she may be permitted to indulge their folly.

There is no much harm in contemplating a lily, or in trying to exist beautifully on its scent, if a man have the temperament of Dr. Faustus; but this "aesthetic" craze, while it is not likely to produce many such cases, is a most insidious and insidious disease, among the young who are smitten with it, to the restrictions of morality. It leads them to despise conventionalities, and Christianity, according to the cant of "aesthetics," is "conventional." So long as the disciple confines himself to the adulation of the beauty of decay, as seen in a rose, or a water-lily, or the contents of a vase in working "intense" sunflowers and stocks in creel-work, or in adorning "with a fourteenth-century, Italian lute," the conventional habit-dress in her father's house, he or she may be permitted to indulge their folly.

Very Rev. Father Le Vavasseur, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, well known through his learned work on the Death on Calvary—sounds repeated in the sublime cadence of the Gregorian chant—all these, seen and heard, lived in by Catholics, cause them to look on

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

LORD WATERFORD AND HIS TENANCY. The Marquis of Waterford is the first great Irish landlord (says the Spectator) who has acted upon the provisions of the Land Act. He did not like the bill which he criticised in the House, and he does not like it now; but he accepts it since it is law in a frank and cordial way.

LABOR MEETINGS.

There have been some labor meetings this week past, and so far we observe a resolve to move onward. But we would like to see more heartiness on the part of those whose duty it is to help the day-workers—duty which they owe as an obligation. The gathering of a labor party at Cloughan Cross on Sunday was fairly attended, though the farmers were conspicuously absent. In the words of Mr. Thos. McLean, who proposed a resolution, "The time has come for the people to speak out for the labor movement. Let the laborers use all the means within their reach to press their claims upon public attention, and in time they must succeed."

A RESPECTABLE EMERGENCY MAN.

An Emergency man named Buchanan was found rolling drunk in Lismore on Sunday night by Subconstable Fitzgibbon. He was amusing himself by presenting a revolver at every object that his eye, "in fine frenzy rolling," could distinguish, and a policeman thought he might venture to "run him in." On searching the loyal Scot—who was too tipsy to whistle on the Sabbath—the policeman drew forth several silver spoons from the Emergency pockets. The owner was soon at hand. Mr. Mayne, who had previously been evicted, proved that they were his property, and Mrs. Mayne corroborated the evidence, which, indeed, there was no doubting, as the owner's name was on the spoons. Major Glynn was (naturally) lenient to the thief. He was remanded on bail.

TARRING A PROCESS-SERVER.

Colonel Forbes, R. M., and two J.P.'s were on the Carberry (County Kildare) bench on Monday, when fifteen respectable farmers were charged with tarring a process-server named Mill. The latter had disappeared, and was arrested and forcibly put in the box as a witness. But all the plain hints of the Hon. W. Forbes, stipendiary, could not induce Mills to swear that he could recognize any of the men charged. All the cases were consequently dismissed, and the magisterial trial was grievously disappointed.—Irishman.

CONNAUGHT.

Connaught has in its five counties, according to the Census of 1881, only 87,197 inhabitants, or 15.5 per cent., being less than one-sixth of the population of Ireland. But, contrary to general belief, its population since 1841 has declined less than that of the richer provinces of the four provinces, Mayo, Galway, and Sligo are amongst the counties that exhibit least decrease in the last decade. The relative poverty of a large portion of the soil of Connaught and the absence of towns is seen in the fact that, while its population is somewhat under one-sixth of that of Ireland, the aggregate valuation (Griffith's) of the province is little over one-tenth, showing clearly the density of population compared with provision for their support. The whole mass of the people are Catholics, the most Catholic of the four provinces, the census of 1881 showing 95.42 per cent. are of the national faith. Almost every name of a native sept is to be found in Connaught, owing to the barbarous Cromwellian transplantation, which banished them from their own provinces; while nearly all the great landed proprietors are aliens in blood and in faith. Passing between Ballyshannon and Loughswilly, on the Great Midland Railway, en route to Galway, the tourist sees, overlooking the field of Aughrim, the beautiful Franciscan monastery of Killeenell, erected in 1460, which contains a simple headstone of touching historical interest, bearing the inscription: "Here lies Lord Taaffe, one of the translators." This is only a typical, not an exceptional case. Historians of the Froude school, and agricultural economists of the Argyll school must rake up the embers of Irish tradition to comprehend the land question. Backward in memory of wrongs, the Irish peasantry understand that question with a clearness that would puzzle a philosopher. And in none of the provinces is it better understood than in Connaught; hence our desire to test popular feeling there in relation to the Act.—London Tablet.

The dole which was distributed to the poor of Exton after the funeral of the late Earl of Gainsborough, will be continued annually in commemoration of his death. It was participated in by sixty-three old people (the number of the Earl's years), each receiving from the hands of the new Countess a loaf of bread, and from the Earl a florin, accompanied by a few kindly words. Father Van Dale briefly addressed the recipients of this charity, reminding them that the dole was in accordance with an old Catholic tradition, and exhorting them to pray for the repose of the soul of the departed peer.

An article in an agricultural paper is called, "How to eat strawberries." A man, who doesn't know how to eat strawberries should be compelled to live on dried apples and salt mackerel.

The Catholic Record

Published every Friday morning at 128 Richmond Street.

Annual subscription \$2.00 Six months \$1.00

ADVERTISING RATES. Ten cents per line for first, and five cents for each subsequent insertion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. All matter intended for publication must be the property of the writer attached, and must reach the office not later than Tuesday morning.

THOS. COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor.

Subscribers who change their residence will please send us, by Post-office, their old as well as New Address, and thus insure the prompt delivery of the paper.

We are in constant receipt of enquiries and requests for "advertisements," and by consulting the date on your paper both will be answered.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

When a subscriber writes a postmaster to write "refused" on a paper and send it back to the publisher, at the time owing more or less for subscription, it may be inferred that the person either knows very little about the way ordinary business is transacted, or that he is a worthless dead beat.

looking forward to it for relief in their troubles. Certainly, there cannot be a shadow of justice in tearing these poor people from their homes—whatever they have is the result of long weary years of toil, and if they are unable to pay what they have hitherto paid—a yearly rent for their miserable holdings—it is a hard and bitter thing. Whatever harvest their island yields is due to their untiring industry, and that of their fathers, and no landlord under the sun has a right to step in, and by one act sweep away forever what has taken years to procure. The constitution that allows such things can never be bettered by parliamentary tinkering, and nothing less than radical changes in the land law of Ireland will benefit the people, and prevent a repetition of scenes so shocking and cruel as that of the eviction on Inishturk.

THE STATE OF PARTIES IN BRITAIN.

The strength of the Gladstone administration is, we believe, generally overestimated on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Gladstone's government is indeed at this moment in command of a respectable Parliamentary majority. But that majority—not more than fifty over the combined forces of the Tory and Home Rule parties—is not of that enduring character which could resist another such strain as the Land Bill debate. The divisions taken during that debate show that without support from his opponents the Premier would frequently have been left in a hopeless minority. Mr. Gladstone has never, even when enjoying the support of large majorities, made himself famous as a Parliamentary strategist. He seems never to take his party into confidence on any of his great measures, and has thereby apparently suffered many a defeat. The liberal party of Great Britain is not like the Conservative party, one solidly welded mass of political strength. It is composed of diverse factions of political thought and action. All the more reason, therefore, that its leader should seek by consultation and other conciliatory means to bring its full and undivided strength to the support of his measures. The Irish party, though numerically inferior to either of the two English parties, is still a powerful body in Parliament, and notwithstanding the injustice it has suffered at the hands of the majority, quite capable of making its influence felt. A dissolution at this moment would bring additional strength to the Home Rule party, and enable it to do much more on behalf of the Irish national cause. The party that has most to fear from an election is the liberal. This dread of an appeal to the people influenced the action of the government on the Land Bill, and may prevent the introduction and passage of measures of domestic reform next session.

RAILROADING ON SUNDAY.

An English traveler, a Major Trotter, has been giving to the world the history of his travels in Central Asia. This history is replete with many curious things, and amongst others he mentions one that is by no means confined to Asia. He says that whilst journeying in that country he met with a sect who worship the devil whilst believing in the existence of God. The reasoning upon which they ground their practice is a most singular one. There are, they say, two spirits, the one good, the other evil. The good spirit is more powerful than the evil one, but since he can only do good to man, it is not necessary to pay any attention to him. With the evil spirit, however, it is quite different, he being able to do harm. It is the prompting of self-interest to keep on good terms with him. If Mr. Trotter was in search of a sect such as this, he certainly might have spared himself much labor and not a little money by looking around him at home in England, and though he might not find many who are professed worshippers of the devil, yet he would find many who are in reality strong adherents of the devil's cause. Or, if he would prefer to find this state of things outside of his native island, all he would have to do would be to step into one

of the Allan line of steamers, and landing at Quebec any Sunday morning amid the noise and bustle incidental to railway travel and rail-car shunting, it would not require any very great stretch of his imagination to fancy himself dropped suddenly into the midst of a sect not unlike his strange friends of Central Asia. A few years ago, or even a few months ago, many turned up their eyes in horror at seeing railroads operated by Yankee authorities running their trains on Sundays, but now we can boast of it ourselves. Verily wonders will never cease.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

The utter failure of the stalwart wing of the Republican party in New York to capture the State convention, should be a warning to the new President that the people are thoroughly in earnest in supporting the policy of moderation inaugurated under the late General Garfield. The time has evidently passed when the Republican masses can be controlled as mere chattels by any party leader however able and powerful. The attempts made from time to time by republican factionists to revive the passions of the late civil war, have ended in complete failure as far as political effect is concerned. The issues of that eventful fratricidal conflict are closed forever, and no citizen having at heart the good of his country should make any attempt to reopen them. President Arthur occupies a very delicate and difficult position as the recognized representative of that small portion of the republican party supposed to be bent on perpetuating the animosities of the late civil war. As far as the President himself is concerned, we must say that from what we can learn, he is too kindly of heart and generous of disposition to tear open the sores of a contest long since ended. But a man in his position is largely governed by circumstances. He has to act on the advice of those who surround him. He may himself have a very just perception of right—but the discharge of executive functions being largely entrusted to others, places him more or less at the mercy of persons not specially anxious to carry out his individual views. The new President will certainly do well to surround himself with his best and most trusted friends. By that means alone can he possibly succeed in making his administration as successful as it of a certainty ought to be.

MONSIGNOR FARRELLY.

We learn from our exchanges that the Holy Father has conferred a well-deserved honor on one of the veteran clergy of Canada, in the person of Vicar-General Farrelly, of Kingston. Some few days ago His Lordship Bishop Cleary announced that Father Farrelly had been raised to the dignity of a Roman Prelate, as a mark of appreciation for his many services to the church of Kingston. It is not necessary for us to dwell on the *zvidom* of such an act. For many years the Right Rev. Father Farrelly has been intimately connected with the administration of the diocese of Kingston, both as Vicar-General and administrator, and in all his career has won the esteem and affection of both priests and people. Ever fervent and zealous in the service of his Master, this new honor is not unworthily conferred, and we extend to the Right Rev. Prelate our hearty felicitations and cordially wish him many years to enjoy his new dignity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The officers of the German Emigrant Society and the Irish Emigrant Society have applied to the Commissioners of Emigration for permission to establish agencies in Castle Garden, for the purpose of looking after the interests of immigrants from Germany and Ireland.

The people of Scotland are now making a move in regard to the land system existing in that country. The Imperial Parliament will be kept pretty busy for some time to come in considering the demand of the honest people who desire to wipe off the old cobwebs of centuries.

We are told that at the recent Methodist Ecumenical Conference in

London: "In their great hospitality the English hosts have arranged a most delicious refreshment for the delegates in a side-room chapel." We are afraid this is only too true. If the report proves to be correct, doubtless there will be many certain lectures administered to the delegates on their return. The excuse will most likely be that the consideration of the Romish question was very hard work, and a little wine was absolutely necessary to restore the equilibrium.

The cable man accounted for the absence of the Archbishop of Cashel from the recent meeting of the Irish Bishops at Maynooth, by saying that he was "on the Continent." It now appears that on his way thither the illustrious Prelate, accompanied by Most Rev. Doctor Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, paid a special visit to, and had a long and highly satisfactory interview with Michael Davitt in Portland prison. The cable man forgot to tell that part of the story.

The Montreal Post directs attention to the fact that the three principal figures in the swearing in of the new President in the early morning in New York City, immediately after the demise of President Garfield, were all of them sons of Irish immigrants. A friend at our elbow remarks what a lucky thing for them that their fathers did emigrate, or else President Arthur and Judges Brady and Donohue, instead of to-day holding their present exalted positions, might be numbered among Mr. "Buckshot" Foster's "suspects" in Her Majesty's prison, Kilmainham. Such is life!

HAMILTON LETTER.

CHURCH AFFAIRS—FATHER MATHEW COMMEMORATION—A SERIOUS CHARGE—LATEST FROM THE MOON—LOCAL INTELLIGENCE—DUNDAS ITEMS—IMPROVEMENTS AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH—RELIGIOUS MATTERS—NEW AND USEFUL SOCIETY—SCHOOL NOTES—HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES—"WOODMAN, SPARE THE TREE"—MISCELLANEOUS.

IS QUEBEC THE ULTIMA THULE?

THIRTY MILES NORTH OF QUEBEC.

Lake St. Joseph.

EN ROUTE FOR LAKE ST. JOSEPH. I once heard the late William Lyon McKenzie, (Peace to his Ashes) say that the city of Quebec was the Ultima Thule—or to give his own words—"the tail-end of civilization." But the vast valley of the Lac St. Jean was not then known as it is today, as far as the lake is concerned, and 'tis said, fertile enough to form a Province of itself—and of course the distinguished Radical leader spoke according to his lights. The railway, now being constructed, and which is already graded and ready to be run, will shorten the distance to the thriving little town of St. Raymond, about forty miles from Quebec city, and having a population of 5,000, will develop the country still more. The lake is about 40 miles due north of the city, but the actual length of rail will be about 170 miles. The outlet of the lake is the famous River Saguenay, and a distinguished dignitary of the church spoke to me recently of the capabilities of the surrounding country in the highest terms. Of the beauties of the lake, and of the beauties of Lake St. Joseph, but had never been able, for one reason or another, to indulge my desire of judging for myself. This desire was, however, so whetted by a group of sketches, accompanied by a graphic pen and ink description which appeared in the Canadian Illustrated News, of the 23rd July, that I determined to spend a day or two of my "holidays" in gratifying it. I was, however, more fortunate than the artist in question, as instead of being obliged to make a long detour, as he had to do, thanks to the facilities offered by the QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOSEPH RAILWAY. I was enabled to reach my destination by a shorter and much more convenient route. Taking advantage of the tri-weekly excursion train which had been running since the previous month, I embarked at about nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, early in September, on board the cars at the Palais station with a number of others, including two gentlemen and the son of one of them, all three disciples of "Hank Walker," who were bound to the lake. The Q. & L. St. J. R. Co. utilize the track of the Quebec, Montreal and Occidental (or "North Shore") Railway as far as Lorete Junction. Here we branched off in a north-westerly direction, passing through a somewhat thickly wooded but uninteresting tract of country till we reached the River Jacques Cartier, over which an iron bridge—said to be one of the best in Canada—has been constructed, and where a saw-mill, the property of Mr. James Connolly, is in operation. Crossing the river the country became a more picturesque appearance, and we reached "Morrissey's station" in about an hour and a half after leaving Quebec. Here, owing to the provision of my sporting friends, we found the ever-obliging "Charlie" White, with his "buckboard" ready to take us to the lake, notwithstanding that the Q. & L. St. J. R. Co. is only in course of construction, the track is wonderfully smooth—owing no doubt to the skill of the contractors, Messrs. McCarron & Cameron and Mr. Gibson—the cars are clean and brightly painted, and although the heaving countenance and cheery voice of a "Ned Crean," were missing, I found the conductor obliging. Embarked on the "buckboards" aforesaid and my friends' rods, baskets and other necessary accouters being secured, we started. The "buckboard" is just the vehicle for such a road as the one we now had to traverse for about a mile and a half or two miles. The artist before referred to describes it—the buckboard—as "well

enough so long as it is not called upon to surmount a height of more than two feet," and I fully agree with him. Oh! what a road! But all our troubles in this direction were more than compensated by the glorious scene that suddenly burst upon our view through a clearance, when we had got about two-thirds over it. The lake was there in all its grandeur! Arrived at "White's" station we found a storehouse returned in the evening with pretty well filled baskets of fine trout and most delicious bass. As for myself, being of a more rustic turn of mind, I took a stroll along the banks of the lake, now admirably its grandeur—particularly that of the further or modern banks, which rises so perceptibly from the water to a height of some seventy to a hundred feet, and anon resting myself under the shade of the dense growth of foliage with which it is surrounded, and which was just beginning to show the least tinge of Autumn. The next day—all day—was pretty much a repetition of the preceding one, and on the Thursday my friends after some hours' spent at their favorite amusement, again embarked on the buckboard and starting for home, left me "all alone in my glory." But not lonely, for who could indulge in that feeling, such a lovely spot! Later, I had an opportunity of seeing more of the lake, under the guidance of my genial friend already so often named I started out. We visited and ascended for a considerable distance, the beautiful albeit somewhat rugged *Riviere aux pins*, its banks on either side thickly fringed with trees. Returning, we crossed over to and skirted along the shore of the "Upper Lake," occasionally casting a line, but I am sorry to say with indifferent success. It was a beautiful day. The clouds of a mixed purple and scarlet hue were reflected in the waters, seemingly at an illimitable depth, and, if that were possible, of a far and away more beautiful color. Of course, this was an optical illusion, but the illusion was none the less grand because it was an illusion. The lake is somewhat in shape of a parallelogram; it is about seven miles long and varies in width from a mile to two miles. Its outlet is into the River Jacques Cartier before mentioned, which itself discharges into the St. Lawrence above Quebec. The clouds of a mixed purple and scarlet hue were reflected in the waters, seemingly at an illimitable depth, and, if that were possible, of a far and away more beautiful color. Of course, this was an optical illusion, but the illusion was none the less grand because it was an illusion. The lake is somewhat in shape of a parallelogram; it is about seven miles long and varies in width from a mile to two miles. Its outlet is into the River Jacques Cartier before mentioned, which itself discharges into the St. Lawrence above Quebec.

Desiring to pay a visit to a friend, the buckboard was again brought into requisition and with my venerable friend, Mr. White, acting as John, off we went, carrying en passant at the "village store" kept by Mr. Coughlin, we spent a pleasant hour enjoying the truly Irish hospitality of himself and his equally hospitable brother. Thence to my friend Mr. Michael Henchey's, a route presents one of the finest views of the lake, and a section of the country. Beneath us at the foot of the cliff fairly broad and deep, but exceedingly beautiful River Jacques Cartier, and around us the stupendous mountains of the Laurentian range, and back again to the opposite field, being now down, one stopped instinctively, as it were, to admire the wonderful works of God that presented themselves to the gaze. Another pleasant and hospitable hour at the "Henchey home-stead," and back again to enjoy the beauties of the lake. On the Sunday, a drive to the parish church of St. Catherine de Fossambault, seated with its neat and substantial presbytery on the western banks of the Jacques Cartier—the cozy looking seigneurial mansion of the Juchereau Duchesnay family on the opposite bank, well repaid the trouble, apart altogether from the obligation that existed. Crossing the river by the primitive means of a scow, we were soon seated within the sacred temple. Owing to the absence of the Rev. Cure Le Page, who was at the city attending the annual retreat, we were deprived of the pleasure of meeting him. A low Mass was celebrated by the Cure of the neighboring parish of St. Gabriel of Valcartier, Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, who had come specially for that purpose. The parish of St. Catherine seems to be equally divided between French, Canadian and Irish, and during the mass a number of *Cantiques* were rendered in a very pleasing manner. A fact which struck me very forcibly was the large number of communicants, and especially the large proportion of young men amongst them. A word with my friend the young Cure of Valcartier, and a hospitable invitation to accompany him to his home—which I regretted circumstances forced me to decline—and again we crossed in the scow, again on the buckboard, and after enjoying "good bys," and *bon voyage, monsieur*, the lake was once again in view. Everything, no matter how pleasing, must have an end. I had intended to spend two, or perhaps three days at Lake St. Joseph. A week had elapsed and I would have prolonged my stay; but a previous engagement to leave for the Saguenay on the following day—an account of which I have inflicted on you, gentle reader, in a foregoing issue of this paper, was too imperative and I was obliged, *mal gré moi*, to take the cars at three, arriving safe in the city at half past four, after enjoying a week of the pleasantest time it had ever been my lot to experience among the grand old Laurentian Mountains, on the picturesque Lake St. Joseph. BRANNAGH, Quebec, September, 1881.

MONSIEUR FARRELLY.

The new Prelate—Announcement of His Elevation at a Conference of Clergy.

CHARLES SPEECHES OF BISHOP CLEARY—MONSIEUR FARRELLY'S REPLY—IMPOSING SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL YESTERDAY. Before concluding a lengthy conference with his clergy on Friday morning, Bishop Cleary said he had now to fulfil a commission from the Holy Father, which gave him sincere pleasure to be the medium of executing. On the day of his Episcopal consecration in the Eternal city he was encouraged by Pope Leo XIII to ask favors, and he accordingly presented petitions for various privileges and blessings, chiefly of a spiritual kind, all of which were readily granted. In the hour of his unmerited exaltation to the Episcopate he was not unmindful of

MONSEIGNOR FARRELLY.

The New Prelate—Announcement of His Elevation at a Conference of Clergy.

GRACEFUL SPEECHES OF BISHOP CLEARY—MONSIEUR FARRELLY'S REPLY—IMPOSING SERVICES IN THE CATHEDRAL, YESTERDAY.

Before concluding a lengthy conference with his clergy on Friday morning, Bishop Cleary said he had now to fulfil a commission from the Holy Father, which gave him sincere pleasure to be the medium of executing. On the day of his Episcopal consecration in the Eternal city he was encouraged by Pope Leo XIII to ask favors, and he accordingly presented petitions for various privileges and blessings, chiefly of a spiritual kind, all of which were readily granted. In the hour of his unmerited exaltation to the episcopate he was not unmindful of the clergy of Kingston, upon whom he had been placed, and he ardently desired to give them a substantial token of the fatherly feeling he entertained towards them. He would not come to them empty-handed, for his heart was full of good will and new-born affection for the priesthood with whom and through whom he should work henceforth for the sanctification of the people given to his charge by God. He would honor them and have them honored among men. Now the honor of the clergy, as of every corporate body, is centered in their chief, who represents them officially and holds a guardianship of their rights and privileges, the prudent ordering of their ministry and the maintenance of their good name. If their chief be exalted, they are exalted; if their chief be humiliated they bow their heads with shame. Therefore he believed that he should do an act most agreeable to the feelings of the entire body of the priesthood of Kingston and conducive to the increased...

HONOR OF ALL AND EACH by procuring from the Sovereign Pontiff a special mark of approbation and hierarchical distinction for the esteemed clergyman who had filled with credit to himself and the diocese the highest post of Diocesan Administrator during the twenty months that had elapsed since the lamented demise of his late venerable bishop. It was congruous that he who had been Ordinary of the diocese, and, as such, the occupant of a prelatial position, should not, at the expiration of his time of office, be allowed to descend from his place of power and dignity, unconsidered, unrewarded. He had undergone much labor and wearying solicitude in his efforts to do his duty faithfully, and to his (the Bishop's) very great delight he had heard them formerly declare, in presence of the numerous prelates and clergy who had assembled to welcome him on his arrival amongst them, that they highly appreciated Father Farrelly's administration and were thankful for his able services. He was glad to hear them now renew their applause at this reference. He was exceedingly pleased to find that his sentiments were in harmony with theirs and that in soliciting...

THE HOLY FATHER'S FAVOR for the late Administrator he brought joy to the whole diocese. The Bishop held in his hand was the gracious response of Pope Leo XIII. to his petition. It bestowed on the Very Rev. James Farrelly, pastor of Belleville, the style, title and dignity of Monseigneur of the first class, constituting him Domestic Prelate of His Holiness and declaring his right to wear the Rochet and the Mantelletto. The Bishop concluded by delivering the Papal Benediction and warmly congratulating the Right Rev. Monseigneur Farrelly on the honor conferred upon him, and prayer for his long life to enjoy it with credit to himself and pleasure to his friends. Loud applause followed this address, and the clergy came forward eagerly to felicitate the new prelate, who was deeply moved.

AN AFFECTING REPLY. The newly appointed prelate on rising to reply to His Lordship's address was warmly applauded by the clergyman present. His response was short but eloquent, as follows:

My dear Lord Bishop—I thank you most sincerely for the high honor which you have obtained for me. I thank you also for the exceeding kind words just now expressed in the presence of my brother clergyman previous to your presenting me the Brief of the Holy Father. I thank you too, reverend and venerable brethren, for the enthusiasm you have manifested at the news of my appointment to the exalted dignity, and I would ask your Lordship to please convey to the Holy Father the expression of my most humble and grateful thanks for the rare honor conferred on me, an humble priest of our diocese, and also the assurance that I shall constantly endeavor, by the purity of my life and action, to keep unsoiled and stainless the sacred robes he authorizes me to wear.

I cannot, my dear Lord, summon words to my aid of sufficient strength and comprehensive meaning to convey to you the depth of my gratitude and the feelings of my heart. Who am I that I should be thus honored? What were my merits in your Lordship's eyes that you should approach the Sovereign Pontiff and ask this favor? Personally you knew me not. You were solely aware that at the demise of the late Dr. O'Brien, of happy memory, I was appointed by the Holy See to administer the affairs of the Diocese until the appointment of his successor.

But you were aware that constituencies were often honored, honored by conferring titles on their representatives. You found me the Administrator, the representative, if you will, of this great Diocese when you were honorably chosen by the Holy Father to be its Prince and Ruler, and you were determined that it should be honored by having the highest title that may be given to any gentleman in your Diocese conferred on me. Hence, thanks to your Lordship, not to any merit of mine, I am to-day a Monseigneur—a prelate of the Pope's household.

Bishop Cleary then took the ring from his own hand and placing it on Monseigneur Farrelly's finger said: "Right Rev. Monseigneur, I beg you to accept this ring and wear it in memory of this day and the happiness we all feel at your elevation."

SUNDAY SERVICES. In St. Mary's Cathedral yesterday

morning the services were of a very solemn and impressive character. High Mass (sacramentum) was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Wisel, of Belleville, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Kelly and McDonald, as deacon and sub-deacon. His Lordship the Bishop presided on the throne, assisted by the Rev. Father Higgins. The Bishop was vested in full pontificals. The new Monseigneur, the Right Rev. Mgr. Farrelly, was seated on the epistle side, wearing the purple or insignia of his office, assisted by Rev. Father Twobey. The scene presented at times in the sanctuary, during the sacred office, was very beautiful. After the reading of the gospel His Lordship the Bishop addressed the congregation from the episcopal throne.

ADDRESS OF THE BISHOP.

The Church is the kingdom of God on earth. From the beginning the Church was to be founded as a kingdom according to the announcement to Mary that she should conceive a son, who was to be the son of the Most High, who was the Lord God gave the throne of David, His Father, and He shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end. Thus the Church was founded as a kingdom, having the organization of a kingdom, the grades of a kingdom, and this kingdom was to last forever. By its indefectibility it has excited the admiration of the world, that whereas worldly kingdoms, however perfectly formed, however powerfully defended, however rich in resources, have failed and disappeared, the Church has outlived all empires and dynasties and has witnessed the growth and decay of powerful nations. Even as the prophet Daniel saw in vision the huge stone loosed from the mountain side without visible agency, and rolling down, crushed everything in its way till it filled the whole earth, so the Church conquered the empire of the world; the Greek, the Roman, the Macedonian felt her influence and acknowledged her sway. Because this Church was not of human origin, but was made by God, therefore it shall last for ever. And this

KINGDOM OF THE CHURCH

was to have its organization of a kingdom the grades of a kingdom, and was to be ruled as a kingdom by one supreme head. But these grades and distinctions in the kingdoms of the earth have not the same claim to honor and dignity as the high places in the kingdom of Christ. The aristocracy of the world had ceased to exist except as a name. In the first days of the Greek and Roman powers the aristocracy were the best men, elevated above their fellows, to rule them by the powers of their intelligence, by the integrity of their moral characters, and hence the name given them by the ancient Romans was *Optimates*, that is, the best men, selected on account of high moral worth, excellence of public virtue and superior intelligence. In the same way the church gives as a place of dignity and honor only to the best, those men who are eminent for virtue and sanctity and learning. And the world has ever recognized the worth of the Princes of the Church, for in every court the Papal representative takes precedence of all other Ambassadors and occupies the place of honor in all the palaces of the earth. This aristocracy of the Church receives its recognition and applause from the outside world. Now as in the kingdoms of the world there are grades and classes of nobility, e.g., the Duke, the Viscount, the Marquis, the Earl, the Baronet and the Knight, so in God's everlasting kingdom there are

MANIFEST DEGREES OF DIGNITY.

The Pope, the supreme Monarch of the Church, is surrounded first by those Princes, superior to the proudest princes of the earth, the Cardinals, who form his consistory or Supreme Council. Then there are patriarchs and metropolitans and bishops, and next to the bishops the Papal Court recognizes an order of ecclesiastics called *Monsignori*, and of these there are three grades. The first is merely a title of honor conferring no authority or position; the second confers a certain position in the papal palace upon the person holding it, regarding the regulation of audiences with the Holy Father; the third, or highest degree, is that of domestic prelate to the Pope, whose duty it is to attend the Pope in all public ceremonies, occupying a position immediately next to a bishop, and like him wearing the purple. This dignity and honorable title has been bestowed upon the distinguished ecclesiastic who governed this extensive diocese in the interval between my predecessor's death and my arrival amongst you. While in Rome I asked the Sovereign Pontiff to confer honor on my clergy, and although I knew none amongst them yet I had heard that they themselves had singled out one of their own number, vesting him with authority and power to govern during the long interregnum. Him, then, whom

MY CLERGY HONORED AND TRUSTED

I am also determined to honor, because in honoring him I was honoring my clergy and my diocese. For every profession, whether it be the sacred profession of the ministry, or the medical or legal profession, regards what is done to dignify one of their number as an honor done to each member, as if a member be dishonored the whole profession is bowed down with shame. Furthermore, it was just that one who exercised the critical office of temporary authority with prudence and zeal for so long a time should not be allowed to fall back into the ranks; but should be maintained, as far as possible, in that place of honor which formerly the vote of the fellow members of his profession had placed him in. Therefore it was I who asked and obtained from the Holy Father that the pre-eminent distinction of the domestic prelate should be awarded to Monseigneur Farrelly, who for twenty months wisely used all the power of Ordinary of the diocese of Kingston, feeling that by acting in this manner I was elevating the character of my clergy and conferring honor and position upon my whole diocese. Such, therefore, is the position and dignity conferred upon the Right Rev. Mgr. Farrelly, in a Brief which I presented him with last Friday, and I pray God to grant him health and length of days that he may long enjoy his well-earned title and that he may continue as ever to edify the people of this diocese by the salutary influence of his example.

APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

His Lordship the Bishop immediately

after the sermon imparted his Apostolic benediction with 40 days' indulgence.

CELEBRATION OF VESPERS.

In the evening Grand Vespers were celebrated. The Bishop presided with the same attendants. The Very Rev. Father Wisel preached, taking his text from I. Corinthians xx. 1, 17. The sermon was a lucid explanation of the Rosary, its use and its beneficial effects. He exhorted his hearers to recite these prayers constantly and with fervor. The Benediction of the Holy Sacrament was given by the Right Rev. Mgr. Farrelly, assisted by Fathers Twobey and Hogan. The altars were beautifully decorated and illuminated. The attendance was large at all the services.

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

On the occasion of a clerical presentation last April we give a brief sketch of Father (now Mgr.) Farrelly's ministerial services. Mgr. Farrelly finished his theological studies at Regopolis College, being a fellow-student of the Bishop O'Brien, whom he admired and loved for his virtues as well as rare scholastic accomplishments. He was ordained by the late Bishop Pielan, and during the first two years of his priesthood was attached to the cathedral. Then he was appointed to the parish of Hastings and Asphodel, where he remained and labored for between four and five years. Next he was appointed to Linlacy, in which town he resided for eleven years. Upon the death of the late Father Dalton was made Vicar General and parish priest of Kingston. Finally he replaced, some seven years ago, the late Father Brennan, at Belleville. While located in Kingston and during the absence of Bishop Horan, who was summoned to attend the Ecumenical Council in Rome, he was first assigned the administration of the diocese; and a time the direction of affairs devolved upon him during the illness and the death of the same prelate; and lastly the unfortunate demise of Dr. O'Brien forced upon him duties which he satisfactorily discharged, and of which he was relieved by the arrival and installation of the present Bishop.—Kingston Whig.

MR. FARRELLY'S SPEECH AT THE GREAT DUBLIN CONVENTION.

We print below the speech of Mr. Farrelly at the National Convention recently held at Dublin:

Mr. Farrelly, on rising, was received with loud and prolonged applause, and said:—These telegrams will make evident the feelings of our exiled countrymen beyond the Atlantic. The magnificent gathering around me is a very fair indication that our rank and file, practically speaking, have not fallen far short—if, indeed, it does fall short—of the spirit which animates our countrymen in America. It is with feelings of pride that I look around me, and, although we miss many faces, many well-remembered faces who were present with us at our last Convention—although our ranks are practically speaking, have been decimated by the action of the Government—although we miss from amongst us the faces of men like Brennan (cheers) and Kettle (cheers), yet we also see that for every one who has been taken from us, ten—aye, a hundred—have pressed forward to fill his place (cheers); and this convention is a sign to the Government and to the world that when the Irish nation are branded as a nation of dissolute ruffians and of village tyrants (groans and hisses) we are also prepared to show, in the light of day, publicly, what stamp of men our people are composed of, and who our country chiefs, as I repeat, are. And I have to congratulate ourselves on the position which this movement has obtained during the few short years of its existence, we also have to thank ourselves—the determination of our people, the organization in which they have so practically carried out—for the results we have obtained in the past—more than that, and that for the first time in our history an attempt has been made to thank any English minister, any English statesman, for the position in which we find ourselves to-day.

AS regards the resolution, THE QUESTION OF SELF-GOVERNMENT

STAYS FIRST ON THE LIST, and it is a most important one, and one which this convention could not for a single moment have lost sight of. I believe that we never could settle the question of Irish self-government so long as the question how much rent the tenant should pay to the landlord remains in dispute (cheers). So long as this land question is not finally settled, so long as it is left open, it will prove the continuous source of discontentment and of strife; and I have not the least doubt that the Government in proposing such a Land Act which must leave the question open, settles nothing, which leaves it—even if we were to accept the Land Act to the very fullest extent—which leaves this land question to be periodically open and reopened every fifteen years—I believe the Government in proposing such a measure had as their object that Ireland, that classes in Ireland, should be kept divided—(hear, hear)—and that we should be thus prevented from utilizing our united strength for the purpose of obtaining our lost rights (cheers). In my opinion, then, this national question cannot be settled so long as the Irish people pay rents to landlords. Michael Davitt saw that the first step to be taken towards the recovery of our legislative independence, our rights, as the resolution expresses it, to national self-government, could be the abolishing of Landlordism, and the farmers invited at the very threshold of this Land Act to assist the people of Ireland in recovering these rights, and not to allow themselves to be drawn aside by one single inch from the great task of regaining their rights to make laws for Ireland in Ireland.

THE LAND ACT SETTLES NOTHING

—It leaves everything in an unsettled condition, to be a continual source of contention (applause). But we have certain principles—principles which we have tested and proved the value of by the experience of the last two years, which will be an invaluable guide for us in regard to our future conduct. Whatever the people do under this act let them do it untriflingly—(cheers)—as a body and as one man (renewed cheers). Avoid isolated action (cheers). Let no tenant on any estate be satisfied until all are satisfied (cheers). The Land Act was undoubtedly intended to break up organization, to produce individual, even sectional, contentment,

while the grievances of the great mass of the people were still left unaddressed (hear, hear). It is for us to be on our guard against these hidden designs of the Government—designs which have been frequently pointed out to you, and which are patent in every line and in every section of the Land Act. One of our resolutions warns the people to make applications to the Court as sparingly as possible (hear, hear)—to wait until the result of the test cases which may be taken by the Executive of the League shall have been ascertained, and to make their applications only in consultation with local branches. We should insist—and I know that this Convention will, as the result of its deliberations, insist that

OUR UNION WILL NOT BE BROKEN UP;

that on the contrary it shall be increased and consolidated, and that it shall grow from day to day. You would be the veriest fools if you allowed your lives to be scattered now, just as you are entering on a prospect of success. (Cheers.) Our principles also demand that rent shall be abolished. (Cheers.) Recollect that the act which invites you to enter into statutory engagements for the next 15 years are up, and that as far as you accept the invitation to enter into those statutory engagements to contract longer than you can possibly help, so far you violate the principles of the League, and go contrary to the principles of your founder, Michael Davitt, (loud cheers.) Avoid, then, statutory terms or any engagements for longer than one year. (hear, hear.) I would wish to read for you an extract from a speech delivered by Mr. Bright during the passage of the recent act. He says, "If all that the tenants had done were swept away off the soil, and all that the landlords had done was left upon it, over nine-tenths of the land of Ireland would be as bare of house, and garden, and fence, and cultivation as it was in pre-historic times. (Hear.) It would be as bare as an American prairie. I believe I am within the mark in saying that nine-tenths of all that is to be seen upon the farming lands in Ireland—of houses, farms, fences, and whatever you call cultivation and bringing land from the wilderness—nine-tenths of it has been put there by the labors of the people of Ireland, and not at the expense of the landlord." (Applause.) This Land Act, which Mr. Bright and his Government have just introduced, would take one-tenth of the improvements to the tenants, and it leaves the remaining nine-tenths to the landlords. (Hear, hear.)

IT WILL BE OUR DUTY

to struggle for the restoration of this nine-tenths of the valuable improvements of which Mr. Bright spoke. The bill as originally introduced contained a definition of "fair rent," but that question was such a very difficult one that the Government were obliged to drop it like a hot potato (laughter). My definition of a fair rent would be the original value of the land before it was improved by the tiller or his fathers, and not one penny more (applause). A resolution with reference to the condition of the laborers, will also be brought before you. The Land Act has done nothing for them. I may say that the attention of the Executive has been particularly directed to this question; that we have during the last few days spent many anxious hours over this consideration, and that we are very fully sensible that the result of our labors, as shown in the resolutions which will be placed before you in regard to the laborers, is very much to be desired. The principle which I sought to have established in the Act is that

THE LABORER SHOULD BE INDEPENDENT

of either landlord or tenant (hear, hear). This, in my opinion, is the true principle. There is no reason why the laborer should be put under the tenant as his slave (hear, hear), as a sort of *ad Scriptas glebe*, as is proposed by the present Act. Bear in mind that if you do assimilate the laborer to the class of the farmers, there are classes in this country who will be on the watch to do so. THE LANDLORDS ARE SIMULATING AN INTEREST in the welfare of the laborers which they do not feel (hear, hear), and they have extended many temptations to them to forsake the cause of the farmers. The laborers of Ireland—to their credit be it spoken—have manfully and in the face of cruel starvation, in the face of cruel sufferings last winter, withstood those temptations. They have stood by you, a day it will be for you to return the benefit they have been to you and to stand by the Irish laborer. I deprecate all separate organization on the part of the Irish laborer (hear, hear). I would ask the laborers to join the local branches of the Land League (hear, hear); and I pledge myself to them here to-day and to the local branches and their arrangements with respect to labor and the employment of labor throughout the country, if the farmers fail to do justice to the laborers after we have tried joint organization between the farmers and the laborers—and we find that that joint organization is a failure—I pledge myself to take my stand at the head of a labor movement (applause and cries of "Bravo").

DO NOT LET US BE DIVIDED

(Hear, hear.) I am convinced that no necessity exists for division on this labor question. (Applause.) Let us, then, encourage the laborers and the farmers to stand together, and I am convinced that the result will be that we shall have no attempt at sowing division or disunion in our ranks. (Hear, hear.) The industrial motion, with reference to a share of our attention. Many attempts have been made in times past to establish home manufactures in Ireland. A movement has been started with a great flourish of trumpets, but they have always broken down because they have not been taken up by the democracy. I hope this movement in favor of the people of Ireland will be taken up by the people of Ireland and the organization of the Land League. (Applause.) Only such an organization can make it successful. You must not expect to be able to encourage Irish manufactures without paying a little more for them than you would pay for English manufactures. You must agree amongst yourselves voluntarily to protect Irish industry. We should be invited, if we had the powers of self-government, to protect our industries, and any movement that we set on foot, to be successful, must proceed on this principle. We cannot by the law of

the land declare that Irish manufactures shall be protected, but we can protect them by our unwritten law (loud cheers)—by the public and organized opinion of the people of this country; in accordance with which opinions all laws governing Ireland ought to be made; and if we resolve—if we bind ourselves together into an organization to protect Irish industries, depend upon it that Irish industries will flourish and thrive in Ireland—(cheers)—but in no other way can you succeed. The great thing, in my opinion, is to resolve that

WE SHALL USE NO ARTICLES OF ENGLISH MANUFACTURE

whatever (cheers). Buy in any other market that you please if you cannot buy in an Irish market; buy anywhere but in England—(cheers)—anywhere but in England (renewed cheering). I do not intend to detain you. I am convinced that the deliberations of this convention will be conducted with that dignity which is characteristic of Irish assemblies when they are elected by the people (hear, hear). Let us leave to other gatherings, nominated by an oligarchy or self-nominated, scenes of confusion which marked such gatherings upon even a very recent occasion—laughter—and let us show by our conduct and action to-day that we understand the magnitude of the issues which we are committed to us; let us cast aside all feelings of self-interest, and let us act only with the desire to benefit our country, to regain for her a place amongst the nations of the world—(cheers)—even at the cost of present sufferings and sacrifice for ourselves, to bequeath to those who come after us a future of prosperity, happiness, and independence (loud applause).

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

We take pleasure in copying the following extract from the South Bend, Indiana, Tribune, in reference to the remarks of Mr. Cooney at the demonstration held on the occasion of the death of President Garfield.

It was most appropriate and fitting, selecting Rev. Father Cooney to speak on this solemn occasion. As Mr. Cooney was better acquainted with Garfield's private and congressional life than any of our citizens, so was Father Cooney, of Notre Dame, better acquainted with his military life. For more than a year, Father Cooney, as Gen. Rosecrans's chaplain and General Garfield's chief of staff, messed together, mar bed together, and were on the bloody battle-fields of Stone River, Chickamauga and lesser ones together. We have it from Garfield's own lips how he served and admired "the brave champion of the 35th." Between these two men there existed the warmest friendship, and they were not distant from each other a few short months ago, Father Cooney was in Washington, the old staff comrade, then just inaugurated president, dropped all the cares of office to welcome his old staff comrade through two of the bloodiest battles of the war. These two men, earnest Christians, patriotic as the trial by battle could make them, lived together again the days of camp and field. Under these circumstances it was peculiarly appropriate that Father Cooney should address the meeting.

He opened his address by referring to the wide-spread grief, the deep gloom in which the nation was shrouded to-day, and to the sorrowful occasion of the death of a noble man, a man whose life was a life of "fair rent," but that question was such a very difficult one that the Government were obliged to drop it like a hot potato (laughter). My definition of a fair rent would be the original value of the land before it was improved by the tiller or his fathers, and not one penny more (applause). A resolution with reference to the condition of the laborers, will also be brought before you. The Land Act has done nothing for them. I may say that the attention of the Executive has been particularly directed to this question; that we have during the last few days spent many anxious hours over this consideration, and that we are very fully sensible that the result of our labors, as shown in the resolutions which will be placed before you in regard to the laborers, is very much to be desired. The principle which I sought to have established in the Act is that

THE LABORER SHOULD BE INDEPENDENT

of either landlord or tenant (hear, hear). This, in my opinion, is the true principle. There is no reason why the laborer should be put under the tenant as his slave (hear, hear), as a sort of *ad Scriptas glebe*, as is proposed by the present Act. Bear in mind that if you do assimilate the laborer to the class of the farmers, there are classes in this country who will be on the watch to do so. THE LANDLORDS ARE SIMULATING AN INTEREST in the welfare of the laborers which they do not feel (hear, hear), and they have extended many temptations to them to forsake the cause of the farmers. The laborers of Ireland—to their credit be it spoken—have manfully and in the face of cruel starvation, in the face of cruel sufferings last winter, withstood those temptations. They have stood by you, a day it will be for you to return the benefit they have been to you and to stand by the Irish laborer. I deprecate all separate organization on the part of the Irish laborer (hear, hear). I would ask the laborers to join the local branches of the Land League (hear, hear); and I pledge myself to them here to-day and to the local branches and their arrangements with respect to labor and the employment of labor throughout the country, if the farmers fail to do justice to the laborers after we have tried joint organization between the farmers and the laborers—and we find that that joint organization is a failure—I pledge myself to take my stand at the head of a labor movement (applause and cries of "Bravo").

DO NOT LET US BE DIVIDED

(Hear, hear.) I am convinced that no necessity exists for division on this labor question. (Applause.) Let us, then, encourage the laborers and the farmers to stand together, and I am convinced that the result will be that we shall have no attempt at sowing division or disunion in our ranks. (Hear, hear.) The industrial motion, with reference to a share of our attention. Many attempts have been made in times past to establish home manufactures in Ireland. A movement has been started with a great flourish of trumpets, but they have always broken down because they have not been taken up by the democracy. I hope this movement in favor of the people of Ireland will be taken up by the people of Ireland and the organization of the Land League. (Applause.) Only such an organization can make it successful. You must not expect to be able to encourage Irish manufactures without paying a little more for them than you would pay for English manufactures. You must agree amongst yourselves voluntarily to protect Irish industry. We should be invited, if we had the powers of self-government, to protect our industries, and any movement that we set on foot, to be successful, must proceed on this principle. We cannot by the law of

the land declare that Irish manufactures shall be protected, but we can protect them by our unwritten law (loud cheers)—by the public and organized opinion of the people of this country; in accordance with which opinions all laws governing Ireland ought to be made; and if we resolve—if we bind ourselves together into an organization to protect Irish industries, depend upon it that Irish industries will flourish and thrive in Ireland—(cheers)—but in no other way can you succeed. The great thing, in my opinion, is to resolve that

WE SHALL USE NO ARTICLES OF ENGLISH MANUFACTURE

whatever (cheers). Buy in any other market that you please if you cannot buy in an Irish market; buy anywhere but in England—(cheers)—anywhere but in England (renewed cheering). I do not intend to detain you. I am convinced that the deliberations of this convention will be conducted with that dignity which is characteristic of Irish assemblies when they are elected by the people (hear, hear). Let us leave to other gatherings, nominated by an oligarchy or self-nominated, scenes of confusion which marked such gatherings upon even a very recent occasion—laughter—and let us show by our conduct and action to-day that we understand the magnitude of the issues which we are committed to us; let us cast aside all feelings of self-interest, and let us act only with the desire to benefit our country, to regain for her a place amongst the nations of the world—(cheers)—even at the cost of present sufferings and sacrifice for ourselves, to bequeath to those who come after us a future of prosperity, happiness, and independence (loud applause).

of edification. This public act, in recognition of the 4th commandment, this outpouring of a soul filled with filial affection, reveal unmistakably the goodness and gratitude of his heart. It was the act of a hero. But his conscientious discharge of duty and his adherence to principle and the best interest of the republic as he understood them, made some enemies and he was shot down by the hand of an assassin, whose name, like that of Judas, shall ever be held in execration. After eighty days of untold suffering he died, and the nation is in mourning. The nation is shocked to its very centre, such as it has not been since the death of the great Washington. Sorrow for the violent death of the great and good President Lincoln had no such depth and universality as our sorrow has at this moment. For Lincoln's death occurred just after the shock of war had subsided, and a great portion of the people of at least eleven states of our union, might be willing to excuse the act of the assassin on the plea of great provocation; but the heroic Garfield was shot down in the midst of profound peace and without absolutely any fault on the part of the assassin. Hence, there is not a man in the nation, north or south, east or west, who does not abhor the crime as treason, and deeply grieve over the result. On account, therefore, of President Garfield's great merit and the circumstances of the time, I think we can safely say that no death since that of the martyr Washington, is so justly and generally lamented throughout the world.

Among all the mourners, there is one, who in a special manner claims our sympathy and condolence; and that is his dear mother who now, bent under the weight of eighty years, mourns her irreparable loss. If we bow in reverence before the sculptor who, with his chisel moulds a piece of marble almost into life, what honor should not be paid to her who has moulded the mind and heart of such a son, to a greatness that shall outlive the monuments of either brass or marble? May she yet live to have the consolation of witnessing the dedication of a monument to the memory of her son, which shall in some measure, be commensurate with the grandeur of his character and the deep love of the American people whom he served so well. Let that monument soon rise over his grave, in Lakeside Cemetery, to perpetuate the memory of his example for future generations and to record a Nation's gratitude. Let it be a monument erected not by a single state, but by the United States of America; and thus, by the death of President Garfield, shall be, as his life—a National blessing. Through this monument, though dead, he shall yet speak to the youth of our country. Build it high, then, for you cannot surpass the loftiness of his character—dig its foundation deep, for you cannot make it more solid than his virtues. Let it be the renewal and perpetuation of the life of James A. Garfield.

DIOCESE OF RIMOUSKI.

His Lordship Bishop Langevin, of Rimouski, held ordination services lately. On the 24th ult., he ordained Rev. Messrs. Pouliot, Lavioie, de Champlain and J. Lavoye to the sacred order of the Priesthood. On the 29th, he conferred the tonsure on Messrs. Cote, Rioux, Morris, Sirois and Dautelle, and minor orders on Messrs. Gagnon, Sandon, Berube and Couture. On the second, he promoted Rev. Messrs. Berube and Theriault to sub-Presbyterhood, and Rev. Messrs. Belanger, Thibault and Fremont to the Diaconate. All these gentlemen belong to the diocese of Rimouski.

"THE CANADA SCHOOL JOURNAL."

To the Editor of the "Catholic Record": Sir—It is true that the "Canada School Journal" ignores in its columns the interests of Catholic Colleges, convents and schools? Catholic teachers contribute to the moral and intellectual wealth of this country, and hence we would like to know why the "Canada School Journal" refuses to take notice of their efforts in educational matters. Perhaps some Catholic teachers could explain this strange conduct on the part of the "Journal." Yours, &c., A CATHOLIC TEACHER.

THE LATE MRS. MARGARET JOHNSTON.

On the 8th instant this lady died at her home in Westminster, in the 82nd year of her age. She was a native of Rotheman, Banffshire, Scotland, and came to Canada in the year 1835, settling on the farm where she resided. She is the mother of seven children, ten surviving her, eight sons and two daughters, who are married. She had twenty-two grand children, fifty-seven of whom are living, and twenty-seven great grand children. She was interred in St. Peter's Cemetery on the 10th instant, her remains being followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends and relatives, all of whom will miss from among them a model Christian woman.

His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec

lately blessed a convent and a bell at St. George, Beauce. On Saturday of last week he held an ordination in the chapel of the College of St. Anne de la Pocouerie. On the 10th inst., he will bless a new convent at St. Alexander of Kamouraska.

A GLASS OF WINE.—The Duke of Orleans

was the eldest son of King Louis Philippe. His generous qualities had made him universally popular. One morning he invited a few of his friends to breakfast, and was about to depart from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated, he was not in any respect a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he drank just one glass too much. In taking the parting glass he slightly lost the balance of his body and mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered his carriage; but for that one glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop near by and died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confounded their property, and sent the whole family into exile.

Three Holydays.

By W. D. KELLY. I. Of those who sole obtained of all thy kin Exemption from that universal doom...

II. But all unconsensations of the peerless beam Which God bestowed, who took this guilt away...

III. Old faith requires no other evidence Of thy Assumption, Mother, from this earth...

MISCELLANEOUS.

Set back 12 Years.

"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, etc., my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive...

People cannot speak of Americans as untottered. We have, according to statistics, 15,000 brass bands...

Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, composed of extract of Jamaica ginger, smart-weed or water-pepper...

"La Favorita" is the name of a pet cat belonging to a maiden lady residing on the heights of Brooklyn.

It Never Fails. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is an unfailing remedy for all kinds of bowel complaint.

Grandmother Used to say, "Boys, if your blood is out of order try Burdock tea..."

The youth who parts his hair at the equator, sucks the head of a ruminant equine with dreamy-looking eyes...

Debility and Nervous Headache. Chronic, sick or nervous headache is generally dependent on, or accompanied by, impaired digestion...

Sea Sickness. The best remedy and preventative for Sea Sickness is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mrs. Partington says that just before the war, circumstances were so round the moon nightly, shooting stars permeated the earth...

All beds seem hard to rheumatics. Then hearken ye peevish sufferers! Apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to your aching joints and muscles...

EFFECTIVE SERMON.—Dean Swift once preached a charity sermon at St. Patrick's Church, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his auditors...

GILBERT LAIRD, St. Margaret's Hope, Okney, Scotland, writes:—I am rejoiced by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil...

"The Leaves shall be for the Healing of the Nations." The leaf of the Wild Strawberry has verified that Scriptural quotation...

YELLOW AS A GUINEA.—The complexion, in a case of unobscured liver complaint, enlivening in jaundice, is literally "as yellow as a guinea..."

In the Whole History of Medicine. No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYLE'S CHERRY PECTORAL...

IRISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. The regular Monthly Meeting of the Irish Benevolent Society will be held on Friday evening, 11th inst., at the Catholic Block...

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—The regular meetings of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association will be held on Friday and third Thursday of every month...

Professional. WOODLIFTON AND DAVIS. Surgeon Dentists, Office—Cor Dundas and Clarence Sts., London.

DR. W. J. McGEHEAN, GRADUATE of McGill University, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

DR. WOODRUFF OFFICE.—Queen's Avenue, a few doors east of Post Office.

J. BLAKE, BARRISTER, AT-LAW. Office—No. 21 Dundas Street, London.

Miscellaneous. OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.—P. K. FINN, Proprietor. Rates \$1.00 per day.

WHAT IS SAID OF THE RECORD. Bracebridge, Ont., March 25th, 1881. Thomas Coffey, Esq., DEAR SIR.—The enclosed amount is my subscription to your most interesting and Catholic paper...

THOS. COFFEY, Esq., London. DEAR SIR.—I beg to enclose two dollars, with thanks, for your charming as well as instructive paper.

Amherstburg, July 6th, 1881. Mr. THOS. COFFEY, Esq.—Enclosed you will find my subscription of \$2 for your valuable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD...

Barbours, N.S., June 18th, 1881. Mr. THOS. COFFEY, Esq.—I have had the pleasure of receiving your issue of December, and am pleased with the manner in which it is conducted.

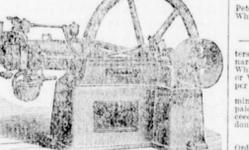
Strathroy, April 14th, 1881. Mr. THOS. COFFEY, Esq.—I have had the pleasure of receiving your issue of March, and am pleased with the manner in which it is conducted.

Strathroy, April 14th, 1881. Mr. THOS. COFFEY, Esq.—I have had the pleasure of receiving your issue of March, and am pleased with the manner in which it is conducted.

DOT IT DOWN! SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTTEN? CHAS. F. COLWELL, "THE PIANO AND ORGAN DEALER," HAS REMOVED TO 179 DUNDAS STREET, INSPECTION INVITED.

W. M. MOORE & CO. REAL ESTATE AGENTS, etc. Have a large list of Farms, Wild Lands and other property for sale.

"OTTO" SILENT GAS ENGINE. MANUFACTURED BY JOHN DOTY, ESPLANADE STREET, TORONTO. SAFETY! CONVENIENCE! ECONOMY!



DESCRIPTION. The Engine consists mainly of a jacketed cylinder with piston, slide valve and governor, all having a cast-iron body.

Cost of Running as Compared with Steam, and amount of Gas required. The Gas Engine requiring no boiler, avoids the expense of water-level feed pumps and steam pressure gauge.

DR. W. J. McGEHEAN, GRADUATE of McGill University, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

DR. WOODRUFF OFFICE.—Queen's Avenue, a few doors east of Post Office.

J. BLAKE, BARRISTER, AT-LAW. Office—No. 21 Dundas Street, London.

Miscellaneous. OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.—P. K. FINN, Proprietor. Rates \$1.00 per day.

FUNERAL FLOWERS WEDDING BOUQUETS PRESERVED IN A SUPERIOR STYLE BY MRS. COLVILLE, 471 QUEEN'S AVENUE, LONDON, ONT. UNDERTAKERS.

W. HINTON (From London England.) UNDERTAKER, & C. The only house in the city having a Children's Mourning Carriage.

KILGOUR & SON, FURNITURE DEALERS AND UNDERTAKERS HAVE REMOVED TO THE CRONIN BLOCK Dundas St., and Market Square.

OFFICIAL. LONDON POST OFFICE. MAILS AN UNUSUAL ARRANGEMENT.

Table with columns: MAILS AN UNUSUAL ARRANGEMENT, LONDON, ONT., and various mail routes and times.

THE GREAT IRISH NATIONAL CHROMO! ENTITLED THE CAUSE OF IRELAND. BEAUTIFULLY COLORED, SIZE, 22 X 28. SENT FREE BY MAIL! FOR \$1.00.

BOYD, WATSON & CO., LONDON. WHOLESALE IMPORTERS OF GENTS' FURNISHINGS, FANCY DRY GOODS, SMALL WARES, FANCY GOODS, STATIONERY, & NOVELTIES.

BOYD, WATSON & CO. (WHOLESALE ONLY)

CARRIAGES. LONDON CARRIAGE FACTORY J. CAMPBELL, PROP. All kinds of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs and Cutters manufactured, wholesale and retail.

CARRIAGES W. J. THOMPSON, King Street, Opposite Revere House. Has now on sale one of the most magnificent Carriages of the day.

CARRIAGES & BUGGIES IN THE DOMINION. Special Cheap Sale During Exhibition Week. Don't forget to call and see them before you purchase anywhere else.

BEST IN USE! THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. Is the most popular Baking Powder in the Dominion, because it is always of uniform quality.

W. D. McLAREN, 55 College Street, Montreal. Retail everywhere.

HANRATTY Will hold a daily Fair during the Exhibition, and make the grandest display of new DRY GOODS

MILLINERY, MANTLES, SHAWLS, GENTS' FURNISHINGS CARPETS, ETC., EVER MADE IN LONDON.

Cheap Goods and plenty of them for Cash Buyers. Large premises packed full. Come and secure Bargains at

HANRATTY'S DUNDAS STREET, NORTH SIDE. Opposite Ferguson's Grocery Store.

JUST ISSUED. THE GREAT IRISH NATIONAL CHROMO! ENTITLED THE CAUSE OF IRELAND. BEAUTIFULLY COLORED, SIZE, 22 X 28. SENT FREE BY MAIL! FOR \$1.00.

BOYD, WATSON & CO., LONDON. WHOLESALE IMPORTERS OF GENTS' FURNISHINGS, FANCY DRY GOODS, SMALL WARES, FANCY GOODS, STATIONERY, & NOVELTIES.

BOYD, WATSON & CO. (WHOLESALE ONLY)

CARRIAGES. LONDON CARRIAGE FACTORY J. CAMPBELL, PROP. All kinds of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs and Cutters manufactured, wholesale and retail.

CARRIAGES W. J. THOMPSON, King Street, Opposite Revere House. Has now on sale one of the most magnificent Carriages of the day.

CARRIAGES & BUGGIES IN THE DOMINION. Special Cheap Sale During Exhibition Week. Don't forget to call and see them before you purchase anywhere else.

BEST IN USE! THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. Is the most popular Baking Powder in the Dominion, because it is always of uniform quality.

W. D. McLAREN, 55 College Street, Montreal. Retail everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL HARVESTER EQUIPPED WITH OUR NEW RAKE. When we tell you the Imperial Harvester is the most perfect reaping machine made, we also lay before you the facts in order that you can judge for yourselves.

Our agents will have simple machines at different points for inspection during the winter and spring months, where you can see them and leave your orders. Or you can send your orders to us direct.

Our agents will have simple machines at different points for inspection during the winter and spring months, where you can see them and leave your orders. Or you can send your orders to us direct.

GLOBE WORKS, LONDON, ONT.

LOCAL NOTICES. THE SABBEST OF SAD SIGHTS.—The grey hairs of age being brought with sorrow to the grave is now, we are glad to think, becoming rarer every year as the use of Gingham Hair Restorer becomes more general.

For the best photos made in the city go to Fox Bros., 280 Dundas Street. Call and examine our stock of frames and pastpapers, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city.

Sugar, Sugar, Sugar, and Self-Sealing Gum Jars for the Preserving Season at Alexander Wilson's, Leblanc & Carling, Alex & Porter, Fine Cherry & Port Wines, Guinness, Dublin Stout at Alexander Wilson's, 323 Richmond, St., London.

Choice Florida oranges, Spanish onions, bananas, Cape Cod Cranberries, A. MOUNTAIN, City Hall.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—J. McKenzie has removed to the city hall building. This is the Sewing Machine repair part and attachmentemporium of the city. Better facilities for repairing and cheaper rates than ever. Raymond's celebrated machines on sale.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!! Are you suffering from a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the pain, soothe the child, and is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold every where at 25 cents a bottle.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering. "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back and Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and all kinds of Pains or Aches. "It will most surely quicken the blood and heart, as its acting power is direct to the heart, and it is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches in the Head, and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

THE GREAT IRISH NATIONAL CHROMO! ENTITLED THE CAUSE OF IRELAND. BEAUTIFULLY COLORED, SIZE, 22 X 28. SENT FREE BY MAIL! FOR \$1.00.

BOYD, WATSON & CO., LONDON. WHOLESALE IMPORTERS OF GENTS' FURNISHINGS, FANCY DRY GOODS, SMALL WARES, FANCY GOODS, STATIONERY, & NOVELTIES.

BOYD, WATSON & CO. (WHOLESALE ONLY)

CARRIAGES. LONDON CARRIAGE FACTORY J. CAMPBELL, PROP. All kinds of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs and Cutters manufactured, wholesale and retail.

CARRIAGES W. J. THOMPSON, King Street, Opposite Revere House. Has now on sale one of the most magnificent Carriages of the day.

CARRIAGES & BUGGIES IN THE DOMINION. Special Cheap Sale During Exhibition Week. Don't forget to call and see them before you purchase anywhere else.

BEST IN USE! THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. Is the most popular Baking Powder in the Dominion, because it is always of uniform quality.

W. D. McLAREN, 55 College Street, Montreal. Retail everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL HARVESTER EQUIPPED WITH OUR NEW RAKE. When we tell you the Imperial Harvester is the most perfect reaping machine made, we also lay before you the facts in order that you can judge for yourselves.

