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, DEC. 23, 1881.

NO. 167

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.

A CHRISTMAS CHAUNT.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

They ask me to sing them a Christmas song, That with musical mirth shall ring; How know I that the world's great throng Will care for the words I sing?

Let the young and the gay chaunt the Christ-mas lay,
Their voices and hearts are glad;
But I-I am old and my locks are gray,
And they tell me my voice is sad.

Ah! once I could sing, when my heart beat warm
With hopes bright as life's first spring;
But the spring hath fled, and the golden
charm
Hath gone from the songs I sing.

I have lost the spell that my verse could

weave
O'er the souls of the old and young;
And never again—how it makes me grieve—
Shall I sing as once I sung.

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Why ask a song? an! perchance you believe, Since my days are so nearly past, That the song you'll hear on this Christmas Eve, Is the old man's best and last.

Do you want the jingle of rhythm and rhyme?
Art's sweet but meaningless notes,
Or the music of thought? that, like the chime Of a grand cathedral, floats

Out of each word, and along each line, Into the spirit's ear. Lifting it up, and making it pine, For a something far from here:

Bearing the wings of the soul aloft From earth and its shadows dim Soothing the breast with a sound as soft As a dream, or a seraph's hymn;

Evoking the solemnest hopes and fears From our being's higher part. Dimming the eyes with radiant tears That flow from a spell-bound heart.

Do they want a song that is only a song. With no mystical meanings rife? Or a music that solemnly moves along— The undertone of a life?

Well, then, I'll sing; though I know no art Nor the poet's rhymes nor rules— A melody moves through my aged heart Not learned from the books or schools:

A music I learned in the days long gone— I cannot tell where or how— But no matter where, it still sounds on Back of this wrinkled brow;

And down in my heart I hear it still, Like the echoes of far-off bells; Like the dreamy sound of a summer rill Flowing through fairy dells.

But what shall I sing for the world's gay And what the words of the old man's song

The world, they tell me, is so giddy grown, That thought is rare: And thoughtless minds and shallow hearts

That fools have prestige, place and power, and fame, can it be true? That wisdom is a scorn, a hissing shame, And wise are few?

They tell me, too, thal all is vental, vain, With high and low; That trath and honor are the slaves of gain; Can it be so?

That lofty principle hath long been dead And in a shroud: That virtue walks ashamed, with downcast head, Amid the crowd.

They tell me, too, that few they are who own God's law and love; That thousands, living for this earth alone, Look not above;

That daily, hourly, from the bad to worse, Men tread the path, Blaspheming God, and careless of the curse Of His dread wrath. And must I sing for slaves of sordid gain .-

Or to the few
Shall I not dedicate this Christmas strain
Who still are true?

No—not for the false shall I strike the strings Of the lyre that was mute so long; If I sing at all—the gray bard sings For the few and the true, his song.

And ah! there is many a changeful mood That over my spirit steals; Beneath their spell, and in verses rude, Whatever he dreams or feels; Whatever the fancies this Christmas Eve Are haunting the lonely man; Whether they gladden, or whether they

He'll sing them as best he can. Though some of the strings of his lyre are broke This holiest night of the year, Who knows how its melody may wake A Christmas smile or a tear.

So on with the mystic song,
With its meaning manifold—
Two tones in every word,
Two thoughts in every tone;
In the measured words that move along
One meaning shall be heard,
One thought to all be told—
But under it all, to all unknown—
As safe as under a coffin-lid,
Deep meanings shall be hid—
Find them out who can!
The thoughts concealed and unrevealed
In the song of the lonely man.

I'm sitting alone in my silent room

I'm sitting alone in my silent room
This long December night,
Watching the fire-flame fill the gloom
With many a picture bright.
Ah! how the fire can paint!
Its magic skill how strange!
How every spark
On the canvas dark
Draws figures and forms so quaint.
And how the pictures change!
One moment how tievy smile
And in less than a little while,
In the twinkling of an eye,
Like the gleam of a summer sky.
The beaming smiles all die.

From gay to grave—from grave to gay,
The faces change in the shadows grey,
And just as I wonder who are they,
Over them all Over them all
Like a funeral pall,
The folds of the shadows droop and fall, And the charm is gone And every one Of the pictures fade away.

Of the pictures fade away.

Ah! the fire within my grate
Hath more than Raphael's power,
Is more than Raphael's per—
It paints for me in a little hour
More than he in a little hour
More than he in a lower in the pictures hanging 'round me here
This holy Christmas Eve
No partist's pencil could create
No painter's art conceive.
Ah! those cheerful faces
Wearing youthful graces;
I gaze on them until I seem
Half awake and half in dream.
There are brows without a mark,
Features bright without a shade;
There are eyes without a tear;
There are eyes without a tear;
There are eyes without a tear;
There are eyes won shall fade,
Fade into the dreary dark,
Like their pictures hanging here,
Lo! those tearful faces,
Bearing age's traces!

I gaze on them, and they on me,

l gaze on them, and they on me,
Until I feel a sorrow steal
Through my heart so drearlly;
There are faces furrowed deep;
There are faces furrowed deep;
There are eyes that used to weep:
There are brows beneath a cloud;
There are hearts that want to sleep.
Never mind! the shadows creep
From the death-land; and a sbroud,
Tenderly as mothers arm,
Soon shall shield the old from harm;
Soon shall wrap its robe of rest.
Round each sorrow-haunted breast.

—Ah! that face of mother's, Sisters, too, and brothers— And so many others, Dear'in every name— And Ethel! Thou art there

And Ethel! Thou art there—
With thy child-face sweet and fair,
And thy heart so bright
In its shroud so white;—
Just as I saw you last
In the golden, happy past,
And you seem to wear
Upon your hair,
Your waving, golden hair,
The smile of the setting sun—
Ah! me! how years will run—
But all the years cannot efface
Your purest name, your sweetest grace
From the heart that still is true
Of all the world to you;
The other faces shine

Of all the world to you;
The other faces shine
But none so fair as thine,
And, wherever they are to-night, I know
They look the very same
As in their pictures hanging here
This night, to memory dear,
And painted by the flames,
With tombstones in the background,
And shadows for their frames.

And thus with my pictures only, And the fancies they unweave Alone, and yet not lonely, I keep my Christmas Eve. I'm sitting alone in my pictured room— But, no! they have vanished all— I'm watching the fire-glow fide into gloom, I'm watching the ashes fall. And far away back of the cheerful blaze The beautiful visions of by-gone days

The beautiful visions of by-gone days

Are rising before my raptured gaze.

Al: Christmas fire, so bright and warm.

Hast thou a wizard's magic charm
To bring those far-off scenes so near

And make my past days meet me here?

Tell me-tell me-how is it.?

The past is past, and here I sit.

And there, lo! there before me rise,

Beyond yon glowing flame,

The summer's suns of childhood's skies,

Yes-yes-the very same!

I saw them rise long, long ago;

I played beneath their golden glow;

And I remember yet,

I often cried with strange regret

When in the west I saw them set.

And there they are again;

The suns, the skies, the very days

Of childhood, just beyond that blaze!

But, ah! such visions almost craze

The old man's puzzled brain!

I thought the past!

But, no, it cannot be;

Tis here to-night with me!

But, no, it cannot be; Tis here to-night with me!

How is it then? the past of men
Is part of one eternity—
The days of yore we so deplore,
They are not dead—they are not ded,
They live and live for evermore.
And thus my past comes back to me
With all its visions fair.

O, past! could I go back to thee, And live forever there! But, no, there's frost upon my hair; My feet have trod a path of care; And worn and wearied here I sit, I am too tired to go to it.

And thus with visions only, And the fancies they unweave, Alone, and yet not lonely, I keep my Christmas Eve.

I am sitting alone in my fire-lit room; But, no! the fire is dying, And the weary-voiced winds, in the outer

And the weary-voiced winds, in the outer gloom.

Are sad, and I hear them sighing.

The wind hath a voice to pine—
Flainlive, and pensive and low,—
Hath it a heart, like mine or thine?
Knoweth it weal or woe?
How it walls, in a ghost-like strain,
Just against that window-pane!

Air it were thred of its long cold flight,
And it were thred of its long cold flight;
Case, night-wind on the same?

This is a night of loy and peace,
And heaven and earth are glad!
But still the wind's voice grieves!

Perchance o'er the fallen leaves,
Which, in their summer bloom,
Danced to the music of bird and breeze,
But, torn from the arms of their parent trees,
Lie now in their wintry tomb,
Mute types of man's own doom.

And thus with the night winds only

And thus with the night winds only, And the rancies they unweave, Alone, and yet not lonely, I keep my Christmas Eve.

I keep my Christmas Eve.

How long have I been dreaming here!
Or have I dreamed at all?
My fire is dead—my pictures fied—
There's nothing left but shadows drear.
Shadows on the wall:
Shifting, filtting,
Round me sitting,
In my old arm-chair—
Rising—sinking
Round me, thinking,
Till, in the maze of many a dream,
I'm not myself; and I almost seem
Like one of the shadows there.
Well, let the shadows stay!
I wonder who are they?
I cannot say; but I almost believe
They know to-night is Christmas Eve,
And to-morrow Christmas Bay.

Ah! there's nothing like a Christ mas Eve To change life's bitter gall to sweet,

To change the source gan to sweet, And change the sweet to gall again; To take the thorns from out our feet— The thorns and all their dreary pain Only to put them back again. To take old stings from out our heart, Old stings that made them bleed and smart, Only to sharpen them the more, And press them back to the heart's own core.

Ah! no eve is like the Christmas Eve! An' no eve is like the Christinas Eve Fears and hopes, and hopes and fears, Tears and sighs, and sighs and tears, Sweet and bitter, bitter, sweet, Bright and dark, and dark and bright All these mingle, all these neet, In this great and solemn night.

Ah! there's nothing like a Christmas Eve! To melt with kindly glowing heat, From off our souls the snow and sleet, The dreary drift of wintry years, Only to make the cold winds blow, Only to make a colder snow; And make

In flakes so icy-cold and swift; Until the heart that lies below Is cold and colder than the snow

And thus with the shadows only, And the dreamings they unweave, Alone, and yet not lonely, I keep my Christmas Eve.

Tis passing fast !

"Tis passing fast!
My fireless, lampless room
Is a mass of moveless gloom;
And without—a darkness vast.
Solemn—starless—still!
Heaven and earth doth fill.
But list! there soundeth a bell,
With a mystical ding, dong, dell!
Is it, say, is it a funeral knell?
Solemn and slow,
Now loud—now low;
Pealing the notes of human woe
Over the graves lying under the snow!
Ah! that pittless ding, dong, dell!
Trembling along the gale,
Under the stars and over the snow.
Why is it? whence is it sounding so?
Is it the toll of a burial bell?
Or is it a spirit's wall?
Solemniy, mournfully
Sad—and how lornfully!
Ding, dong, dell!
Whence is it! who can tell?
And the marvelous notes they sink and so

Ding, dong, dell!
Whence is it? who can tell?

And the marvelous notes they sink and swell, Sadder, and sadder, and sadder still!
How the sounds tremble! how they thrill!
Every tone
So like a moan;
As if the strange bell's stranger clang
Throbbed with a terrible human pang.
Ding, dong, dell.!
Dismally—drearily—
Ever so wear'ly.
Far off and faint as a requiem plaint
Floats the deep-toned voice of the mystic bell;
Piercingly—thrillingly,
Icily—chillingly,
Near—and more near.
Drear, and more drear,
Soundeth the wild, wierd, ding, dong, dell!
Now sinking lower;
It tolletn slower!
I list, and I hear its sound no more.
And now, methinks I know that bell.
Know it well—know its knell—
For I often heard it sound before.
It is a bell—yet not a bell
Whose sound may reach the ear
It tolls a knell—yet not a knell
Which earthly sense may hear.
In every soul a bell of dole
Hangs ready to be tolled;
And from that bell a funerai knell
Is often, outward rolled;
And memory is the sexton grey
Who tolls the dreary knell
And nights like this he loves to sway
And swing his mystic bell.
Twas that I heard and nothing more.
This lonely Christmas Eve;
Then, for the dead I'll meet no more.
And or one of the surface of the sar-star-stole on

Night, be a priest! put your star-stole on And murmur a holy prayer Over each grave, and for every one Lying down lifeless there! And over the dead stands the high priest

Lying down lifeless there!
And over the dead stands the high pr
night,
Robed in his shadowy stole;
And beside him I kneel, as his acolyte,
To respond to his prayer of dole.
And list! he begins
That psalm for sins,
The first of the mournful seven,
Plaintive and soft
It rises aloft,
Begging the mercy of heaven
Topity and forgive,
For the sake of those who live.
The dead who have died unshriven
Miserare! Miserere!
Still your heart and hush your breath,
The voices of despair and death
Are shuddering through the psalm!
Misere! Miserere!
Lift your hearts! the terror dies!
Up in yonder sinless skies
The psalms sound sweet and calm!
Miserere! Miserere!
Very low, in tender tones,
The music pleads, the music moans,
"I forgive, and have forgiven,
The dead, whose hearts were shriven."
De profundis! De profundis!

De profundis! De profundis!
Psalm of the dead and disconsolate!
Thou hast sounded through a thousand years,
And pealed above ten thousand biers;
And still, sad psalm, you mourn, the fate
Of sinners and of just,
When their souls are going up to God.
Their bodies down to dust.

Dread hymn! you wring the saddest tears
From mortal eyes that fail,
And your notes evoke the darkest fears
That human hearts appall!
You sound o'er the good, you sound o'er the

And ever your music is sad, so sad, We seem to hear murmured in every tone. For the saintly, a blessing, for sinners, a

For the saintly, a blessing, for sinners, a curse.
Psalm, sad psalm, you must pray and grieve.
Over our dead on tais Christmas Eve.
De profundis! de profundis!
And the night chaunts the psalm o'er the mortal clay,
And the spirits immortal from far away,
To the music of hope sing this sweet-toned lay:

You think of the dead on Christmas Eve, Wherever the dead are sleeping; And we, from a land where we may not grieve, Look tenderly down on your weeping. You think us far; we are very near, From you and the earth though parted. We sing to enight to console and cheer The hearts of the broken-hearted.

The earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of its countless sleepers;
And the sleepless spirits that passed away
Watch over all earth's weepers.
Where we again in a brighter and,
We shall class each ever spoken;
We shall class each ever spoken;
And the class shall not be broken;
We shall meet again, in a bright calm clime,
We shall meet sgain, in a bright, calm clime,
Where we'l never know a sadness;
And our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas
chime,
With ranture and with gladness.

With rapture and with gladness.

The snows shall pass from our graves away,
And you from the earth, remember;
And the flowers of a bright, eternal May,
Shall follow earth's December.
When you think of us, think not of the tomb,
Where you laid us down in sorrow;
But look aloft, and beyondearth's gloom,
And wait for the great to-morrow.

And the pontiff, night, with his star-stole on Whispereth soft and low; Requiescat! Requiescat! Peace! Peace! to every one For whom we grieve this Christmas Eve, In their graves beneath the snow.

The stars in the far off heaven
Have long since struck eleven!
And hark! from temple and from tower,
Soundeth time's grandest midnight hour,
Blessed by the Saviour's birth.
And night putteth off the sable stole,
Symbol of sorrow and sign of doie,
For one with many a starry gem,
To honor the Babe of Bethlehem,
Who comes to men, the king of them,
Yet comes without robe or diadem,
And all, turn towards the holy east,
To hear the song of the Christmas Feast.

Four thousand years earth waited, Four thousand years men prayed

The prophets told his coming,

Their faces towards the future— They longed to hail the light That in the after centuries, Would rise on Christmas night. But still the Saviour tarried, Within His Father's home; And the nations wept and wondered why The Promised had not come. At last earth's hope was granted, And God was a child of earth; And a thousand angels chaunted The lowly midnight birth.

Ah! Bethlehem was grander That hour than paradise; And the light of earth that night eclipsed The splendors of the skies.

Then let us sing the anthem
The angels once did sing;
Until the music of love and praise
O'er whole wide world will ring.

Gloria in excelsis!
Sound the thrilling song!
In excelsis Deo!
Roil the hymn along.
Gloria in excelsis!
Let the heaven's ring;
In excelsis Deo!
Welcome now-born king.
Gloria in excelsis!
Over the sea and land;
In excelsis Deo!
Chaunt the anthem grand.
Gloria in excelsis!
Let us ait rejoice;

Glora in excesss:
Let us all rejolee;
In excelsis Deo!
Lift each heart and voice.
Gloria in excelsis!
Swell the hymn on high;
In excelsis Deo!
Sound it to the sky.
Gloria in excelsis!
Sing it, sinful earth!
In excelsis Deo;
For the Saviour's birth.

Thus joyful and victoriously, Glad and ever so gloriously; High as the heavens—wide as the earth, Swelleth the hymn of the Saviour's both.

Lo! the day is waking In the east afar; Dawn is faintly breaking— Sunk is every star.

Christmas Eve has vanished With its shadows grey; All its griefs are banished By bright Christmas Day.

Joyful chimes are ringing O'er the land and seas, And there comes glad singing, Borne on every breeze.

Little ones so merry Bed-clothes coyly lift, And in such a hurry, Prattle " Christmas gift!"

Little heads so curly, Knowing Christmas laws, Peep out very early For old "Santa Claus." Little eyes are laughing O'er their Christmas toys, Older ones are quaffing Cups of Christmas joys.

Hearts are joyous, cheerful, Faces all are gay; None are sad and tearful On bright Christmas Day.

Hearts are light and bounding. All from care are free; Homes are all resounding, With the sounds of glee.

Feet with feet are meeting, Bent on pleasure's way; Souls to souls give greeting Warm on Christmas Day. Gifts are kept a-going Fast from hand to hand : Blessings are a-flowing Over every land.

One vast wave of gladness Sweeps its world-wide way Drowning every sadness On this Christmas Day.

Merry, merry Christmas, Haste around the earth Merry, merry Christmas Scatter smiles and mirt Merry, merry Christmas, Be to one and all;

Merry, merry Christmas, Be to rich and poor! Merry, merry Christmas Stop at every door.

Merry, merry Christmas, Fill each heart with joy Merry, merry Christmas To each girl and boy.

Merry, merry Christmas, Better gifts than gold; Merry, merry Christmas To the young and old. Merry, merry Christmas! May the coming year ring as merry a Christmas And as bright a cheer.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Columbian.

About three years ago, a Mr Egbert Cleave, who as a Protestant minister had as good a right to assume the title of "Rev," as any of his brethren, made an effort in this city to establish a "Reformed Episcopal Church." He discovered that a good way to ingratiate himself with the preachers was to denounce "Romanism" and fill his vocabulary with such words as "Romish," "Popish," etc. His sermons were greedily reported by the local press, that did not hesitate to publish all the unjust assertions he made against the Catholic Church. After a short time Mr. Cleave's researches led him to inquire into the doctrines of the Catholic Church and he became convinced that he had been wrong, and the Catholic faith was the only true faith, in which alone he found contentment. He endeavored to make amends for all the wrong he had done the church and more effectually to repair the past, immediately announced himself as a lecturer in behalf of Catholic doctrine. We had no reason to doubt his sincerity. He co.nmenced no tirade on Protestants, but simply stated his reasons for becoming a Catholic. He was bur-lesqued therefor and the papers that eagerly gave his reasons for establishing a "Reformed Church" and contending against the Catholic Church, turned completely against him and denounced him as a traud. He continued his lecturing tour, meeting with great success, showing by word and example that he was sincere in his faith. We hear of him frequently through the Catholic

praise everywhere. Within the past few days the Columbus press has again attacked him and endeavored to make it appear that he and Guiteau are identical, and not succeeding in that, they content themselves in printing similarities, as they fancy, in the characters of the two individuals. This is contemptible, to say the least. At this time, therefore, when some journals are attack-ing his character, and another is advertising an immoral, hell-born book, by an apostate priest, it is consoling to find such a notice of Mr. Cleave, in the issue of the Springfield, (Mass.)

Herald, of Dec. 3: Mr. Egbert Cleave, a recent convert to Catholicism from the Protestant ministry, lectured at St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, on Sunday night last. Mr. Cleave is a fluent speaker, and his lectures are very well received. In the lecture he claimed that the only positive infidel is the apostate Catholic priest. From the possession of the true God, he falls into the possession of the devil-from the highest nobility and dignity of manhood to the lowest degradation and disgrace of animalism. Referring to the recently published charges of one of these deserters, who described the defection of Catholics, Mr. Cleaves said that after three years of initiation, with the very best advantage of observation and examination, he de-nounced the statement as brutally and infamously false, and declared that the standaid of Christian charity and morality, of honor, truth and purity, of self-sacrifice, abnegation and humility, for the temporal as well as the eternal, good of manhood, is highest amongst these "clergy, monks,

THE Milwaukee Catholic Citizen publishes the following sarcastic, but strained by the Government. very proper comment on a class of subscribers, with a few of which every paper in the country is no doubt blessed (?) They are very emphatic about the order to "stop the paper," but somehow, never consider themselves bound in conscience or otherwise to pay for it: "For the year just coming to a close we have cut off the list persons who took the paper because they were asked to take it, of course they took it. They would take the golden gates of heaven off their hinges if there were not an all-seeing God. They were persons who for years read the columns of some of the Catholic contemporaries, and then kindly withdrew without paying for the paper, telling them, "I have no farther use for

your paper."-Catholic Advocate. THE world says to Catholics when hey are misrepresented and spit upon, "sue for damages, if your character is injured." When St. Peter came forward to defend our Lord, on the evening of His arrest, he was reproached for his impetuosity in cut ting off the ear of the High Priest, and our Lord immediately healed the wound by a miracle. When Christ was mocked and spit upon, He who balances the Heavens and the earth complained not. His revenge was in His glorious Resurrection. The Catholic Church dis plays her Divinity by following such examples. Her glory will be revealed on Resurrection Day.

Catholic Review WILL the Pope leave Rome? We know not. We hope not. But it is impossible to say. Even he himself is in suspense on the point. In reply to a French Bishop, who recently expressed to him the opinion that it would be disadvantageous to leave Rome, he said: "As far as I am concerned, I am content to stay where I am, but should the outrages and threats offered to the church take a more distinct and personal form, I should be forced to make up my mind as to the best thing to be done under the circumstances." To-day, the Bishops now in Rome, will meet him and it is expected that he will address them on the critical condition of the Holy See, which indeed God will never abandon, but which may

have sore trials before it, to show its

strength and to test the fidelity and affection of us all for our ancient mother. It is the leading factor and always must be so, for it underlies and permeates the structure of all states at all times. Never yet has a people been found without a sense of the spiritual, and of a higher power outide man and the visible world, when they can find God nowhere else they seek him in the stars, in the sea, in the winds, in the stocks and stones, in animals even, in men whom they deify by setting them up above them-selves. It is in the nature of man to worship, and when he does not worship right he will worship wrong. Worship he must, and a state without worship, without reverence for a secret, invisible higher Power would at once dissolve into incoherent parts. Even the first French Revopress, which gives him unstinted lutionists, whose leaders were per-life.

sonally profound atheists, turned half in derision, half with a political sense to what they called the worship of reason; and when Robespierre came into power he proclaimed the existence of a Supreme Being, and made himself the high priest; when Napoleon Bonaparte crushed the Revolution, for the time being he hastened, though in a maimed and shackled way, to reinstate the Christian religion. There was a deeper truth than shown on the surface the sagacious saying of James I.: "No bishop, no king." Even Gambetta to-day is by no means prepared to go the length of his vivisecting colleague, Paul Bert, who would establish France on the purely scientific discoveries of modern invention as revealed in the retort, through the microscope and telescope, the ham-mer of the geologist, and the knife of the surgeon. Hard as Gambetta presses on the clergy and the church of the French people, he refuses to wholly destroy the concordat as framed by Napoleon, though he would pare down its provisions to their severest bounds. He may not wish a God for himself, but he is statesman enough to recognize the necessity of God to the French people, if he would govern them at all. the clergy would only be completely subservient to his will and assist in his schemes he would be eager to welcome their aid. Meanwhile he knows that they are too powerful an influence to allow to run loose through France, so to say, unre-

WE have not yet seen the last of the persecution of Jesuits in France. Only last week a new case arose wnich showed that members of religious orders in general, and Jesuits in particular, will be hunted down in France until there is not one of them left in the country. Abbe Labrosse is the principal of a flourishing school at Tours, to which the best families of that city are in the habit of sending their children. When the Jesuit schools were suppressed and the Jesuits turned out of their homes, Abbe Labrosse received several of them under his roof, and employed them as assistants in his school. For thus acting the part of a good Samaritan he was indicted to the disciplinary Court of the Academial Council of Poitiers, and last week judgment was rendered against him, whereby he is deprived for six months of the right of superintending a school. Yet, it should be known that there exists no law in France to prevent Jesuits from acting as teach ers, for the notorious 7th clause of M. Jules Ferry's University Education law, which was to have prescribed the Jesuits, was rejected by the French Senate last spring twelve

month. PAUL BERT, the Darwinian Minister of Public Worship in France, has not spoken yet. Al! he has done hitherto has been to do away with two of the four divisions of his department. It is not quite clear what that means, but there can be nothing doubtless about the plan of separation of Church and State started by Citizen Jules Roche, one of M. Bert's principal supporters: This distinguished member of the Extreme Left has laid a bill before the French Parliament of which the main fea-

tures are as follows: All the property of the Church or of religious orders to be confiscated. Churches and diocesan establishments to become the property of the State. French members of religious orders to receive an-nnities of £48 each out of the funds of

the suppressed convents. Priests to shift for themselves as well as they can. A pretty programme this. It is like filching a man's purse from him and offering him sixpence as hushmoney to keep a calm sough about it, as they say in Scotland. It would not be at all surprising if, in the regular course, the French Radicals were to proceed from the separation of Church and State to the proscription of all priests. We should then only want the temple of the Goddess of Reason and the guillotine for all believers, to make up the programme of the French Revolution.

Men are born with two eyes, but one tongue, in order that they should see

A great many people—perhaps a third of the population of large towns, and three-fourth of those in small ones—are far more anxious about the concerns of their reighbors than about their ownthat is, if we are to judge from what they

say.

Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect.
The former is more the product of brainpower, the latter of heart-power; and in
the long run it is the heart that rules in

Advent. BY E. M. V. M'CLEAN. He is coming! He is coming!
Heralded by angel strains.
Prince of all of earth glory.
Lord of Heaven with glory.
Lord of Heaven with the comains—
The Messiah!
Peace, good-will on earth shall reign.

From their snowy wings there slanted Brighter rays than deck the morn, Peace on earth, good-will," they chanted "Peace on earth, good-will," the Unto you a Child is born : Seek the Infant Who has Heaven's gl-ry worn.

And the shepherds found Him, lying
On the maiden-Mother's breast,
When the night was softly dying
In the opai-tinted West,
In a stable
Where the beasts had sought their rest.

From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SKELETON IN THE GARDEN.
Towards the close of a certain day in
January, some years removed from the
present date of writing, a snow-storm was
taking place in a Canadian city of note and position in its own country, but lit-tle known, save among the mercantile community, in the United States. The storm was one of the old-fashioned kind. hen the flakes fell softly and thickly, and thought not of stopping for two days at least; when you could not see to any noticeable distance through the feathery veil; and enjoyed many surprising en-counters in consequence; when the air rang with the music of invisible bells and human voices, and when every pleasure-loving heart was bright with the confi-dence of a month's uninterrupted sleighdence of a month's uninterrupted steigh-ing. Those were the good old times cele-brated in story and in song. Nature's generosity in the shape of a snowy, blowy, freezing winter was equalled only by the generous manner in which the Canadians celebrated its coming. In that city the winter has become a memory of the past winter has become a memory of the past, and so many changes have occurred in other respects as to make the period of which we write seem tinged with the romance of a century's distance. Then the woods ran close to the city limits, and occasionally, in spite of aldermanic fiats, still held with their rearguard some of the most popular thoroughfares. Now the virgin forest has fled northward and only a rim of venerable trees ornaments the surrounding hills, the

abundance and cool, dry days; in winter their a the cold fairly sparkled, and the snow fell stant.

waved across the snowfall from the west, where the sun was struggling, and not numerous, and foot-passengers, although they had severe struggles in the snowdrifts, more venturesome. In those streets where wealth and respectability dwelt, ladies in furs, coachmen in liveries, and gentlemen in greatcoats were coming and going to and from every mansion, so eager were all to greet one another after a long imprisonment of two days. O the cheerful, smiling young faces that shone on every side with a brightness which their hearts had stolen from the returned sun! And the blessed old faces pressed against the windows to the windows to see the younger ones departing, with the memories of an earlier and a similar time to lighten up the wrinkles and the fast-dulling eyes! What a sight it was even to the indifferent looker-on! The greetings that were exchanged, loud and ringing as the greet-ings of their own sleighbells! The pretty cries from the young ladies, and the manly tones of assurance that answered

and down through the long thoroughfares went the sleighs, a winter mosaic of colored robes and silvered harness and sparkling eyes, crossing and re-crossing the same streets, darting into side avenues and appearing again on the fashionable way, turning at times country-wards for a spin on the open roadway, and occasionally moving snail-like through a retired quarter, where nothing had escaped the mould of shabby gentil-ity save undying love. But at one of the most favored points an awkward blockade It was a wide avenue leading straight to the lake, and bordered just now by the skeleton of trees. The state-liest houses of that time here had their foundations, and the bluest-blooded of the city here sheltered their stately exclusiveness. On every gate gleamed a silvered inscription, and at every curb was a pol-ished and carved footstone for the horsewomen of the house-for riding was an accomplishment of those days, much as it is now neglected. The blockade was ex-tensive, and began in front of a building whose roomy grounds and numerous towers bespoke unusual wealth for the proprietor. Sleighs were constantly arriving to swell the throng already gathered, and, as the dwelling stood at the tion of two streets, a goodly and hetero-geneous crowd of vehicles was soon ranged

had crept from one of the chimneys of the stately dwelling, and was pushing its deft fingers along a part of the roof quite free from snow. The peril was not immedi-ate. Moreover, the servants had come to the rescue, and a sturdy fellow was craw-ling on hands and knees to the spot of dan

A little relieved from suspense, the silence of the crowd was soon changed into a murmur; and shortly the readier and a nurmur, and snortly the reader and more forward began to indulge their wit at the expense of their neighbors. Then the laugh followed, hilarity communicated itself with lightning speed to the whole assemblage, and it became clear that as the assemblage, and it became clear that as the danger to the dwelling diaminished the necessity of a speedy separation became more urgent. Some of the sleighs began to feel their way through the multitude—a proceeding which gave great offence to the majority, and brought down showers of sareasmand bitting repartee, not always of the most refined sort, upon the occupants. Others, not caring to risk receiving the same attentions, waited in silence and patience for escape from the situation, but showed plainly enough their distress and disgust. Prominent among these was a gentleman in the rear of the crowd, yet negative for the situation of the situation no far enough back to retreat in the direction whence he came. His turn-out was stylish and rich, but so subdued in its trappings as to attract more attention and envy from its extraordinary taste and re-finement than from its richness. He sat finement than from its richness. He sat quietly smoking a eigar and throwing contemptuous glances on those around him. They were as contemptously received as given. The crarser ones did not besitate to utter some sharp criticisms on his appearance, ambiguous enough, however, to apply to any gentleman in the crowd, and therefore not to be considered personal by any. Their attentions did not disturb his screnity or banish his looks of scorn. When at last they had become bolder, and their wit was edged with a broader personal their wit was edged with a broader personal processing the statement of when at last they had become bolder, and their wit was edged with a broader personality, he turned to his companion, who, holding the reins, had been as silent as himself, and said in a peculiarly cold, insulting tone: "Answer them, Quip," and returned to his cigar and his contempt.

An expectant rustle among the crowd followed the utterance of these words as

followed the utterance of these words, a shifting of seats, a craning of necks, and a stretching of ears-as if the answers which Quip had been commanded to make were t be of a crushing and conclusive nature. ward and only a rim of venerable trees ornaments the surrounding hills, the memorial of decayed glory, and a reproach to the civilization which banished so much of beauty.

The forest had been the guardian of the snow and the rain, and the friends of the rivers. Now the rivers run thin and tremulous to the lakes, shrunk into half their earlier size and deprived of all their loveliness; and the grandchildren of those who looked then with sparkling eyes and beating hearts on the piling snow, or drove day after day in the long winter season through the drifts to the tintinnabulation through the drifts to the tintinnabulation of the bells—those grandchildren, I sav, now wait hopefully and patiently for a storm which will give them one hour of pleasant sleighing, and many days of slushy, muddy discontent on the four wheels of a brougham. It was a city they demonstrating of expresses than the they demonstrating of expresses than the they demonstrating of expresses than the star work in the community of the premission or command of the gentleman with whom he sat woke him to no further demonstrating of expresses than the star work in the community of the commun slushy, muddy discontent on the four wheels of a brougham. It was a city of simple, homely pleasures in the main, and these abounded to the fullest extent. Nature, like the people, was generous in her giving. In summer there was rain in the fullest extent which I have compared to an arranging of ill-natured feathers. The enemy seized upon the gentleman's words as a veritable challenge, and, without waiting to inspect their antagonist crossed swords in an intheir antagonist, crossed swords in an in-

the cold fairly sparkled, and the snow fell as it is falling this moment when the story begins, in showers that left marble appearances as common as in the days of the Roman fame.

It had been snowing for two days, and indications of the clearing up of the storm were becoming apparent in the increasing volume of sleighbell music; in the rout and roar of the school-children whom careful mammas had kept within doors for any the following words in the distance; "unfold yourself, my hearty, to the public gaze. Don't be bashful, Mr. Quip." said a horsey-looking youth in the distance; "unfold yourself, my hearty, to the public gaze. Don't be bashful, Mr. Quip." said a horsey-looking youth in the distance; "unfold yourself, my hearty, to the public gaze. Don't be bashful, Mr. Quip." said a horsey-looking youth in the distance; "unfold yourself, my hearty, to the public gaze. Don't be bashful, Mr. Quip." You'll be handled as gently as a fresh mulfin."

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"Come out, Mr. Quip," said a horsey-looking youth in the distance; "unfold yourself, my hearty, to the public gaze. Don't be bashful, Mr. Quip. You'll be handled as gently as a fresh mulfin." kept within doors for and there doesn't seem to be end forty-eight terrible hours; but more than all in the broad banners of light that waved across the snowfall from the west, where the sun was struggling, and not applied to the structure of the s where the sun was strugging, and not vainly, to throw his strongest winter light on the snow-bound land and the frozen waters of the lake. Forms were becoming more distinct, sudden encounters less numerous, and foot-passengers, although needn't be afraid to touch me, Johnny, for you're too soft to stand on your own legs. You shouldn't be out without your papa." "A crack in a board wouldn't be harder to photograph han you, dear Mr. Quip," lisped the other. "In a small establishment you are just the one to fill up the cornersthat nobody uses from being too small to get into." "Perhaps you'd like to hire me," said Mr. Quip. "No, no, yet I could assure you of more food than you get in your present quarters." "More yet I could assure you of more food than you get in your present quarters." "More food to look at, perhaps; but I can do that every hour in the windows of butchers and grocers. You judge, Johnny, like a votary of the superficial world. You may feast on sirlion and honey, as it is said by the poet, and yet you can find people to swear that you are starved. But get a ton cont divinor at a Dutch and the superficial world. get a ten-cent dinner at a Dutch eating-house, borrow or beg a stylish rig which house, borrow or beg a stylish rig which you never intend to pay for, and you are supposed to live on the fat of the land." And the gentleman heaving a profound sigh, next burst into a series of explosive cachinnations that set all the horses prancing. "Now take my advice, dear friends," he continued blandly, as he saw indications of a break in the blockade: "pay your debts in this world, or the devil will collect them in the next and be exact. collect them in the next, and he exacts a hundred per cent.; don't take it hard that som men can ride in their own carriages while you must steal one or walk—the world is full of such inequalities of for tune, and your satisfaction is that an hour must come when all will ride in the same

kind of a coach; lastly, keep a civil tongue in your heads on all occasions. Adieu." The front rank of the blockade had broken as Mr. Quip finished his moral discourse with a prodigious wink in the direction of the friendly old gentleman. All the sleighs were in motion. Down and across two avenues the stream went pouring, the horses snorting and plunging gladly at their release from unwilling bondage, and the ladies and gentlemen sparkling and glowing, as to cheeks and eyes and conversation, with redoubled fer vor. Mr. Quip's enemies endeavored to make reply to his last onslaught when the movement reached their vicinity; but the bird-like fellow had already received his order, from the master, and with a bow of scornful politeness towards them, and a last and powerful wink at the merry old gentleman, had turned off into the drive of those grounds where stood the mansion northward and westward on the avenues.

The occupants stood on tiptoe of expectation. In the countenances of some not a little alarm was expressed, for a flame

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The occupants that the merry old gentleman, had turned off into the drive it is on the strength of these relations that of those grounds where stood the mansion old the clasped his hands in convulsive relative of the rich merchant I might have agony and fell on his face to the floor, held a precarious social position in this clet me bear all!

The wronged shall be

and as the doctor-for of the medical profession Mr. Quip's master turned out to be—alighted and came slowly up the steps its late occupant disappeared within the

Within the lamps had just been lighted, and their soft brilliancy fell upon the panelled walls and rich adornments of the rooms with an effect that took the eye of the physician mightily, although he had seen it all many times. Everything was seen it all many times. Everything was in perfect taste, and in keeping with the reputed wealth and fine social position of the man whose good fortune it was to hold the highest business reputation in the city. Doctor Killany looked around him with the air of one accustomed to live and move among such luxuries, and he seemed more absorbed in the investigate of resit more absorbed in the impatience of waiting than in actual observation of the costly comforts under his eve. Yet at that moment no picture could have been more distinct in the doctor's mind than more distinct in the doctor's mind than that of the miseralle, dingy bachelor rooms—miserable and dingy for his tastes and ambition, wretched by comparison with all this magnificence—which his income could with difficulty support in their tawdry grandeur. The doctor was a handsome man, not extraordinarily goodlooking, but with the personal beauty which regular features, fine teeth, bright eyes, a good figure, and a polished manner can give to the most ordinary mortals. His complexion was to uniformly pale to please, and a certain pinched expression of some of the features gave a pression of some of the features gave a rather sinister touch to his countenance. The eyes shifted too often from one object to another. The mouth had about it the faintest suspicion of cruelty, and in his moments of meditation his brow fell to His head was intellectual in shape and size, and rested proudly on his shoulders, but the jaw was too massive to make the effect complete, whatever firmness it gave to his expression. Standing under the glare of the lamps, Doctor Killany appeared no ordinary personage. No one would forget to take a second glance at his pale face and elegant form, wondering, perhaps, that one so favored by nature should be so little favored by grace.

The servant came shortly to usher him into the library, where Mr. McDonell

awaited him. The merchant sat in his easy-chair, near the grate, his face partly hidden by anewspaper, which he did not lay aside at the entrance of his visitor. He was an old man, if judged by the whiteness of his hair and the wrinkles of his face. Care and weariness were its prevailing expression, and these qualities seemed to deeper and broaden when Doctor Killany had entered, and, walking to the mantel, stood with one arm upon the marble shelf in an attitude of superb and yet insufferable familiarity. He was smiling down upon the white-haired gentleman, who, without removing his eyes from the paper, con-

trived to say;
"Will you not be seated, doctor? I sup-"Will you not be seated, doctor I suppose you are to stay for dinner."
"Thank you," the doctor answered,
"but my stay must be rather short. If
you could give me your attention for a
few moments I would be deeply grate-

many dollars.

restrained impatience.

prettily, and the avenues were block-

"It might have been an awkward thing for us," McDonell said, "if the engines of the fire department had become neces-

"So I thought. Miss Nano was in one avenue and I in the other. Neither was able to approach. Imagine our sensa-

"They must have been painful," said McDonell, with an amused smile.
"Indeed, indeed they were; but pardon

my abruptness, I have come to speak of your daughter."

The older gentleman put aside his paper at this, folded his hands, and looked into the doctor's shifting eyes so long as they remained fastened on him. It was an at-

remained fastened on him. It was an attitude of confident defiance.

"I allow you," he said, with a blandness which did not quite conceal the peremptoriness of his tones, "to associate with Vaste did not give the said." with Nano, to dine with her, to ride with her. I trust you have not the sublime impudence to desire any closer relations."

"To be plain with you, I have cherished such desires," said the doctor humbly, 'but subject both to your permission and to Miss Nano's in their expression. I am not a susceptible man, but your daughter's intellect,

"Her wealth and position," broke in the "Her wealth and position," continued Killany, undisturbed, "were a combina-tion of good qualities which neither my

beauty, and-

"Nor your interest." my interest, if you will so have it, could easily pass over; and being once prisoner so favorably, you may be sure I am not anxious to escape from my

chains."
"Not while the chains are golden, I'll be bound," laughed McDonell. "But you will never have from me—"
"I beg of you, sir," interrupted the

doctor, with a warning gesture, "for your own sake not to make any declarations which it may pain you to retract before !

His manner was gentle and smooth as usual, but contained a threat in its very "Your confidence would be amusing,"

said McDonell, growing a shade paler, the matter were less serious or our relations other than they are.

city and country; but as a poor professional I would not have dared to look up to the heiress with the boldness I at present assume. You see I am frank."

"It is one of your shining qualities," the merchant answered. "Yet, if you would deign to receive a little advice from the de not pressume too nucle.

from me, do not presume too much on this secret matter. Poverty is a great mis-fortune, but not the greatest, and I would suffer it in preference to many things. Besides, it has often occurred to me that restitution might as well be made now to those I have wronged as when I am on my death-bed. It must be made in any event." "Are there any to whom you could make it?" asked the doctor, with careless

but cunning indifference. "That is not to the point," the mer-chant replied, resting his head heavily on his hand; "if they do not live it goes to

the poor."
"Have you thought of your daughter McDonell raised himself haughtily, and

threw an angry glance at the doctor.
"I understand you," he said coldly.
"But Nano will not fail to follow her father into poverty, if it be necessary."
"And so to live after him?" questioned "And so to live after him?" questioned Killany, with the slightest suspicion of a sneer in his smiling face. "You do not know your daughter, Mr. McDonell. In spite of her philosophical pursuits, which she pretends teach her to despise everything; in spite of the careful education you thing; in spite of the careful education you have given her at the hands of strangers, Miss Nano has a high appreciation of the advantages of wealth. She has no religion. In fact, she despises all religions. A kind of philosophical morality has usurped religion's place. I believe that, if it were required, she would, as thristians say positions are the state of the s tians say, peril her soul to retain this wealth."

McDonell stood up, his face as white as the marbie mantel, his breath coming in short, quick gasps.
"You lie!" he whispered, " ou lie, you

The doctor smiled at his anger and earnestness. The agony of the father found no sympathy in his heart. An atheist himself, he could not see in the principles which it pleased Miss Nano to profess anything inconsistent with the or-dinary standard of virtue. He said nothing in answer to the intensely bitter and insulting words of McDonell, but busied himself with the papers, while the merchant, bowing his head upon the mantel, endeavored to recover from the sudden storm of anguish which had swept over his soul. Device the silves that his soul. During the silence that inter-vened neither saw the face which for a moment looked in through the partly-open door, and was reflected darkly, mournfully on the mirrors opposite. When the gentlemen resumed their conversation it was

gone.

"Tell me why you have come here tonight," said McDonell, composedly taking
his seat. "What more do you ask for?"

"The smallest of favors," said Killany;

"and I have never been exacting, consid-

The slightest shade of annovance passed over McDonell's face as he answered:
"It is not of so much value, sir, that your gratitude should be at all aroused. Do sit down."
"Thank you again," said the doctor smoothly; "but please excuse me. I must feel grateful—extremely so. The minutes of a business man, I have heard, represent so many dollars."

asked but little."
"Is it nothing," said the doctor, angered by the old man's tone out of his own calmness, "to know that the wealthy and stainless citizen, connected with the best families of the province, and a rising power in the political world, is, if you have the area out of his own calmness, "to know that the wealthy and stainless citizen, connected with the best families of the province, and a rising power in the political world, is, if you have the doctor, and the province of the province, and a rising power in the political world, is, if you have the doctor and the province, and a rising power in the

"In weak," the doctor acknow"In wish," the doctor acknow"In wish," the doctor acknow"In weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the doctor acknowthe real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the real am weak, "the doctor acknowthe real am weak," the real am weak, "the rea restrained impatience.

Doctor Killany drummed the mantle with his fingers for a few moments, and stared at the opposite wall. "You had a narrow escape a short time ago. I saw it from the street; the roof was blazing prettily, and the avenues were blockto risk tha ?"

and all with the great centre of unity, the Cross of Calvary. There has been from the beginning but one religion in the world, the religion of Jesus Christ, differ-"For Nano's sake, no," McDonell said: "and yet, as I have said of poverty, it isa great misfortune, but there are misfor-tunes still greater."

"To return to the object of this interview," said Killany—"and, I pray, leave off your silly innuendoes—I want your permission to woo your daughter honorably. It shall be in her power to reject me. I do not ask your influence—no, not even your neutrality. From me she shall never hear of the westwarts relative that hear of the unfortunate relations tha between us, and if you choose to leave her penniless at your death-hour it shall make no difference for me. Can anything be fairer? Could you desire

more in the wealthiest son-in-law?"
"Nothing more," McDonell answered carelessly. "I accept your conditions, and, further, there shall be no interference on my part. You have told me that I do not know my daughter. In the respects you have mentioned I do not, and trust that those hideous deformities of character may be as wanting in her as they are glaring in you. But this I do know," and smile of loving, fatherly confidence lighted for a moment the gentleman's haggard face: "she will never marry you. Oh! you may exercise the ingenuity and cunning of a devil, but she will never marry

"I take all risks," the doctor said gaily. "Faint heart never won fair lady."
Behold me in a twelvemonth your
"honored son in-law."

"honored son in law."

"I shall bid you good-evening," the merchant said wearily. "You have obtained your request. I would say, may you regret the hour when you first asked it, but that I am sure you will."

"Good-evening, sir," the doctor coolly responded. "I would also say, may you regret the hour in which you first granted it, but that I am sure you will. Your

it, but that I am sure you will. servant, sir.

And he bowed himself, smiling and triumphant, out of the room. For some moments Mr. McDonell remained in his drooping posture at the table. Then he

rose and surveyed his face at the glass.
"It must have been truth," he said with a sigh, "or it never would have struck with a sign, "or it never would nave struck home so keenly. O my child! my child! Through you God will punish me for my desertion of the orphans, for my desertion of the faith he gave to me and my fathers, for my love of power and wealth; ons other than they are."

But he did not finish his interrupted speech.
"Precisely," the doctor murmered; "and was your right. I must suffer doubly in was your right. I must suffer doubly in was your right.

righted; I shall repent through all my remaining years; but spare, oh! spare my child."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE APOSTLESHIP. We take the following extract from a lecture lately delivered by Dr. O'Callaghan, at Little Rock, Ark. When the heathen prophet stood on mist-wreathed Zophine, heaven controlled, his dark mind suddenly bathed with uncreated life, coming to curse but forced to bless the children of Israel, his eye was to bless the children of Israel, his eye was rivited with awe on the wandering taber-nacle of God, flashing in the golden pomp of morn. With the power of prophecy he gazed beneath the veil of that temporary, shadowy home of God. He saw the manra which the sky had poured upon the hungry bosom of the desert, and near it the rod of Aaron, the blooming sceptre of the Levitical priesthood, types and it the cod of Aaron, the blooming sceptre of the Levitical priesthood, types and symbols of a Divine Spiritual Manna, which a Priest infinitely greater than Aaron, a Priest forever according to the Order of Melchisidec, would give in his own Flesh and Blood, to nourish the souls of men in the desert of the world. souls of men in the desert of the world. "How beautiful indeed are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" Beautiful indeed when thy riches were only beggarly elements, the passing shadow of the "good things to come" which the Paynim saw, how much more beautiful they are to-day to the eyes of Catholic faith, which beholds here the substance of all partificants. here the substance of all sacrifices, the perfection of all worship, which builds here a "dwelling place for the Lamb of God" whom St. Andrew followed—which sees a whom St. Andrew Ioliowed—which sees a sanctuary as precious as the floor of heaven inlaid with patterns of burnished gold, which sees an altar which trembles like the cross of Calvary with the weight of One both Priest and Victim—the Lamb of God slain from the beginning of the world. If you would seek them like St. Andrew the place where the Messiah dwells, come to the door of this House of God, come to the gates of this sanctuary, built after the pattern in the Mount, come to the altar that rises upon the ruins of Mounts Geia-zin and Mount Zion, come and worship with the receipt heart, come and with the angelic host, come to this foun tain of everlasting life, come and know and adore, and receive the "gift of God." Your inquiry for the place where the Master of the Apostles dwells, if it be as sincere as the question of St. Andrew. will bring you here, to this new Calvary, to the mediator of the New Testament, to the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus which speaketh better than that of Abel On this altar rests the Lamb of God. who taketh away the sins of the world, who by His one oblation hath perfected forever them that are sanctified. All preceding them that are sanctified. All preceding sacrifices had no value of their own; they were efficacious only in as much as the prefigured the sacrifice of the cross. "For it was impossible that with the blood of oxen and goats, sins should be taken away; only the blood of the Lamb of

God, unspotted and undefiled, can redeen God, thispotted and undeflied, can redeem from sin, can cleanse the conscience from dead works to serve the living God. The sacrifice of the cross is then the centre of all religion, the well-spring of grace. It is the fountain from which flow all th streams of God's benedictions both in the Old and the New Law. Christ as a victim oid and the New Law. Christas a victim of the cross and on our altars is a magnet or load-stone that draws all things to Himself, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all things to Myself." Both the Jewish synagogue and the Catholic Church were born of the death on the cross, their sacrifices and sacred rites can be explained only by the sacrifice of the cross. only by the sacrifice of the cross, the one foreshadowing and prefiguring that sacrifice, the Catholic Church continuing it in its full reality. This truth shows us that there is a divine unity in all God's works, a unity that joins together all times and places, the law of nature and the law of Moses with the law of Christ,

ent in its degrees of completion but one and the same in substance. The first chapter in Genesis is the first page of the religion of Jesus Christ, the first page in the history of the Holy Catholic Church. The whole argument of the Apostle of the Gentiles in his sacrificial Epistle to of the Genthes in his sacrificial Epistic to the Hebrews is built upon the typical nature of the Old Law of sacrifice and its nature of the Old Law of sacrince and its necessary connection with the Law of Christ. It was the shadow of heavenly things. But there can be no shadow unless there is a body to cast it. There can be no pattern unless there is an original. What is the original? Christ answers the Apostle who was wrapt to the third heavens to drink in the beauty of the eternal altar, Christ, His sacrifice, His

And if all this be so, if the cross of And it all this be so, if the cross of Jesus Christ is the only solution to Judaic mysteries; if Our Lord might truly say to the Jews, "For, if you believe Moses, you would, perhaps, believe me also, for he wrote of me," if in the words of the learned Cardinal Newman, "the Patriarchal age may be called the pavement, the Mesis convert the series of th the Mosic covenant the superstructure, and the Gospel the roof and perfection of the Temple of Revelation; if all this be true, as it is, then we may naturally conclude that out of many systems claiming to be Christ's holy religion, that is His which most harmoniously corresponds to that gilded tent and tabernacle of Israel which thrilled with its splendor even the heart of the pagan Moabite prophet long centuries That is His which most perfectly fulfils its rites, for the type must answe to its anti-type, the pattern to its ori ginal.

Could it be that the religion of Jesus Christ, in its first stages, in its shadowy state, should be more rich in its ceremonial pomp, in the Divine ingenuity with which t appealed to the senses and imagination, as well as to the understanding and the heart of man, in the number and magnificence of its sacrifices, than the same religion in its state of completion? Could it be that art and music and poetry should gather as obedient hand-maids around the chair of Moses and be sanctified by the shadows cast backwards from the future Cross of Calvary, and that, when the chair of Peter; when the Cross was raised in very truth; when the bloody Sacrifice of the Level of Cled was vally consequented. the Lamb of God was really consummated; when the full light of Divine beauty and love was beaming from the pale features of the dead Jesus, that then, art, and poe-try, and music, and the dramatic ceremony

of worship, all of which you witnessed to-day, should like night-birds shrink back into the shadowy regions of the dead past. It cannot be, it should not be. Here on this altar where the Divine Master of St. Andrew dwelis, He can say, as He said when the vision of the cross broke upon his soul, "If I am lifted up. I will draw all things to myself. Everything true and good and beautiful is irresistibly drawn to the Catholic altar because everything true and good and beautiful gather around its true centre, the Cross of Jesus Christ. Everything that can sanctify man, whether it appeals directly to his love, or indirectly through the senses, is pressed into the ser-vice of the sacrifice of Calvary, prolonged through the ages. As naturally as the sun flower turns to the sun, so do all things beautiful and good turn to the Cru-

THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN.

How English Catholics of old Sang Her Praises.

The earliest Christian writers in England exhausted every epithet and title they could find to express the Immaculate purity and perfect sanctity of the Blessed Mother of God. Venerable Bede quotes the words of the Irish poet Sedulius:

"To her we sing
Who bore in time the world's eternal King,
And peerless in the human race has found
A mother's joys by virgin honors crowned."

To Bede she is the "Genitrix incorrupta," the Virgo incompara biliter benedicta"- the Mother undefiled, the Virgin blessed be yond compare.
St. Aldhelm calls her "the garden en-

closed," the fountain sealed up, "the one dove amid the threescore queens," and many other titles called from the mystic Canticle of Canticles.

The grave Alcuin writes verses in which

he names her "his sweet love, his honor, the great hope of his salvation, the Queen

of heaven, the flower of the field, the lily of the world, the fountain of life."

A manuscipt now in the University Library at Cambridge, called the Book of Cerne, and which belonged to Ethelwald, Bishop of Sherbourne in 760, contains the following prayer to the Blessed Virgin, a clear monument both of the faith and de votion of the Anglo-Saxons in the time of Venerable Bede: "Holy Mother of God, Virgin ever blest, glorious and noble, chaste and inviolate, O Mary Immaculate, chosen and beloved of God, endowed with singular sanctity, worthy of all praise, thou who art the advocate for the sins (peril) of the whole world; O listen, listen, listen to us, O holy Mary. Pray for us, intercede for us, disdain not to help us. For we are confident and know for certain that thou canst obtain all thou willest from thy Son, cur Lord Jesus Christ, God Al-mighty, the King of Ages, who liveth with the Father and the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. Amen."

This and much more we find in the

writers of the Anglo-Saxon Church; and thus they tried to express the idea of absolute sinlessness and perfect excellence which had been impressed on their minds by their first teachers in faith, and which was developed by their constant study of Holy Scripture and their meditation

Adam Scot, who wrote about 1180, speaks in the following glowing language of the honor due to the Mother of God: of the honor due to the Mother of God:
"Mary is our mistress, our advocate, our
sweetness and our life, our hope and our
mediatress. She is the Mother of God,
the Queen of angels, the conqueror of the
devils, the refuge of the miserable,
the solace of orphans, the help of the
weak, the strength of the just, etc. etc.
But these are words which will sooner be
exhausted than her prengatives will be exhausted than her prer gatives will explained, so great is the fulness of her

" Mary is the temple of the Lord. Like Anna in the temple of Jerusalem, let us not depart from it day or night. Let us venerate this temple, let us rejoice and exult in it; let us pray in it and hope in it; excite in it; let us pray in it and hope in it; and praying, praising, and trusting, let us not depart from it. The humanity of Christ is a holy temple, nay, the holy of holies, in which dwells all the fullness of the Divinity corporally. (Col. ii, 9.) But that temple also is holy, His blessed and glorious Mother, in whom He was conceived by the Holy Ghost and dwelt for nine months.

"O most glorious, most beauteous temple of the only-begotten Son of God, open to us the door of thy mercy and clemency: permit us to enter thee, and receive the prayers we offer in thee. We raise our voices to the Lord in thee, that He may hear our voice from His holy temple, and our cry may enter into His

ears.
"O my brethren, never depart from this temple; pour out your prayers and declare your tribulation within it. Mary is the Mother of Christ, and the prayer you present through her will be listened to by God, who born for us, yet yielded to be hers (qui pro nobis notus, tuttit esse tuus)."

A reporter heard a novel and effective temperance lecture in a saloon. He hap-pened to be there on business, and while he was talking with a man at one while he was talking with a man at one of the tables two fellows entered and approached the bar. One of them greeted the proprietor as a friend and called for whiskey. "No, Tom," replied the man behind the bar; "it's time you let whiskey alone. There isn't a worse drink you could put into your stomach. See here!" And then spilling a quarter of a glass of the whiskey on the bar the saloonist set fire to it. The liquor burned with a steady blue flame, and Tom and his friend gazed at it rather stupidly. One of them held his hand over the flame and remarked: 'It's something like hell, ain't it? "It's something like hell, ain't it? Yes," replied the saloon-keeper, "you've hit it just right! That stuff is hell—a liquid—and it hurre just like hell—a liquid and it burns just like that until even a and it burns just like that their even cast-iron, copper-fastened stomach is eaten through and destroyed. I tell you, boys, you can't do better than leave whiskey alone. That's my experience."

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe." DECEMBER 23, 1881.

An Enchanted Island.

A wonderful stream is the river Time. As it runs through the realms of tears With a faultless rhythm and a m

rhyme, And a broader sweep and a surge sublime, And blends with the ocean of years. There's a musical isle up the river Time, Where the softest of airs are playing, There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime, And a song as sweet as a vesper chime.

And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago, And we bury our treasures there; There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust, but we love them so;
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fangments of songs that nobody sings, And a part of an infant's prayer; There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings, There are broken vows and pieces of rings, And the garment she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear, through the turbu-lent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone be-

When the wind down the river is fair. Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle, All the day of life till night! And when evening comes with its beautiful smile. And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile, May that "Greenwood" of soul Le in sight.

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Interesting Sketch of a Michigan Pioneer Priest.

Editor of The Pilot :- Being down here Editor of The Pilot:—Being down here in Florida for the purpose of founding a Catholic colony, when, by chance, the "Report of the Pioneer Society of the State of Michigan, vol. 1, Lansing, George & Co., 1877," came into my hands, I naturally ran through it to notice what trials the migrace of that country was trials the pioneers of that country met with in their efforts at settlement there. In doing so, I came across some matter I had long been looking for. I had heard, in a vague sort of way, that we had once in this country a Catholic priest as a meber of Congress; but when, or from where or what manner of man he was, I had never heard, but I found the whole history in the volume I am speaking of. I find the name indexed as Rev. Gabriel Richard Jesuit priest, Vicar-General, etc., and tha mention is made of him quite frequently namely, on page, 345, 347, 371, 385, 438 443, 450, 479, 481, 482, 486, 487, 491, and 495. This, to begin with, will give you some idea of how large a space he fill in the annals of the Pioneers of Michi

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was overcome by the arguments and illustrations of Mr. Hickox. Father Richard was "overcome" by the "illustrations," of Mr. Hickox, but your Catholic readers will see that it was fer a very different reason from that imagined by the compla-cent Dr. Pilcher, who, in his entire ignor-ance of the reverential awe with which Catholics contemplate the doctrine of

transubstantiation, innocently furnishes the explanation of Father Richard's silence.

Mr. Hickox, declaiming against the doctrine in question, wound up with a very gross illustration to prove its absurding the control of the contr dity. Dr. Pilcher reports: "Here Mr. Richard colored, as if displeased, but made no reply. The subject was continued, but he would only say, with a bland smile, "Mr. Hickox, you are the first Protestant preacher I ever conversed with. I must ay it is a mystery."

And Mr. Hickox, in his ignorance, took

this action of Father Richard as a con-fession of weakness in what Mr. Hickox seems to have thought was an argument. Dr. Pilcher recounts that Father Richard received Mr. Hickox on this occasion "with all the politeness which a Frenchman is capable of exhibiting; which, by the way," he adds, "cannot be exceeded by any other people." He does not see the it was this politeness as well as darsain. that it was this politeness, as well as despair of forcing an argument through the brain of the self-satisfied Hickox, which pre-vented Father Richard from entering at ll into the discussion.

But Mr. Hickox was elated. He had silenced the learned Father Richard. He came again, as related by Dr. Pilcher:
"On another occasion Mr. Hickox was

passing his house, and felt suddenly moved to call, not knowing what topic to intro-duce. Mr. Richard met him very cordially at the door, when Mr. Hickox re-marked: "Mr. Richard, I did not inten I to call, but I felt suddenly impressed to ask you one question." Mr. Richard said quickly, "Ask it. What is it?" When

and much more his apologist, the learned Dr. Pilcher, ought to have seen the ab-surdity of Mr. Hickox's so solemnly put question, but no; Mr. Hickox continued: "Then I must tell you what the Scriptures say you are; that you are a blind leader of the blind, and both will fall into the ditch. You say you are leading a number of people into heaven, and yet do not know the way yourself. Now, get converted your-self, in the name of God, sir, and then you self, in the name of God, sir, and then you will be a safe guide to your people. That is all I have to say. Good-by, sir." So he left him. All of this is set down in the left him. All of this is set down in the annals of Michigan as a glorious triumph of Mr. Hickox over simple old Father Richard. "So he left him," the story complacently ends, presumably (doubtless they would have the inference go) in deep thought, troubled in mind, by the arguments of Mr. Hickox's but Father Richard was not a Frenchman for nothing, and if we could have been behind the scenes after Mr. Hickex's departure we would doubtless have seen the mercurial father pacing up and down his room, beating his head and exclaiming, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Comment est-ce qu'on peut etre si

stupide!"
"Can one be so stupid and live!"

nished the timber for St. Ann's Church, in Detroit, on contract with Father Richard, and did a large share of the work with his own hands. Father Richard would say, own hands. Father Rechard Would and, "St. Bernard, don't let the moss grow on your axe handles!" "No, Father, I for the

ew timber; you for the pray."

But the bonanza of information as to Father Richard is from pages 481 to 495, inclusive, the "Life and time of Rev. Gabriel Richard, by J. A. Girardin. Read before the Detroit Pioneer Society, December 19, 1872."

This I condense and compile as follows, intersecting occasional remarks. "Gabriel Richard was born at Saints, in the Department of Charente-Inferieure, France, on the 15th day of October, 1764. On his mother's side, descended from the family which gave Bossuet to France and the world; made theological studies at Angiers: later at Losy, near Paris, to qualify himself for admission as a Sulician; ordained priest in 1791, the time of the great French Revolution; a bad time for priests in France, so he was sent to Baltimore in 1792 to join the Sulpicians who had been established there in 1791; was sent immediately on a pastoral charge to a place in Illinois, the name of which, as Cervantes says in Don Quixote, I do not wish to remember, for Father Richard reports of it: "The people of this post are the worst in all Illinois. There is no eligion among them, scarcely any one attending Mass, even on Sundays; intemperance, debauchery and idleness reign supreme." (Illinois places, please don't all speak at once.) After six years service in Illinois, he was transferred to Detroit, arriving there the feast of Corpus Christi, 1798. At that time the mission of Detroit and vicinity contained some 1,800 Catholics, mostly French, who had been ministered to by Father Leradoux, who, advanced in years, was, at his own request, permitted to return to his native Speaking of Father Richard, M.

rardin says:
"Hardly had he been installed pastor than he commenced, as a good spiritual father, to provide his flock with all the elements of religion and education. cation was at this period at a very low ebb, and his great aim was to stimulate his parishoners with a love of learning. He left no stone unturned for the accomplishment of this purpose. He would here and there, as occasion required, have schools established for their benefit, and, by his zeal and eloquence, he thundered forth from his pulpit in language so clear and forcible, that his flock soon what he preached he not only himself followed and practised, but would require them to follow and practise. He was in-defatigable in the discharge of the duties of his ministry and very austere in his

course, as a graduate of St. Sulpice in Paris he must have been; which makes me interject here, that when the Methonic interject here, that when the Methonic interject here, that when the Methonic interprets of the State Paris he must have been; which makes me interject here, that when the Metho-dist preacher, Mr. Hickox, assailed him that morning with the "solemnly put" question, "Was you ever born again? Did you ever see the time when you were in a justified relation in the sight of heaven?" In his astonishment at this new doctrine he naturally, and doubtless with amazement, answered, "Never! never!"

He traveled much in Michigan, visited the outposts, labored with the Indians, but reports sadly, that "English rum has destroyed more Indians than ever did the Spanish and I Spanish sword.

Returning to Detroit after this trip, he enlarged the church there, and, with his assistant, Father Dilhet, commenced an educational institution which they designed to be a nursery for young men for the sanctuary.
This leads Mr. Girardin to take up the remark of Mr. Wilkins, before referred to,

on which he directed his remarks person ally to Mr. Wilkins, exclaims:—
"A most unjust, and if not, a malicious "A most unjust, and if not, a malicious assertion. You were either ignorant on this subject or else you were guilty of pandering to the taste of your audience. Father Richard did approve of the education of the masses. For proof of this, his first effort was jointly with Father Jean D.lhet, who both, in 1804 opened a school whose field of operation was the education.

who e field of operation was the education of young men for the ministry. . . . And in 1804, mainly through his exertions, a young ladies' academy wastarted. His first effort was the introduc quickly, "Ask it. What is it?" When Mr. Hickox inquired, with great solemnity, "Was you ever born again?" (Was you ever? sic.) "Did you ever see the time when you were in a justified relation in the sight of heaven?" The reply was, "Never! never!"

Was you ever born again?" (Was you for August, 1809, issued the first newspaper west of the Alleghany Mountains, called the Essai du Michigan, or Impartial Observer, and the same year published the first prayer-book, of which I have a copy." tion into the territory of the first print-

M. Girardin continues his stricture on Mr. Wilkins for his unwarranted slurs on the memory of Father Richard, but we are used to the Wilkins style of dirt-throwing, and it does not annoy us now as much as it used to, so I pass on to other matters.

Father Richard's church in Detroit,

which had been erected by Father Rocque, a Franciscan missionary, in 1750, was destroyed by the fire of 1805. "By this accident he found himself under the necessity of occupying a large warehouse, situedge of th to Mr. Meldrum, for the purpose of a church, which he used for some six years. "The name of the Parish of St. Anne

was given by Father Bonaventure who here in 1772, on the anniversary feast of that saint.

Reporting to Bishop Carroll, Father Richard writes: "As it will be very difficult to have a church built here without ome assistance from abroad, I will suggest the raising of a subscription among the Catholics of Maryland;" another the Catholics of Maryland;" another illustration that the honor of being a Metropolitan See is not without its penal-

Father Richard, from the first, set himself seriously to the task of learning English, and when, in 1807, the Governor of "Can one be so stupid and live."

I omitted to notice, on p. 443, a reference to Father Richard, illustrating some things of the olden time.

"Old Mr. St. Bernard comes in for a "Old Mr. St. Bernard comes in fo He fur- and "held his English meetings at noon, every Sunday, in the Council Houe, where he delivered instructions on the general principles of the Christian religion; the principles to be adopted in the investigation of truth; the causes of our errors; spirituality and immortality of the soul, and the evidences of Christianity in

He could not talk to the reverend Mr. Hickox very well, but he could meet the Governor of the Territory and other gentlemen of the place in the Council House of the State, command their attention Sunday after Sunday to his elucidations of questions as mentioned above, and yet Dr. Pilcher, a D. D., can condescend to print his twaddle about the Reverend Mr Hickox and Father Richard. Dr. Pilcher innocently says: "These incidents are characteristic of the tact and talent of Mr. Hickox." Just so! characteristic is a dangerous word to use, sometimes. I forgot Mr. Hickox did not continue in the active ministry, but settled down on a tarm in consin. He had more sense than might

have been supposed after all.

To come back to Mr. Girardin's memoir, "Father Richard, by his fearless advocacy of American principles and denunciation of the tyranny of England, had made himself obnoxious to the British, who, in the war of 1812, violently seized and carr ed him a prisoner to Sandwich, near this city (Detroit). During his captivity, he, his eloquence and influence over the barbarous Indians, persuaded many from torturing American prisoners who unfortunately fell into the hands of the British under the disgraceful surrender of Gen.

"Upon his return to Detroit the consequences of the devastating policy was seen in an extreme dearth of food bordering on famine, to which his people were reduced. His first attention was therefore imperiously demanded for the relief of large quantity of provisions, and distributed them gratuitously to all who were in need, and as long as scarcity lasted so long did his untiring charity continue to be the living providence of the des-

Richard rendered important service to his

and welfare of the United States. this region, came up to remove an interdict which had been laid on the parish on the Our Father, Hail Mary, the Apostles' account of the misconduct of the church trustees and those who sided with them. God, without the slightest mistake. M.

every one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, he commanded the highest respect from both Catholics and Protestants. He was a profound theologian, a good speaker, and good mathematician, also a good composer of music."

"He was a profound theologian," of currse, as a graduate of \$1.5 solo of \$1.5 s a substantial omen of permanent peace.

church of the twenty-fifth State. This led Father Richard to enlarge the plan which correspondingly emptied his purse, and he got into financial trouble. He finally devised a scheme of practically coining money. He issued bils payable on demand in a property of the control of the cont money. He issued bills payable on de-mand, in amounts of one dollar and less, and the workmen accepted them and put them in circulation. After a while he began redeeming them. The first thing he knew, he had redeemed about \$800 of counterfeits of his own bills! There were some enterprising people in Period some enterprising people in Detroit, even back as far as 1818. Of course he stopped the banking business then and there, and had the bills registered to stop any further development of the had the only registered to stop any fur-ther development of the enterprise in question. But how to redeem the genuine bills was a question. He now conceived another scheme. There were lots of fine fish in the property of the state of the fish in the river at Detroit. He structed fishing seines and went into the fish business. He had wonderful fish business. He had wonderful "catches." He salted, packed and shipped the fish to Eastern cities, and made mo enough to clear his debt and go on with Cathedral church, and imported from France an organ,—the first organ brought into Michigan. It is still used in St. Joseph's church in Detroit. The Father was a musician, a composer even, and he likewise imported a piano from France.

THE FIRST PIANO BROUGHT INTO MICHIGAN. In 1821, he made another tour of his parish-parish in name but diocese in ex- fear, but in the midst of this awful epid tent-spent three weeks at Mackinaw, got | mic, where was Gabriel Richard? Marquette was buried, marked the place with a cross, on which, with his pen-knife, he carved an inscription, "Father J. Marquette, died here 9th of May, 1675." On the following Sunday, after Mass, he with his congregation made a processional pil-grimage to the grave, where he pro-nounced a discourse. In the fall of 1821 he visited Chicago, St. Louis, and Bards town, Kentucky, were he was present at the ordination of Father Badin, who was appointed his assistant at Detroit. In cember, 1822, there were, as Father Richard writes to Archbishop Marechal, of Baltimore, only five churches or chapels in Michigan and the northwest, with a Catho lic population of 6,000 whites, and a number of Indians. For the services of this immense district of country, Father had no assistance but that of the

Rev. Father Badin, above mentioned. Now we come to the time of his Con gressional honors. In 1823, he was elected Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Michigan, over two competitors, namely, Gen. John R. Williams and Mayor John Biddle. Mr. Girardin says: "The contest was warm and quite animate ! contest was warm and quite animate i. Several addresses of a very inflammatory character were published, and, of course, all directed against him, but the humble priest and honorable citizen was elected by

large majority."
Mayor Biddle, however, would not acquiesce in the popular verdict, and claimed the seat on the technical ground that Father Richard was not a citizen of the United States; but the committee on elections decided that under the organic act for Michigan, providing for a delegate to Congress, it had not been declared that Congress, it had not been declared that citizenship was a necessary qualification for the office, and that therefore Major his record as a member of Congress, Mr. Girardin, says: "His demeanor in the House commanded great respect. He spoke but little, and that little wisely, and did much for his constituents and for the The appropriations for roads, Union. made at his instance, and other acts, attest the efficiency of his services in the national legislature. Through his exertions he suc eded in having appropriation bills passed for the opening of several roads which now lead into our beautiful city, such as the Fort Gratiot road, Pontiac road, Grand River road, and the Chicago road, all of which will stand as a perpetual monument to his industry and zeal for his constitu-ents. And while there he exerted himself in behalf of the Indian tribes who beonged to his flock, and who had made him the bearer of many petitions to the President of the United States."

Members of Congress say they cannot live on their salaries, nowadays, salary was much smaller in the Hon. Mr. Richard's time, yet he managed to save nearly the whole of it, and all that he saved was applied by him to liquidating the debt on his cathedral church in De

The Rev. Father and Prince Galitzin said to him, "When I heard of your elec-tion to Congress I disapproved of it at but I have the honor to inform yo that if you can manage to have a seat in Congress all your life, you will do more good for religion with your salary than many other missionaries will do with all

heir zeal and preaching,' Probably influenced by this letter, Father Richard allowed himself to be put forward for re-election. In his first can-vas he was elected almost entirely by votes of Protestants. In his second canvass he fell six votes short of the He was defeated by the opposing votes of French Catholics, who assigned as the reason of their opposition

ute.
"As a citizen of the United States, Fr. chard rendered important societies. After supplicating a priest for his tribe. After supplicating adopted country, and his example will always shine prominently among the many instances which have signalized the true and fervent devotion of California, and also he most earnest manner f many instances which have signalized the ing, men, women and children, and also true and fervent devotion of Catholic fasted two days before Sunday, according clergymen of foreign birth to the honor to the tradition of their ancestors, "The and welfare of the United States."

In 1817, Bishop Flaget, of Kentucky, who had succeeded to the jurisdiction of this region, came up to remove an interhad made. This priest was a perfect gentleman and a fine scholar, very shrewd in making proselytes to his church." He then recounts what he puts forward as a theological discussion between Mr. Hick-ox and Father Richard, and leaves the inference to be drawn that Father Richard country from the coordinate of the was courteous and affable to of his ministry and very austere in his making proselytes to his church." He was received with great honor. "The discharge of cannon announced the approaching ceremony. The music of the United States regimental band mingled with that of the chanters in the procession. Addresses were delivered in French is assistant in that country from 1798, that at least one generation had been thus

bereaved, and from the expression of Poke-gon, that they prayed "according to the tradition of their ancestors," it may be they had had none since the days of Mar-quette in 1675. M. Girardin says that Father Richard was deeply moved at this interview, and that by the means which had been placed in his hands by the "Association for the Propagation of the Faith,"

he was enabled to provide more effectually for the district under his charge. In the year 1832, Father Richard was invited by the Historical Society of Michigan to deliver their anniversary discourse but the invitation coming on February 28, he was obliged to say, "the multiplicity of my clerical functions during the forty of fifty days preceding and as many follow-ing the holy days of Easter, and several other pressing and uncontrollable circumstances do imperiously prevent me from accepting a task which I consider a duty in all good citizens, to assist in preserving for the benefit of the society the facts of the early transactions which have taken place in our Territory." He furnished, however, a little sketch of how, in his opinion, the discourse might be prepared.

We now come to the death of the good We now come to the death of the good Father, and as every detail connected with the close of so heroic and self-sacrificing a life is worthy of preservation, I quote at length from M. Girardin's interesting account of it:

"In the year 1832, that scourge of nations, the Asiatic cholera, smote the people of Detroit and laid prostrate many of its inhabitants—friends and foes, the young and the old; the delicate and the strong were not spared, and Detroit pre-sented at this dreadful season a deserted city, with nearly one half of its inhabi-tants either dead or dying, and the rest having taken fight to other parts through tions of religion to them, night and day though afflicted himself with symptoms of, the prevailing epidemic for nearly three

months, and most of the time greatly debilitated, he never ceased to discharge the duties of his office, with his accustor zeal, until at length he was completely overpowered by disease. When a few days after the attack, he was told he could not survive it, he expressed his willingness to die, and after receiving the last righess to die, and after receiving the last sacraments of the Church he calmly expired with those words of Holy Simeon on his lips, "Now, O Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant according to Thy word in peace." His death took place on the 13th day of Sentember 1829, at the gas of 13th day of September, 1832, at the age of 67 years, 11 months and 2 days, after exercising the ministry, nearly alone, for e space of 24 years, and after a residence in the city of 34 years and 6 months

Thus died Gabriel Richard, after a long life devoted entirely to God and manhind. Hardly had his immortal spirit left his mortal body than the news of his death spread throughout the city with the rapidity of lightning, and all classes and religious denominations vied with each other in mingling their deep sorrow at such a loss. He had their deep sorrow at such a loss. He had gone to that bourne from whence no on gone to that bourne from whence no one returneth. His place could not be filled, it has not since, neither will it ever be. His death was a public calamity. The funeral day came, and his remains, dressed with the robes of his sacred office, lay state in the scantuary of his church, with his face exposed to the view of his congregation. who had come from all quarters to take a alast glimpse of him. His remains were followed to the grave amid the solemn tolling of all the bells in the city, and followed by a large concourse of citizens of all classes and denominations, who evin the deepest sorrow at their afflicting

bereavement. After having been buried in the cemtery about three years, he was exhumed for the purpose of being transferred to a stone vault which had been prepared to receive his remains, under St. Anne's Church, where he is still entombed. At the time of his being exhumed, his coffin was opened and his remain were found to be intact. His face appeared the same as upon the day he breathed his

Bishop Fenwick recommended him some years before his death as a priest eminently qualified by his zeal, learning and piety, to be appointed first Bishop of Detroit, and Mr. Girardin says: "This woul undoubtedly have occurred had be not been involved in an unfortunate lawsuit with a member of his congregation, and which caused him to be imprisoned and which was incompatible for a bishop who had to visit his diocese. Mr. Girardin gives no further explanation of this matter than that quoted above. He then closes his tribute with these eloquent words:—

Such was the life and character of Ga. briel Richard, Vicar-General of Mich s mortal remains now lie entombed in his own beloved church, and his immortal spirit has ascended to the God who gave but the influence of his wise cour his holy zeal, his Christian example, re mains with us yet. It lives in the best affections of his people who yet survive im, and is engraven upon their memories warms and invigorates their hearts a they assemble to worship God in the tem-ple reared by his exertions; it tends to en them alive to the holy influence the religion he so ardently inculcated among them, and to guide their footsteps in the pathway of religion and virtue. May that influence continue in all its freshness and vigor until the Mighty Angel, plant-ing one foot on earth and the other on the ocean, shall lift his hand to heaven and swear by Him that liveth forever and ever,

that time shall be no more. "May it resist the empire of decay.
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away: Coll in the dust the perished heart

But that which warmed it once can never

And now, Mr. Editor, having carefully ollected from the volume in question all f its references to this chivalrous son of France, and spiritual father to so many pioneers of the great Northwest, I commit them to your care, feeling sure you will take equal pleasure in preserving them for future rememberance.

Tallahassee, Florida, Nov. 14, 1881.

Time is for man; eternity is God's.

THE NUN OF KENMARE AT KNOCK.

To the Editor of the Universe To the Enter of the Universe.

S1R,—As a paragraph has got into many papers with an incorrect account of my visit to Knock, I beg your kind insertion of the following. Such reports, from whatever source they emanate, do incalculable harm, as they throw discredit our real wiresless.

on real miracles.

The facts are simply as follows: I obtained permission to visit Knock, as Archdeacon Cavanagh was anxious that I should found a convent there, if possible. I went there, accompanied by the chaplain of Kenmare, nor expected a miraculous cure; in fact, I may say truly, the idea never even crossed my mind. For the last four years I have been unable to kneel down for one instant, even to re-ceive the Holy Communion; from acute rheumatism. On approaching the place where the Blessed Mother of God is said where the Blessed Mother of God is said to have appeared I knelt instinctively, and on rising in a few moments I found I was perfectly cured of this long-stand-ing malady. Both Archdeacon Cavanagh ng maiady. Both Archaeacon Cavanagn and my confessor—the Rev. M. Neligan, C. C., of Kenmare—were present. How far this may be termed n miraculous cure I leave it to ecclesiastical authority to decide. Probably, however, it is only one of those cures for which the recipient may indeed thank God, but which could not

be accepted by ecclesiastical authority for the confirmation of a devotion. I am very ignorant of theology; but I believe a number of such cures would carry weight if several perfect miracles are proved. Archdeacon Cavanagh has already several medical certificates testify ing to miraculous cures; but we must wai the wise and patient ways of the Church. I can only say that, so far from expecting a cure for myself, when I found myself on ny knees, and knew that I should rise in few minutes, I thought first how was to get up without assistance, and was am azed, on making the effort to do so, to find myself perfectly able. My confessor, the Rev. M. Neligan, C. C., can testify to the years during which he has given me Holy Communion sitting, though I tried again and again—and even lately was quite unable-to kneel.

It was incorrectly stated that I was carried into the church. This was not true; but I believe the marvellous restoration of my health-which has been granted to me through the infinite mercy of God-is quite as remarkable, if not far more so, than the grant of this favor of being able

to kneel.

I have been for nine years entirely unable for the least physical exertion, except for a few hours in the day; but since my visit'to Knock I seem scarcely to fee

fatigue of any kind.

The Church has not yet spoken in the matter. Till it speaks we may not do more than hope and pray; but, since the devotion has not been forbidden, we may both hope and pray, and surely there can scarcely be a subject more worthy of our prayers. In the meantime, I would beg of those who report supposed miraculous favours to be most careful, for nothing but harm can come of exaggeration. At the same time, it is a supreme duty to have any cures which appear miraculous fully and truthfully reported.—Yours, &c., SISTER M. FRANCIS CLARE. Presentation Convent, Tuam.

Unitarianism a Thing of the Past.

The Baptists will be the last Protestant ect to die: the Unitarians the first. This s because the former have no reasons for anything and blunder on; the latter have turned their ship's face against the breakers of modern infidelity and will soon go down. Protestant churches have become Sunday-schools for the young and club houses for the grown. Unitarianism is neither one nor the other, and must soon disappear. The N. Y. Herald, in a

ecent number, said truly :
The body is in its decadence, that like the moon is no longer self-luminous, but only a burnt-out cinder. Fifty years ago and more it outgrew the somewhat severe sectarian spirit of the time, and by its acknowledged eloquence and learning it became a very positive element of pro gress in the community. It had its work to do, and it did it faithfully and nobly. But it may truly be said that Unitarianism is practically a thing of the past, that it as itself been outgrown in turn, and is lowly and silently taking its place

in the museum of antiquities."

Protestantism is a folly; Unitarianism is an impertinence. In the long run the world gets the wheat winnowed and the chaff disappears.

An Argument in Favor of Celibacy.

The Roman Catholic Church probably knew what it was about when it made celibacy a condition of its priesthood. I now speak only of the practical effects of that regulation as they are seen in the amount of work which the Church gets out of her priests. It is a very great advantage when a man has no wife to bother him, no children to take up his usehold cares to worry him; when, free from all this, he can give up every mo-ment of his waking hours to his work, and extend them as long as he pleases, with-out fear of peing reproved by those de-pendent upon him for injuring his health and shortening his life. and shortening his life. Your Catholic priest, you see, doesn't care a button how short his life is. The shorter it is the sooner he will enter his reward. The happiest thing which can happen to him is to be worn out quickly in the service; and death in any shape, if it comes to him while he is engaged in the line of his duty, is welcome. These thoughts are by no means new, but they are appropo of something we have said concerning Mgr. Capel. Not that he is about to die, but that he is getting through with an amount that he is getting through with an amount of work which would be a burden to three or four ordinary men -- Daily Graphic.

Parents, the best inheritance to leave your children, is the example of an upright life. Wealth may give competence but it cannot create happiness. That comes only from the knowledge of knowing how to live well. Set the example and your children will love to follow.

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THOS. COFFEY,
Publisher and proprietor.

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LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.

London, Ont., May 22, 1879.

DEAR MR. COFFEY,—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its ope and principles; that it will remain, what it has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and to the promotion of Catholic interests. I am confident that under your experienced much cagement the RECORD will improve in usefulness and efficiency; and I therefore carnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clerry and laity of the diocess.

Believe me.

Mr. THOMAS COFFEY
Office of the "Catholic Record."

FROM HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP HANNAN St. Mary's, Halifax, Nov. 7, 1881.

St. Mary's, Halifax, Nov. 7, 1881.

I have had opportunities during the last two years or more of reading copies of the CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London, Ontario, and approved of by His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, the Bishop of that See. I beg to recommend that paper to all the faithful of this diocese.

+ M. HANNIN,

Archbishop of Halifax.

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1881.

CHRISTMAS

Before another number of the Record reaches our subscribers, Christmas will have passed and gone. This holy festival, observed the world over, brings to our minds in the most vivid manner the love of God for man. The divine light of Jesus coming amongst men shone upon a state of society the most corrupt. History pictures it in the most appalling colors, but ever since the morn that the sound of Angel voices was heard bearing to the Shepherds this joyful message : "Glory to God in the highest, and peace continuing to steal into the hearts of those wandering away from the path of virtue, and gently leading them back to God. This same influence is still at work. It comes to us, and, if we reject it not, ours, indeed, will be a happy Christmas, happy in the thought that we have done our duty in following its guiding voice, but happier still that we are the friends of Christ. Around the crib in Bethlehem centres all man's hopes. There is the infant Redeemer, who, by his blood, is to purchase the soul's ransom,-there is the loving God, who divests himself, so to speak, of the surroundings of His majesty, that he may come to us in a manner draw us towards him by the influence of sympathy and love. No wonder, then, that the world should be filled with rejoic ing at this holy season, for is it not the annual renewal of the brightest epoch in the history of humanity, the association

to the man-God, we should not forget the lessons which Christ teaches us from the neglected grotto in which he was born. He, the God of might, to whose coming the world had looked forward with the expectation of seeing a sovereign of power and majesty more magnificent than that our readers will not forget that there Solomon and more warlike than David is in our midst a home containing a large comes under the banner of family, which is particularly deserving of his very birth he commenced Asylum at Mount Hope. During the his divine teachings, for He who days preceding the great festival of never acted without a reason had a Christmas, fond parents are accustomed motive in adopting a life of want. He to testify their affection for their children wishes to teach the world to wean their by making them Christmas presents. To hearts from the perishable things of life, those whom God has blessed with means and to fix them on the indestructible it becomes a duty to gladen the hearts riches of eternity. He embraces poverty of these poor little children under the because he wishes to remove his followers protection of the Sisters of St. Joseph in from the temptation to which they would the above named Asylum. God has be exposed by an inordinate attachment | taken their parents from them, and in so to the world. In loving tones he speaks doing has imposed upon us the obligation to us by the poverty of his birth, of that of helping them. We are sorry that it is charity for one another which he wishes not the custom here as in other places,

these two lessons will not remain dead letters for us, but that, learning from the example of Christ to despise whatever may keep us from God, we may have the courage to perform our duty, no matter what the sacrifice ; and remembering the testimony of his love, we may open our hearts to the poor, whose sorrows are rendered doubly keen by the universal joy that surrounds them. Thus will the happiness of our Christma consist in the happiness of the true Christian, than is, the testimony of a good con science, and in this spirit we wish most sincerely to each and every one of our readers a happy, happy Christmas.

THE NEW FRENCH CABINET.

M. Gambetta has formed a cabinet after his own heart. It is composed of his own servile creatures, and will, in so far as it can, carry out his behests. Needless to say it is infidel to an extreme degree. Its programme will certainly be anti-christian and revolutionary. France has, since its acceptance of the republican form of government, unfortunately placed itself in opposition to the interests of religion-its public men identifying infidelity with progress. We greatly fear that the fruits of this senseless and short-sighted course of action will soon be felt. The frequent changes of ministry that have taken place within the past ten years cannot conduce to efficiency in any department of government, while the frequent violent and radical measures that have since been inaugurated must unsettle the public mind to a very perilous degree. M. Gambetta will find the task he has assumed no very easy one. Even with colleagues so very subservient, the legislative body will not be so very easily managed. In the ranks of the republicans themselves there are many men of great ability avowedly hostile to the new Premier. They have watched his course with the very closest scrutiny and see therein nothing but a grasping selfishness which has deprived his party of the unity and strength necessary to ensure the permanency of republican institutions. These men are not blinded by the temporary success of the republicans at the polls. These successes are as much due to the apathy of the majority of the electorate and the d'ssensions among monarchists as to their own activity. They know that France, though apparently republican to-day, might be

for him in either sphere. He has tion and credit. with it of the sanctity and charity of a God. not the towering genius of Theirs or Whilst going in spirit to that obscure the self-possession of De Freycinct, hamler, in which Christ deigned to appear Virgin Mother, the saintly Joseph, and the | Parliamentary majority. Whether very soon be seen.

REMEMBER THE ORPHAN.

At this season of festivities, we trust

the duty of charity, and it would be difficult to find a more meritorious work. We hope then that the charitable will remember at this holy time the orphan who is left upon the charity of the world.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

President Arthur has had placed before congress his first message. It is pronounced by David Davis, of Illinois, an able state paper. It is certainly a well-digested document, covering the whole ground of national administration during the past year. The new chief magistrate deserves much credit for his very speedy mastering of the details of government. He acquired office under circumstances of a very painful character, which must have to a very large extent prevented his application to such details. But the new President is a man of character and ability. He at once, upon the death of Gen. Garfield, recognized his duty and prepared himself for its fulfilment. We very much mistake if President Arthur does not during his term of office acquire a reputation which will long endure. We are not in accord with his party-but must do homage to administrative talent and capacity wherever it discovers itself. The republican party has unfortunately since the late civil war made itself a sectional party, and owes its success very largely to sectional appeals. We see nothing in President Arthur's message betokening a continuance of this narrow spirit. It is a document treating all sections of the country alike, and its suggestions will, we believe, receive on that account the most favorable consideration of the national legislature. The time has, we think, come when much of the acerbity of American political life will disappear. Its disappearance is foreshadowed by the broad and truly statesmenlike utterances of President Arthur. With that disappearance must be inaugurated an era of true peace, during which the whole nation will make the most gigantic strides in every path of

THE NORTH WEST.

The temporary nomination of Mr Dewdney to the governors hip of the North West Territories, will give the government ample time to make monarchical to-morrow, for the grow- a good selection for that important ing strength of the extreme radical post. There have been very many on earth to men of good will," the saving wing of the republican party must names mentioned in connection with influence of Christ's presence has gone on, have already given alarm to honest the appointment, amongst others that of ex-Senator Skead, of Ottawa. over many obstacles, and through would be the best reward for his many dangers. Its formation gave long years of distinguished public publicans, many of whose leaders man whose public merits are, we look upon it with a very decided believe, deserving of recognition aversion. Gambetta while President they have not yet received. We of the chamber of Deputies played mean Mr. Alonzo Wright. Mr. shall now have an opportunity to see the place of Lieuten ant Governor in him display his administrative abil. any Province, but rumor connects ity and tact as a Parliamentary his name with that of Quebec, which chieftain. We cannot augur success he would no doubt fill with distinc-

In a former article on this subject we took the liberty of recommend. amongst men, there to unite with the but has at least for the time a solid ing Senator Bellerose for the Governorship of the North West. We adoring Shepherds, in offering our homage he can retain this support or not will hesitate not now to say that his appointment would give great satisfaction to all classes, and that his administration would be marked by vigor and success. There are, however, other very able gentlemen, satisfactory manner. We hope the poverty, unnoticed, neglected. From their attention. We mean the Orphan government will in making the apdifficulty, and retard the progress of the North West.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Right Rev. Bishop Raimondi, Vicar-Apostolic of Hong Kong, during his recent visit to San Francisco found fifteen Catholic Chinese, whose confession he heard. The Archbishop of San Francisco has now taken steps to establish a Chinese mission in that city. He thinks of founding a seminary, to be placed under the direction of some order of missionaries whose special office it shall be to minister to the Chinese. In order to help Archbishop Alemany in this design, Mgr. Raimondi has offered to take some young priest with him to China to prepare them for this work. There is a wide field for Catholic missionaries among the Chinese on the Pacific coast, as well as for such societies as these of the Holy Childhood and the Propagation of the Faith. Their prayers and alms will be well employed for such an

chester, N. Y. His name, according to the Sun, is Michael L. Lehmaier. He takes the law into his own hands in a way that astonishes and enrages newsdealers. He seizes every flash paper he sees on the stands and tears up. "When the Newsman remonstrates he says: 'You have your remedy; you can have me arrested.' He has been arrested twice, but, no one appearing against him, he was discharged. His name is Michael L. Lehmaier. His round, good-natured face is fringed with sandy whiskers, and he wears a pair of glasses over his pleasant blue eyes. He has lived here six months. He says his attention was first drawn to the subject by seeing crowds of boys around the news-stands Sunday mornings. He saw that they were studying the pictures in which crime and vice are made to seem heroic, and he decided that he would try the experiment of destroying them on the spot, the process of getting indictments being too slow, expensive and uncertain.

THE Rev. Myron W. Reed, of

Indianapolis, thus refers to the

wreath of flowers ordered by the

Queen to be laid on the coffin of the

late President Garfield : - "The wreath of flowers is overworked by the inferences that editors draw from it. They proceed in this way, which to them seems logical. The queen sent an order to place a wreath of flowers on the coffin of our dead and well-beloved President, therefore, the land bill for Ireland is the final and infallible panacea for all the ills of the beautiful island, the home of more poverty and more worth than will be taken up at every Mass. any equal number of acres in the proud world. Gladstone was sorry that Garfield was killed, therefore Parnell should cool his heels in jail for what Gladstone thought he was wreath of flowers," the "handsome One of the most remarkable fea- Mr. Skead is, as we said on a former salute to the American flag at the tures of the new Cabinet is its lack occasion, a gentleman of integrity procession of the lord mayor," to do of men of acknowledged ability and and high character. But he is now Waterford and his henchmen and experience. It contains none of rather too advanced in years to take princess of Austria and her henchexperience. It contains none of rather too advanced in years to take those experienced administrators who in times past tided their party post. A governorship nearer home post. A governorship nearer home post. potatoes and turnips which are the food of an Irish family for the winter? Is the pleasure of seeing the rise to no enthusiasm amongst re- service. There is another gentle- red coated and many coated loafers, male and female, "go by," a sufficient compensation for the hunger of a long winter? It strikes the average American citizen that any amount of wilted flowers and printed sorrow the role of dictator to his party. We Wright is eminently qualified for are not equal to a little plain justice to people who are not dead, but who are alive on the land their own hands have redeemed and made capable of producing turnips and potatoes. On the whole, the writer thinks it is quite plain that the wreath of flowers is at this time more."

FIRE AT THE GOOD SHEPHERD

REFORMATORY, QUEBEC. At twenty minutes to four o'clock vesterday afternoon an alarm of fire from box 62, repeated a few minutes later called out the whole brigade to the new building of the Sisters of the Good, Shepherd, on the corner of St. Amable ever, other very able gentlemen, any one of whom might fill the Governorship at Battleford in a very satisfactory manner. We have the issuing from the roof by the inmates of the Good Shepherd Convent proper, who immediately gave the alarm. The buildpointment select no one who by narrowness of views or inexpering in the building is very large and of brick, four stories high, besides the mansard, and was erected ence might lead the country into about five years ago by the Sisters of the Order. It was occupied by eighty-one orphan children, attended by five religieuses and two servants,—several of the orphans being of a sufficient size and age o assist them. These eighty-one children Rev. Father Portz, of Bellevue, Iowa, died on the 29th ult., of small-pox, caught while attending members of his congregation who were afflicted with the dread desired. Had this fire declared itself at sense. The death is announced of the Rev. | night, therefore, a dreadful death would Father Walsh, the beloved rector of St.

Patrick's Church, St. Joseph, Mo. He exevery one of its inmates. It would seem have been the fate of pired as he was preparing to say Mass.

For a year or more his health had been ing out of the fire, some of the Sisters

The orphans, many of whose mothers are engaged as charwomen in the city, were early removed to the main building. The firemen responded quickly to the call of the alarm. So did a large number of citizens brought together but the respect of the contract o izens brought together by the report of a fire. The latter engaged themselves as rapidly as possible in assisting in the re-moval of the principal contents of the building to the main structure near by. Rev. Mr. McCrae, of St. John's parish, was early on the spot and removed the sacred vessels which were in the sanctuary of the vessels when were in the sanctuary of the building. The firemen worked with a will in fighting the flames. They had to hand up the hose to the upper flats to obtain any rise of water. The latter was not in the ward when the alarm was sounded, but was in St. Louis ward, and thus readily turned on to the fire. time after the arrival of the brigade, it seemed as if the fire was well under control, but the flames such hold of the timbers in the roof, beneath the metal covering, that it could not be entirely extinguished. At about 7 p.m., the roof fell in with a heavy noise and the fresh shooting up of the flames. At nine o'clock, the fire was so far subdued that most of the returned to their respective The Clapy & Jones steam fire engine did good work at the well in the yard of the Bon Pasteur. Though some of the contents of the building were aved, the major portion was of course

destroyed. The damage to the building consists in the loss of the roof and damage to other flats by water. It is roughly estimated at \$2,000 to \$2,500, which is covered by an insurance of \$6,000 in the Quebec Fire office. The insurance on the moveables

We regret sincerely the loss and inconvenience to which these good sisters have been subjected, and trust to see them early re-settled in their old home. -Quebec Chronicle, 13th December.

HAMILTON LETTER.

Christmas—Ecclesiastical—The Bishop's Sermon for the Poor-Christmas Tree -House of Providence-Annual Meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society -Church Dedication-Dundas Items -Miscellaneous.

The great feast of Christmas, or the nativity of Our Lord, falls this year on Sun-day. In the Cathedral First Mass will begin at 6 in the morning, followed by other Masses uninterrupted until 9, when the usual Mass for the children will be celebrated. Grand Mass will be celebrated at 10.30, at which his lordship the Bishop will give the Papal Benediction at 7 in the

At St. Patrick's the First Mass will be at 7.30, with others in succession. The High Mass will be celebrated at 10.30, at which Mozart's Twelfth will be sung by the choir, assisted by the celebrated cantatrice Miss M. E. Nowlan, formerly of Brant-ford, but recently of New York. She will also sing at the vespers at 7.30 p. m. In St. Joseph's, Mass will be celebrated at the usual hour for Sundays.

In all the churches the usua' Christmas collections for the support of the clergy

During the Christmas vacation no classes of Catechism will be held. A sodality for boys (under 17) is about to be formed in St. Mary's parish and a meet-ing for that purpose has been recently held. A meeting of the men of the same parish going to ay at the next political was held on Sunday evening last, at meeting at Kildare. What has the which the organization of a sodality for was ! 40 present.

BISHOP CRINNON'S SERMON St. Mary's Cathedral was crowded to the doors last evening with an interested audi-

ence, attracted no doubt by the ability and

bread he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world." From this—taken from

life of the world." From this—taken from the sixth chapter of St. John—he proceeded to argue the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence. The words above quoted are the words of Jesus Christ the Son of God, the Creator of all things, who had already fed the 5,000 with a few loaves, changed water into wine and raised the dead to life. He was equally powerful to give His "flesh for the life of the world." The language of Christ is plain and literal. It was understood in a literal sense by those who heard Him, the Jews as well those who heard Him, the Jews as well as His own disciples. The former questioned His power to give them "His flesn to eat," many of the latter called the expression "hard" and "walked with him no more." If his words had not been literal He would have removed the impression which they made upon His auditors. Whenever He had been misunderstead before He was always and the second before th stood before He was always careful to remove the erroneous impression, as he did in the case of Nicodemus, whom He informed that to be saved "he must be born again;" His allusions to Abraham, Lazarus and many other instances. But in this particular case instead of retracting, He reaffirmed in still more powerful language, He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath in still more powerful language, He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day." Many then left Him because they interpreted Him literally, but He did not call them back and say that He spoke figuratively. As an omniscient God, He must have forseen that millions yet unborn would take the same sense that his audience did at Caparnaum. As a God of love and justice He would surely not allow those millions to be deceived by figurative language. Again, He fulfilled His promise thus made on the occasion of His last supper, that dread moment just previous to His agony and death, when of all the hours of His life He would surely speak plainly. Then taking bread, He blessed, broke and gave to His disciples, saying, "Eat ye all of this, for this is my body;" and in like manner taking the chalice into His hands He blessed it and said to them, "Orink ye all of this for this is my blode, which all the hours of the alleged asylum robberies, and that individual is free for the present, much to the astonishment of the general public. manner taking the chance into his names. He blessed it and said to them, "Drink ye all of this, for this is my blood, which shall be shed for you unto the remission of sins." St. Paul understood Him literally, otherwise that holy man would not have said wise that holy man would not have said that he who eats and drinks unworthily eats judgment, or damnation, for a just God would not condemn for figurative eating and drinking. His Lordship quoted several au-thorities, holy and learned, in support of the doctrine of the Real Presence, which the Catholic Church has always maintained, and us to practice. At this holy season especially we are reminded of the unbounded scharity of Christ, who gives us the testimony of the sacrifices attending his birth, of the love He bears us. We trust that the young than to teach them thus early of the love He bears us. We trust that the young than to teach them thus early and the trust that the young than to teach them thus early the death of the well-to-do teach even their failing, but it was hoped that he would had visited the dormitories and found all thinking. His Lordship quoted several authorities, holy and learned, in support of the Real Presence, which the Catholic Church has always maintained, and promise the well-to-do teach even their failing, but it was hoped that he would ultimately recover. The Society of Jesus their Christmas gifts for the poor orphans.

We know of no more salutary lesson for the well-to-do teach even their failing, but it was hoped that he would ultimately recover. The Society of Jesus their Christmas gifts for the poor orphans. We know of no more salutary lesson for the well-to-do teach even their failing, but it was hoped that he would ultimately recover. The society of Jesus their Christmas gifts for the poor orphans. We know of no more salutary lesson for the well-to-do teach even their failing, but it was hoped that he would ultimately recover. The society of Jesus their Christmas gifts for the poor orphans. We know of no more salutary lesson for the well-to-do teach even their failing, but it was hoped that he would drinking. His Lordship quoted several authorities, holy and learned, in support of the vicinity of the spot where fire the well-to-do teach even their failing, but it was hoped that he would be the vicinity of the spot where fire the vicinity of the spot where fir related the incident of St. Thomas the apostle to show that impossibility to under-depths as have ever seen the light.

stand was no proof of unreality. The right rev. speaker interspersed his discourse with a great many useful examples, interwovem with beautiful periods, which retained the rapt attention of the congregation through out. At the conclusion a collection taken up by the Ladie's Benevolent Society, some sum realized

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE. The good Sisters who have charge of the House of Providence amid their many important duties do not forget the social interests of their proteges, especially at Christmas. They are making arrangements for a Christmas Tree sufficiently large to provide a reasonable quantity of good cheer, and will be thankful for any suitable donations to be left at the convent for that purpose. It will no doubt be a means of great pleasure to the inmates.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY. This society, which consists of two con-ferences, one in each parish, held its annual meeting on Sunday last, (within the octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception). There was a large attendance on the part of the members and clergy, but few of the general public were present. The officers of the conferences read the different reports showing the past working and present condition of their various charit-able projects, the receipt and expenditure of money and other important matters. These included the reports of the Secretary, Treasurer, Recorder, and Pastor of Schools for each conference—all of which were presented in a clear and succinct manner.

A Particular Council has inrisdiction

rer both conferences and is composed of members from each. The report read by the secretary of the elder conference, showed that the St. Vincent de Paul Society has existed in his city for more than sixteen years. During the year just closed three hundred persons were relieved by the conference of Our Lady (St. Mary's). A night school kept open tri-weekly for six months; four hundred and eighty nine dollars were ex-pended (all for charitable purposes) and five hundred and twenty-three dollars received. This conference has an active membership of twenty-five. The St. Patrick's (the younger) Conference, in the same period relieved one hundred persons, maintained a night school twice a week for five months, received three hundred and eighteen dollars, and expended three hundred and one. It numbers twentyone active members. The official reports of both Conferences have not yet been published, and when prepared (under the authority of the particular council) they will exhibit a detailed statement of the sources of revenue, the various items of expenditure, and all necessary statistical information

On Sunday, the 11th instant, his Lord ship Bishop Crinnon dedicated a new Church in Melancthon, Rev. Father Cassin, pastor. The event was a very important one, and was witnessed by a large congregation, among whom were several of our separated brethren. Besides the bishop there were present Rev. Frs. Granottier, Feeney, O'Connell and Cassin. Fr. O'Connell celebrated Mass His lordship delivered a very exhaustive and pithy sermon on the "Invocation of Saints and Angels" including devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The church is a very handsome brick building, and cost about \$4000, nearly all of which, by the contributions of the people and the energetic efforts of Fr. Cassin, has been paid. This is certainly a state of affairs creditable to both pastor and parishioners. For nearly twenty years the Catholics of that vicinity have assisted at Mass in an humble frame building. To be sure, the simplicity of the structure made no alteration in the value of the Holy Sacrifice, nor was it any the less accent able to the Almighty when offered there than in the grandest house on earth. Nevertheless the Catholics of Melancthon can take a just pride in the beautiful church which they now possess; and while they find their devotion increasing by the superiority of the present surroundings they will feel that there is nothing too grand or beautiful to be used in the ser-

A night school was recently established ere and is very largely attended by both young and old.

The Dean talks of getting a new organ for St. Augustine's as soon as the affairs of the heating apparatus are settled.

The time for holding the municipal nominations is drawing near, and candidates are prosecuting their labors amid

very little excitement. HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE, DUNDAS. The following is the copy of returns to Government, 30th of September, 1881: Number inmates remaining in institution Sept. 30th, 1880, 50; number inmates admitted during the year ending Sept. 30th, 1881, 60; total admitted during the year. including those in residence, 1st Oct., 1880

Number discharged, 42: number deaths. 8; number remaining in the House Sept. 30th, 1881, 60; total, 110. Sex—male, 33; female, 77; total, 110. Religion—Catholics, 104; Protestants, 6;

total, 110. Nationalities-Canada, 21; England, 4; Ireland, 79; Scotland, 1; United States, 1; other countries, 4; total, 110. Residences—Received from Hamilton,

public.

The weather still keeps remarkably fine. There has been very little frost in the locality yet. Young people who have been looking forward to some skating enjoyment during the coming holidays are beginning to feel dissappointed at the unpromising prospects of ice.

CLANCAHILL.

The mine of thought is inexhaustible.

A Christmas Legend.

It was the holy Christmas tide
In Ireland long ago;
The hills and vales were covered o'er
With newly-fallen snow.
It was a Christmas in the days
Of misery and fear,
When it was death to say a Mass,
And danger, Mass to hear.

There stood a ruined abbey church, All open to the sky;
Happy the brethren to whom God
Had giv'n the grace to die
And rest within their quiet graves
Before the day of woe
That saw their peaceful, ho'y home
A prey to cruel foe.

A peasant woman from her sleep Arose that Christmas day, And from her cottage window looked Out on the twilight gray, Forth from the ruined church there Across the spotless snow A brilliant light, and white-robed forms Were passing to and fro.

The holy music of the Church Fell on her raptured ear; She roused her children and went forth The holy Mass to hear. They knelt within the ancient walls No footprints save their own were seen

Upon the new-fall'n snow; They knew not whence the priest had They never saw him go; And whether he were mortal man They would not dare to say, Orone come back from 'mong the dead To keep that Christmas day, 'n snow; ence the priest had come

DUBLIN LETTER

DEAR SIR, -- I hope you will pardon in for venturing to think that the following lines may find a place in your excellent journal; and being aware of your deep interest in anything Catholis, I trust my communication will meet a kindly recogni-

I propose to speak of the progress of Catholicity in the Irishtown mission, com-prising parts of the counties of Perth and Huron. In days long gone by Huron. In days long gone by, the pioneer days of Western Ontario, all that vast expanse of country, extending from Stratford on the east, to Goderich on the west, was embraced in our mission; and the adminis tration of Catholic affairs within it wa for a long time entrusted to a gentleman, who, though perhaps unknown to fame, was not unknown in the affection of hundreds

of the sturdy and brave pioneers of those western wilds, the Rev. Father Snider.
The history of the early settlement of this district would certainly be an interesting volume; many an old Irishman, who to-day is venerable with the frosts of ing volume; many an old Irishman, who to-day is venerable with the frosts of seventy winters, will tell you with evident, and, we may add, pardonable pride of his early days in south Perth and Huron, then a howling wilderness, fit abode only for the wild denizens of the forest. They will tell you with a sparkle of that old fire, which has sustained them through so many trials and difficulties how they travelled many and difficulties, how they travelled long miles through wood and vale to hear Holy Mass, and listen to the pious ministrations of the zealous and devoted Father Snider. What changes time has wrought! Then night was rendered hideous by the prowling wolf and bear; now it is the shriek of the railway engine, and the other sounds incidental to civilized life: then this magnificent stretch of country was covered by a primeval forest, where the lordly and the elm swaved in majestic grandeur over all their fellows; to-day, smiling fields and beautiful homesteads dot the landscape and greet the traveller's eye; the humble log chapel of long ago is re-placed by the stately and tastefully finished

edifice; and on every hand we find ample evidence that this district is really what it has been named, "The Garden of Ontario." Thirty or forty years ago the Irish settler of this district assembled once a month thear Mass in a wooden chapel, the only place of Catholic worship between Stratford and Goderich; at present, thousand assemble weekly to worship in numerou and splendid churches, erected as civiliza ation advanced and their means becam more extended, a fitting tribute, indeed, t that imperishable faith, at once the glor and pride of their fatherland, whose ohl dren, here as elsewhere, are ever faithful t

the grand old traditions and memories of the grand old traditions and memories of the "Green isle beyond the sea."

In the present year of grace the travelle will find in this fine region beautiful an commodious churches in Goderich, Seaforti Wingham. Blythe, Brussels, Mitchel Kincora, Logan, and last but not leas Irishtown. Of late years this extensive tract of country has been divided into several parishes, the churches of Mitche and Irishtown comprising the Irishtown mission, being the one about which I now write.

The present spiritual director is the Ver Rev. Dean Murphy, than whom there is a more zealous and devoted elergyman Ontario; nor, one to whose life time indefatigable labors and self-sacrifice in the cause of Christ and Holy Church, can l attributed grander results or more endurin memories. The churches in Winghan Seaforth, Blythe, Brussels, Mitchell, an Trishtown owe their existence (under Go to the untiring zeal and energy of Fath Murphy; handsome and comfortal edifices they are, and lasting momentot too, of a faithful priest's and peoples' devition to God. In the good work here present Father Murphy's efforts are abseconded by his two assistants, Fath Lamont and Sheridan, who also, it is neeless to say, are earnest and active representatives of the grand motto of Moth Church "Semper fidelis."

With the mutations of time and the progress of things social and material in the Irishtown mission, there have come a many changes indicative of spiritual a vancement; but among them none which the surface of the progress of the same than the same tha Irishtown owe their existence (under Go

vancement; but among them none whit more signally marked the faith and pie of its people, than the one which we had t

refer to the Mission of the Jubilee, preach here by two of those vanguards of thurch—the Jesuits.

The mission began on Sunday, 27th No and continued eight days. All day los and far into the night of each day, or pretty parish church was thronged withose anxious to comply with the regutions of the Jubilee, and in obedience to injunctions of him who sits in the chain of the property of Catheland and the control of the property of Catheland and the property of Catheland and the property of Catheland and the property of th injunctions of him who sits in the chain St. Peter at Rome, the centre of Cathe unity. Besides the two Jesuits, Fath Jones and Plante, and the parochial cler there were present Fathers Watters, Goderich, Carlin of Woodstock, Co'Shea, of Seaforth. Some idea of labors of the rev. gentlemen may be form when I state that during the w there were over two thousand and frommunicants!

The day of battle is not the day of paration, if you wish or expect to come

The day of battle is not the day of paration, if you wish or expect to come victorious. Father Murphy, keen of ception, foresaw this, and both person and through his assistants, made preptions for the fight of gaining souls, previto the Jubilee week, by inculcating the portance of the occasion, together with necessity and opportunity; and to this be attributed in a special manner the g

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Across the spotless snow
A brilliant light, and white-robed forms
Were passing to and fro.

The holy music of the Church
Fell on her raptured ear;
She roused her children and went forth
The holy Mass to hear.
They knett within the ancient walls
Till Masses three were said,
But as they knett and gazed in joy
The glorious vision fled.

No footprints save their own were seen Upon the new-fall'n snow; They knew not whence the priest had come

Upon the new-fall'n snow;
They knew not whence the priest had of
They never saw him go;
And whether he were mortal man
They would not dare to say,
Or one come back from 'mong the dead
To keep that Christmas day,

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The present spiritual director is the Very The present spiritual director is the very Rev. Dean Murphy, than whom there is no more zealous and devoted elergyman in Ontario; nor, one to whose life time of indefatigable labors and self-sacritice in the cause of Christ and Holy Church, can be cause of Christ and Holy Church, can be attributed grander results or more enduring memories. The churches in Wingham, Seaforth, Blythe, Brussels, Mitchell, and Seaforth, Blythe, Brussels, Mitchell, and Irishtown owe their existence (under God) to the untiring zeal and energy of Father Murphy; handsome and comfortable edifices they are, and lasting momentoes, too, of a faithful priest's and peoples' devotion to God. In the good work here at present Father Murphy's efforts are ably seconded by his two assistants, Fathers Lamont and Sheridan, who also, it is needless to say, are earnest and active representatives of the grand motto of Mother Church "Semper fidelis."

With the mutations of time and the progress of things social and material in the Irishtown mission, there have come also

progress of things social and material in the Irishtown mission, there have come also many changes indicative of spiritual advancement; but among them none which more signally marked the faith and piety of its people, than the one which we had the happiness of witnessing a few days ago. I refer to the Mission of the Jubilee, preached here by two of those vanguards of the church—the Jesuits.

church—the Jesuits.

The mission began on Sunday, 27th Nov., and continued eight days. All day long, and far into the night of each day, our pretty parish church was thronged with those anxious to comply with the regulations of the Jubilee, and in obedience to the injunctions of him who sits in the chair of the contract Rome the centre of Catholic St. Peter at Rome, the centre of Catholic unity. Besides the two Jesuits, Fathers Jones and Plante, and the parochial clergy, there were present Fathers Watters, of Goderich, Carlin of Woodstock, and O'Shea, of Seaforth, Some idea of the labors of the rev. gentlemen may be formed, when I state that during the week there were over two thousand and fifty communicants!

The day of battle is not the day of preparation, if you wish or expect to come out Peter at Rome, the centre of Catholic

paration, if you wish or expect to come out victorious. Father Murphy, keen of per-ception, foresaw this, and both personally and through his assistants, made preparaand through his assistants, made propara-tions for the fight of gaining souls, previous to the Jubilee week, by inculcating the im-portance of the occasion, together with the necessity and opportunity; and to this may be attributed in a special manner the great

number of communicants. Each day of the week there was a High Mass at half past nine o'clock, after which was a sermon preached by Father Plante, principally on he different parts of the Sacrament of Penance, which was beautified by examples throughout. Father Jones preached both at half-past three and half-past seven p. m., the half-pastthreediscourse bei gehieflyintended for children. His evening discourse comprised the four great truths, death, judgment, hell, heaven. The end of man, the ex-ample of St. Peter and Judas, and a lecture on Transubstantiation on Sunday evening, Dec. 4th, when all was brought to a conclusion by Father Jones imparting to those present the Papal Benediction. To say that those the Papal Benediction. To say that those discourses were masterpieces, but feebly conveys an idea of them. For breadth and comprehensiveness of thought, polished diction, and smooth, eloquent and impassioned delivery, they are scidom surpassed, and were well worthy two members of that illustrious order of princely teachers, who have fought and are still lighting with uncompromising front the battle of faith and liberty against error and tyranny in every quarter of the globe.

The results of the mission, as far as visible to mortal eyes, are certainly good; many an erring one has been reclaimed and brought to sincers repentance; a goodly numb r of our separated brethren came to bear the eloquent Jesuits, and if not converted, at least, acquired such new light as

verted, at least, acquired such new light as will enable them to modify preconceived notions of Catholic doctrines and practices. The sight of hundreds daily approaching The sight of hundreds daily approaching the sacred tribunal of penance, and receiving Holy Communion, is one not soon to be forgotten—undying evidence as it is, at once of the purity and hiliness of the Catholic Church, as well as of the faith and picty of her adherents, a chaste and pleasant souvenir of the progress of Catholicity in this parish, and one which will ever hold within its bounds a prominent and enduring place in memory's halls.

Lengthy as my letter is, and fearing as I do, that I have already trespassed too much on your valuable space, I cannot close without a reference to our choir. Its members certainly acquitted themselveswell,

members certainly acquitted themselves well, and I believe there are among them voices that would reflect credit on far more pretentithat would reflect credit on far more pretentious places than Irishtown. The playing of our
accomplished organist, Miss Downie, was
particularly noticeable; this talented young
lady plays with an ease and finish that
would grace a city church, and bids fair
yet to make a mark in the musical world.
During the Jubilee week they were assisted
by several members of the Seaforth choir,
who sing remarkably well, the rendition of
"Ave Maria" by Miss Killoran, of Seaforth,
being especially admired.

being especially admired.

I would be doing violence to my own feelings, Mr. Editor, did I not sincerely eelings, Mr. reactions so much thank you for placing so much valuable space at my disposal.

Yours gratefully,

CATHOLICUS. thank you for placing so much of your

BRANTFORD LETTER.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The ladies are making great preparations for holding their Christmas tree next week. From present appearances this series of entertainments will be much more successful and interesting than that of a year ago, as much greater interest seems to be taken in it by the whole congregation. Already a very large number of gifts have been received, and many more have been promised. The ladies are working hard in making preparations.

ard in making preparations.
SCHOOL TRUSTERS.
Half of the present Separate School Board will retire in a few days, either to have again or retire. The members of the separate School Board will retire in a few days, either to be a separate School Board will retire in a few days, either to be separated by the separate s be sent back again or retire. The members who retire are: Rev. Father Bardou in the North Ward; Michael Mullaney in the King's; Wm. Harrington in the Queen's; Wm. Ryan in the Brant, and John Ryan in the East Ward.

Every evening this week there will be services in the church in connection with the jubilee, as an assistance to those who may not have complied with the requirements for gaining the indulgence, or who wish to renew it. Confessions will be heard daily.

MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

The contest for the mayoralty this year is likely to be a close one. Mr. Wm. Watt, who ran against Dr. Herwood at the last two elections, and was defeated by a very small majority last year, is in the field again, against Mr. Edward Brophey. Both men have sat for years at the Council Board. There has been no wordy warfare over the office this season, and the elections will be won entirely by per-sonal work. In the wards the old members of the board will nearly all seek reelection. The only new men out are Mr. Slater and Mr. Bowes in the North Ward and Mr. Armitage in the East Ward. Mr. D. Hawkins and Mr. James Sinon have both been spoken of as candidates in the North Ward, but so far neither are posiively in the field.

Miss O'Grady will sever her connection with our school here this week, after three years of hard and faithful work. This young lady while in Brantford has made a record among the people as a very successful teacher,—or rather sustained the recommendations she brought with

her. The news of her resignation caused much regret. Mr. McGill takes charge of her department after the holidays.

Mrs. John Walsh, of Syracuse, is in Brantford, spending the holidays at her paternal home.

NAYR. Brantford, Dec. 19, 1881.

Six o'clock, A. M., Sunday. Scene, Fourteenth Street. St. Louis. Pro-testant friend home from a party, meets a Catholic friend on the way to mass.

"Halloa! where are you going at this hour?" Catholic friend, "Why, I'm going to church." "Well, thunder! have you got church at this time of day?" "Oh, yes; we have church every hour from this till noon." "Well now, that's curious; our preacher hasn't got up yet, and he won't shave for three or four hours. You Catholics beat the devil anyhow." "That's our object, sir: good morning."—The Catholic friend on the way to mass. our object, sir; good morning. "—The Homeless Boy, St. Louis.

"I am delighted," writes Lacordaire to a friend "that you begin to relish the "Lives of the Saints." They were the really great men of the human race, the loving hearts par excellence; all our romances are cold in comparison with them. One surprising thing that strikes us in reading their lives is the prodigious variety we find there in spite of the general resemblance of ideas and sentiments. They are the Thousand and One Nights of Truth."

THE CANONIZATION.

Sketch of the Life of Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre.

The Holy Father, Leo XIII. formally canonized on December 8, the beatified servants of God, Benedict Joseph Labre, Clare of Montefalco and Laurence of

The holy St. Augustine used to pray, of singular poverty and penance as a means of crucifying all love of the world's

THE PARENTS OF THIS HOLY MAN were not poor. True, they had fifteen children, of whom Benedict was the eldest, but by his trade as a merchant, the father gained sufficient to maintain his large family comfortably. On the 27th March, 1748, the little Benedict was baptized at the parish church of Amettes in France, being then but a day old. From his earliest infancy it seemed as if the child was specially loved and favored by God, his disposition was so patient, so sweet, so docile. To his pious parents then it was an easy and happy task to instruct him in the holy Catholic faith, for he not only listened attentively, but seemed in hi childish way at once to put in practice the lessons which he learned; and this is wherein so may of us fail. We are taught the fear of God, we read and hear the maxims of our religion, we have before us the examples of our Lord, His Virgin Mother, and the Saints, and yet this good seed seems to drop into our hearts week by week, and year by year, without ever springing up into those beautiful blossoms of love, humility, meekness, and fidelity, which God watching for. However, it was not so with Benedict Labre.
HE WAS A GOOD EARNEST LITTLE BOY,

and had made such use of his mother's teaching, that at five years of age he was thought fit to be placed under the care of a priest who dwelt in Amettes. He soon learned to read and write well, and was so anxious to get on, that his master often had to restrain him. Other children were being educated with him, and to them Benedict was always kind, bearing meekly any injury done to him. Once a little boy struck him, but he did not complain and when the master found it out and questioned him, Benedict tried to excuse the offense, saying it must have been done by accident. Naturally, boys are very fond of amusement and these little fellows used to play and loiter about the streets when school time was over, but Benedict walked straight home without loss of time, and resisted all the persuasions of his companions to do as they did.

This child of six years had A HORROR OF SMALL ACTS OF DISOBEDIENCE quarrelling, untruthfulness, and such faults. To him they were not little sins as so many call them, but offences which length they loved him all the more because he was so good, and his presence re- light upon his future course. liked least of what was provided by his mother. The child had made himself a small oratory, and at eight years old he would take a younger brother as server, and

TRY TO IMITATE SAYING MASS; ot in jest, but with the deepest devotion of his little heart. It seemed, indeed, as if Benedict's young life was full of but one thought, the thought of God and His service. At all times in the day he loved to go to the church either to pray silently in some retired corner, or to serve the morning mass with his hands joined before his breast, his eyes cast down, and his whole heart fixed upon God. From five years of age he went regularly to confession, for he was so early filled with contrition for every offense, that he could not rest without receiving the pardon of Jesus. He loved to be at catechism, to join in the processious and other offices of the Church, and thus his innocent life passed until his twelfth year. At that age Benedict's good parents placed him under the care of his uncle who was a priest, so that he might begin the study of Latin and other higher branches of learn ing, and for four years the boy applied hunself to it with great pleasure. But at himself to it with great pleasure. sixteen he began to have almost a dislike for study; not from indolence, but because his heart was turned to the knowledge of his heart was turned to the knowledge of spiritual things, to the reading of books of devotion and the lives of the Saints; and above all, he loved the Holy Scrip-tures and for the rest of his life always carried a copy about with him. Benedict' uncle at first was much displeased at this sudden distaste for his course of Latin study, and ordered him to persevere in applying his mind: but though the lad tried to obey, he no sooner opened one of his books than the disgust for it became like a great weight upon his heart, and he longed more than ever to read only of Christ and His servants. At last Benedict told his uncle that he felt God did not mean him to pursue studies which would only be useful in the world,

HE EXPRESSED A WISH TO GO INTO A CLOIS-

TER the one which he had heard was more austere than any, La Trappe. The uncle represented the hardships of such a life, he told him truly that many far stronger in health were unequal to it, but all this did not serve to turn Benedict from his wishes, although the time had not come for him to seek to enter the cloister for which he longed. So, with this strong desire and hope in his heart, the young Labre went through his quiet routine of duty under his uncle's control. He rose very early, that he might pray in the silence and solitude of the morning hours; be served one or two Masses if he had the unless a divine voice speaks, and says to power of doing so, or, if another was us as to them, "This is the way, walk ye in

before him, he withdrew silently, bearing it,"-but while we wonder, we may not the disappointment with the sweetness of one who saw in it the Will of God; he employed himself as much as possible in spiritual reading, was frequent in his spiritual reading, was frequent in his recourse to the Sacraments, and withal, was so humble that at fifteen or sixteen years old he would place himself among the little boys for catechism, as if he needed the same instruction.

WHEN BENEDICT WAS EIGHTEEN his kind, good uncle died, and he then re-The holy St. Augustine used to pray, "Lord grant me to know thee and to know myself. To know thee, in order to love thee, to know myself in order to despise myself.' And these words were frequently upon the lips of Benedict Joseph Labre, and God answered him in an inspiration which drew him to a life of singular moverty and penance as a much delighted as if he had received permission to enter some place of delight, and mission to enter some place of delight, and in spite of the inclement season he set out upon a journey of nearly sixty leagues. Arrived there, the monks would not receive him; they looked at his young frail form, and bade him return to his home, until perhaps at some future time he should be more fit for a life of austerity. Benedict was deeply grieved, but the love of God in his heart was so strong, that he felt quite sure this disappointment come for his spiritual good, and with that confidence he could not murmur, but re-turned to Amettes quite exhausted by the length of the journey. In less than a year the youth wrote to the Abbot of the monastery renewing his request to be admitted, but he was again refused: so as his parents had given leave for him

TO JOIN THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS. Benedict journeyed to their house near Montreville, in the year 1767. He found Montreville, in the year 1767. He found from the Fathers that it was necessary for him first to pursue further studies, so for this purpose he placed himself for a time under the care of the priest of Auctri, and then again presented himself at the monastery of Chartreuse, because it was the desire of his parents, although his own heart remained steadily fixed upon La Trappe. For six weeks Benedict re mained as a postulant at Montreville; but God was calling him to a different state, so that he gave him neither peace nor content in the life, and at last the Father said to him, "My son, the Almighty does not design you to receive the habit of a Carthu-

FOLLOW HIS INSPIRATIONS AND LEAVE US So Benedict left the monastery, feeling quite sure the Divine Will had been clearly shown in his regard, and writing to his parents, told them that he should again seek admittance at La Trappe—the one Order which he desired to entr. But it was in vain. Perhaps God chose of perfectly annihilating Benedict's will and desire for a holy life. The Abbot still deemed him too weak for such a severe rule, and, accepting the refusal with great humility, Labre went to the monastery Sept Fontaines of the Cistercian Order, where he was without even his wasted human form was to be difficulty received. Scarcely had he entered than he was seized with violent ill ness of body, and still worse distress of mind, and after six months it was thought right to send him away, as God showed so plainly that he was not suited to that life. So Benedict had to put from him were giving pain to his Lord, and which all those holy desires for the silent and therefore, were horrible to him. It is therefore, were horrible to him. It is very possible that some of his friends would feel vexed and angry with his strict ideas of right and wrong, but at turned with more fervent prayer to God, whom he implored to grant him a clearer strained their passions while his example these many trials and severe disappoint-became to many a model which they would strive to imitate. The little Bene- to the strange, almost repulsive life of dict already began to do penances, trying a Poor, Dirty, Misraage, almost repuisive file of dict already began to do penances, trying a Poor, Dirty, Misraage, almost repuisive file of the dict already began to be distributed by the distributed age to holy places. He journeyed on foot in ragged garments, bearing the severity of winter weather and the burn-

> to a town or village, this holy man imi-tated the example of his Master, in doing good to the poor and sick and sorrowful and at length his piety gained him such afraid lest pride and vainglory might enter his heart and he departed from the company of men to seek more solitary ELEVEN TIMES HE JOURNEYED to the Holy House of Loretto, where he kissed with affection those sacred walls, and felt his heart inflamed with a greater love for Jesus and His Blessed Mother; and the priests who observed his devotion felt sure he was a very holy man, and gave him leave to enter whenever he pleased. So here he would remain, kneeling motionless in prayer, weeping tears of joy and gratitude that God should suffer him to remain in a place where the Mother of Christ had dwelt. His food was any bread which was given to him, any cabbage leaves, fruit-pearings or useless things he might find in the streets; his clothes were rags, which were so dirty, that even people who felt kindly and charitably towards him hesitated to approach him, and even some confessors were compelled to forbid him to come to their confessionals, because their other penitent would not enter where a beggar so filthy had been seen to kneel. In this Benedic found his most severe penance; his poverty was his choice, for in his home he would

ing heat of the summer sun; going by lonely ways where he met no other travel-

lers, and thus was dependent wholly upon

God for consolation.

have had every necessary comfort and convenience. The dirty rags which he re-fused to change were assumed, not because he was careless about cleanliness, but because he found in this way an extreme mortification, and a means of separating himself from the society and charity of those who might perhaps have taken some of his love from God. IT HAS BEEN VERY DIFFERENT with many other saints. Poverty and pen-ance they have sought and loved, but clean-

of holiness and austerity. It certainly was right for him. Who can doubt it when they read how constant and humble were they read now constant and number were his prayers to God for guidance, how faith-ful his resolve to subject his own will to the most holy will of God? With a heart so disposed it would not have been possible for him to pursue such a life had it not been the one path which was to lead him to heaven. We may wonder—we may to heaven. We may wonder—we may not imitate him or any of God's scints

liness has been as dear to them as to us,

so that we need not think a state like that

of Benedict Labre is part of the practice

tondemn, but dwell more upon the hum-ble, prayerful heart of this blessed man, which ever found peace and joy in God amidst all suffering, reproach and contempt

IN 1872, WHEN BENEDICT MADE HIS LAST

JOURNEY TO LORETTO he was observed to be more than usually thoughtful, as if he had some sweetness hidden in his heart which absorbed him wholly. The fact was that Benedict knew he was going to die before very long and that knowledge made him so happy that he was always thinking of it. His longing for God seemed to grow daily more intense, and he would frequently murmur, "Call me, that I may see thee." His grief for what in his humility he deemed his many sins, became stronger than ever, and he approached the sacraments still more frequently in preparation for death. EARLY IN LENT, 1873

this poor man looked like one dying; the very sight of him moved all to compassion. In Holy Week he could scarcely support himself on his feet, and yet he would drag his poor weak body to the church, and kneel there for hours before the Blessed Sacrament. At last one day a fainting fit obliged him to leave, and rest a while on the church steps, and there a crowd gathered round him. A man named Taccarelli felt great pity for Benedict, and calling him by his name, said his house calling him by his name, said his house was ready to receive him. Doutless God was the author of this compassion, for Taccarelli forgot the dying man's condition, and raising him in his arms, here him to his own hause, where he him to his own house, where was laid upon a bed in all his ragged clothing. A priest was sent for, who bent over the beggar and said: "Do you wish to make your confession? Is there anything that you want?" And with a great effort Benedict murmured faintly. "Nothing, nothing." It was known that the holy man had received communion a few days before, but the priest wished to give the help of Viaticum, but death was too near for him to have that grace. His teeth were set together, his eyes closed and when they administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, Benedict was unconscious At eight o'clock in the evening they began to recite the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, during which his soul quietly passed away into the presence of God, at the very moment

WHEN THE BELLS OF EVERY CHURCH IN

ROME
gave the signal for the "Salve Regina."
He was thirty-five years old when he
died, and in those years his
soul had been the one great care. For that he had given up the world, with honored upon earth. People who had shrunk from the beggar of Rome came eagerly to look upon his calm sweet face in death; the clothes, which just before none would have touched, were begged now as precious relies; the bed upon which he died, the room where he lay, nal, of Detroit: were visited with reverence by persons of

this famous seat of learning, which is under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception, took place in the large building occupied as the students' residence, on the evening of the Festival. The attendance comprised, besides the students, the Very Rev. Rector, the Vice-Rector, the Professors of the various Faculties and clergymen of the Seminary. After din-ner the company adjourned to the saloon, where a choice programme of music, vocal and instrumental, was gone through amid rounds of well merited applause. It is satisfactory to be able to state that the increase in the number of students has been so great this year that in addition to the rows of benches hitherto occupied by them, when attending Divine Service in the Basilica, and which occupy the whole of the South aisle, an additional number, extending about two-thirds of the way down the North aisle, have been necessitadown the ted. The heating with hot water of the new buildings has been successfully ac-complished by Mr. James Maguire. A test of efficiency was made on Saturday in presence of Messrs. Peachy, architect, e. Picard, and other experts, as well as of a number of the reverend gentlemen interested, and the utmost satisfaction was the result.

LOCAL NEWS.

Two men named Wolf Cohen and Jos samuels entered the wholesale house of John Green & Co., and while the clerks were engaged with one of them the other concealed about \$250 worth of silks. They were captured by Detective Wigmore and the property recovered.

One of the large pumps, weighing over 7,000 lbs., for the London Water-works, was successfully cast at Messrs. Burrow, Stewart & Milne's foundry, in Hamilton, on Saturday.

The Carling Street Police station is being razed to the ground to make room for a more commodious sojourning place for the police force. It was used in olden times by the Phænix Fire Company, and was erected as a fire hall over thirty years

On Friday last, a farmer of the townon Friday last, a farmer of the town-ship of Caradoc named William Paddison, near Amiens, P. O., was found hanging by the neck to one of the cross beams in his stable, life being extinct. De-ceased was buried the following day without an inquest being held to enquire into the cause of death. The unfortunate man was greatly troubled in mind by the loss of a son, and the giving up of his farm.

Pride elevates its eyes so high that it does not see the obstacles in its path until it stumbles over them.

Pity the man who estimates his worth by the length of his purse. The glitter of gold is both a delusion and a snare.

Speak well of the absent. There is no glory in harrassing a defenceless enemy.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Father Faber

Love must be to us instead of mind, and heart, and spirits, in order that we may understand and feel and worship the cry of the Infant God, breaking the silence of the winter's midnight at Bethlehem. And what was it, first of all, that Angels sang? Glory to God in the test. Yes, this is the temper in which

highest. Yes, this is the temper in which we must keep our feast.

I. God's glory the first thought. 1. To look out for God's glory was and is the habit of the blessed spirits. 2. So also must it be ours. 3. We lose half the joy of feast by thinking our groups of a result of the state of th

fea-ts by thinking only of ourselves.

II. But, God's glory is the same as man's happiness.

I. How touching and how beautiful is the thought?

2. How intensely it ought to make us love God, whe is so mixed up with His creatures. 3. What a lesson it teaches of trustful submission to

III. And God's glory in the highest is in His humiliations in the lowest. 1. This is the grand character of Jesus and of all His mysteries. 2. The discernment of the Angels saw the immense glory of His humiliation. 3. As it was our Master's

simplicity. 2. Joseph overwhelmed with pious humility as foster-father. 3. Mary had won the Incarnation by humility; so now who shall tell how she abased herself. 4. On that wisp of straw reposes the everlasting God. Oh! my dear brethren, we think too well of ourselves. We are less happy than we should be, because, we are less humble. We do not advance because we do not keep ourselves down. We do not love God as we desire, because we do not despise ourselves. O, it is so delightful a thing to be humble, so full of joy, and peace and love; let it be our practice at all times, but especially on the festival of this humiliation. It is a devotion in which we can make no mistake, in which we can never go too far. Let us keep to the side of our Infant Lord, and sink with Him out of the sight of men and of self, into those depths of dear humility, which will gently leave us at the last, not in the poverty of Bethlehem, but in the boundless riches of our Heavenly Father's house above.

TO BE CONTINUED.

REV. P. P. COONEY, C. S. C. His Good Work in Bay City, Michigan.

During the fore part of November, St. James' parish, of Bay City, was the scene of extraordinary religious activity. Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Vice Provinical and Visitor of the various houses of his order in the United States, went there to visit the Brothers of his order, who con-duct the parish school, and the pastor, Rev. Thos. Rafter, secured his services to conduct a mission for the people of the

A very successful mission for the people of St. James' church was concluded here the highest rank, and he was an one of last as one of God's true servants, one of those whose humility has drawn down Christ, the lover of humility, to dwell in their hearts, and fill them by His sweet presence with all virtue and all grace.

AVAL UNIVERSITY, QUEBEC.

AVAL UNIVERSITY, QUEBEC.

AVAL UNIVERSITY, QUEBEC.

**The first mass com
**The first The annual banquet in celebration of by Father Cooney. The first mass commenced at 5 o'clock every morning, at the conclusion of which there was a short dis-course for the special benefit of the working people. There was mass again at 7 o'clock and at 8:30, when another discourse was delivered. It was a matter of surprise to all, how, in such cold and disagreeable weather, so many people came from far and near. At the evening courses the church was always crowd suffocation—as many as 1,200 persons being in the church on many occasions. Over 2,500 made the mission, and the Fathers seem to be well satisfied with the result of their work. Father Cooney possesses a peculiar ability to reach the hearts and sympathies of the people, so much so that during his entire time outside of the public discharge of the mission luties and the confessional, he was kept constantly occupied assisting persons who sought his instructions in private. Sev-eral converts from Protestantism were received into the one true Church, and thers are now under instruction and will

others are now under instruction and will become Catholics in a few days.

On Monday evening, after the close of the mission, Father Cooney delivered a public lecture in the church, the subject of which was, "The battle of life and the Irish race." It was a treatment of the subject of modern Irish history from an entirely original point of view, and showed to all who heard him that every thing which Ireland has won from her thing which Ireland has won from her Saxon rulers has been won by the might of her Catholic faith and under the guid-ance of her Catholic priests and bishops." On the Sunday after the mission closed,

the solemn baptism of five of the converts took place. The names of the personal baptized were Mrs. Catherine Perkins, Mrs. Catherine Hewett, Mrs. Harriet Stewart, Mrs. Catherine Lee and Seneca Green. These conversions to the faith are the result of the brilliant mission conducted by Father Cooney, which closed Sunday last.

THEY say that the descendants of Count de Grasse's family are now all Americans. The same insurrection that drove hither so many of the clergy of France drove also the descendants of this hero's family to our shores, and cast their future lot in this land. Two of the admiral's daughters rest in grayes in the cemetery at Charleston, S. C.; and while the nation was doing honor to the admiral's name on Oct. 19, at Yorktown, the anniversary of his victory, the people of Charleston, S. C., were placing wreaths on the lonely graves of his exiled daughters. Other members of the family reside in Paterson, N. J., and one of them is a nun in the Convent of the Sacred Heart.—Catholic

Visitor.

The work of reconstruction of St. John's Church, Quebec City, is progressing very satisfactorily. The zealous cure, Revd. Mr. Plamondon, is personally superintending the works with his accusI wove me a crown of flowers fair, Roses and lilacs and pansies rare, Lily-buds, (pure as the breath of prayer,) And pinks from a sunny hollow.

I cast my chaplet, round and sweet, Low at Our Blessed Mother's feet,— Ah! little I dreamed of the wreck complete And the ruin swift to follow:

For lo! in the night, some loathsome thing, (Cruel of beak, and foul of wing,) Crept to my fragrant offering, And spread its slime o'er the flowers;

day,—
O sweet, sweet, Mother! I blush to say
Who stole the bloom from thy flowers!

—Ave Maria.

—A. F. J.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

Before marriage the young girl will generally know or have some idea when the young gentleman will come to see her; she takes care to look neat and pleasing, within the receive him in a tastefully waiting to receive him in a tastefully arranged room. And what of the youth? No matter how much "out of sorts" [as he is apt to term it] he may feel, he will dress in his best, look his very best, and start for the home of his lady love. They meet with a clay of hands and a pleasant meet with a clasp of hands and a pleasant smile, have an agreeable evening's visit, then part with a kind good night. I do not say this is wrong if there is true love in it, but how different from the home in after years. We too often miss the sweet face and pleasing appearance of the young girl in the wife. And the youth whose only aim was to please his lady love, now seems to have forgotten all the little seems to have longouten an entire courtesies and gentle attentions that are needed just as much in the husband as in the lover, to make home happy. He finds many other things to look after and often atters harsh and thoughtless words. You may see the wife of only a few mouths in a slovenly dress, hair uncombed, the house in disorder, and nearly time for her hus-band to come home. It is no wonder he band to come home. It is no wonder he is not happy, and may try to give a little advice sometimes. I make no excuse for her. She may have plenty to do, and more than she can accomplish; still she can, if she will, always look neat, and meet her husband with a smile.

Then, on the other hand, the wife may

try to keep the sweet girlish ways of other days about her, but the husband will think to himself. "Now we are married, Mary must not expect me to be the same as before. I have no time for love and loving ways, now there is so much resting on me as the head of the house." He takes no notice of the neatly-kept rooms, and the nice dinner just to his taste, and the loving wife who always meets him at the door with a aways meets him at the door with a smile of welcome home. He walks in with a frown on his face, saying, "I wish you would hurry, I have no time to stop for anything to-day," throws his hat in one corner, his coat in another, scrapes his muddy boots on the newly-polished hearth, grumbles over his dinner, and then sits and smokes for perhaps an hour or more [yet he is in a hurry all the while] and "can't see how he can possibly stop," to bring in an armful of wood or a pail of water to help the patient

And so the days go by, with never a kind word or a loving embrace, and the wife is no longer young, her face wears a sad expression, for in losing the love of her husband she has lost all, so dearly did

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with household responsibilities 'as your mother did.'

She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted.

stowed upon you when you had that long fit of illness.

wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late and weary, and "out of

He has worked hard for you all dayperhaps far into the night.

He has wrestled hand in hand with care, selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money

"Best of All."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Detr Sir—My family has used your "Favorite Prescription" and it has done all that is claimed for it. It is the best of all preparations for formed something. for female complaint. I recommend it to all my customers

G. S. Waterman,
Druggist, Baltimore, Md.

Queen Victoria once wrote a letter for the London Times. As she has never written another, it is supposed that the type-setter made her say, instead of "the sun never sets on the British dominions,"
"the gun never rests on the blighted Dominicans."

be Wise.

Dr. Bliss, if not a success at probing for bullets, was highly successful in despatching bulletins; but the grandest bulletin of success is this which heralds the wonderful cures performed by Burdock Blood Bitters, that matchless tonic and blood purifier which acts at once upon the Bowels, the Skin, the Liver and the Kidmeys, while it invigorates and strengths.

The Day Kidney Pad cures all forms of the whole system.

to say that the use of St. Jacobs Oil has benefited me greatly, and I have no hesitation to recommend it to all as an ex-

Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system—Advance. waste matter of the system-

waste matter of the system—Advance.

An amusing incident recently took place at a trial. The barrister had just risen to state the case for the plaintiff, and had got no further then "May it please you, sir, and gentlemen," when he was rudely interrupted by a small juror, whose head was just visible above the box, with "Cut it short." To him straightway the barrister turned. "Sir, I will cut it short. Sir, I will cut it almost as short as you are." He was not interfered with any more by He was not interfered with any more by the juror.

"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of the quills. "A considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

Sore Throat.

Apply Hagyard's Yellow Oil and take inwardly according to directions. Yellow Oil is the best remedy for rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bruises, Burns, Frost Bites and all lameness, inflammation and pain. No household should be without it.

In the trial of Guiteau one of the witnesses for the defence made a witty and significant epigram to express his opinion of Guiteau's ment-l condition, grounded upon his personal observation. He thought Guiteau's mind was not deranged but very badly arranged.

Ingenious Invention.

Some shrewd Yankee has invented a key that will wind any watch; it is a neat

key that will wind any watch; it is a neat attachment to a charm, and it is said to work like a charm. So does that grand Key to Health—Burdock Blood Bitters, the greatest discovery of the age. It unlocks all the secretions, and cleanses and invigorates the entire system. Sample bottles, 10 cents; large size, \$1.00, of all medicine dealers.

Horace Greeley's bad penmanship has passed into a proverb. No description of it without a fac-simile of the writing could convey any idea of illegibility. It is charitable, however, to the old philosopher to suppose that the fault lay with the pens he had been accustomed to use, but what a world of grief and trouble would have been saved to the compositors if he had written his editorials with an Esterbrook Falcon Pen. brook Faicon Pen. THE ELEMENTS OF BONE, BRAIN AND

MUSCLE, are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs. When the circulation becomes impoverished in consequence of weak digestion and imperfect assimilation of the food, which should enrich it, every bodily function flags and the system grows feeble and disordered. When the blood becomes impure either from the development of imperite either from the development of inherited seeds of disease, its contamination by bile, or other causes, serious maladies surely follow. A highly accredited remedy for these evils is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dysa kind word or a loving embrace, and the wife is no longer young, her face wears a sad expression, for in losing the love of her husband she has lost all, so dearly did she love him and so perfectly did she trust him. All too many are homes of this kind! And why? Where is the need? I would like if some one would tell me. expering bile from the blood. It fike-wise possesses diuretic and depurent pro-perties of a high order, rendering the kid-neys active and healthy, and expelling from the system the aerid elements which produce rheumatic pain. Price \$1.00. Sample Bottle, 10 cents. Ask for North-ROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery

Cures coughs, colds, asthma, croup, whooping cough, sore throat, bronchitis and all lung complaints that lead to consumption. Price 25 cents.

A witness was on the stand in an illegal liquor-sale case. The counsel was trying to find out in what kind of a glass the liquor was handed to the witness, and at last exclaimed: "What kind of a look-Let home be another atmosphere entirely.

Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find peace, quiet, and perfect love.

The inquor was handed to the witness, and at last exclaimed: "What kind of a looking-glass was it?" "Begorra, sur, it wasn't a looking-glass at all; it was a tumbler."

A Cure for Crown.

Apply flannel saturated with Hagyard's Yellow Oil and administer the Oil internally on a little sugar as directed on the bottle. Yellow Oil cures Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Chilbains, Lameness, and all flesh wounds. All dealers supply it, price 25 cents.

Where Ignorance is Bliss 'tis Folly to be Wise.

neys, while it invigorates and strengthens

The Day Kidney Pad cures all forms of kidney and urinary disorders. A pamphlet sent for one stamp. Day KIDNEY PAD Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The people of this country have spoken. They declare by their patronage of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, that they believe it to be an article of genuine merit, adapted to the cure of soreness or lameness, hurts A local paper says: "The name of Maria is so popular in Montreal that when a cat climbs a back fence in a well-populated climbs a well-populated climb

sis opopular in Montreal that when a cat climbs a back fence in a well-populated neighborhood and plaintively vocalizes 'Maria!' twenty windows are hastily thrown up and twenty female heads are thrust out, wildly answering, 'is that you Charley!"

No Hesitation.

Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, has used the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and endorses it highly. He writes about it as follows:—I am pleased to say that the use of St. Jacobs Oil has

Have Hope.

Before you despair of curing a troublesome cough just verging on consumption try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam; it has

cured others, why may it not cure you? All dealers sell it.

Nothing is Lost for Heaven.

Emile de Girardin, one of the writers who contributed most extensively towards spreading a revolutionary spirit among the French, was vouchsafed the wonderful grace of a death-bed repentance. He made his confession in the most edifying manner to l'Abbe Sabatier, a Paris priest. Occar de Poli now relates an incident in the life of M. de Girardin which probably obtained for him such great mercy at the

last hour.

Several years ago an Italian refugee and correspondent for some Italian newspapers was hiding in Paris. All his life he had been struggling for the unification of Italy against the Pope; yet, notwithstanding his errors, he was mercifully granted the grace of receiving all the consolations of religion before death. With faithful respect for the last wish of her husband, the widow was much anxious to husband, the widow was much anxious to give him suitable religious obsequies, but his long sickness had exhausted their modest resources, and she had not even enough to bury him. In her dire distress she went to one of his companions who had rapidly accumulated a very large fortune and told her trouble with the greatest con-fidence, for he had been her husband's companion-in-arms, and had proven himself a friend to the last hour.

self a friend to the last hour.

But the millionaire belonged to an intolerant Masonic lodge. At first he kindly received the unhappy widow's request, and turned towards his secretary, purposing to relieve her need, when a thought struck him, and he brusquely asked: "Are you going to take him to the church?" "Certainly," answered the weeping widow, "it was his dying re-quest." "Madam, either no church or no money." said the insolent man, in a rough

will go to the church."

The same Emile de Girardin learned through a third party the particulars of this awful distress, and the shameful behavior of the wealthy Italian. "It is abominable," he cried; "it makes humanity blush for shame! There should be an ignominous pillory for such actions."

Right away he sent the poor woman fifty Louis-d'Or anonymously, and thanks to his liberal generosity, she had the sad satisfaction of giving the remains of her lamented husband suitable

A long time afterwards she succeeded n ascertaining the name of her discreet benefactor. We may easily believe she offered many a fervent prayer for his conversion, and her prayers were heard in

"Summer Complaint" and kindred affections promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-weed and

Jamaica Ginger. By druggists, 50c.

A. B. DesRochers. Arthabaskaville. I writes:- "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of Rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, etc., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

Remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long fit of illness.

A French gentleman, who supposed he had mastered the English language, was sally puzzled one day when a friend looked at him and said, "How do you do?" "Siry I mean, how do you find yourself?" "Sair, I never loses myself." But how do you feel?" "Smooth—you just feel me."

Magranda The Peruvian Syrup

Is an iron tonic, prepared expressly to supply the blood with its iron element. Being free from alcohol in any form, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent, infusing strength, vigor and new life into all parts of the system, and building up an iron constitution. It is an excellent just feel me."

Hagranda The Peruvian Syrup

Is an iron tonic, prepared expressly to supply the blood with its iron element. Being free from alcohol in any form, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent, infusing strength, vigor and new life into all parts of the system, and building up an iron constitution. It is an excellent substitute for wine or busylourself."

Hagranda The Peruvian Syrup

Is an iron tonic, prepared expressly to supply the blood with its iron element. Being free from alcohol in any form, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent, infusing strength, vigor and new life into all parts of the system, and building up an iron constitution. It is an excellent substitute for wine or busylourself."

By Universal Accord.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely veg-etable no harm can arise from their use, and being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them; and every can be compared with them; and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitu-tions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

For sale by all druggists.

Meetings.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT CASSOCIATION—The regular meetings of London Brauch No. 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, will be held on the first and third Thursday of every month, at the hour of 8 o'clock, in our rooms, Castle Hall, Albion Block, Richmond St. Members are requested to attend punctually. ALEX WILSON, Rec. Sec. Professional.

WOOLVERTON, SURGEON DEN-TIST. OFFICE—Corner Dundas and Clarence Streets., London. (Over Brown & Morris'.) Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Solon Woolverton, L. D. S., late of Grimsby.

PR. W. J. McGuigan, Graduate, of MeGill University, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Night calls to be left at the office. Office—Nitschke's Block, 272 Dundas street.



Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scaids, General Bodily

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other

Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacons Ora as a sufe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy A trial solution but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its Directions in Newscape. claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS

IN MEDICINE A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

LOCAL NOTICES.

R. S. MURRAY & Co. are prepared to fit up churches, public buildings, hotels and private residences with Brussels, Whiltan, velvet, tapestry, three-ply Kid-derminster and Dutch carpets, India and China matting, English oil cloth, cut to fit 'rooms: American and Canadian oil cloth. French, English and German lace curtains always on hand. Largest stock of house furnishings in America. Carpets made and laid at very small charges, cut, matched and tacked free, 124 Dundas

THE SADDEST OF SAD SIGHTS.—The grey hairs of age being brought with sorow to the grave is now, we are glad to think, becoming rarer every year as the use of Cingalese Hair Restorer becomes more general. By its use the scanty locks of age once more resume their former color and the hair become thick and luxuriant as ever; with its aid we can now defy the change of years, resting assured that no Grey Hair at any rate will come to sadden

heaven.

In the crowd which followed the body of M. Girardin to its last resting place was noticed this white-haired woman, weeping bitterly and praying earnestly for the repose of his soul.

by all druggists.

For the best photos made in the city go to For Bros., 280 Dundas street. Call and examine our stock of frames and paspartonts, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city. Children's pictures

moved to the city hall building. This is the Sewing Machine repair part and attachment emporium of the city. Better than ever. Raymond's celebrated ma-

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS, WINSLOWS SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It 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 physicans and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

CHEAP BOOKS.

Alba's Dream and other stories.... Crucifix of Baden and other stories... Fleurange, by Madam Craven...... The Trowel or the Cross and other stories ... Dion and the Sibyls, a classic Chris-

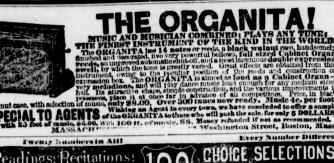
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198 DUNDAS STREET.

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UNDERTAKER, &C.

The only house in the city having a Children's Mourning Carriage.

FIRST-CLASS HEARSES FOR HIRE. 202, King St., London. Private Residence 254 King Street.

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HAVE REMOVED TO THE

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MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates of in-

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Routes—Between Aylm'r,
ns, Harrietsville, MossDorchest'r Station (daily Byron (Monday, Wednesday and Friday)

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specialty.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—J. McKenzie has reday and Friday 7 30 2.45

Kensington ... 7 30 9 0 0

For Great Britain—The latest hours for dispatching letters, etc., for Great Britain, are—Mondays at Loop. In., per Cunard packet, via New York: Tuesdays at 1 p.m., per Inman or White Star Line, via New York: Postage on Letters, Sc., For Miller Star Line, via New York: Postage on Letters, Sc. Bates of postage on Letters britain fees, Sc. Bates of postage on Letters, School on Letters britain fees, December 1 on Let

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!

in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"Brown's Household Panacka" 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 any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

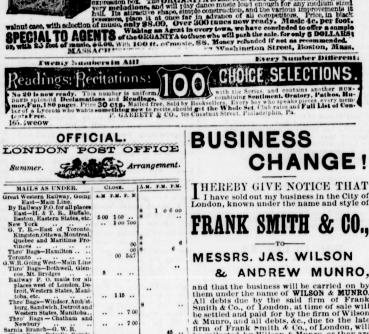
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CHANGE! THEREBY GIVE NOTICE THAT

MESSRS. JAS. WILSON & ANDREW MUNRO,

and that the business will be earried on by them under the name of WILSON & MUNRO. All debts due by the said firm of Frank smith & Co., of London, at time of sale will be settled and paid for by the firm of Wilson & Munro, and all debts, &c., due to the late firm of Frank Smith & Co., of London, will be collected by Wilson & Munro, as they are the only parties authorized so to do. (Signed) FRANK SMITH. Dated Toronto, Nov. 21, 1981.

WITH REFERENCE TO THE ABOVE, the undersigned take this opportunity to state to the public that the business will be carried on in the future as it has been .n the past, and trust that by strict sttention to the requirements of the public generally we may merit the same liberal patronage as has heretofore been bestowed upon the late firm of Frank Smith & Co.

Wilson & Munro. LONDON COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

THE GREAT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH AMERICA. \$35-SCHOLARSHIPS-\$35

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For full Commercial Course, time unlimited, eutitling the helder to thorough instruction in the Academic, Ordinary, Commercial and Business University Departments cost \$35.

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Never before in the history of Canadian Business Colleges, has one enjoyed the confidence of the public to such a degree as the London Commercial College

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made up in the latest styles, under his per-sonal supervision. Particular attention has been paid as to the quality of the FURS selected.

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Those in want of anything suitable for the cold weather would do well to inspect his stock before making purchases elsewhere. H. BEATON PALMER'S BLOCK,
RICHMOND ST., LONDON.

XMAS FRUITS! Largest Stock of Christmas Fruits in

CURRANTS, RAISINS, and all other goods suitable for the season, just received by JOHN SCANDRETT, and will be sold at close rates,

JOHN SCANDRETT, DUNDAS STREET. A GREAT OFFER FOR

HOLIDAYS!! PIANCS and ORG ANS at EXTRAORDINARY LOW prices for cash, instalments received, SPLENDID ORGANS, 845,850,860 np. M.G. NIFICENT 7- oct. ROSEWOOD Planos, stori and Cover, only 8190. Warranted 6 years, 11-lustrated Catalogue mailed. Agents wanted HORACE WATERS & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers, 826 Broadway, New York.

\$2.25 The "Record"

The "Harp" The CATHOLIC RECORD and THE HARP,

the only Canadian Catholic monthly, published in Hamilton, by C. Donovan, Esq., B. A., can be obtained for \$2.25 in advance. Orders may be sent to the RECORD office, London, or to Mr. C. Donovan, at

DECEMBER 23, 1881.

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Whose cabinet or parlor organs have won his industrial exhibitions for fourteen years (being found worthy of such at any), have effected MO ABLE IMPROVEMENTS in their organs in isince the first introduction of this instrument effering ORGANS OF HIGHER EXCELLE oppular MEDIUM and SMALLER STYLES OPRICES; \$22 830, \$51, 830 and upwards. A 140.. is now ready (October, 1881), fully descript of Organs. This, with net prices and circulars generally, which will be useful to every one than AND POSTPAID. Address MASON & HAML 46 East 14th St., New York, or 149 Wabash A

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A Choice Stock of New Spri For FIT, WORKMANSHIP and QUALITY OF my price is much lower, as I am content with simple N. B .-- NO WOMEN COATMAKER



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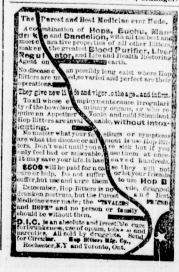
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Retail at Wholesale Prices. Twent-five per cent. cheaper than anybody else. Call and get your Trunks and Vallses

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Tenders for Work in British Columbia. SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next. In a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the Westlend of Contract 60, near Emery's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on applications of the conditions of the con

office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractor, all the information in his power.

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Output

about September 1st, to the grand premises, 214 bundas street, where we are now fitting up a Photograph Emporium and Art Studio, the finest and most complete in this country. With greatly increased facilities in every departm nt, we will be enabled to serve our patrons with thorough efficiency.

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Dundas street, cor. Market
Lane, Cootes' Block, where
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"NIL DESPERANDUM." Important to Nervous Sufferers.

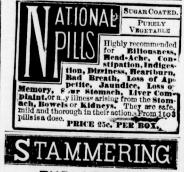
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The Great English remeils all Nervous Affections, e.e. is Gray's Specific Medicions, the is the only operation of the Medicions of the Heart, Consumption in its earlier stages, Rushing of blood to the head, wind in the stomach, Indigestion, Loss of Memory Want of Energy, Bash fulness, Desire for solitute, low spirits indisposition to labor on account of weakness, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the back, Dimness of vision, Premature old age, etc. Full particulars in our pamphlet which we send securely sealed on receipt of a3 cent. stamp. The Specific is now sold by all Druggists at \$1.00 per package, or 6 for \$5.00, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of money, by addressing

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my price is much lower, as I am content with simply a living profit. Give me an early call N. B .--- NO WOMEN COATMAKERS EMPLOYED.

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THE LONDON STAMMERING INSTITUTE

LONDON, - ONT.

WM. TOBIN. Stratford, Ont.

Christmas Thoughts. BY MRS. J. JAMES KEHOE. O'er the eastern hills are dawning
Brightest rays of joy and love,
Through the silent earth resounding
Songs of praise to God above.
Hail the midnight hour with glory,
Greet the Christmas time with pray'r,
Adoremus in seternum
Christ the new born King is there.

Kneel before the glowing altar,
Meet to-night in close retreat;
Past and present future sorrows,
Lay them at the Infant's feet.
Gloria in excelsis Peo
Round each hearth good will and peace,
In each soul the brightest virtues,
Faith and hope and love increase.

Peace on earth the angel singing,
Spirit guardian of our home,
Wat a happy Christmas greeting
Far across the ocean's foam—
Where the Celtic poor are kneeling.
Poor, yet rich the Faith they bear;
Bowed in humble adoration
Lift their voice to God in prayer.

Peace on earth, O Infant Jesus,
Peace upon our land bestow;
Through Thy tender childlike yearning
Guard our souls from every woe.
In the sweetness of Thy pity
Give us joy sond hope sincere,
Feed and clothe the poor and hungry,
They to Thee were always dear.

Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Glory in our acts abound.
Glory praise, from ey'ry nation.
Till it fills the earth around.
Glory to God, oh se cred anthem,
sweetly went our gifts of love,
From the lowly Child of Betnie'r
To the mighty God above.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

Ireland.

Cork, Dec. 12.—Forty farms have been seized under execution for tent and offered for sale. Twenty-one were purchased for the landloid. In ten cases ten-

ants settled rent.

London, Dec. 14.—The Earl of Dunraven's tenants have paid their arrears of rent, and accepted the offer of 33 per cent. reduction conditional upon the re-valua-

reduction conditional upon the re-valua-tion of the land.

Dublin, Dec. 14.—Kelly, Town council-lor of Tralee, was arrested yesterday after leaving a meeting in aid of the "suspects" maintenance fund. The charge against him is intimidation. Kelly was previously imprisoned for holding a Land League Court at his house.

Parnell is reported as very pale, care-worn and weak, but his spirits are high,

worn and weak, but his spirits are high, and he appears as resolute as ever.

Dublin, Dec. 15.—Placards have been

posted on the Dennis estates in Roscommon, menacing with death any tenant pay-ing his rent. A tenant named Brennan paid his rent, and was shot dead yester-

London, Dec. 15.—A landlords' demonstration in Dublin has been fixed for an early day in January. The promoters of the movement say the intention is not to oppose the execution of the Land Act, but to formulate the landlords' claim for compensation for losses sustained by the Act.
These losses are on good authority placed

tor, and seized all the papers.

Dublin, Dec. 15.—The United Ireland Dubin, Dec. 15.—The United Ireland was seized yesterday by the direction of the Attoney-General, who is of opinion that the paper was a "no rent" manifesto of the worst kind, and a serious and direct incident.

ncitement to murder.

Home Rulers in Paris speak of putting forward O'Donovan, Mery correspondent of the Daily News, as a candidate for Par-liament. It is stated that he will be asked to go on a lecturing tour in the United

London, Dec. 16.—Dillon has been in-London, Dec. 16.—Dillon has been indirectly informed that he could at once obtain liberation by promising to leave Ireland. He refuses to give pledge.

Dublin, Dec. 16.—The Land Commissioners, in hearing appeals, will only consider questions of legal interpretation, not

of valuation.

A resolution requesting the Government to release the imprisoned suspects was read at a meeting of the Cork Guardians to-day, but the chairman declined to Biggar M. P., writes to the Freeman's

Journal objecting to any royal family which is a foreign family to Ireland at the opening of the proposed Irish industriat exhibition, and saying Davitt or Parnell countries of the archibition.

the United Ireland will be published in London and posted to subscribers. Should the Government interfere with the publi-cation, the office will be transferred to

English sompathizers with Ireland, O'Donnel attempted to gain admission to the Mansion House meeting to-day as a representative of the tenantry. The Lord Mayor refused to admit him, as he had not been invited. O'Donnel sent a protest stating that the Lord Mayor was doubtless mydent to prevent the voice of even less prudent to prevent the voice of even a single representative of the Irish people a single representative of the Irish people being raised in a packed meeting of city money lenders and friends of rack-renters, who were preparing to render the Land Act a dead letter, by pressing for immedi-ate payment of arrears of the famine sea-

said His Holiness consulted the Bishops who came to Rome to attend the canonizations with reference to his quitting the

Canadian.

On Tuesday morning the body of Thomas Booth, a trackman on the Air Line, was found about a mile east of Allanburg, terribly mangled by some night train. He was returning home from an Orange Lodge at Port Robinson, and was overcome when within a mile of his house, by lianor.

by liquor.
Stratford, Dec. 16.—A. W. Robb, Esq.,
Mayor of this town, died last night. Although expected, the sad event has cast a
gloom over the whole town, for Mayor
Robb was universally esteemed. His illRobb was the property long duration, and

Robb was universally esteemed. His illness has been of very long duration, and he was only able to occupy the civic chair a few times during the year.

The Bishop of Ottawa leaves for Rome next week to consult with the Pope in regard to ecclesiastical matters. He will be absent about three months, during which time Vicar-General Rothier will have charge. have charge.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN IN EDU.

along the side, walk in its carriage by the nurse, that child, who, in the Summer plays about on the green sward before your residence has certain natural rights inalienable rights, and that he expects to enjoy the full benefit of them from your faithful discharge of every parental duty? That child, that Christian member of the Church, heir of Jesus Christ, little as he may be, ignorant as he may be, bears the That child, that Christian member of the Church, heir of Jesus Christ, little as he may be, bears the same relation to his parents as Jesus Himself bore to Mary and Joseph. We have His words for it, "He that shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me." (Matt. 5.). Christian marriage was administered as a holy sacrament, in the name of Christ, and that child has been received and baptized in the name of Christ, thus inheriting from Christ all the rights of a Christian. See the infant Jesus held by Mary's hand and under the protection of Joseph. Perfect man, king and God as He was, Mary and Joseph conduct Him to the temple to be offered up to the Heavenly Father. They return thither with Him, to keep the yearly festivals, they shield Him from the sword of lawless men, reconduct Him as soon as possible from Event the school of idol-

to formulate the landlords' claim for compensation for losses sustained by the Act. These losses are on good authority placed at £50,000,000.

London, Dec. 15.—Several hundred tenant farmers ploughed Parnell's farm in Wicklow county, and performed all the necessary work thereon. On separating they cheered Parnell, Dillon, Sheehy and others.

At the ploughing of Parnell's land, an effigy of Gladstone, labelled "The Last Landlord," was paraded over the grounds. Two members of Parliament delivered addresses. Three thousand persons were present.

Dublin, Dec. 15.—Police entered the office of the United Irishman to-day and office of the United Irishman to-day and their spiritual royalty. Those incipient

office of the United Irishman to-day and arrested Burton, clerk; O'Keefe, sub-editor, and seized all the papers. appointment, and seem to say by that same Church, the interpreter of their souls' wants: "My mind wishes to know God, to see Him in every thing, for every thing is stamped with His image. My mind wishes to know Jesus Christ whom mind wishes to know Jesus Christ whom the Father has sent, for this is life eter-nal, my heart longs to love one whom I feel I must love forever, one alone; my whole being seeks an infallible guide to another, a better life. I am weak; I am ignorant: show me the school in which I

another, a better life. I am weak; I am ignorant; show me the school in which I will learn all this; help me along till I learn all this. God has given you the ways and the means, and imposed the obligation on you; assist me, I besech you." This is an abridged declaration of rights which none will gainsay. No Christian will presume to say that any one of those will presume to say that any one of those rights can be denied that child of seven, rights can be defined that child of seven, ten or twelve years, though never was it known perhaps that such words came from one who had so much to assert. Yet what do we see happening around us? There is a field in which plants that shoot up to eternal life are found an atmosup to eternal life are found, an atmosphere which invigorates those plants and gives them a perfume of Heaven; it is the

Catholic school with the heavenly virtues, whose fruits astonish and delight even the ought to open the exhibition.

Dublin, Dec. 16.—It is understood that the United Ireland will be published in the United Ireland will be published. It is not standard to the United Ireland will be published in the United Ireland will be published. Should be supported to the published in the United Ireland will be published i taken care of by the Good Shepherd of us all, it is the Catholic Church, Catholic doctrine. But oh! behold the dismal sight. There is a common close by, covered with briars and thorns and poison-

cation, the office will be transferred to Paris, whence copies of the paper will be distributed under cover.

London, Dec. 13.—By the advice of English sompathizers with Ireland, O'Donthey have been cancelled. Nay more, parents have taken advantage of the weakness and ignorance of their children, and by the influence of their children,

at the high-handed manner in which the at the night-handed manner in which the French government is expelling numerous religious bodies from their native soil; you melt into tears on seeing the priest at the altar consuming the holy species for the last time before setting sail, and with

joined by Rev. Messrs. Paradis and Scott, as deacon and sub-deacon of the Office, and Mass was commenced. It may be well to explain that the palitum is the insignia of Archiepiscopal authority; it is made of the wool of a lamb and a number of them are blessed annually at Rome on the tomb of St. Agnes on the eve of her feast. On the appointment of an Archbishop, a formal demand is made for it by a special envoy of the latter, and his investiture with it is always made the occasion of a solemn ceremony. During this time the organist, Mr. Gustave Gagnon, played a selection of sacred music with that delicacy of touch for which he is so well known. The Sanctuary and High Altar were very tastefully decorated; immediately over the tabernacle was a beautiful statue of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, having at the last time before setting sail, and with Jesus in his breast, taking up the chalice and sacred vestments, carry them to more hospitable lands, where he may consecrate anew without fear and in peace; but what do we observe before us? Children sent to heretical schools are in exile; the love of their home, their eternal home, implanted in the heart by baptism, accompanies them; but alas! how quickly a change comes over them. Those little souls filled with the inspirations of the Holy Ghost are growing dark, for the the Holy Ghost are growing dark, for the lights of faith, of early Catholic education, of the Immaculate Conception, having at its foot a number of colored lights, and lights of faith, of early Catholic education, are going out, and there is no one authorized to renew them. Those little hearts so often bathed in the blood of Jesus Christ fed with His body are getting cold; for the church, the guardian of sound doctrine and morality, has in her zeal forbidden them the participation in the sacraments. The memory of Mary and the saints, of Church and of Heaven gradually fades away: and Jesus with His cross and surmounting this again was an immense lighted taper, indicating that the celebrant of the day was the Chief of the Church of of the day was the United of the Church of the Archdiocese. The musical portion of the service was the Mass of the second tone harmonized in four parts, and was ren-dered by the Seminarians under the direc-tion of Rev. Mr. Fraser in excellent style, to the accompanionent of the organ supfades away; and Jesus with His cross and His blessings too will go away and find consolation in a better land. Is this all

tion of Rev. Mr. Fraser in excellent style, to the accompaniment of the organ, supplemented by a quartet of brass instruments by members of the Union Musicale. At the epistle the Ave Maria was sung by Mr. Elz. Tascherean in a very excellent and devotional manner; at the Offertory a fragment of a symphony from Haydn was given in their usual faultless manner by the Septum Haydn, and at the Elevation an andante movement by the same perform-During a mission given last week by the Oblate Fathers in the basilica of Ottawa, the Rev. F. Smith, O. M. I., of the College of Ottawa, made the following remarks when treating of the duties of parents:

For the better intelligence of your duties in the matter of education, I would ask you to-day, have you ever reflected upon the rights of those entrusted to your care? Have you ever thought, and I mean thought in such a way as to convince and persuade vourselves, that that little being which is carelessly moved along the side-swalk in its carriage by the nurse, that child, who, in the Summer plays about on the green sward before plays about on the green sward before andante movement by the same perform-ers. The scene at this point was very impressive : the solemn music floating from the organ loft, the otherwise intense stillness prevading the sacred temple, the immense kneeling multitude engaged in adoration, the High Altar ablaze with almost innumerable lighted tapers, the gorgeous robes of cloth of gold of the Archbishop and his Ministers—all produced a sublime effect. After the chanting of the first Gospel, the sermon was preached by Rev. Pere Jutteau, O. P., and was a splendid effort of pulpit oratory. He proceeded to show that French-Canadians must be Catholics, basing his argufrom the organ loft, the otherwise intens generation is receiving the seeds of a lamentable future; and if one day, not lamentable future, and it looks lost, but almost hopelessly astray, it looks back at the cause of its miserable condition, it will be justified in saving: "We dition, it will be justified in saying : dians must be Catholics, basing his argu-ment on the fact that their mother-land, ment on the fact that their mother-land, France, was eminently a missionary country, and also in view of all that she—Catholic France—had, in days gone by, done in conjunction with the church in spreading the Gospel in Canada. At the conclusion of the sermon the Archiepiscopal benediction was given, and Mass was continued to the end.

complain of our ungodly father, because for his sake we are in reproach" (Eccl. XLI 10) Our bones shall be filled with XLI 10) Our bones shall be filled with the vices of our youth, and they shall sleep with us in the dust." (Job XX, II) Can we trifle with children and not feel guilty and sorry in the end. In the choice of a school for your sons and daughters, let prejudice and material interest have little hearing and give a second thought before you pronounce a Catholic school unfit and an uncatholic one without danger for the minds and hearts of your children. Learn to limit that apparent children. Learn to limit that apparent omnipotence over them which you see you have not. Approach them with respect, and think it a great honor to lead a mon-arch through the warfare of life to a throne of eternal glory, where your crown awaits you, where Jesus Christ shall receive and reward you, for having received those little ones on earth in His most sacred and adorable name.

THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Its Celebration in the Ancient Capital.

THE GEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Its Celebration in the Ancient Capital.

tinued to the end.

of cloth of gold.

At half-past two in the afternoon Grand

AT ST. PATRICK'S.

art all fair, O! my love, and there is no stain in Thee." The reverend gentleman traced the belief of the Church in the mys-

service was the solemin Gregorian chant, beautifully rendered by an efficient choir of men and boys. At the Offertory, Mr. Pradis sang the Tantum Ergo in very fine style, and at the Communion the Domine

was splendidly decorated; and when before the Canon a number of tapers were

lighted on the former the effect was very

bishop, who was attended by Rev. Messrs. Lessard and Mathieu.

NOTRE-DAME DE LOURDES,

ervice was the solemn Greg

grand.

In the Church of

In the Church of

THE MOTHER CHURCH OF NORTH AMERICA

-FULL AND INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE CEREMONIES. It is but proper that the festival of the ember, 1854. The musical portion of the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

of the Ever Blessed Mother of God should be at all times celebrated with all the pomp and grandeur possible within the precincts of the Old Fortress which from the day of its foundation has been under her protection. Through all circumstances, this has been done; and whether under the spot-less white banner of the fleur de lys of Catholic France or that of Protestant England; whether under the Government of Monseignor Francois de Lavel de Montmorency, Vicar Apostolic of this Northern hemisphere—then known as La Noweelle France—and subsequently its first Bishop; or under that of its present distinguished Prelate, Elzear Alexandre Taschereau, its fourth Archbishop, the Cathedral Church of Quebec—since 1874 a Basilica Minor affiliated to the Basilica of Sancta Maria Maggiore at Rome—has always been noted for the grandeur of its ceremonies and the strictness of its England; whether under the Government ceremonies and the strictness of its adherence to the ritual in all its details.

The year of grace 1881 has been no experience to the ritual in all its details. ception, as will be seen by the following summary, for which we are largely in-debted to a friendly hand in the Morning Chronicle of that grand old city. The Chronicle, speaking of the celebration,

As already announced in these columns the festival of the Immaculate Conception was yesterday celebrated in all the Catholic churches of this city with all the pomp and ceremonies which that Church puts forth on solemn occasions. Of course

In the Church of

THE CONGREGATIONISTS OF ST. ROCH,
High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Mr.
Lessard and a very impressive sermon was
preached by the Very Rev. Mr. Legare, V.
G. In the afternoon at five o'clock an
able sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr.
Mathieu, of Laval University, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was
afterwards given by His Grace the Archbishop, who was attended by Rev. Messrs. AT THE BASILICA
the ceremonies were of the highest order. Lessard and Mathieu.

IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. SAUVEUR, which is in charge of the Revd. Fathers Oblates of Mary Immaculate, High Mass was celebrated by Revd. Father Tortel, Superior, assisted by Revd. Father Grenier and Laflosch. The sermon was preached from Canticles VI-9, by the eloquent pulpit orator, Father Paquin, O. M. I. In the beautiful new church of NOTRE-DAME DE LOURDES. sight. There is a common sight. There is a control covered with briars and thorns and poison-covered with briars and thorns and beasts on herbes; it has no enclosure and beasts of every kind come and trample the few of every kind come and trample the few promising plants and shrubs. There is a promising plants and shrubs. There is a promising plants and shrubs. There is a of sanctuary boys, ecclesiastical school the minor orders of the clergy and priests, th Precisely at half-past nine the procession of sanctuary boys, ecclesiastical students, the minor orders of the clergy and priests, wearing surplices and headed by the paroper surplices and precise and priests, wearing surplices and headed by the paroper surplices are supplied to the procession of th school, the heretical school, the uncatholic school; and do we not see multitudes of our Catholic children going into it. And their rights, their sacred rights to soundness of doctrine and purity of morals, what of them. They have been ignored, they have been cancelled. Nay more, parents have taken advantage of the weakness and ignorance of their children. money lenders and friends of rack-renters, who were preparing to render the Land Act a dead letter, by pressing for immediate payment of arrears of the famine season.

Rome.

Rome, Dec. 13.—In the farewell andience of their greater but strange and culpable knowledge and the canonizations, the Pope said:—

Clumon is more necessary now than ever.

Gulfor being attacked, despite its power of bridling human passions and restraining the masses in revolt. The benefits conferred by the Holy See upon populations are denied with uo less madness than audscity. May Italy one day and the cigan audscity. May Italy one day and the cigan audscity. May Italy one for the saviour, before the assumed his position of the learn stand what she might do in behalf of liberty, and the right of the Pope's departure. The question of the Pope's departure from Rome is seriously mooted. It is 'real great put the part of the parish. The charge of their arm, they have driven strength of their arm to the heretical school. The ignore the canonizations, the Pope said:—

Gulfor is more necessary now than ever.

Gulfor by the Holy See upon populations are denied with uo less madness than audscity. May Italy one day and the right of the Pope will have been cancelled. Nay more, they do however the results and ignorance of their children, they there divides the results of the mean the reference to divide the weakness of little ones, two soldities of the treat which was confined exclusively to the woodalities and they one of the treated one than the feel of the rich of micro of ficials, very development, exc., his Grace hat the following from Rome is the following the following the following which fire others with zeal and little ones that the following from Rome:

The populations of the fermion of the service, the

the Hotel Dieu; the Sisters Hospitaliers; the Sacred Heart; the Sisters of Charity; the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; St. Bridget's and the Seminary. In each and all the ceremonies were in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion and with the love and veneration which all bear toward the Mother of God. toward the Mother of God, Mary Conceived Without Sin.

Ladie's and Children's Hosiery.

At the present time W. Green's stock of ladies' and children's hosiery is very complete, containing, as it does, all the leading style and novelties for the coming season. This establishment has always been noted for their complete and well-assorted stock in this department, and all will admit that it is the hosiery house of London. Mr. Green has also received a large stock of first choice Rouillon kid gloves in 3, 4 and 6 buttons, while other houses have substituted an inferior article to take the place of this excellent glove. Mr. Green still keeps the first quality and selling them at the prices at which other stores sell the inferior article. His stock of real and imitation laces, embroideries, &c., is very complete and well

embroideries, &c., is very complete and well worth an inspection. Intending purchasers of any of the above goods will save money by purchasing these goods at Green's popu-lar store.

Only Daughter Cured of Con-

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. James was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of **Consumption**. which cured his only child of Consumption. His child is now in this country enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives the Recipe free, only asking two three-cent stamps to pay expenses. This herbalso cures night-sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address, CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, naming this paper.

Musical.

Musical.

[From the Boston Home Journal.]

The frequent appearance of the Knabe pianos in our concert rooms is not at all surprising to those acquainted with the history of the firm, or the character of the instrument itself. Not long since, the writer, when in a neighbouring city, had occasion to play upon one of these pianos. It had withstood the test of twenty-five years' service. The greatest pleasure was still to be derived from its tone. It was so resonant and miscal that it seemed as if—like old wine—it had improved with age. In no other way that this could we justily illustrate its perfect state of preservation. The Knabe pianoto-day is in the formost rank of instruments. As one listens to its ringing vibrations, it appears as though the poetry of tone itself were being revealed in a language far morel complimentary and just than any verbal praise.

"A Violet from Mother's grave." and

At half-past two in the afternoon Grand Vespers were sung, his Grace again officiating, attended by the same officials as in the morning; the psalms, antiphons and hymns were sung by six Cantors, Rev. Messis. Beaudoin, Boulay, Scott, Verret, Talbot and Theberge, who wore magnificent copes of sleth of cald 20 "A Violet from Mother's Grave." 49 other popular Songs, words and music entire only 12c. PATIEN & Co. 51 Barclay St., N. Y.

The wonderful Pianoette advertised by the Mass. Organ Co., Boston, Mass., is one of the greatest musical inventions of the age, playing any tune by simply turning a crank. It is sold for \$5.00 with a selection of tunes. HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

WANTED a working housekeeper for a small family. Apply at CATHOLIC RECORD office, or address J. B. KELLY, Chat-197.2w nam, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED.

Wanted, a male Teacher for the Dundas Roman Catholic Separate School. Certifi-cate of qualification to be not less than Second class B Normal School. Duties to commence after the Christmas vacation. Liberal salary to a good Teacher. Address, Patrick Cass, Sec. School Board. Dundas, Dec. 19, 1881. tery from the earliest days down to its solemn proclamation as a Dogma of Faith by the immortal Pius IX, on the 8th Dec-

NOTICE,

COLLECTION OF TAXES.

The pressure at the Collectors' office during the past two weeks having prevented many citizens who had come prepared to pay from carrying out their intention, the Collectors are instructed to allow the salvum fac for the Queen was solemnly chanted. The High Altar, as well as the lateral one of Our Lady of Mount Carmel,

REBATE OF 5 PER CENT.

on all Taxes Up to the 24th instant.

JAMES TAYLOR, Collectors.

In the Church of ST. ROCH
High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Mr. Bouffard, of the Seminery, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Jos. Rouleau and F. Blanchet as deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Kev. Mr. Sexton, who taking his text from the book of Judith: Tu gloria Jerusalem: tu lactitia Israel: tu honorificentia populi nostri, preached an eloquent and impressive sermon thereon. Here, also, the decorations of the Altar and Sanctuary were very grand and im-HOPE THE DEAF
Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the Natural Dram. Always in position, but invisible to others. All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to these using them. Send for descriptive circular with testing this. Address, E. P. K. PECK & CO., 855 Broadway, New York. and Sanctuary were very grand and im-posing. The musical portion of the ser-vice was well rendered by an efficient

INDIAN

BY ORDER OF THE DEPUTY SUPER-INTERDENT General of Indian affairs, the remainder of the lots in Francis' Sur-vey, now forming a part of the Town of Sarnia-viz.:

172 LOTS Will be offered at

PUBLIC AUCTION

At the "Beichamber House," in the Town of Sarnia, at 10 o'clock a.m., On Tuesday, the 10th day of January, 1882.

ALSO-

in the same parish, and which is also in charge of the Oblates, Mass was celebrated. In the afternoon there was a service, the attendance at which was confined exclusionally in the men and the men and the confined exclusion. At the same time and place, unless in the meantime the arrears shall have been paid, 47 Lots in Jones' Survey, town of Sarnia, viz: 3 lots on Wellington street, 3 lots on Christina street, 12 lots on Queen street, 6 lots on Albert street, 11 lots on Brock street, 5 lots on Range 3, 2 lots on Range 4, 2 lots on Range 6, and 3 lots on Range 7.

Many of the lots referred to are admirably located and the sale will afford a rare opportunity for the purchase of desirable property.

TERMS:—One-fifth of the purchase money to be paid down, and the remainder in four equal annual installments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

The lots comprehended in each sale must be enclosed, built upon, or cultivated within Further particulars can be learned on application to the undersigned.

E. WATSON, Indian Superintend't.

XMAS DELICACIES!

PARTIES IN SEARCH OF SUCH (AND plete in every particular.

NEW FRUITS, RAISINS, Finest Dehisa, Black Baskets, Extra London Layers, Ordinary Layers,
Loose Muscatelles,
Valencia (extra choice),
Sultana (large bright).

WINES

In Champagne, all the leading brands-Mumm's Pomeroy & Bollinger.

Also light, sparkling, French Wines, from the celebrated establishment of Ackerman, Lawrance, Saumur.

CARTE D'OR.

CARTE NOIRE.

Our Ports and Sherries are in choice condition, and without doubt the finest Wines in this city, and cannot fail to give satisfaction to the most pronounced connoisseur.

BRANDY (very old, in wood), mild and fine flayored.

BRANDY (very old, in wood;) fine flavored.

SPIRITS.—Scotch and Irish Whiskeys; bought direct from the leading distillers in both countries, such as Hay, Fairman & Co., Paisley; Geo. Roe & Co.; Dublin; Dunville & Co., Belfast. From our home distillers we have Gooderham & Worts' 5-year-old, and H. Walker & Son's S-year-old Rye Whiskey. Our stock of General Groceries is fresh and new, and specially selected for the holiday trade.

FITZGERALD, SCANDREIT & CO.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

REID'S CRYSTAL HALL

2,500 Motto Cups and Saucers from 25c. upwards. 3,000 Motto Mugs for Children from 10c. upwards. 1,500 Pairs Vases from 20c.

upwards. China Tea Sets. Dinner Sets. Toilet Sets. Dessert Sets. Fancy Figures. Bronze Figures.

Clocks. Plated Ware. All Reduced in Price. and in the Greatest

Glassware.

Variety at the

CRYSTAL HALL, 196 Dundas St., London.

ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT STI. PATRICK'S BENEVOLIENT'S SOCIETY.—This Society meets every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, in their rooms, Albion Block, Richmond street. The objects of the society are many, the principle ones being to cultivate a literary taste among its members, and to grant pecuniary aid to those who may be taken sick. The rooms are open every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and the society has provided all kinds of games and amusements to enable its members to pass a pleasant evening. Every Catholic young man in the city should belong to it, as it is worthy the approbation of all.

ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE
320 Dundas street, London, Ontario, for
the treatment of Nervous and Chronic Diseases. J. G. Wilson, Electropathic and
Hygienic Physician.

PIANOFORTES

UNEQUALLED IN Tone, Touch, Workmanship, & Durability Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore. No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York. Oct. 1-3m

CHRISTMAS LAND SALE PRESENTS

Useful & Ornamental, IN IMMENSE VARIETZ AND AT REA

MAKE YOUR PURCHASE

EARLY! We Invite Inspection and

Comparison. Anderson & Co.

175 Dundas street, south side, east of Richmond street.
London, Dec. 9, 1881. CROCKERY.

DETER McGLADE, HAVING OPENED a large stock of Crockery and Glassware in the store next the Post Office, he is prepared to sell ascheap as any house in the city Remember the place—next door to the Post Office, Adelaide st., London East.

NOTICE TO RATEPAYERS

Notice is hereby given that a discount of 5 per cent, will be made on all taxes paid in full on or before the 14th Dec., 1881, after which date, until the 14th Jan., 1882, payment will be accepted at par. Thereafter a charge at the rate of 7 per cent. will be imposed until collected by due course of law.

JAMES COWAN,
Chairman of Finance.
160-29



VOL. 4.

CLERICAL.

WE have received a large stock o goods suitable for cleri cal garments.

We give in our tailor ing department specia attention to this branch of the trade.

N. WILSON & CO

Written for the Record. EIGHTY-ONE.

BY REV. W. FLANNERY, ST. THOMAS. Thus flow the years, scarce come whe Thus flow the years, scarce come whe gone,
So soon hath died old "Elighty One"
And all his cares, and Joys and tears
Are numbered with the vanished years
And yet, tho' brief, how pregnant each,
And full of facts and ills that teach
Stern lessons of import to all
To King and Kern, to great and small!
Mid snows and Winter's ley blast
Was born the eventful year just past,
And loud the tempest raged and long—
Nor till mild May was heard the song
Of thrush or quali that cheers the day
Or Robin Red-breast's roundelay.

To settle questions that long agitate And sore perplex the wisest of the few Who dare to give to Ireland what is due To her long suffering, patient, patriot, band That claims for Erin's children Erin's land—New laws are fran.'d to bring injustice down And change to smiles the landlord's tyran frown,

Meanwhile Great Britain's rulers hold debat

To give an oppress'd race some ray of hop And courage with their purse-proud foes to

cope.

But 'ere so great a boon to Erin's given Her tribunes must to dungeons first be driven Parnell, the chosen champion of her right The victor in a hundred bloodless fights;
Parnell in chains, yet dares defiance tell Like a caged lion from his gloomy cell—Now Dillon, Sexton, and four hundred mor Who raise proud Freedom's flag on Erin shore

shore
Who dare to vindicate their country's cause
Are bound and fetter'd by coercive laws—
Yet lives the Land League, yet her flag ur
Triumphantwaves above this western world
Columbia halis the standard where unrolle
And sends her love-gifts,—sympathy an
gold.

But here, what sad and sudden gloom
O'erspread our Forest City,
When age and youth sank to their doon
'Mid vain appeals for pity.
And shouts for help and cries for aid,
Along the treacherous river,
Were blent with anxious prayer, said
To Thee, all bounteons Giver!
Oh! who with inspir'd pen or mind
May paint the dismal sorrow
Of that sad night—with hope combin'd
To grieve or glad the morrow?
Well night wo hundred corpess lay
Beneath the pale stars gleaming,
And homes were desolate next day,
And death's knell hourly pealing.
Our priests to their sad work bent low,
Where beckon'd stern duty,
Our sisters hush'd the wail of woe
O'er death-chill'd youth and beauty:
Our Bishop too, in accents sad,
And tears of heart-felt pity,
While bidding aching hearts be glad,
Consoled a weeping city,

Now borne on the summer air,
What cry of desolation!
What fearful crime, in black despair
Hath plunged a stricken nation?
Garfield's shot! the good, the brave,
His country's pride and glory.
Tho' young and laid in martyr's grave,
His deeds shall live in story.
Now wretched Guiteau strains his bands,
And strives in his blind, mad state,
To wash the blood-stains from his hands
By,playing,the insensate.

Now may we laud the syndicate?
Its sins or drawbacks predicate?
Or try to paint the changing'views,
Of Tories, Grits, or Reds or Blues.
(The last named party's in Quebec
Upheld to keep the Reds in cheek)
One thing is sure: the Great North West,
That bared to blizzard's blast its breast,
A barren, howling, wilderness,
Shall hence bring wealth and happiness
To millions starved in other lands,
O'er boundless prairies long unknown
The ploughshare passes, seeds are sown,
And growing wealth with each new year
Attends the hardy pioneer—
From smiling lake to Mountain gorse
Is heard the puffing Iron-hores
And crowds with health and vigour blest
Are pressing to the golden West.

Such chequered tales Old Eighty-one relates But for the ills her bounty compensates The sisters, May and June, brought coolin rain
And crowned July with ample stores of grai
Sweet-scenting meadows yield a rich suppl
Of new-mown hay, to glad the farmers' eye
Brisk trade and commerce of their fruits ar

born, Abundance lifts aloft her plenteous horn Vast industries engage each willing hand And peace and plenty smile o'er ev'ry land-To thee, Oh! wise Dispenser, thron'd i Heaven Eternal praise and grateful thanks be given Let all the nations turn to Thee, oh Lord And bless thy Providence, and keep th Word, Oh! grant we righteous in thy sight appear And blessings merit thus from year to year

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

The progress made of late years by ou separate schools is most gratifying. In spector Marling's official report places ou London Catholic schools in as high a pos tion as any common schools of Ontario, fact which reflects great credit on all con cerned.

At the recent semi-annual examinatio of the Belleville Separate Schools the progress made was indeed most gratifying The examination was conducted in the presence of Monsignore Farrelly, Mother Eucharia, Supericress of Loretto Conven Mr. O'Hagan, Principal of the Separat Schools, Alderman Durand, Messrs. Brer nan and Truaisch, and a goodly numbe of ladies. Monsignore Farrelly and M O'Hagan were the principal examiners. very pleasant termination was given the examination proceedings in the presentation by the pupils to Mr. O'Hagan of beautiful and richly bound Prayer bool Mr. O'Hagan made a feeling and appropriate the process of the priate reply. This gentlemen is about tassume the Head Mastership of the Cha ham Separate Schools and doubtless ou friends in that town will be pleased at the choice they have made.