

The Catholic Record.

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

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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 music and 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 Christmas lay,
Their voices and hearts are glad;
But 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 sang.

Why ask a song? ah! 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 shine,
For a something far from here?

Hearing the wings of the soul aloft,
From earth and its shadows dim;
As a dream, or a seraph's hymn:
Soothing, 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 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 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 old man's 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 throng,
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
Held empire there;
That fools have prestige, place and power,
And fame, and

Can it be true?
That wisdom is gone, a hissing snake,
And wisdom is gone, a hissing snake,
And wisdom is gone, a hissing snake,
And wisdom is gone, a hissing snake,

They tell me, too, that all is vent, vain,
And high and low,
That truth 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 I love;
If I sing at all—the gray beard sings
For the true and the true, his song.

And ah! there is many a changeable mood
That over my spirit steals;
Beneath their spirit's wings,
Whatever he dreams or feels:

Whatever the fancies this Christmas Eve
Are haunting the lonely man;
Whether they gladden, or whether they grieve,
He'll sing them as best he can.

Though some of the strings of his lyre are
Broken,
This holiest night of the year,
Who knows how his 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 fold—
But under it all, to all unknown—
As safe as under a coffin lid—
Deep meanings shall be hid—
That none shall know—
The thoughts concealed and unrevealed
In the song of the lonely man.

I'm sitting alone in my silent room
This long December night,
Watching the fire-dance fill the gloom
With many a picture bright;
Ah! how the fire can paint!
Its magic skill how strange!
How every spark
Draws figures and forms so quaint,
And how the pictures change!
One moment how they 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 ray to grave—from grave to gray,
The faces change in the shadows grey,
And just as I wonder who are they,
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.

Ah! the fire within my grate
Hath more the Raphael's power,
Is more than Raphael's peer—
It paints for me in a little hour
More than he in a year.

And the pictures hanging round me here
There holy Christmas Eve,
No artist's pencil could create
No painter's art conceive,
Ah! those cheerful faces,
Wearing youthful graces;
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 lips unused to sigh,
Ah! I never in my life shall die!
All those faces soon shall fade,
Fall into the dreary dark,
Like the pictures hanging here,
Lo! those fearful faces,
Beating age's traces!

I gaze on them, and they on me,
Till I feel a sorrow keen,
Through my heart so drearily;
There are faces around me deep,
There are eyes that used to weep;
There are brows beneath a cloud;
There are hearts that used to sweep,
Never mind! the shadows creep
From the death-land; and a shroud,
Tenderly as mother's arms,
Soon shall shield the old from harm;
Flowing through fairy dells,
Round each sorrow-haunted breast.

Ah! that face of mother's—
Sisters, too, and brothers—
And so many others,
Dear in my heart,
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 soft sun—
Ah! me! how years will run—
But all the years cannot efface
Your pure name, your sweetest grace
From the heart that still is true
Of all that's true and good,
The other necessities
But none so fair as thine,
And wherever they are bright, I know
They look the very same
As in their pictures hanging here
This night, to memory dear,
And painted by the flames,
With tenderness 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 picture-room—
But, no! they have vanished all—
I'm watching the fire-glow fade into gloom,
And far away back of the chertal blaze
The beautiful visions of by-gone days

Are rising before my raptured gaze,
Ah! Christmas Eve, 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 we sit,
And there, 'neath the same old tree,
Beyond your glowing flame,
The sunnier sun of childhood's skies,
Yes—yes—the very same!
I saw them rise long, long ago;
I traced beneath the old man's 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 sun, the sky, the stars, the day
Of childhood, just beyond that haze!

But, ah! such visions almost cease
The old man's puzzled brow,
I thought the past was past!
But, no, it cannot be,
'Tis here to-night with me!

How is it then? the past of men
Is part of one eternally—
The days of yore we so deplore,
They are not dead, for they are not dead,
They live and live for evermore,
And thus my past comes back to me
With all his 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 tread the 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
gloom,
Are sad, and I hear them sighing,
The wind hath a voice to pine—
Plaintive, and pensive and low—
Hith hither, from me or thine?
Knoweth it woe or weep?
How it wails in a ghostly strain,
Just against that window-pane!
As if they were tired of its long cold flight,
And wanted to rest with me to-night:
Cease, night-winds, cease!
Why should you be so wild?
This is a night of joy and peace,
And heaven and earth are glad!
But still the wind wails on and wails,
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,
State types of man's own doom.

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Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas Eve.

In flakes so icy-cold and swift;
Until the light that lies below
Is cold and cooler 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!
My senses, lamp-like room
Is a mass of everlasting gloom;
And without—darkness vast,
Is clean—startles me!
Heaven and earth doth all
For I hear there soundeth a bell,
With a mystical dirge and a bell,
Is it, say, is it a funeral knell?
So sad and slow,
Now low—now low;
Pealing the notes of human woe
O'er the graves by and under the snow!
Ah! that pitiless dirge, dong, dell!
Trembling along the eaves,
Under the stars and over the snow,
Why is it? where is it sounding so?
Is it the toll of the bell?
Or is it a spirit's wail?
Solemnly, mournfully,
Ding, dong, dell!
Ding, dong, dell!
Who is it? who can tell?

And the marvelous notes they sink and swell,
Soft and sad, and sadder still!
How the sounds trouble! how they thrill!
Ever—
So like a man;
As if the strange bell's stranger clang
Thrilled with a terrible human pang
Ding, dong, dell!
Dismally—dreadfully—
Ever so woe!

Far off and faint as a requiem plaint
Floats the deep-toned voice of the mystic bell;
Mournfully—
Jolly—chillingly,
Near—and more near,
Dread, and more dread,
Soundeth the wild, weird, ding, dong, dell!
Now sinking lower,
It tolls slower!

I list, and I hear its sound no more,
And now, methinks I know that bell,
Know it well—know it well—
For I often heard it sound before,
It is a bell—yet not a bell,
Whose sound may reach the ear
In every soul's ear,
Which earthly sense may hear.
In every soul's ear,
Hangs ready to be tolled;
And from that bell a funeral knell
Is tolled, whose hearts were shrouded,
And memory is the sexton grey
Who tolls the dreary knell
And tolls like him he loves to sway
And swing his mystic bell,
Till the night ends in nothing more,
This lonely Christmas Eve;
Then, for the present 'till I meet no more,
At Christmas time

Night, be a priest! put your star-stole on
And murmur a holy prayer,
Over each grave, and for every one
Laying down his weary load,
And over the dead stands the high priest
Night,
Robed in his shadowy stole;
And beside him kneel, as his acolyte,
To respond to his prayer of dole,
And list! he heaves a sigh,
That psalm for sin,
The psalm of lamentation seven,
Plaintive and soft,
It rises aloft,
Boggy and foggy,
Topsy and forgive,
And makes my past days meet me here?
Toll a knell of those who live,
The dead who have, I had, unshriev'd,
Misere! Misere!
Still you hear, I hear your breath,
The voices of despair and death
Are shuddering through the psalm!
Misere! Misere!
Lift your hearts! the terror dies!
Up! and sing the psalm of dole,
The psalm of woe and pain!
Misere! Misere!
Very low in tender tones,
The music pleads, the music moans,
'Tis forgive, and have forgiven,
The dead, whose hearts were shrouded.

De profundis! De profundis!
Psalm of the dead and disconsolate!
Thou hast sounded through a thousand years,
And thou shalt sound a thousand times,
And still, and still, you mourn the fate
Of sinners and of just,
When they are laid in earth and dust,
Their bodies down to dust.

Dread hymn! you bring the saddest tears
From mortal eyes that fall,
And your notes evoke the darkest fears
That human hearts appal!
You sound o'er the good, you sound o'er the bad,
And ever your music is sad, so sad,
We seem to be purgated in every tone,
For the saintly, a blessing, for sinners, a
curse.

Psalm! psalm! you must pray and grieve,
Over our dead on this Christmas Eve,
De profundis! De profundis!
And the night ends in the psalm o'er the
mortal clay,
And the night ends in the psalm o'er the
mortal clay,
To the music of hope sing this sweet-toned
lay!

You think of the dead on Christmas Eve,
Wherever the dead are sleeping;
And you, from a land where we may not
grieve,
Look sadly down on your weeping,
You think of us, we are very near,
From you and the earth through parted,
And the night ends in the psalm o'er the
mortal clay,
The hearts of the broken-hearted.

The earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of its countless sleepers;
But still the wind wails on and wails,
Watch over all earth's weepers.
We shall meet again in a brighter land,
And each shall greet the other hand,
And each shall greet the other hand,
And each shall greet the other hand,
Where we'll never know a broken
And all turn towards the holy east,
To hear the song of the Christmas Feast.

With rapture and with gladness,
The snow 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,
But look aloft, and beyond earth's gloom,
And wait for the great to-morrow.

And the postill, night, with his star-stole on
Whispereth soft and low;
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 the grandest midnight hour,
Blessed by the Saviour's birth,
And hark! from the Babe of Bethlehem,
Synth the stars of the Babe of Bethlehem,
For one with many a starry gem,
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,
Four thousand years the nations sighed,
That their King so long delayed.

The prophets told his coming,
The saints for him sighed;
And the star of the Babe of Bethlehem
Shone o'er them when they died.

Their faces towards the future—
They longed to hail the light
That in the east 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 chanted
The lowly midnight birth.

Ah! Bethlehem was grander
Than that 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!
The splendors of the skies,
Gloria in excelsis!
Lift each heart and voice,
Sing it, sing earth!
Welcome new-born King,
Gloria in excelsis!
(Over the sea and land;
In excelsis Deo!
Chant the anthem grand,
Gloria in excelsis!
Let us all rejoice,
In excelsis Deo!
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Welcome new-born King,<

An Enchanted Island.

A wonderful stream is the river Time, As it runs through the realms of tears, With a faintest rhythm and a musical rhyme, And a broader sweep and a surge sublime, And blends with the ocean of years.

A JESUIT IN CONGRESS.

Interesting Sketch of a Michigan Pioneer Priest.

Editor of the Pilot.—Being down here in Florida for the purpose of founding a Catholic colony, which, 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 I

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 for a very different reason from that imagined by the complacent Dr. Pilcher, who, in his entire ignorance 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 absurdity. 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 say it is a mystery.'"

Some folks might think Mr. Hickox, and much more his apologist, the learned Dr. Pilcher, ought to have seen the absurdity of Mr. Hickox's so solemnly put question, but no; Mr. Hickox continued: "Then I must tell you that the Scriptures say you are that you are a blind leader of the blind, and both will fall into the snare."

On page 347, Father Richard is mentioned as having lost \$250 by the fire of 1805, and Thomas Welch \$215. The mention on page 317 is unimportant, a mere passing allusion to him in a paper read before the society in 1872.

On p. 355, Fr. Richard is mentioned as having published the first newspaper printed in Michigan, namely, the Michigan Essay, Detroit, Aug. 31, 1809.

On p. 428, the mention of him is as defendant in a law suit, urged against him, and with success, by Counsellor O'Keefe, for the plaintiff.

The mention on p. 443, is in these words:—"Peter Yax comes next. He was a good Catholic, as were also most of the citizens on the river. Fr. Richard visited them twice a year, and frequently stopped with Yax. Yax had three stalwart sons, all fiddlers. They drank whiskey and got drunk. They curse, they swear, but not so much dance; oh no! not so much dance."

This story shows that the art of special pleading was not unknown, even away out in Michigan, in the time of Mr. Yax. The mention, on p. 450, is in a paper read before the "Pioneer Society of Detroit, in 1871, by a Mr. Wilkins, School Inspector of that city. In this paper Mr. Wilkins, while alluding to Father Richard as "the head of the Catholic Church in the Territory, a man of political power as well as a fine education," said he did not appear to have been a churchman, a churchman's fling for which Mr. Wilkins was nicely roasted in a paper read before the Pioneer Society, the next year, by Mr. Girardin, of Detroit, to which I will come in due course.

The mention, on p. 479, is an illustration of how grossly an apparently intelligent, and, doubtless, well-meaning man may deceive himself when he meddles with religious matters which he does not understand. The paper is "An Account of the Life and Times of Rev. Joseph Hickox, read before the Society by Rev. E. H. Pilcher, D. D., in 1873."

After telling that Mr. Hickox was born near Hartford, Connecticut, in 1781, he narrates his wanderings until he brings him to active service in the Methodist Church in Detroit.

every one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, he commended 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 course, as a graduate of St. Sulpice in Paris he must have been; which makes me interject here, that when the Methodist 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 to the sight of heaven?"

This leads Mr. Girardin to take up the remark of Mr. Wilkins, before referred to, on which he directed his remarks personally to Mr. Wilkins, exclaiming: "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'Ichet, who both, in 1804 opened a school, whose field of operation was the education of young men for the ministry."

And in 1804, mainly through his exertions, a young ladies' academy was started. His first effort was the introduction into the territory of the first printing-press, which was brought all the way overland from Baltimore, and on the 31st of 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.

Mr. 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.

Fr. Richard's church in Detroit, which had been erected by Father Rose, 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, situated near the edge of the river, belonging to Fr. St. Amant, for the purpose of a church, which he used for some time."

"The name of the Parish of St. Anne was given by Father Bonaventure, who arrived 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 some assistance from abroad, I will suggest the raising of a subscription among the Catholics of Maryland;" another illustration that the honor of being a Metropolitan See is not without its penalties.

Father Richard, from the first, set himself seriously to the task of learning English, and when, in 1807, the Governor of the Territory and other Protestant gentlemen invited him to preach to them in the English language, "he was able to comply, and held his English meetings at noon, every Sunday, at the Council House, where he delivered his sermons in the general principles of the Christian religion, the principles to be adopted in the investigation of truth; the causes of our errors; the spirituality and immortality of the soul, and the evidences of Christianity in general."

"I did not talk to the reverend Mr. Hickox very well, but he could not read English, and when, in 1807, the Governor of the Territory and other Protestant gentlemen invited him to preach to them in the English language, "he was able to comply, and held his English meetings at noon, every Sunday, at the Council House, where he delivered his sermons in the general principles of the Christian religion, the principles to be adopted in the investigation of truth; the causes of our errors; the spirituality and immortality of the soul, and the evidences of Christianity in general."

"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 their temporal wants. He purchased a 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 destitute."

"As a citizen of the United States, Fr. Richard rendered important service to his adopted country, and his example will always shine prominently among the many instances which have signified the true and fervent devotion of Catholic clergymen of foreign birth to the honor and welfare of the United States."

and English. An affecting public reconciliation took place between the factions trustees and party, and their venerable pastor, who shed tears of joy on the occasion. A collection of \$500 was taken up on the spot, which the Bishop considered a substantial token of permanent peace.

In 1806, steps were taken to build the new St. Anne's Church. The Bishop announced it should be the Cathedral 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 bills payable on demand, in amounts of one dollar and less, and the workmen accepted them and put them in circulation. The first thing correspondingly emptying his purse, and he got into financial trouble. He finally devised a scheme of practically coining money. He issued bills payable on demand, in amounts of one dollar and less, and the workmen accepted them and put them in circulation.

He visited 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 sword."

Returning to Detroit after this trip, he enlarged the church there, and with his assistant, Father Dillet, commenced an educational institution which they designed to be a nursery for young men for the sanctuary.

Now we come to the time of his Congressional honors. In 1823, he was elected a member of Congress from the Territory of Michigan, providing for the Territory, Congress; it had not been declared the citizenship was a necessary qualification for the office, and that therefore Major Biddle's point was not well taken. As to 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 Union. The appropriations for roads, made at his instance, and other acts, attest the efficiency of his services in the national legislature. Through his exertions he succeeded in having appropriation bills passed for the opening of several roads which would lead into our beautiful city, such as Grand River road, Pontiac road, Grand Fort road, and the Chicago road, all of which will stand as a perpetual monument to his industry and zeal for his constituents."

Probably influenced by this letter, Father Richard advised himself to be put forward for re-election. In his first canvass he was elected almost entirely by votes of Protestants. In his second canvass he fell six votes short of the number necessary to elect. He was defeated by the opposing votes of French Catholics, who assigned as the reason of their opposition their dislike to see a priest in politics, but the old trustee friend which once brought an interdict on the parish, very likely was the cause of their opposition.

In 1830 the chief of the Pottowattamies, Poke-gon, applied to Father Richard for a priest for his tribe. After supplicating in the most earnest manner for a priest, Poke-gon assured Father Richard that the tribe prayed every morning and evening, men, women and children, and also fasted two days before Sunday, according to the tradition of their ancestors. "These," said he, "are the prayers we have learned; see if I know them properly." Then falling on his knees, and making the sign of the cross with great respect, he recited the Our Father, Hail Mary, the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments of God, without the slightest mistake. M. Girardin does not tell us how long these Indians had been without a priest, but one can see from the account we have of there being none but Father Richard and his assistant in that country from 1793, 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 that they had none since the days of Marquette in 1675. M. Girardin says that Father Richard was deeply moved at this interview, and that by doing and 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 or fifty days preceding and as many following 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 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, snatched 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 presented at this dreadful season a deserted city, in which only one half of its inhabitants either died or dying, and the other having taken flight to other parts through fear, but in the midst of this awful epidemic, where was Gabriel Richard? He was at his post, like a soldier! Faithful and true to his flock, amid the dying and the dead, he was administering the consolations of religion to the 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 accustomed zeal, until at length he was completely overcome by disease. When a few days after the attack, he was old he could not survive it, he expressed his willingness to die, and after receiving the last sacraments of the Church he calmly expired with those words of Holy Simon on his lips, 'Now, O Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant according to Thy word in Thy promise.' His death took place on the 12th day of September, 1832, at the age of 67 years, 11 months and 2 days, after exercising the ministry, nearly alone, for the space of 24 years and 6 months."

This died Gabriel Richard, after a long illness, calmly over his competitors, kind. 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 religions denominations vied with each other in mingling their sympathies to give a last place on the 12th day of September, 1832, at the age of 67 years, 11 months and 2 days, after exercising the ministry, nearly alone, for the space of 24 years and 6 months."

After having been buried in the cemetery 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 remains were found to be intact. His face appeared the same as upon the day he breathed his last.

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 would undoubtedly have occurred had he not been involved in an unfortunate lawsuit which caused him to be imprisoned and afterwards placed on the limits, all of 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 article with these eloquent words:—"Such was the life and character of Gabriel Richard, Vicar-General of Michigan. His mortal remains now lie entombed in his own beloved church, and his immortal spirit has ascended to the God who gave it, but the influence of his wise counsels, his holy zeal, his Christian example, remains with us yet. It lives in the best affections of his people who yet survive him, and is engraven upon their memories. It warms and invigorates their hearts as they assemble to worship God in the temple reared by his exertions; it tends to keep them alive to the holy influence of the religion he so ably 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, planting 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: Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie. But that which warmed it once can never die."

And now, Mr. Editor, having carefully collected from the volume in question all of 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 remembrance.

EDMUND F. DENNE, Tallahassee, Florida, Nov. 14, 1881.

Time is for man; eternity is God's.

THE NUN OF KEMMARE AT KNOCK.

To the Editor of the Universe.

Sir,—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 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 Kemmare, 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 receive the Holy Communion; from acute rheumatism. On approaching the place 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-standing malady. Both Archdeacon Cavanagh and my confessor—the Rev. M. Neligan, C. C., of Kemmare—were present. How far this may be termed a 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 sincere Catholics would carry weight if several perfect miracles were proved. Archdeacon Cavanagh has already several medical certificates testifying to miraculous cures; but we must wait the wise and patient ways of the Church. I can only say that, so far from expecting a cure for the rheumatism, I would have my knees, and knew that I should rise in a few minutes, I thought first how was I to get up without assistance, and was amazed, 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 intercession 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 have scarcely to feel 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 sect to die; the Unitarians the first. This is because the former have no reasons for anything and blunder on; the latter have returned 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 recent 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 progress 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 has itself been outgrown in turn, and is slowly 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 time, no household cares to worry him, when, free from all this, he can give up every moment of his waking hours to his work, and extend them as long as he pleases, without fear of being reproved by those dependent upon him for injuring his health 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 in time while he is engaged in the line of his duty, is welcome. These thoughts are by no means new, but they are appropos of something we have said concerning Mgr. Capel. Not that he is about to die, but 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 live to follow.

"Golden Medical Discovery" for all scrofulous and virulent blood-poisons, is specific. By druggists.

The Catholic Record published every Friday morning at 428 Richmond Street.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS. All matter intended for publication must have the name of the writer attached, and must reach the office not later than Tuesday noon of each week.

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 best wishes.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. DEAR MR. COPPEE—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 not change in its nature and principles that it will remain, what it has been, a thoroughly Catholic, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and the promotion of Catholic interests.

FROM HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP HANNAH. St. Mary's, Halifax, Nov. 7, 1881. I have had opportunities during the last two years of more or less reading of the CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London, Ontario, and approved 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.

Catholic Record. LONDON, FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1881.

CHRISTMAS. Before another number of the Record reaches our subscribers, Christmas will have passed and gone.

One of the most remarkable features of the new Cabinet is its lack of men of acknowledged ability and experience. It contains none of those experienced administrators who in times past aided their party over many obstacles, and through many dangers.

REMEMBER THE ORPHAN. At this season of festivities, we trust that our readers will not forget that there is in our midst a home containing a large family, which is particularly deserving of their attention.

Rev. Father Portz, of Bellevue, Iowa, died on the 20th ult., of small-pox, caught while attending members of his congregation who were afflicted with the dread disease. The death is announced of the Rev. Father Walsh, the beloved rector of St. Patrick's Church, St. Joseph, Mo. He expired as he was preparing to say Mass. For a year or more his health had been failing, but it was hoped that he would ultimately recover.

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.

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.

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.

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

THE NORTH WEST. The temporary nomination of Mr. Dewdney to the governorship of the North West Territories, will give the government ample time to make a good selection for that important post.

FIRE AT THE GOOD SHEPHERD REFORMATORY, QUEBEC. At twenty minutes to four o'clock yesterday 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. Anable and Berthelot streets, known as the Reformatory School, L'Hospital St. Charles, so named in honor of the late Mgr. Cazeau.

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A Christmas Legend. It was the holy Christmas tide In Ireland long ago The hills and vales were covered o'er With new-fallen snow.

A peasant woman from her sleep Arose that Christmas day And from her cottage window looked Out on the twilight gray.

THE HISTORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THIS DISTRICT WOULD CERTAINLY BE AN INTERESTING volume; many an old Irishman, who has been a resident of this district for 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.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will pardon me 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 that concerns our communication will meet a kindly recognition at your hands.

On Sunday, the 11th instant, His Lordship Bishop McMahon dedicated a new Church in Melancthon, Rev. Fr. Casella, pastor, and a very important one, and was witnessed by a large congregation, among whom were several of our separated brethren.

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

THE mission began on Sunday, 27th Nov and continued eight days. All day long and far into the night of each day, a pretty parish church was thronged with those anxious to comply with the regulations of the Jubilee, and in obedience to injunctions of him who sits in the chair of 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 Waters, Goderich, Carlin of Woodstock, O'Shea, of Seaford. Some idea of the labors of the Rev. gentlemen may be formed from the fact that during the week there were over two thousand and five communicants.

A Christmas Legend.

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

DUBLIN LETTER.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will pardon me for venturing to intrude on the following lines which find a place in your excellent journal; and being aware of your deep interest in anything Catholic, I trust my communication will meet a kindly recognition at your hands.

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.

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 Brophy.

LOCAL NEWS.

Two men named Wolf Cohen and Jos. Sandoz entered the office 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.

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, of Montefalco and Laurence of Brindisi.

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 poverty and penance as a means of crucifying all love of the world's esteem.

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 in the parish church of Amettes in France, being then but a day old.

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.

TRY TO IMITATE SAYING MASS: not 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.

ELLEN TIMES HE JOURNEYED to the Holy House of Loreto, 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.

IT HAS BEEN VERY DIFFERENT with many other saints. Poverty and penance they have sought and loved, but cleanliness 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 of holiness and austerity. It certainly was right for him. Who can doubt it when they read how constant and humble were his prayers to God for guidance, how faithful his resolve to subject his own will to the most holy will of God?

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 harrasing a defenceless enemy.

before him, he withdrew silently, bearing 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 recourse to the Sacraments, and withheld, so he 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 returned home, to carry out the strict rule of life he had taken up. His great desire was to enter La Trappe, but his parents refused their consent, until at last his patience and gentle persistence caused them to yield. Benedict was as much delighted as if he had received permission to enter some place of delight, and in spite of the inclement season he set out on a journey of nearly sixty leagues.

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 Tacarelli felt great pity for Benedict, and calling him by his name, said his house was ready to receive him. Doubtless God was the author of this compassion, for Tacarelli forgot the dying man's condition, and raising him in his arms, bore him to his own house, where he was laid upon a bed in all his ragged clothing.

TO JOIN THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS, Benedict journeyed to their house near Monteville, in the year 1767. He found from the Fathers that it was necessary for his first pursuit 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 remained as a postulante at Monteville; but God was calling him to a different state, 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 desire you to receive the habit of a Carthusian, FOLLOW HIS INSPIRATIONS AND LEAVE US."

THE annual banquet in celebration 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 dinner the company adjourned to the saloon, where a choice programme of music, vocal and instrumental, was gone through with eagerness and interest.

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

On Friday last, a farmer of the township of Caradoc named William Paddison, near Aniens, P. O., was found hanging by the neck to one of the cross beams in his stable. Life being extinct. Deceased 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.

THE work of reconstruction of St. John's Church, Quebec City, is progressing very satisfactorily. The zealous cure, Rev. Mr. Plamondon, is personally superintending the works with his accustomed energy.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Love must be to us instead of mind, and heart, and might, in order that we may understand and feel and adore the worship of the Infant God, breaking the silence of the winter's midnight at Bethlehem. And what is first of all, that the Angels sang! Glory to God in the 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 feasts by thinking only of ourselves.

II. But, God's glory is the same as man's happiness. 1. How touching and how beautiful is the thought? 2. How intensely it ought to make us love God, who is so mixed up with His creatures. 3. What a lesson it teaches of trustful submission to His will!

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 an Angels saw the immense glory of His humiliation. 3. As it was our Master's glory, so it is ours.

IV. Now let us enter the cave. 1. Behold the Shepherds, humble men, adoring their newborn King, in humble simplicity. 2. How crowded with pious humility as foster-father. 3. Mary had upon the Incarnation by humility; so now who shall tell how she raised herself. 4. On that wisp of straw imposed 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, peace and love; let it be our practice at all times, but especially on the festival of the humiliation. It is a privilege 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 Provincial and Visitor of the various houses of his order in the United States, went there to visit the Brothers of his order, who conduct the parish school, and the pastor, Rev. Thos. Hafter, secured his services to conduct a mission for the people of the parish. We quote the description of the work done from the Western Home Journal, of Detroit:

A very successful mission for the people of St. James' church was concluded here on Sunday night, 20th November, which was conducted by Fathers Cooney and Soulier, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame. It opened on Sunday, 5th November, and during the two weeks St. James' church was the scene of the most constant and active faith and piety. The sermons and instructions were delivered by Father Cooney. The first mass commenced at 5 o'clock every morning, at the conclusion of which there was a short discourse 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 discourses the church was always crowded to 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. Catholicism 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 duties and the confessional, he was kept constantly occupied assisting persons who sought his instructions in private. Several converts to the Faith were received into the one true Church, and 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 treatise on the subject of modern Irish history from an entirely original point of view, and showed to all who heard him that everything which Ireland has won from her Saxon rulers has been won by the might of her Catholic faith and under the guidance of her Catholic prelates and bishops. On the Sunday after the mission closed, the solemn baptism of five of the converts took place. The names of the persons baptized were Mrs. Catherine Perkins, Mrs. Catherine Hewitt, 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 inscription that drove there also 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 graves 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.

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Christmas Thoughts.

Over the eastern hills are dawning bright rays of joy and love...

Canadian.

On Tuesday morning the body of Thomas Booth, a workman on the Air Line, was found about a mile east of...

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN IN EDUCATION.

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...

Irland.

Clark, Dec. 12.—Forty farms have been seized under execution for rent and offered for sale.

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

Dublin, Dec. 14.—Kelly, Town councillor of Tralee, was arrested yesterday after leaving a meeting in aid of the "suspects" maintenance fund.

Dublin, Dec. 15.—Pleasants have been posted on the Dennis estates in Roscommon, menacing with death any tenant paying his rent.

London, Dec. 15.—A landlords' demonstration in Dublin has been fixed for an early day in January.

Dublin, Dec. 15.—Police entered the office of the United Irishman to-day and arrested Barton, clerk; O'Keefe, sub-editor, and seized all the papers.

Dublin, Dec. 15.—The United Irishman was seized yesterday by the direction of the Attorney-General, who is of opinion that the paper was a "no rent" manifesto of the worst kind, and a serious and direct incitement to murder.

Home Rules in Paris speak of putting forward one another, a candidate for Parliament. It is stated that he will be asked to go on a lecturing tour in the United States.

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 Commission, in hearing appeals, will only consider questions of legal interpretation, not questions of valuation.

London, Dec. 16.—By the advice of English sympathizers with Ireland, O'Donnell 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.

Dublin, Dec. 16.—It is understood that the Government intend to publish in London and posted to subscribers. Should the Government interfere with the publication, the office will be transferred to Paris, whence copies of the paper will be distributed under cover.

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at the high-handed manner in which the French government is expelling numerous religious sisters from their native soil...

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 pallium is the insignia of Archbishopial 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.

Ladle'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.

Musical.

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.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

WANTED a working housekeeper for a Catholic young man in the Quaker Hotel, 127-28, Broad St., N. Y.

TEACHER WANTED.

Wanted, a male teacher for the Dundas Roman Catholic Separate School. Certificate of qualification to be not less than second class B Normal School. Duties to commence after the Christmas vacation.

NOTICE.

REGARDING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES.

REBATE OF 5 PER CENT.

Up to the 24th instant.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF.

Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums.

INDIAN LAND SALE.

By order of the DEPUTY SUPER-INTENDENT General of Indian Affairs, the remainder of the Indian lands of Sarnia, viz: lots forming a part of the Town of Sarnia—viz:

172 LOTS.

Will be offered at PUBLIC AUCTION.

At the "Belchamber House," in the Town of Sarnia, at 10 o'clock A.M.

On Tuesday, the 10th day of January, 1882.

ALSO.

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: lots on Wellington street, 3 lots on Christina street, 12 lots on Queen street, 6 lots on Albert street, 11 lots on York street, 5 lots on Range 2, 2 lots on Range 3, 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.

Further particulars can be learned on application to the undersigned.

E. WATSON, Indian Superintendent.

Sarnia, Dec. 14, 1881.

167-3w

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, which all bear toward the Mother of God, Mary Conceived Without Sin.

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

Further particulars can be learned on application to the undersigned.

E. WATSON, Indian Superintendent.

Sarnia, Dec. 14, 1881.

167-3w

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, which all bear toward the Mother of God, Mary Conceived Without Sin.

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.

Musical.

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.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

WANTED a working housekeeper for a Catholic young man in the Quaker Hotel, 127-28, Broad St., N. Y.

TEACHER WANTED.

Wanted, a male teacher for the Dundas Roman Catholic Separate School. Certificate of qualification to be not less than second class B Normal School. Duties to commence after the Christmas vacation.

NOTICE.

REGARDING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES.

REBATE OF 5 PER CENT.

Up to the 24th instant.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF.

Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums.

INDIAN LAND SALE.

By order of the DEPUTY SUPER-INTENDENT General of Indian Affairs, the remainder of the Indian lands of Sarnia, viz: lots forming a part of the Town of Sarnia—viz:

172 LOTS.

Will be offered at PUBLIC AUCTION.

At the "Belchamber House," in the Town of Sarnia, at 10 o'clock A.M.

On Tuesday, the 10th day of January, 1882.

ALSO.

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: lots on Wellington street, 3 lots on Christina street, 12 lots on Queen street, 6 lots on Albert street, 11 lots on York street, 5 lots on Range 2, 2 lots on Range 3, and 3 lots on Range 7.

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

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130 Dundas street, 4th door east of Richmond street.

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GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

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2,500 Motto Cups and Saucers from 25c. upwards.

3,000 Motto Mugs for Children from 10c. upwards.

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China Tea Sets. Dinner Sets. Toilet Sets. Dessert Sets. Fancy Figures. Bronze Figures. Glassware. Plated Ware.

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