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The Voice

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VOL. VI.

CHELSEA, AUGUST, 1881.

No. 8.

AUGUST.

Religious feasts

- 1 St. Peter's chains. 2 Octave of St. Ann.
- 3 The founding of St. Stephen's body.
- 4 St. Dominick.
- 5 St. Mary ad Nives. This is the church of St. Mary Major, so called because both in antiquity and dignity it is the first church in Rome among those dedicated to God in honor of the Blessed Virgin. It is also called St. Mary ad Nives, which signifies St Mary at snows. Because there is a popular tradition that the Mother of God chose this place for a church under her invocation by a miraculous fall of snow in summer. It is sometimes called the Liberian Basilica; because it was during the pontificate of Pope Liberius that this church was built by a patrician named John about the year 435. This noble patrician and his wife having immense wealth and no heirs, made fervent prayers to the Blessed Virgin to know the best way to employ their substance. In the month of August she appeared to them both separately and told them she wished a church built in her honor in the place they would find covered with snow.
- 6 The Transfiguration of Our Lord.
- 7 Sunday St. Cajetan.
- 8 St. Cyriac & companions, Martyrs.
- 9 St. Alphonse de Ligorì.
- 10 St. Lawrence, Martyr.
- 11 St. Philamene V. M.
- 12 St. Clare V.—13 the St. Iohn Regis.
- 14 Tenth Sunday after Pentecost. 15 Assumption of the B. Virgin.
- 16 St. Roch. 16 Octave of St. Lawrence. 18. St. Hyacinth. 19

of the Octave of the Assumption. 20 St. Bernard. 21 Sunday Solemnity of the Assumption. 22 Octave of the Assump. 23 St. Philip Benignus. 25 St. Lewis. 28 Most pure Heart of Mary. 29 Beheading of St. John the Baptist. 31 St. Raymond.

Memoranda for August.

August 2nd 1870, Battle of Sedan where Napoleon with his army was made prisoner.

August 6 1875, Celebration of the centennial of Daniel O'Connell. Over 700,000 persons present on the occasion in Dublin.

August 18 1876, Lord Dufferin arrives at Victoria, British Columbia.

August 19 1840, The first steamboat runs the Lachine Rapids.

August 25 1860, The prince of Wales lands in Montreal at 10 a m. and inaugurates the Crystal Palace and the Victoria bridge.

—————:O:—————

FOR THE VOICE.

I need Thee precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me.

I need Thy Heart sweet Jesus,
To feel each anxious care;
To tell to Thee my every want,
And all my sorrows share.

I need Thy Blood sweet Jesus,
To wash each sinful stain
From this guilty soul of mine,
And make it pure again.

I need Thy wounds sweet Jesus,
For aid when peril's near;
To shelter in these hallowed clefts
From every doubt and fear.

I need Thee sweetest Jesus,
In Thy Sacrament of love;
To nourish this poor soul of mine,
With the treasures of Thy Love.

I will need Thee sweetest Jesus,
When the hour of death draws nigh
To shelter in Thy Sacred Heart,
From the wrath of God Most High.

THE BIBLE.

AN INSTRUCTIVE AND ELOQUENT SERMON BY REV. FATHER
MILES, S. J, OF NEW ORLEANS.

The spirit of truth, who proceedeth from the Father, he shall give testimony of me; and you shall give testimony because you are with me from the beginning. — *John xv: 26, 27.*

Our Blessed Redeemer is the intallible God and while on earth taught with the fullness of divine authority. He could then, without wronging us, command that we should accept his doctrines under forfeiture of salvation. But when the Son of God went back to Heaven, He must have left some means of perpetuating his doctrine, and extending the knowledge of it to mankind, for it were a blasphemy to say that goodness itself and essential justice could condemn us to endless torments because we fail to believe a doctrine, or put it into practice, on account of our ignorance as to its being a point of Revelation. This means of spreading the religion of Christ, and of acquiring knowledge of what he taught, is called the rule of faith. Catholics have always maintained this Rule of Faith to be the Church of the living God, commissioned by him to teach His religion throughout the world and protected from error by the promise which he has made to be with her all days even to the end of time. Outside the pale of holy Mother the Church, it is asserted, by those who believe in Christ, that

THE ONLY RULE OF FAITH IS THE BIBLE,

the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible. The Bible, for our separated brethren is self accrediting, and according to them, ought to be freely read, as well as freely interpreted. This question has of late become one of general interest, and found its way into the public prints. For some time past the newspapers, far and wide, have been airing certain theories of their own with regard to a new edition of the Word of God. At such moments it is the duty of Catholics to give an account of the faith within them, and hence this morning I propose to speak to you about the Bible. In language as plain as simple as may be I will show you that, without some living and infallible authority to explain it,

THE BIBLE, IN ITSELF, NEVER WAS, NOR CANNOT BE
appointed by Gd as the rule of Faith. At the outset, dearly

beloved brethren, I beg of you to remember that of its very nature the rule of faith requires certain indispensable conditions. First of all, it must at all times have been of easy access to every one; for as every scil which draws the breath of life has a right to salvation, it also has a right to the knowledge of what leads thereunto, as well as the solemn duty of believing what the Saviour has taught. In the second place, the rule of faith must be infallible—that is to say, the means our Lord has left us to learn what he has taught—must be such that if any one makes use of it, he will, without fear of mistake or error, be brought to the knowledge of Christ's teaching. With these truths before his mind, if any one reads history without bias or prejudice it must strike him forcibly that the Bible only, never was the rule of faith, beginning from the time of Christ, down to the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century.

In the first place, dearly beloved brethren; it was not the intention of our Divine Saviour, to entrust to a written document the mission of converting the world. He always and everywhere taught by word of mouth, nor does he lay a special or formal command upon his Apostles to write out His doctrine for man. This is a question of fact to be resolved by the Bible itself since those who are not Catholics repel every other testimony. Listen to the farewell words of the Divine Master to his Apostles—Matt xxxviii, 19, 20: "Going therefore teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I command you: and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." To these same Apostles whom Jesus here orders to preach and baptize until the end of time he had previously said, Matt. xviii, 18: "Verily I say to you whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven." The evening before his death he addressed them in the words of my text—John xiv, 26; "But the Paraclete the Holy Ghost, whom My Father shall send in my name he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I shall have said to you."

* * * "The spirit of truth, who proceedeth from the Father, he shall give testimony of me; and ye shall give

testimony because you are with me from the beginning." In these texts there is manifestly question about the doctrine of the Saviour, which is to be perpetuated to the end of time by a living ministry. Does Christ here say to his Apostles; "Sit down and write my Gospel, and state therein that the fundamental rule of faith and practice consists in the reading of it. Scatter Bibles throughout the length and breadth of the land, in order that from them alone man may learn my religion." Indeed, he does not. If Christ had said any such thing Christianity would have never existed on earth. Confusion would have reigned supreme. It requires all the consummate cleverness of modern sectarianism to deduce Bible worship and free Bible interpretation from such violent passages of Scripture. However, it is objected that Jesus Christ did say—John v. 39; "Search the Scriptures, for ye think ye have life everlasting in them, and the same they are that give testimony to me." Most assuredly Christ did utter these words, but still they prove nothing in favor of the rule of faith as it is understood by Protestants. In the first, it is far from certain that a formal command is implied by these words; for the Greek word translated by the English word search, stands for the indicative as well as the imperative, and many readings of the passage run thus: "Ye search," etc. But let us grant for a moment that it is a command. It was addressed not to the disciples of Jesus, but to the Scribes and Pharises, his enemies. This is clear from the context, and the words, "for ye think ye have life everlasting in them," rebuke the doctors of the law for confiding exclusively in their knowledge of the Old Testament. Just as if Jesus said: "How can you pretend to know the Scriptures, and not recognize me as the Messiah? "And ye will not come to me that ye may have life." Whence, as you see, there is in this place no command for each individual to hear and read the New Testament according to his own manner. Since the Apostles were to give testimony of the Saviour, do you not think they, better than any one else, understood the true meaning and full import of their commission as contained in the texts I have just now recited to you? Well then, the Apostles and Disciples went forth preaching everywhere, and planted the Church of God from Judea to Spain and the Indies, but never thought of writing, and when they did write only six of them wrote anything. Whereas, if the intention of Jesus had been that man should learn his religion

from the written, all of them would have been authors. Besides, in writing, the Apostles nowhere give a complete summary of what is necessary to be believed. They address themselves to individuals or to local churches in order to strengthen them in the doctrine received from their mouths, or from ministers ordained by them. St. Mathew was the first to take pen in hand. His Gospel was written seven years after our Lord went back to heaven; so that the poor Church of Christ had to exist seven years without a single line of the Rule of Faith! St. Mark wrote about ten years after the Ascension. St. Luke about twenty-five. St. John did not finish writing till the ten last years of the first century: that is about forty years after the period when St Paul wrote to the Romans: "Your faith is spoken of in the world." So the Church established by Christ had lived nearly one hundred years before the Gospel was completed. Now allow me to ask you, dearly beloved brethren, can any one have so little heart, or judgment so perverted as to deny the title of Christians to those followers of the Saviour who lived between the establishment of the Church, and the finishing of the Gospels? I hope not, for they are the first fruit of the blood of Jesus, and sealed their believe with their lives. The primitive Christians were in all respects our models. But how did they acquire the knowledge of what was necessary for Salvation? Not from the Gospel; for as we have seen they were not yet completed. They knew it precisely, beloved brethren, in the same manner that you and I know it. They knew it from the teaching of the infallible Church of God, divinely commissioned by the spirit of truth to give testimony concerning the doctrine of the Redeemer, and not only vested with the power of laying certain written matter before us as the word of God, but enjoying as well the exclusive privilege of defining its true meaning. But let us go further up the path of history, and we shall see that for over three hundred years the faithful did not know what writings really made up the Gospels, and hence could not take the Bible for a rule of Faith. In the first ages of the Church many false Gospels and spurious Epistles were written. No one could testify to the inspiration of this or that book. Even the learned were at a loss to know whether the preference should be given to the Gospels of Nicodemus or to that of Matthew, to the Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus or to that of St. John. They needed some witnesses outside of the Gospels

to testify to their divine inspiration, and to rescue them from the doubt thrown over their identity by lapse of time and by criticism. It was not until the fourth century when the Pope assembled in council with the Bishops of the world and assisted by the spirit of Truth, proclaimed the Gospels, as we Catholics have them now, to be the inspired word of God, that the Christian people could know beyond doubt what was the Gospel and what was not. Now think you that the Heart of Jesus did not love his chosen ones with a deeper love than that which could allow Him to leave them for three centuries in the dark with regard to a book from which alone they were to learn His Religion? Oh, surely, if only the written Gospel had been in His mind the Rule of Faith, He would never have left His people so long in doubt as to which writings did and which did not belong to the inspired Volume.

Let us advance further still, and we will see that not only for three centuries but for one thousand four hundred years the Christian world at large had not to do without the Bible alone as a Rule of Faith. This may seem strange but it is nevertheless true. For remember we have said the Rule of Faith must be within easy reach of every one. Now before the invention of the art of printing, about four hundred years ago, the Bible was an exceedingly rare and costly book. It was not of easy access to all. Nay! men who expert at figures tell us it would have required a respectable fortune to procure oneself a Bible, and that a lifetime would have been necessary to write out a copy. Would not \$8000 be a rather exorbitant price for the Rule of Faith? However if the poor man in those days wished to keep it beneath his roof in the shape of the Bible, and earned the value of a dollar a day, he would have had to work and hoard up his money for more than 20 years before he could comply with the solemn obligation of having the rule of faith, even at that respectable price. But let us suppose that every man, woman and child had a copy of the Bible, although it is sure that not one in ten thousand—not one in twenty thousand—had the Holy Book. Of what use would the thirteen hundred chapters, and the thirty-four thousand verses, of the Bible have been to these people? None at all, because they did not know how to read. Why! in those days reading was an accomplishment that every royalty disdained. If, in this nineteenth century of ours which boasts of its en-

lightenment and its widespread civilization, one half of the inhabitants of the earth cannot read, what think you must have been the condition of mankind in the beginning of the Church, and in those times which modern Sciolists are pleased to term the darkest, hopeless, indeed, if the Bible only is to be looked upon as the Rule of Faith. But I have said enough, beloved brethren, to convince you that until the Reformation the Holy Book, of itself, was never considered as that any means whereby the doctrines of Christ were propagated, and from which man should learn what was necessary unto salvation. It remains for me to prove the Bible of itself, cannot be appointed as a Rule of Faith. I will give you only one proof, in order not to detain you too long. The Rule of Faith cannot be a continual subject of division. But the Bible by itself is a continual subject of division. Therefore, the Bible by itself (that is to say, without an infallible authority to give its true meaning) cannot be the Rule of Faith. The first proposition of this syllogism is easily understood, for since the Rule of Faith is the bond of religious unity, it must exclude all division. This is most true, because after all the Bible is a book. Now no book can alone sufficiently explain itself, or give the precise meaning of its phrases and doctrines. It is the picture of the man who wrote it, the portrait of its author. One would say it moved, it acted, that it had a mind, a soul, in short, that it lived. But ask that book what it has to say for itself you will find nothing but immobility and death lurking behind the mask of activity and life, whether it be the work of Aristotle or Plato Descartes or Locke, Homer or Pindor, Virgil or Horace.

Now private judgment is so far from being an infallible guide to the true meaning of the Bible, that it is on the contrary the very well-spring of grievous mistakes and loathsome errors. Only cast a glance on the different denominations outside the Holy Catholic Church, and it will be impossible for you not to see the truth of what I assert. It is not my intention to offend those who neither love nor worship as we do. I only wish you to know what befalls the glowing flame of God's word under the icy breath of doubt, and the blasting winds of free examination. The sincere Episcopalian deduces from the Bible that there must be bishops. "You are mistaken," says the Presbyterian, "for I have the authority of the Good Book to prove that there can be only Presbyters or Elders." "Friends'

exclaims the honest Baptist. "I fear me much you are no Christians. To baptize, from the Greek means to immerse, and you have never gone down into the river with Christ, but were only sprinkled when you were infants." "Why trouble yourselves about such useless ceremonies," says the Universalists, "my book tells me there is no hell." "Is that all chimes in the Unitarian. Why, the Bible teaches us there is no Trinity, and that Christ is a man, not God." "Never mind, brethren" cries the Methodist, "only feel religion, and let the Spirit of God move within you, and all will be well." Far from it," rejoins the Quaker, "have you not read in the Bible that man must work out his salvation in fear and trembling?" And thus every man who is not a Catholic makes the Bible say what he pleases. And the Rule of Faith which ought to preclude all fear of mistake or error produces only discord and dissension even in essential and fundamental doctrines. Christ is God; Christ is not God. Can both things be true? There is a Hell There is no Hell. Can both assertions stand? There is a Baptism; there is no Baptism. Somebody must be wrong. There is a sad blunder somewhere. But who is right? He who has the true meaning of the Word of God. But the Bible does not say who that is, for after all it is a book, and cannot explain itself, whence it requires the authority of a divinely aided witness to give its meaning, to which private judgment can lay no claim. God forbid that aught I have said ~~dearly beloved brethren, should tend to lessen your veneration~~ for the Holy Book. If any one loves the Bible the Catholic Church most surely does. Her devotion to it is one of the most striking of her characteristics. It is the charter deed of her rights, and she hurls the bolts of God's vengeance against those who would seek to alter even its smallest word. But for her untiring vigilance and jealous care, the bible would never have been preserved, and those outside her fold would never have had even their fragment of truth. Her ministers go over a portion of it in their breviaries. At mass, before reading the Sacred Word, the priest, bending low before the tabernacle, begs of God to purify his heart and lips in order that he may be made worthy to recite the Blessed Evangel and he finishes by imprinting upon the sacred Volumn a kiss of love and veneration, saying: "Per evangelica dicta deleantur nostra delicta.—May our sins be blotted out by virtue of these holy Gospels."

Let us then love the bible and read it with care in submission to the infallible Church, for I here denounce as false the charge of those who say a Catholic may not read the bible. Then whatever noble passion of the soul we wish to awaken, whatever bright hopes we seek to enkindle, we need only turn to the Sacred Volume. There the laws of nature are explained, there man's origin is described, and his destiny evolved. There the clouds which darken the horizon of the past melt away before the living light with which the future beams. Let us read the bible with submission to the interpretation of the Church, and then indeed it will truly be unto us the Word of God, the food of mind and soul, of which all who taste shall live unto salvation. The grace I wish you all in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.



IRISH ORATORS.

Grattan, Curran, and O'Connell.

There is an old man with stooped shoulders, long, thin arms, the sparest figure, haggard face, lips firmly set, an eye with the search glance of a gray eagle—that is Henry Grattan!

What of him? He had a great cause, a great opportunity a great genius. The independence of Ireland the cause; the embarrassment of England with her colonies the opportunity. With the magnitude of both his genius was commensurate. He was equal to his friends—as he himself said of his rival, Henry Flood—and more than equal to his enemies.

When he spoke, the infirmities and deformities of the man disappeared in a blaze of glory. His eloquence was more than human. "It was a combination of cloud, whirlwind and flame." Nothing could resist it; Nothing could approach it. It conquered all and distanced all. Like the archangel, it was winged as well as armed.

His intellect was most noble; his heart was not less divinely moulded. Never did so much gentleness, so much

benignity, so much sweetness, so much courage, so much force unite before in one poor frame.

The brightest event of Irish history is the great event of that great man's life. If the brightest, let us refer it to his genius, his spirit his ambition. "He never would be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland had a link of the British chain clanking to his rags." Thus he spoke, moving the Declaration of Independence.

The last time he appeared in the Irish Parliament was at midnight. He had come from his sick bed. They gave him leave to sit whilst he addressed the House. Men beheld before their eyes a sublime transfiguration. "I arose," said he "with the rising fortunes of my country; I am willing to die with her expiring liberties."

Had Henry Grattan been at that hour inspired with the republicanism of Wolf Tone, his character would have been complete.

* * * * *

There is a dark, dwarfish figure, with a brown, rugged cheek, a short, flat nose, and upturned, earnest face, an eye swimming in black lustre, hands upon the hips, the awkward body swinging to and fro, looking as though it were convulsed—that is John Philpot Curran!

Who, knowing anything of Ireland, has not heard of him. Who, having read the story of her wrongs and martyrdoms, has failed to love that loving, gallant, glowing nature? Who at all familiar with marked features of his time will refuse to him an exalted station and the most generous homage?

In a period conspicuous for its wit his was the brightest wit of all. At a time when the most exuberant hospitality prevailed his was the most genial nature that flowed and sparkled at the social board. In a crowded school of orators, each one of whom was prominent and towering, he stood if not the foremost, second only to the foremost.

When corruption was let loose he stood unpurchasable and inviolate. In a reign of terror he was dauntless and invincible. "You may murder," he exclaimed one day to the armed ruffians in the court-house who threatened him with their bayonets, "but you cannot intimidate."

In the midst of devastation he was a guardian spirit and

an immortal saviour. From the beginning to the end he clung to the fortunes of his country, gave her his love, his labor, his thoughts, his gayety, his sorrow, the inspiration of his courage, the exhilarating warmth and splendor of his genius—gave them all to her in the fullest measure.

Closing our hands in prayer, and bending in reverence beside the tomb, one regret alone may escape our lips in contemplation of his career—that he did not die with those whom he strove to save.

* * * * *

On a broken ledge of granite, against which the waves of the sea seem to have worked for many a long day, and in the shadow of a mountain clad in purple heath, and over which the mist is passing, there stands, as though it grew out of it, a massive figure—arms folded, stoutly-limbed, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, erect, well set, staunch, massive as the granite, small head, small, gray, twinkling eyes, flexible small lips, features suffused with humor, yet, under the laughing surface, betraying a lurking sagacity and purpose, and a consciousness of power—it is O'Connell!

Why say more? He himself uttered these words one day in the spring of 1843:

"I find that my humble name has penetrated and become familiar along the Carpathian Mountains, and I verily believe the autocrat of Russia has heard of him, who now addresses you. Portugal has heard of it. Spain has felt it. It has been talked of in the mountains of Hungary. Coupled with it, the woes of Ireland were heard of from the sources of the Missouri. From the waters of the Ohio, from the summits of the Alleghenies and the wooded banks of the Monongahela—in every part of that vast continent, from the forests of the Canadas to the morasses near New Orleans—with my name is mingled the cry for the restoration of the liberties of Ireland."

The utterance of these words was no fictitious ostentation. His own importance he did not exaggerate. None will dispute it. His bitterest enemies admit it. The celebrity of his name was measured by weeks and continents.

His power within the country of his birth was equal to the notoriety abroad. No man, at any time, in any country, was endowed with greater. His was the only legitimate kingship in Europe. If he had not drilled regiments, he had

an impetuous and overpowering people at his back. If not the master of the ordnance, he was the ruler of the avalanche. It would have come had he breathed a syllable. A stroke of the eagle's wing, they say, will dislodge it from the Alps.

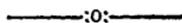
Why say more? Is it necessary to justify these words? this estimate of that man's power? this assertion of his absolute capacity?

A very eminent critic, writing in the French language—writing of Mirabeau, Dante, Guizot, Thiers, Lamartine—has said this concerning him:

“O'Connell has been likened to Demosthenes. O'Connell uses simple phrases and simple constructions. Herein the two are both alike. But O'Connell has a pathos unknown to the Greek. Demosthenes is the statelier—O'Connell the more varied. The Athenian often made men pale with terror, or silent with deliberate fury. O'Connell oftener made them laugh, and shout, and love him, and go along with him and with his cause.”

Nothing within the range of human capacity, in the way of revolution and administration, was to him impossible. He might easily have recovered the confiscated prerogatives of 1782. His dominion far exceeded that of Henry Grattan, though his military resources were less ostensible. Had he willed it he would have been crowned in 1843 and his dynasty established. Inbued with loftier admirations, he could have thrown the crown to moths and worms, and, like Washington have inaugurated the sovereignty of his people under the code and banner of a republic.

Yet, failing to do so, and failing in other instances, he did much for her before the sun of life and intellect moved downwards from the zenith; and dying, bequeathed a memory to his country which contributes largely to that stock of wealth which no laws can confiscate, no adversity deteriorate—a memory which even those who differ from him most and censure him most harshly will be solicitous and jealous to perpetuate.—*T. F. Meagher.*



The want of a lively, practical Catholicity amongst the young men of the time, can be traced to no other cause than the negligence of Catholic parents. In their younger days the boys are permitted to run hither and thither, with this

company, with that company, to this place of amusement, to that place of iniquity, without scarcely a restraining word, let alone a chastising rod that enforces obedience. These boys grow up in the street and alleys, are sent out of the sight of their mothers on account of the boisterousness so natural to boys. Their sisters are kept severely under parental eyes and consequently are generally saved to the faith in which they were baptised. Fathers and mothers should make it the study and burden of their lives to watch anxiously their children, during the tender years, when the mind is so much more susceptible to receive impressions and the heart to be led astray. See that the boys as well as the girls are instructed in their religion and are kept to its practice, and that they avoid all companies that may lead them away from the Church. What a fearful account will these parents have to render on the Day of Judgement, when called upon to present the souls of the children they have neglected, and whose crimes will be deserving of hell! Honor thy father and thy mother is the divine command given to children, because the father and mother have the responsibility of their care placed upon them by Almighty God.—*Catholic Columbian*.

“Secret service” is one of the most convenient accounts in the management or administration of governments. Many a theft it covers, and many a dark deed is hidden in the folios of its musty archives. Here are the figures as given by a well-posted European journal, included for this account in the budgets of the principal European powers:

Greece.....	1,000,000
Italy.....	1,200 000
Spain.....	1,500 000
Turkey.....	2,000,000
Russia.....	3 000 000
Austria.....	5 000 000
England.....	8,000 000
Germany.....	17,000,000

The secret service fund of Germany, as shown by this statement, is more than double that of England and exceeds the total or that of all the other States of Europe. It will astonish the readers of the *Catholic Review* that a State so powerful and so enlightened has need of employing ways and

means of sustaining its position that dare not see the light of day. Bismarck's 'reptile fund' is a costly institution and must be kept up; he dare not discard the tools of which he has made such vile use. England's secret service moneys, and the use to which she has applied them, have been heard of more than once in the history of the world. It is beginning to be openly stated that a large proportion of this year's appropriation for this purpose has found its way into the Turkish treasury.

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—In Russia, all the sons and daughters of princes inherit their title. They are, consequently as plentiful as sparrows. It is said that there is a village where every inhabitant is a Prince or Princess Gallitzen. The title of Prince of Russia is about equivalent to that of Esquire in England.

—The practice obtains in England of calling trains by a specific name, as "The Wild Irishman" or "The flying Scotchman." The third-class train from London to Lancashire still arrives daily at Preston, and after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century bears the name of "The Polka."

PRAYERS REQUESTED.

We ask the prayers of our pious subscribers for the triumph of the Holy Catholic Church, for the conversion of all who are out of the Church and more especially for the following intentions:

True faith, 1; Conversions, 1; Spiritual favors, 1; Temporal favors, 2; Happy death, 0; Special intentions, 2; Departed, 2.

Also for the following subscribers departed.

Toronto, Ont. May 20 1881, Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson aged 20 years and 10 months.

Quebec, May 13th 1881, Mrs Wm. Wood.

Dacre, Ont. May 11th 1881, John Morrow P M. very justly regretted by the public.

St. Andrews, C. A. McIntosh,

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