

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 11

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

NO. 526

"A FACT."

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A Legend.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

The monk was preaching; strong his earnest word. From the abundance of his heart he spoke. And the flame spread in every soul that heard.

"Suffice the glory, Lord, be Thine alone." So prayed the monk; his heart absorbed in prayer.

"Thine be the glory; if my hands have sown The harvest ripened in Thy mercy's rays, It was Thy blessing, Lord, that made my word Bring light and love to every soul that heard."

"Oh Lord, I thank Thee that my feeble strength Has been so blest; that sinful hearts and cold Were melted at my pleading—knew at length How sweet Thy service and how safe Thy fold. While souls that loved Thee saw before still holier thoughts of loving sacrifice."

So prayed the monk; when suddenly he heard An angel speaking thus: "Know, O my son, Thy words had all been vain, but hearts were stirred. And thou wert edified, and sinners won. By his, the poor lay-brother's humble aid, Who sat upon the pulpit stair and prayed."

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE REV. GEORGES ANTOINE BELCOUR.

In the CATHOLIC RECORD of November 3rd there is an article, taken from the *Catholic Historical Researches of Philadelphia*, which embodies a letter from the Rev. G. A. Belcour, and which has suggested to me that perhaps a short sketch of the life and labors of that missionary priest might not be out of place in the columns of a journal that aims at making all eminent Canadians known one to the other. But first allow me to correct two errors which would at once strike any student of the Church history of Lower Canada. In the first place, Mr. Belcour never signed Belcour-Picton, for the very good reason that such was not his name, he being French-Canadian *par ses parents*. His correct name of birth was Antoine Belcour, a name of which I will say a few words in due season. His second place of residence was not at the Rev. Charles F. Cazeau, whose personality is apocryphal, but to Rev. Charles F. Cazeau, the well-known Secretary to the then Archbishop of Quebec. Both these errors appeared in the *Historical Researches*, and probably in the English newspaper from which the letter was copied.

The Reverend Georges Antoine Belcour was born on the 23rd April, 1803, at La Baie du Febvre (then in the diocese of Three Rivers). His father was named Antoine Belcour, his mother Josephine Semire. The young Belcour made his studies in the Seminary of Nicolet, and was ordained priest on the 10th March, 1827. His first clerical functions were performed as vicar at Three Rivers. In 1829 he was appointed curé of St. Francois du Lac; in 1830 he had charge of St. Martin. In 1831 the young priest volunteered for the arduous mission of the Red River.

Mr. Tache, in his *Vingt Annees de Missions dans le Nord Ouest de l'Amérique*, says: "In the month of June, 1846, the Rev. Father Aubert went to give a mission to the Indians of Wabassimung, a post established on the banks of the River Winnipeg by the intrepid Mr. Belcour, who visited it for many years, and who at this juncture surrendered it unreservedly to the Superior of the Oblates."

In chronicling the events of 1847, Mgr. Tache says: "In the month of March, 1847, the Rev. Father Bernard left for La Baie-aux-Canards (Lake Winnipeg), situated about seventy leagues from Saint Boniface. This mission was visited in 1840 by Mr. Belcour, and in the following year by Mr. Thibault, who commenced an establishment there." According to Mgr. Tache, Mr. Belcour laboured in the diocese of Mgr. Provencher until 1859—twenty-eight years of mission work in the diocese of the "great lone land," as the letter published in last week's RECORD shows he had difficulties with the Government, and with the Hudson's Bay Company in and before 1847, at the close of which year he returned to Quebec. In 1849 he resumed work in the Indian Missions, his headquarters being Pembina. In the autumn of 1859, Mr. Belcour came east again, and accepted the charge of the mission of Rustico, in Prince Edward Island.

Rustico is a name fairly well known to the public of these days on account of its being the site of one of the famous summer hotels which dot the north shore of "The Garden of the Gulf," but when Mr. Belcour went there it was a very humble little place indeed. It had any amount of history to give it respectability, but history does not do much towards building up a parish in this matter-of-fact century of ours.

Rustico (so named from an old *bonhomme* called Rancicot) had an existence in the days when the white lilies waved over old Ile St. Jean, and the flocks of the Acadians

browned on its marshes, before a sod was turned on the site of the ambitious little city of Charlottetown.

Then came the expulsion of the Acadians, and the flocks went to feed the British soldiers, and the Acadians, peaceful, even when persecuted, lost all but their faith. Tradition in Rustico says that the family of Blanchard and one or two others, being ill with measles, were not turned adrift in the vessel which was sunk by the Scilly Isles, but that they were allowed to remain in the once busy town of St. Peter's, and that when restored to health they remained in Rustico, where they have since remained. When peace and good will was established in the country, others came to join them, and the village grew, and as in duty bound began to have its little quarrels and misunderstandings just like its bigger sister parishes in the Province of Quebec.

It came through all these early trials as successfully as its pioneers came through the measles, and in 1823, the Rev. Bernard McDonald, the first native priest ordained for the present diocese of Charlottetown, made his home in a new presbytery which he built for the Church of St. Augustine and in which he lived first as parish priest and afterwards as Bishop, up to the year 1859, when, feeling his health fail, he retired to his college of St. Donat, near Charlottetown, where he died a few months later.

Bishop McDonald confided his beloved old home and mission to Mr. Belcour, whom in all probability he had known in Quebec, and whom he installed in Rustico in the autumn of 1859. Mr. Belcour, who was a man of no ordinary gifts, and endowed with rare energy, succeeded in raising the status of the Rustico farmers to a much higher level than it had hitherto attained.

In 1863 he founded the Farmer's Bank of Rustico, with a capital of \$9,000, an institution which has been and still is an inalienable boon to the Acadians. It is an impenetrable building of Prince Edward Island sandstone, situated quite near the church. In the upper story, above the banking office, is the "Town Hall," where during the winter evenings the parishioners meet for concerts, lectures, etc. Here also is the public lending library, and here the brass band which has attained a provincial celebrity, meets to practice. This band was instituted by Mr. Belcour, as was also the lending library, and through his friendship, with Mr. Rameau de St. Peré, some very valuable books have been placed on its shelves.

When Mr. Rameau, collecting notes for his early work on the Acadians, visited Rustico, he formed a sincere friendship with his worthy curé, and on his return to France contrived to interest the Emperor in the remote Acadian settlement, so that Napoleon III. sent to Rustico the four volumes of his work entitled "Ouvrages de Napoleon III. sur l'Inde Napoléon." In sketching Mr. Belcour's work in Rustico I cannot do better than quote the words of a letter lately received from the most distinguished pastor-patronizer that the good old priest ever had.

"He founded the bank which has been a boon to the Acadians, it having kept them out of the hands of money lenders and developed business talents among them. To him also are due the library, the band and a taste for good music. Mr. Belcour he caused the people to pay more attention to farming and gave a great impetus to the material prosperity of his flock. He was energetic, frugal and hard-working and did much good. Whilst at Rustico he invented a species of locomotive propelled by steam, with which he proposed to travel about his parish on the ordinary roads, thus anticipating the bicycle in time, and surpassing it in ease of propulsion. But his steering gear, if he had any, did not respond to the touch, and on the trial trip he found himself carried forward like Mr. Zappa, over hedges and ditches, until the machine stuck in the rich loam of a potato field. The result was scarcely satisfactory to the inventor. He had a work shop and made various agricultural implements himself. They were not types of beauty nor of refined taste; they were redolent of the Red River where he had taught the Indians to make farming tools. One of his boats was that when at the Red River, he had made a cart without a nail, or any iron whatever. He would also clean and repair clocks for his people if they brought them to him."

I have not at hand the notes of Dr. Belcour's last years, but I am under the impression that he died suddenly during a visit to Shediac, in the Province of New Brunswick, somewhere about 1874. There is one more incident in the life of this brave old missionary to which the events of late years have attached an historic interest. When, where, and how it was I do not know, but one stormy afternoon he was called to perform a baptism. A Metis woman unfastened the wrappings which enveloped a sturdy infant, the priest in surprise and awe, poured the consecrated waters upon the baby's dusky brow, and as he traced the sacred sign, he gave the name that has since stirred the heart of Canada to its living centre—Louis David Lévesque. A. M. P.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY.

The number just to hand of this excellent periodical is a particularly interesting one. The contents are as follows:—The Relative Influence of Paganism and Christianity on Human Slavery. His Excellency, the Cardinal Archbishop of the London Poor. Arthur F. Marshall, B. A. The Diocese of Quebec Under Early British Rule. D. A. O'Sullivan, LL.D. (Laval). The Church and the French Revolution. Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D. Angels and Ministers of Grace. M. Walsley. A New Text Book. John Gilmary Shaw, LL.D. The Suppression of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV. H. L. E. The Religion of the Messiah. F. F. M. Impressions of Life in Vienna. Frederick Alessandro Massoni. K. R. L.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS AT ST. MARY'S.

The bright, beautiful Feast of All Saints, so hopeful, so consolatory, was this time less joyous than before, for on that day we were obliged to see the last earthly resting place of Anthony Keough, third son of Mrs. M. Keough, of St. John's, who, on the night of Oct. 10th, met his death at Stratford. He was crushed between two trains while attending to some duty of his office in connection with one of the trains.

Deceased was a promising young man of nineteen years, beloved by all who knew him for his gentle and amiable disposition. The widowed mother and her family have the sincere sympathy of the entire community.

The solemn tolling of the parish church-bell rose and fell on the soft sunny morning air of All Saints' Day. Sympathizing friends from near and far gathered at its call. Protestant and Catholic alike were there, and forming into an unusually large funeral procession reached the church at ten o'clock. At the door the body was met by the pastor, Rev. Father Brennan, accompanied by Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford, an old and true friend of the family. The usual prayers being said, the Mass of the day was offered by the rev. pastor, after which he gave an earnest and instructive sermon on the feast of the day, and at its conclusion referred to the sad event which had brought such a crowded congregation to St. Mary's Church. He spoke in terms of high praise of the young man, then resting in death before the altar, at which he knelt a few short weeks ago, in the glow of his early manhood, to receive "the Bread which nourishes to immortality."

The rev. gentleman was listened to with profound attention throughout his address. After he had retired to lay aside his sacred vestments, Dr. Kilroy advanced to the altar and spoke in that beautiful, impressive way so peculiarly his. We regret that it is not in our power to give even a brief synopsis of that orthodox, pathetic, and consoling discourse spoken in low, clear tones, through which the sobs of the listeners were distinctly audible.

He had not come, he said, to preach a sermon, but in company with sorrowing friends and neighbors, Protestant and Catholic, to drop a tear on the bier of the early dead and to show his sympathy with the bereaved mother and her sorrow-stricken family, as of old the friends of Martha and Mary came in pitying kindness when Lazarus lay dead. "Lord, if Thou hadst been here our brother had not died," said the mourning sisters; and Jesus wept. Surely then we may weep unrebuked over our dead, but let us not mourn as those who have no hope. "It was just nineteen years ago, on the 4th of last September," the learned speaker continued, "since this young man was brought, an infant, to this very altar before which he now sleeps in death, and it was my hand that placed upon him then the holy chrism of baptism, and it was my hand, too, that anointed him with the holy chrism of Extreme Unction. I had the consolation of hearing his last confession; a consolation it surely was, for, from the lips of a young man came the confession of a child. I do not break the sacred seal of the confessional when I say he had nothing more grievous on his conscience than some little disobedience to his mother."

Much more the eloquent doctor said that must surely remain forever in the heart of that Christian mother, a well-spring of purest consolation. Surely her heart had been family the bitter waters of grief had been sweetened.

Then the *Litania* was sung, the last blessing given, and we were all that was mortal of Anthony Keough to "the silent city of the dead," there to wait till he be summoned on the morning of the resurrection to take his place with Christ's elect. Thus we hope, thus we believe. May he rest in peace.

THE FORGERIES' COMMISSION.

The Dublin Freeman thus describes Sir Richard Webster's speech, which by its supreme dexterity thinned out the attendants rapidly as soon as its quality began to be appreciated. He would also clean and repair clocks for his people if they brought them to him.

This was read the first (forced) letter attributed to Mr. Parnell the cream of which is that he asks for "prompt action." "Prompt action is called for. You undertook to make it hot for old Foster and Co. Let us have some evidence of your power to do so." This is addressed to "dear E." Sir Richard said "I am not able to state in whose handwriting the body of the letter is." He further said that in his opinion this does not mean that any outrage was contemplated on Mr. Foster, but that it contemplated outrages which would embarrass the Government, Mr. Foster included. A number of letters furnished the Times by one Roberts were admitted to be forgeries. Sir Richard Webster said "some persons have attempted to play a trick upon the Times." Sir Charles Russell pointed out that "here is a satisfactory forged document in obedience to the market demand, and

that the Parnell letters may be of similar character."

The Dublin Freeman's Journal asserts that all the dynamites in prison in the United Kingdom have been appropriated by emissaries of the Times, who informed them that the Government would grant them liberty if they would give testimony for the Times before the Parnell Commission. The prisoners refused to accept freedom at such a price.

Cable despatches state that Sir Charles Russell, counsel for the Parallels, will call witnesses to swear that he forged the Times' letters, and will show by enlarged photographs on a magic lantern that in tracing beneath the signature the pen was repeatedly stopped in the course of writing.

Joseph Kavanagh, the Times' witness who tried to shoot Patrick Lane in a tavern near the Law Courts on the 1st inst., was arraigned in court, and committed for trial. He was admitted to bail, two sureties qualifying in £1,000 each, and Kavanagh himself in £5,000. In the suit instituted by Mr. Parnell at Edinburgh Judge Kinnear announced his decision on the question of jurisdiction raised by the Times' counsel. The Judge ruled that the court had jurisdiction in the case.

A CHURCH SENSATION.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY EXPUNDED BY REV. DEAN HARRIS—REV. MR. BURSON UNDER THE LASH.

St. Catherine's Journal, Nov. 12th.

A very large congregation assembled in St. Catherine's Church last Sunday night, to hear Rev. Dean Harris preach on "Christian Charity." He chose for his text the following verses from the 13th chapter of St. Paul to the Corinthians: "Charity is patient; is kind, envieth not; dealeth not perversely; is not puffed up; is not ambitious; is not provoked to anger; thinketh not evil."

To the astonishment and amazement of his people he read with a clearness and with a precision almost military in its severity the address of Rev. Mr. Burson, delivered in the Orange hall here last Monday evening, in which the reverend gentleman so fiercely attacked the Roman Catholic religion. When the Rev. Dean had ended the reading of the discourse as printed in the daily papers, a silence prevailed in its intensity fell upon the people. After a pause sufficiently long to emphasize his meaning, he re-read the following passage from Mr. Burson's address: "In Great Britain the drift is all Romanward both in politics and in the established church; among dissenters the drift is towards infidelity. With a diversity of language, but with a united drift, and a manner studiously courteous, the speaker continued. Every 'Atheist' in his congregation, he said, and every free-thinker in this city, are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Burson for this humiliating acknowledgment. It is the most impudent, and from a Protestant standpoint, the most stupid admission that he has ever known. It is a manner studiously courteous, the speaker continued. Every 'Atheist' in his congregation, he said, and every free-thinker in this city, are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Burson for this humiliating acknowledgment. It is the most impudent, and from a Protestant standpoint, the most stupid admission that he has ever known. It is a manner studiously courteous, the speaker continued. Every 'Atheist' in his congregation, he said, and every free-thinker in this city, are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Burson for this humiliating acknowledgment. It is the most impudent, and from a Protestant standpoint, the most stupid admission that he has ever known. It is a manner studiously courteous, the speaker continued. Every 'Atheist' in his congregation, he said, and every free-thinker in this city, are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Burson for this humiliating acknowledgment. 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THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE,
OR,
THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER I.
GRANT.

It was a bright morning, in the early part of July, when I found myself in a railway carriage that was whirling me rapidly from the Great Babylon for the short three weeks' holiday which was all I could snatch from the law. As I sat about to spend them in my old home at Oakham, where my father filled the post of steward and man of business to the noble family who owned the Oakham domain.

Oakham Park was the great place, par excellence, of the country; its princely mansion, its woods and gardens were things to see; and few illustrious foreigners, in the shape of Shakspeare or Czarowitzes, left England without enjoying the hospitality dispensed there in right royal style. In early boyhood a run with the Oakham foxhounds had ranked foremost among my home pleasures; and the support of the great family's parliamentary interest was about the first idea which had been presented to me in later life, among the duties of graver years.

Ten years of busy life in London law-courts had, indeed, somewhat dwarfed the importance of Oakham in my present estimation; and, moreover, changed had been at work by which the influence once exercised by its owners in the country had considerably diminished. The old ducal family had become extinct, and the property had passed to a younger branch whose presence was almost felt as an intrusion by those who remembered the days of "the old duke." Still, after the absence of a year or two, during which I had generally contrived that my scanty holidays should be spent in a continental ramble, the prospect of revisiting my boyhood's home was reawakening the old associations; and as I missed over past and present the images of early days began to reassume their old proportions, and to exert their former influences over my mind.

My companions in the carriage were three in number, of whom two had established themselves in corner compartments, and were absorbed in the study of their papers. The third, clad in a plain grey suit, had nothing special to indicate his rank, or call for observation; but in a minute or so found myself involuntarily scanning him afresh, a proceeding I was the better able to accomplish from the fact that his eyes, fixed on the passing landscape, were never once turned towards me. I could hardly say what there was to justify my glance of curious inspection, if it were not the stillness of his head, and the passive, self-forgetfulness of his attitude. As to the others, they were of the ordinary class of English railway travellers. Having painfully done his duty with the morning paper, the younger of the two attempted to open conversation with his opposite neighbor by the remark that "Mayflower seemed to have made all the running," to which the older replied by a grunted affirmative which seemed to indicate that the animal in question had not greatly consulted his interests by her unexpected success. He did not seem of a conversational turn, and the young man's next attempt to be on the stranger in gray.

"Country badly wants rain, sir," he said, as though commenting on the attention which the other was bestowing on the fields and dusty hedges. "Does it, indeed?" was the reply. "To me everything looks so green." Then, as by way of explanation: "When you are used for half the year to see everything baked to brick-dust, England looks like a huge cabbage-garden."

"May-be," returned the other, pointing to a well-timbered bit of ground, "one tongue might give you a common subject of interest. It was the moment of a great political crisis, a once popular ministry had split to pieces, a general election had just placed the reins of power in the hands of the Conservative party, and according to their respective views men were everywhere stately and jubilant over the unexpected shifting of the scene."

"They will have it all their own way for the present," I observed; "and released from more serious cares, Haprock can take his own time at demolishing the Pope."

"Yes," said the first speaker, "how long it will last remains to be seen, but for a time we shall have a strong Tory Government."

"And what will they do?" asked the Yankee (if such he were), in a tone of grave and genuine interest, which contrasted not a little with the careless, off-handed manner of his companions.

"De Well, I suppose they'll give the beer-shops a lift, you know they owe it to them that they've got their innings. Then there's Clause 26—safe for a year or two; and I suppose the farmers will get some sort of a sop, and promise of more. Then we shall spend a lot of money, and have a jolly fight over the Budget; and there's talk about Law Reform. I suppose that is about our programme for the next session."

"You are not serious?"

"I am indeed."

"Yes," I observed, as he glanced towards me for confirmation of the other's accuracy: "chances in Government don't come to much in England; and no man when he is in power can really do what he talks about in opposition. The new men will find it so, and they know it as well as we."

"It is incomprehensible," said the man in gray, speaking rather to himself than to any of the party; "what a contemptible system!"

"Perhaps," he said, with a courtesy of manner which put my suspicions to the blush, "perhaps you can tell me if we are near the Oakham Station?"

"The next but one," I replied. And I began to wonder what could be taking him thither. For he it known, read reader, that the Oakham Station was what one might call a private one. The parliamentary influence of the Dukes of Leven, the old proprietors of the property, had succeeded in placing it in the midst of their plantations at a convenient half-mile from their own mansion, and a most inconvenient three miles from the village which clustered outside their park gates. It was seldom resorted to, save by guests of the great family, and occasional farmers journeying to and from market. My companion was not of the latter class, and I began to speculate whether he might not be of the former; an illustrious somebody, for whom I should find the Oakham carriage waiting, and the porters at a white heat of civility.

"Nothing of the sort, however, met our gaze as we descended on the trim little platform. My father's dog-cart, with the well-known face of Jem the gardener, prepared to take possession of my bag and portmanteau, was the solitary equipage in view, and the gray traveller looked about him in some perplexity.

"How far from Oakham?" he inquired of the porter.

"Park, sir, or village? Village, three miles and a half, sir; Park, close at hand."

"Oh, then, I can walk; but what will happen to my portmanteau?"

"Well, sir, you see, sir, bus don't meet this train, I don't, sir; leave it in the cloak-room, sir, and bus will call for it at seven. Where might you be going, sir?"

"Well, I suppose, there's an inn of some sort?"

"Oh, sure, sir, White Lion; bus will take it there, sir, at eight." And he was leaving the station when I caught his eye.

"You'll have a dusty walk to the village by the road," I said; "through the plantation it's barely two miles, and a precious dead pleasure. Jem shall show you the way; or, I say, Jem, is my father at home?"

"No, sir, no one at home; it's court day at Bradford, and master couldn't put it off no how; but he'll be back at seven."

"In that case," I said, throwing the reins into his hands, "I will walk part of the way with the gentleman, and you can take his luggage on your own back, and leave it at the White Lion." And in another minute, Jem and the dog were lost in a cloud of dust, and I and my unknown companion had struck into the pleasant shade of a thick fir plantation.

"An truly grateful," he began; "yet you are not altogether the loser by the transaction. After the dust and rattle of that steam-monster this green twilight is something worth living for. So," he continued, as we emerged from the trees on the brow of a green slope that overlooked a broad expanse of park scenery, terminating with a view of the lovely mansion, "this is Oakham?"

There was a softness, a melody in his tones that struck to my heart. He stood there gazing on every feature in the scene with an earnest interest, speaking now and then more to himself than to me, whose presence he hardly seemed to notice.

"Yes, I understand it better now; beautiful indeed, most beautiful; this is England!"

"You are a stranger, I perceive, to English scenery," I said; "travellers from America generally find something so small compared to their own magnificent scale of natural beauty, that it is difficult to get them to admire a home-scene like this."

"Probably, but I have never visited America. I see what set you on that idea," he continued, smiling, "it was that word about Europe. But I am an Englishman born, though I have passed the best part of my life in Australia, never visiting my native country but once since I could walk alone, and then only in a passing way."

"And you find it beautiful?"

"Much more than that; the wilderness is beautiful, but this is what the wilderness can never give—life, human life, souls. And his eyes glanced towards the tapering spire of the village church, whence came at that moment the toll of the funeral bell. "And this Oakham family, has it much hold on the neighborhood?"

"Pretty well," I said, "not what the old dukes had. You see there have been changes; the Dukes of Leven were popular, but they broke up some years back, and the present proprietors, the Earls of Bradford, a younger branch of the same family, don't reside here much, though, of course, they lead the country."

was called, was a modest, comfortable residence, picturesque in appearance and situation; for, from the parsonage to the gamekeeper's cottage all the Oakham surroundings were expected to be in perfect taste, and the estate was remarkable for its ornamental buildings. My father had filled his present post in the time of the old family, whose memory he venerated with something of an old man's regret. My mother and only sister, the latter my junior by several years, completed the little family party, whose members were now for a brief space reunited, and whom I will introduce to the reader as briefly as my, for my story concerns my new friend rather than myself. It was a family of the commonplace English middle-class, with nothing about it that a novelist's utmost effort could push into the romantic. My mother is just what every man's mother is, or ought to be, at least to his individual heart, the best mother in the world. She had many practical interests associated with my father's position on the estate, and when, in addition to this, I added that she liked her garden and her poultry, and that she cheerfully considered her husband to be the best man in the country, and her son the cleverest, my reader will have sufficient data wherewith to estimate her merit. As to my sister Mary, she was a sensible, good-natured girl of two-and-twenty. Besides the usual method of getting through her mornings (and I have often speculated on what her life would be with the majority of young ladies), Mary had occupations of her own among the village people, and was perfectly familiar with every odd Betty in the neighborhood who wanted a flannel petticoat. She was not that proud, neither was she Ritualistic, for both which facts agreed by herself; but there were daily prayers at the parish church; and before I came down to an eight o'clock breakfast I know that my sister had walked across the Park to the early morning service.

My father, as I sat in the midst of the little home circle, told my adventures, and produced Mr. Grant's letter. My father opened it and read it aloud; it ran as follows:

"DEAR MR. AUBREY. My friend, Mr. Grant, the bearer of this, is making a short stay in England, and has not the privilege of calling on me. I shall esteem it a kindness if you can call on him, and will show him any attention—Fidelity yours, JOHN RIPLEY."

Sir John Ripley was the county member, and his letter of introduction at once set at rest the question of Grant's respectability. Who or what he certainly was we could not guess, but he was certainly no adventurer. The earl was in Scotland; his two sons yachting off the Isle of Wight; there was, moreover, no difficulty in complying with the request, as the train should thoroughly inspect the Oakham lions, and we would be in another quarter on the morrow. According, at ten o'clock, my father and I presented ourselves in the little parlor of the White Lion, where Grant received us with simple courtesy, and did not fail to satisfy himself as to the state of my ankle before consenting to set out for the Park. He then, as I had seen him uncoiled, and I could not fail to be struck by the broad forehead and well-set head which imparted a dignity to features otherwise ordinary. My father's hearty country manner seemed to please him, and we were soon under the broom of the inn, and the young man, conversing with little of the embarrassment of strangers, and I shall not detain the reader with a lengthened description of what may be found better set forth in the Oakham Guide Book. The fountains and gardens, the forcing-houses, and pineries and greenhouses, grapes in every stage of development, so as to keep up an uninterrupted supply from May to October, by means of cunning contrivances for regulating the artificial heat; flowers of dazzling hues and bizarre forms from Mexico and Brazil; orchids from Ceylon, and the newest lilies transported from the interior of Africa; all these were displayed as much to claim our wonder as our admiration. We passed from hot-houses that breathed the atmosphere of the tropics to cool conservatories with fountains playing upon marble floors. The head-gardener was in attendance, and made our brain dizzy with the names of each new variety, grapes, white grapes, and with unremoved features, looked and listened in silence.

When the gardens had been fully inspected, my father proposed that we should proceed to the house. I thought I detected an expression of reluctance on the part of my companion, as though he shrank from the examination of private apartments in the absence of their owners.

"Is no one really at home?" he inquired; then glancing around him, "What a waste of labor! Well, let us get through the business," and he followed my father into the great entrance hall, and up the grand staircase, adorned with pictures, and statuary, and Majolica vases filled with fragrant exotics. The picture-gallery was a room of soft-carpeted apartments glittering with all that the most rare and delicate, and finally into the great picture gallery, on the walls of which hung portraits of the present family, mingled with those of the elder ducal branch that had passed away.

My father led the way, and I followed him down the first floor, and entered the drawing-room of the Caroline period, and other worthies of civil and military renown, till he came with a sigh to a finely-painted portrait, the head-beautiful of an English county gentleman as Lawrence alone could paint him.

"There is the old duke himself," he said, "and a finer gentleman that he never rode to cover. And a great man, too, he was in Parliament; for in his father's lifetime he sat for the county as Lord Carstairs, and when the Great Bill passed, it was he that led the county gentlemen, and by his sole influence caused them to grant a famous Carstairs clause. He could carry anything and anybody with him, there was such a power about him. But the crash came at last, and Oakham never saw another duke within these walls."

"Then, if I understand you, he left no son?"

"No, that was not it," said my father; "but it was a sad story, and as he spoke he sat down on a fanteuil in one of the windows, and motioned us to do the same. "He had a son, young Carstairs, a fine young fellow who cut a figure at Oxford. Well do I remember, and all the county remembers too, his coming of age; why, it was here in this gallery that the duke, standing on a dais, received the Mayor of Bradford, and the county magistrates, and presented them his son, as a king might present his heir-apparent to a nation. But all he did was in that princely style; no thought of expense. Why, when the queen paid him a three days' visit here, the house was newly furnished from carpet to cellar! You may guess what that took out of the year's rent. But he never stopped to calculate figures, not he. And when the Russian Emperor came over, and the people in London were on their feet to give him a handsome reception, the old duke had him down here, and I fancy he puzzled him rarely. There were over sixty guests sat down each day to dinner; and when they went to the Bradford races, each gentleman was asked to choose his own equipage, barouche, or phaeton, green or claret color, black or bay horse, or whatever he liked, and it was ready. Well, of course, I know it was reckless extravagance, but you see it was all of a piece with the duke's character—so open-handed and munificent, I often warned him it could not last; but he never would take alarm. You find the money, Aubrey," he would say, "and I'll spend it."

"He was popular," said Grant.

"Popular? I should rather think so! A kind word for everyone, and then such a noble presence. But the crash came at last, and as I said, and it fairly broke him. When at last the creditors could be held off no longer, he looked into his affairs, and it was just ruin before him. He begged, your grace being out of, and Oakham sold. The younger, that is the Bradford branch of the Carstairs family, had raked together a lot of money with their coal mines

and iron, and they brought it up; the money paid most of the debts, not all, and Carstairs, noble fellow as he was, made over the Irish estates he held from his mother into the hands of the creditors. They offered him £100,000 a year if he would reside there and manage the property for them, but his father's friends, who were then in power, got him an appointment in India, or something of the sort, and he preferred to go."

"And the old duke?"

"His daughters took him to Baden—you see they had a little more of the old duke's spirit than they two years after the break-up at Oakham. Then Lady Harriet married an Austrian count, and the elder sister followed her father; none ever returned to England."

"Grant and I listened with interest; the story was familiar enough to me, but it seemed to gain a new kind of pathos, as I heard it in that gallery before the very portrait of the last Duke of Leven. Grant said nothing, but stepping to the window, looked out for a while in silence; I thought it was to conceal an emotion which few men care to exhibit to one another; but when at last he spoke, his words struck me as harsh and severe.

"It was right," he said, "it was just that it should be so. There was nothing to regret."

"Ah, well, young sir," said my father, "that is the view you take of it, but the break-up of a great family can never be anything but a calamity in the end. This is how I see it; and Oakham, with all its modern finery, has never been the same place to me since the change."

We left the gallery in silence, for my father's words had saddened us, and I was glad to change the subject by proposing that we should look into the great library, rich in its collection of ancient and modern literature, for some of the Leven family had been antiquarians and book-collectors, and the Oakham MSS. had a European celebrity.

A gentleman in clerical costume was standing at the window, with whom, on our entrance, my father shook hands, introducing him as "Our vicar, Mr. Blythe, of the parish church." He was a reading man, of whom people like to say that he was a "scholar and a gentleman." He was just then busy over a laborious compilation on the Roman antiquities of the county, and had the free run of the Oakham library, and a handsome salary as librarian.

Grant looked around him at the well-filled shelves: "Five thousand volumes, isn't it so?" I said.

"About that, exclusive of the manuscripts, and half as many more again in the Bradford collection," replied the vicar. And he pointed to the half-open door of an adjoining apartment.

"Plenty of other men's thoughts here," said Grant; "but it would bother me to have to use them."

"To each one his proper gift," replied the vicar, with a courteous gesture, expressive of the least possible admiration of conscious superiority. "You are a man of action, no doubt, but human thought has its own work to do, and books are its chronicles."

"Well, give me a book that will make me think," responded Grant; "but what I find in your civilized society, that you make your books, or rather your newsmen, read to you, as if you were reading them. He reads his Pall Mall on his Saturday, and they do the work of literary and philosophical digestion for him; much as the Red Indian squaws chew the meat for their lords and husbands."

"Then you think," I observed, "that the multiplication of books has not been over-friendly to intellect?"

"I have no pretensions to judge on the subject," he replied; "but I am sure that no one who reads five thousand volumes within reach of his arm-chair could ever guess what a man feels in the bush, who has nothing but his Virgil and his Bible."

"The Bible!" I ejaculated; "our men of culture, as the Germans would say, are beginning to say queer things about that piece of literature."

"Precisely so," he replied; "and it proves my point, that your culture is an enormous lumber." My father looked at his watch. "I believe I must leave you young gentlemen to settle your argument together," he said; "I must be at the home-farm by one o'clock; but Jack will show you what room he has for you, and my wife will be expecting you at dinner."

"Much obliged," said Grant; "but I ordered my dinner at the Lion."

"Then the Lion may eat it," said my father. "Look here, sir, Sir John will never forgive me if I leave the door of an adjoining apartment. You are a man of action, no doubt, but human thought has its own work to do, and books are its chronicles."

"You are exceedingly good," he replied, "but my father looked at his watch. "I believe I must leave you young gentlemen to settle your argument together," he said; "I must be at the home-farm by one o'clock; but Jack will show you what room he has for you, and my wife will be expecting you at dinner."

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had developed a peculiarly hitherto unexpected—showed a vivid imagination. (Cheers.) But he would see from these proceedings whether Home Rule was dead or whether the aid of an undertaker should be invoked to serve the absolute necessities of the other party. (Laughter.) The Irish ought not to acquiesce in government by unequal laws. They should resist a government which, while professing anxiety to execute the law, manifested contempt for it whenever it found the law's action inconvenient. Apart from imperial necessities, Irishmen must be the best judges as to how to deal with local affairs. Mr. Gladstone illustrated at length the inequalities in the laws under which the Irish suffered, especially the laws dealing with combination, public meeting and the prison treatment of political offenders. Lord Harrington, he said, charged the Liberals with the responsibility for the elections in Ireland. The responsibility in reality belonged to those who refused to give to the Irish tenant the relief from arrears that has been given to the Highland tenant. When Mr. Gladstone referred to the two wings of the Liberal party for the purpose of denouncing the broken pledges of the disaffected, some one in the hall shouted: "One wing has no feathers." This salley was greeted with much laughter. Mr. Gladstone went over an old ground of the history of the union. He said that at the close of the last century the Protestants and Catholics in Ireland joined hands, but Tory wire-pullers made it their business to introduce, mainly through Orange lodges, religious animosity and intolerance between them. In conclusion, he asked what the disaffected could look for except speedy extinction. Could they reasonably expect Irishmen, under the present favorable circumstances, to change opinions that had been held for seven centuries? Why persist in such a hopeless battle now that Ireland was fighting, not with threats of separation or fenianism, but with confidence in a powerful party, whose irrevocable decisions he knew were supported by the affections of England. It would be better to endeavor to promote and consolidate the affection that was ready to burst from every Irish heart and voice.

Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat after speaking for nearly two hours. The close of his address was the signal for prolonged cheering.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Morley seconded. A brief response was adopted. Mr. Gladstone made a brief response.

London, Nov. 17.—All of the morning papers, with the exception of the Times, commenting upon Mr. Gladstone's speech at Birmingham, speak highly of his marvellous resources.

DOWN-TRODDEN POLAND.

Religious intolerance in Russia was never, it would seem, so quietly active as it is at present, and grievous charges are made against Alexander III. for not staying the hand of the Procureur of the Holy Synod in his treatment of Polish Catholics and of Lutherans belonging to the Baltic Provinces of Estonia, Livonia, and Courland. The oppression complained of is extended to educational measures as well as religious, and according to all accounts it weighs more grievously on the people suffering from it, than any trial to which they have been subjected since the first Alexander of the Romanoffs ruled all the Russias. One can hardly believe that in the old Polish province of Podolia the Government should exert such an unjust authority as to forbid a Catholic newspaper to employ Catholic servants in any capacity on a single village branch line which he himself has laid down to form a connection with the South Western Railway system.

That is one tangible grievance out of many. Here is another: A Russian priest, of the Orthodox creed living on the Austrian frontier, was anxious to know what methods of religious instruction and argument were employed by the Jesuits, who were holding a mission over the border. He dared not go himself, and so he sent his servant instead. The servant became a Catholic as the result of his investigation: so did between sixty and seventy of the villagers. Then down swooped the Government! Some church, some were placed under disciplinary Church surveillance, and some were sentenced to six months imprisonment. These last appeared, and their case was heard again a few days ago, as a Catholic happened to be on the bench an objection was raised by the Procureur, and the whole business has been postponed sine die. Added to political coercion, the Poles, it would appear, have to submit to most exasperating religious disabilities.

RACE GRATITUDE AND RELIGIOUS CANDOR.

An African Methodist Episcopal minister, Rev. Wm. H. Morris, at the National Hotel, has honored Leo XIII. by a poem on "Brazilian Freedom" prompted, says the writer, "on reading the Pope's printed letter to the Brazilian Bishops." Sharply does he point the contrast between this Catholic emancipation and that here:

No streams of blood
Were shed on battle-field; no wounded man
Were borne from slange's pen; no dying groans
Were heard in hospitals; the surgeons' knife
Or sawdembered not a fractured limb:
The Jubilee of Leo was at hand—
How should the priestly feast be fitly kept?
What offering should that thankful nation make
To our Creator and Redeemer Who
Had spared their Holy Father's precious life?
With hands uplifted render thanks to Thee,
The nation's God, because Brazil is free.

Many persons criticize in order not to seem ignorant. They do not know that indulgence is a mark of the highest culture.—Carmen Sylva.

It is a great relief, and quite refreshing indeed, to see that, while the shafts of calumny are being hurled at the Church from all directions, one man at least from the outside has the manliness to boldly make the following assertion in the columns of Europe's monarch journal, the London Times: "It has come to pass that the Church of Rome, and I believe the Church of Rome alone, is essentially the Church of the poor. The man who has the moral courage to thus express himself is Dean Lake of Durham, England. He spoke the truth, and may the God of truth bring him yet inside the One Fold."

The Catholic parent who will allow his children to grow up without the advantage of Catholic reading, and give them free access to the indecent sheets of the day, will not have to answer for mortal murder, but for that which is infinitely greater, the destruction of immortal souls. The ravages of the daily press as well as the sensational weeklies is terrible to think of. Crimes are daily going to perdition, on account of the daily ghastly recital of crime, that the public constantly craves. Catholics could aid in counteracting these results by helping in the support of their press. From one to five cents purchase a Catholic paper for the family. Who that lives cannot afford it?—Argosius.

The Hon. Theodore Davis, C. M., member of the Provincial Parliament, residing at Victoria, Vancouver Island, has been received in the Catholic Church.

Father Damen, the venerable missionary, will cease his active labors, after thirty-one years steady work, and will make his permanent home at Creighton College, Omaha. He will still give occasional missions in Nebraska.

No Cross, No Crown.

F. L. STANTON.

Sometimes think when life seems drear
And gloom and darkness gather here—
When hope's bright sun breaks my skies
And sorrow's dew on pathway lies
It would be sweet, if it were best
To fold my tired hands and rest,
But I see God sends an angel down
Who awes me by: "No Cross, no Crown!"

Last night I heard the river moan
With sad and melancholy tone;
I saw its waters gleaming
And dawning heavings to the sea!
And thought he plunged beneath its tide
And on its friendly bosom died.
But then God sent an angel down,
Who whispered still: "No Cross, no Crown!"

I said: "The world is dark and lone;
There is no hand to hold my own
I cannot bear the noonday heat,
The throng so pierce my bleeding feet!"
"Behold!" he cried, "where, scorched,
Shine the red, bleeding wounds of Christ!"
And left his tears of mercy down,
Who said: "No Cross, no Crown!"

Then turned from the river shore
And sought the lonely world once more;
With sobbing heart and burning eye
To bathe his weary limbs in dew,
But hunger came, who knew me well,
And fainting by the way I fell,
And his angel said: "No Cross, no Crown!"

No Cross—no Crown! . . . As standing there,
The cross too heavy seemed to bear;
I thought, "I cannot see the end
That it was ever meant to end,
The words I could not understand,
And from the corner of my hand;
But still he looked with pity down,
And still he said: "No Cross, no Crown."

Back to the world I turned again
To feel its grief, endure its pain;
But all the sweetest things I gave
I followed weeping to the grave;
And from the corner of my hand
I lifted my sad eyes to God,
And saw the angel come down,
Who said: "No Cross, no Crown."
—Atlanta Constitution.

CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

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PART III.

JAMES GRANT, J. M'DONALD, GEO. HAY, ETC., AND THEIR TIME.

It will ever be a mystery to ordinary readers how it came to pass, that with abundant means of defence at hand, no efficient protection was given to the Bishop's house or those of the Catholic laymen which were attacked and plundered. The town guard is not worth mentioning; but there was in the city a numerous body of the regiment of "Fencibles," commanded by the Duke of Buccleugh. If these men had acted, there would have been no destruction of property. But how came it that they did not see when their commander displayed so much zeal and courage? The riot set, indeed, was not so much an entry on the part of the commander, or the Lieutenant Colonel, could prevail on the magistrates to use the military at their command, in other words, they would not authorize the soldiers to charge the mob. This looked like collusion with the mob, as was, indeed, alleged with much show of truth. Why did not the Commander, who was Lord Lieutenant of the county, give the order to scatter the rabble? Nobody suspected him of connivance. He frequently endangered his life by his personal efforts; but the civic authority alone, we imagine, commanded in the city. It was a pleasure to have the late Mr. James Grant relate how Henry, Duke of Buccleugh, sprang into the midst of the mob, seized a ringleader, and handed him to the authorities. This, it appears, he did several times, at great personal risk. But what availed it? No sooner were such parties committed to prison in the Castle than they were released, and that by the orders of the Lord Advocate. It looked like inaugurating anarchy when the rulers of the land thus encouraged the outrageous proceedings of an impious and lawless mob. Several tradesmen suffered the destruction of their shops. Among these sufferers were Lockhart and Smith, who, it will be remembered, led the mob-juring flock and became the occasion of "the paradox" to Bishop Hay's work on Miracles. The dangers arising from the agitation in Scotland discouraged the Government from forwarding the Relief Bill. The Scotch members were induced by the popular clamour to withhold their support. So, with the general consent, was formally withdrawn. Bishop Hay, now that nothing more could be done towards the great object of repeal, in the meantime, bated back to Scotland, where his afflicted people stood in need of all the comfort and support it was in his power to afford them. He reached Edinburgh at the very time the flames were devouring his new house and church. While walking from the inn towards his home, quite unaware of what was happening, he observed that the streets were unusually crowded. To his great surprise, the crowding increased as he proceeded. When near Blackfriars Wynd, he encountered an old woman whom he met, who said to him: "What is all meant? 'O, sir," he replied, "we are burning the parish chapel, and we only wish we had the bishop to throw into the fire!" The bishop made the best of his way to the castle, where he was safe in the midst of our brave military.

The day after that on which the new house was burned, the mob attacked and plundered the old house in Blackfriars Wynd. It was, however, in so crowded a locality, that the whole city would have been in manifest danger if it had been set on fire. Resistance was therefore made, and successfully. The stand which Principal Robertson had made in support of moderation, humanity and justice, had rendered him obnoxious to the fanatical populace. They determined, therefore, to devote the afternoon to the destruction of his residence which was within the precincts of the University. He himself took refuge in the castle, and a detachment of the "Fencibles" supported by cavalry,

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effectually protected the house of this excellent man notwithstanding the Lord's repeated attacks of the mob. Some of the mob were entertained for Lord Linton's town residence, Remy Lodge, and his infant daughter was removed to a place of safety, while his chaplain, Mr. Cruikshank, withdrew for a few days to Frazerburgh House.

For thirty years, after all that they had done towards promoting the relief of their brethren in England and Ireland. The clergy were without a house or church, and were obliged to live con- cealed in the houses of their friends.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND THE COLORED PRIEST.

A Cincinnati dispatch in the Catholic News says, that a novel and very edifying scene was witnessed in the Cathedral of that city, recently, it being the celebra- tion of High Mass by the Rev. Father Tolton, a colored priest.

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The friends of the Protestant interest? and their great supporter, the porvance of Edinburgh, now rested from their labours, satisfied, as well they might, with the victory which, to the lasting disgrace of the rulers of the land, they had so easily won.

Lord Linton was still in London; and the noble minded Dalrymple wrote to him, also, conveying the news of the riot. He concluded indignantly the conduct of the magistrates throughout the whole affair, adding that the few prisoners, who still remained in custody, would probably be discharged, "as there is party in the case; and thus to gain a borough, 25,000 of the most zealous subjects will be lost to the King."

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Nov. 17th. 1888. PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.

Canon Taylor, of the Established Church, has an article in the Fortnightly Review on the subject of the failure of Protestant missionaries to convert the heathen.

The learned Canon declares that the vast amount of money and energy spent in Asia and Africa, on the work of evangelization, is not followed by any appreciable results.

And quoting from statistics as given by the missionaries themselves, who are not likely to underestimate the results of their own efforts, he arrives at the conclusion that it would take 183 years for all the different missionary societies to convert as many as are born in one year among the non-Christian population of Asia and Africa.

Following up the lives and the history of the so-called converts, over whose actual salvation there was much jubilation and great rejoicing in Exeter Hall—and other missionary centres—it was found that there is a remarkable tendency among the converted heathen people to revert to the religion, or to the no-religion, of their forefathers.

The zealous contributors in England to the missionary fund, the titled ladies and gentlemen who are in the habit of pouring out their available treasures and spending fabulous sums in the very laudable effort to spread the light and establish Christianity in heathen lands, are utterly astounded at the revelations of Canon Taylor.

"were merely proselytes," and although he was for many years reckoned a convert, he did not feel that he was a Christian until he joined the Salvation Army.

And this is what the Church of England has come to at last. It has been petted and pampered by Government patronage and fat livings, and could never reach the masses or make one convert among the Hindoo or African populations.

Canon Taylor declares that the belief now gains ground that 'the Sandwich Islanders, so long cited as the best product of missionary zeal, are fast reverting to heathenish customs, and that the Abyssinians are merely nominal Christians.'

LORD HARTINGTON IN BELFAST.

Lord Hartington has finished his tour in Ireland, which, like Mr. Chamberlain's, was confined to the little area which sends to Parliament the minority of the Ulster representatives.

His Lordship was very anxious to press upon his hearers the conviction that he is the same Liberal politician that he ever was; that his present support of a Tory Government, which refuses to grant to the people of Ireland any concession of Liberty and Home Rule, which muzzles the press, imprisons editors and members of Parliament who presume to assert that the country is badly governed, is quite in accord with the views he upheld before a Belfast audience on the occasion of his former visit to that city, views which he also upheld elsewhere, that the 'Irish Land Act should be strengthened and extended.'

Why were these measures ever needed? and why did Lord Hartington advocate them before? Was it not, ostensibly at least, because the people were downtrodden and oppressed by the wealthy landlords who had the whole population of the country under their iron heel, and who used their power for the purpose of exterminating the tenantry? This tyranny no one denounced more passionately than Lord Hartington himself.

Let us see the reasons which he adduces for his changed course. First he tells us that in belonging to the Liberal party at the former period he belonged to "a distinctly and thoroughly Unionist party."

persistently have the British Government and Parliament refused to listen to the story of Ireland's wrongs, that Irishmen have despaired of obtaining a remedy, except by gaining complete independence; but this was the remedy of despair.

Another fallacy of His Lordship, though not original with him, is couched in the following terms: "I do not think that is an impossible condition to ask the great Liberal party to desert from aiding and abetting the disloyal party from a desire to extort by force that which they could not obtain by reason."

This whole argument is based on a falsehood, but even if the statements of fact were perfectly true the conclusions would be quite unwarranted. Take human nature the world over, and it is too much to ask that men should first content themselves under cruelly oppressive measures, before their complaints against such measures be listened to; and it is equally against the interests of the Empire that such a course should be followed by men who are called statesmen.

The Times has received a humiliating check in its career of forgery and fabrications against Nationalist members of Parliament. It stated that Mr. Finucane, M.P., advised blacksmiths "not to refuse to shoe the horses of land-grabbers and exterminators, but to shoe them, driving, at the same time, nails in their quirk."

THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL. On Sunday, 25th of the present month, this grand new edifice, the crowning effort of the zeal and industry of the good pastor of Mount Carmel, Rev. M. Kelly, and his faithful people, will be solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God.

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Further, Lord Hartington declares that the British Parliament is quite ready and anxious to remedy all Ireland's wrongs, and that the Government are ready at any time, even at the present time, to propose adequate remedial measures—always

under certain conditions—the conditions being this time that the Irish members of Parliament give them their support! If this be true, why do they not now apply their panacea? They need not wait for the support of an Irish party, for they have a majority at their backs at present. Besides they are never tired of telling us that the interests of the minority in Ireland are of far greater importance than those of the majority, and even this is stated by Lord Hartington in the very speech now under consideration.

His Lordship states another reason why Home Rule should not be granted. He says that an Irish Parliament would be controlled by disloyal men. This is merely a disguised way of putting forward his "impossible conditions."

THE TIMES' WEAKENING.

The Times has received a humiliating check in its career of forgery and fabrications against Nationalist members of Parliament. It stated that Mr. Finucane, M.P., advised blacksmiths "not to refuse to shoe the horses of land-grabbers and exterminators, but to shoe them, driving, at the same time, nails in their quirk."

THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL. On Sunday, 25th of the present month, this grand new edifice, the crowning effort of the zeal and industry of the good pastor of Mount Carmel, Rev. M. Kelly, and his faithful people, will be solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God.

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HARRISON ELECTED.

The Presidential election is now over, and Grover Cleveland shares the fate of all defeated candidates. From being honored and looked up to as the arbiter and controller of a nation's destinies he retires into private life, and becomes once more a mere individual citizen.

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THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.

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Never in the history of England was an accredited minister to a foreign court so indignantly treated or so summarily ejected. And the flatter created by it in diplomatic circles is not set at rest so far.

fell between two stools. And few men in misery to-day have less sympathizers in his gubernatorial defeat. A small majority of Irish votes gained by the insensibility of the famous three R's lifted him into power in 1884; a large plurality of the same votes in this year of grace has called upon him "to step down and out."

A CONTEMPTIBLE PROCEEDING.

A piece of the most contemptible persecution has been perpetrated by a very full bench of magistrates at Ennis. No fewer than seventeen justices of the peace took seats before Mr. Chas. Kelly, the County Court Judge, for the purpose of hearing the application for the renewal of the license of Mr. Dennis McNamara.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. SPURGEON has a poor idea of kind of Christianity prevailing in England especially among Episcopians. From Daily News we learn that at the twenty-fourth meeting of the Evangelists' Association he delivered himself as follows, to amazement of the listeners: "Do not look upon England as a Christian country. It is a great mistake to think that if I, who were living in old heathen land again, spoke to a minister the other day, asked him if some of his people were Christians, and he replied, 'No, they just heathen.'"

IN THIS issue we reproduce from a Catharine's paper a report of a discourse delivered by the respected and distinguished parish priest of that town Sunday last. The sermon was a timely one, and few there are, indeed, who will not entertain feelings of kindly regard towards the Rev. Father for uttering such noble and Christian sentiments.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE'S MISSION.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE'S mission against the slave trade has been very successful, rousing the Governments to new efforts for the suppression of the traffic. In House of Lords, on the 6th inst., Mr. Salisbury said Germany had invited England to co-operate with her in the way of preventing more effectively the exportation of slaves from and the importation of arms to East Africa.

THE UNITED IRELAND.

THE United Ireland, of Dublin, expressed indifference at the result of the Presidential election, as it has friends in both camps. Harrison, the paper thinks, owes his election to the Seckville affair, as the voters suspected President Cleveland being friendly with Lord Salisbury. While it is flattering to the Irish to be able to turn the scale in such a contest is also humiliating and menacing America. The Irish vote exists as a separate and menacing factor in American politics, because the fact that Ireland without Home Rule rankles as a speck in the relations between the English-speaking races. It would be cheap America to establish Home Rule in Ireland, even at the cost of a war with Great Britain. We need not comment on the value to England of the settlement of Irish question.

A LEGACY OF £30000.

A legacy of £30000 has been left to Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Miss Anna Skerrett, sister of Miss Skerrett, who was murdered in San Francisco some years ago. It is proposed to dedicate the new Catholic University in Washington on Oct. 6th, 1889. The curriculum will be decided on this month. The Sulcivian will change of the theological department.

the murderer is, nor can the slightest clue be detected that would lead to the suspicion of the fiend that committed the crime. All this is very sad indeed, and speaks volumes for the state of morality that obtain just now in the great and enlightened metropolis of the British Empire. Of the five millions of people who inhabit London, scarcely one million attend any church on Sunday. What becomes of the other millions? Would the money spent on foreign missions be better employed at home. Would the army of preachers sent to evangelize the Hindoo and the Turk have something more practical to attend to at the very doors. England is reckoned the most civilized, the most bible reading, the most enlightened, and the freest Christian country on the face of the universe, and here its very centre, in the midst of all wealth and splendor, and mighty power for good, crime and ignorance of God's first laws reign supreme. Where we would expect Christian virtues to shine forth stars in the firmament, horrid vice lurks and crime abounds. Truly is London a great, the modern Babylon! What to save it from the utter ruin and desolation that overtook the older Babylon and other cities now in ashes? What but the aid which Almighty God applied to Rome and Athens. The preaching of Christ Crucified, the blood of martyrs, the courage of St. Paul to stem the torrent of iniquity, and the voice of a prophet crying out to all that a day of reckoning and retribution "is at hand both for individuals and for nations, for God now declares unto men that all should everywhere penance." (Acts xvii. 30)

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IN THIS issue we reproduce from a St. Catharine's paper a report of a discourse delivered by the respected and distinguished parish priest of that town on Sunday last. The sermon was a most timely one, and few there are, indeed, who will not entertain feelings of kindly regard towards the Rev. Father for uttering such noble and Christian sentiments. It has become the fashion for a few so-called ministers of the gospel, who preach to spurn congregations, to occasionally indulge in tirades against the faith of their Catholic neighbors, with a view to draw a crowd and stir up enthusiasm. We trust the rebuke of Rev. Dean Harris will serve to convince our Protestant friends that the time has come when such un-Christian conduct deserves at their hands condemnation of the most pronounced character.

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SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. DIOCESE OF PETERBORO.

CONFIRMATION.

The parish of Peterboro extends north of the city six miles to Bridgenorth, one of the most romantic spots in the Dominion. Here we sight Ennismore, a lovely island parish rising like another Ireland out of the water. The lake is called Charming and is one of the most beautiful inland waters. It is one mile from shore to shore, and we cross the water on a floating bridge which lies on the bosom of the water. A description of this bridge was given in the *Scientific American* a few years ago, and the writer claimed this was the only bridge of the kind in America. Ennismore is an ideal parish. The inhabitants are all Catholics and Irish by descent. Although they only number one hundred families they are all in easy circumstances, some in fact wealthy. The land is so fertile that Ennismore is called the garden of the county of Peterboro—and Peterboro, needless to say, is one of the best markets in this Canada of ours. There is a beautiful Church and a magnificent Presbytery, with the prospect within the near future of a commodious convent. The sale of liquor is prohibited within the limits of the Township, and the schools are among the best in Ontario. Men of means are every year moving into Ennismore from other parts of Canada. We of course only allude to some of the "lyban odors from the spicy shore of Arabia the best."

But something unusual was occurring this year on Halloween in Ennismore. Men, women and children were lining the shore in the immediate vicinity of the famed bridge. The reason was not far to search. His Lordship the Bishop of Peterboro was visiting the parish for the purpose of administering the august rite of Confirmation. On such an occasion Ennismore was sure to "charge with all its chivalry." As His Lordship made his appearance a cheer that could be heard miles away was given by the delighted populace.

His Lordship was seated in a beautiful carriage drawn by two magnificent horses, the property of one of Ennismore's worthy councillors, Mr. John O'Donohue. The Bishop was accompanied by Father Kelly, the pastor of Ennismore. His Lordship blessed the people who so cordially and loyally welcomed him, and was driven to the parish church. Here eighty-five candidates for Confirmation were in waiting. His Lordship immediately began to catechise the children; each one was required to individually pass into his hands the sign of the cross. He expressed himself as delighted at their knowledge of the Christian doctrine and paid a well-deserved tribute of praise to the teachers for the admirable manner in which they had fulfilled an onerous duty. When His Lordship had finished asking questions in the catechism he heard a great shout of applause. On the following day, All Saints', His Lordship offered up the Holy Sacrifice at 8 o'clock. Meantime His Lordship's scholarly and refined Secretary, Father Rudkins, arrived, and work in the confessional was again proceeded with until 10.30. At the hour just mentioned the sacred edifice was filled to its utmost capacity and solemn High Mass celebrated by Father Kelly.

After the gospel His Lordship preached an eloquent sermon on the Beatitudes: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for their's is the kingdom of Heaven." Sometimes poverty is compulsory and accompanied by a desire for riches, and murmurs are heard because of the deprivation thereof. Such poverty is avarice of the heart and is not canonized by the Saviour. But the poverty which detaches us from the things of this world brings down upon us the treasures of heaven. The true Christian has only one ambition, namely: to possess the kingdom of God. "Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land." Meekness is a virtue which controls every movement of anger and impatience. Learn of Me," our Saviour says, "to be meek and humble of heart." The meek will enjoy in peace what belongs to them here and at the hour of death will enter in possession of the land of the living. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." The hilarity of the Lord shall one day be changed into grief and the sorrow of the good into joy. We ought to mourn, 1st, over our sins; 2nd, over the sins of the world; 3rd, over our exile from heaven; 4th, over the uncertainty of our lot in the world to come. Let us weep before the Lord; if we sow in tears we shall reap in joy. Eternal consolation will follow the tears of repentance. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled." This is understood of the ardent desire we should have to acquire virtue and sanctity. "For these my soul hath thirsted," says the royal prophet, and again, "My soul hath coveted to long for thy justification all the time." The humblest degree of sanctifying grace is worth more than all the thrones of the world. We should always aim at perfection "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy." The more we sympathize with others and relieve them in their needs the nearer we approach to God, who is the "Father of mercies." If we do this, at the last day God will not judge us according to the rigor of justice, but on the lines of His infinite bounty. "Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God." Purity of heart, according to St. Thomas, is purity of thought, affections, words and works. A pure heart is a throne which God loves to occupy. It opens the eyes of the soul and prepares it to contemplate the Deity. The light of grace here will be a preparation for the light of glory hereafter. "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God." Our God is a God of peace. Jesus Christ is called the angel and the prince of peace. His gospel is a gospel of peace. He cemented by His blood peace between God and man. Leaving the world, he bequeathed us His peace as His grandest inheritance. "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." By permitting persecution our Father in heaven tries, purifies and sanctifies us. The highest degree of glory is reserved for those who prove to God their faith and love by suffering with resignation and patience persecution for Christ's sake. In conclusion, His Lordship said that to come up to the requirements of the beatitudes we stand in need of continuous light and assistance from the

Holy Ghost. In the Apocalypse there is a beautiful allusion to the Holy Ghost, where St. John represents Him as: "a river of water of life, clear as crystal proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb." In the same last chapter of the Apocalypse, St. John speaks of the "Tree of life bearing twelve fruits." The tree of life is sanctifying grace, and St. Paul says: "The fruit of the Spirit is charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, faith, modesty, confidence, chastity." (Gal. v. 22, 23) If always and everywhere we are guided by the Holy Ghost in this world, then in the next world our place shall be among "the great multitude, mentioned in to-day's Epistle, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." This is the blessing His Lordship said, which I wish you all on this blessed day. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

This is the merest summary of what was really a most powerful and beautiful sermon.

After mass, and while His Lordship was preparing to administer the august rite of Confirmation, the choir sang, with organ accompaniment, the following beautiful translation of the time honored hymn, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*:

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
Come from the realms of light and love
Come, Father of the Fatherless;
Come, giver of all happiness,
Thou, lamp of every heart.

O Thou, of comfort, the best,
O Thou, our sweetest rest,
Our refuge, peace from life-long care,
Our shield from Satan's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.

O Light Divine, all light exceeding,
Fill with thyself the lampest dwelling
Of souls sincere and lowly;
Without thy pure divinity,
Nothing in all humanity
Is truly bright and holy.

Wash out each dark and soiled stain,
Wash each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruised reed,
Exalt what is low and mean,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that guidance need.

Give to the good, who find in Thee
The Spirit's perfect liberty;
Thy sevenfold power and love,
Give virtue strength in crown to win,
Give strength to souls that strive from sin,
Give endless peace above.

His Lordship now proceeded to administer Confirmation. He was assisted by his amiable and popular secretary, Father Rudkins. The candidates were presented to the bishop by Father Kelly. After Confirmation had been administered, he addressed the congregation. Confirmation, His Lordship said, is a sacrament which imparts to us the Holy Ghost with the abundance of His graces in order to render us perfect Christians. By baptism we are born into the life of grace and become children of God—but as children we are followed by the imperfections of childhood, unable to surmount grave difficulty and brave danger. Confirmation leads us forth out of this spiritual childhood, makes us men and arms us as soldiers of Jesus Christ in order that we may combat under His banner the enemies of our salvation. Wherefore Confirmation has been called by the Fathers of the Church, "the perfection and complement of baptism."

Let us now explain term: Confirmation is firstly a sacrament. We discover therein everything necessary to constitute a sacrament. There is the visible sign consisting of the imposition of hands and the union with holy chrism which the bishop administers. It is not, however, canonized by the Saviour. But the poverty which detaches us from the things of this world brings down upon us the treasures of heaven. The true Christian has only one ambition, namely: to possess the kingdom of God. "Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land." Meekness is a virtue which controls every movement of anger and impatience. Learn of Me," our Saviour says, "to be meek and humble of heart." The meek will enjoy in peace what belongs to them here and at the hour of death will enter in possession of the land of the living. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." The hilarity of the Lord shall one day be changed into grief and the sorrow of the good into joy. We ought to mourn, 1st, over our sins; 2nd, over the sins of the world; 3rd, over our exile from heaven; 4th, over the uncertainty of our lot in the world to come. Let us weep before the Lord; if we sow in tears we shall reap in joy. Eternal consolation will follow the tears of repentance. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled." This is understood of the ardent desire we should have to acquire virtue and sanctity. "For these my soul hath thirsted," says the royal prophet, and again, "My soul hath coveted to long for thy justification all the time." The humblest degree of sanctifying grace is worth more than all the thrones of the world. We should always aim at perfection "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy." The more we sympathize with others and relieve them in their needs the nearer we approach to God, who is the "Father of mercies." If we do this, at the last day God will not judge us according to the rigor of justice, but on the lines of His infinite bounty. "Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God." Purity of heart, according to St. Thomas, is purity of thought, affections, words and works. A pure heart is a throne which God loves to occupy. It opens the eyes of the soul and prepares it to contemplate the Deity. The light of grace here will be a preparation for the light of glory hereafter. "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God." Our God is a God of peace. Jesus Christ is called the angel and the prince of peace. His gospel is a gospel of peace. He cemented by His blood peace between God and man. Leaving the world, he bequeathed us His peace as His grandest inheritance. "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." By permitting persecution our Father in heaven tries, purifies and sanctifies us. The highest degree of glory is reserved for those who prove to God their faith and love by suffering with resignation and patience persecution for Christ's sake. In conclusion, His Lordship said that to come up to the requirements of the beatitudes we stand in need of continuous light and assistance from the

2nd. This sacrament gives us the Holy Ghost with the abundance of His graces. Indeed this is the effect proper to Confirmation. In baptism we are regenerated by water and the Holy Ghost; whereas Confirmation is in some sort a baptism by fire. We receive therein, and in a very special manner, the Holy Ghost to purify our souls, to inflame them with the ardor of divine charity and adorn them with virtues.

3rd. This sacrament gives us the Holy Ghost, with the abundance of His graces, in order to render us perfect Christians. Baptism gives us the life of grace, and makes us Christians; but Confirmation strengthens that childhood life and makes us perfect Christians, dowered with courage and energy, whereby we may resist all the attacks of hell, and fulfil the most difficult duties.

In the next place, Confirmation makes us perfect Christians, because it augments in us the grace of baptism and gives us strength to profess openly the faith of Jesus Christ, even at the peril of our lives. The special grace of Confirmation is a grace of growth, of perfection, so that of baptism is a grace of innocence. The two principal effects of Confirmation are: to make us strong in the faith, and to strengthen the grace received in baptism; this is, in fact, why we call it Confirmation. The simple Christian only baptized enjoys undoubtedly spiritual life, but he weakens when confronted with certain portions of the New Law. With difficulty does he resist those austere maxims of repentance, renouncement of self, detachment from the world, so strongly recommended by our blessed Lord and Saviour. "I have yet many things to say to you: but you cannot bear them now." (St. John xvi. 12.) The perfect Christian, however, embraces them with gladness. Nothing is difficult to him; he walks with alacrity in the ways of virtue. It is no longer a spark of divine love which animates him; it is a furnace of ardent charity that burns within him, raising him as it were above himself and giving him an invincible strength for the accomplishment of good works. This sacrament confirms us in the glorious possession of the Christian name, by a new and more abundant effusion of the Holy Ghost and His grace, giving us the courage to profess openly the faith of Jesus Christ. To profess this faith means

not to be ashamed of the gospel, and observe its holy teachings in spite of all obstacles and in spite of all temptations, be their source the world or hell. We must profess this faith boldly, openly and generously. I fear God, but have no other fear—hold the motto and the thought of every true Christian. We must profess this faith with the mouth and with the heart; with the mouth, whenever occasion offers to defend holy Church against the attacks of wicked men; with the heart by conforming our conduct with our creed. "And you shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth." (Acts 1, 8) And let us also be witnesses to Jesus Christ and His Church before unbelievers, before heretics, before the whole world. Let us openly profess our belief in the holy Catholic Church, and glory only in the blessing of Jesus Christ. "Whoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, I will also confess him before my Father who is in heaven. But whoever shall deny me before men, I will also deny him before my Father who is in heaven." (St. Matthew x. 32, 33)

We must profess this faith even at the peril of our lives. Thus did the early Christians who braved tyranny, confronted torture and underwent the most frightful sufferings, yet, shed the last drop of their blood rather than sacrifice their faith. Thus did France in presence of the Revolution, thus did in our own day Germany in presence of the Kulturkampf. Thus also did dear old Iceland in the presence of the so-called Reformation. Our forefathers professed, called, and braved, death itself, rather than betray the faith. Should the occasion arise, let us go and do likewise, remembering that beautiful apothegm of Peter and the apostles: "We ought to obey God rather than men." (Acts, v. 29)

True, thank God, there is no open persecution of the Church in our country, but here as elsewhere the enemies of the truth are none the less acrimonious. And the holy man Job said many centuries ago: "The life of man upon the earth is a continual warfare." He has to battle against the weakness of his own heart and against the perverse maxims of the world and its scandals. Then again human respect is a formidable enemy. Many a time are we the faithful Catholic called upon to make an open profession of faith, and woe to him should he fail. Sometimes the dread of rivalry may succeed where all the other powers of the world and hell would fail. Now, where, I ask you, are we to find the courage and strength necessary to overcome all persecutors of faith and morals, whether they ply their avocation in public or in private? In the sacrament of Confirmation. It strengthens the grace of baptism, it aids us in repressing the inward movements of concupiscence and in making head against the contempt and outrages of a corrupt world—a corrupt world which seeks to destroy piety and make us a party to its disorders. His Lordship then went on to speak of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. They are so many supernatural habits which God infuses into the soul of a Christian in order to dispose him to the spontaneous practice of virtue. They communicate a strength from on high which makes him docile to every movement of grace, makes him overcome difficulties in the way of salvation and puts him in a position to be able to discount the threats or allurements of the world, the flesh and the devil.

We find the seven gifts designated under the name of spirit in the Prophet Isaiah, where, speaking of the Messiah, he says: "I will send forth my spirit upon thee, and thou shalt rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and of understanding, the spirit of counsel and of fortitude, the spirit of knowledge and of godliness, and he shall be filled with the spirit of the fear of the Lord." Is. xl. 1, 2. A word now upon the excellence and necessity of these gifts:

1st. The gift of wisdom, which makes us understand the end for which we have been created and take the means to attain that end. It makes us despise the things of this world and always act with a single view to please God and save our souls.

2nd. The gift of understanding, which directs away from our mind's eye, and makes us understand revealed truths as far as at least as our capacity will allow us. Of ourselves we are only inquiry and ignorance; moreover our minds being darkened by sin we are powerless of ourselves to lay hold of supernatural truths in the order of salvation just as the eye fails to distinguish the different colors in darkness. The great mystery of religious faith, astonish and confound us. Naturally we are slow to conceive the motives and the wonders of faith, and the sun of truth only appears to our gaze surrounded by clouds. Hence we are exposed to different temptations, to doubts and scruples, to continual disquietude.

3rd. The gift of fortitude, which unites with His divine light what we here before obscure becomes luminous. He speaks and sparkles within us; He teaches us all truth, and we learn not by laborious study and difficult demonstration, but by a secret voice understood of the mind, by a serene unction which finds its way to the heart and makes us relate heavenly truth. By His help the soul is strengthened in belief; the most sublime mysteries—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Redemption, the attributes of God, the depth of His decrees—in a word, truths the most incomprehensible are no longer but an object of faith and love.

Besides these are truths which flesh and blood do not reveal for instance the advantages of poverty, the happiness of persecution, the obligation to renounce oneself and carry the cross, the pardon of injuries, the love of enemies. Truths which appear at first blush incredible, and nevertheless they are so salutary and so necessary. The Holy Ghost alone is able to teach those truths, and by the gift of understanding He not only teaches but makes us love them. Such is the excellence of this gift of understanding that it elevates, perfects, and in some sort defies the human mind. How foolish are they who do not seek this heavenly treasure! The wise man preferred it to earthly thrones and kingdoms: "Wherefore I despised riches, and understanding was given me; and I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came upon me." (Wisd. vii. 7.)

3rd. The gift of knowledge—not of that which inflates the heart, but which edifies

by charity and which is called, properly speaking, the knowledge of the kingdom of God. This is the knowledge which the Psalmist asked when he said: "Teach me goodness and discipline and knowledge" (Ps. cxlii. 66) It enlightens us upon the nobility of things here below, the duties of religion and the way to follow so as to arrive at heaven. He who possesses this gift prefers the humble knowledge of himself and his own weakness to all the light of worldly wise men. It discerns good from evil and warns against the prejudices, the passions and the false maxims of the world, the illusions of self-love, and causes us to act always and everywhere with a right conscience.

Let us, therefore, endeavor to obtain this heavenly knowledge; it is so necessary and we need it so much. Let us ask the Holy Ghost to come and visit our souls, that we may learn what is important to know. He alone can impart the true knowledge of salvation. In the midst of spiritual troubles, caused by attachment to the things of earth, He it is, as St. Augustine remarks, who can point out the truth and make us prudently disentangle what is really useful to us. He tells us this by the mouth of his prophet: "I am the Lord thy God, that teach thee profitable things, and understandest the way that thou walkest." (Is. xlviii. 17) "The same royal Psalmist also said: "Thy good spirit shall lead me into the right land." (Ps. cxlii. 10)

4th. The gift of Counsel, which makes us always choose the better part for our sanctification and directs us in the choice of what may best contribute to the glory of God. By it we are preserved against false steps, we avoid rashness, indiscretion and other kindred dangers. We should, therefore, invoke this Spirit of Counsel, because He is our Light and our Guide. We should consult Him in our doubts that He may dispel them; at the beginning of our actions, that He may rule and direct them and in all deliberations and affairs of importance. More especially should this be done where the question has a direct bearing upon the salvation of our souls. For instance, the choice of a state of life. In days of old, Jesus neglected this important duty, and was entrapped by the strategy of the Galileans. For the same reason, in our own times, the human prudence seemed to guarantee the greatest measure of success. If we listen attentively to the holy inspirations of grace and faithfully follow them—If, like the prophet, we "will hear what the Lord God will speak in us" (Ps. lxxiv. 9) we shall avoid the snares of the enemy and walk with a sure step in the path of virtue. Then most assuredly: "Counsel shall keep thee, and prudence shall preserve thee." Prov. ii. 11.

5th. The gift of Fortitude sustains us in danger and temptation and makes us triumph over every obstacle and difficulty in the way of salvation. It braves us up and banishes fear and discouragement, even when we are ready to succumb in the struggle. Fortitude is a heavenly lever with which we may raise ourselves into a more serene atmosphere, ready to do and suffer all in the cause of virtue. Promises therefore are powerless to allure and threats to intimidate; we conquer the world, hell and ourselves. This is what constitutes true heroic christian heroism—the heroism of the apostles and martyrs, braving persecution and torture, insensible to poverty, sickness and suffering, esteeming it a happiness to suffer for the name of Jesus Christ. Had we this gift of fortitude would we be so cowardly in the service of our good Master? afraid to do penance, callously to bear the most difficult and never wishing to do ourselves the least violence. We are not, it is true, called upon to suffer as the apostles and martyrs, but in the words of St. Augustine, *Vincamus nos aliquid*, "let us conquer ourselves somewhat." Let us profess our fidelity and love to the Saviour; let us observe the commandments with the utmost strictness. Let us not allow ourselves to be flattered by the praise of the world, the flesh and the devil. *Vincamus nos aliquid*. "Ask and you shall receive" fortitude. Soldiers of Jesus Christ display a courage and intrepidity worthy of the captain under whose banner you march. Were your enemies more powerful and your weakness greater than if you fear the not-victory is yours.

6th. The gift of Piety. This is a religious feeling, in virtue of which we accomplish our duty to God with greater respect, fervor and zeal. When this spirit of piety animates us we love the Lord tenderly and we are solicitous about everything that may contribute to His honor. We find delight in the different exercises of religious worship, prayer, meditation and the frequentation of the sacraments. We think of God, we converse with God, His holy law is our meat and drink, we assist at the offices of the Church, we love retreat, we practice austerity, we renounce the dangerous amusements of the world; behold our constant occupation, our only pleasure. We care not whether we are known or unknown by the world, we live for God alone, we place our whole confidence in God, we love Him, we praise Him, we pray to Him, or rather "the spirit himself asketh for us with unspeakable groanings." Romans viii. 26. The more we serve God with fidelity the more we are consoled by the excess of piety. The Holy Ghost, who dwells in us, makes us experience an inward joy, whose sweetness it is impossible to express. "O taste and see that the Lord is sweet." Ps. xxxiii. 9.

7th. The gift of Fear, which turns away from sin and everything of a nature to dispense our Sovereign Lord. "The fear of the Lord," says the royal Prophet, "is the beginning of wisdom." Ps. cx. 9. But there is a servile fear which makes people avoid sin through fear of punishment, and fear the Lord as a slave his master. Different from that is the fear of a son tinctured with submission and love like that of a good boy for a father he loves and by whom he is so tenderly loved. This is the fear which the Holy Ghost produces in us. On account of it we avoid not only mortal sin, which would cause us to incur disgrace in the eyes of the Lord and everlasting punishment, but moreover we fear to do anything which would be displeasing to the divine majesty, and we endeavor to fulfil the whole law in a manner the most complete.

Such are the precious gifts of the Holy Ghost by which He enlightens and directs us in our conduct, inflames and animates us with heavenly fire and gives us the

necessary graces to resist temptation and practice virtue. The first four heal, strengthen and elevate the understanding, imparting to it the purest and surest ideas regarding God and the relations of man with God. The three last perfect the will and aid it in the exercise of the most heroic virtues. They are, as it were, the shield and the sword of the soul, its arms for defence and attack; they are consequently a powerful help to advance in the ways of virtue.

O Holy Ghost, Spirit of goodness and love, who lovest to communicate Thyself to souls desirous of receiving Thee, deign to come down and dwell in us with the plenitude of Thy gifts. May our hearts be a living temple wherein Thou mayest receive our adoration and homage, and where Thou mayest delight to dwell. Light ineffable, dispel the darkness of our ignorance; sacred fire, inflame us with divine ardor; source of living water springing up to eternal life, water us with the dew of Thy grace and quench the thirst of our souls for justice. Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier, purify and renew our whole being; change our timidity into courage, our weakness into strength. Above all, be in us the guardian of Thy gifts, in order that we may never be so unfortunate as to lose in the future what we have given a very imperfect sketch of a discourse full of power, solidity and brilliancy—a discourse which shall be long remembered by all who had the pleasure to hear it.

The little ones now renewed their profession of faith, and the boys pledged themselves to abstain forever from eating liquor until they shall have attained the age of twenty-one years. His Lordship finally imparted the episcopal benediction, and the people retired from the sacred edifice praying that their revered and beloved chief pastor may long rejoice in health and strength.

During the afternoon several gentlemen called to pay their respects and thank His Lordship for the priceless boon of a hospital in Peterboro. Such a gigantic undertaking proved, as one of them remarked, that the bishop has a heart to reserve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute. His Lordship left at 4 p. m. for the Episcopal City. X. Y. Z.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. THE OBLATE MISSIONARIES.

Montreal, Nov. 9th, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Would you kindly publish, at the request of Mgr. Clat, Bishop of Arindele, following letter received some times since from the field of his missions: Mission of the Nativity, Sept. 15th, 1888.

MY LORD AND BELOVED FATHER—Your amiable and affectionate letter in the *Montagnais* tongue has just reached us. Although weighed down by occupations and care I may not less the last chance that offers this autumn of sending at least a few lines to you, my Lordship. Your kindness was an interest for your children of the north, and particularly (of) for those of the Nativity, so overcome me that I am, my Lord, at a loss to know what to do or say to express in a fitting manner my heartfelt gratitude. I have given an order for a nice little pair of Indian shoes, but I may send them only by the New Year's express. By the arrival of the caravan with Rev. Father Grouard, we have received a thousand and one good things, to say nothing of the many useful and beautiful books so kindly forwarded by the gentlemen of St. Sulpice. Would it be presuming upon your Lordship to request you to convey the thanks of our mission, until such time as I may do so myself by a good letter, when the great occupation of autumn shall be over, or at least on the occasion of the New Year. My sincere thanks to all those who participated in that gift, so worthy of our mission, desirous to further our well being in this world and our eternal well in the other.

And now, a short entry of local events at our mission. All are well in both communities, with the exception of Sister St. Michael. The good work is going on, and the presence of Rev. Father Grouard, who still lingers in our midst, lends additional impetus to all our undertakings.

Our Indians, both *Montagnais* and *Cree*, look and seem happy. I speak their languages so well. For my part I profit by his presence to take a few lessons of *Cree* and *Montagnais*, of which I stand greatly in need. The good Father finds us pretty comfortable. But it is not to be surprised at, since he brought us down ten bags of flour and nearly 100 lbs. of bacon, which, added to the little we have in store, is a comparative abundance. Yet we must add that Providence has deprived us of almost all our potatoes by frost, and the weather is so bad and changeable that even our barley could not ripen. It is now late, and it has scarcely begun to turn yellow. Our fishing has been wretched because of the great freshet. The lake is constantly under water, and for game, it has no place to rest, and is in consequence very scarce. We have then no other hope than in the fall fishing. I am confident it will be good. Our nets, numerous and solid, thanks to the supplementary allowance sent us through Father Malseneuve, and which I have received at last, fill me with hope. There are so many good souls who pray for and think of us. Can God fail to be moved in our behalf? Our dear brothers are models of zeal and good will. We are about to betake ourselves to our new habitation. The lower flat is about ready, and it alone will be roomy enough for all. We shall enter in a few days and continue to work at the upper portion. It is a gigantic work for us, but the worst is over, and I trust we will see the end. Already I sigh after the day when your Lordship will deign ascend our modest steps and take anew that chosen place in our household.

The Indians will soon be here for the fall mission. They will be made aware of the contents of your letter. It shall greatly rejoice them, as it did me. Of that I am confident. I hope some of them will write Your Lordship, since the kindness of your paternal heart knows no bounds. I dare, my Lord, inclose another little list of demands to confide to your charity. You may do with it what you judge proper.

Bless, my Lord and tender father, your devoted, loyal, and grateful child, in Jesus Christ and Mary Immaculate.

ALB PASCAL, Priest, O. M. I.

'Twill All Come Right.

MARGARET EYING.

Oh, many is the sorrow we are called upon to bear...

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

THE HYPOCRITE UNVEILED.

Father Burke was riding one day in Dublin on the top of an omnibus...

WISE WORDS.

One little thought aids in forming our character. If each thought be pure and right...

To be silent, to suffer, to pray, when there is no room for outward action...

It is to be noticed that the less power a man has over himself the greater is his desire of power over others.

THE BEST ADVICE.

Judge Strong practiced in Jefferson country, Mo., and a prisoner being arraigned for theft...

SARCASTIC WOMEN.

To ridicule the oddities of our neighbors is wit of the cheapest and easiest kind...

FROM FREDERICA BREMER.

"The finest toned bell is always placed on the neck of the handsomest cow...

stalls, and the shepherds go to rest, under the watchful care of Him who never slumbers or sleeps.

"SPARE MY PAPA."

The following story was related by Dr. Marmaduke, of Baltimore, at a meeting held in New York for the purpose of hearing the experience of twenty reformed drunkards...

A LAWYER BEATEN BY A CATECHISM.

A Chicago paper tells the story of an amusing scene in a court room in that city. A little boy about eight years old was put on the stand as a witness...

A TRIBUTE TO CATHOLICS.

What spectacle of unselfish heroism can surpass that of the Roman Catholic priests and sisters who have gone to live and die among the lepers of Hawaii?

HOW A FATHER WAS CURED OF DRINKING.

One day in a familiar instruction a priest said: "Do you wish to convert a family? Bring in its midst a soul who knows how to suffer."

THE GIFT OF FAITH.

From one of our foreign exchanges we take some reflections on the subject of Divine Faith, which convey a timely and practical lesson...

A FUNNY AND VERY "FISHERY" STORY.

Perhaps the softest, blabbiest and most uninteresting kind of literature poor human nature was ever forced to wade through...

Here is a story of one of the "John" family (whose peculiarities we California are so well acquainted with) which will make many readers of the Monitor laugh for a month of Sundays...

DILUTED RELIGION.

An English exchange wants to know if there is a tendency amongst well-to-do Catholics in favor of religion watered down...

The above story is credited to the "Sailor's Magazine" and it is just such a "fishy" yarn as "Jack" would tell to a young land lubber between "watches" in order to keep him awake till "four bells."

ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS.

Stained Glass for Churches, Public and Private Buildings. Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all.

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DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA, Cholera Morbus, COLIC and CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

R. F. LACEY & COY

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Every Variety of BOOT AND SHOE UPPERS. 398 CLARENCE STREET, LONDON, ONT.

It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs...

A Confirmed Dyspeptic.

C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla...

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$2 a bottle.

THIS YEAR'S MYRTLE CUT and PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER. See T & B IN BRONZE ON EACH PLUG and PACKAGE.

FULCHER'S "TALLY HO" LIVERY.

First-class turn-outs for Driving or for Riding. Also Covered and Open Busses. The finest stable in London for boarding horses.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the New Upper Canada College," will be received at this Department until twelve o'clock on Thursday, the Fifteenth day of November next...

W. J. THOMPSON & SON.

Opposite Bevere House, London. Has always in stock a large assortment of every style of Carriages and Sleighs. This is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the Dominion.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY

The object of this Agency is to supply at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the patronage of the Rev. Father Labelle. Established in 1871 under the Act of Quebec, 23 Vict., Chap. 38, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D. The 17th Monthly Drawing will take place ON WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21, '88 At 2 o'clock p. m.

PRIZES VALUE: CAPITAL PRIZE: \$50,000. One Real Estate worth: \$5,000.

Table with 2 columns: Prize Description and Value. Includes Real Estate worth \$5,000, 1000 Shares worth \$2,000, 100 Shares worth \$200, 10 Shares worth \$20, 1 Share worth \$2.

Offers are made to all winners. Winners' names, not published unless specially authorized. Drawings on the Third Wednesday of every month.

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P.C.B.C.

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ERNEST GIRARDOT & CO PURE NATIVE WINES.

Alter Wine a specialty. Only Native Alter Wine used and recommended by His Eminence Cardinal Taché, Bishop of Montreal.

We also make the best Native Cider in the market. Send for prices and circular.

The Messrs. Ernest Girardot & Co., of Sandwich, being good practical Catholics, are satisfied their wine may be relied on, and that the wine is pure and unadulterated.

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SHORT INSTRUCTIONS FOR LOW MASSES.

(Delivered by the Rev. James Donohoe, rector of the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

MATRIMONY.

DEAR PEOPLE: I am going to say a few words to you to-day on the publication of the banns. The form of publication is something like this: N. N. (of such a place) and N. N. (of such a place), intend to be united in holy Matrimony...

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C. M. B. A.

With pleasure we note the fact that the officers and members of the 25th Battalion gave a banquet to Surgeon Dr. M. Hanavan at the Commercial Hotel, Stratford, on the other night.

On Friday evening last, about fifty members of Branch 13, of the C. M. B. A. Stratford, assembled in their hall, and presented Bro. Hanavan with a beautiful plush chair.

Our Grand Recorder will commence the new year by devoting his undivided attention to the work of the Association.

The anniversary of the formation of Branch 50, C. M. B. A., was celebrated at St. Anthony's Church on the evening of Sunday, the 4th inst.

When all had arrived, a procession was formed, headed by Marshal Duggan, and proceeded by way of Richmond square and Richmond street to the church in the following order: Branch 50, headed by President T. P. Tansey, Rev. Father Auclair, pastor of St. Jean Baptiste parish.

The church was splendidly decorated for the occasion. The main altar presented a most beautiful spectacle; countless lights adorned every available space, and choice flowers in their natural state aided in the decorations.

The sermon in honor of the occasion was preached by the Rev. Father Morrell, of St. Anthony's. The Rev. Father took for his subject the Kingdom of Heaven. The rev. speaker dwelt upon the moral value of life, and showed man's life to be one of activity, and said that the principles of morality should be man's noblest aim.

His Lordship then blessed the assemblage, which was followed by a most solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, His Lordship officiating, assisted by the Rev. Father Leclerc, and Rev. Fathers Auclair and Sauve as deacon and sub-deacon.

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gradually accepted by an all-merciful God. We cannot pay a greater tribute to his departed merit, nor can we offer anything of more intrinsic value for his soul, than by breathing occasionally a fervent prayer and Ave for his happy repose during this month, set aside by Holy Church for special devotion to the holy souls in purgatory.

Signed on behalf of the Branch, NICHOLAS LYNETT, MATTHIAS MCCANN, MATTHEW LEATHAM, JAMES LYNETT, Rec. Sec. O'Neill, Nov. 12th, 1888.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—The following resolution of condolence was adopted at last regular meeting of Branch No. 57, C. M. B. A.:

Moved by Bro. W. J. Gallagher, seconded by Bro. R. M. Donnelly, Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite mercy to afflict the family of our worthy and respected Bro. Wm. McLaughlin.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Bro. McLaughlin and entered on the minute book, and that similar copies be sent to the CATHOLIC RECORD for publication.

F. FITZGERALD, Corresponding Secretary.

LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

Michael Davitt says, in a letter to the Times, that the Irish will not accept the Liberal scheme for the Government of Ireland, unless the Irish Parliament be allowed to solve the Land Question and to fix the compensation to be paid to landlords.

The Nationalists of Carlow and Kilkenny gained increased majority as the result of the revision of the voters' list. A similar gain has been obtained in South Kerry. In Tyrone the Nationalists gained seventy votes.

The Marquis of Ripon, speaking at Louth, on the 10th ult., called attention to the enormous expense of the present system of Government in Ireland. He continued: "It was a matter well worthy of the consideration of the English people as to how much longer they would support an unpopular Government in Ireland.

A magnificent Nationalist demonstration, proving the undaunted firmness of the people in asserting their rights, took place at Kilmallock, seven miles from Gorey, in the county of Wicklow, on the 10th ult.

The occasion was the unveiling of a statue to the memory of John Kinisella, of Crogan, whose melancholy death was the subject of universal public feeling and condemnation. Sir Thomas E. M. P., and Mr. John Clancy, M. P., attended the demonstration, which appeared to have entirely escaped the notice of the police.

Evictions are being carried on in the Massaree estate and that of the Marquis of Sligo, with the usual heartlessness. On the latter estate nine families were evicted on the 20th ult.

At Woodford, on the Clannrisdale estate, a case of similar brutality occurred with a more sad result. A young man named John Fahy died on the morning of the 5th of September through the shock of being evicted with his family. The Cork Examiner, of 5th September, thus describes the circumstances: "The young man was in weak health for the last two years, but the local dispensary doctor would not certify to his inability for removal on the day previous to the evictions.

On Friday evening last, in aid of St. Michael's Church, of this town, was eminently successful in every way, the hall being comfortably filled, though we think the excellence of the programme would warrant a still greater number.

On the 8th inst., at St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont., Canada, by the Rev. and Rt. Hon. the Bishop, second son of the late Lord, and of the late Mrs. Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Robert Whitehead, of Preston, Lancashire, Eng.

ly, and has reached a high degree of perfection in her art. She recited the "Settler's Wife" very pathetically and impressively, and will be sure of a warm welcome to Dunville again.

A grand demonstration was held in Bradford on the 20th ult., under the auspices of the Bradford Liberal Association, in favor of Home Rule. St. George's Hall was packed with the largest audience which it ever contained, being composed of over 5,000 people, and a supplementary meeting had to be held, at which there were several thousand in addition.

ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHAN ASYLUM. We would once more draw the attention of our numerous readers to the very great need which exists for extending a helping hand to the noble institution of charity carried on by the Sisters of St. Joseph in this city.

A NUMBER OF MEN ARRESTED FOR DISTRIBUTING MARKED PAPERS AT CHURCH DOORS. New York, Nov. 5.—The police made a number of arrests yesterday of persons who were distributing political tracts and newspapers containing marked political articles.

NEW BOOKS. We have received from Messrs. Benziger Bros., New York, volumes 10 and 11 of the Centenary edition of the works of St. Alphonsus de Liguori. The price is \$1.50 for each volume.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH CONCERT. The concert given in the Opera House on Friday evening last, in aid of St. Michael's Church, of this town, was eminently successful in every way.

FROM DUNVILLE. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH CONCERT. The concert given in the Opera House on Friday evening last, in aid of St. Michael's Church, of this town, was eminently successful in every way.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Timothy O'Brien, of T. O'Brien & Co., booksellers, etc., St. John, N. B., was in Boston October 23rd, and later on visited Springfield, Quincy and Lawrence, and left Boston for St. John November 2nd.

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OBITUARY. DIED. In the Township of Norwich, on the 2nd of November, Mrs. Mary Duffy, wife of Mr. James Duffy, aged 65 years.

ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHAN ASYLUM. We would once more draw the attention of our numerous readers to the very great need which exists for extending a helping hand to the noble institution of charity carried on by the Sisters of St. Joseph in this city.

A KNOW-NOTHING CATHOLIC PAPER. A NUMBER OF MEN ARRESTED FOR DISTRIBUTING MARKED PAPERS AT CHURCH DOORS. New York, Nov. 5.—The police made a number of arrests yesterday of persons who were distributing political tracts and newspapers containing marked political articles.

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VOLUME 11. "A FACT."

If you want Good Clothing or Furnishings our Stock. The Best and Cheapest trade. N. WILSON & CO. 112 Dundas. - Near Toronto.

EDITORIAL NOTES. ROBERT MCCORMICK, a seventh Adventist, in Belleville, Ont., was working on Sunday, but refused the fine and was sent to jail for two days. He observes Saturday as his day and defies the law to compel him otherwise.

JUSTIN D. FULTON, the filthy author, has a new book ready for publication, but he cannot find any firm enough to publish it. The experience of the Rand Avery Company, once a book firm, which published Fulton's book, but which is since defunct, discourages publishers to follow the same.

A HARD-SHELL Baptist minister Obdiah Bates predicted that the world would come to an end on the 5th and his followers were in a state of agitation till the day was over, except that every moment would be all things earthly. They discovered last that Mr. Bates was one of the poor who "prophecy lies in the name of Lord."

"THE 'John Newman pulpit'" Mary's, Oxford, was removed during Lent, and the fine oak work converted into a screen for the aisles. This university pulpit, occupied by most of the celebrated of the last hundred years, and Newman's famous sermons were produced from it, while he still was one of the Anglican clergy.

The following advertisement recently appeared in an English newspaper is a sample of the style adopted for the location of clergy of Church of England:

"Wanted, Evange Advent, a priest (earnest Evangelical High man), for small country church, congregation of which is largely composed of the six points, Choral & Organ, and a few workingmen's clubs. No mountain lawn tennis playing priest need apply."

The rumor has been again circulated that Sister Mary Frances Clark, the Nun of Kenmare, fasted the 9th inst. in the Montreal Circle. It is given that she has in press the of her life and of her conversion from the Catholic Church. Sister has herself most emphatically declared that these statements in a letter appeared in the papers a few weeks ago.

The London Chronicle's Rome correspondent furnishes that, journal following item of news, which absurdity on its face:

Rome, November 14th.—It is that the American bishops have the Congregation de Propaganda against the predominant influence of German Catholics in the Vatican. They urged upon the Vatican the relative not to permit the formation of separate German parishes or the station of German dignitaries.

Excepting the actual appointment of new Bishops, these are matters which Bishops themselves entirely already, so that there is no need of representations being made to the See, and even the appointment of a Bishop in a great measure in their hands, much as they tend to the monopoly of the names of those from among the new Bishops are selected.

The defeat of Mayor Abram S. in the city of New York was complete and decisive, and it is to be known that it will serve as the death knell of the Tammany machine. He was peculiarly the representative of while he occupied the Mayor's chair, endeavored to destroy the fraternal which exists between native Americans and by adoption, but received his political death by the rendered at the polls on the 6th inst. city vote at Grant, 111,740; 72,644; Hewitt, 70,538. During of office Mr. Hewitt rendered particularly obnoxious to Catholics and Irishmen. He refused to assist in the national celebration of Ireland, and was highly pleased to pay the

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