Christmas.

Echoing over the ermined meadows,
The bells of Christmas merrily chime,
Out of the night and its starlit shadows
As dawns the day of all days sublime;
The winds are whispering glad evangels,
The pine trees glisten in garbs of snow.
And the air is sweet with the songs the angels
Sang over Bethlehem long ago.

In the highest heavens to God be glory,
To men of good-will be peace on earth—
Such was the theme of the joyful story
The seraphs sang at the Saviour's birth:
Listen and lo! from each lofty station
The bells are flinging that greeting wide;
And sweeter or fitter a salutation
Where may we find for the Christmastide?

Ring it out, then, from your towers and steeples
Oh, blessed bells of the Christmas morn,
To glad the homes of all climes and peoples,
And comfort the hearts that are forlorn:
Glory to God for the gifts and graces
His love alloweth on us to fall,
His peace pervading our dwelling places,
And Merry Christmas to one and all:
—William D. Kelly in Catholic Columbian.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE cable informs us that a preacher named Roesch has had his church closed by the authorities in Vienna. Pastor Roesch is a Methodist. The despatch goes on to state that the publie prosecutor took this action because the preacher said Masses were blasphemons fables and dangerous deceits. The unthinking portion of our separated brethren will doubtless conclude that this is another sample of "Romish persecution," but we doubt not the majority of intelligent people will decide that the pastor was treated as he

It would be a great blessing if in all lands the authorities would suppress such firebrands as pastor Roesch. We believe in freedom of speech in every country under the globe, but we think the line should be drawn when a creature calling himself a minister of the gospel sets out upon his mission by hurling opproprious epithets at his neighbors. Using abusive language is a crime, and if the Vienna parson be not guilty of this crime in speaking as he did, we do not know the meaning of

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Durability. T Market Space

THE Canadian bank managers are agitating a movement to prevent the circulation of American currency in Canada. There may be some inconvenience and loss to the banks because of this state of affairs, but the interests of the business community, especially on the borders, should also he taken into account. We will suppose an American drops into one of our clothing stores in London, and buys a thirty dollar overcoat. He then hands out the money in greenbacks, but is told that it will take \$3:30 more of that money to pay the bill. He will likely leave the coat on the hands of the trader and wait until he goes home to make the purchase. American trade is a very important matter in various sections of Canada, and it would be bad policy to build a discount wall that might bring about a boycot.

Another matter. We do not supsuppose there is a business man in the country who would not vote for another issue of the 25 cent scrip notes. The want of them is a great loss to many. Some firms receive thousands of dollars worth of stamps in the course of the year to make up sums less than a dollar, and they have to dispose of them at a considerable discount. The treasury department and the banks may have some reason for the discontinuance of circulation of these small bills; but, nevertkeless, the people want them, and in this, as in all other matters, the will of the people should

Two remarkable lady preachers visited London last week, one a converted Jewess, who drew immense crowds in some of the churches of our separated brethren, the other the daughter of General Booth, of the Salvation Army. The latter is a married lady and her full title is "La Marechale Mrs. Booth-Clibborn." The greater part of the army is not blessed with much education, and if a member occasionally makes an awkward blunder the mantle of charity is brought into use, but it is not easy to excuse one who takes the title of "La Marechale," when she says she was disgusted with the "nummeries and the religious devotions of the French said she "opposed the smoking and was a common expression at the sight of honor and honesty. He is a Cathoof a red man who had no place in the lic, and that is enough. Catholics, on community. It will shortly be said the contrary, were loyal and true to was the goal of his ambition."

appears as though the fair sex will ere long storm and capture all the pulpits. The preaching of the Word seems to be amongst our neighbors. Novelties and smart, laughter-provoking sentences bring the crowds and the coppers.

WE are surprised that such a conservative body as the Presbyterians should allow these innovations, and the presence of the converted Jewess in St. Andrew's church must have been to many of the old heads a departure perhaps more disagreeable than even the introduction of "kist o' whustles." The Church of England has up to the present held out bravely against this disorderly and unseemly departure, but soon, we fancy, its theological garrison will capitulate, for we find that the Bishop of Huron gave countenance to lady pulpiteering by his presence on the platform at one of the meetings at which the converted Jewess delivered a "sermon.

What a precious lot of intermeddlers are the parsons of Toronto. In matters purely municipal we are often treated to the opinion of the members of the ministerial association, and very frequently a "Whereas" and "Resolved" ommunication is hurled at the heads of the aldermen of the Queen City. There is an agitation now on foot to run the street cars of Toronto on Sundays and the members of the ministerial association have in consequence put on a very thick coat of war paint. To hear them talk one would suppose that should this innovation be introduced either the heavens will fall or "Toronto the Good" will be swallowed up in an earthquake.

Seven thousand signatures have, we believe, been attached to a petition requesting the city fathers to submit the question to the people for their decision. The preachers say the people should not be given an opportunity of voting; and they claim, at the same time, that they are the champions of civil and religious liberty. They are, like the Orangemen, in favor of civil and religious liberty for themselves alone; and in this case at least they appear to be very untidy logicians.

Let us look at the matter from another

standpoint. The merchant or the banker's son may take out his wheel and disport himself to his heart's content. Those who can afford it may hire a livery rig and drive about the city all day. The wealthy man may order out his magnificent equipage and revel in all the luxury and glory which his wealth brings Even the preacher himself will drive out once in a while on Sunday to get an airing, or to preach at some distant mission. The humble toiler could for five or ten cents enjoy himself in like manner. The street car is the poor man's equipage, but, being a poor man, it would appear as though the preachers feel that he has no rights which they are bound to respect. We do not wish to put ourselves on record as the advocates of Sunday street cars, but merely to draw attention to the inconsistency and meddlesemeness of the Toronto parsons.

talked of as the future Ontario leader, but just as Sir John Thompson was excluded from the Premiership by Ontario prejudice against his Ultramontanism so Mr. Meredith may be kept out of the administration by Quebec prejudice against his ultra-Protestantism." This is not a fair way of putting it. Sir John Thompson was never known to be offensive or aggressive towards Protestants, nor are the people who are termed Ultramontanes known to be so. He has a happy faculty of minding his own business. Mr. Meredith, on the contrary, made war on the rights of Catholics at the last two elections held for the Ontario House. The bigots of Ontario object ceremonies in connection with the to Sir John Thompson simply and solely because he is a Catholic. It matters people," and in the same breath she not to them that Sir John Thompson is a man gifted beyond many of his felchewing of tobacco." What are we lows-it matters not to them that he coming to? "Lo! the poor Indian," is learned and eloquent, the very soul

OUR contemporary the Globe in

making reference to Cabinet recon-

struction, says that "Mr. Meredith is

"Lo! the poor preacher!" for truly it Sir John Macdonald, a Protestanteven an Orangeman-for over thirty years, and we have yet to hear of the first Catholic who ever expressed not the popular thing now-a-days want of confidence in him because of his creed.

The opposition of Catholics to Mr. Meredith's entrance into the cabinet is called by the Mail "fanatical antagonism." The editor evidently possesses the idea that we are a sort of inferior race of beings, fit only to handle wood and carry water, and that, no matter how roundly we may be abused, no matter what hard names may be called us-that we are "a danger to the state" and "the common enemy"-yet we must forget all this, and say pleasant and forgiving words about those who power, forcibly take from us our dearest rights. The Mail deviates considerably from the actual condition of things in the following sentence:

"These utterances are quoted in the Mail that the people of Ontario may the people of this province do.

The writer is speaking of the unani mous opposition of the Catholics of the country to Mr. Meredith's entrance into the Cabinet. As Mr. Mowat was Principal is called the Pope." The returned to power by an immense majority, we fail to see how Mr. Meredith should be called the will things which are Meredith should be called the spokes-man of the great majority of the people this side of the Flowery Kingdom. man of the great majority of the people in this side of the Flowery Kingdom.

The object is the same in both cases, to a trade. The Conservative party of Ontario have followed that trade during the past ten years. They now that it has thrown them into bankruptey, and they are looking about for some one who will give them so much on the dollar for the concern, and who will start the old machine running again with a new engineer at the throttle. We are not surprised at the anxiety of the Mail to refurbish Mr. Meredith, because the influence of that paper, more than any other influence, served to change the Wm. Meredith of the olden days to the Wm. Meredith who Orange army of Ontario.

Many of our Catholic exchanges have this year published beautiful life. Christmas numbers. To the Catholic Columbian, of Columbus, Ohio, we must, however, give the palm. Its last issue was simply superb.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

It was a wise provision that commanded women to keep silence in the Their religion is oftentimes Church. virtues and duties, nowhere to be found but in their own brains, and make for themselves a law which is

right jelly good fellow. How his company is admired; he is much sought better interpreter." But the laughter of all around. His wit is exquisite, his repartee delightful. But view him at home with wife and chil-But dren. Never the kind word, the cheering smile. There sits and broods dis-content. The church scarcely misses O! these jolly good fellows! You meet them every day.

There is no evil influence that has you within its grasp, there is no bad habit that has worked its coils around you and holds you in subjection, there is no evil association exercising its spell which you imagine cannot be Catholic Church is the only Church broken, but the grace of God can break, if you but have confidence and and the rights of the Church of Christ place your hope in prayer. His grace will come in answer, and strike off your chains, and give you back your authority is Christ. liberty. Our Divine Lord has taught us, both by word and example, the necessity of prayer. The most beautiful of all prayers, the "Our Father" was composed by Him. While recitimport. Routine in prayer renders us oblivious to the meaning of its truths. calls a saying o While we pray we should meditate on the words and thus learn the untold stores of this truly spiritual mine.

Boston Republic, The man who tried to kill Russell Sage has been identified.

Note these remarkable figures. Dur-

ing the fortnight from Dec. 1 to Dec. 14 inclusive, the number of drafts for Ireland sold at the Exchange Office of Mr. Patrick Donahoe, Boston, was 3,759; cash received, \$59,953.45. The Cupard Company, during the agencies. Cunard Company, during the same interval, report from its agents in Boston and its neighborhood about \$60,000. Post-Office orders and sales at other places amount to \$25,000. Bear in mind that these figures stand only for mind that these figures stand only for Boston and its vicinity. What of New York, Chicago, and other great centres of the Irish-American portion of our population? Most of this money goes to relieve distress in Ireland. This annual outpouring of American properties Iraland is an old story. It and forgiving words about those who hate us with an unholy hatred and who would to-morrow, were it in their stiking one being that the Irish question is a very important American question, in its financial aspect at

The New York Sun reproduces picture from a Chinese placard inciting the fanatical natives to attack the Christians and burn their books It Mail that the people of Ontario may know what sort of opposition awaits the man who dares on important subjects to think as the great majority of the people of this province do."

Christians and burn their books II also quotes from one of many pamphlets and posters distributed for the same purpose, which says: "The Roman Catholic religion had its origin from Jesus, and is practised by all Western countries and taught by them to others.

The Founder was nailed by wicked incite ignorant and bigoted people to deeds of violence. The religion which "had its origin from Jesus" is coustomed to such assaults, and will find that the business in unprofitable, survive them in China as it has in

Europe and America.

Catholic Columbian The manger in which Christ was born is kept in the Church of St. Mary Major at Rome. It was taken from Bethlehem to Italy in the seventh cen tury. It is visited by multitudes on Christmas Day.

Cardinal Newman once said: "Those nations and countries have lost their faith in the Divinity of Christ who have given up devotion to His mother; and those, on the other hand, who have been foremost in her honor have retained the orthodoxy." How, inbecame commander-in-chief of the deed, could the Lord bless those who slight His mother?

The happiest hours are the hours spent at home in the quiet joys of family life. To them the mind turns in after years, to them-and not to theatre or dance hall, to winter festival or summer resort—does memory go for its pleasantest recollections. They are pleasantest recollections. not always appreciated, as they are passing, but when they are gone, when the family circle is broken, when passing, its members are scattered or dead, the last survivor will exclaim: "Oh

how happy we were then !" When our Lord was on earth to tell men the way of salvation, He said: "Hear the Church." And He told His make for themselves a law which is word and way of Christ? All the Pronothing else but an excuse for their testant churches say: "Search the follies. Scriptures. Get a Bible and use your Yes! he is full of joke and jest, a private judgment to interpret it. pany is admired; he is much sought after at the festive board, the light and Church says: "I am the Church estab-Christ. Hear me. He who lished by hears me, hears Him. He promised to be with me to the end of time and that the Holy Ghost should safeguard me from error. I keep His word. content. The church scarcely misses me, for then you trust Him. I have him, so seldom he darkens its doors. preserved the Scriptures through many centuries. I am the official and infallible interpreter of the Bible. Christ did not say: 'Read a book, written in strange languages, and find out for yourself what my doctrine is.' He said: 'Hear the Church.' that claims or exercises the powers It speaks, as the Jews said of our Lord, 'as one having authority." And its

Ave Maria. The editor of the English Review of the Churches has been publishing a species of symposium on the subject "The Reunion of Christendom," and ing our prayers with our lips, we has succeeded in eliciting a brief exshould always be conscious of their pression of opinion from His Eminence pression of opinion from His Eminence Cardinal Manning. The Cardinal re-Pope Pius IX., on the occasion of his first visit to that illustrious Pontiff: "The English do a multitude of good works; and when men do good works, God always pours kill Russell out His grace. My poor prayers are He was not offered day by day for England." The foreign Anarchist, but a broker from Cardinal says that he echoes these words, and that he rejoices in the fact Boston named Norcross. His former words, and that he rejoices in the fact teacher in the Somerville, Mass., High that a special power of the Holy Ghost School, says: "He was one of the has breathed and is still breathing School, says: "He was one of the has breathed and is still breathing brightest young men I had in the over the English people. "Controschool. His tendencies were all toward versy," he adds. "repels, but charity the study of the classics. I have had unites. Your present action can not many long talks with him on religion. fail to bring many minds into closer He was a cynic in all matters. His union of good-will. Union, however, whole aim in life was to be rich; that is not unity. It is Truth that generwas the goal of his ambition." "His ates Unity, and it can be recovered" the straing experiment. Her name is Robin. She is seven years of name is Robin. She is seven years of name is Robin. She is seven years of name is Robin. She is neven years of age. When she was about eighteen months old she became blind, deaf and dumb. She is now kept in ignorance dumb. She is now kept in ignorance of religion in order that it may be of religion in order that it may b

who is an in the was to be rich. He was insane when he tried to kill the was insane when he tried to kill the seem a source from which it descended in the beginning." The anybody insane who has no higher apolition than that of "being rich?" anybody insane who has no higher for, and talked of, and written about for centuries ; but it will be realized

The discovery is made that the man who demanded \$1,200,000 of Russell Sage, the Wall street magnate, and answered the refusal with a then dynamite killed himself and another, and maimed two more, was a Boston note-shaver named Norcross-made crazy by speculation and pecuniary losses. The announcement comes simultaneously that Norcross "was most pronounced in life of his utter disbelief in either God or a hereafter." This being his idea of the end of human existence, it is not to be wondered at that the poor maniae went in for the utter annihiliation of himself and all around him. He was a consistent infidel-recognized no responsibility but his own self-actionand there are those who shudder in horror as they think of him who will yet pronounce the same belief unhesi tatingly, and blame this poor maniac in the same breath for his atrocious but logical result of his annihilistic principles, As we think upon this matter, how wise indeed does the Catholic Church appear in the exercise of its supreme authority, and how beautiful is the hope of eternal happiness which it holds out to him who submissively follows its teachings, and implicitly relies upon the truth of what it claims to be the repositorythat bound up in her is the secret of life and the interpretation of the mysteries by which this world is surrounded.

London Universe. The Irish are proverbially a witty race. Their fun is spontaneous, and flows from them as naturally as water from a spring. It is limited to no class of the Irish people, to no particular section or grade of society, but is com-The Irish peasant mon to all alike. can be excruciatingly funny, but there is never the slightest suspicion of coarseness or vulgarity in his wit. His innate love of gentleness and purity prevents that. Some little time ince a special train was about to start from Dublin on the occasion of the amous Punchestown races. Two of the saloon carriages were reserved one for "His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant" and the second for "Sir E. C. Guinness, Bart." One of the porters in attendance at the station noticed the writing, and was instantly struck with a bright thought. solved to improve the occasion, and wrote upon one carriage in large let-ters, "For His Ex.," and, in equally large capitals, on the other, "For His XX."

The Boston Herald argues that be cause disturbances and personal vio-lence have characterized some of the recent electoral contests in Ireland, the Irish people are unfit for self-govern-ment. This is an unjust aspersion upon a nation, and an unfair deduction to draw from the present situa-tion. As we have already pointed out, from a letter written by William O'Brien, M. P., in support of this contention. The distinguished member for North-east Cork declared emphatically that he had been an active par-ticipant in the campaign for Cork city, and that the stories cabled over to America about the conduct of the rival factions were scandalously colored for political effect. The Herald should remember that England controls the cable press service, and that it is for England's present advantage to make the world believe that the Irish are unfit to govern themselves. The conduct of elections in England, Ireland and Scotland has always differed from that to which we are accustomed on this side of the water. Election day is a holiday, a day when the opera tions of the ordinary law are suspended when freedom of action is granted to the electors. There is in every case more or less faction fighting.

broken heads are frequent. Nobody thinks of burdening the cable with a recital of the events that produced But if a street brawl occurs at an Irish election the whole American press is informed of the fact. There is no more reason why the Irish people should be adjudged incapable of selfrule on this account than there is to claim that free institutions in America are a failure because of the Mafia assovania and St. Louis labor riots, the deliberate murder of his brother by

London, Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds, as well as in Dublin or Cork,

Isaac Sawtelle. N. Y. Catholic Review.

A little girl is to be made the subject of a strange experiment. Her name is Robin. She is seven years of

whole aim in life was to be rich!" He only by the same principle and from sinful experiment. It is stupid because, even should the child conceive the thought of a divine being, she may never give expression to it; she may have it, and those who are testing her will most probably never know it. It is sinful because those who are keeping her ignorant of Christ are violating their duty, and because the lack of that knowledge of her Redeemer may cost her soul.

The Death of the Year.

They say the poor old year is dead And I do believe it's so, For the old mill stream has a glossy gleam, And the earth a shroud of snow; And all through the darksome hours Of the long, long, lonesome night I heard the loud wail of the winry gale, As the old year passed from sight,

Perhaps I was only dreaming; But this I know I did see— The maple and oak, that never yet spoke, Weep red tears of sympathy. And through the deep gloom and stillness

And Spring wore a wreath of daisies,
And Summer a red, red rose,
And Autumn a train of golden grain,
Old Winter a purple nose,
These bore the pall of the old year,
All walking with measured tread,
While gray Time decked all, both mourners and
pall,
With memories of the dead.

—Bartley Campbell.

MGR. PRESTON'S CONVERSION. The Facts of the Matter as Written by Himself.

"Let me tell you the story as plainly as I can," wrote Mgr. Preston, Vicar General of New York, referring to his conversion to Catholicity. "I was very young. Many whom I reverenced pointed in another direction. They ould not change my convictions. If I gained a step one day I did not waver and change my ground the next day. But they had the power to make me wai and watch the door when the goal of my hope was in sight. They bade me be ware of the impetuosity of youth, and charged me to weigh well the arguments of those who had studied long the points of controversy. I can here recount only the theories which then eemed to me to have weight. To have told me at this stage of my religious experience that there was really no Church of Christ upon earth would not have influenced me. This denial of Christianity in its concrete form would have been to me equivalent to an in-fidelity for which I had no temptations. Extreme Protestantism, which leaves every man to make his own creed, I could not accept. But they said to me, first, that the Catholic Church had lost the primitive faith, and had become corrupt to such a degree that she could not be the divine organ of truth; and, secondly, that the true Church was to be found in the reformed branches, which, though cut off from visible communion with the parent trunk, have still kept the essential faith. Moreover, the Church to which you belong is one of these branches. It has the apostolic orders, and is a true portion of the Church which Jesus Christ founded. In it you have the primitive faith and all the guidance you need. If there are errors in it, abide manfully and do your best to purify and strengthen your spiritual

"These arguments reduce themselves to two—the actual apostacy from faith of the Roman Catholic Church tant Episcopal Church. I passed through the course of the principal seminary. I entered the ministry and for three years waited in patience and I read many Catholic books prayer. I read many Catholic books, but I read many more Protestant works. I tried to open my intellect and heart to God's light; but much as I wished to do so, I never entered a Catholic church, nor sought the coun sel of a Catholic priest, until the happy day, when, upon my knees, I begged admission to what I knew to be the one fold of Christ. All human influences around me would have kept me where were all my worldly ties, but I felt that the voice of my conscience was more to me than any earthly attraction. If there was one Church founded

by my Lord, I must seek and find it.
"The Protestant Episcopal Church
could be defeated only on Protestant principles, and by these principles, as I had convinced myself, no divine Church. I had long ago rejected such an opinion, and I could not accept it after years of study and There was then no logical course open to me but to believe that the Roman Catholic Church was the representative of Jesus Christ on earth, and that it was the ark of safety, the visible fold in which I could receive the faith taught by the lips of the incarnate God. So I sought its haven of rest, and placed my feet upon the rock of Peter. There were some worldly ciations in New Orleans, the Pennsyl-sacrifices, but although they sobered my face a little, they did not drive the dynamite enterprise of Norcross or the sunshine from my heart. At last I was in my Father's house, and never from that moment have I had one doubt of the truth of the Catholic religion.

Stories of Refugees.

Christmas Day. (Uncle Seth loquitur.)

A good old-rashioned Chris'mas, with the logs upon the hearth.
The table filled with feasters, an' the room a-ror 'ith mirth.
With the stockin's cranned to bu'stin', and the medders piled 'ith snow—
A good old-ashloned Chris'mas like we had so long ago!

Mow that's the thing I'd like to see ag'in afor But Chris'mas in thecity here-it's different, oh With the crowded hustle bustle of the slushy, noisy stret.

An' the scowl upon the faces of the strangers that you meet.

Oh, there's buyin', plenty of it, of a lot of gorgeons toys:

An' it takes a mint of money to please modern girls and boys.

Why, I mind the time a jack knife an' a toffylump for me Made my little heart an'stockin' jus' chock-full o' Chris'mas glee.

An'there's feastin'. Think o' feedin' with these stuck-ap city folk!
Why, ye have to speak in whispers, an' ye dar'sn't crack a joke.
Then remember how the tables looked all crowded with your kin.
When you couldn't hear a whistle blow across the merry din!

You see I'm so old-fashioned like I don't care much for style. And to eat your Chris'mas banquets here I wouldn't go a mile; I'd rather have, like Solomon, a good yarbdinner set
With real old friends than turkle soup with all
the nobs you'd get.

There's my next door neighbor Gurley—fancy how his brows 'u'd lift
If I'd holler, ''Merry Chris'mas! Caught, old fellow, Chris'mas gift?"
Lordy-Lord, I'd like to try it! Guess he'd nearly have a litt.
Hang this city stiffness, anyways, I can't get used to it.

Then your heart it kept a-swellin'

bu'st your side,
An' by night your jaws were achin' with your
smile four inches wide.
An' your enemy, the wo' one, you just grab
his hand an' say:
"Mebbe both of us was wrong, John.
let's shake. It's Christmas Day."

Mighty little Chris'mas spirit seems to dwell 'tween city walls, Where each snow-flake brings a soot-flake for a brother as it falls: Mighty little Chris'mas spirit: An' I'm pinin', don't you know,
For a good old-fashioned Chris'mas like we had
so long ago.

Alice Williams Broth

LILY LASS.

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P.

PROLOGUE BY GEOFFREY LONGSTAFF. OF NEW YORK, AUTHOR.

CHAPTER VI.

MACMURCHAD S MESSAGE.

When Mr. Geraldine returned to the Crown some time later, he found Lilias and Lord Mountmarvel sitting together talking. The young man rose and saluted the elder gracefully.

"I meant to pay you an early visit," he said; "but if I was early, you were earlier still."

"Where have you been, Edward?" asked Lilias, with a pretty peremptor iness which made Mr. Geraldine smile and which Mountmarvel found ador

"Where have I been? Where have I not been? In Cloud-cuckoo-town in Cockaigne, in Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon; where you will so that the place be marvellous. have been feasting with mine enemy that is, I have been beneath the roof of

"Of a rebel?" Lilias and my lord questioned in chorus.

"Ay, lady, 'twas my word," Mr. Geraldine responded, 'semi-tragically. "I have found a feudal castle standing in the slums. It is called the Red Tower, and is owned by a rebel with an ancient name and a pedigree dating from the days of Lady Ceasair, who, it seems, colonized Ireland before the

Mountmarvel's face darkened, as it always did when one man's name came into his mind, and with the sullen look, the fitful fleeting resemblance to the dead and gone Hell-Fire, his forefather downstairs, came out strongly, and startled Lilias.

"That madman, MacMurchad!" said. "Have you found out his den already?"

Turning to the girl, who looked be wildered, Mountmarvel explained some what incoherently.

"The fellow you saw in the street yesterday. A beastly hole that I wouldn't house a dog in. Ought to have been clapped in gaol long ago. tumbledown, draughty pig-stye without a roof."

Nonsense, nonsense," Mr. Geraldine laughingly interposed, "The pig-stye, as you call it, is a most picturesque and comfortable heirloom, with a very excellent roof, I can swear to it, for I saw as fair a view as ever my eves wish to see from it not an hou As for its master, he may be a rebel, but he is a courteous and accomplished gentleman, and I am, in some ense, his accomplice in rebellion, for I am the bearer of a message from

If Mr. Geraldine had announced him as plenipotentiary extraordinary from the Prince of the Power of the Air, his statement could scarcely have pleased Mountmarvel less.
"My dear Mr. Geraldine," he pro-

tested, "you are a stranger here. Let me beg of you not to mix yourself up in any way with ruffians like MacMur-

Mr. Geraldine surveyed the young man composedly, and answered drily You need not be alarmed for me I shall steer clear of treason-felony.

Here Lilias interrupted impatiently "But the message, Edward, the

message. "No such alarming matter. Simply that there is to be a public meeting at

the hall yonder this evening, and Mr. MacMurchad has kindly given me

you will go, Edward. Can I come too?" These were the words of Lilias. "I certainly mean to go," Mr. Ger-aldine said, answering both at once. aldine said, answering both at once. I am a citizen of the world, and think nothing human foreign to me. You can come if you like, Lily Lass; ladies

attend these meetings."
"Ladies!" Mountmarvel sniffed,

"When you are as old as I am," Mr. Geraldine gravely retorted, "you will know that a man may be a gentleman and a woman a lady even though they had the misfortune to differ in opinion from you.'

The grey eyes of Lilias flashed gratefully at Edward Geraldine. Mountmarvel flushed hotly, opened his mouth-and then did the wisest thing he could do under the circumstances closed it again, and said nothing. Lilias spoke.

"Of course, I want to come, Edward. When is it? "Eight o'clock. We will go across

after dinner.

Lord Mountmarvel had already settled to his own satisfaction the problem as to whether Lilias Geraldine was or was not, strictly speaking, a pretty girl. He had decided that she was very pretty. Now, he wondered how he could ever have doubted the fact as he gazed admiringly at the lithe young figure, and the fair young face faintly colored with excitement, and the grey eyes shining.

One of Mountmarvel's courtly ances tha tone, say, who smirked uncoffee-ro ..., would have at once paid Miss Geraldine a world of high-heeled compliments in which the whole heathen mythology tripped itself up in

riotous jostle of comparison. Lord Mountmarvel had not the mode his last-century ancestors; but he paid as high a compliment to Lilias Geraldine's pretty face as if he had prattled about a whole pantheon when he announced his intention of accompanying her and Mr. Geraldine to the meeting.

"I shall regard myself in the light of a country-irritant," he said, laughing, "and prevent you both from becoming too deeply inoculated with the poison of sedition. They say this MacMurchad has a tongue which would tempt the devil. If you will let me stop to dinner I shall consider myself 'ie most favored of self-invited

So it was settled, and a little before eight all three quitted the Crown, and crossed the street towards the open doors of the Desmond Confederate Club, into which already a number of persons

were making their way.

Mr. Geraldine's tickets were for a few reserved seats in the front of the rest, and in a few minutes Lilias found herself seated between Mr. Geraldine and Lord Mountmarvel in the front row, quite close to the platform, and surveying with keen interest the strangely unfamiliar scene.

Although it still wanted some time of the hour for which the meeting was summoned, the body of the hall was beginning to be thronged with people. The hall itself was a bare, bleak, barrack-like place; the cold monotony of its white-washed wails only slightly relieved by a few green flags bearing

At the far end was a platform with chairs and a table also covered with green cloth. A few persons sitting on the platform, surveying the body of the hall with that curiously constrained air of assumed indifference which the earliest occupants of a plat form invariably put on pending the arrival of the orators of the occasion.

CHAPTER VII.

EVIL TIDINGS. Lord Mountmarvel was whispering

some contemptuous comment on the place and its people into the ear of Lilias, when her attention, diverted for a moment from the platform, was rapidly recalled to it by the loud applause of those who occupied it, ap plause which was taken up and echoed in deafening volume by the great crowd that now thronged the hall and filled its every available inch of sitting or standing room.

Murrough MacMurchad had just made his appearance on the platform, accompanied by Brian Fermanagh and half a dozen friends. He bowed slightly to the plaudits of the hall, and sat down near the table. His dark eyes, wandering over the audience, smiled recognition as they met Mr. Geraldine's gaze, and flashed for a moment angrily as they saw Lord Mountmarvel. Then they rested on Lilias, and a look of sudden interest quickened them into unusual brightness. The next instant they surveyed the whole audience with the calm, impassive, far-away look which was most familiar to them.

The routine proceedings incidental to all meetings were meantime being hurried through, little heeded Lilias, whose interest in the novel scene was entirely absorbed in the attraction of the Young Irelander's

dark, melancholy face. Brian Fermanagh was moved into the chair; some letters, to which nobody paid much attention, were read over by the secretary of the Desmond Confederate Club; the minutes of a preceding meeting were mumbled over,

and solemnly signed by the chairman. There was a moment's pause, and then Brian Fermanagh, rising to his feet, said that it would be needless for him to waste the time of the assembly with any preliminary utterances, and

got up, and, moving towards the table, stood facing his supporters with his right hand resting lightly on the green flag with the uncrowned harp of gold

which covered it

Every man in the assemblage sprang to his feet waving his hat and shouting himself hoarse. Lilias, half startled by the sudden tumult, looked for a moment away from the platform and glanced round upon the crowd about

In that glance she saw one thing, and one thing only, out of all the med-ley of moving, shouting, shricking humanity—a girl's face gazing up in-tently at the Young Irelander with a look which the quick eyes of another woman were able to read only too

The girl was young and beautiful, with the antique beauty of the Celt. The pale, proud face, the dark, passion-ate eyes, the braids of hair blacker the pate, the braids of hair blacker than midnight, were all characteristics of an ancient Irish type. Women of that type trod the old paths between the Athenian olive-trees, and moved amid the arbutus groves of Eryx. Women of that type are to be found to-day on the slopes of Pentelicus, in the valleys of the Parnes range, and be neath the orange-trees of Parthenope to prove the common bond of Grecian blood among the Irish race and the

dwellers by the Tyrrhene Sea.

Lilias, as she looked, could scarcely restrain an involuntary cry of admiration at the girl's beauty; a moment more and she resented the vague pang with which she followed the direction of those dark eyes and saw them rest

on MacMurchard. MacMurchad appeared to be wholly unaware of that fixed gaze. His eyes were looking across the audience far into the distant corner of the hall.

The pang which had annoyed Lilias was succeeded by a yet more unreasonable throb of pleasure as she perceived the indifference of the Young Irelander to the bright eyes that ardently upon him. Then the throb of pleasure was followed by a thrill of oity as Lilias saw how eagerly the face of Fermanagh was turned in the direction of the girl, and the pained lines about his mouth and eves as he noted how her eyes were riveted on the face of his friend.

"Here is a tragedy to begin with, Lilias thought to herself, and at that moment MacMurchad began to speak, and Lilias forgot the girl and Fermanagh and everything else except the charm of the speaker's voice and the marvellous magic of his words.

MacMurchad spoke slowly and quietly at first, with full, grave enunciation that reached the farthest ears as easily as those which hearkened to him in his immediate neighborhood.

It is no part of my purpose to give here the speech which Murrough Mac-Murchad made that day. The very words lie before me as I write, lie before me in the slip of yellowed paper and faded print, a cutting from the report of the local paper which I found carefully preserved among the contents of Fermanagh's box. Who shall say how the hot words which then burned their way like flame into the hearts and of his hearers might show,

copied out coldly here by me.

Burning words they were, which
stir my tamed, elderly blood as I read them, and bring so vividly before my Trans-atlantic eyes the crowded hall and the faces I never saw—the faces of that wild young speaker, and his fast friend and the two fair women who watched him so eagerly.

Words of flame they seemed to mos men there, who hung upon them as upon the utterances of a prophet. Words of flame they seemed to Lilias, as she listened with clasped hands and as she listened with clasped hands and beating heart to the impetuous flood of the young man's elegonous flood of

the young man's eloquence.

MacMurchad talked of the theme which then were agitating all men's minds with the wealth of language, the almost gorgeous grace of words, and the glowing passion which the Young Irelanders drew from the foun-

In the pause that followed upon the applause that succeeded to some fiery appeal to the old traditions and the new hopes of the race, Mountmarvel whispered sneeringly into the ear of

Lilias.
"The fellow gets every line of this Lilias gave her companion an angry flash of scorn, which brought a smile to Mountmarvel's thin lips. moment an odd chance gave MacMur-chad the opportunity of refuting the charge which unknown to him had been just made against him.

He was speaking of the dangers of the movement, and as he paused for a moment for breath, from the back of the hall, far away, a voice-the voice of an old woman, as it seemed-cried

out to him in clear, shrill tones. "Well. God bring you safe, any how. There was a second of dead silence.

MacMurchad glanced with flashing eyes in the direction from which the proceeded, and then in loud, unfaltering tones answered the words of his well-wisher. 'A far better prayer would be,

God bring the cause safe,' for the prisons in which men suffer and the graves in which they lie are but the landmarks of that eternal cause which with us has had thus far only its mis sionaries and its martyrs, but which will yet, I hope and firmly believe, have its heroes and its kings."

Under cover of the rapturous applause which greeted these gallant words, Lilias leaned a little towards Mountmarvel and asked him softly, "Was that prepared? Was that a parrot's echo?"

Mountmarvel, with a somewhat annoyed expression on his face, was about to answer, but what he was going to say was lost for Lilias by a

new cause for excitement and wonder. On the platform just behind MacMurchad a young man, pale and excited, had forced his way, and regardless of the protestations of many on the platform, pushed towards the chairman, and caught him by the arm hastily

Fermanagh looked up in surprise, saw the pallid face and wild eyes above him, listened to some words hurriedly whispered by the newcomer, and grew pale himself. There was some excitement among

the audience at the colloquy between Fermanagh and the stranger. Mac-Murchad perceived that something had happened, but he went on composedly, until Farmanagh leaning forward, caught him by the arm. He turned round, saw Fermanagh's troubled face. and leaning down, listened to the hurried words of his friend.

As he listened, Lılias, eagerly watching the strange scene, saw his dark face grow pale too, and his mouth and eyes stern

this time the excitement in the audience had greatly increased. Every man saw that something unwonted had occurred; no one knew what; and the hum of wondering voices rose high, and those who stood in the back part of the hall began to sway uneasily, pressing upon those who sat or stood in front,

MacMurchad drewhimself up from his

hurried conference with Fermanagh, and advanced again to the front of the platform. Immediately the tumult stopped, and intense eager quiet folowed. Lilias held her breath in painful expectation. There was something ominous in this unexpected interruption; in the startled faces on the plat-form; in the set passion of MacMurchad's features.

For a few seconds MacMurchad stood facing the hushed crowd. Twice he made as if to speak, twice his lips failed him; and the seconds seemed every expectant being in that hall to lapse by with the awful length of centuries.

Then MacMurchad spoke, and his

vords fell like the tidings of doom upon his hearers. "John Mitchel has been sentenced to penal servitude. He sailed from Dublin yesterday. There was no

attempt at rescue

CHAPTER VIII. A DISAGREEABLE FPISODE.
As the words fell from MacMurchad's

lips the audience remained for another breathing - space absolutely silent. Then from almost every man and almost every woman in the hall broke ut a wild, plaintive, passionate cry, like the cry the mourners utter when they keen for the dead.

The wail lasted but a little time, and

then it died down again into silence, as the fire dies down from its fierce flames into a sullen glow.

So silent did the hall become that Mountmarvel's voice was heard dis-tinctly in almost every part of it, although he was hardly speaking louder than his wont, and was quite unconscious of speaking any louder.

It is the way of mankind when it opens its mouth in the midst of tumult unconsciously to pitch its tones a note or two higher than its ordinary, and this was what Mountmarvel, somewhat unfortunately for himself, had done.

Heaven be praised !" He was saying it to Mr. Geraldine. half jestingly, half seriously. He had not intended that any one should hear it but him. He had thought-so far as he thought about his word at all—that they would be covered by the clamor tain of the Girondists, and in which they so far surpassed their masters. clear, almost shrill voice to be distinctly heard by those about him, and even by

some who were far from him. The moment he had spoken he saw what a mistake he had made—saw it in the looks of fury in the faces near to him, saw it in the hands that were

raised at once in menace.

A man immediately behind Mountnarvel reached out and caught him by the collar of his coat.

The young lord tried unsuccessfully to shake off his assailant.
"What did you say?" the man demanded, in a voice hoarse with pas-

Mountmarvel cursed himself inwardly for his folly. He experienced no sense of fear for himself, only of alarm for his companions, whom his ill-timed comment had compromised, and of annoyance at the somewhat ridicuous figure which, according to his deas, he would be likely to cut before them in engaging in an altercation in such a place and with such people.

"What did you say?" his captor asked again, shaking him angrily;

and "What did you say?" was echoed by half a score of voices about him. Men were standing up in all parts of the hall.

Those who were nearest to Mount marvel began to close in ominously around him. Mountmarvel was a brave man Mountmarvel was strong.

As Ayer's Sarsaparilla outstrips all e hall yonder this evening, and Mr. acMurchad has kindly given me ckets."

"Of course you won't dream of bing?" This was from Mountmarel.

"Oh, how delightful! Of course of the hall, growing louder and wilder as Murrough MacMurchad to address them."

"Oh, how delightful! Of course of the hall, growing louder and wilder as Murrough MacMurchad to address them."

"Nine Long Years.

Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, rs I have been greatly benefited by its use. other blood-purifiers in popular favor, so Ayer's Almanac is the most universally familiar publication of the kind in the world. It is printed in ten languages and the annual issue exceeds fourteen milions of copies.

With an angry wrench he tore himself free from the clutch of his ques-tioner, and, looking straight into the

fierce eyes, answered,
"I said there is one more of the damned rebels gone. What have you to say to me?'

Instantly the man who had asked the question struck savagely at Mount-marvel. Mountmarvel was quick and skilful, and he parried the blow.

Then he stood for a second on the de fensive, cool and cautious, waiting for what would happen next. Geraldine sprang to his feet and

interpose, urging patience. Lilias was on her feet too, facing the crowd. She was very pale, but she did not scream, and she did not feel alarmed. She was not sorry for Mountwhose cruel comment had angered her; she was only interested, and intensely excited.

stood beside the young man, trying to

The scene she was looking at was more attractive than anything in a play, and she enjoyed it as fully, quite unconscious of or quite indifferent to The hall was full of tumult. Half a

dozen men had closed in upon Mount marvel. Mr. Geraldine was flung aside to reel against the platform gasping for breath.

Lilias herself was in some danger

from the men who, in their eagerness to get hold of Mountmarvel, hustled er unintentionally aside. All this was the work of half a doze

As the girl staggered about to fall he seemed to hear a loud voice over head shouting some words of stern command to the surging crowd. Two men leaped lightly down from the platform. One flung himself into the crowd that surrounded Mountmarvel. The other sprang to the side of Lilias. The next moment a strong arm caught her up and drew her aside out of the whirlpool of angry fighting humanity. and placed her by Mr. Geraldine side in safety.

It was MacMurchad. He turned angrily upon Mountmar-vel's assailants, shouting to them to stand aside; and when his command was not obeyed, he pushed himself into the midst of them, where Brian Fermanagh already was shielding Lord Mountmarvel from the blows that were aimed at him, and endeavoring to bring his antagonists to reason.

Those who saw MacMurchad gave

way; but some of those who were nearest to Mountmarvel either did not recognize him, or were too wild with fury to heed anything but the imme diate object of their vengeance. MacMurchad looked round angrily and saw behind him the fantasti

figure of his follower smiling in grim enjoyment of the tumult.
"Bring that man out, Cormac," he

cried, and in another moment the herculean dwarf had forced himself into the centre of the struggle-had flung half a dozen strong men to left and right as if they were playthings, and had caught the form of Mountmar vel in his arms.

Not a moment too soon! Though Mountmarvel was a strong, vigorous, trained athlete, he was no match for the men who had assailed him, and he was badly bruised and well-nigh fainting when Cormac lifted him lightly to his shoulder and carried him, as easily as he would have carried a child, on to

the platform. MacMurchad and Fermanagh stood side by side, between the dwarf and Mountmarvel's furious assailants. the men recognized MacMurchad now. and, though they were numerous enough to have swept him and his friend aside, they reverenced the young leader too highly to dream of doing this.

So they kept their ground and par leved.

"Don't stand in the way of us Master Macmurchad," said one. "An' sure you would not be saving the Saxon?" said another, in plaintive expostulation, while angry voices from behind shouted angry threats, and urged those in front forward.

"The man who strikes at him," said MacMurchad, "must strike me down first. He came here alone; he shall go hence in safety. It shall not be said of us that if the stranger was lacking in courtesy we were weak enough to heed his insults, or to avenge them. Let every man leave the hall at once The bad news we have received to-day calls for the deepest deliberation and the most careful counsel. Let every man be ready! Let no man be rash!

CHAPTER IX.

AN ECCENTRIC INTRODUCTION. The commanding tones of MacMurchad's voice influenced the crowd every man in which recognized in MacMurchad a leader for whom he would have given his life. So with a little grumbling and with some angry glances towards the platform, where Mountmarvel had now struggled to his feet, the crowd slowly moved out of the door and into the street beyond. MacMurchad turned and addressed himself to Mr. Geraldine, who was standing by the side of Lilias. "I hope," he said, "that your daughter has not been hurt," and as he

spoke he cast an anxious glance on Lilias's pale face, which brought a faint color into her cheeks and the CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.

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Dyspepsia

from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weigh

In gover 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the tomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and or days a time I would have released. for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried

and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Sarsapaith had Suffering rilla, as cured his dyspepsia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disapmy stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken

I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it.

on. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

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CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE. cheeks of another woman who stood close beside her.

At the moment when the disturbance began the dark-haired girl, whose story had seemed a tragedy to the watchful eyes and interpreting mind of Lilias, had hurriedly risen and moved towards the struggling group, animated by a sweet, womanly sympathy with the girl who was in Mountmar-

however, MacMurchad had leaped from the platform, had caught Lilias in his arms and set her in safety out of the ostling combatants. The dark girl had immediately joined her, and had already made much the same inquiry

as that which MacMurchad now asked. To the girl and to Mr. Geraldine Lilias had replied as she now replied to MacMurchad, that she was not in the least hurt, nor even in the least alarmed.

This latter statement was no boast. Lilias was too much fascinated by the unexpected excitement to cherish any other emotion than that of interest in the dangerous episode.

Mr. Geraldine thanked MacMurchad warmly for his cool, prompt courage Turning to Lilias he introduced Mac Murchad.

The Young Irelander bowed gravely but his dark eyes were fixed intently on the girl's face, and his strong hand trembled slightly at the touch of the warm, soft palm which Lilias frankly

"I hardly need the formality of an introduction to the saviour of my life, Lilias said, with a little laugh which made the young man's pulses beat faster

There was no real danger," Mac-Murchad answered; and as he spoke his voice sounded strange to him. had been perfectly composed a minute before when addressing the tempestuous crowd ; why should he feel embarpassed in exchanging a few civil words with a strange girl?

"Please don't underrate your own part," Lilias said. "And even danger would have been welcome which allowed so unconventional an introducton to the hero of the hour.

She laughed brightly as she spoke, and MacMurchad bowed again, more troubled than he liked by the pretty words and the soft voice.

There was a moment's pause, and then another woman's voice spoke to him; and there was a tremulous tenderness in the tones which MacMurchad did not notice, and which Brian Fermanagh did notice and wince at. "You are not hurt yourself, Mur-

rough?" the dark-haired girl asked, anxiously, resting her hand on Mac-MacMurchad smiled assurances of

his absolute safety back at her. Then he introduced her to Lilias, as his consin, Mary O'Rourke. Brian Fermanagh was next pre-

sented, but the presentation was interrupted by a voice from above, coming as if from the clouds.

"May I trouble somebody," the voice asked, coolly, "to request the energetic individual who is so forcibly interesting himself in my welfare to go about his own business, and let me go about mine.

Everybody looked up. The voice was that of Lord Mount-marvel, whom everybody had forgot-He was standing on the deserted platform, disordered and defiant, unable to escape from the clutches Cormac, who, having been told to take charge of him, and receiving no counter orders for his liberation, clung to him with the tenacity of a limpet and the strength of an elephant.

MacMurchad grasped the situation at "Release Lord Mountmarvel, Cormac," he ordered; and then, as the liberated nobleman came down from the platform, he added, "You have to thank the strong arms of Cormac for your welfare at this moment.'

Lord Mountmarvel made 'no reply to MacMurchad, but, advancing to Lilias, offered her his sincere apologies for the indiscretion which had caused her so much inconvenience and so nearly involved her and her father in per sonal peril.

"May I be permitted to escort you to your hotel," he pleaded, "as a proof that my folly is forgiven?"

Lilias bowed coldly, for she was as angry with Lord Mountmarvel as she could be with the cause of so many minutes of dramatic excitement. MacMurchad interposed.

"You had better allow your friends, Lord Mountmarvel," he said, "to accept the escort of myself and Mr. You, too, had better leave this hall in our company. There is a crowd outside the door still, and and whose members are still carrying Fermanagh. our presence may save you some

Lord Mountmarvel bowed stiffly. He recognized, though he resented, the necessity of accepting MacMurchad's offer, and the party moved silently towards the door of the hall.

As MacMurchad had predicted, a crowd had gathered, and a yell of anger greeted the appearance of

At a signal from MacMurchad, however, the throng divided, and Mount-marvel, between MacMurchad and Cormac, reached the door of the Crown without molestation, followed by Lilias between Fermanagh and Mr. Geral-

By this time the police had appeared, and the crowd was gradually dispersed
In the doorway of the Crown Mac-Murchad and Fermanagh said fare-well to Mr. Geraldine and Lilias, declining their invitation to come up-MacMurchad, however, accepted Mr. Geraldine's invitation to

visit them some time, and then turned

On the threshold Mountmarvel confronted him.

"You had me at a disadvantage today," he said, "you and your murder-ous gang. There was little love lost between us before this; there is less

back to his castle in a very bad temper. There was very little in common between Mountmarvel and MacMurchad; but they had the subject of their thoughts in common that afternoon as the one rode to his castle and the other walked to the Red Tower. Both were thinking of the bright eyes and the fair face of Lilias Geraldine. Even Even Mountmarvel's anger, even MacMur-chad's evil tidings, could not banish that gracious image.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC CONVERTS.

Dr. Spalding's Case Recalls the Story

Boston Republic

Another indication that to the honest seeker after truth all roads lead to Rome is given in the conversion of Rev. J. P. Spalding, hitherto the Episcopalian rector of Christ's Church, ambridge, who announced his resigna ion to his former congregation last Sunday, giving as his reasons for ending the pleasant relations that have always existed between him and hi flock during the twelve years that he has acted as their pastor, his conviction that the Catholic Church is the only one in which the true dogmas of Christianity are taught, and adding that consequently he has resolved to join its fold. Dr. Spalding's conversion to Catholicity is the result of no sudden impulse, and his approach to the true Church has been gradual and wellonsidered. Years ago he abandoned Congregationalism, in which creed he was originally a believer, and embraced Episcopalianism, and now, after over twenty years of unsatisfactory experience in that belief, he comes into the Catholic Church, whose doors are always open to welcome those who accept her teachings and desire to profit communion with her. What Dr. Spalding's future position will be is a matter that concerns him most; the statement is made that he will not seek Catholic ordination, but hopes to get educational work, for which his training and admitted abilities eminently

Dr. Spalding, who, by the way, ears a name that is illustrious in American Catholic history, is by no means the first eminent American Protestant to become a convert to Catholicity. The path which has just led him into the true fold has been trodden by many feet before his entered it, and the doctor will, consequently, find himself entirely at home in his new surroundings. It would require many volumes to tell the stories of the thousands of converts Catholicity has won in this country; and the present article makes no pretensions to completeness when it undertakes to mention some of the more illustrious American

SECEDERS FROM PROTESTANTISM. Probably the most illustrious name on the roll of the American Catholic Church's conquest is that of Orester Augustus Brownson, who was brought up in the Presbyterian fold, left that for Universalism, then became a Socialist, a Unitarian and a Christian with the Poorly Educated, Unionist, and finally found the truth he sought for so long in the Catholic After his conversion Dr. Brownson was offered a professor's chair in the Catholic University of Dublin, but he thought he could render the truth better service by remaining in this country and defending it as he ably did in his famous Review and in

many other ways. Let us put next the name of Isaac T. Hecker, whose life story has been so admirably told by Father Elliott in the pages of the Catholic World, and whose death, two years ago this month, caused universal sorrow. From Brook Farm to Rome the road seems long, but Father Hecker found his way over it, and those who have followed his pro gress, as told in Father Elliott's biography, know how great was the happiness he experienced when his wayfaring was done. To Father Hecker the American Catholic Church owes a great debt. He it was who gave us the Paulist order, that religious body which has done so much for and whose members are still carrying on the work which Father Hecker inaugurated. With him, and through him, too, how many more converts were led into the Church. There is Father Hewit, his successor in the order, born of Congregational parents, the erudite litterateur and profound theologian, the skilful controversialist and reviewer. There is Father George M. Searle, classmate at Harvard with John D. Long, able mathematician and astronomer, and now lecturer at the Catholic University at Washington.

Paulist, now chancellor of THE ALBANY DIOCESE, of one of whose books an eminent authority said that "it has the solidity and elaborate finish of a work executed with care and diligence by one who is both a strong thinker and a sound scholar." There are Fathers Robinson, Deshon, classmate at West Point with Grant. Whyman and other members of the Paulist community, all of whom have travelled the same road which has just led Dr. Spalding into the Cath-

There is Father Walworth, formerly a

olic fold, and to all of whom American mont; Bishop Fitzpatrick was con-Catholicity is indebted for many signal sulted by Father Hecker and many

services. number have abandoned their pulpits a convert to the Catholic fold. to embrace Catholicity, and one Protestant Bishop laid aside his robes and lines a nun, as early as 1699, rings to do the same thing. That now. Good-evening."

For a moment MacMurchad seemed about to reply. Then, with a shrug of terian, then became an Episcopalian, was Levi Silliman Ives, a native of with the girl who was in Mountmarvel's company, and who appeared to be
sharing his peril.

Before she had time to reach Lilias.

Carolina. In 1852 he visited Rome,
Carolina. In 1852 he visited Rome,
in the bosom of the Catholic Church. and there his eyes were opened to the truth of Catholicity. Seeking an interview with the lamented Pius IX., Dr. Ives drew from his finger his episcopal ring and offered it to the Holy Father as a pledge of his sub-mission to the Holy See, but with that graciousness that was always characteristic of him, Pius IX. refused to accept it personally, and told Dr. Ives to go and lay it on St. Peter's altar, where it was accordingly placed by the submissive convert. Dr. Ives never took orders in the Catholic Church, but was content to use his talents in humble positions. He taught in Catholic institutions, and wrote in defence of Catholic teachings; and the influence of his pen and voice has often made itself felt in non-Catholic circles. His "Trials of a Mind in Its Progress to Catholicity" has smoothed the path for many another convert, and in it he declares that although it cost him much to leave his former position, "the sacrifice has been repaid ten thousand fold in the blessings of present peace and in the certain hopes of eternal life.'

Then look at the many eminent converts who are or were to be found in the ranks of our religious orders; at FATHER FREITAG, THE REDEMPTORIST, the legal head of the illustrious House of Witikind, who was received into the Church at Baltimore and who did heroic duty during the war in the camps and hospitals round Annapolis. Look at Father Fidelis, the Passionist. president formerly of Hobart and Kenyon colleges, afterwards a Paulist and now a missionary, with another eminent convert, Father Edmund Hill, the poet, in South America. Look at Father Barnum, the Jesuit, now doing duty on the banks of the Yukon, who forfeited a fortune when he became a priest, and the scores of other devoted religious priests who became Catholics only after experiencing the hollowness of Protestantism in this or that form.

And the Catholic Church, which makes no distinction of persons and regards alike the eleventh hour laborer and the toiler from the dawn of day has often advanced to her highest offices and trusts converts to her creed Witness Archbishop Bayley, who formerly an Episcopalian minister, be came the Metropolitan of Baltimore, and who, before attaining that dignity. had been secretary and chancellor of New York and Bishop of Newark Witness again Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia, Bishop Young of Erie, Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland, Bishops Rosecrans of Columbus, Wadhams o Ogdensburg, Curtis of Wilmington and others; look at the late Monsignor Preston of New York, Monsignor Doane of Newark and the many other ecclesiastical dignitaries who were formerly enmeshed in the errors of Protestantism. There is scarcely any diocese in the country now which doe not count converts to Catholicity among the priests, and to name such clergymen would require more space

than the limits of this article. In every walk and condition of life are to be counted Catholic conquests of the faith. The Church has won her way with the rich no less than with the

with scientists of every description and men and women of all professions And in this universality of her victor ies, which argues her adaptability fo all, is seen a striking evidence of he Catholicity and divine mission. No other Church in this country can point to such a long and illustrious line of converts as she. When this or that form of Protestantism gains a new recruit, she counts her additions by the scores and hundreds. Making no boas of her triumphs, pursuing the even tenor of her way, and welcoming all who come to her in quest of the truth. she rejoices, of course, over each new convert, but the cause of her joy is because another soul has been shown the light and the wanderer has returned

to the fold. And it may be a question whether in any part of this favored land Cath-olicity has won more conquests than has won more conquests than here in New England. From the day when Father Thayer, himself a convert, received into the fold, at the old church on School street, this city, Mrs. Margaret Jackson, nee Tallent, who enjoys the distinction of being the first convert of Boston, down to the present time, Catholicity has every year added to the list of her converts here, and multiplied her conquests. It was Dr. Cheverus, Boston's first bishop, who showed the way of truth to Mrs. Elizabeth Bayley Seton, whose family has since given such illustrious sons to the Church. It was his successor, Bishop Fenwick, who saw the notable Catholic movement that followed the conversion

of the Hoyts and the Pardows in Ver-The special quality of Ayer's Hair Vigor is that it restores the natural growth, color, and texture of the hair. It vitalizes the roots and follicles, removes dandruff, and heals itching it surpasses all similar preparations.

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another earnest seeker for the truth, Protestant ministers almost without and his successor has welcomed many

> a convert, and who can tell how many more like her have found shelter and and how many have entered the same fold unheralded, content with the knowledge that their feet were at last in the right way, and that they were within their Father's dwelling. Nor is America the only English

speaking land wherein Catholic con

versions have been many of late years A more notable Catholic meyement has taken place in England, bringing into the fold such men as Manning, New-man, and the hosts of Anglican ministers who have followed their lead. On can hardly take up an English paper now without finding recorded the the conversion of some prominent Protestant layman or ecclesiastic Spalding will assuredly find himself at ome in the goodly company who preceded him into the Catholic pale, wherein Manning, Newman, Parsons De Vere, Digby, Challoner and Marshall, with hosts of others, found all they sought, and which count nong its conquests the names of Schlegel, Stolberg, Harter, Lalour, Ratisbonne, Ducas and Ward, and in this country numbers among its converts a Brownson, Ives, Hecker, Stone, Hill, Hewitt, Preston, Doane, Bayley. Seton, Curtis, and many others o renown and merited fame.

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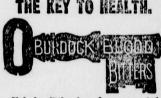
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Correspondence intended for publication, as rell as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach condon not later than Tuesday morning. Arrears must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, Dec. 26, 1891.

CHRISTMAS.

Once more the great festival of Christmas, a festival which brings being celebrated.

On that first Christmas day when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, an angel of God appeared to the shepherds who were keeping watch over their flocks and announced to them that it was a festival of joy, and gave the reason thereof:

"Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David."

The advent of Our Saviour was promised from the earliest days of man's life on earth, that is, from immediately after the fall of our first parents, that, as by their sin of disobedience death came into the world and the human race forfeited all right to the eternal inheritance of heaven, so by the birth of Christ the work of redemption was begun whereby man was to recover life and to regain his rights to eternal happiness. To bring this about was the work of our Saviour. It was a work to bring back joy, where all was sorrow and misery. The birth of our Lord is for this reason announced as "good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people.

Throughout the Old Testament the coming of Christ is looked for as an event which will bring joy to earth. The Saviour promised to our first parents is to undo the misery brought upon them by the deceit of the serpent. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are told that He will be the source of blessings to be conferred on all nations. Jacob when giving his last blessings to his sons refers to Christ as the expectation of nations who is to be sent by God, and he manifests his longing for His coming by the exclamation: "I will look for thy salvation, O Lord."

The prophet Daniel is told by the angel of God to expect Him as the means whereby "trangressions may be finished, and sin may have an end, and iniquity may be abolished, and everlasting justice may be brought, and vision and prophecy fulfilled."

But it is in the New Testament that His office and character are fully displayed. In a word, St. Paul tells us "He gave himself for our sins that he might deliver us from this present wicked world according to the will of God and our Father." (Gal. i.)

The feast of Christmas is the preliminary event in the work of our Redemption, and for this reason is was in the first instance celebrated by the angels who sang at the birth of our Lord :

"Glory be to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

True peace cannot exist unless we are at peace with God, therefore at this holy season all Catholics should make their peace with God, and for this end, they must begin by becoming "men of good will."

Christmas day is the only festival on which it is permitted to each priest to celebrate three Masses, in honor of the threefold birth of Christ, His generation in eternity as the Son of God, His birth at Bethlehem as the Son of Mary, and His birth by grace within the soul of the sanctified Christian.

For four thousand years the world was preparing for the birth of Christ. The sacrifices of the Old Law were instituted to signify His coming by which the reconciliation of man with God is to be effected. It is, therefore, a time of peace, when injuries should be forgotten, and when all mankind should be at peace. For this reason, also, originated the beautiful Christian custom that neighbors express to each other during the festival season their wishes for each other's prosperity. We life and prosperity, and many returns A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

DEATH OF FATHER DOWD. Seldom has the wires flashed sadder

news than that which reached the

people on Monday. "Father Dowd, of Montreal is dead." To hundreds of thousands this announcement will bear a shadow at this festal time. It cannot be expected that those who live outside of Montreal can realize in its fullness the terrible loss which the Irish Catholics of that city have sustained. For nearly fifty years Father Dowd had been their counsellor, their friend, their guide-their all - when sorrow overtook them and misfortune placed its blighting hand heavily upon them. He was, too, their champion, and whenever their rights were assailed foremost was he in the work of defence and protection. Dignity and position came beseechingly to woo him, worldly renown great joy to every Christian soul, is and glory could have been his without the asking; but all were refused. He loved the Irish Catholic people of Montreal, and they loved him. Nothing save a command from Rome could have severed the tie. But the love-links were great, and Rome would not break them. It may be truly said that dearest to the great heart of this good priest were the orphans of St. Patrick's; and many think that were it not for the intense affection which he bore these little ones of Christ he might have been pursuaded to accept higher dignities. He has passed away full of years and full of honors, reposing in the bosom of that Church for which he unceasingly toiled, his every thought for her glory and advancement. Now that he has been transferred to the goal of his ambition-now that he is about to enter the gate which leads to eternal glory and joy in the home of our Blessed Redeemer-may we not say that legions of the young and the pure to whom he was a kindly father in this world, will greet him with acclaim as he enters the heavenly portals this holy Christmas tide.

> THE DRAMATIZATION OF SACRED EVENTS.

Two or three ministers of different Protestant churches of Hamilton have recently caused considerable commotion in that city by denouncing in very strong terms the production of a drama from Ben Hur, in which our Lord and the Blessed Virgin are among the character to be represented. The intention was to bring out the play during Christmas week, and as a Christmas representation, and notwithstanding the fact that the parties who had undertaken to represent our Lord and His Mother, as well as other characters, are members of the Protestant churches whose ministers have spoken so decidedly, we learn that the preparations are still continued to bring out the play according to the original design of its promoters.

We are all aware that the clergymen who have spoken on the subject, and who have even gone so far as to thanksgiving to God for the delivery land had established, in various Perhaps they are somewhat to be expronounce the representation blas phemous and sacrilegious, do not profess that they are themselves infallible, nor even that they are authorized to speak as the exponents of an infallible creed, or as having a divinely appointed authority to pronounce the expediency or inexpediency, the blasphemousness or sacrilegiousness of representations such as it is proposed to produce in the celebrated every year with joy, as it Ambitious City. We presume that it is for this reason that the Protestant ladies and gentlemen who have the play in hand refuse to be guided by their spiritual directors in this matter. They undoubedly feel that they have as much authority to decide upon what religion requires of them as have their clergy; and it is probable, besides, that there are other clergymen who would join issue with those who have condemned the representation.

> In a matter so nearly affecting religion as this drama there ought to be surely an authority capable of giving a decision whether it should be tolerated or not. Catholics have such an authority; and they would bow with respect to its decisions in cases of

doubtful propriety. From history we know that mystery plays were common during the Middle Ages, and they certainly were encouraged by some illustrious Fathers of the Church, as early as the reign of the then to instruct Christians in the mysteries of religion at a time when it was difficult to give efficient instrucclergy should have adopted these mystery plays as means of conveying salutary instruction. But the number but also for conscience sake, for such tarian. This is an avowal that they, tarian they are the tarian. This is an avowal that they, tarian they are the tarian that the tarian that they are the tarian that they are the tarian that the tarian that they are the ta

now who cannot read is as small, particularly in this country, as was the number of those who could read at the time we speak of. There was certainly much stronger reason then for the use of mystery plays than there is now; and while we do not by any means assert that they are necessarily an evil, we can safely say that they should not be produced when there is serious danger lest they should do more harm than good. This is more particularly the case when the characters and scenes to be represented are so sacred as those which are proposed to be brought on the stage at Hamilton. The question is, therefore, is such a representation likely to produce irreverence towards those events and personages who are the most sacred

under the Christian dispensation? We believe that with the loss of the simple faith of days of yore, with the prevalence of the worship of the almighty dollar, and the irreverence arising out of multiplicity of sects and the spread of irreligion, the introduction of such scenes upon the stage would not be attended with the good results among us for the attainment of which they were originally established, and that this is a matter in which there is not a medium possible. We believe, therefore, that these sacred subjects should not be brought out in

public dramas. The Hamilton drama is said to be for a benevolent purpose, but this does not justify the representation of scenes so sacred for the purposes of amusement. But even though mere amusement were not the object in tice inflicted by the school legislation the present instance, our readers must be aware that efforts not fall upon Catholics alone; and have already been made in America to get sacred scenes upon the stage. Some stock companies proposed to the action now taken by the Church of represent the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau in New York theatres, but they were very properly prevented from carrying out their design It would be a fearful desecration if that sacred event which has been represented in a spirit of piety by the townsmen of Ober-Ammergau should be made a sport for Bowery theatre-goers, which would be the next step if the stock companies had been allowed to exhibit it for gain. It is to be feared that the exhibition would degenerate simfarly if, beginning at Hamilton, it were to

become an institution amongst us. Even at Ober-Ammergau the time eems to be past when the representation was a work of pure piety. The citizens themselves preserve the ancient spirit, but the money-changers are getting into the temple and turning it into a den of thieves, simultaneously with the great influx of visitors rights and privileges which they "poswho have been attracted thither along with the modern conveniences of Province was constituted. travel, and it is believed that the Passion Play was represented last year for the last time for of the people from the ravages of the plague.

Ben Hur is in itself written in a spirit of piety; but its representation on the stage, it is to be feared, would be productive of results very different from those which would follow the careful reading of that learned and interesting book.

ADDRESSES AND RESOLU-TIONS OF LOYALTY.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, in session last week in London, England, passed a strong resolution declaring its loyalty to the Queen, and the Reformed Presbyterian Synod, which was also in session, passed a similiar adhesion to the throne, and it is announced that the Free Kirk Assembly will also pass a resolution to the same purpose.

It is, of course, eminently proper that these bodies should thus express their loyalty from time to time, especially as we have been recently assured by a Presbyterian organ, the Halifax Witness, that "Presbyterians may revise and change their creeds every year, if they see fit." We have no assurance, therefore, that there may not have been a change in the sentiments of loyalty since last these synods and assemblies met: Emperor Julian. But the object was but from the Catholic synods and councils such declarations are not necessary, as Catholic faith is one and unchanging. With Catholics it tion otherwise. Printing had not is a matter of doctrine that we are sented to the destruction of the sysbeen invented, and instruction by bound to be loyal to the established tem of denominational education in means of written books was necessarily authorities, and this is expressed once restricted to a comparatively small for all in the Catechism as the duty of number. It is not surprising that the all Christians, "not only for wrath, also wish our readers good health, long clergy should have adopted these mys- but also for conscience' sake, for such tant, while professing to be non-sec

happened to an address which was presented by the Canadian General Assembly to the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, when the Marquis was Governor-General of the Dominion, such resolutions are not very highly prized by royalty. An address of the Assembly, richly engrossed and beautifully illuminated and framed has found its way into the possession of a second-hand furniture dealer in Ottawa, who offers it for sale for \$25, it being expected that some good Presbyterian will pay that sum for it to rescue it from its degrading position.

It is not supposed that there was any intentional slight offered by the rights, Bishop Machray and his co-Marquis to the Assembly, but it is, of petitioners will reap the benefit of the course, true that such addresses are not of any intrinsic value, and when once they have been presented, they are frequently never looked at again. In the present instance it appears that to say they deserve the success which the address was sold by a Government employe who was commissioned to dispose of the old furniture of Rideau Hall when the Marquis was about to leave Canada. It thus fell into the hands of the present possessor. It is seriously said, however, by Presbyterians, that the Assembly should in future be less ready at passing such resolutions and presenting such addresses.

DISCOVERING THEIR MISTAKE.

The recent move made by the authorities of the Church of England at Winnipeg has created a considerable sensation, as it has shown that the injusof the Greenway administration does coming so soon after the session of the Presbyterian Synod in the same city, England is a complete refutation of the resolution adopted by the Presbyterians, as the latter boldly endeavor by a false assertion to excite public sentiment against Catholics, and thus to prevent justice from being done. Ex-Mayor Logan, on behalf of the

Chief Justice a summons requiring the city of Winnipeg to show cause why the by-law establishing Public schools in the city should not be quashed, inasmuch as it inflicts injustice on the Church of England by practically closing its parochial or Separate schools, which were in a flourishing condition until the passage of the Manitoba School Act. This Act, as Ex Mayor Logan contends, is contrary to the Dominion Act of Parliament, by which Manitoba was erected into a Province, and which reserves to all denominations those

Anglican body, has obtained from the

The application is supported by the affidavits of Mr. Logan himself, and also by those of Bishop Machray and this very reason, though hitherto Robert H. Hayward, to the effect that it was a work of piety performed in the authorities of the Church of Engparts of the Province, denominational schools, wherein the doctrines of the Church were taught. These schools were regularly organized for the teaching of boys and girls, and were under control of the clergy.

sessed by law or practice," when the

The applicants claim that whereas these parochial schools had been opened and closed with prayer, and that instruction in Holy Scripture had been given in them, the new Public schools do not afford these advantages, or afford them very imperfectly. They declare that they had been induced to support the establishment of a Public school system, in the hope that satisfactory religious instruction would still be given in the Protestant sections declaration of unswerving loyalty and thereof; but in this they were disappointed, whereas they now find that the education given is very incomplete, and even hurtful owing to the very limited amount of religious education given, which is indeed so limited that it is doubtful if there is any religious teaching at all." They add that the schools are not what they expected them to be when the School Act was passed, and that they are so dissatisfied with them that they would now establish, if they had the means, a system of parochial schools for the teaching of children belonging to the Church of England.

This protest places the authorities of the Church in an exceedingly strange light. They declare that they are, and always were, in favor of religious education; yet that they conthe hope that the newly-established system would continue to be denominational, or at least thoroughly Protes-

compel the attendance of Catholic children at thoroughly Protestant schools. For the purpose of gaining this end, they were willing to do violence to their own consciences by yielding the rights they had before enjoyed; and it is only now, when they have discovered that Catholics have fought successfully against the injustice which they co-

operated in inflicting, that they regret having given up their own conscientious convictions.

We presume that as the Supreme Court has decided that the Manitoba Legislature exceeded its powers in endeavoring to rob Catholics of their Catholic triumph; but in the face of the acknowledgment of the persecuting spirit in which they acted towards Catholics, few will have the hardihood they are likely to gain. A more shameless avowal it has never been our lot

to read. We have referred to the false statement made by the Presbyterian Synod. It asserted by resolution that the Catholic Church has, under the decision of the Supreme Court, privileges which other denominations have not. This is the falsehood which Bishop Machray's application refutes. He certainly would not make the application in its present form unless he were convinced that the Church of England has all the rights which Catholics possess in the premises.

There is another aspect under which the incongruity of the application is manifest. Not only did the Church of England authorities join in the crusade against Catholic schools, but they actually used for a year the schools for which they now refuse to pay their quota of taxation. The Catholics had justice on their side in objecting against the taxation, because they kept their own schools and sent their children to them. The latter were consistent in their objection to paying of inconsistency for the representatives of the Church of England to refuse to pay their share for schools which they used after assisting, of

We have no wish to be guided by this spirit of intolerance and duplicity which seems to dominate over the conduct of Bishop Machray and his fellowapplicants. We wish them to enjoy the same liberties to which Catholics are entitled, and liberty of education is one of these. If the sects of Manitoba are willing to maintain Separate schools, they are entitled to have the fullest liberty to do so, provided they are willing also to grant Catholics the same liberty, and, even though the members of the Church of England made the mistake of not knowing their own wishes in the past, we would willingly see them obtain justice now that they have discovered their mistake. cused for not having known what they really wanted, inasmuch as Protestant ism has no fixed principles to guide

it. The difference between the courses adopted by the Anglicans and the Presbyterians is sufficient evidence of this, the former now advocating what the latter declare to be unnecessary and hurtful to the community; but from what is now happening, both of these denominations ought to learn to be more charitable in their demeanor towards Catholics, who have been self-consistent throughout the struggle. Why should they desire to force their views of education upon Catholics, when we have their own avowal that they are not themselves agreed upon which is the correct method of imparting education: that is to say, they are not agreed upon the matter whether education should be denominational or godless?

Under these circumstances we hope to find that there will be now liberal Protestants enough in Manitoba to unite with the Catholics, so that any future efforts of the fanatical party there to renew the oppressive legislation of 1890 may lack even the hope of a successful issue.

The New Bishop of Cleveland.

Another Philadelphia clergyman whose piety, zeal and learning made him famous and beloved far beto be called to another field of labor and elevated to the high office and dignity of Bishop. This time it is the Rev. Dr. Ignatius F. Horstman, chancellor of the archdiocese, who has been apprised of his appointment to the bishopric of Cleveland, Ohio, to succeed the late Bishop Gilmour, recently deceased. - Philadelphia Public Ledger

the hope that they would be able to THE PROSECUTION OF THE

It is a matter of no little surprise with what unanimity the anti-Catholic journals which usually make the loudest professions in favor of the liberty of the subject, nevertheless condemn the vindication of that liberty by Mgr. Gouthe-Soulard, the Archbishop of Aix.

The attacks made by the Italian mob upon French pilgrims who visited the Holy Father were utterly unjustifiable, and it is now fully established that they were premeditated by the mob. It was at first represented that the hot-headed pilgrim who was said to have insulted the memory of King Victor Emmanuel had spat upon the visitors' book which was presented to him, and that he had written thereon "death to Victor Emmanuel;" but it was afterwards shown that he had done no more than write upon the book the words "Vive le Pape." (Long live the Pope.) The act was undoubtedly foolish and worthy of condemnation as an uncalled-for occasion given to the Italians for their manifestation of their hatred for the visitors to the Pope, but it was otherwise a very pardonable and slight fault, and being only the fault of one overenthusiastic young man of nineteen, it should not have been made an excuse for the insults heaped upon the pilgrims both because they were pilgrims, and because they were French. The French Government would have shown more dignity if it had demanded rather that the insults shown to Frenchmen should be apologized for, than to issue a prohibition against the Bishops of France accompanying their flocks to Rome, in consequence of the outrages to which Frenchmen had been innocently subjected, and the Archbishop of Aix in publicly declaring that he would not be bound by the Governmental decree is justly to be regarded as a champion of popular liberty.

It is needless to say that the prosecution of Mgr. Gouthe-Soulard is refor their support; but it is the height garded by his colleagues in the episcopacy as an unjustifiable act of persecution on the part of the Government, and all true Frenchmen regard the conduct of M. de Fallieres as humiliattheir own accord, in establishing them. Ing and shameful to France. His Grace the Archbishop has the general sympathy of the people in the midst of the persecution to which he has been subjected, and the Government itself now feels that it has placed itself in an awkward position by its sycophancy to Italy. We cannot regard in any other light the letter which the Government has recently sent to the Pope stating that it has no desire or intention to renew a conflict with the clergy, and expressing the hope that the policy of conciliation will be continued

on both sides. It is very hard for the clergy to be conciliatory with a Government which takes every opportunity to show its desire to persecute the Church, and to interfere with its liberty, and the anti-Catholic press of this country which approves of these tyrannical measures show that their pretended love of liberty is but a sham where the liberties of Catholics are in question.

Mons. Boissard, the learned advocate of Aix who defended the Archbishop, made a most eloquent speech, basing his defence on the patriotism of His Grace, and appealing to the love of country of the judges. He asked whether there was any Frenchman who would not feel indignant at the treatment of his countrymen by the Italian mobs. The judges, however, inflicted a fine of \$500 with costs of the suit. Figaro, which is a patriotic, but not a clerical paper, made an appeal to the public and collected the amount of the fine in a few days; but as it is against the law thus to collect a legal fine by public subscription, the proprietors of Figaro have also been summoned before the court.

It is said that the Bishop of Anecy will also be prosecuted for having written a letter similar to that of the Archbishop of Aix, but it is altogether likely that this step will not be taken, as the Government must by this time be aware that by such measures they will expose themselves more and more to popular indignation. The triumphant acclamations everywhere given to the Archbishop after his condamnation should teach the Infidel yond the confines of his native city, is rulers of the Republic that they have gone already too far.

A Long-Felt Want.

There are loud complaints in regard to the money order department of the London post office. The two clerks do their utmost to perform the work, but it is altogether too much for them. Besides, the place in which this business is done would not be considered a fair-sized bed-room. Another hand should be appointed and more room provided, and that at once. During the holiday season, especially, the public have to suffer much inconvenience and loss of time.

day evening las cessful one, ar a rich harvest The program Georgetown ba instrumental with interest of the visiting at the programm

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DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

Acton.
Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD There was an unusual stir in the busy little town of Acton (which is one of the missions under the charge of the Jesuit Fathers of Guelph), during the past week, the occasion being the Fancy Fair which closed on Tuesday evening last. The Fair was a most successful one, and St. Joseph's church reaped a rich harvest as a result.

The programme was opened on Thursday.

a rich harvest as a result.

The programme was opened on Thursday, the 10th inst., with a grand concert by the Georgetown band and a number of vocal and instrumental performers, and was replete with interest during the five days. Among the visiting and local artists who assisted in the programme were the following: Misses Cummings and Lee, Rockwood; Lamb, of Toronto; Ryan, of Georgetown; and Gay, of Guelph, in choice piano solos and duets, and Mr. J. C. Hill, violin solo. Numerous vocal soles, duets, quarteties, etc. and Mr. J. C. Hill, violin solo. Numerous vocal soles, duets, quartettes, etc., were rendered by the Guelph quartette, composed of Miss M. Heffernan, Mrs. Keleher, and Messrs. Duigman and Scallan; Misses Brandon, Guelph; Lee, Rockwood; and Messrs. Brydon, Guelph, Stark, Jeans and Benedict, Acton; while excellent recitations were given by the Messrs. Rienhardt and Tracy, Guelph; Miss Cleveland, Acton; Messrs. J. P. Downey, Guelph, and F. O. Smith, Braupton. On Saturday evening Mr. D. Henderons, ex-M. P., varied the proceedings somewhat by an interesting speech, in which he congratulated the pastor, Rev. Father Devlin, on the success attending the entertainment, and upon the manner in which all the arrangements had been carried out.

Among the most exciting of the several contest warmaged was their of the all less

manner in which all the arrangements had been carried out.

Among the most exciting of the several contests arranged was that of the doll competition "among four little maidens from Guelph, Georgetown, Acton and Rockwood. Great interest was manifested, and the contest proved highly profitable, no less a sum than \$442.60 being netted. The winner was Miss Lena Holmes, of Acton, who had 2688 votes. Miss Emma Rienhardt, of Guelph, came next, with 1269 votes; Miss Lizzie Langan, Georgetown, 381; and Miss Nellie Hogan, Rockwood, 85. Each candidate was presented with a handsome doll.

The contest for the Dominion flag, in which the Rockwood, Georgetown and Acton bands were the candidates, shows very close competition. Acton proved the favorite with the electors, and hereafter the flag will proudly wave over the band stand in Frank-

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THE LATE FATHER DOWD. END OF A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE.

THE FOUNDER AND PROMOTER OF MANY USEFUL WORKS PASSES AWAY THIS MORNING.

Montreal Star, Dec. 19.

Rev. Father Dowd died early this morning at the Seminary. He was conscious up to late last evening, and calmly breathed his last at twenty minutes to five this morning, surrounded by the priests of Notre Dame and St. twenty minutes to five this morning, surrounded by the priests of Notre Dame and St. Patrick. At a meeting of the clergy of St. Sulpice and St. Patrick held this morning, it was decided to hold the funeral service at 8:30 on Tuesday morning in Notre Dame Church. At first there was some intention of having the services in St. Patrick's Church, but as there will be at least five hundred clergy present besides several bishops and the parish church would be too small to hold all of the deceased priest's parishioners who by their presence would wish to pay homage to the dead pastor. Notre Dame was finally decided upon, the decision being also strengthened by the fact that St. Patrick's is a part of the community of St. Sulpice, of which Notre Dame is the mother church. The religious societies of St. Patrick's will have full charge of the funeral arrangements inside of the church and out, and the entire church will be placed at the service of the Irish Catholics of the city, while the parishioners of St. Patrick will be provided with tickets to-morrow providing seats for them in the central aisle, which will be reserved for them. After Mass in Notre Dame the funeral procession will be formed and the body borne to St. Patrick's church, where a solemn "Libera" will see chanted. The interment will take place at the Grand Seminary, where all the members of the society of St. Sulpice are buried.

Ald. Cunningham was down at the City Hall this morning and requested that the flag be hoisted at half-mast out of respect for the revered priest. A suggestion has been made that the remains be removed to St. Patrick's Church and lie there in state in the church which was so dear to him.

The venerable pastor of St. Patrick's Church was of the society of St. Patrick's Church was of the society of St. Patrick's Church which was so dear to him.

his appointment arrived, but he resolutely declined the profered honor and dignity, preferring to labor till the last amongst his faithful people. For twenty seven long years he has labored as pastor amongst you, and God alone knows all the labors and sacrifices for the promotion of the temporal and spiritual welfare of his flock, in section and spiritual welfare of his flock, in section of the section of the temporal and spiritual welfare of his flock, in section of the section of

CHRISTIAN FAITH KNEELS FOREVER BEFORE THE MOTHER AND HER DIVINE BABE.

Jesus Christ is the one great name in his tory. There are others for whom men have died; He alone is adored by all people, in all nations, and in all times.

He who bears this name is known throughout the world. Even among the savage and degenerate tribes of the human race, His apostles preach without ceasing that He died upon the cross; and the offscourings of mankind may be saved by loving Him. Those who are neutral, in the modern world, recognize that none is better for the weak and miserable.

The greatest intellects of the past would be forgotten if memorials, or palaces, obelisks, or tombs; if written testimonies, as papyruses or parchments, bricks, colamns or medals, had not preserved their memory. Jesus survives in the conscience of the faithful; there is His witness and indestructible monument. The Church founded by Him fills time and space with His name. She knows Him, she loves Him, she adores Him. As He lives in her she lives in Him. He is her dogma, her moral law, her worship. She teaches to all, without exception, that He is the only Son of God made man, conceived by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin; that He has come into the world to suffer and to die for our salvation, to conquer death by His resurrection; that He has ascended to His Father in order to prepare us a place near Him; that He will return to judge the quick and the dead, giving to the good life eternal, casting the bad into darkness and spiritual death.

This Creed is at once dogma and history; it is the dogma and the popular history of Jesus. By it the believer can live. In a few deep and simple words he learns that the greatest event in human history is the supreme duty, because it was through love that his Master died; he must be unwearied in well-doing, since his Master will be his judge; that he need not tear death, since his Master has overcome it, and because he himself is predestined to eternal life.

The man who believe can him since his master ha

Self-Abandonment.

We plan, and fret, and toil, to reach an end, Compass a right, perchance, or right Compass a right, perchance, or right wrong:— Pure as the skies, we deem our high intent,— Alas! we worship Self the whole day long!

Some Property

Fix'd in our private views,—th' opposing flan Of e'en a Seraph's torch, would but anneal The colors of those false, illusive aims, Which in our swelling bosoms we conceal.

And, on my passive soul, Thy message write

o, for the grace to lie before His feet, A shapeless mass of stone, beseching still: Carve out for me, O Sculptor strong and swe The gracious image of Thy own pure will! Stripped then of self, and ev'ry private end, Forth might we go, to battle for the Lord, Doing in all His will, His grand intent, Seeking in Him alone, our blest reward! —Eleanor C. Donnelly in Catholic Review

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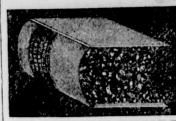
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Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 12th Dec., 1891.

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Late of Wilson Bros.

om the Catholic World for Decemb Pearsely might have possessed, want of energy was not one of them. If anything, she was too energetic, at

least so thought a number of her neigh-bors, the greater number of her pupils—she had a little school—and so had thought her only living relative, her nephew, Phil Buckam, when he packed up a bundle of his clothes and ran away from Tambora for partsunknown. In regard to Phil's elopement the neighbors were divided in their opinmeighbors were divided in their opinions. Some, like Joseph Ote, general dealer and postmaster of Tambora, held that Miss Lucy, as Miss Pearsely was invariably called, had been too severe with the boy. "Ef he didn't give stric' account uv all his time, et is for a fac' well beknown to we all that the boy was a hahd wukkah," said Mr. Ote to Mrs. Gresham, as he did up a small parcel for that lady.
"Yes," answered Mrs. Gresham in

her piping voice, that always seemed making an effort to conciliate "I know it was too hahd in Lucy Pearsely to accuse the boy of loafing; tha's what she called him, Mr. Ote-an idle loafah; but I'm quite of Father Tait's opinion, both were to blame. Now, Milly, she blames Miss Lucy altogether; and positively, that I'm incline' to believe, my

Milly is right." "I have great respec' for Father Tate, but I hol' to it that in her jedg-ment Miss Milly is right," declared Mr. Ote, with an air of great politeness. "And, Miss Gresham, don't forget my bes' respec's to youah young lady daughtah."

daughtah."
"It's very kin' of you, Mr. Ote, I'm
shuah," answered Mrs. Gresham, adjusting her veil; "and please, Mr.
Ote, let me have the half bahl flour as

soon as convenient.' "It shall be sent up immediately,"
said Mr. Ote, and gathered up Mrs.
Gresham's parcels to deposit them in
the gig the lady herself drove.

Mr. Ote's and Milly Gresham's opinion as to who was to blame for Phil Buckam's elopement was that of the better class of Tamborians. (Tambora, as every one knows, is a village not far from Natchez, settled in the early part of this century by emigrants from Maryland.) The more conserva-tive opinion of Father Tate was held only by himself. The shiftless and less respectable portion of the commun-ity blamed Phil, condoning all Miss Pearsely's derelictions in the saying that "Msss Lucy done fur him senc he was a spot uv a baby, an' he ought ter stood by her, an' fur her, even ef

she did flog 'im, which wahn't more'n he did jest deserve." During the ten years that had elapsed since Phil had been flogged, to the time of the event in Miss Pearsely's life about to be related, no one but Father Tate and Milly Gresham even learned how she herself felt about it To Father Tate she repentantly ad mitted that she had made a mistake that she had been wrong, and a miser able sinner against holy charity. To Milly she acknowledged the same, but more circumstantially. "You know, Milly dear," she would repeat—Milly never tiring of hearing the same old story—"you know how I was wrapped up in Phil. I wanted to give him all the advantages I could, but somehow he wouldn't study as I thought he ought to. He was always dreaming over a piece of pencil or charcoal, and bits of paper and boards. I know now, he was too young to be kept down to a book as I kept him; and too old—he was sixteen and tall for his age, and I really looks like a church, "Miss Pear-really looks like a church," Miss Pear-really looks like a church, "Miss Pear-received kept him; and too old—he was sixteen and tall for his age, and I really looks like a church," Miss Pear-received kept him; and too old—he was sixteen and tall for his age, and I really looks like a church, "Miss Pear-received kept him; and too old—he was sixteen and tall for his age, and I really looks like a church," Miss Pear-received kept him; and too old—he was sixteen and tall for his age, and I looks like a church, "Miss Pear-received kept him; and too old—he was sixteen and tall for his age, and I looks like a church, "Miss Pear-received kept him; and too old—he was sixteen and tall for his age, and I looks like a church," Miss Pear-received kept him; and too old—he was sixteen and tall for his age, and I looks like a church, "It would not have been to make the form that you belong to Tambora."

I look as I kept him; and too old—he would be lit on the morrow. "It really looks like a church, "It would not have been to make the form that you belong to Tambora."

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I look as I kept him; and too old—he would be lit on the morrow. "It would not have been to make the form that you belong to Tambora." needn' tell you how handsome-yes, he was to old to be whipped, and I had thought gave rise to a thankful ejacunever whipped him before. I had lation that she had made sure to go to set him a task; it was to translate a chapter from the Historia Sacræ. Phil always hated Latin above all things, and I gave him the same book to translate out of that my father had used. He had begged hard for a holi--Milly dear, I can't help crying—if I had only granted it! After awhile I came in the room where I had put him, to see how he was getting on. and feeling half-inclined to let him off the rest of the task if I found he had begun it well. The first thing I saw as the Latin book on the floor and the bottle of ink on top of it. I couldn't speak; it seemed to me all the blood in

my body rushed to my head. I just caught him by the shoulder and shook him. He dropped his pencil—he had been drawing—and looked me in the face; sad and reproachful were those looks of his, and I took it for imper tinence. I don't know how I could demean myself, but I said, 'Phil Buckam, you are an idle loafer!' and I told him how I cared for him, and how he ought to be a support to me instead of being a burden to me. 'See what you have done,' I said, pointing to the Latin book; 'you did that out of spite because it was your grand-father's book, and you knew I held it in dear remembrance.' 'Why, auntie,' he said, in such a stupid way I might have know he was innocent, 'I didn't do myself. How dare you say such words to me?' I said. 'I could forgive just like a dead person's. 'I'm not telling a lie,' he denied. 'I was drawwhat he had been drawing. it in two and tossed it out the window. 'No more words,' I said shortly, 'take He gave ruler that lay on the table.

INFAIR.

I can't bear to tell how I struck his back with that ruler; and when I had finished he said, 'I wouldn't let a man do that, and I'll never give you a chance to do it again.' And he took up his coat and marched out of the room. I've never seen him since room. I've never seen him since, Milly, and now I'm afraid he's dead. From the first year he has been send-ing me money, once a year, about the first of December, till last year and this year. At first he sent a little, and then more, and then more, till I have pretty near a thousand dollars saved in my mother's silver tea-caddy. Father Tate says it's my pride, and shows that I have never really forgiven Phil, because I have never spent any of it. But, Milly, I have saved it for him, for fear he may come to want. I never had any call to spend it, and now I don't know what's happened him. I was always glad to receive the money, though without any word from him, for it was a sign that he was well and prosperous. The best Christmas gift I could get would be a sign from him; but let it come, Christmas or no

> I was on a Christmas eve, in her class-room, that the above was related to Milly Gresham for the hundredth time. And now Milly said: "I'm glad time. And now Milly said: "I'm gou found the picture, at any rate.

Christmas, it would be just as wel-

"Yes, but not half so glad as .I am And to think it was me he drew. !" claimed Miss Pearsely. "I never was beauteous, but I didn't think, even in a picture, I could be made to look so pleasant. Would you like to see it again, Milly?"

Milly said that she would, and Miss

Pearsely took from a shelf a paper parcel, which she opened, displaying a drawing that had been torn and then carefully pasted on a card-board, of a sweet-taced woman and a pretty girl in a short frock. "That just looks like you when you were twelve, Milly,"

said Miss Pearsely.

They talked over the merits of the picture till gathering twilight warned the younger woman that she must be on her way home. "I'll see you at Mass to morrow," she said, "and, dear Miss Lucy, I'll be here to morrow after-

noon with mother for the infair."
"Yes, of course; and I'm sure we're going to have a fine day," said Miss Pearsely, peering at the sky; "and, Milly dear, I'm so glad you call it an infair, and not a reception. Stick to the good old customs," she added staidly

Saying that she had no idea of departing from honorable and ancient customs, Milly Gresham trotted out into the darkening village street towards her home, which stood at the other end of Tambora in a little plot of feld and a real-state.

field and garden. Left to herself, Miss Pearsely lit a lamp and set it on a table placed in the middle of the class-room. "It looks very well," she said to herself, as she gazed about her admiringly. "I don't believe the room was ever before so well tricked out for my infair." The class-room was large, and the desks and benches having been removed, it looked very large. The house had been robbed of most of its chairs and its one sofa to provide seats covered with white linen stood at the far end, decorated with all manner of garden flowers, and well provided with sweetmeats and cold meats, now under Branches of red cedar lader with their sweet-smelling silver berries hung against the walls, and garlands of that December flower, the white and red camelia, hung in festoons from sely's thoughts continued; and this confession before the work of decora ion had begun.

all distractions if I had waited till she said half-aloud. Miss Pearsely began to teach school when she was twenty, and had taught for twenty-eight years. And each one of these twenty-eight years had wit nessed a Christmas infair, given by her to her pupils and their relatives As there were very few persons in Tambora who could not in some way claim kinship with the pupils, the in fair was not only given on a scale of unparalleled grandeur, but was attended by a number of visitors so great as to overflow from the class-room into the house which adjoined it. course during the years of the war this had not been the case. But, as Miss Pearsely herself said, those were ex ceptional years. Any increase or de crease in the population only reference to the infair in Miss Peart sely's mind. If some one died, thawas some one not to be expected at the infair. Or if some one was born, that some one, in all probability, would in a few years years be present; indeed, as was not unseldom the case, might

come as a baby. Aside from Father Tate, who, because of his orders, was head and shoulders above every one else, Mrs. Gresham in theory was the head of Tamborian society. And never was it a-purpose. I didn't know till Tamborian society. And never was just now I did do it.' I was all beside there head of society so meek and so lowly. But actually Miss Pearsely was words to me? I said. 'I could forgive the head; not only from the fact that you for anything but for a lie, and I'm her ancestors had been important going to whip you for that; so take off your coat.' Milly, his face got white just like a dead person's. 'I'm not genealogy at her fingers' ends. Woe telling a lie, 'he denied. 'I was draw-betide the Tamborian who made false ing, and didn't notice;' and he handed claims to ancestry! Miss Pearsely would whip out that person's pedigree, give name after name, till the mortified and abashed usurper would reoff your coat; and I snatched up his morsefully desire that his or her family had belonged to the lost tribe of Israel.

difference much expatiated on by Miss Pearsely's enemies, who were, as has been said, of the shiftless and less respectable order of Tamborians. Mrs. Gresham's people had lost their estates through unmerited misfortunes, where-

as Miss Pearsely's grandfather had drank his up; not literally, but by a figure of speech. Miss Pearsely always spoke of her grandfather's death as having been caused by gout, and thought so highly of it that it is very doubtful if any Tamborian, unless a Gresham or a Tate, would have dared have been afflicted with that disease in her presence.

Mrs. Gresham always spoke of her self as a cadet Gresham, an appellation that mystified a number of the Tamborians, who were divided in their opinions as to whether she belonged to the army or was a member of some order of knighthood. If the little old lady had known that her persistent disclaimer of the honor of belonging to the older branch of the Greshams had been misconstrued into a wish to exalt herself, her humble soul would have been much troubled. Mrs. Gresham's only pride was the pride she felt in her daughter Milly. Miss Pearsely might acknowledge that the Greshams, being armigers, were superior to the Pearselys, who were not, and Mrs. Gresham would shake her head in a conciliatory manner and indulge in furtive yawns. But let the school-mistress praise Milly, then her heart would glow up into her cheeks, her whole self would become animated, and she would find expressions of laudation to cap Miss Pearsely's most exub erant encomiums.

Strictly speaking, there was no such thing as "society" in Tambora. The Tamborians were a community with acknowledged heads, and they did not recognize the definition that would make the word society to mean an exclusive class. Therefore Mr. Ote, who, by the way, was a sort of dignitary, being postmaster; Mr. Tamarask, the blacksmith; Miss Peters, who kept the sweet-shop, and all the others were on as equal visiting terms with the arms-bearing, cadet Greshams as was Father Tate or Miss

Pearsely herself. This being the case, it is not to be vondered at that Miss Pearsely counted her chairs for the dozenth time. ask Mr. Tamarask to bring his big settee with him, and we'll have to use some of the school-benches for the children," she pondered. Then, going to the door of the class-room that led into the house, she called, "Lobelia! O Lobelia! - and bring your sunbonnet.

"Yes'm, I'se comin'," responded a voice that was immediately followed by a little negress, attired in a short, cherry-colored frock, a green gingham sun-bonnet dangling from her arm, a broad grin on her happy, good-

"You have had your supper?" demanded Miss Pearsely.
"Yes'm, an' wash er dishes, an' clar'

up," answered Lobelia. "Now, Lobelia, listen to me. What are you grinning at?" questioned Miss with some sharpness. "Mighty putty, Miss Lucy," was

Lobelia's vague response.
"Yes, the room does look well; but pay attention to me," said Miss Pear-sely, much mollified. "You are to go to Mr. Tamarask and ask him to bring his settee with him to the infair, and give him my respects. And, Lobelia, this is Christmas eve, and down-the river darkies may be in town. You

the fact ever before her. She also de clared that she "warn't gwine miggle with no un ;" which was not the truth, for she was eager to get out to see the 'down-the-river darkies" dance on the "square-plot." When informed that Miss Pearsely wished to retire early, she promised to be back "quicker'n pra'ars." And this promise, so irrevently made, depended largely upon circumstances for its ful-

With all her vagaries the school mistress was a very lovable woman She had a quick temper, that ever since the flight of Phil Buckam was wonder fully under control. The love and pride she had for Tambora and the Tamborians was an excusable and amiable foible. Were not the Tambor ians, in a way, her children? few of them had not received instruc tion, love, advice, and a whipping from her? And did not they love and revere her? And she deserved their love, for she was as generous as the sun, and possessed a heart as big as Father Tate, for never found fault with her pet hobby If the lone woman, who had had a life long battle against fierce odds, could find an almost rapturous pleasure in believing that Mrs. Gresham had right to the fabulous animal seated on a horizontal baton that was engraved on her few remaining bits of silver, he was not the man to begrudge her the happiness. Nor was he the man to refuse her all the comfort and hope he could give, out of a heart that matched her own, when she, time and time again, poured forth to him her sorrow for her loss of Phil.

The memory of the boy ever abided Her first prayer in the with her. morning, her last prayer at night, was for his happiness here and hereafter. The thought of him scarcely ever left her, and she thought of him with an intenser sadness and love on the recurrence of every infair. She was thinking of him now, as she sat in her arm chair beside the down-turned light, me a look black as thunder, but he took off his coat and folded his arms so, and ancestors of the actual and the theoretistood up straight as a church steeple. cal head of the society of Tambora, a were only here to see it all," she

thought; and then in a muffled voice, as she hid her faded, tearful face in her hands, she cried: "My God, my God! to think it was myself who drove him away!"
The room was very still. The house

cat came to the top of the pair of steps that led down to the class-room, entered softly, and, having settled itself com-fortably beside its mistress, began to purr loudly. A horseman passed on the village street, and stopped a little beyond the school. And now afar off could be heard the song of the "down-the-river darkies" as they danced on the "square-plot." But none of these things aroused Miss Pearsely from her thoughts of Phil

Ten long years! He must be a man now, if he was alive; a man with a beard and a moustache. She wondered if he wore his hair long and brushed back from his forehead without a part, as was the fashion of male Tamborians. And, if he lived—it was always in her thoughts, "if he lived"—had he forgotten the "Tambora Grand Ongtray," that remarkable piece of music composed by herself? No one could play it as Phil Buckam could. When he had the fiddle in his hand, the "Tambora Grand Ongtray" was possessed of all the stateliness its composer had wished to put into it. Had he faith-fully attended his duties, as he had been taught? Yes, she was sure he had; Phil had always been a good boy. The Buckams had always been honest open, God-fearing men.

The village street was lit up only by the myriad stars in the clear sky, and by the lights that gleamed in the windows of the houses that stood wide apart in their several gardens. Those of the villagers who were abroad were out at the "square-plot" witnessing the dance. The man who lingered the dance. The man who lingered before Miss Pearsely's class-room door was evidently not a Tamborian. His curly hair, close clipped, his well-trimmed beard, and his soft and perfectly fitting garments of a light color, betrayed him to be a stranger. He appeared to be in doubt as to what to do or where to go. He looked up the street, down the street, at the bright clear sky, and then in at the class-room window. And then he knocked softly on the class-room door.

"Come in!" said Miss Pearsely, hastily wiping her eyes.

The door opened slowly and a man entered, his soft, light hat pushed back on his head, his hands held out in a

half-supplicating way.

Miss Pearsely rose to her feet, gave a stately courtesy, and said in a tone of inquiry: "Good evening, sir?" He dashed his hat to the floor, threw

out his hands violently, and cried, "Auntie!" And then his voice broke. She was not ordinarily a demonstra-tive woman, but now she feel on her knees, too weak to stand ; caught her arms about him, and, kissing the hem of his coat, sobbed out, "Phil! Phil! God is too good to me, too good !'

her sitting in the arm-chair, and then, as when he was a boy, knelt by her side his head resting on her arm while she stroked his shining hair.

And now it was who should concede the most. But when all was said each felt that their stubborn pride had been to blame. The school-mistress had little to tell of her life while Phil was away, beside the longing she had had for her boy. Phil's story, however, was a long one—a story of much hard-ship till he had learned the engraver's art; then a story of steady success, and finally, a story of sin. "It was me! I loved you, but I would no forgive you. I tried to get along with out God. It was easy, that, till temp tation came. I got in with bad company, but, thank God! before I fel very low I was taken sick and was a death's door, when I went back to God I told everything to the priest who came to me. and then and there, on what might have been my death-bed, promised him to come back to you and, Aunt Lucy, here I am."

Some little while after this, when

Miss Pearsely was showing Phil the drawing she had preserved, she said You wouldn't know Milly; she is young woman now, a perfect lady in every way, and so pretty, Phil! I used to hope you and she would grow up together and marry - a Gresham would be such a good match for you. But I suppose there is some one else you are attached to?" she sighed.

No, there was no one else, Phil answered, and said that he bered what a dear little girl Milly had

"Your room has been kept fresh and clean for you, Phil; you will remain with me?" she asked.

For the holidays he would, Phil said and he would be up from New Orleans very often to see her, and he would go out and bring in his travelling-bag, which was on the step outside.

Later on another rejoiced at Phil'

return. That was Loflelia, who rightly conjectured that "Marse Phil" saved her from the scolding she felt she deserved for having been so long on her errand to Mr. Tamarask. All signs of a storm were so far removed from the horizon of Miss Pearsely's countenance that she began to tell in inbulent tones of the wonderful plush gown Mrs. Tamarask had bought pressly for the infair. But she had reason to repent of her loquacity when took her up suddenly, say ing: "You have been naughty, Lobe lia; you have been down to the square plot-don't deny it; I see it in your I forgive you because-because it is Christmas eve. God to bed, and don't forget your prayers, and say 'em

Miss Pearsely's infair was at its height. The Christmas carol had been sung, the "welcome-snack," which had proved to be a banquet, had been eaten, and everybody, profusely happy and congratulatory, now waited for Mr. Ote to speak.

Never before had a speech been made at the Christmas infair, but the sudden return of Phil Buckam seemed to demand an oration, the Tamborians said. So, when Father Tate declined to be an orator, saying that he must keep all his fine things for the pulpit,

the assembly was unanimous in their election of Mr. Ote, postmaster and a public officer, as being the one in all Tambora best fitted to speak. Blushing at the honor conferred on him, Mr. Ote smoothed out the folds of his store-clothes; adjusted the huge camelia in his button-hole, coughed behind his gay silk handkerchief, and then mounted the pair of steps that led into the class-room. Being a very polite man, Mr. Ote was obliged to stand sometimes with his back to the classroom, sometimes with it to the house,

for his audience was in both these

After he had given a delicate cough

and a series of bows that embraced all

in the class-room and in the house, Mr. Ote begin: "Ladies and gentlemen, dear Tamborians:"—it was noticed that at this juncture he looked particularly at Miss Pearsely, who blushed because she couldn't help it-"when I look upon the subjec" uv my oration, my heart an' soul it soar' to imperial heights. (Applause.) When I look upon th' subjec' stood betwix them puffectest flowahs of Tambora, Miss Gresham an' her young lady daughtah, an' Miss Lucy like er lily on stalk, I am amaze'! (Wild applause. I nevah knew, you nevah knew, no body evah knew, er Buckam as wasn' a puffect gentleman an' lady. An' Mr. Phil Buckam, their las' descendator, is the equal of the bes' uv his progenitor (Cheers.) But ladies and gentlemen, dear Tamborians, the sunnies' sun may have its cloud, th' brightes' day its sorrow, and man is born to trouble Th' idol of his fair lady aunt, th' idol of Tambora, departed hence t' seek foah fame an' glory in the wilderness. (Audible sighs.) To say as he foun' it, es to say but th' plain, unmistak'ble, soul-upraisin' truth. (Great excitement.) Look en th' meggazines, an' en wucks of a liter'ry nacha, an' you will fin' th' picture aht that has made the name uv Buckam a cinamon uv vict'ry from wheah th' wil' Boreas wail

main.' Here the applause was tremendous, and lasted several minutes. Like a wise orator Mr. Ote saw that he had reached his culminating period. So, when silence had again settled on his auditors, he merely added a few words by way of a neat after-thought:

er wheah th' zeypha' woo ouah s'uth'n

n' now, dear Tamborians," h
"I've orated sufficien', an' said, make way foah ouah nex' proceedin', which is ter

"Step th' floah lightly, foah the dawnce et is wax'; Dawnce on, fai'est ladies, don' stop till you ah ax';"

In a twinkling couples were formed for the "Tambora Grand Ongtray."

Miss Pearsely looked up at Phil to
see if he had forgotten. Phil smiled back at her, whispered a word to Milly Gresham to ask for a dance, then stooped with a profound bow and kissed her hand in the good old Tambora fashion; and how they all loved him in that he had not descended from their

ways!
Had he forgotten the air? Why, when he had relieved the fiddler of his instrument, and he, Phil, had the fiddle and bow in his hands, and the "Tamroom, you felt that you must step as

high as a horse to at all do it justice.

Are you scandalized that after the dance gentle Father Tate, a rare performer, undertook to "play a tune? Let me tell you that never was there clearer, more courteous, more Godfearing people than they who were assembled at Miss Pearsely's infair on last Christmas, just a year ago.-Robert Dashwood.

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The phlegm that is A Germ coughed up is those parts of the lungs Disease.

which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called. are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expells them, heals the places leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

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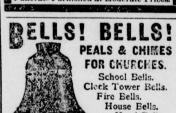
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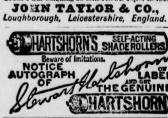
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But poor Erin. Looked to Engl Where was Jus

DECEMB

Justie

Loyal? when y Loyal? when h We her aspirat

See her sons, w Plead to rule th Of the hearths

FIVE MI

Bring forth the nee. (Matt iii. 8. St. John Bap dear brethren, those who cam forth its proper ance, if it be si if it be really by a good life. not so followed lusion ; thoug accompanied b the sins expose Himself knows

And, mored brings forth the tinue to bear it a few days or that it is what i have him who fruit on it and Yet how oft who come to would seem to

very soon bac before! How d which seemed duced down al many who see spend long ho strength, instr absolving, and from his lab What is th ure of what beg it is partly that

have been, by confession and munion. But further back something at t was the reason t not regularly r difficulty? It ough earnestn ing of the grea was undertake mination to s order to accom It is a great commits one's reconcile himse life. The task plainly and wi

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to feel heartily a great part of There is a gre to leave them pany with then not such an ea has lived so has been in si debauchery, in bad actions ar perhaps seem itent sinner ha an angel; his warped and to sin, and, thou gone, the effe suffer before it

A man mus ing the devil. hill road to tra will not persev has to face the solation, his h strength, have If one unders where he first Communion. out any more nd habits wi

e will soon be Yes, we mu oot of sin if e fruit of pe our minds is cutting win must be av

Justice for Ireland.

Air : "SCOTS, WHA HA'E." Lines suggested by the manly, patriotic an athetic appeal to English honor and Justice i speech delivered by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P it South Molton, Nov. 6, 1891.

It hath aye been Albion's boast, Where opposition galled the most, To extend from out her coast Help and sympathy.

But poor Erin, with her care, Looked to England in despair!— Where was Justice? Honor where? Where was Chivalry? Crushed, or banished from their land By oppression's from hand, Now her children bear the brand Of disloyalty.

Loyal? when we keep her down! Loyal? when her heartless frown We her aspirations down! Who could loyal be?

See yon Afric slave in chains, Whom his owner but disdains; "Tis the bond of bit and reins, "Tis not Unity!

Union true is not of force, Vile distrust begets divorce, Peace is of a brighter source— Mutual Sympathy.

Pacified—but not by fear!— Erin, through the starting tear, Sees the signs of Peace appear, And Prosperity.

See her sons, with swimming eyes, Plead to rule the sacred ties Of the hearths and homes they prize!— Is this anarchy? Up, then, Liberals to the fight! Raise the bold, strong arm of RIGHT! Crush the minions of MIGHT! Erin shall be free!

hen from banks of Shannon fair, from mud-cabins of Kildare, long shall thrill their native air From hearts full and free!

Erin's harp, unstrung so long.
Albion's praises shall prolong;
This the burden of the song—
LOVE and FEALTY!
South Molton, November 9, 1891. —Nemo

FIVE MINUTE SERMONS.

FRUITS OF PENANCE. Bring forth therefore, fruit worthy of pennee. (Matt iii. 8.)

St. John Baptiste in these words, my dear brethren, teaches us, as he taught those who came to him, that penance, if it be true and genuine, must bring forth its proper fruit. Lively repent-ance, if it be sincere, every confession, if it be really good, must be followed If any confession is by a good life. lusion; though it should have been the sins exposed as perfectly as God the Contemporary Review. He says: Himself knows them.

brings forth the good fruit should continue to bear it; it should not only for few days or weeks give this proof that it is what it should be, and then have him who planted it come to seek

fruit on it and find none. Yet how often do we find sinners who come to confession with what would seem to be the best dispositions ery soon back just where they were priest to find the fruits of a mission which seemed to be so promising re duced down almost to nothing for so many who seemed to profit by it; to spend long hours, to wear away his trength, instructing, exhorting, and absolving, and to have so little return his labor from God and for

What is the reason of all this failure of what began so well? Of course it is partly that the tree planted by the grace of God in the sacrament of penance was not tended afterwards. have been, by the frequent renewal of confession and reception of Holy Comfurther back than that; a want of them as "kin beyond the seas." omething at the start, which, indeed, is the time to beware of him. - Boston was the reason that the sacraments were not regularly received. What was the difficulty? It was a want of a thorough earnestness; of an understanding of the greatness of the work that was undertaken, and of a real determination to sacrifice everything in

order to accomplish it.

It is a great undertaking which one commits one's self to in coming to reconcile himself to God after a sinful Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The task is not merely to examine his conscience, to tell his sins plainly and without concealment, and to feel heartily sorry for them; that is a great part of it, but by no means all. There is a great deal left, and that is to leave them for good ; to quit company with them for ever. And this is not such an easy matter. When one has lived so that his whole pleasure has been in sin, in drunkenness and debauchery, in filthy conversation, in bad actions and bad thoughts, it will perhaps seem almost like giving up life itself to part with them. The penitent sinner has not all at once become an angel; his whole nature has been warped and twisted out of place by sin, and, though the guilt of sin has gone, the effects are there; his soul, like a limb out of joint, has much to suffer before it can get set right again.

when he comes to serve God after serving the devil, that he has got an up hill road to travel; if he does not, h will not persevere. Labor and suffering, self-denial and mortification, he has to face these manfully. His con-solation, his happiness, as well as his f one understands this he will seek that happiness and that strength again where he first found it-confession and ommunion. But if he does not, if he hinks that all will go right now withut any more trouble, his old nature nd habits will claim their dues, and will soon be back in his sins again. Yes, we must cut right down to the

tor

A man must make up his mind,

denied, contempt and ridicule must be faced; we must pray, we must struggle, we must resist even to blood; we must put our former life to death, that Christ may live in us. For, as St. Paul tells 'If we be dead with Him, we shall live also with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." There is

no other way. Let us not shrink from this pain and this conflict; that would be the greatest mistake of all. But let us understand it, that when the trial comes, as it surely will, it may not find us unprepared.

HUMBUGGING A TOURIST.

Mr. Edward Wakefield is another foreign tourist who finds no good in America. He says it is a nation of Cains, delighting in bloodshed, and tells in all solemnity a story of how two of his fellow-travellers, pleasant, men," on a Southern Railroad train, kept his seat for him while he went into the depot for lunch. On his return he saw his acquaintances, each with a cup of coffee in one hand and a pistol in the other, warning an innocent stranger not to take "the Britisher's seat," while a venerable gentleman across the aisle fingered an old-fashioned six-shooter and seemed sadly disappointed when no fight en-

Mr. Wakefield's experience recalls a practical joke once played by Sothern, Florence and a few kindred spirits on Mr. Lee, the English husband of Adelaide Neilson. They gave him a dinner in New York, in the course of which some trifling dispute arose between two of the guests, who, to the horror of Lee, drew their pistols and

prepared to wade in gore.

The Englishman disappeared under the table at the first sign of hostilities, but he was persuaded that the code of honor required him to act as second to one of the gentlemen in a duel, the details of which were at once settled. He nearly fainted when the other second gravely asked him if he had any objection to "cotton-hooks weapons? This latter Briton evidently fell into the hands of some practical jokers of the same kind, who always enjoy a tourist's desire for sight of American lawlessness.

Mr. Wakefield has a theory of his not so followed, it must needs be a de- own to explain the lynchings of the "Mafia" conspirators at New Orleans, accompanied by torrents of tears, and and it is one to please his readers in

imself knows them.

'The secret history of the murder of Hennessy in New Orleans is pretty well known in America, and has been partially published. It is believed to have been an incident in one of those Irish feuds that have for years existed in New Orleans as in Chicago and other cities: the same feud in which Hennessy's father and brother were killed. The accusation against the Mafia 'was a bold and ingenious device for diverting attention from the

before! How discouraging it is to the true nature and origin of the crime." No doubt there are English readers who will believe this astounding perversion of recent history, as there were those who believed the Times story about the Chicago Anarchists being Irishmen. Mr. Wakefield knows what kind of American notes pass most readily in Cockneydom. Abuse of the United States and its people is always in order, but spiced with slander on

Irish-Americans it is sure to sell. Irishmen should feel complimented rather than offended by such attacks. It shows that the English Tory has learned to fear and hate them, as he does the country of their adoption. Once he only despised them. In due munion. But there was a difficulty time he will discover that he regards Then

Successful remedies always find unscrupu-lous imitators. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take no subsitute. They are a never-failing blood builder and

nerve tonic.

Headaches, dimness of vision, partial deafness, hawking and spitting invariably result from catarrh, which may be cured by the use of Nasal Balm. It has cured others, why not you?

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 14th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto not later than 28th of each month, and marked "Competition;" also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

Editorial Evidence.

Editorial Evidence. GENTLEMEN,—Your Hagyard's Yellow Oil is worth its weight in good for both internal and external use. During the late La Grippe epidemic we found it a most excellent preventive, and for sprained limbs, etc., there is nothing to equal it.

WM. PEMMERTON,
Editor Reporter, Delhi, Ont.
Edy. L. B. H. & Elegance, writes, "Llave

Editor Reporter, Delhi, Ont.
Rev. J. B. Huff, Florence, writes: "I have great pleasure in testifying to the good effects which I have experienced from the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia. For several years nearly all kinds of foods fermented on my stomach, so that after eating I had very distressing sensations, but from the time I commenced the use of the Vegetable Discovery I obtained rolief."

Good Advice.

Good Advice. Good Advice.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been troubed with headache for over 40 years, and had it so bad about once a week that I was sometimes not expected to live. I was advised to use B, B. B., and have used 3 bottles. I now have an attack only once in four or five months, and feel that if I continue using it I will be entirely cured. Therefore I recemmend it highly.

MRS. E. A. STOREY, Shetland, Ont.

Mr. We. Boyl Hill, Cobourg, writes:

MRS. E. A. STOREY, Shetland, Oht.
Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes:
"Having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil
for some years, I have much pleasure in
testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains
in the back and shoulders. I have also
used it in cases of croup in children, and
have found it to be all that you claim it to
be."

oot of sin if we wish to bring forth he fruit of penance, and must make bour minds to suffer the pain that is cutting will bring. Occasions of in must be avoided, appetites must be

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"An Old Friend."

Oh Santa Claus is a friend indeed The little ones love him dearly; He knews exactly what they need, In the timiest stockings his eyes can read The wants of the owners clearly.

With thought of his gifts their dreams bright
As they wonder where he is hiding,
And how he can do so much in a night
From the realms of the Frost King cold
white
On the wings of the north wind riding.

There are presents for all in his splendid stor But nobody feels quite certain Which way he goes when his task is o'er. Whether up the chimney or under the door, Or through a chink in the curtain.

And grown-up children who walk by sight,
Their innocent trust might borrow,
And leave their wishes in faith at night
Before the Giver of all delight,
To find them filled on the morrow!

-Leisure Hours

A Christmas Hymn. There were in the O'Meara family-

Thomas, his wife, and little Nora. Little Nora was seven years old. The O'Mearas were poor, and one of This was the hem was not contented. husband and father. He had become careless of late, and he did not attend to his religious duties as he had for-

merly done The morning sunlight, shooting its golden arrows in the O'Mearas' room saw a very pretty picture.

Little Nora sat by her mother's side, repeating the following hymn: Brightest and best are the suns of the morn

Dawn ... the darkness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where Our Infant Redeemer is laid. "I forgot the rest, dear mother," said little Nora. "It has something sweet in it about dew drops. Please

say it again." And Nora's mother began:

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining Low-lies His head with the beasts of the stall— "Oh, I remember now," cried Nora, eagerly continuing:

"Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining, Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all."

They were proceeding to the second stanza when Thomas O'Meara entered. 'Sure what's the use of learning the child that?" he said. She'd better be learning her A B C's. Get your Nora, and leave hymns to old women and them that likes them. "I like them, father," said Nora,

"Do as I bid you." And Nora obeyed, dampening the well-thumbed primer with tears. Thomas O'Meara shortly afterwards

raising her eyes imploringly.

was discharged by his employer, and he resolved to leave Ireland and go to America. He had but little money, and he in-

ended to let his wife and child remain in the old country until he could earr sufficient to pay their passage to the New World. Well, he started, and Nora wept

did about the hymn. Three months passed and one joyful day Mrs. O'Meara received a letter from her husband, enclosing a sum of noney, and telling her to come at once

nore tears at his departure than she

to him. As soon as possible Nora and her mother were on shipboard, speeding over the ocean. The steamer carried them a quicker trip than usual.

arrived two days before they were expected.

Thomas O'Meara promised to meet them at the landing place, but he was

not there. Anxiously Mrs. O'Meara scanned

ne was absent. Sick at heart, she stood, with Nora by her side, waiting for his coming. Every newcomer she fancied to be him, and then with painful disappointment one.

At night she took refuge in a hotel Her husband had forgotten to send her any address, but she knew he worked on a farm; so the next morning she left the city, and went out into the open country. She inquired for Thomas O'Meara at the different farm houses. Surely the people would know him! Alas, she did not know what a large place America is!

Her efforts were vain. Nobody knew him. It was cold—Christmas was near — and Jack Frost pinched poor little Nora's cheeks purple, and almost froze the tears in her blue eyes. At the end of the third day the snow began to fall, and the mother and daughter found shelter in a deserted tumble-down old barn. Grief and

anxiety had done their work. Mrs. O'Meara fell sick with fever. She grew worse, finally becoming

delirious. There was no house in sight. Little Nora was alone with her suffering mother. It was two days since they entered the barn and during that time

they had eaten no food. Poor little Nora was growing very weak. She pressed her lips to her unconscious mother's hot brow. It was a sad Christmas Eve.

"Poor dear mother!" she thought 'Father would let me sing my hymr now, to cheer her up, I know. She began the hymn in her shrill childish voice.

Out on the lonely road sounded the merry jingle of sleigh bells. Two persons were in the sleigh—the driver and another. The moon shone bright ly on the far-reaching expanse of

'Hark!" said the driver. It was Thomas O'Meara, and the man by his side was his employer.

"Do you not hear the sound, sir?" "The wind?"

"Sure, there's no wind at all, at all. Listen! Do you hear that !"

O'Meara reined in the horses. Through the deep stillness of the night came the child's faltering voice, singing:

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining, Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

"That's the voice of an angel, or of my own little Nora!" cried O'Meara. "The voice comes from yonder barn," said his employer.

Thomas O'Meara entered the barn, and found his wife and child. They were wrapped up warmly, placed in the sleigh, and taken to the kind em-

ployer's home.

Mrs. O'Meara soon recovered, and Nora's cheeks soon grew red again. The steamer had arrived two day pefore Thomas O'Meara reached the city, to meet his wife and Nora. He was almost frantic at having missed them. He made a vow, if he ever should regain his loved ones, he would never more be careless about his relig-

ious duties. He kept that vow. He is prosperous and happy; and on each Christmas Eve he joins with grateful heart in singing the hymn which he once thought was useless for Nora to learn.

FATHER HECKER NEVER SAID IT.

The Catholic Truth Society of Worcester, Mass., Corrects a Misstate

We quote the appended from the Messenger of Worcester, Mass: In a sermon delivered recently at the Universalist Church on Pleasant street, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Gunnison adverted at some length on the position. attitude and influence of the Catholic The reverend gentleman obviously aimed at being fair, and even liberal in his reference to the Church, and was, in much of what he said, justly appreciative and com-mendatory. He was, however, betrayed into accepting, and using as genuine, a statement falsely attributed to the late Rev. I. T. Hecker, founder of the Congregation of St. Paul, of New York, which as grossly misrepre sents the feelings and character of Father Hecker as it does the spirit and scope of the Catholic Church in Amer-

The statement is as follows: "We will destroy Protestantism," said Father Hecker, "and on th graves of Protestantism we will build our institutions. There is soon to be State religion with us, and that Catho-

An officer of the Catholic Truth Society of this city sent this statement to the Paulist Society, with the request to be informed if anything in Father Hecker's utterances could be construed in accordance with it, and in reply the following letter has been received from the Rev. Walter Elliott, a prominent nember of the Congregation of St Paul, and who is at present writing the life of Father Hecker, which is be ing published in the Catholic World

House of the Paulist Fathers. 415 West 59th St., New York, Nov. 21 DEAR SIR-The words attributed to Father Hecker were never uttered by him. In one shape or other they have been used over and over again by our But it is lying out of the whole cloth. Why don't they quote the place, or the book, or the journal where the words were used?

Very sincerely yours,

W. Elliott. In view of the high character and candor of the Rev. Mr. Gunnison, we feel assured that if this letter of Father every face on the wharf, that familiar | Elliott does not secure an acknowledgwill, at least, certainly have the effect of correcting an erroneous assertion and prevent his repeating it in the future; as he doubtless only needs to be assured of its falseness to reject it with the abhorrence due to such malig-

nant misrepresentation. A HAPPY HINT — We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to Betton's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 50 cts to the Winkelmann & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

New Sarum Notes.

New Sarum Notes. DEAR SIRS,—I have used six bottles of B. B. B. I took it for liver complaint. Before I took it I had headache and felt stupid al the time, but now I am healthy and entirely well. In addition I have a good appetite, which I did not have previously.

LIBBIE POUND, New Sarum, Ont.



Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache.

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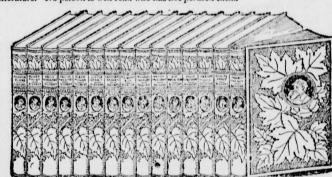
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is not Oxfore Street, London, they are spurious.

Branch No. 4, London ts on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every a, at eight o'clock at their hall, Albiot , Richmond Street. P. F. Royle, Pres Corcoran, Recording Secretary.

C. M. B. A.

Radical Changes Suggested.

The last number of the C. M. B. A. Weekly gives an analysis of assessments 16 and 17, which shows that 92 per cent. of deaths for 1000 members is credited to New York, Canada 85 per cent., Pennsylvania 100 per cent., Michigan 88 per cent., and Ohio had no deaths on these assessments. Our friend of the Weekly has a habit of going into statistics at periods when the figures will be most favorable to his pet theories. He evidently has a kindly leaning towards New York, and silence reigned supreme as to assessments Nos. 14 able to his pet theories. The evidenty has kindly leaning towards New York, and silence reigned supreme as to assessments Nos. 14 and 15, when that State was credited with twenty-four deaths in one month, while all the other Grand Councils combined had only eight. We would not be surprised were another desperate move made on the C. M. H. A. chess board at the next meeting of the Supreme Council; for the Weekly, which is the organ of that body, favors the abolishment of Grand Councils altogether, and says that were the branches to deal directly with the Supreme Council the business would be much more easily performed, with much more promptitude and at less expense. Quite likely this suggestion is inspired from headquarters, and at the next meeting in Montreal of the Supreme Council the C. M. B. A. may become somewhat like unto a stock insurance company, with headquarters at Buffalo.

Correction.

In our report of the resolutions passed by the Montreal branches congratulating Brother Doherty on his elevation to the bench and thanking Sir John Thompson and Mr. J. J. Curran. Q. C., M. P., in reference thereto, an error was made as to the names of the movers and seconders. The second resolution of thanks to Mr. Curran was moved by Chancellor J. Dulinn, seconded by Chancellor H. Butler, and the third resolution to Sir John Thompson was moved by Chancellor J. O'Farrell, and seconded by Chancellor J. Meek. The resolution in regard to the press was moved by Chancellor L. Purcell and seconded by J. P. Grace.

Resolution of Condolence.

Arthur, Dec. 12, 1891.

Editor Catholic Record, London: At the regular meeting of Branch 47. Arthur, held on the 10th inst., the following resolution of condolence was offered and unanimously adopted:

of condolence was offered and dnaminously adopted:
Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst Patrick O'Neil, father of our esteemed Brothers, First Vice-President C. O'Neil and Marshal J. J. O'Neil of this village, and Brian O'Neil of

J. O'Neil of this village, and Brian O'Neil of Ennotville. Be the Resolved, That this Branch tender their heartfelt sympathy and condolence to the said Brothers and the other members of the bereaved family in the great loss they have sustained in the death of one who always discharged fathrely all the duties of a good Christian father and to whom was given the great blessing of a peaceful and happy death fortlided by the sacraments of his Church and the confident hope of a happy immortality.

That this motion be inscribed in the minutes and published in the CATHOLIC RECORD and Irisk Canadian.

J. HALLEY, Rec. Sec.

At a regular meeting of the members of St. Philip's Branch, No. 27. Petrolia, held in their hall Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1881, the following resolutions of condolence were moved by Brother AKavanagh, seconded by Brother Maurice Kelly, and passed unanimously:

Whereas our worthy and esteemed Recording Secretary Brother G. A. Bayard has recently undergone the sad affliction in the loss of his wife by the stern hand of Death; be it
Resolved, That the members of this branch hereby earnestly extend to Brother Bayard and his family our heartfelt sympathy in his great affliction and trust that Providence will grant him courage to reconcile himself to the will of our Heavenly Father in his sad bereavement; be it further Resolved, That in the loss of his wife he has

De it further Resolved, That in the loss of his wife he has lost an affectionate companion, and his family a kind and loving mother, and the community a charitable woman.

Resolved, That his testimonial of our heartfelt sympathy be forwarded to the bereaved husband, also send on the minutes of the branch and published in the CATHOLIC RECORD.

JOHN MURRAY, Asst. Sec.

Ottawa, D. c. 18, 1891.

At the regular meeting of Branch 28, held December 18, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty in His infinite wisdom to call to Himself the father of our esteemed Brothers, C. and H. O'Leary, be it Resolved that we hereby tender to Brothers C. and H. O'Leary our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Brothers O'Leary and spread upon the minutes of the meeting.

Yours fraternally,

Thos. Smith, Rec. Sec.

Election of Officers.

Election of Officers.

Bumper Meeting of Branch 26.

The annual election of officers of this, the parent branch in Montreal, was held in the branch hall, on Monday evening, 1th inst., and one hundred and twenty-five members were present. In the absence of President Nugent, through sickness, First Vice-President Nugent, through sickness, First Vice-President Sugent, through sickness, First Vice-President Sugent, through sickness, First Vice-President Sugent, through sickness, First Vice-President Jensen presided. On the stage were seated around the presiding officer Supreme Deputy O'Reily of Branch 41, Chancellor Ford of Branch 26, also, Dr. Guerin, J. J. Curran, Ald. Nolan, While the scrutineers were counting the voices, several members favored the large meat fluet by Brothers Hoeing and reclations. While the scrutineers were counting the voices, several members favored the large meat fluet by Brothers Hoeing and reclations. The Spiritual Advasc of Branch 26 is Rev. Father Joseph Mederd Emard, Grand Chancellor Brother T. J. Flun, Chancellor Brother J. Flun, Chancellor J. Flund, J. Lenson, vice press P. Kelly, second vice-press. W. J. Kerr, rec. and cor, sec. F. C. Lawlor, ass't rec. sec. J. Hamilton, fin. sec. W. J. Scullion, Tr. Collent, trustees for two years J. Feely, Coggins and L. Quin'an, chancellor Jas. Meek was elected as representative to the grand council convention, to be held in Hanilton, Ont. next September, 1982. Mr. J. P. Nugent, retiring president, was elected as alternate effecer. Branch 26 now numbers two hundred members and is the banner branch of Canada, and also the first brauch of the C. M. B. A. organized in Montreal.

Branch 53, Mount Forest.

B. A. organized in Montreast.

Branch 58, Mount Forest.

Spiritual adviser Rev. P. J. Cassin, pres. M. Donnelly, first vice-pres. J. Diemert, see and vice-pres. T. Corcoran, rec. see, D. McNamara, fin. see, and treas. J. P. Noonan, ass't see. J. P. Corrigan, marshal M. Bulger, guard M. McQuinn, trustees D. Murphy, F. G. Dillon and J. Eagan.

Branch 141, Chapleau.

President J. G. Mulligan, first vice-president A. Archambault, second vice-president P. Dollard, rec. see. P. A. Lariviere, ass't rec. see. P. A. Mulligan, fin. sec. Alfred Martin, treas. T. M. Muligan, marshal J. H. St. James, guard T. Serre, trustees Thos. Carr and Thos. Proulx.

Branch 11, Dundas.

President Thos. Hickey, First Vice-Pres. W. C. Sey, Second Vice-Pres. W. Barry, Rec. Sec. J. P. Trant, Fin. Sec. W. Lunn, Treas. A. S. Cain, Marshal T. Mahoney, Guard T. Cosgriff, Trustees M. Lahey and Jas. Hourizan, Representative to Grand Council John Kerwin, Alternate Jas Hourigan.

Branch 28, Ottawa. Branch 53, Mount Forest.

nate Jas Hourigan.

Branch 28, Ottawa.

Chan. J C Eoright, pres. E J O'Connor, first vice-pres. W D O'Brien, second vice-pres. C O'Leary, rec. sec. Thos. Smith, ass't sec. Denis Hogan, fin. sec. E Connors, treas. H Higgerty, marshal D F Kennedy, guard H O'Leary, trus. for one year D J Harris and M White, for two years T McGrail, M Clancy and D Hogan, rep. to grand council J C Enright, alt. F R Latchered

Branch 128, Parkhill. Branch 128, Parkhill.

Spiritual adviser Rev. D. A. McRae, Chan. T. Stanley, pres. Alex. J. Garden, first vice-pres. Michael Sullivan, second vice-pres. John McRae, rec. sec. Jas. J. Phelan, asst rec. sec. T. Stanley, fin. sec. Neil McPhee, treas Rev. D. A. McRae, marshal John McLeod, gnard J. Doyle, trus. for one year Michael Sullivan, Rev. D. A. McRae and Jas. Phelan, for two years John Breen and A. J. Garden, rep., to grand council T. Stanley, alternate James Phelan.

Branch 8, Chatham.

Spiritual adv. Rev. Father Paul, O.S. F. pres.

Branch 8, Chatham

Spiritual adv. Rev. Father Paul, O S F, pres.
D J O'Keeffe, first vice-pres. Nappleon Pinsonneault, second vice-pres. Wm. Primeau, treas.
J W Tim, rec. sec. W J McRener, asst. rec.
sec Benjamin Blondle, fin. sec. W P Killackey,
marshal Robt. Killeen, guard John O'Mulen,
jr., trus. S E Reardon, P T Barry, E Larandeau, Wm. Niff and Thos. Gleeson, delegate to

grand council J W Marantette, alternate to

grand council y y Rener.

Branch 122, Sandwich.

Spiritual adviser Rev. J J M Aboulin, pres.
Magdel Guindon, first vice-pres. L T Pare,
M. Second vice-pres. Xavier Jenet. treas. C
F Pequegnot. rec. sec. P C Cadarct, asst. rec.
sec. Albert I Marcotte, fin. sec. Eugene Dupuis,
marshal Jos. Allen, guard Dolphis Allen, trus.
for one year C F Pequegnot. M Guindon and L
Lesperance, for two years Jules Robinet and
Jos. Allen, chan, and rep. to grand council H
Moran, alternate Magdel Guindon.

Branch 58, Ottawa.

Chan. J B Dorion, pres. J E A Robillard, first
vice-pres. J H Primeau, second vice-pres. Leon
Boileau, rec. sec. Jos. Larue, asst. rec. sec. A N
Philion, fin. sec. N Larochelle, treas. Jos.
Leonard, marshal A Rochon, Guard J F Belanger, trustees for two years N Larochelle, J E
A Robillard and Leon Boileau.

C. M. B. A. Politey Paid.

C. M. B. A. Policy Paid.

C. M. B. A. Polley Paid.

Dundas, Dec. 18, 1891.

President Kerwin, Recording Secretary Trant and Financial Secretary Lunn, of Branch No. 11, Dundas, Ont., called at the residence of the late David Griffin of Mers. Griffin a cheque for 8200, amount of C. M. B. A. beneficiary due deceased's family. On recelpt thereof Mrs. Griffin, with deep emotion, thanked the officers for ther kindness and stated that if it was not for the C. M. B. A. herself and family would be left in a very pitiable condition. Thus we see the benefit derived from being a members: take out a policy at once, and bear in mind the old maxim, a friend in need is friend indeed. This is what constitutes the C. M. B. A.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record At the annual meeting of the shareholders and members of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Peterborough the following officers President, First Vice

ation of Peterboroug.
ere elected:
Fresident, W. A. Horkins
First Vice- President, A. Gough
First Vice- President, John McGrath
Second Vice- President, John McGrath
Secretary, Alex. Blanchard
Treasurer, R. Sheehy,
Directors, John Corkery, C. Leonard, T. Dunn,
Directors, John Corkery, C. Leonard, T. Dunn,
Sheehy, Dr. McGrath and L. Letellter.
A. BLANCHARD, Sec.

SCOTTISH NEWS.

The Trials and Triumphs of the Cath-lic Church in Ireland.

The Jesuit Church of St. Alovsius, Gar-The Jesuit Church of St. Aloysus, Garnet Hill, Glasgow, was crowded on Sunday evening to hear the Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., deliver a special lecture entitled, "The Trials and Triumphs of the Catholic Church in Ireland." He chose for his text the words: You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, etc."

They had already seen, he said, how Scotland had emerged from the darkness of the bitter religious persecutions which continued for three centuries. and God enabled His people to build anew altars in His honor. In the prosecution of this blessed work help was generously afforded by those who had passed through cruel persecution themselves, by men who were poor in this world's riches, but who were rich in faith. And what wonders were wrought through their splendid aid Magnifient churches dotted the land fine schools were erected in each par ish, and religious houses in various parts of the land sprung up. Oh, how true were the words of Isaias:

"Arise, beenlightened, OJerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of

thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. And the children of strangers shall build up thy walls, for in my wrath have I struck thee, and in my reconciliation have I had mercy upon

Yes, in literal truth, strangers were restoring every day the altars of the living God. From the words of the poet Ossian, it was clear that the west coast of Scotland was connected in that day with Ireland, and this connection was heightened and purified as time went on. Irish friars and Irish missionaries set foot in Scotland, and went through mountain and glen preaching the word of God. At that time, too, they found the Irish referred And it was not a little strange that to get to the cradle of Irish Christianity they must go to the banks of the Clyde.

KILPATRICK ON THE CLYDE WAS THE SPOT WHERE ST. PATRICK FIRST SAW THE LIGHT,

as Cardinal Moran proved conclusively in his "Irish Saints in Great Britain, so that Ireland was only now returning the gift of Scotland. From the first day St. Patrick set foot in Ireland as Christ's messenger victory upon vic-tory was the result, and of all histories that of the propagation of the faith in Ireland was the most wonderful. The whole country was evangelized and the faith planted in his life time without the shedding of a single drop of blood, but she had afterwards to make up for it. The arts and sciences flour-What, indeed, was the origin of the Celtic cross, but the huge altar slab of the Druids, which St. Patrick converted into the sign of their redemption. the faith went on conquering and to conquer. But charity was diffusive. Irish missionaries went abroad to spread the faith. He had himself counted seventy-five Irish missionaries at that time in England and Scotland but they also penetrated to the Con-tinent. Nearer home St. Columbkill voluntarily exiled himself to follow in the footsteps of His Lord and Master. He finally pitched his tent in Iona. In this nineteenth century the theory was actually advanced that St. Patrick was a Protestant—that he preached Protestantism in Ireland. The rev. preacher then quoted from the portion of the Canon of Armagh drawn up by the saint himself, which effectually proved his Catholicity. And if the monks of Iona were Protestants, how came it, he said, that they held the Catholic doctrine concerning the belief in, and deliverance of, by Masses, the souls in purgatory, that they dedicated churches to the Blessed Virgin Mary, used holy water, observed Lent, erected crosses, lived in monasteries and abbeys, and wore a distinctive

THUS AGREED WITH HIM THE PROTEST-ANT DUKE OF ARGYLE.

The Irish Church in Iona was a luminary in the Caledonian regions till the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century. The source and fountain-

land for the last three hundred years was Ireland, and it would be in days to come. God had made use of her in h great sorrow to raise up the Church in other lands. God made use of three great empires—viz., Greece, Rome and England. In each they witnessed a small religious community speaking the language of the

The Pope's Allocution.

The Pope, in his allocution at the consistory on the 15th said that the enemies of the Church ruthlessly encompassed it on every side. Not content with displaying their hatred in words, they had proceeded to acts of violence against peaceful foreigners who had come to Rome actuated by filial piety and free from the political aims. The enemies who had not hesitated to incite riots, insults and threats, now sought to deal the Papacy a death blow. Other secret foes, who paraded their moderation, really aimed at the same object. The liberty of the Pontiff to communicate with the outer world was becoming more and more curtailed, and the situation was daily becoming more difficult. The Pope trusted that the heads of States would give earnest consideration to the position of the Church. They would then understand that it was to their interest to uphold the authority of the Church as the greatest moral power in the world. It behosved all Catholics acting in unison with the Holy See to form a perpetual league against the assaults of the impious. The Pope's Allocution.

The answers to prayer through the intercession of Mary, in every age of the Church, and in every state of life, and in all manner of trials, public and private, have taught the faithful that she bears an office of power and patronage over us. - Cardinal Man-

head of the Catholic Church in Scot- A CAPE BRETON SENSATION. A Case that Fairly Outrivals the Won-

HOPELESS, HELPLESS, AND GIVEN UP AS "ONE WHO MUST SOON GO."—AN INTER-ESTING STORY AS INVESTIGATED BY A

Halifax Herald, December 16, 1891.

comes. Good and use use of three
great empires—the, Greece (Menus)
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editections, (ref.) military, seek (Menus)
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mark had bone here to its language of
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return. About one year ago I lost all feeling from my legs; they would feel like ice and to move them caused the greatest agony. I prayed that God would take me from this world and give me relief from the torment which I was hourly in. Thus I lived; not lived, but existed, a suffering being without one day's relief from the most excruciating pangs from the disease." How the face of the hitherto sufferer brightened as he began to tell of the release, as it were, from death, and continuing he said: "But from the blackest day of my sickness a glimmer of hope shone when my little girl who brought home my paper read the advertisement of Dr. William's Pink Pills, and I got her to read to me the cure effected in the case of John Marshall, of Hamilton. As soon as she read the statements contained therein, I saw at once that his case was similar to mine and I told my wife that I believed I would be a well man again if I only could succeed in obtaining some of this medicine. I sent to our drug store but found none there, I then decided to send to Brockville. Ont., for the Pills, but my ueighbors only laughed at me saying that they were just like all other patent medicines, no good. This was in August, I forwarded the money and in a few days received two boxes of Pills, decided to give them a fair trial. After taking them a short time the pains left me, and to-day I am not troubled with an ache or pain. True, my limbs have not yet entirely recovered their former strength, but it makes me happy to know that if five boxes will enable me to stand with just a little assistance more will continue and complete the cure. Dead legs for a year are not easily made perfectly strong again but," here Mr. Jerritt threw both legs high into the air, "this is something myself or my friends never hoped to see. All my neighbors gave me up for dead, but thank God my strength is returning and after three months I feel like a new man. You need not fear to state my case plainly, as I am well known in Cape Breton, and all the people hereabout kn

credit to the treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and are naturally enthusiastic in speaking of them.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a scientific preparation the result of years of careful study on the part of an eminent graduate of Medill and Edinbargh universities, and they had tor many years been used in his private practice before being offered for sale throughout the country. They are offered to the public as a never-failing blood-builder and nerve-restorer, curing all diseases such as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, pale and sallow complexion, muscular weakness, etc.

The proprietors deem it their duty to caution the public argainst imitations. These Pills are never sold in any form except in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale people." They are sold by all druggrist or will be sent post paid upon receipt of price, 50 cents a box — by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N. Y.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, Dec. 24.—GRAIN (per cental) — Red winter, 1.45 to 1.50; white, 1.45 to 1.50; spring 1.45 to 1.50; rye, 90 to 1.10; barley, mait, 90 to 1.00; barley, finalt, 90 to 1.50; barley, finalt, 90 to 1.50; barley, finalt, 90 to 1.00; peans, 90 to 1.00; peans, 90 to 1.00; peans, 90 to 1.50; hay, ton, 90 to 11.00; flax seed, 18 to 25; hay, ton, 900 to 11.00; flax seed, 108; dry wood, 4.50 to 5.00; green wood, 4.50 to 5.00; green wood, 4.50 to 5.00; soft wood, 3.00 to 3.50; honey, 10., 10 to 12; tallow, rough, 2 to 3; tallow, cake, 4 to 5; lard, 10 to 11; straw, load, 2.75 to 4.00; clower seed, bush., 4.30 to 5.00; asiske seed, bush., 5.00 to 7.00; Timothy, bush., 1.25 to 1.50.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes, per bag, 35 to 50; cubbages, per doz., 15 to 40; therity, see hag, 35 to 30; carrots, per bag, 25 to 35; parsnips, per bag, 50.

vegetables. Potatoes, per bag, 35 to 50; cabbages, per doz., 15 to 40; beets, per bag, 35 to 40; onlons, per bag, 1.00; turnips, per bag, 35 to 40; onlons, per bag, 25 to 50; parsnips, per bag, 35 to 50; ducks, per bag, 25 to 50; ducks, pr., 35 to 50; ducks, pr., 45 to 50; fowls, per lb., 6 to 7; fowls, pr., 35 to 50; ducks, lb., 6 to 7; geese, each, 51 to 51; geese lb., 6; turkey, lb., 8 to 10; turkeys, pr., 55 to 30; ducks, lb., 6 to 7; geese, each, 51 to 51; geese lb., 6; turkey, lb., 8 to 10; turkeys, each, 55 to 50; ducks, lb., 6 to 7; geese, each, 51 to 62; lamb, per lb., 7; lamb, lb., per quarter, 8 to 9; veal, per carcass, 7; pork, per quarter, 8 to 9; veal, per carcass, 7; pork, per quarter, 8 to 7; Live Stock—Milch cows, 35.00 to 45.00; live hogs, cwt., 4.00; pigs, pr., 2.30 to 5.00; fat beeves, 4.00 to 4.50; spring lambs, 5.30 to 4.00.

Toronto, Dec. 19.—WHEAT — No. 2; red, 92c to 193c; No. 1, hard, Man, 1.02; No. 2, hard, 90c to 1.00; No. 3, hard, 91c to 38c; pring, No. 2, 91c to 92c; barley, No. 1, 55c to 50c; No. 2, 8 to 50c; corn, 70c to 71c; flour, extra, 4.00; straight roller, 4.10 to 4.15; hogs, dressed, 5.00 to 5.40; hay (Timothy), ton, 12.00 to 12.50; rye, 91c to 92c.

Montreal, Dec, 24.—Grain continues dull, and prices are nominal in the absence of business. Wo. 3d, 97c; No. 2 northern, 1.04; peas, 15c to 50c; per 60 lbs; oats, 354 to 36c per 34 lbs in store; corn, 7ce duty paid; feed barley, 48 to 50c; good maiting do, 60 to 62. Flour quiet but steady, with meany stock here pressing for sale. Pittert spring, 5.00 to 5.35; patent winter, 5.00 to 5.25; straight roller, 4.65 to 4.80; extra, 4.30; to 4.60; straight roller, 4.65 to 4.80; extra, 4.30; to 4.60; straight roller, 4.65 to 4.80; extra, 4.30; to 4.60; straight roller, 4.65 to 16.50; hans, city, cured, per lb., 16.00 to 16 & 25; mess pork, vestern, per lb.l., 15.00 to 16.00; hans, city, cured, per lb., 16.00 to 16 & 25; mess pork, western, per lb.l., 16.00 to 16 & 25; mess pork, western, per lb.l., 16.00 to 16 & 25; mess pork, western,

MONTREAL LIVE STOCK.

Montreal, Dec. 24.—There were about 400 head of butchers' cattle, 630 sheep and a few calves offered at the east end abattoir to-day. Although the sharp frost, accompanied by high winds, made travelling rather uncomfortable around that part of the city, still a good many butchers were in attendance at the market, but they did not seem in any hurry to buy, and trade was not brisk. There were but two lots of extra cattle on the market, and 11 head of these sold at 5c per lb., and three more at 3c per lb., and three more at 3c per lb., and three more at 3c something over 5c per lb. Pretty good cattle sold at about 35c, and common dry cows at from \$25 to 31c per 15. Two exceedingly fine steers twee bought before they reached the market at 7c per lb. These steers took a number of first prizes at the western fairs last autum. The best calves were bought up before reaching the selling at about 45c per lb., but they were not of extra quality. Fat hogs are rather scarce, and sell at from 4½ to 4½ per lb. MONTREAL LIVE STOCK.

Over 1,000 Massacred.

A despatch received at the Catholic mis sion at Ghent to-day from Father Rutges, the Vicar-Apostolic of Mongolia, states that Father Minn, a Chinese prelate, and a thou-sand native Christians were massacred by the rebels during the recent troubles in Northern China. All the Belgian missionar-ies are safe, and assistance has arrived, ies are safe, and assistance has a which will prevent further danger



Deem It a Great Blessing.

STREATOR, III. Dec. 5, '90.

Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the very best I have ever found. I certainly deem it a great blessing to all persons afflicted. May the blessing of God be upon it. Yours most respectfully, SISTER OF ST. FRANCIS, O. S. F.

SISTER OF ST. FRANCIS, O. S. F.
ST. ANTHONY ASPLUM, DETROUT,
July 17, 1888.
The Rev. Father Friedland, of St. Joseph's
Church, of this city, called our attention to
Pastor Koonig's Nerve Tonic. The boy for
whom I procured the medicine had been suffering 10 years or more from Englance. He is above whom I procured the medicine had been suffering 10 years or more from Epilepsy. He is about 17 years old, and had an attack nearly every day; but since he has been using the Nerve Tonic the attacks have not been so often and riolent. I am convinced that the medicine has done him good, and think it will eventually cure him.

BRO. SYLVESTER.

PREE Diseases sent free to any address, and poor putions can also obtain this remedie free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Keenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1886, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIC MED. CO., Chicago, III. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. \$ for \$5 Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9. Agent, W. E. Saunders & Co., Druggist, ondon, Ontario.

CATARRH

CHARLES DICKENS.

To any one sending us seven dollars we will give credit for one year's subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD and a set of Charles Dickens' Works, bound in cleth. The books will be sent by express, charges to be paid by purchaser. This is a rare offer, and an opportunity to get the works of this great author, in fibrary form, at a figure never before offered.

C. C. RICHARD'S & CO.

Gents, - We consider MINARD'S LINI-MENT the best in the market and cheerfully recommend its use.

J. H. HARRIS, M. D.,

Bellevue Hospital. F. U. ANDERSON, M. D., L. R. C. S., Edinburgh M. R. C. S., England. H. D. WILSON, M. D.,

Uni. of Penn.

The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold. The disagreeable COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES

OF LIME AND BODA. The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR
WANTING DISEASES, takes the
romedy as he would take milk. A perfect enulsion, and a wonderful fiesh producer.
Take no other, All Druggists, 6dc., LOO.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

ONTARIO LOAN

Debenture Co.

Subscribed Capital, \$2,000,000 Paid-up Capital, - 1,200,000 Reserve Fund, - 379,000

JOSEPH JEFFERY, JOHN McCLARY, President. Vice-President.

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This Company are at all times prepared to lend Money on Morigages on real estate at lowest rates of interest. Interest only, year-ly, or as may be agreed on.

Savings Bank Branch Interest allowed on deposits at current rates DEBENTURES ISSUED

In Canada and Great Britain, with interest psyable half-yearly. They are accepted by the Government of the Dominion as a deposit from Fire and Life Insurance Com-panies for the security of their Policy-hold-ers, and are also a legal investment for executor, trustees, etc.

WILLIAM F. BULLEN, Manager. OFFICE:

Cor. Dundas St. & Market Lane, London. Grand Trunk Railway.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR HOLI-DAY RETURN FARES.

Between all stations on the System and to points on connecting lines in Canada and to stations in Maine, New Hampshire, Ver-mont, New York State, also Detroit and Port Huror

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE on Dec. 24th and 25th, valid for return until Dec. 25th; and on Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st, valid or return until Jan. 2nd.

First-Class Fares and One-third

F 1184-01288 F 21F8 2nd Une-third open curre until Jan. 4th, 1892. To Students and Teachers in Canada only (on presentation of certificates from their Principal) the dates of is ne will be extended from 9th to 31st Dec., returning until Jan. 31st, 1892.

For tickets and further information apply to any of the Company's agents.

TEACHERS WANTED

MALE TEACHER, HOLDING SECOND OR third class certificate, for R. C. S. S. Sec. No. 5, Sombra; state qualifications and salary expected. CHARLES & LEARY, Secretary, Box 85, Port Lambton, Out. 688-zw expected, CHARLES O'LEARY, Secretary, Box 80, Port Lambton, Ont.

FOR S. S. NO. 6, EMILY, A MALE 1 teacher, holding a second class certificate; apply, stating salary and experience. Address, Robert Perfect, Downeyville.

FEMALE, FOR VESPRA SEPARATE School for 1892. Attendance small; salary low; board cheap; apply, sending testimonials with grade of certificate, to John Rockers, Secretary, Barrie P.O. 657-2w

FEMALE, TEACHER, HOLDING PROFICE School, Westport; duties to gentinence Jaa. 4th 1892; salary \$300.—JAMS-HAZELTON, Sec. Treas, Westport; duties to gentinence Jaa. 4th 1892; salary \$300.—JAMS-HAZELTON, Sec. Treas, Westport.

A FEMALE TEACHER, 450 LDING 28D Nos. 5 and 7, Artemesia and Glenelg; one who can take charge of small choir preferred. Address Rev. R. MALONEY, Markdale. (88-3w).

A TEACHER HOLDING A SECOND OR third class professions certificate, for the Junior Division of Roman Catholic Separate School, Orilla. Applications statistically to be sent to Dr. McDonelli, Sec. of Orillia S. S. Board.

FOR A VILLAGE SEPARATE SCHOOL, a remale teacher holding a 2nd or 3rd class certificate, and theroughly competent to not as organist: duties to commence Jan. 1892; apply, stating salary, to BOX A., Catholic Record office, London, Ont. 683-4f

SITUATION VACANT. A YOUNG WOM \N WANTING A HOME will please apply to Mrs. M. S. Connor, Waterloo, Ont. Salary will be paid for assisting with house work.

Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Burability. ew York, 148 Fifth Ave. Washington, 817 Market 1