

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIV.

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NO. 688.

Christmas.

Echoing over the crimson meadows,
The bells of Christmas merrily chime,
Out of the night and its starlit shadows
As dawn the day of all days sublime;
The winds are whispering glad evangel,
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 ringing that greeting wide;
And sweeter or fitter a salutation
Where may we find for the Christmas tide?

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 alloveth 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 public prosecutor took this action because the preacher said Masses were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceptions. 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 deserved.

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 opprobrious 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 words.

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 be 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 boycott.

Another matter. We do not suppose 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, nevertheless, the people want them, and in this, as in all other matters, the will of the people should prevail.

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 "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 ceremonies in connection with the religious devotions of the French people," and in the same breath she said she "opposed the smoking and chewing of tobacco." What are we coming to? "Lo! the poor Indian," was a common expression at the sight of a red man who had no place in the community. It will shortly be said

"Lo! the poor preacher!" for truly it appears as though the fair sex will ere long storm and capture all the pulpits. The preaching of the Word seems to be not the popular thing now-a-days 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 disgraceful than even the introduction of a "kist o' whistles." 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 pulpitering 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" communication 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 meddlesomeness of the Toronto parsons.

Our contemporary the *Globe* in making reference to Cabinet reconstruction, says that "Mr. Meredith is 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 to Sir John Thompson simply and solely because he is a Catholic. It matters not to them that Sir John Thompson is a man gifted beyond many of his fellows—it matters not to them that he is learned and eloquent, the very soul of honor and honesty. He is a Catholic, and that is enough. Catholics, on the contrary, were loyal and true to

Sir John Macdonald, a Protestant—even an Orangeman—for over thirty years, and we have yet to hear of the first Catholic who ever expressed 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 hate us with an unholly hatred and who would to-morrow, were it in their 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 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."

The writer is speaking of the unanimous opposition of the Catholics of the country to Mr. Meredith's entrance into the Cabinet. As Mr. Mowat was returned to power by an immense majority, we fail to see how Mr. Meredith should be called the spokesman of the great majority of the people in this Province. Hating the Pope is a trade. The Conservative party of Ontario have followed that trade during the past ten years. They now find that the business is unprofitable, that it has thrown them into bankruptcy, 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 became commander-in-chief of the Orange army of Ontario.

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

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Pittsburg Catholic.
It was a wise provision that commanded women to keep silence in the Church. Their religion is oftentimes of a visionary nature. They imagine virtues and duties, nowhere to be found but in their own brains, and make for themselves a law which is nothing else but an excuse for their follies.

Yes! he is full of joke and jest, a right jolly good fellow. How his company is admired; he is much sought after at the festive board, the light and laughter of all around. His wit is exquisite, his repartee delightful. But view him at home with wife and children. Never the kind word, the cheering smile. There sits and broods discontent. The church scarcely misses him, so seldom he darkens its doors. 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 broken, but the grace of God can break it, if you but have confidence and place your hope in prayer. His grace will come in answer, and strike off your chains, and give you back your 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 reciting our prayers with our lips, we should always be conscious of their import. Routine in prayer renders us oblivious to the meaning of its truths. 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. He was not a foreign Anarchist, but a broker from Boston named Norcross. His former teacher in the Somerville, Mass., High School, says: "He was one of the brightest young men I had in the school. His tendencies were all toward the study of the classics. I have had many long talks with him on religion. He was a cynic in all matters. His whole aim in life was to be rich; that was the goal of his ambition." "His

whole aim in life was to be rich." He was insane when he tried to kill the New York millionaire; but is not anybody insane who has no higher ambition than that of "being rich?"

Note those remarkable figures. During 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 3,750; cash received, \$59,953.45. The 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 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 money into Ireland is an old story. It has a variety of morals—the most striking one being that the Irish question is a very important American question, in its financial aspect at least.

The *New York Sun* reproduces a picture from a Chinese placard inciting the fanatical natives to attack the Christians and burn their books. It 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 men on a cross and put to death. The Prince is called the Pope." The rest of the production is unfit for publication, but no more so than the vile things which are occasionally put forth by anti-Catholic propagandists on this side of the Flowery Kingdom. The object is the same in both cases, to instill ignorance and bigotry into the minds of the ignorant and bigoted people, to whom the origin from Jesus" is accustomed to such assaults, and will 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 century. 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, indeed, 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 pleasant recollections. They are not always appreciated, as they are passing, but when they are gone, when the family circle is broken, when 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 apostles: "He who hears you, hears Me." Now which Church keeps to the word and way of Christ? All the Protestant churches say: "Search the Scriptures. Get a Bible and use your private judgment to interpret it. There is no other authority and no better interpreter." But the Catholic Church says: "I am the Church established by Christ. Hear Me. He who 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. Trust Me, for then you trust Him. I have preserved the Scriptures through many centuries. I am the official and infallible interpreter of the Bible. But 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.' I am His Church. Hear Me. The Catholic Church is the only Church that claims or exercises the powers and the rights of the Church of Christ. It speaks, as the Jews said of our Lord, 'as one having authority.' And its authority is Christ.

Aeo 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 has succeeded in eliciting a brief expression of opinion from His Eminence Cardinal Manning. The Cardinal recalls a saying of 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 punns out His grace. My poor prayers are offered day by day for England." The Cardinal says that he echoes these words, and that he rejoices in the fact that a special power of the Holy Ghost has breathed and is still breathing over the English people. "Contrary," he adds, "repels, but charity unites. Your present action can not fail to bring many minds into closer union of good-will. Union, however, is not unity. It is Truth that generates Unity, and it can be recovered

only by the same principle and from the same source from which it descended in the beginning." The union of Christendom may be sighed for, and talked of, and written about for centuries; but it will be realized only when all Christians accept of their legitimate spiritual ruler Christ's Vicar on earth, Peter's successor, the Roman Pontiff.

S. Y. Freeman's Journal.
The discovery is made that the man who demanded \$1,200,000 of Russell Sage, the Wall street magnate, and then answered the refusal with a dynamite bomb, whose explosion killed himself and another, and maimed two more, was a Boston note-slaver 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 maniac went in for the utter annihilation of himself and all around him. He was a consistent infidel—recognized no responsibility but his own self-action—and there are those who shudder in horror as they think of him who will yet pronounce the same belief unhesitatingly, and blame his 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 repository— that 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 in the Irish people, to no particular section or grade of society, but is common to all alike. The Irish peasant 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 since a special train was about to start from Dublin on the occasion of the famous Punchestown races. Two of the saloon carriages were reserved 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. He resolved to improve the occasion, and wrote upon one carriage in large letters, "For His Ex." and, in equally large capitals, on the other, "For His XX."

Boston Republic.
The *Boston Herald* argues that because disturbances and personal violence have characterized some of the recent electoral contests in Ireland, the Irish people are unfit for self-government. This is an unjust aspersion upon a nation, and an unfair deduction to draw from the present situation. As we have already pointed out, the reports of outrages, riots and assault sent to this country are grossly exaggerated. We quoted last week 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 participant in the campaign for Cork, and that the conduct of the rival factions about the conduct of the election was 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 operations 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. In London, Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds, as well as in Dublin or Cork, broken heads are frequent. Nobody thinks of burdening the cable with a recital of the events that produced them. 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 self-rule on this account than there is to claim that free institutions in America are a failure because of the Mafia associations in New Orleans, the Pennsylvania St. Louis labor riots, the dynamite enterprise of Norcross or the deliberate murder of his brother by 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 age. When she was about eighteen months old she became blind, deaf and dumb. She is now kept in ignorance of religion in order that it may be ascertained whether or not the idea of God is inborn. This is a stupid and

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 was,
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 wintery 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,
Went red with the tints of sympathy,
And through the deep gloom and stillness
I could distinctly discern
A blueish bird, that held the old year,
While the seasons stood close by.

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 were the people of the old year,
A walking with measured tread,
While gray Time decked all, both mourners and
gall.
With memories of the dead.
—Barley 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 revered pointed in another direction. They could 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 wait and watch the door when the goal of my hope was in sight. They bade me beware 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 seemed 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 infidelity 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 mother.

"These arguments reduce themselves to two—the actual apostasy from the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, and the branch thereof of Christianity. I may say that I examined these arguments well. I remained in the Protestant Episcopal Church. I passed through the course of the principal seminary. I entered the ministry and for three years waited in patience and 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 counsel 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 I was, 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, there was no divine Church. I had long ago rejected such an opinion, and I could not accept it after years of study and prayer. 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 sacrifices, but although they sobered my face a little, they did not drive 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.

A Cairo despatch says:—The refugee priest and nun, who escaped recently from Oudran, got away during disturbances caused by internal intrigues. Twenty-four persons were killed in these disorders. Such disturbances are not infrequent, being due to the religious intolerance of the refugees. They travelled night and day for three days without food and without sleep.

Christmas Day.

(Uncle Seth's Logarithm.)
A good old-fashioned Christmas, with the logs upon the hearth, the table filled with feasters, and the room a-roar with merriment.

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 Liliass and Lord Mountmarvel sitting together, talking. The young man rose and saluted the elder gracefully.

"Where have you been, Edward?" asked Liliass, with a pretty pre-emptory smile which made Mr. Geraldine smile and which Mountmarvel found adorable.

"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."

"Of a rebel?" Liliass and my lord questioned in chorus.
"Av, lady, 'twas my word," Mr. Geraldine responded, semi-tragically.

"That madman, MacMurched!" he said. "Have you found out his den already?"
Turning to the girl, who looked bewildered, Mountmarvel explained somewhat incoherently.

you will go, Edward. Can I come too?" These were the words of Liliass.
"I certainly mean to go," Mr. Geraldine said, answering both at once.

The grey eyes of Liliass 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.

One of Mountmarvel's courtly uncles, the tone, say, who smirked unobtrusively on his canvass downstairs in the coffee-room, would have at once paid Miss Geraldine a world of high-heeled compliments in which the whole heathen mythology tripped itself up in a riotous jumble of comparison.

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.

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 walls only slightly relieved by a few green flags bearing the uncrowned harp.

Lord Mountmarvel was whispering some contemptuous comment on the place and its people into the ear of Liliass, when her attention, diverted for a moment from the platform, was rapidly recalled to it by the loud applause of those who occupied it, and who were 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 MacMurched 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 Liliass, and a look of sudden interest quickened them into unusual brightness.

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

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. Liliass, half startled by the sudden tumult, looked for a moment away from the platform and glanced round upon the crowd about her.

In that glance she saw one thing, and one thing only, out of all the medley of moving, shouting, shrieking humanity—a girl's face gazing up intently at the Young Irishlander with a look which the quick eyes of another woman were able to read only too easily.

The girl was young and beautiful, with the antique beauty of the Celt. The pale, proud face, the dark, passionate eyes, 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.

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

MacMurched 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 MacMurched 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.

MacMurched talked of the themes 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 Irishlander drew from the fountain of the Girondists, and in which they so far surpassed their masters.

"The fellow gets every line of this by heart, and repeats it like a parrot." Liliass gave her companion an angry flash of scorn, which brought a smile to Mountmarvel's thin lips. The next moment an odd chance gave MacMurched the opportunity of refuting the charge which unknown to him had been just made against him.

There was a second of dead silence. MacMurched glanced with flashing eyes in the direction from which the voice proceeded, and then in loud, unflinching 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 missionaries and its martyrs, but which will yet, I hope and firmly believe, have its heroes and its kings."

Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie, 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, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

Under cover of the rapturous applause which greeted these gallant words, Liliass 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 Liliass by a new cause for excitement and wonder.

On the platform just behind MacMurched 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.

MacMurched drew himself up from his hurried conference with Fermanagh, and advanced again to the front of the platform. Immediately the tumult stopped, and intense eager quiet followed. Liliass held her breath in painful expectation. There was something ominous in this unexpected interruption; in the startled faces on the platform; in the set passion of MacMurched's features.

Those who saw MacMurched 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 immediate object of their vengeance.
MacMurched looked round angrily, and saw behind him the fantastic figure of his follower smiling in grim enjoyment of the tumult.

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

"Don't stand in the way of us, Master Macmurched," 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 commanding tones of MacMurched's voice influenced the crowd, every man in which recognized in MacMurched 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.

MacMurched turned and addressed himself to Mr. Geraldine, who was standing by the side of Liliass.
"I hope," he said, "that your daughter has not been hurt," and as he spoke he cast an anxious glance on Liliass's pale face, which brought a faint color into her cheeks and the

With an angry wrench he tore himself free from the clutch of his questioner, 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 Mountmarvel. Mountmarvel was quick and skilful, and he parried the blow.

The hall was full of tumult. Half a dozen men had closed in upon Mountmarvel. Mr. Geraldine was flung aside to reel against the platform gasping for breath.
Liliass herself was in some danger from the men who, in their eagerness to get hold of Mountmarvel, hustled her unintentionally aside.

As Ayer's Sarsaparilla outstrips all 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 millions of copies. Ask your druggist for it.

MacMurched looked round angrily, and saw behind him the fantastic 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 Mountmarvel in his arms.

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Dyspepsia

Few people have suffered more severely from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and 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 many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it had cured his wife of 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 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 to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla."

Intense

Mr. Geraldine sprang to his feet and stood beside the young man, trying to interpose, urging patience.

Liliass 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 Mountmarvel, whose cruel comment had angered her; she was only interested, and intensely excited.

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 danger.

The hall was full of tumult. Half a dozen men had closed in upon Mountmarvel. Mr. Geraldine was flung aside to reel against the platform gasping for breath.

Liliass herself was in some danger from the men who, in their eagerness to get hold of Mountmarvel, hustled her unintentionally aside.

All this was the work of half a dozen seconds.

As the girl staggered about to fall, she seemed to hear a loud voice overhead 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 Liliass.

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's side in safety.

He turned angrily upon Mountmarvel'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 MacMurched 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 immediate object of their vengeance.

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Suffering

Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it had cured his wife of 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 disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up.

8 Years

I had regained my former weight and natural condition. 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.

checks 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 Lilius, had hurriedly risen and moved towards the struggling group, animated by a sweet, womanly sympathy with the girl who was in Mountmarvel's company, and who appeared to be sharing his peril.

Before she had time to reach Lilius, however, MacMurched had leaped from the platform, had caught Lilius in his arms and set her in safety out of the jostling combatants. The dark girl had immediately joined her, and had already made much the same inquiry as that which MacMurched now asked.

To the girl and to Mr. Geraldine Lilius had replied as she now replied to MacMurched, that she was not in the least hurt, nor even in the least alarmed.

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

Mr. Geraldine thanked MacMurched warmly for his cool, prompt courage. Turning to Lilius he introduced MacMurched.

The Young Irishman 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 Lilius frankly extended to him.

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

"There was no real danger," MacMurched answered; and as he spoke his voice sounded strange to him. He knew when addressing the tempestuous crowd why should he feel embarrassed in exchanging a few civil words with a strange girl?

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

She laughed brightly as she spoke, and MacMurched 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 MacMurched did not notice, and which Brian Fermanagh did notice and wine at.

"You are not hurt yourself, Murrugh?" the dark-haired girl asked, anxiously, resting her hand on MacMurched's arm.

MacMurched smiled assurances of his absolute safety back at her. Then he introduced her to Lilius, as his cousin, Mary O'Rourke.

Brian Fermanagh was next presented, but the presentation was interrupted by a voice from above, coming as it 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 Mountmarvel, whom everybody had forgotten. He was standing on the deserted platform, disordered and defiant, unable to escape from the clutches of 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.

MacMurched grasped the situation at once.

"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 MacMurched, but, advancing to Lilius, offered her his sincere apologies for the indiscretion which had caused her so much inconvenience and so nearly involved her and her father in personal peril.

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

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

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

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

As MacMurched had predicted, a crowd had gathered, and a yell of anger greeted the appearance of Mountmarvel.

At a signal from MacMurched, however, the throng divided, and Mountmarvel, between MacMurched and Cormac, reached the door of the Crown without molestation, followed by Lilius between Fermanagh and Mr. Geraldine.

By this time the police had appeared, and the crowd was gradually dispersed.

In the doorway of the Crown MacMurched and Fermanagh said farewell to Mr. Geraldine and Lilius, declining their invitation to come upstairs. MacMurched, however, accepted Mr. Geraldine's invitation, to Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

visit them some time, and then turned to go.

On the threshold Mountmarvel confronted him.

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

For a moment MacMurched seemed about to reply. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he passed out into the street and joined Fermanagh, who was waiting for him with Mary O'Rourke.

A little later Lord Mountmarvel rode back to his castle in a very bad temper.

There was very little in common between Mountmarvel and MacMurched; 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 Led Tower. Both were thinking of the bright eyes and the fair face of Lilius Geraldine. Even Mountmarvel's anger, even MacMurched's evil tidings, could not banish that gracious image.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC CONVERTS.

Dr. Spalding's Case Recalls the Story of Other Men.

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 Episcopal rector of Christ's Church, Cambridge, who announced his resignation to his former congregation last Sunday, giving as his reasons for ending the pleasant relations that have always existed between him and his 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 well-considered. Years ago he abandoned Congregationalism, in which creed he was originally a believer, and embraced Episcopalism, 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 by 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 qualify him.

Dr. Spalding, who, by the way, bears 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 converts is that of Orestes Augustus Brownson, who was brought up in the Presbyterian fold, left that for Universalism, then became a Socialist, a Unitarian and a Christian Unionist, and finally found the truth he sought for so long in the Catholic Church. After his conversion Dr. Brownson was offered a professorship of Latin 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 progress, 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 American Catholicism in various ways, 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 skillful 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. There is Father Walworth, formerly a Paulist, now chancellor of

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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-

olic fold, and to all of whom American Catholicity is indebted for many signal services.

Protestant ministers almost without number have abandoned their pulpits to embrace Catholicity, and one Protestant Bishop laid aside his robes and rings to do the same thing. That was Levi Silliman Ives, a native of Meriden, Ct., who was at first a Presbyterian, then became an Episcopalian, and sixty years ago was consecrated the Episcopalian Bishop of North Carolina. In 1852 he visited Rome, 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 submission 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 amply repaid to him 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 Witkind, 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 sacred Witness Archbishop Bayley, who formerly an Episcopalian minister, became 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 of Ogdenburg, 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 emmeshed in the errors of Protestantism. There is scarcely any diocese in the country now which does 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 poor; with the learned as well as with the poorly educated, with scientists of every description and men and women of all professions. And in this universality of her victories, which argues her adaptability for all, is seen a striking evidence of her 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 boast 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 Catholicity 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. Chevours, 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 Pardons in Ver-

mont; Bishop Fitzpatrick was consulted by Father Hecker and many another earnest seeker for the truth, and his successor has welcomed many a convert to the Catholic fold. New Hampshire gave the Canadian Ursulines a nun, as early as 1699.

IN MARY ANNE DAVIS, a convert, and who can tell how many more like her have found shelter and peace within conventual walls? George Parsons Lathrop, and his wife, Hawthorne's daughter, have recently found the truth they sought for so long in the bosom of the Catholic Church, 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 conversions have been many of late years. A more notable Catholic movement has taken place in England, bringing into the fold such men as Manning, Newman, and the hosts of Anglican ministers who have followed their lead. One can hardly take up an English paper now without finding recorded therein the conversion of some prominent Protestant layman or ecclesiastic. Dr. Spalding will assuredly find himself at home 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 counts among its conquests the names of Schlegel, Stolberg, Harter, Labour, Ratisbonne, Ducacs and Ward, and in this country numbers among its converts a Brownson, Ives, Hecker, Stone, Hill, Hewit, Preston, Doane, Bayley, Seton, Curtis, and many others of renown and merited fame.

A Childless Home.

Smith and his wife have every luxury that money can buy, but there is one thing lacking to their happiness. Both are very fond of children, but no little voices prattle, no little feet patter in their beautiful home. "I would give ten years of my life if I could have one healthy, living child of my own," Smith often says to himself. No woman can be the mother of a healthy offspring unless she herself is in good health. If she suffers from female weakness, general debility, bearing-down pains, and functional derangements, her physical condition is such that she cannot hope to have healthy children. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sovereign and guaranteed remedy for all these ailments. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

It Seldom Falls.

DEAR SIR:—I took two bottles of Hagar's Pastoral Balm, and it cured me of looseness and tightness of the chest after other things had failed. I have also tried B. B. R. It works splendidly for weakness and headache.

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London, Saturday, Dec. 26, 1891.

CHRISTMAS.

Once more the great festival of Christmas, a festival which brings great joy to every Christian soul, is 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.

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.

The prophet Daniel is told by the angel of God to expect Him as the means whereby "transgressions 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 celebrated every year with joy, as it 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 also wish our readers good health, long life and prosperity, and many returns of 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 festive 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 be-seechingly to woo him, worldly renown 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 persuaded 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 very 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 pronounce the representation blasphemous 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 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 undoubtedly 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 Emperor Julian. But the object was then to instruct Christians in the mysteries of religion at a time when it was difficult to give efficient instruction otherwise. Printing had not been invented, and instruction by means of written books was necessarily restricted to a comparatively small number. It is not surprising that the clergy should have adopted these mystery plays as means of conveying salutary instruction. But the number

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 the present instance, our readers must be aware that efforts have already been made in America to get sacred scenes upon the stage. Some stock companies proposed to 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 similarly if, beginning at Hamilton, it were to become an institution amongst us.

Even at Ober-Ammergau the time seems 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 who have been attracted thither along with the modern conveniences of travel, and it is believed that the Passion Play was represented last year for the last time for this very reason, though hitherto it was a work of piety performed in thanksgiving to God for the delivery 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 RESOLUTIONS 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 similar declaration of unswerving loyalty and adherence 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; but from the Catholic synods and councils such declarations are not necessary, as Catholic faith is one and unchanging. With Catholics it is a matter of doctrine that we are bound to be loyal to the established authorities, and this is expressed once for all in the Catechism as the duty of all Christians, "not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake, for such is the will of God."

Judging, however, from what has 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 enclosed 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 Marquis to the Assembly, but it is, of 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 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 injustice inflicted by the school legislation of the Greenway administration does not fall upon Catholics alone; and coming so soon after the session of the Presbyterian Synod in the same city, the action now taken by the Church of 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 Anglican body, has obtained from 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 rights and privileges which they "possessed by law or practice," when the Province was constituted.

The application is supported by the affidavits of Mr. Logan himself, and also by those of Bishop Machray and Robert H. Hayward, to the effect that the authorities of the Church of England had established, in various parts 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.

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 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 consented to the destruction of the system of denominational education in the hope that the newly-established system would continue to be denominational, or at least thoroughly Protestant, while professing to be non-sectarian. This is an avowal that they, at least, consented to the change, in

the hope that they would be able to 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 cooperated 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 rights, Bishop Machray and his co-petitioners will reap the benefit of the Catholic triumph; but in the face of the acknowledgment of the persecuting spirit in which they acted towards Catholics, few will have the hardihood to say they deserve the success which they are likely to gain. A more shameful 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 for their support; but it is the height of inconsistency for the representatives of the Church of England to refuse to pay their share for schools which they used after assisting, of their own accord, in establishing them.

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 fellow-applicants. 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. Perhaps they are somewhat to be excused for not having known what they really wanted, inasmuch as Protestantism 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 have made him famous and beloved far beyond the confines of his native city, is to 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.

Send 25 cts. and get a copy of Benziger's Home Almanac for 1892.—THOMAS COFFEY, London, Ont. Also to be had from our travelling Agents.

THE PROSECUTION OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF AIX.

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.) This 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 over-enthusiastic 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 than 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 regarded 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 humiliating 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 countryman 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 Ancy 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 condemnation should teach the infidel 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 hindrance is that 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.

DIocese

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PEARSELY'S CHRISTMAS INFRAIR.

Published from the Catholic World for December.

Whatever defects of character Miss Pearseley 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 neighbors, 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 parts unknown. In regard to Phil's elopement the neighbors were divided in their opinions. Some, like Joseph Ote, general dealer and postmaster of Tambora, held that Miss Lucy, as Miss Pearseley was invariably called, had been too severe with the boy. "If he didn't give strict account of all his time, it is for a fact well known to us all that the boy was a hard 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 to be making an effort to conciliate you. "I know it was too hard in Lucy Pearseley to accuse the boy of loafing; that's what she called him, Mr. Ote—an idle loafah; but I'm quite of Father Tate's opinion, both were to blame. Now, Milly, she blames Miss Lucy altogether; and positively, that is to say, I'm inclined to believe, my Milly is right."

"I have great respect for Father Tate, but I hold to it that in her judgment Miss Milly is right," declared Mr. Ote, with an air of great politeness. "And, Miss Gresham, don't forget my respect to youah young lady daughter."

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Ote, I'm shuah," answered Mrs. Gresham, adjusting her veil; "and please, Mr. Ote, let me have the half bath 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 conservative opinion of Father Tate was held only by himself. The shiftless and less respectable portion of the community blamed Phil, condoning all Miss Pearseley's derelictions in the saying that "Miss Lucy done fur him seuche he was a spot uv a baby, an' he ought ter stood by her, an' fur her, even if 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 Pearseley's life about to be related, no one but Father Tate and Milly Gresham ever learned how she herself felt about it. To Father Tate she repeatedly admitted that she had made a mistake; that she had been wrong, and a miserable 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 needn't tell you how handsome—yes, he was to old to be whipped, and I had never whipped him before. I had set him a task; it was to translate a chapter from the *Historia Sacra*. 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 holiday, but—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 was 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 impertinence. I don't know how I could so demean myself, but I said, 'Phil Buckam, you are an idle loafah!' 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 known he was innocent, 'I didn't do it a purpose. I didn't know till just now I did it.' I was all beside myself. 'How dare you say such words to me?' I said. 'I could forgive you for anything but for a lie, and I'm 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 telling a lie,' he denied. 'I was drawing, and didn't notice,' and he handed me what he had been drawing. I tore it in two and tossed it out the window. 'No more words,' I said shortly, 'take off your coat,' and I snatched up his ruler that lay on the table. He gave me a look black as thunder, but he took off his coat and folded his arms so, and stood up straight as a church-steeple.

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. Milly, and now I'm afraid he's dead. From the first year he has been sending 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 Christmas, it would be just as welcome."

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 you found the picture, at any rate."

"Yes, but not half so glad as I am. And to think it was me he drew. I've exclaimed Miss Pearseley. 'I never was beautiful, 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 Pearseley 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-faced woman and a pretty girl in a short frock. "That just looks like you when you were twelve, Milly," said Miss Pearseley.

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 afternoon with mother for the infair."

"Yes, of course; and I'm sure we're going to have a fine day," said Miss Pearseley, 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 field and garden.

Left to herself, Miss Pearseley 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 for the guests at the infair. A table 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 cover. Branches of red cedar laden 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 branch to branch; and at intervals temporary brackets held lamps that would be lit on the morrow. "It really looks like a church," Miss Pearseley's thoughts continued; and this thought gave rise to a thankful ejaculation that she had made sure to go to confession before the work of decoration had begun. "I would have been all distractions if I had waited till after," she said half aloud.

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

Mrs. Gresham always spoke of herself 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 Pearseley might acknowledge that the Greshams, being armigers, were superior to the Pearseleys, 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 Pearseley's most exuberant 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 an equal visiting terms with the arms-bearing, cadet Greshams as was Father Tate or Miss Pearseley herself.

This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that Miss Pearseley counted her chairs for the dozenth time. "I'll 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 sun-bonnet."

"Yes'm, I'm 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-natured face.

"You have had your supper?" demanded Miss Pearseley.

"Yes'm, an' washer dishes, an' clar' up," answered Lobelia.

"Now, Lobelia, listen to me. What are you grinning at?" questioned Miss Pearseley with some sharpness.

"Mighty putty, Miss Lucy," was Lobelia's vague response.

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 comfortably 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 Pearseley 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 Ongray," 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 Ongray" was possessed of all the statelyness its composer had wished to put into it. Had he faithfully 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 before Miss Pearseley'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 Pearseley, 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 Pearseley 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 demonstrative woman, but now she felt 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!"

Miss Pearseley'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 class-room, sometimes with it to the house, for his audience was in both these places.

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 began: "Ladies and gentlemen, dear Tamborians!"—it was noticed that at this juncture he looked particularly at Miss Pearseley, who blushed because she couldn't help it—"when I look upon the subject" uv my oration, my heart an' soul it soar' to imperial heights. (Applause.) When I look upon th' subject stood betwix them puffestest flowahs of Tambora, Miss Gresham an' her young lady daughter, an' Miss Lucy like er lily on a stalk, I am amaze! (Wild applause.) I nevah knew, you nevah know, nobody evah knew, or Buckam as wasn't a puffest gentleman an' lady. An' Mr. Phil Buckam, their las' descendant, 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 foh fame an' glory in the wilderness. (Audible sighs.) To say as he foun' it, es to say but th' plain, unmistak'le, soul-upraisin' truth. (Great excitement.) Look en th' meggazines, an' en wucks of a liter'y nacha, an' you will fin' th' picture alt that has made the name uv Buckam a cinamon uv vict'ry from wheah th' will' Boreas wait ter wheah th' zeypha' woo ouah s'uth'n 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:

"An' now, dear Tamborians," he said, "I've orated sufficien', an' I make way foh ouah nex' proceedin', which is ter

"Step th' foah lightly, foah the dawnee et it was," was the cry.

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

Miss Pearseley 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 "Tambora Grand" poured out through the room, you felt that you must step as high as a horse to at all do it justice.

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Justices

Air: "So Lines suggested a public appeal to a speech delivered at South Molton, N.

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souls! What is the ure of what be it is partly that grace of God is ane was not su life was not su have been, by confession and munion. But further back t something at it was the reason

not regularly r difficulty? It ough earnestn ing of the grea was undertake mination to se order to accomp

It is a great commits one's reconcile himse life. The taskc ine his consc plainly and wit to feel heartily a great part of There is a grea to leave them pany with the not such an ea has lived so h has been in si debauchery, in bad actions an perhaps seem life itself to pa itent sinner ha an angel; his warped and tw sin, and thou gone, the effe like a limb on suffer before it

A man mus when he comes ough the devil, hill road to tra will not persev ing, self-denia has to face the solation, his strength, have If one unders that happiness where he first Communion. I think that all out any more and habits wil so will soon be to Yes, we mu put of sin; f the fruit of pe our minds his cutting wh sin must be av

Justice for Ireland.

Air: "SCOTS, WHA HAE." Lines suggested by the manly, patriotic and pathetic appeal to English honor and justice in a speech delivered by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., at South Molton, Nov. 6, 1891.

FIVE MINUTE SERMONS.

FRUITS OF PENANCE. Bring forth therefore, fruit worthy of penance. (Matt. III.) St. John Baptist 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.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"An Old Friend." Oh Santa Claus is a friend indeed The little ones love him dearly; He knows what they need, In their stockings his eyes can read The wants of the owners clearly.

HUMBUGGING A TOURIST.

Mr. Edward Wakefield is another foreign tourist who finds no good in America. He says it is a nation of Cain, delighting in bloodshed, and tells in all solemnity a story of how two of his fellow-travellers, "very pleasant, men," on a Southern Railroad train, kept his seat for him while he went into the depot for lunch.

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 them was not contented.

FATHER HECKER NEVER SAID IT.

The Catholic Truth Society of Worcester, Mass., corrects a Misstatement. 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 as so length on the position, attitude and influence of the Catholic Church.

OUR REMARKABLE OFFER

insures a set going to those of the most limited means. THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

Next Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1892—Jan. 7th and 20th and Feb. 3rd and 17th. LIST OF PRIZES. 1 Prize worth \$15,000.....\$15,000.00

It is difficult to cater for Invalids. They need strong nourishment, but cannot eat solid food. A food that supplies all the virtues of Prime Beef in an easily-digested form is

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. It is easily prepared and palatable. It can be reduced to any strength. Taken either as Beef Tea or spread on thin Toast and Butter.

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"Sure, there's no wind at all, at all. Listen! Do you hear that!" O'Meara roined in the horses. Through the deep stillness of the night came the child's faltering voice, singing:

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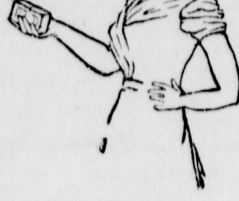
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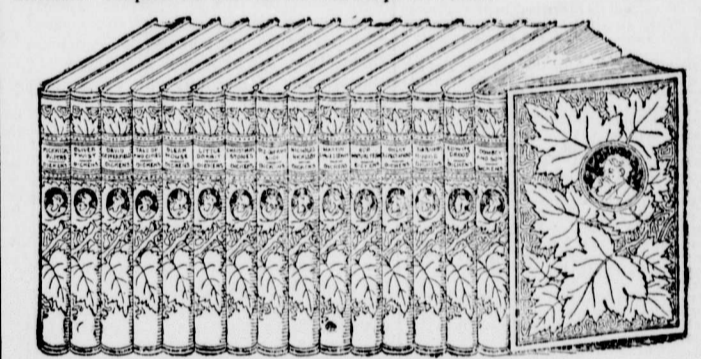
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