

"God Save Ireland."

The following spirited ballad by T. D. Sullivan of the Dublin Nation, in memory of Allen Larkin and O'Brien, who were martyred for Ireland's cause, on Nov. 27th, 1867, was sung with patriotic fervor by millions of the Irish race on the anniversary of the death of those illustrious three—

(Air—"Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching.")
High upon the gallows tree
Swung the noble-hearted three,
By the youthful tyrant stricken in their
gloom;
But they met him face to face,
With the courage of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to
their doom.
God save Ireland! cried the heroes,
God save Ireland! cried they all,
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlement we die,
O! What matter when for Erin dear we
fall!

Girt around with cruel foes,
Still their spirits proudly rose,
As they thought of those who loved them
far and near,
Of the millions true and brave,
O'er the ocean's billows
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.
God save Ireland! cried they proudly,
God save Ireland! cried they proudly,
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlement we die,
O! What matter when for Erin dear we
fall!

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
Rang their voices out in prayer,
Then with England's fatal cord around
them cast:
Close beneath the gallows tree,
Kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to Faith and Home and Freedom to
the last.
God save Ireland! prayed they loudly,
God save Ireland! prayed they all,
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlement we die,
O! What matter when for Erin dear we
fall!

Never till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away,
Of the gallant three given for our land;
But on the cause must glow,
Through joy or weal, or woe,
Till we made our nation free and
grand.
God save Ireland! say we proudly,
God save Ireland! say we proudly,
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlement we die,
O! What matter when for Erin dear we
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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Once on a time, in the time of olden
and "merrie England," when all her brave
sons held the true Faith, and worshipped
at one altar, there dwelt among the vast
oak woods and green holly brakes of Can-
nock-Chase, in Staffordshire, a bold and
valiant knight named Jocelyn de Stafford.
Bold and valiant in good truth, and ready
and stout-hearted was he, but he was withal
stern, unscrupulous, and cruel, when his
passions were roused. Sir Jocelyn had
fought much in the French wars; and
when he was in England he built himself
a strong castle, in Cancock Woods, and
grided it round with fair walls, and towers,
from which he could rally forth at will
to plunder the travellers and merchants
who passed by, from South to North, or
from the North to London; and when he
had seized their merchandise, or got ransom
from them, he shut up his gates with
strong bars, and laughed to scorn all at-
tempts to dislodge or punish him. King
Edward indeed loved Sir Jocelyn, for he
was a brave soldier, and a useful servant;
the nobles hated him, but the poor feared
him, for he was very terrible in his anger.

In one thing, indeed, Sir Jocelyn did
not offend God: he was never known to
lay violent hands on any priest, or to take
sight that belonged to the church; and
on the contrary, he cherished and honored
all such as passed that way, or desired hos-
pitality from him; and he gave many
broad lands and rich gifts to the Priory of
St. Mary's, which lay near his castle, and
money and food to all pilgrims whatso-
ever, who came to visit the Holy Well
Christmas. Now the Holy Well flowed
in the woods about two miles distant from
the priory gate, and was found by a holy
hermit, many years ago, who by his
prayers had obtained for it the gift of
healing at Christmas; and at that holy
feast crowds of pilgrims came to pray
before the shrine set up there by Sir Jo-
celyn's little daughter Gertrude.

For Sir Jocelyn had one child, only ten
years old, most fair and lovely to behold.
She was a little, fragile, fairy thing; but
though so young and small, her heart was
full of love to God and men, and her mind
was ripened in wisdom, for she had been
from her cradle brought up by the gray-
haired prior of St. Mary's and kept from
all worldly ways and lore. A lovely and
a touching sight it was to see Sir Jo-
celyn and his child, when they were together.
The one so stern and dark, with deep
glittering eyes, and a mouth which seemed
to condemn you when it spoke; the other so
slight and frail, with dark deep eyes, like
her father's, but floating with heavenly
light; and long bright hair, neither curled
nor straight, which threw a sunshine on
her head. The high pale brow of Sir
Jocelyn always relaxed when he looked at
Gertrude, and her joyous laugh was hushed,
and her eyes filled with fervent love,
when she looked up into his face; so that
they were really alike when together.

In sooth, no one could ever behold
Gertrude de Stafford, or, as she was
always called by "Our Lady's Child,"
without loving her; for though so
small and light that the wind seemed
to move her when it blew, she was strong
and hardy, and spent all her time among
the poor, when not with the aged prior,
who trained and instructed her daily, and
loved her with a love passing earthly affec-
tion. By his direction Gertrude had
begged and besought her father to let the
priory church be rebuilt, and to bestow
upon it a goodly chime of silver bells. She
had petitioned as a birthday boon to have
the old hospital refitted, where the poor
Christmas pilgrims were lodged and fed by
the monks; and she had of her own accord
caused the carved cross to be set up at the
Holy Well, and restored the stone basin in
which it rose, and put up the image of our
Blessed Lady and the Infant Saviour in
the niche above, and trained it all over
with ivy, and the dear passion flower, one
for summer, but the other for Christmas-
time, which, as she said, ought like that
to be ever green and fresh in our hearts
and memory.

It was not Gertrude, however, who
planted the glorious old holly tree, which
stood at the back of the well, and which
time out of mind had hung its smooth,
shining, dark-green leaves, and garlands
of scarlet berries over its clear, bubbling
waters. No living man could remember
that holly-tree smaller than it was now,
and no one could even guess when it was
planted. Spring had come, and the violet
and white wind flower had sprung up
and died away around its pale twisted
trunk. Summer had come, and the green

foliage of the hoary oaks had put the
dusky wreath of the old holly-tree to shame.
Autumn had come, and the flowering sum-
mer leaves blushed and withered away,
and fell in red and golden showers on the
green turf, but the holly stood there the
while, unmoved and unchanged. But
when the departing year laid the earth
good-night, and the robin was come forth
to cheer the misty solitude; when the
hoar frost covered every leaf and spray
with sparkling diamonds, and the ground
was dressed in its winding sheet of snow,
then did the ancient holly-tree lift up
its head, and shake off the white burden
of its armed hands, and crown itself
with scarlet coronals of joy, as if to say to
thoughtful ears—"The time is at hand—
watch ye and pray—for the earth hath
opened, and the Saviour shall spring forth
and blossom for your salvation."

Then the pilgrims appeared one by one,
kneeling at the Holy Well, and the monks
went forth daily to chant their office in
the dell; and they humbly thanked God,
while calling on all creatures to bless Him,
for the ancient Christmas-tree, which re-
minded them to rejoice most when the
world is stern and cold. What are a few
slight crosses to bear, when they thought
of the Almighty God, come in very deed,
and in the body of a little Child, for love
of them? But do what she would, Ger-
trude could never persuade Sir Jocelyn to
visit the Holy Well. He was proud and
haughty, and so he desired to remain; he
knew that many rich and noble persons
ages had been converted at Christmas-tide
by praying before the shrine, and that
they had gone away and sold all that they
had, and led henceforth a holy life, for
the sake of the Child born in the stable;
and he feared lest the waters might work
some such desire in his heart, so that he
must give up his worldly projects and
grasping dreams.

So many days rolled on, and Sir Jocelyn
was gone away again to the wars, and
spring, and summer, and autumn passed
away; he seemed to have forgotten his
English castle and his little Gertrude.
Spring, and summer, and autumn passed
away, and Gertrude prayed yet
more earnestly for her father, and
with many tears besought the Blessed
Virgin and the Child Jesus that
he might be drawn from his evil
ways, and become mild and peaceful,
and like a Christian warrior. Spring, and
summer, and autumn passed away, and
winter and Christmas-tide drew near, with
his holy recollections, his festival joys.
There was killing of many oxen and sheep
at the castle, and plain deer and woodland
boars were brought in piles, and great
loaves of bread and sacks of meal were
heaped up high, but there was no feast
that year; for Gertrude had ordered that
all should be given freely to the poor. It
was bitter cold, and the icicles hung down
from the thatch of the cottagers' huts, and
they had little enough to keep them warm;
they should be warmed and filled for the
sake of the Infant Jesus, thought Gertrude;
for her tears flowed fast when she thought
of His suffering Childhood, and she knew
that in chiding the poor she was cher-
ishing the Child of Bethlehem. Gertrude
was a child herself, and she loved the Feast
of Christmas above all the feasts of the
mid-year; she prayed most fervently at
the altar, when the lighted altar
shone out more brightly (so she thought)
from the gigantic crown she had decked
for it from the old holly-tree. All the
cottage children knelt that night round
the high altar dressed in white, such was
her childish fancy, to pray for her dear
father; and after Mass was done, much
meal and wine was given away to all who
needed it. For that night no one slept
either in the Castle or at the Priory; but
all kept holy watch the livelong night
with the angelic hosts and the pious shepherds,
while the triumphant song of joy was
chanted far and wide through the Cancock
Woods—"Christ our Lord is born—Come,
let us adore Him!"

Now it chanced that Sir Jocelyn had
been made prisoner by the French armies,
and had made his escape without money,
without arms, and almost without clothes,
by dropping himself down in the canal
from the tower of his dungeon. He had
crossed the seas in a fishing boat—had
walked through England, begging, here
and there from castle or monastery, till he
came upon his own lands; and this very
Christmas night had lost his way in Can-
nock Woods, and, guided by the lamp
which always burned before the image of
our Blessed Lady, he came out at the
Holy Well, faint and weary, and well nigh
dead. Sir Jocelyn had never seen the
Holy Well; but when he reached the
entrance to the narrow dell and looked
down its tufted and grassy banks, from
which rose the hoary and white-blanched
stems of primeval oaks, shining white in
the silvery moonlight—to the grey cross
below, beneath which the waters bubbled
clear and deep, though the icicles hung
down all round the fringed basin, while
the dim gleams of the holly-tree shone
in the clear cold light, Sir Jocelyn knew
the Holy Well of St. Mary's, as he had
ever heard of it, and a mysterious awe
seized his once proud heart, now softened
by affliction and adversity. He knelt
down at the edge of the basin, looked up
at the image of our Lady and the Infant
Jesus, and murmured: "O Mary, Mother,
teach me how to pray, teach me what to
do. Let me know the spirit of thy Son,
that I may become like Him!" and then,
worn out with weariness and hunger, he
fell like one dead at the foot of the cross.

Was it a delusion? was it a dream? was
it a vision that Sir Jocelyn then beheld?
The waters of Cancock vanished, the
murmuring of the waters no longer smote
his ear. He was suddenly in a wide and
laughing plain, under a cloudless southern
sky. The sweet breath of flowers and
perfumes floated on the gentle air, and the
sound of festive music filled the mind
with soft and overwhelming pleasure. In
the middle of the plain lay a vast and
shining camp, whose tents glittered with
purple and gold, and rainbow hues, above
which sparkling banners floated slowly in
the breeze. Among the tents lay a coun-
less host of gorgeous aspect and gay
decoration. Some had crowns on their
heads; they wore rich silken robes and
carried wreaths of flowers in their hands.
Could they be soldiers? There was luxury,
pride, and pleasure of every kind; but no
armour could be seen. The lute and the
viol, the goblet and the jewelled wine-cup,
were there in profusion; but no weapons
of defence, save in one corner a heap of
rusty and broken arms, thrown by

despised and neglected. One, who ap-
peared to be the chief leader of this glitter-
ing host, came forth as if to bid Sir
Jocelyn welcome, and proffered him a
wreath of roses mixed with myrtle, such as
he bore himself.

The knight was about to accept the
offer, and to draw near and enroll himself
as one of the gay company, when he felt
some one check him suddenly. He
turned to demand why he was hindered,
but saw no one. As he turned, however,
another army met his gaze, which he had
not before perceived. It lay on the side
of a steep and rugged mount, which
bounded the side of the plain towards the
east. Different, indeed, was the aspect of
this camp from the glittering army of the
plain. The tents were poor and con-
spicuous as white as snow, and seemed to
be often carried from place to place;
many of the soldiers carried them on their
shoulders, and those who did not do so
bore, instead, a rough and heavy cross, as
if it were part of their daily exercise. At
the foot of the mount these crosses were
largest and heaviest; higher up, the path
was easier, and the crosses were smaller
here and there. Sad and toilsome indeed
was the first aspect of this host; and
scattered here and there, and almost
alone, were they who were enrolled under
the broad crimson cross, which seemed
their only banner. Many aged men were
there, walking heavily, with folded
hands as if in prayer; many young war-
riors in bright steel armor, and sharp
swords dyed in blood; many women of
gentle form, and downcast eyes, bearing
crosses with cheerful ease, and giving help
to the sick and aged, who were well nigh
borne down with their load; many little
children, meek-eyed, dove-like, with
thorny chaplets in their young hair;
many pilgrims, many monks, many priests
were there, as well as kings, and nobles
and learned men, though they could
scarce be told among the toiling throng.

A calm grey twilight, neither clear nor
dark, shone over the mount; the scent of
himic herbs was wafted from it; and
at the top, which was very distant, and of
a lovely blue, there shone through a faint
and rosy cloud, the snow-white walls and
towers of a glorious city, over which
angels brooded in a dove-like calm.
While Sir Jocelyn gazed on this vision
with awe and yearning love, a young
warrior came out from a group of two or
three, and approached him. He was clad
in bright and shining armor from head
to foot, save his head, which was only
bound with a crown of thorns and reeds.
His look was noble and stately, but full
of meek humility. His broad shield was
decorated by severe engravings, a few drops
of blood trickled from his left temple, his
great sword was in his hand, and he kept
and polished as glass. A wide girdle
fringed his surcoat, which was white as
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crimson robes appeared the forms of
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him, and sang his praises. The little children
clapped their hands, and the distant sound
of peaceful bells was borne down the
mount from the glorious city. He awoke;
he started to his feet. It was not then a
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Around him were soon gathered the
friendly monks of St. Mary's, and pil-
grims to the shrine; his own dear Ger-
trude, and his aged father, and his
brothers; while above and around sounded
the Christmas chant—"Christ our
Lord is born—Come, let us adore Him!"
and the Christmas bells rung through the
frosty air, bidding men come and worship
their Lord. Sir Jocelyn rose up, and
went into the Priory Church, where the
great and aged prior, who was wont to
welcome the joyous tidings, was waiting
to receive the knight and the noble, and
the young and the old, were there; and aged
widows, and lame, and poor, and little
children with branches and ivy wreaths
in their hands, all streaming in towards
the lighted high altar, glittering beneath
its gigantic holy crown. And holy priests
wore there, and the distant sound of
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HENRY GRATTAN.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF IRELAND'S GREAT PATRIOT AND ORATOR.

The best critics of eloquence have given to Henry Grattan a foremost rank among the orators of all times. Says Lord Brougham, "His eloquence was of a very high order, all but of the very highest, and it was eminently original. It may be truly said that Dante himself never conjured up a striking, a pathetic or an appropriate image in fewer words than Grattan employed to describe his relations toward Irish independence when, alluding to his use in 1782 and its fall twenty years later, he said: 'I sat by its cradle—I followed its hearse.'" His reasoning was called "logic on fire." His style was elaborated with great care. His language is select. In the peroration of his great speech of April 19, 1780, (quoted hereafter), we have one of the best specimens in our language of that admirable adaptation of the source to the sense which distinguished the ancient orators. His appearance is thus described by Charles Phillips: "He was short in stature and unprepossessing in appearance. His arms were disproportionately long. His walk was a stride. With a person swinging like a pendulum, and an abstracted air, he seemed always in thought, and each thought provoked an attendant gesticulation. An engraving of him as he appeared in

THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS when delivering his great speech for Irish rights, represents him with a well-formed head, regular and delicate features, small penetrating eyes and a firm mouth. Henry Grattan was born in Dublin, July 3, 1746. His father was an eminent barrister. In 1763 he entered Trinity College, where he was distinguished for brilliancy of imagination and impetuosity of feeling. He was graduated with honor in 1767, when he repaired to London and began to study law. However, he much preferred literature and politics. He became fascinated with the eloquence of Lord Chatham in Parliament, and now earnestly devoted himself to cultivating his own powers as a public speaker. In 1772 he returned to Ireland and was admitted to the bar. He became a member of the Irish Parliament, and joined the ranks of the opposition. With others he exerted the measure of free trade from England, but he had a higher object in view. This was the complete independence of the Irish Parliam. By the law of the time it was declared that Ireland was a subordinate and dependent kingdom; that the kings, lords and commons of Great Britain were to make laws to bind Ireland; that Ireland had no jurisdiction, and that all the proceedings began before that court were void. Mr. Grattan was determined to set this arbitrary act aside. He urged a declaration of right denying the claim of the British Parliament to make the laws of Ireland. His motion was defeated, but Grattan was henceforth looked upon as the destined deliverer of his country. His popularity was unbounded. Two years later he made another great speech, when he was in the well-stored library of the House of Commons. Fox soon after brought in a bill in the British Parliament for the repeal of the obnoxious act. In gratitude for his services, Ireland voted £100,000 to purchase Mr. Grattan an estate. He was opposed to the union with England, but it could not be prevented. In 1805 he became a member of the British Parliament. He was an ardent champion of Catholic emancipation. In 1819 he went to London to present the Catholic petition, and support it in Parliament. However, he was taken very ill, and it became impossible for him to carry out the last patriotic desire of his life. "In his private life," says Lord Brougham, "he was without a stain whether of opinion or of principle; singularly amiable, as well as of unblemished purity in all the relations of family and of society; of manners as full of generosity as they were free from affectation; of conversation as much seasoned with spirit and impregnated with knowledge as it was void of all harshness and gall." In his great speech of 1780 he thus spoke of the "spirit of the Irish nation": "Where do you find a nation who, upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind, express herself with more truth or force—persistence or justice—not the tame unreality of the orator; not the vulgar ravings of the rabble, but the genuine spirit of liberty, and the unsolicited orations of Freedom. Sir Henry military ardor expressed, not in forty thousand men conducted by instinct, as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every member of the growing commonwealth. Let corruption tremble! Let every enemy, foreign or domestic, tremble! Let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety at this hour of redemption—an enlightened sense of public right, a young appetite for freedom, a solid strength, and a fire, which not only put a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one! Eighteen centuries are at your bar. They stand with

liberty. I have no ambition unless it is to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied as long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his ring. He may be naked, he shall not be in iron. And I do see the time to be near at hand. The spirit is gone forth, the declaration of right is planted, and though great men shall fall off, yet the cause shall live; and though he who utters this shall die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the humble organ who conveys it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him." In his terrible invective against Mr. Flood, Oct. 28, 1783, he said: "I follow you by place, or stung by disappointed ambition, we have seen you pursue a course of most manifest duplicity. You can be trusted by no men. The people cannot trust you, the ministers cannot trust you; you have dealt out

THE MOST IMPARTIAL TRACHEARY to both, and now you tell the nation she was ruined by others when she was sold by you. You fled from the mutiny bill—you fled from the sugar bill—you fled from the six months money bill. I therefore tell you in the face of the country, before all the world and to your beard, you are not an honest man." When his daughter sought to persuade him not to go to the House in his feeble condition, he said to her: "My life—my love—God gave me talents to be of use to my country, and if I lose my life in her service it is a good death—it is a good death." He died on the next day, June 4, 1820, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with the highest honors. Walpole said of him: "I never knew a man whose patriotism and love for his country seemed so completely to extinguish all private interests, and to induce him to look invariably and exclusively to the public good."

THE STORY OF ARCHBISHOP BAYLEY'S CONVERSION. One of the most eloquent sermons delivered thus far at the Baltimore Council was the one pronounced by the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, at the Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem for the deceased bishops of the United States, on Nov. 13th. In alluding to the late Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, His Grace said:— It is now about half a century since a handsome young student in Middletown, Conn., poring over the acts of the Council of Chalcedon, in the well-stored library of a distinguished Episcopalian divine, suddenly asked his preceptor the following question: "Doctor, are the acts of this Council authentic?" "Most assuredly," was the answer. The passage the student had been reading was this: "The Bishops with one voice exclaimed, 'This is the faith of our fathers! This is the faith of the Apostles!' Peter has spoken by the mouth of Leo: *Petrus per Leonem loquutus est.*" The quick inference and deduction came, that if Peter spoke through his successor then, in the fifth century, why not now? This was the first beam of light. It was faithfully followed up. His sorrowful friends told him Rome was corrupt, and if he would but go to Rome, he would recognize the fact, and relinquish his delusion. He went to Rome to examine honestly for himself, and there he was received into the Church, to become later his eighth Archbishop.

He had large natural gifts, an unfailing fund of humor, acute powers of observation, a rare acquaintance with books, and a retentive memory. These qualities combined made him a delightful conversationalist and a great favorite in society. But back of all this was a deep and sincere piety. Like St. Francis de Sales, his cherished patron, he longed for the peacefulness and privileges of a religious life. The week before he died, alluding to the subject, he said he was twice on the point of becoming a religious—first in Rome, on the occasion of his reception into the Church, and next, shortly before receiving Episcopal consecration. In both cases it was thought best he should remain in the secular clergy, and there exercise the many gifts, particularly the talent of organization, so possessed, for the good of others. How well he used the talent confided to him, his labors in New York, New Jersey and Baltimore still attest.

Seven years ago he died. I remember well his last conversation with me, a little before he lost consciousness. He had been talking of the dread responsibility that presses on the shoulders of a Bishop—of the severe account to be rendered to the Supreme Judge, and the thought was suggested to him that God's mercy is above all His works. "Yes," he replied, "this reflection has often encouraged me. For, after all, humanly speaking, I could have had no reason to expect the gift of faith, considering my early associations and surroundings. And that our Lord called me to His Church and to His service, has always been to me a proof of His love and special mercy in my regard; of His will to save me, because he brought me to the faith." And so the last conscious thought, as far as I know of the dear Archbishop was kindred to that which supported the great St. Teresa in her agony, "After all, O Lord, I die a child of the Church."

Better than Diamonds, and of greater value than fine gold is a great tonic renovator like Kidney-Wort. It expels all poisonous humors from the blood, tones up the system and by acting directly on the most important organs of the body stimulates them to healthy action and restores health. It has effected many marvelous cures and for all Kidney diseases and other kindred troubles it is an invaluable remedy. After Twenty-three Years Suffering. Rev. Wm. Stout, of Wiarion, was cured of scrofulous abscess that seventeen doctors could not cure. Burdock Blood Bitters was the only successful remedy. It cures all impurities of the system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing. It Should be Removed. If the lungs are obstructed by phlegm, caused by cold, do not wrack them by coughing, when the cough and soreness can be cured by Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the reliable throat and lung healer.

IRISH DISCONTENT.

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

An English visitor to Ireland, if he happens to be a Catholic, has in consequence a trial to sustain of his own of which the continental tourist has no experience from Austrian police, or Russian douane, or Turkish quarantines. He has turned his eyes to a country bound to him by the ties of a common faith; and, when he lands at Cork or Kingstown, he breathes more freely from the thought that he has left a Protestant people behind him, and is among his co-religionists. He has but this one imagination before his mind, that he is in the midst of those who will not despise him for his faith's sake, who send the sacred names, and utter the same prayers, and use the same devotions, as he does himself; whose churches are the houses of his God, and whose numerous clergy are the physicians of the soul. He penetrates into the heart of the country; and he recognizes an innocence in the young face, and a piety and patience in the aged voice, which strikingly and sadly contrast with the habits of his own rural population. Scattered over these masses of peasantry, and peasants themselves, he hears of a number of lay persons who have dedicated themselves to a religious celibate, and who, by their superior knowledge as well as sanctity, are the natural and ready guides of their humble brethren. He finds the population as magnificent as it is pious, and doing greater works for God out of their poverty, than the rich and noble elsewhere accomplish in their abundance. He finds them characterized by a love of kindred so tender and faithful, as to lead them, on their compulsory expatriation, to send back from their first earnings, exact in his new friends, incredible sums, with the purpose of bringing over to it those dear ones whom they have left in the old country. And he finds himself received with that warmth of hospitality which ever has been Ireland's boast; and, as far as he is personally concerned, his blood is forgotten in his baptism. How shall he not, under such circumstances, exult in his new friends, and feel words deficient to express both his deep reverence for their virtues, and his strong sympathies in their heavy trials?

But, alas, feelings which are so just and natural in themselves, which are so congruous in the breast of Frenchman or Italian, are impertinent in him. He does not at first recollect, as he ought to recollect, that he comes among the Irish people as a representative of persons, and actions, and catastrophes, which it is not pleasant to any one to think about; that he is responsible for the deeds of his forefathers, and of his contemporary Parliaments and Executive; that he is one of a strong, unscrupulous, and cruel nation, standing upon the soil of the injured. He does not bear in mind that it is as easy to forget injury as it is difficult to forget being injured. He does not admit, even in his imagination, the judgment and the sentence which the past history of Erin sternly pronounces upon him. He has not recollection to himself, and to be taught by what he hears around him, that an Englishman has no right to open his heart, and indulge his honest affection towards the Irish race, as if nothing had happened between him and them. The voices, so full of blessings for their Maker and their own kindred, adopt a very different strain and cadence when the name of England is mentioned; and even when he is most warmly and generously received by those whom he falls in with, he will be repudiated by those who are at a distance. Natural amiableness, religious principles, education, reading, knowledge of the world, and the charities of civilization, repress or eradicate these bitter feelings in the class in which he finds his friends; but, in the population, one sentiment of hatred against the oppressor, *maud alia mente repositum*. The wrongs which England has inflicted are faithfully remembered; her services are viewed with incredulity or resentment; her names and fellowship are abominated; the news of her prosperity heard with disgust; the anticipation of her possible reverses, and cherished as the best of consolations. The success of France and Russia over her armies, of Yankee or Hindoo, is fervently desired as the first instalment of a debt accumulated through seven centuries; and that, even though those armies are in so large a proportion recruited from the Irish soil, as he ventures at least to ask for prayers for England, he receives no answer—a prayer that she may receive her due. It is as if the air rang with the old Jewish words, "O daughter of Babylon, blessed shall be he who shall repay thee as thou hast paid to us!"

A Knowing Dog. At a convent in France twenty poor people were served with dinner at a given hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent was always present at this meal watching for any scraps that might be thrown to him. The guests being very hungry themselves, and not very charitable, the poor dog did little more than smell the food. Each paper rang a bell, and his share was delivered to him through a small opening, so that neither giver nor receiver could see each other. One day the dog waited till all were served, when he took the rope in his mouth and rang the bell. The trick succeeded, and was repeated the next day with the same success. At length the cook finding that twenty-one portions were doled out instead of twenty, determined to find out the thief, and at last the clever dog was detected. But when the monks heard the story, they rewarded the dog's ingenuity by allowing him to ring the bell every day, and a mess of broken victuals was thenceforth served out to him in his turn.

A Human Barometer. The man with rheumatism can feel the approach of bad weather in his aching joints. Hagyard's Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, aches, pains and injuries. Obstructions of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels are promptly removed by National Pills. To Our Readers. If you suffer from headaches, dizziness, back-ache, biliousness or humors of the blood, try Burdock Blood Bitters. It is a guaranteed cure for all irregularities of blood, liver and kidneys.

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Approved by the Bishop of London, and recommended by the Bishops of Ottawa, Kingston, and Peterboro, and leading Catholic Clergymen throughout the Dominion.

Catholic Record. LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1884.

THE PARTING SCENES.

On Sunday, Dec. 7th, terminated the third Plenary Council of Baltimore. The scenes at the closing were most impressive.

Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop of Petra, i. p. t., coadjutor of New York. Bishop Spalding of Peoria, preached the sermon. The discourse was, needless to say, most able one.

"They have laid down laws for the guidance of societies which co-operate with the church, and have sought to know what is for good and what for harm in the church. Their deliberations have been conducted with dignity and the full thought has been spoken without restriction.

At the close of the sermon the vestments of the prelates and priests were changed from white to those of a red color, symbolic of the tongues of fire which descended on the apostles on the day of Pentecost.

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When this was over, the pens and ink with which the bishops and officers were to sign their names in testimony of the genuineness of the decrees were placed on the altar.

"It has fallen to my lot to be the oldest bishop in this council, the arrangements and preparations for which, it is needless to say, caused great anxiety, care and labor for the apostolic delegate who presided over its deliberations.

now think of those who have passed away since the second plenary council." The feeble old man was obliged to stop frequently in the delivery of his short address through the infirmities of age, and at its close went with uncertain steps back to his seat among the archbishops.

A PLEASING VISIT.

On Friday last His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, accompanied by his secretary the Rev. Father Murphy, arrived from Toronto, where he had taken part in the celebration of the silver jubilee of Archbishop Lynch, on a visit to His Lordship the Bishop of London.

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was far from being anti-scriptural. In the beginning when God, cursing the angel of darkness figured by the serpent, pronounced the remarkable words found in the third chapter of Genesis, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed."

The charm of Spring some Emperors boast; Is summer's light some shine; But Autumn of the world—is his host Of garnered fruit—is thine.

Let other nations sing the past, And ancient glories dead, Their sons their glance must backward cast, While ours shall look ahead.

It was well remarked when these lines appeared that if one Archbishop of Halifax, a man brilliantly gifted and great in his way, gave material aid to the cause of Confederation, giving it frankly as a statesman and a churchman, though bringing no personal pressure to bear on his people, it is fitting that another, not less gifted, perhaps with a greater refinement of true culture, should sing the hopes entertained by every patriot in these graceful strains.

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year, he entered the College of St. Vincent, Castleknock. Here he made rapid progress and won general esteem for learning and piety. Here too he might have remained beloved and honored, but he had long yearned for the life of a missionary. With this object in view he left St. Vincents for the house of the congregation of the Lazarists in Paris. In 1842 he received the sacred orders of sub-deaconship and deaconship, at the hands of Mgr. Adre, Archbishop of Paris, afterwards murdered, at the barricades in a vain effort to appease an insurgent populace. In 1843 he was ordained priest by the Archbishop of Dublin, Most Rev. Dr. Murray. Filled with an ardent desire for missionary labor he accompanied the late Mgr. Odin, then Vicar-Apostolic of Texas, to that remote and sparsely settled region. Three years, from 1846 to 1849, he labored in Texas, bearing with every trial that poverty, hardship and sickness could bring him. His characteristic courage and self-reliance never for a moment forsook him. In 1849 he removed to Missouri, where he became Superior of the Seminary of St. Marie de Barens, and was also selected delegate to the sexennial general sessions of the Lazarists, held in Paris in 1849 and 1855. In the latter year he visited Rome. Returning to the United States at the invitation of Bishop Timon, he proceeded to Buffalo, and in 1856 founded the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels at Niagara Falls. In 1859 the Most Rev. Dr. Charbonnel, Bishop of Toronto, asked for the services of a coadjutor. The eyes of the Holy Father fell upon Dr. Lynch, who was, on the 20th of November in that year, consecrated Bishop of Aechinas, i. p. t., cum jure successione. A few months afterwards Bishop De Charbonnel resigned the see of Toronto and Dr. Lynch became its third bishop. In 1870 a new ecclesiastical Province was erected in Canada, and Bishop Lynch made its metropolitan with the title of Archbishop of Toronto. Thus, for five and twenty years has this revered prelate wielded the pastoral staff in the chief city of Ontario. His administration has been characterized by firmness and prudence, sweetened by an invariable amiability of disposition. What marvel then if it has been crowned with extraordinary success. His Grace is universally beloved by his people. At all times accessible, he is ever ready to lend ready ear to their petitions. The orphaned, the widowed, and the poor have in him a constant and tireless benefactor. He has indeed spent himself doing good among the little ones and the afflicted of Christ's flock. His pen and voice have, at the same time, been ever at requisition to defend Catholic interests. This duty he has, however, fulfilled, without engendering those ill feelings, so often the result of such action. Never in the history of Toronto has there been the general good feeling now subsisting in that city. Never was the Catholic body so respected throughout the Province as at this moment. Its cause! The kindly regard for the feelings and the generous consideration for even the prejudices of the non-Catholics of the Province by the Bishops of Ontario, with His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto at their head. That this happy state of affairs may long continue, and that His Grace may yet be spared for many years to rule over the see of Toronto, is the wish, not only of the Catholics of Ontario, but of all good citizens, of all who prize virtue, value disinterestedness and admire the rare qualities that combine to make men great.

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His Lordship the Bishop presiding at High Mass, the Rev. Father Dunphy officiating. The exercises closed on Thursday. Large numbers approached the Holy Table.

—The Hon. Hugh O'Brien, who has just been elected Mayor of Boston, is the first Irish American and Catholic citizen to hold that high position. Verily Plymouth Rock must be shaking on its basis. The vote stood, O'Brien 27,595, Martin 24,171.

—We have just learned, as we go to press, of the serious illness of Mr. John M. O'Mara, of this city. We sincerely trust that no grave symptoms may be developed and that Mr. O'Mara may soon again be convalescent.

—Mr. Joseph Parent, who died in this city on the 8th inst., was highly respected by all who knew him. He was in his 33rd year at the time of his unlooked-for demise. Mr. Parent was a brother-in-law of Mr. F. H. Coles, of the Inland Revenue Dept., London. We heartily condole with his afflicted widow and children in their sorrow.

BISHOP CLEARY.

His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, celebrated, on Tuesday, the 15th inst., the fourth anniversary of his consecration. There was a large attendance of the clergy of the diocese, and the bishops of the Province took advantage of the occasion to offer their heartfelt congratulations. We desire to add our best wishes to these on that joyous occasion presented His Lordship. We trust that his episcopate may be blessed with length of years, and continue to be fruitful in the good works that have hitherto adorned it, doing honor to his administrative tact and exalted piety.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record BRANTFORD NOTES.

Still the ladies of the congregation are hard at work preparing for the Christmas Tree. Every evening work is being pushed on; ward collectors and canvassers have been very successful in their labors; all the people of the city have acted generously towards them; and the entertainment is already an assured success.

Mr. Schuler has taken the leadership of the choir, and a decided improvement is apparent.

ST. BASIL'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

This society organized for the season last week, and a larger number than usual seem to be taking an interest in it. Rev. Father Cronin delivered an opening address, which in reality was a lecture on "Literature," and the announcement of which no doubt had the effect of bringing many new members to the meeting.

He defined good "literature" as the best thoughts of the best writers that ever lived—the marriage of exquisite thought to exquisite language—not only must the thought be exquisite, it must be expressed, vividly, and elegantly expressed. He then impressed upon the young men the necessity of cultivating nicety of expression, for the manner in which a subject is treated is often of more importance than the matter—the style more important than the thought. The great thinkers of every age do not differ from the little ones so much in having different thoughts as in the manner in which they treat their thoughts upon expression—sift, classify them, place them in logical order, and give them to the world in the pearl of exquisite and adequate expression, combining business-like brevity with artistic beauty. A simple style and the use of the simplest and most idiomatic words was recommended, and several amusing anecdotes told in the manner of encouragement of the difficulty experienced by some beginners in oratory. Sheridan said to a friend, after his first attempt, "It is a failure, pointing to his forehead. "It is there," he said, "it's in me, and I'll bring it out." And so he did afterwards bring it out.

Chaffy literature was denounced, and some authors recommended, and their merits dwelt on. Scott's distinguishing characteristic is simplicity of style. Milton stands far above the poets of his own age for learning, invention, simplicity, and the richness and harmony of his versification. Shakespeare had the most comprehensive soul, most excellent fancy, and bravest notions; he made the images and beauties of nature his own—images and beauties which he drew not laboriously but luckily. John Henry Cardinal Newman was particularly recommended as the greatest living master of the English language, who has evoked, as with an enchanter's wand, the sweetness and strength of that tongue.

John Mitchell was mentioned as one who shares with the great Cardinal the fame of having written the strongest, the simplest, the most fascinating English pronounced in our generation. Then, last, but not least, came "Tom Moore, the poet of Ireland," who aspired to no higher honor than to be known as the poet of Ireland. Through him the genius and the wrongs of Ireland have been made familiar to every nation. He took the forgotten music of Ireland, caught the thought and inspiration of every air, fitted to each word as musical as itself, and sent them, thought and verse and melody thus interwoven, to tell the story of Ireland all over the earth. They thrilled all England, all Europe, all generous hearts, wherever they might be, with sympathy, regret, indignation. They raised, as Parnell and his followers are doing to-day, the cause of Ireland into its rightful place before the intelligent opinion of the world, where, he said, "I hope they shall continue to hold her till right conquers might, till she has 'all that I wish her, great, glorious, and free, first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.'"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Ticket holders of the Bazaar in aid of St. Peter's Cathedral building fund should endeavor to make immediate returns. The Bazaar will open on the 29th of December. All parties making returns should address them to Rev. James Walsh, St. Peter's Palace, London, Ont. All letters containing money should be registered.

—The opening of the Pontiac and Pacific Junction Railway gives at last the County of Pontiac railway communication with the outer world. We trust that the road will be pushed on vigorously to completion.

—Mr. John J. Brennan, of Quebec, has been initiated member of the Roman Catholic Union of the Knights of St. John, and has been created at the same time Knight of St. John in St. Joseph's commandery.

—Mr. Edward Burke, son of the late treasurer for the county of Renfrew, has been appointed to the office made vacant by the death of his father. The local journals speak in terms of highest commendation of Mr. Burke's qualifications for the position.

—At a late meeting of those interested in the Lake Temiscamingue colonization scheme, held in Ottawa, Bishop Duhamel in the chair, there was a large attendance of clergy and laity. Much interest was manifested in the project, the success of which is now beyond peradventure.

—The Forty Hours Devotion began in St. Peter's Cathedral on Monday last,

THE SILVER JUBILEE.

We stated in our last that the celebration of the silver jubilee of His Grace the Archbishop was the most magnificent affair of the kind ever witnessed in Canada. And so it was. The Catholics of two great nations vied with each other in doing honor to a prelate who has himself done honor to Holy Church and great good to his fellow-men. Never before did Toronto witness such a gathering of distinguished churchmen from every portion of the American continent. Never were Canadian public men of every shade of political thought so thoroughly agreed as to the propriety of paying a united tribute of respect to one who, whether as churchman or citizen, has never failed to do his duty by the land of his adoption. Archbishop Lynch was born near Clones, County Monaghan, Ireland, February 6th, 1816. He has consequently almost completed his sixty-ninth year. In his early youth he evinced a remarkably pious disposition and his parents from the very first intended him for the church. He was first placed under the charge of the Carmelite Brothers at Clondukin, where he began his classical studies. Before, however, he had attained his twentieth

Correspondence of the Catholic Record. FROM QUEBEC.

Quebec, Dec. 10th, 1884. DEAR MR. EDITOR:—As I believe that the religious events of the last two weeks will greatly interest a large part of your readers, and the Catholic world in general, I think it but right to say a few words relative to the arrival and reception of His Grace Mgr. Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec.

It was ascertained late on Saturday evening, 29th Nov., by private telegram from Halifax, that His Grace, Elz. A. Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, would arrive the next evening at Levis. The citizens of Levis being duly apprised of his intended arrival in their midst, immediately organized a grand reception. Consequently, when the train from Halifax arrived at the I. C. R. depot in Levis, on Sunday evening, His Grace was met by the Mayor of Levis, M. P. Lefrançois, who presented a very touching address on behalf of the citizens of Levis. His Grace was then escorted to the parish church, where a solemn Benediction and Te Deum was sung. He then proceeded to the presbytery, the hospitality of which was kindly tendered him by the esteemed curé, Rev. M. Gauvreau. The next morning, Dec. 1st, about 9:30 a. m., after celebrating solemn High Mass, and accompanied by the band of Levis College and a large concourse of citizens, he descended to the boat and crossed over to Quebec. The previous Sunday the curé in the respective parishes kindly invited their parishioners to assemble in a body, in order to escort His Grace to the landing. The concourse of people at the landing was so great that all traffic was for some time generally suspended. A good many of the leading Irish and French societies, as well as the colleges, were in attendance. No sooner was His Grace perceived than a hearty shout of acclamation was heard. After the acclamations had subsided a little, His Honor, Frs. Langelier, the worthy and esteemed mayor of Quebec, accompanied by Hon. ex-Judge Taschereau, presented a touching address to His Grace, and on behalf of the citizens of Quebec, warmly welcomed him back to the ancient city. In the meantime the procession slowly formed itself, and the archbishop in a carriage magnificently equipped, and surrounded by the Papal Zouaves, proceeded to the Basilica, where a solemn Te Deum was to be sung. The streets on the way to the church were lined with people, and bunting was liberally displayed. Upon entering the church and having prostrated himself before the Blessed Sacrament, His Grace proceeded to invest himself in his robes of gold. He forthwith proceeded to the high altar, the choir chanting the "Magnificat," after which His Grace solemnly intoned the "Te Deum" in thanksgiving to God for having brought him back safe and sound to his flock, and the devotion of the Forty Hours, which had been solemnly opened the preceding day, only seemed to add new lustre to his reception. After vesting himself in his pontifical robes he retired to the palace, where he was met by about a hundred priests and ecclesiastics from the surrounding parishes, who had managed to arrive in time to assist at the ceremony of his reception. All the religious communities in and around Quebec were likewise represented. M. Le Cure Anclair, on behalf of the present, presented the Archbishop with an address in which His Grace, "Chevalier Apostolique," replied in feeling terms, after which he invited those present to partake with him of a sumptuous repast. In the evening, notwithstanding that only the religious communities, colleges and churches, had been invited to illuminate, it was favorably noticed that the residences of a few nuns in the leading Catholic convents also illuminated. Particular mention must here be made of the Laval University, which was the admiration of every one.

His Grace Mgr. Taschereau drove around in the evening in order to view for himself the various illuminations. And thus was brought to a close a day never to be forgotten in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada. It is scarcely due to permit me to say much more I will pass over the various events of the week until next week, and only notice the death of the Rev. M. Lagace, the zealous and much esteemed Principal of the Normal School in this city, who departed this life on Saturday last, the 6th Dec., deeply regretted by all who knew him and in whom education loses one of its prime factors in this Province. J. G. LeBARRON.

DYNAMITE.

London, Dec. 13.—A terrific concussion struck the city at 5:40 o'clock this evening. It proved to be the result of an attempt to blow up London Bridge. The effort resulted in a failure, and the structure was uninjured. The only damage done, so far as can be ascertained, is the destruction of perhaps £50 worth of window glass in the warehouses on both banks of the river. A number of lamp posts were twisted into fantastic shapes, and a few travellers knocked over. One pedestrian, who was probably nearest to the explosion, is said to have been slightly bruised by being violently thrown against the stone parapet of the bridge. Had the outrage been carefully planned the result would have been most appalling. London Bridge is known to be the most thoroughfare in the world. Four lines of vehicle traffic are with difficulty kept moving by policemen stationed within a few yards of each other, and the sidewalks are proportionately crowded for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. A year ago the strong police patrol between the city and the Southwark side was doubled in consequence of the threats of the dynamiters, but at the end of three months the scare died away and the extra force was withdrawn.

Let there be no mistake about this, that the Myrtle Navy tobacco is manufactured from the very finest Virginia leaf. No higher quality of leaf can be purchased for any tobacco made. It is selected with the very greatest care, and treated with the most approved processes for preserving the flavor of the tobacco.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. Continued from First Page.

though he was a Frenchman. (Laughter) He was proud to see so many distinguished prelates from the United States present, and referred to the friendly feeling which had existed for so many years between the two countries. He thanked them for the high honor done to him in proposing his health. He appreciated highly the compliment which His Grace had paid to Mrs. Robinson and himself. He hoped they might be able, twenty-five years hence, to be present at a gathering similar to the one at which they were assembled with His Grace the Archbishop in the chair. (Laughter and applause.)

BISHOP LOUGHLIN. Bishop Loughlin, Brooklyn, said he had listened with inexpressible delight to the sentiments of his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and those in reply by His Grace the Archbishop. Both these gentlemen had laid down the principles which should guide their future course of conduct. He knew Archbishop Lynch many years before he was raised to the episcopacy; he knew he was zealous in advancing the work of his Divine Master, advancing principles of honor and integrity which should govern the lives of those placed under his charge. (Cheers.) He was present at his consecration twenty-five years ago, and no one could deny that during that long space of time His Grace had been loyal to his God and loyal to his country. (Applause.)

ARCHBISHOP RYAN. Archbishop Ryan expressed his great pleasure at coming to Toronto on this auspicious occasion. He had known the Archbishop for thirty years, and had always marked with pleasure his zeal during that time. He did not know but that between His Grace, who was not a politician, and the Lieut.-Governor, and his Worship the Mayor, there might be a conspiracy to annex the United States to Canada. (Laughter.) He might say, however, that they had already annexed the hearts of the prelates of the United States. (Applause.) He was pleased to notice the feeling of affection and tenderness evinced there that evening. He was glad to see that catholicity of social intercourse which existed among them, and hoped it would long continue to bind the two nations together in the bonds of friendship and love. (Applause.)

ARCHBISHOP TASCHEREAU. Archbishop Taschereau was next called on. He said he had come there for two reasons. First, one of gratitude for the grace the Archbishop of Toronto, who was his consecrator, and secondly because he represented the old Church of Quebec, which once had for its jurisdiction the valley of the St. Lawrence, including, therefore, Toronto and the valley of the Mississippi. The Church of Quebec had always retained good relations with her children, and he hoped the bonds of friendship would become tighter after a celebration of that character. He thanked them for the kind manner in which he had been received, and he hoped their hearts would be in union with his in gratitude to his Grace for bringing them together on that auspicious occasion.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN. Archbishop O'Brien (Halifax) said which was a little boy he was inclined to talk a good deal—(laughter)—and his good mother on one occasion said to him, "Now, my boy, never rise to speak unless you know what to speak about, otherwise you will make a fool of yourself." (Laughter.) He acted on the advice for some time, but finding he had still continued to go astray, he had the conclusion that he might as well rise when he did not know what he should talk about. (Laughter.) They had been led to believe there would be only two speeches that evening, and he did not think His Grace would go back on his word after twenty-five years in the episcopacy. (Much laughter.) The unexpected manner reminded him of a story as to how an Irish Yankee used to catch ducks. He would envelope his head and shoulders in the thick boughs of a tree, and then wade in the water among the ducks, who not suspecting the presence of a man in the waving bushes allowed him to approach them and drag them under the water by the legs. (Laughter.) They had made a descent on the ducks of the Lower Provinces. (Renewed laughter.) But there was this difference in the two cases, the Yankee went down without a noise, but the ducks of the Maritime Provinces would not die unavenged. (Laughter and applause.)

After the manner in which they had been received in Toronto—it that were the manner guests were always received was not been long in this part of the world, but he had been delighted with the principles he had just heard enunciated. They were the principles he had always endeavored to follow. (Applause.) He wished to state publicly that he had never had warmer friends than among those who had differed from him on religious matters. (Applause.) BISHOP O'MAHONY. Bishop O'Mahony, bishop of Kingston, rose in response to repeated calls. He said he was in a sense the parent of the Diocese of Toronto, and in a sense the father of His Grace of Toronto. (Laughter.) The address presented to his Grace said that the dioceses of the province were affiliated with Toronto. That was not so. Toronto was a daughter of Kingston, fifty-eight years ago Kingston came from the womb of Quebec, the first diocese of Ontario. Eleven years it took of correspondence between the Holy See and the Government to form the diocese. The opposition was so strong that the Bishop of Quebec was obliged to send a bishop here surreptitiously. A bishop was quietly consecrated and sent as a Vicar-General, and he so passed here for three years before he could take possession of his see. His (the speaker's) see was affiliated with no see but that of Peter. His Lordship went on to speak of his gratification at the good feeling existing among all parties. After paying a tribute to Archbishop Lynch, he spoke of the prelates of the council at Baltimore, among whom he had been, men who were the aristocracy of virtue and talent. Men

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PUBLICATIONS.

Book for Missions on a Short and Catholic Doctrine. St. Louis, Mo. 1884.

FARM AND LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Balance the accounts. Clean the stables daily. Allow no waste in feeding.

that their serene lives are not ruffled by the dictates of Dame Fashion, to any great degree.

country is at present a scene of litigiousness, poverty and eviction. A people taxed worse than Egypt...

Henry the Eighth and his "Abominable Daughter."

San Francisco Monitor. Anniversary services in connection with the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom...

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Table with columns: MAILS AS UNDER, CLOSE, DUE FOR DELIVERY. Lists various postal routes and rates.

Discharge the man or boy who heartlessly teases the animals. Make a rule to feed at regular hours...

Don't Crowd the Pot Plants. At best the conditions which surround house-plants at this season are adverse to their well-doing.

The Bible in Silver. At Upsala, in Sweden, is carefully preserved a curious and renowned MS. known as the Silver Hand Writing.

Have the Water Troughs Near By. The country over, too much carelessness is shown in the matter of providing live stock with drink in the winter time.

POLISH EXILES. HOW A CATHOLIC COLONY HAS SPRUNG UP ON THE FRONTIERS OF CHINA.

Distressed Because Her Name is Burchard and Wants it Changed. Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1884.—Olga F. Burchard, come forward, said the Superintendent of Public Education...

Protection against Frost. By judicious protection now to buildings, pumps, etc., much discomfort and annoyance may be saved to both man and beast for the next four months.

Philadelphians, Nov. 28, 1884.—Olga F. Burchard, come forward, said the Superintendent of Public Education...

Throw Away Trusses. When one new method is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture without the use of the knife...

Orchard and Garden. Make the labels secure. Manured orchards pay. Ladies will force at 45°.

IRISH LANDLORDS. THEY ARE STILL HARASSING, OPPRESSING AND EVICTING THEIR UNFORTUNATE TENANTS.

THE THREE PROPS OF SOCIETY ARE THE Church, the country and the family; intemperance is the enemy of each of these; therefore it is the enemy of society.

Flowers and the Lawn. Mulch the bulb beds. Keep ahead of the insects. Roman hyacinths begin to bloom.

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