

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 11.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY DECEMBER 29, 1888.

NO. 532

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A Solis Crux (Catholice—St. Ambrose.

FOR CHRISTMAS TIDE.

The following version of this beautiful hymn of St. Ambrose first appeared in the Primer of 176, and is by good authority believed to be from the pen of John Dryden.

From every part o'er which the sun Does in its rolling compass run, May creatures all conspire to sing The praises of our new-born King!

The God of nature, for our sake, Our service nature chose to take, With flesh, to lead our flesh His aid, And save the work His hands had made.

In Mary's womb He takes His place, And there erects His seat of Grace, In silence, she stored, and hid, The sacred Mystery in her breast.

Her virgin womb, that chaste abode, Becomes the temple of her God, Above all nature's works alone, Above all nature's laws conceives a Son.

Thus does the bearing maid unfold The Mystery Gabriel foretold, Which John, within his Mother's womb Foretold, and best the Laab to come.

Behold Him in the manger laid! A sheaf of straw His royal bed, And He whose beauty feeds the rest Lies craving at His mother's breast.

Here angels to His Maker sing, Here heaven's loud choir with echoes ring, Whilst shepherds here adore and know Their Pastor and Creator too.

May age to age for ever sing, The Virgin's Son and Angel's King, And praise, with the celestial host, The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Dec. 29th, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Most sincerely do we return thanks to those kind friends who have sent us their subscriptions for the CATHOLIC RECORD. We hope those who have not yet done so will result as soon as convenient. We have labored earnestly the past year to supply a paper which, as the Boston Pilot lately said, "the Catholic people of Canada should feel proud of." We do not intend to relax our efforts in the least, and, in order that our hands may be strengthened in our labors in the interests of faith and fatherland, we trust our good friends will respond promptly.

We are sorry to see the announcement made that our able contemporary, the Montreal Post, is to appear no more. There ought to be more encouragement for the enterprising publishers who kept up the only Catholic daily paper in the country.

In the French Chamber of Deputies an amendment to the Army Bill was proposed by Mgr. Freppel to exempt seminarians from military service. Nothing can be more senseless than to require students for the priesthood to spend in a military camp their best years for preparation to fulfill their priestly functions, and only the infidel tendency of the rulers of the country can explain the refusal of the Government to accept Mgr. Freppel's proposal. The amendment was rejected by the Chamber.

A LEAGUE has been started in France for the propagation of Atheism, and the public are asked to assist in the work of eradicating the idea of God from men's hearts, so that they may live without the restraint which a belief in God produces. Mons. Berry, a member of the Paris Municipal Council, has lately delivered a lecture before the League on the "the Workman without God." France has already experienced what the workman and the Commune of Paris afford light on what he likeliest to become when God is ignored; but the picture is not an attractive one.

DR. TANNER, M. P. for Cork, was suspended in the House of Commons on 21st inst., for calling Mr. Balfour a coward and a liar. Some amendments which he moved to a bill to pay £200 to Captain Segre were ruled out of order, whereupon he said: "When we are here in Committee of Supply, appropriating money to a swindler, thief and servant of the Irish Secretary, Mr. Balfour ought to be here and not be such a coward as he is." Mr. Gorst ordered Dr. Tanner to resume his seat and to withdraw the word "coward." Dr. Tanner retorted, "I call him both a coward and a liar." Mr. Goschen here upon moved that Dr. Tanner be suspended. The House agreed without a division, and Dr. Tanner left the chamber.

THE Colored National League of Boston gave John Boyle O'Reilly, poet and Irish patriot, a reception on the 18th, and the gathering proved a novel one both in character and composition. Boston negroes were out in force. Mr. O'Reilly read by request the poem written by him for the unveiling of the Crispus Attucks monument. Much enthusiasm was evoked by Mr. O'Reilly's declaration of his interest in the solution of the race problem. Mr. O'Reilly's gifted pen and eloquent voice are not confined to battling for freedom for his

own countrymen. That every race under the sun should partake of the blessings of freedom is the wish of his great Irish heart.

All friends of morality will be pleased at the action of the authorities in England and the United States in prohibiting the sale of Zola's works. Many novels are circulated which are injurious to morals, but none so openly so as the works of Zola, who has taken for his heroines and heroes the most degraded characters who can be found, and has depicted their vices in the most wanton manner. The authorities in the two countries named, however, have only partially prohibited the works in question. In the United States the sale of expensive editions will be allowed, and in England sales will be allowed of French editions. The Canadian authorities prohibit the sale of the work without such exceptions, and this is the most consistent course to take.

AFTER the death of the Rev. Charles Smith, the Protestant Rector of Bamford, England, the Catholics of the parish held a numerously attended meeting at which the parish priest, Rev. Father Hayward, presided. Father Hayward alluded in kind terms to the sudden death of Rev. Mr. Smith, who had been regarded as their spiritual father by the Protestants for many years. He suggested that a resolution of condolence and sympathy should be sent to Mrs. Smith in the great grief which had overtaken her. The following resolution was accordingly passed and forwarded by Father Hayward: "At a meeting of the parishioners of Bamford and Derwens Woodlands, held in the schoolroom, it was unanimously resolved that their devoted sympathy be conveyed to Mrs. Smith in the loss of her husband, who has so long been the faithful and devoted pastor of this parish."

IN REFERENCE to a conference on Evangelical Preaching lately held in London and extending through several days, the Christian World says: "The discussions show that there is no fixed agreement on great doctrines." The Sunday School Chronicle, however, is of opinion that "if the conference accomplished nothing else, it did at least proclaim the undiminished devotion of the principal non-Conformist bodies to the Gospel proclaimed by Christ and His Apostles." Other non-Conformist organs think that the conference refutes the charge that there has been a departure from the faith. In view of the non-agreement of the various sects on important or "great doctrines" it is somewhat difficult to understand how there is no departure from the faith. The "Pillar and Ground of Truth" ought not to speak with an uncertain voice on the truth of the "great doctrines" which Christ commissioned His Apostles to teach to every creature.

PRINCE HENRY XIV, of Reuss, and Lord of Schleiz and Lobenstein, has in his small State the position of Chief Bishop of the Lutherans. The population of the Principality is 101,330, of whom 442 are Catholics; nevertheless, Catholics are so well protected that it is unlawful to use abusive language in denouncing them, and, as Chief Bishop, the prince will not permit such abusive language. The Lutheran parsons, however, wish the law to be changed, and recently being assembled in convocation, they passed the following resolution: "Whereas the present wording of Section 166 of the Penal Code puts the Protestant Church at a disadvantage by making it an indictable offence to enlighten the people in suitable language on the errors of the Church of Rome, the Federal Council and Parliament are to be petitioned for the repeal or modification of this clause." The object of the resolution is to enable them to abuse the Catholic Church without rendering themselves liable to fine and imprisonment. Prince Henry, however, being informed of the action of the Convocation, wrote to Superintendent Lotz, who is next to him in ecclesiastical authority, expressing his great displeasure, and remarking that if people cannot discuss religious matters without abusing those who differ from them they had better leave such discussion alone altogether. Thus it appears that small as the Principality is, its noble-minded sovereign is determined to protect Catholics from vile abuse.

THE Mail of the 13th inst. gives the following interesting history of the vagaries of the Adventists of the County of Perth a few years ago. Such proceedings are the natural consequence of the system which makes the individual judgment the supreme arbiter of all matters of religious belief: "Twelve years ago the Adventists of the County of Perth sat up for several nights awaiting the trumpet call to the living and

the dead to come up for judgment. They had been told that the last day was approaching, and, properly enough, they were prepared for it. But as everybody knows, the prediction upon which the Adventists were basing their expectations was unfulfilled. The day fixed for the judgment came and went, and nothing extraordinary occurred. It appears that the prophet who caused the commotion was a Mr. Patterson, rejoicing in the title of Bishop. A Detroit paper attributes to him a very humble start in this life. He washed dishes. In 1876 he made himself prominent in Perth, and later on went to Grand Rapids. The story of his subsequent career is not a pleasant one for exposition. Nor is it desirable that it should be repeated, seeing that he died in Switzerland, not exactly in the odor of sanctity, in September last. Bishop Patterson may have been a good man when he was in Perth, but he served no religious purpose when he attempted to predict an event the day and the hour of whose accomplishment no man knoweth."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Every hotel-keeper of Woodstock, Ont., was fined last week for violation of the Scott Act. Some were fined \$100, and others \$50.

Joseph Anderson, brother of Mary Anderson the actress, is to be married in Boston, Jan. 3, to a daughter of Lawrence Barrett. The ceremony will be performed at the cathedral.

There has been another fine of \$50 or thirty days' imprisonment imposed in Toronto for practicing faith cure in violation of the Medical Act. The person fined is Mrs. Elizabeth Baker.

A fourteen year old boy, named Walter Camp, who was employed in Davenport post office, was arraigned for stealing a registered letter containing \$5. The letter was found in his possession, and he admitted his guilt.

Col. Rhodes having accepted office in the Cabinet of Mr. Mercier, is now before the sectors of Megantic seeking their suffrages. A letter which he wrote some years ago in which he spoke slightly of the Province of Quebec, has been republished as a weapon against him.

The election at Stockton-on-Tees has resulted in the return of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Davey, by 3,889 votes, against Mr. Wrightson, Conservative, who received 3,494 votes. At the previous election the result was, Dodds, Liberal, 3,882; Wrightson, Conservative, 2,880.

King Misau is reported to be in great danger of losing his throne, as the elections have resulted so decidedly against him. Later reports say that he has formed an alliance with Rasais, which may have the effect of keeping him on his throne.

The latest reports state that Henry M. Stanley and Emin Pasha have arrived safely at Aruwhi River, and that reports of his capture are false. Advances from Mozambique say that the Portuguese have defeated the Borgasie, on the Upper Zambesi.

The steamer John H. Hauna, from Ounibia River with a large number of passengers and a cargo of 2,500 bales of cotton on board, was burned on Dec. 25th at Plaquemine. It is stated that of the 300 persons on board at the time of the disaster, only fourteen are known to have been saved.

When Mr. Gladstone was in Birmingham, His Eminence Cardinal Newman wrote him a tiny note stating that he was ill and sending him his blessing. The ex-Premier was so impressed with the touching mark of attention that he insisted on calling himself at the Cardinal's house and handing in his reply.

Lord Dufferin, the retiring Governor-General of India, was tendered an ovation on the 15th inst. at Bombay on the occasion of his departure for England. A letter which he wrote on Dec. 25th at Plaquemine. It is stated that of the 300 persons on board at the time of the disaster, only fourteen are known to have been saved.

The British and Egyptian troops have gained a decisive victory over the Arabs at Suakin. The British loss was four killed and two wounded during a brilliant cavalry charge. The Egyptians lost two killed and thirty wounded. The Arab loss, first stated to be 1000, is now placed at 400. The Sultan fears that the occurrence will be made a pretense for prolonged British occupation.

When Mr. Gladstone was at Birmingham the other day he slipped across from Sir W. Foster's house to the Oratory to inquire after Cardinal Newman. He could not see the Cardinal, but was received by the father who habitually attends him. In conversation it came out that the venerable patient was fond of reading in bed, but that the fathers had difficulty in finding him a safe and suitable light. Mr. Gladstone instantly replied, "I have the very thing by me," and posting back to Sir W. Foster's house, returned bearing a candlestick with a reflector attached, which he left as a present for the Cardinal. Considering that this happened on the very afternoon of the Bingley Hall meeting—in the midst of the hurry and excitement of preparation—it is a striking instance, says the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, of self forgetfulness and thoughtfulness for others.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

Outside of dynastic and political quarrels the standing war in these days is between religion and irreligion, between Christ and anti Christ. The strife rages here, there and everywhere in all civilized lands, and it concentrates over the schools and the homes of education. "Let me write the songs of the people and I will rule them," was the saying of a Norse statesman. We should amend that by saying, "Let me write the school-books of the children and I will make them what I please. Give me the few schools, and I have the people." There is the battle, not in this country alone, but all the world over. The devil, who is falsely credited with owning all the good things, is now making for the schools, and with lamentable success. He is blinding the eyes of honest people, he has not the vision of faith and true Christianity. He has succeeded in raising the cry that all schools, public and private, for that matter, should be absolutely secular and removed from all religious and Christian influence. The doors of school, college, university, must be closed against God and His Divine Son. It is utterly impossible for Catholics to accept this view of education. It is with them a matter of reason, conscience and duty that they do all in their power to give their children a Christian education. And the same rule is binding on all who profess the Christian faith. Honest Protestants feel the force of it and many give open utterance to their conviction.

Milwaukee Citizen.

The New York Independent suggests that preachers find their themes in the Bible rather than in the chat of politics and fiction. But the Independent can scarcely control a tendency which has obtained so much headway. No preacher has his theology on *reige* unless he announces a discourse on "Robert Elsmere," or some kindred craze. His congregation will begin to feel that he is not quite up to the times.

The cartoon, representing a young man and woman canvassing the relative merits of their pastors, is funny. The lady is enthusiastic over the delightful "course of reading" outlined by her minister; the young man is correspondingly displeased with his religious teacher, who is constantly preaching the truth of eternal punishment and the necessity of faith.

How interesting would it be to a Catholic traveling in Scotland, to get a view of the town, named Tomnatoul, near Glencauld—one of the very few places never penetrated by the "free and easy" gospel of the Reformation! A recent visitor to the place noticed in its church-yard the inscription: "Of your charity pray for the soul of Donald MacPherson, some time farmer at—," and was also afflicted in beholding the good Sisters of the place, gathered in a crowd of lads and lasses for the usual afternoon instruction and devotions.

Catholic Columbian.

The Cable dispatches received during the past week say:—"The Dublin authorities have seized thousands of *John's* works, which were shipped from England." The cable reporters (being the creatures of an English syndicate), are conveniently reticent as to the fact that the "authorities" who have brought about the exclusion of this mass of filth from circulation in Ireland are in reality the Dublin Municipal authorities—not those misnamed authorities in that remote den of iniquity, the Castle, or their abettors in Downing street, London. For years, the representatives of the Irish people—both lay and clerical—have been protesting in vain against the introduction into Ireland, from England, through the post office and the mail routes, of the immoral publications that find a ready market in the parlours of English cities, as they do in those of Paris; and it has long been notorious that the firm of which the present Tory leader in the House of Commons is the head, has been the chief agent and largest beneficiary of this demoralizing trade, and that it was under cover of the political influence thus retained that it has been countenanced and continued, against the protest of the Irish people. Public opinion appears, at last, to have been too strong for even Tory indifference, and action has been taken in the right direction.

Irish American.

It is a charming commentary on British civilization in this Nineteenth Century, that, in the last ten days of the month of November, 1888, there were as many murders committed in England as there had been in Ireland during the whole of the previous fifteen months; and some of them, too, were characterized by as great brutality as the Whitechapel tragedies. Yet no English legislator proposes to visit that country with even a faint intimation of the Draconian code by which "crimeless Ireland" is unremittingly scourged.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

It is beyond doubt that a vast proportion of the non-Catholic inhabitants of civilized lands to day are practically, if not professedly, Agnostics. That is to say, while not positively disbelievers in the existence of God, they are nevertheless in a state of uncertainty as to whether God has in any way revealed himself to man. It is also, unfortunately, true that a very large proportion of those who call themselves Protestants are more properly Agnostics.

In those countries where Protestantism got its first foothold the largest proportion of Agnostics is to be found. In Saxony, where Luther met his first success, probably the majority of those classed as "Protestants" are really Agnostics. As for the United States, New England has unquestionably the largest

share of those who cannot rightly make up their minds whether, if there is a God, He has show Himself in His universe. And yet the majority of men—all men in fact who follow their conscience, such as it may be—have a love for holiness. Every Agnostic concedes that, once granted a religion founded on a revelation from God, there naturally follows a possible condition of life raised above that of the ordinary plane of human nature. The perfection of such a plane of life is that called holiness.

The dislike of the average Protestant for the Catholic religion is a source of constant wonder to some Catholics. Yet the fact is that the mass of well meaning Protestants do not dislike the Catholic religion, but only what they wrongly suppose to be that religion. Whoever has conversed much on religion with Protestants, or who has read their writing on Catholicity, must have been convinced of this. The truth is that the religion which most Protestants fiercely weigh against under the name of the Catholic religion, is a religion which Catholics themselves would detest most cordially—if such a religion really existed! Is this an exaggeration? By no means. When the most talented Protestant preachers are constantly making the most grotesque and, no doubt, unscientific misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine, ought one to be astonished that there is still so much antipathy for the Catholic religion exhibited by men, who in most respects are apparently upright and God-fearing men? What mass of them seem to stand greatly in need of its light!

United Ireland.

For the absolute accuracy of one statement, and only one, of Lord Salisbury's speeches in Edinburgh, we are prepared to vouch. He was quite right when he declared that a Home Rule Government "would do the very reverse of what Mr. Balfour is doing at present," and will do, please God.

When the Most Noble the Marquis of Clanricarde alluded to an Irish gentleman, Mr. Joyce, as his "scullery maid," we foolishly deceived ourselves with the belief that the limit of aristocratic refinement had been reached. The still more Noble the Marquis of Salisbury has completely eclipsed his brother marquis at Edinburgh. He was amusing a meeting of kindred spirits with details of the indignities inflicted on his political opponents.

Englishmen like Mr. Blunt, Irishmen like Mr. John Dillon, who had been sent to jail by agents paid and prompted by the Government for offences created by the Coercion Act. There is wonderful grace, delicacy, and refinement in Lord Salisbury's playful allusion to the subject: "Your compassion is claimed also for another reason. We are told that they are gently nurtured (laughter). That it is a terrible thing that they should have to wash up their own slops (laughter) and lie upon a plank" (great laughter). The men at whom this refined wit was aimed are the men whom of all others the Irish people, at home and abroad, most revere and love. Truly such language is well calculated to make peace prosper between the two peoples. Is this the language that the Tories of England, who once prided themselves on the grand old name of gentlemen, expect and desire from their political leader?

"Is this then an eloquence fit for the ears of the statesmen of England, the many, the wise? Is this then the wit to awaken the chasers of the men on whose counsels the world has its eyes?"

We will not believe it. Even amongst the fiercest Coercionists we are convinced there are men whose hearts revolt against language and policy so mean, so unspeakably degrading. There is no mercy for Ireland, nor friendship for Ireland, in their hearts. They are anxious to smite hard and spare not, but at least to strike like men at men, and not introduce the necessary weapons of Yankee into political warfare. A fishwife brawling with her followers in Billingsgate would scarcely soil her lips with words as vile as those which flow so glibly from the mouth of the Most Noble Marquis.

Colorado Catholic.

Instead of continually attacking the Catholic Church and the Jesuits, as some Protestant journals do, it would be well for them to look to their own posts, and see if agnosticism and humanitarianism are not right upon their heels. When the difficulties of rationalism and infidelity come upon them, they are obliged to seek the secure entrenchment of Catholic doctrine, which is the only solid, stable concern upon this earth. Protestantism has been the curse of the world, and with it came the torrents of lms that have inundated society with every form of lms.

While there is no thought farther from the mind of the worlding than the inevitable certainty of death, there are few thoughts nearer to the mind of the saint than the welcome one that he shall very soon at best "be delivered from the body of this death." In the face of death the last things avoid evil and do good. While it is day they do earnestly what their hands find to do, knowing that the night comes with the dawn—where skill and science no more avail. Leading lives of mortification, they find death when it comes, an easy passage to a state in which self sacrifice receives the crown that lasts for ever.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE.—We have just received a copy of a picture that will prove of great interest to Catholics, being a collective representation of the Holy Fathers from St. Peter to Leo XIII. It is highly recommended by the clergy. The Canadian agent for the work is Mr. E. Wischer, 82 Victoria Street, Montreal, who in desirous of obtaining local agents in all parts of the Dominion. Doubtless good agents would make a handsome profit in the work.

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

"Yes," she replied, leaving the group of archaeologists, and coming over to my quarter of the apartment which I had just occupied.

"I dispute the possibility of a reality ever dying, whatever pains may be taken to bury it."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said Grant, in a very unexcited tone, "but I don't intend to prosecute."

"Not prosecute!" cried Oswald. "But, my dear Leven, have you read his last week's article?"

"Yes," replied the duke. "Verney put it into my hand as I was getting into the carriage, and I read it coming along."

"Well?" "Well?" "You won't let the fellow escape this time with impunity?"

"Yes, my dear Oswald, life is too short to spend it prosecuting rascals; if Dezz has a fancy for publishing fancy biographies of me, he is perfectly welcome; I shall neither bring him into court, nor shall he bring me."

Oswald's disappointment was intense; but something in the duke's manner made it difficult for him to understand his subject, and he had to content himself with an expressive gesture which, if interpreted, might be understood as meaning either despair at the eccentricity of his friend, or a fervent desire of impaling the unhappy culprit.

"During dinner, and the hour or two of conversation that followed, the duke was chiefly absorbed by Wilfrid Knowles, who talked to him about (Glenview, and religious rules, and the practices of the Fathers in the Desert, till Florence could not conceal her impatience, and even Oswald fidgeted. I thought that Grant himself must be tired of it, but, if so, he did not betray it in his manner; he appeared to be giving Wilfrid his whole attention, and was always courteous and kind."

"The man was in earnest," she replied, "and so was his audience. There was no affectation about medieval vestments, or obsolete ceremonies; he spoke from his heart and they listened with theirs, and that was the best of it."

"Then you don't think it was in any way explained by the fact, then he spoke as one having authority, who had the truth to give?"

"The truth! authority!" she repeated in a tone, as though the words conveyed no definite sense to her understanding. "Perhaps I don't quite catch your meaning; I cannot see how one man has any more authority to talk than another; but if he says bravely what he thinks strongly, it is the truth to him; and I listen with respect, whether the words came from Pius IX. or from Buddha."

"Yes, that is the sort of thing we have to listen to now-a-days from our sisters and daughters. Of course they don't know what they are talking about, and not two of them would be able to tell you who Buddha was, or when he lived. But what does that matter? It is the last new slang which they have picked up from the last periodical, and it sounds free and slashing; so it is quite in harmony with that peculiar style of dress which finds favor in proportion as it is manly."

"That view of truth is rather self-destructive," I observed; "a dozen or two of those same strong truths would soon reduce each other to negations."

"After the fashion of Kilkenny cats," she replied. "I see what you are driving at. Mr. Knowles' favorite theory of objective truth, he calls it; I have listened to it till I am weary. No, no, Mr. Anthony, it would do for me; I must leave me at liberty to seek for truth wherever blossoms, like these bees there, that are gathering their honey from every flower in the garden."

I felt reluctant to diminish the impression which Grant's story had made on her, by plunging her afresh into captious argument; though I could not help calling to mind her own words the evening before, on the particular view of sinless. At that moment Mary approached, indicating the break-up of the Archeological Committee; Florence made room on the bench beside her, and informed her sister-in-law, that I had been "telling her all about the Duke of Leven."

"Ah!" said Mary, "how well I remember the evening he told me that story; I could have listened till midnight. He's so changed since then; don't you think so, Jack?"

"Yes," I said, "he is changed, but I think it is for the better."

"Better in what?" asked Florence.

"He's less harsh and dogmatic," I said; "he used to have a way of arguing against his views, as if he were piling his head against everybody's garden wall. Time has softened his rough edges."

"And other things besides time," said Mary; "he has had his sorrows."

"Indeed!" I said. "I have heard nothing about them; but I suspect his wealth, after all, has been his chief trouble."

"An original kind of sorrow, that, to which most persons would resign themselves if the chance were given them."

"It is so, I assure you," I said. "He is weighed down with a sense of responsibility, and, wishing to do the greatest possible amount of good, the actual results are always falling short of his desires."

"Well," said Florence, "it is a noble weakness. He's mistaken of course—most people that I know of are; but at least he's mistaken splendidly."

CHAPTER X. DEZZ'S ESCAPE.

Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the very person under discussion; the duke's carriage was seen coming along the drive, and we assembled before the door to meet him. He was always at home at Exdale, where he seemed to shake off the shackles of his position and move at ease. Thither he came at brief intervals to enjoy the sunshine of the family circle, where the children expected "Duke," as they called him, to tell them stories about kangaroos and dodos, and where he took counsel on many practical points with that wise old Mary.

Greetings over, he was shown to his room, whither, at his request, I accompanied him to take care of sundry packets of unanswered letters, the daily acknowledgement of which was one of the duties which he held sacred. Before we again descended to the drawing-room I took occasion to inform him of the presence of Miss Oswald.

"We have had some passages-at-arms together," I said; "what do you think of her?"

"Much like the rest of her genus," he replied. "They would be offended with us if we were to call them the softer sex, since they've taken to chaff and yachting buttons."

"You are not often so severe," I replied. "In this instance I do believe there is something hidden under the chaff. I begin to suspect the existence of a heart."

"She has a head, I know, and one famously full of rubbish; as to the other appendage, I will take it on your word."

"Do you know, Grant, I wish you would take her in hand; it's much like taming a wild cat, I know, but it would be worth the labor."

Grant shook his head. "I know Florence well," he said; "she rises to an argument like a trout to a fly, and would stand out against an archangel for pure love of contradiction."

"If the archangel were clothed in the garb of a High Church parson, I believe she would; but the tears were in her eyes when I talked to her to-day about Australia and Father Daly."

"So you're been blabbing, and made the little girl cry over your story, and were moved by the 'watery witness in her eye' to believe in her possession of a heart? Really, Jack, I believe in the sentimental."

"No, no, Grant, nothing of the sort, I do assure you; but the poor child is in want of a better helping hand than Wilfrid Knowles, who does his very best, and only drives her in a contrary direction."

"Well," said Grant, "we'll think it over; but the less true for that; He is your Master, and holds you in His hand, and you must serve Him. And if you have a soul, an immortal soul, as you say you believe, you must care for it as you care for nothing, and in this taking care of an immortal soul is a very serious business."

There was not another word spoken for several minutes; at last Florence raised her head from her hand, and in a timid, subdued tone, murmured, "Thank you." The duke nodded kindly to her, and she went to the piano; and, to excuse her unusual silence, spent the rest of the evening singing Oswald some of his favorite songs.

"Now," said the king in mild and courtly accents, "you may go to your little child."

She did not stir. Gently they laid her down on one of the soft divans; they gave her wine to strengthen her, they put a healing salve upon her wounds. And they left her hungry eyes free to feed upon her baby's innocent, rosy, happy face; they left her tongue free to speak, to call to him; they left her ears open to hear his slightest cry. And they only bound her feet with a painless golden chain, whose links they would quickly loosen for her on one small condition; they only laid the crucifix in the path between her child and her.

The child cooed and laughed, and talked his baby talk to himself contentedly for a time—yes, for time long enough to revive in the racked heart of the mother (if she needed it) the memory of his beauty; and his love, and his amiable, exquisite baby ways; long enough for her to note again his perfect health, his unusual strength and activity, and his unusual beauty.

By and by one of the torturers rang a sweet-sounding silver bell over her head, and drew the eyes of the child to the mother's face.

He sprang up in his cradle, laughed out delightfully, stretched his hands to her, allured her to come to him, and lift him and play with him.

She, like a mother, crushed down her faintness and looking, and answered back to him with smiles and tender caresses and most tender words.

But such devices could not long satisfy a baby. He wanted his mother to touch and hold him, and he wanted to be fed. Why did she not come to him—his mother always so ready to attend to his slightest wish? He cried loudly.

At one look with imploring gaze to the monarch, "You are free to go," he answered.

Free, with the warder's eyes upon her—free, with the crucifix lying in her pathway—free, by one touch of her foot, one effort of her will.

She did not move, except to fold her hands, and pray, and pray.

The child cried much. It cried itself to sleep at last, and lay flushed and restless even in sleep, with tears on the plump cheek.

In the stillness, memories of past earthly joys, dreams of future earthly joys and agonies haunted her. Once she had a loving husband, who protected her from so much as a rough breeze, or a curious look, or an unkind word. Once she was a queen's friend and favorite—was it ages ago or only that very day? Once there was a prospect opening to her of a fair future for her child, a long and happy life for her with him. What did these cruel people mean to do with her? How long would they, born themselves of women, let a mother and her child suffer thus?

Volcanic Man was talking near her—men or devils. Their words seemed partial echoes to her thoughts.

"The queen loves her." "Fret; beyond all counting." "Even now she asks for her."

"Yes; but the king accuses her. He tells her she has gone for a brief time to bring some splendid present to her. Yet the queen weeps, and says no gifts can satisfy her for the loss of her company even for three days."

"Can it last three days, then?" "They say so. 'Tis strong and well, you see." "What is strong and well? A vague horror chills her. But she fights it off. Human voices could not be so lost to compassion. The voice speaks again: "Fools, these Christians! Look, now. Here is a woman whom the king honors and the queen loves. She shall ask naught that they will not give her. Her child shall be the companion and friend of princes, brought up and honored with the queen's own children. And she lets all go for the sake of an idle dream."

"Will not put her foot upon a stick!" "If she hears, she gives no sign she hears them. They must touch another chord than that of friendship or of strong ambition. And they are quick to try."

"The king is firm?" "He rocks itself." "One way or other, he ever gains his will." "By any sort of torture." "Still no sign of fear." "But now, abruptly, plainly, words unmistakable are spoken: "It takes a strong man-child, then, three days to starve to death before the eyes of an unnatural mother who refuses to give him food?"

"They say so—three days or more. But the king will not grant her three days' grace." "Hast ever seen or heard the like? Naught to prevent her and she will not save him! Let's try once more."

"And then speedier ways." She knows all now. She springs up from among the silken pillows, and her face glares on them and spring and face remanded them suddenly of a tigress whom they thought but yesterday among the mountains, and tore from her young cub in their den.

travail passage she had given whom now, in passing, those counted as the mer free to give life again at little word.

The room grew dark as the tiny, livid face. She upon her knees in that darkness, only lighted by the slouch; at her head, hand, in a stretches her from side to side. And hear her speak those fore words, but now disti calling upon her new disti by him, and sure to head by her.

"There stood by the Mother. Mother, I cry to. And she spoke the words, but she did not depart, but she did not answer to her."

"I have been in the King of kings." "The queen started. I beg my darling. They me with tortures. You me with sweet: one. You Ba grave and calm the 'I have been in the King of kings.'"

"It was not the land lady. It was the rock bleak and desolate. A There hung my Lord, His own mother stood by her side, her hand on her forehead; another cross was on her girdle; and she and saw, and the will of her. So I knew the whole of before us, a great men who aimed, and rowed; and behold! her in torture, and my son ture; yet the will of God. And she prayed no words should be ended, and I have seen Him in with Him without need of cease. With her whole she offered Him to the So I knew the whole of before us, a great men who aimed, and rowed; and behold! her in torture, and my son ture; yet the will of God. And she prayed no words should be ended, and I have seen Him in with Him without need of cease. With her whole she offered Him to the So I knew the whole of before us, a great men who aimed, and rowed; and behold! her in torture, and my son ture; yet the will of God. And she prayed no words should be ended, and I have seen Him in with Him without need of cease. 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travial pang she had given life, and to whom now, in this...

The room grew dark around her, except the tiny, livid face. She rocks and drowns upon her knees...

"There stood by the cross of Jesus, His Mother. Mother, I cry to thee."

And she spoke the soul of her child departed, but she did not heed him.

"Alme! My Alme!" Like one returned from heaven's courts she answered to the piteous call...

"I have been in the presence of the King of kings." "Oh! no, my darling, my darling, they have driven you mad with torture..."

"I have been in the presence of the King of kings." "It was not the land we dreamed of, lady. It was the rock of Calvary, most bleak and desolate..."

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CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. ANTRAS M'DONNELL DAWSON, LL. D. F. R. S.

GEORGE HAY, JOHN GEDDES, ALEXANDER MACDONALD, AND THEIR TIME.

It is not to be wondered at that a man like Lord George Gordon should have uttered rash words against the character of Bishop Hay; but it is, indeed, surprising that any of the clergy in whose cause he laboured so assiduously, and, it must be added, with so much success, should have spoken hardly of him.

This was done, however, and in a very marked manner, by Mr. John Reid. This priest having heard a rumour that the bishop intended to reside at Presmore, wrote an indignant remonstrance to Bishop Geddes, deprecating such a purpose, and indulging in most bitter invective against Bishop Hay on account of various alleged foibles and errors.

It was less astonishing that he should be disliked by Presbyterian ministers. The concluding chapters of his "Sincere Christian" account for this dislike. One of these ministers, who had been his friend, Mr. Geo. Grant, of Rathven, wrote, at the same time, to Mr. Reid, to Bishop Geddes, a fault-finding letter which was, indeed, calmer in tone, but equally bitter, inveighing against Bishop Hay, his bigotry and the spirit of his recent controversial work.

There is some excuse for the minister, as the odium theologium must have been stirred up in no ordinary degree. But the Bishop's tender solicitude for the welfare of the clergy shows that he was wholly unacquainted with the reproaches of Mr. Reid. There are numerous instances on record of his kindness to priests who were disabled from age or infirmity.

The case of the chaplain at Traquair, the aged Mr. Cruikshanks, is one among many. The family of Traquair were about to break up their establishment with a view to reside, for some time, abroad. Bishop Hay, hearing of this arrangement, wrote a kind letter to Mr. Cruikshanks, desiring to know how he could serve him in the circumstances.

The venerable priest had promised to see Bishop Geddes and consult with him. "This, however," wrote the senior bishop, "does not entirely satisfy me, because I wish to have the pleasure myself of showing my affection for you in the present emergency; and, therefore, I beg you will let me know what would be agreeable to yourself and what it is in my power to do for you. I do not propose your having any charge; your state of health and infirmities prevent that; but would you wish to be here with me? I shall make you very welcome. Would you wish to stay with my niece at Clochin? I shall help to make that easy for you. Only let me know, my dear sir, what would be agreeable to you, and be assured that I shall be happy to show my affection and regard for you, as much as I can, to your satisfaction."

Bishop Hay spent part of his time, this summer, 1783, in completing his work, "The Devout Christian." He also undertook journeying on foot to the northern parts of his diocese. He was favoured with fine weather; and his health improved so much that he became fond of this way of travelling. He visited the Enzie, and then proceeded to Aberdeen, Sherral and Scalan, where Bishop Macdonald was to meet him about the middle of August. About the same time Bishop Geddes left Edinburgh in order to join the bishops at Scalan, their usual place of meeting. Meanwhile Abbot Grant arrived from Rome in order to visit his relatives; and he accompanied the bishop on his northern tour. The agent was largely acquainted with the nobility and gentry of Scotland, to whom he had shown civility at Rome. Together with the bishop, he paid a visit at Belmont castle, the seat of the Lord Pirry Seal. This statesman entertained them very cordially and showed them his gardens and fine observatory. Here the bishop took leave of Abbot Grant and pursued his journey alone.

This year, when the bishops met at Scalan, occurred the death of the worthy president of the seminary, Mr. John Paterson. When on his deathbed, he held a long conversation with Bishop Geddes, and earnestly advised him to secure a renewal of the lease of Scalan. The Bishop lost no time in acting on this advice. The Duke of Gordon, who owned the property, was, at the time, staying at his shooting lodge of Glenfiddich, not far from Scalan. Bishop Geddes repaired to that place, saw the Duke of Gordon, and obtained from him a renewal of the lease. On his return next day, August 20, he found Mr. Paterson worse—so ill as to have had the last rites administered to him. The tide of life was ebbing fast; but he was still cheerful and possessed of all his faculties throughout the day. In the afternoon he fell into a lethargy and passed away between ten and eleven o'clock at night. Mr. Paterson had been greatly esteemed by the bishops and the clergy generally. He was, accordingly, much regretted. Bishop Hay showed his sympathy and regard by the way in which he spoke of him. When intimating the good priest's death to the young man who accompanied him on his journey, he showed extraordinary regard and affection. Wringing his hands, he exclaimed: "O John, John, we have lost our head!"

The Scotch College at Rome appears to have been the chief subject of the deliberations of the bishops at their meeting. This institution, which ought to have been highly advantageous to the mission, was still in a very unsatisfactory condition. Strong representations were addressed to the Cardinal Protector and the Cardinals of Propaganda; but, as formerly, they prevailed not. No wonder if the bishops now seriously entertained a measure they had, some time ago, had in contemplation—that of declining to send any more students to the College.

The statement by Bishop Macdonald of the condition of the Highland district afforded a more cheering subject for consideration. He had the pleasure to report that there was an increase of three thousand in the number of Catholics in his vicariate, since his last visitation.

Bishop Hay now appears as the donor of a fund for the relief of the poorer clergy; and writes to his coadjutor discussing the distribution of this fund as if a Mr. Neillud (Daulien) had presented the coadjutor of himself to whether the making of the donation should appear to come from the former and attract to him the affection of the priests deriving benefit, he will be as well pleased as if the gift were known to proceed from himself, as the same amount of good would be derived from the clergy being attached to the coadjutor as to himself.

This is more than the revilers of the bishop could have expected. It shows, however, how all the rest of his conduct, how unjustified they were in their attacks upon him. It would even be more gratifying to him, he wrote, if the good he hoped for appeared to arise from attachment to the coadjutor, as he considered himself unworthy of being an instrument in the hands of God for doing any good.

Early in November of this year, the new house of Blackfriars Wynd was ready for occupation. It only remained to remove the furniture from Bishop Geddes' residence in Dickson's close. This was speedily done, and on the 7th November the Bishop enjoyed the comfort of his new dwelling. The house was tolerably commodious, there being three rooms with fire places, as many well-lighted closets and a good kitchen on the floor. The Chapel, Sacristy and Library were on the floor above; and there was a good garret. The water-pipe could not be ready for use sooner than the following summer. Bishop Hay wrote to impart his blessing and wish his coadjutor much joy in the new house.

So numerous and pressing were the occupations of Bishop Geddes at this time, that he was obliged to decline taking charge of Bishop Hay's accounts. It was now necessary that Abbot Paul McPherson should take charge at Stobhill. This change laid on Bishop Hay the parochial duties of Aberdeen. He undertook them cheerfully, his time no less than his money being always so employed as best to serve the cause of religion.

The falling health of Mr. Robert Grant, the Principal of the Scotch College at Douai, induced him to repair to London in order to consult the physicians there. His brother, the Abbot, who had gone from England to spend the winter at Douai, accompanied him. Notwithstanding all that was done for him, he became daily worse, and at last, having received the sacraments of the dying, he departed this life in the house of Dr. Alexander Geddes, his brother, the Abbot, assisting him in his last moments. He was very much and justly regretted. He was distinguished by his piety and good sense, whilst to his gentlemanlike accomplishments was chiefly due the success of his negotiations for the recovery of the college at Douai. It was difficult to find a competent successor. A Mr. Young was mentioned; but he positively declined to accept. Dr. Alexander Geddes was proposed and had the active support of the recognized practice among the English Catholics. Their circumstances, however, were so different from those of the Scotch Catholics, that the Bishops judged it expedient to authorize the priests to grant dispensations in private as might be necessary.

At this date, we meet with the first mention of the "boy Andrew Carruthers" who preceded Dr. Gilles as the vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District. There is question of some children at Douai; and he was sent there accordingly.

Bishop Hay was averse to granting any dispensation when it could be avoided. In the case of a proposed mixed marriage, Mr. Reid of Presmore asked for one. In according it the Bishop desired that Mr. Reid should explain to his congregation that it was granted in extreme necessity, and was dependent for her support on her own exertions. It was also made a condition that the husband should offer no hindrance to her in the exercise of her religion, and that he should let her have the children, or at least the daughters, if he can be induced to do so. There is greater strictness even than this in Canada. It is absolutely required, in such cases, that all the children should be brought up as Catholics. It was remarked, as a characteristic of this kind of dispensation, that he was more ready to grant dispensations to the poor than to the rich. A notable instance of this disposition is on record. A gentleman of Galloway, a friend of the Bishop, applied for a dispensation in favor of his chaplain, who was an aged and infirm ex-Jesuit. He pleaded the age and infirmities of the good priest and the difficulty in this part of the country of obtaining fish and other necessaries. He accompanied his application with a request on his own behalf for a similar indulgence for himself and his family. It must be observed that this gentleman was stout and healthy. The bishop, in his reply, willingly allowed what was asked for, in favor of the aged priest; but said, at the same time, that he knew no one more likely than his friend to derive benefit from occasional fasting and abstinence.

As illustrative of the difficulties and hardships of the comparatively small number of clergy in Scotland at the time of which we are writing, it may be mentioned that, on occasion of the retirement in consequence of a stroke of paralysis, of an aged and worthy ex-Jesuit, who had labored for a long time in Buchan, an extensive district in the north of Aberdeenshire, Bishop Hay himself was under the necessity of taking charge of the mission there. It was not long till he experienced the difficulties which awaited him. . . . On the 1st of March he was called to baptize a child in Buchan. The journey from Aberdeen was a pretty long one;

and the bishop was obliged to perform twenty-one miles of it on foot, owing to a deep fall of snow, which rendered travelling on horseback impossible. The laborious duty occupied three days. He did not, however, suffer in his health from so much fatigue. But he could not but be led forward to similar journeys, as there was none but himself to answer the calls of the parishioners in the whole country, extending between the rivers Deveron and Dee.

In digging a grave for a deceased student who had returned from Paris in bad health, . . . the parties employed came upon the coffin of Mr. Godson. Partly from curiosity and partly from affection for their late pastor, the people attending the student's funeral, caused it to be opened; and wonderful to relate, the body of the venerable priest whom they loved so well was found to have undergone scarcely any change after being fifteen years in the grave. The news spread rapidly throughout the Enzie; and many parishioners came to look once more on the countenance of him whom they had revered so much in the days of his youth. Then about twelve years of age, whose father's house at Chappelford was close at hand, was among the number; and in after life related the extraordinary circumstance to his friends. The Rev. Mr. Mathison of Auchengaird made a strict examination, and found the body to be in a state of wonderful preservation, showing no sign of corruption except that the lower jaw fallen upon the breast. But, does not rotting down of the lower jaw always take place immediately after death? The coffin was still entire. But the linen and the chips of wood within it were all consumed. The dryness of the soil in St. Ninian's cemetery, it was generally believed, accounted sufficiently for the wonderful preservation of the body. This opinion was fully confirmed some years later when the remains were found to be decaying.

On occasion of visiting his sister in the Enzie, Bishop Hay happened to meet the Duchess of Gordon; and this is a fact connected with the history of the relations of Catholics with Protestants, of sufficient importance to be recorded, particularly as the illustrious chief family of Gordon was no longer Catholic. The celebrated lady, Duchess Jane of Gordon, desired to make the acquaintance of Bishop Hay, and politely invited him to Gordon Castle.

As his time was limited, he was obliged to excuse himself. On which the duchess asked him to pay the visit next time he was in the country. It is known that he did so. On one occasion he went with the intention of staying only one night, but was prevailed upon to prolong his visit till the third or fourth day. This was proof of friendly relations. The bishop did wisely to cultivate and improve them, the more so as the Duke of Gordon had recently renewed the lease of Scalan and, in other ways, showed kindness to Catholics.

The celebrated Mr. Burke, on a journey northward, was at Edinburgh on the first week of April. Bishop Geddes went to visit him, and was most cordially received. The great statesman asked in the kindest manner for Bishop Hay and desired that his most respectful compliments should be sent to him. He returned the visit of Bishop Geddes on the following day.

It says much for the improved state of feeling at Edinburgh as regarded Catholics, that Bishop Geddes could take possession, without the slightest opposition, of the new chapel in Blackfriars' Wynd. June 10th, St. Margaret's day, and also the day on which fell the festival of Corpus Christi, the chapel was occupied, for the first time, by the Catholic congregation. It was called St. Margaret's, and had cost a great deal. The seat rents, however, were more than sufficient to meet the expenditure. They yielded double the usual amount of interest on the money laid out; and, in less than two hours on the day fixed for letting them, they were paid for the first half year all but a few shillings.

The time for the meeting of the bishops at Scalan was now at hand. They deemed it one of their most important duties to insist, in their report to Rome, on the necessity of making a change in the management of the Scotch College. They earnestly represented that nothing could be done to improve the school, but the appointment of a national rector. The scarcity of priests in Scotland was such, Bishop Hay wrote to Cardinal Antonelli, that he (the bishop) was obliged to spend two weeks out of every six in making a circuit of forty miles among the Catholics of a district in which there was no pastor. The bishops also wrote a joint letter to Mr. Thoms, directing and encouraging him under the difficulties and trials of an unpopular position. He had all their sympathy, that was, so far, compensation to him. His pecuniary circumstances were somewhat improved by the temporary absence of the agent. On the death of this worthy person in the autumn, he was still further relieved, having succeeded to the office of agent, to be continued.

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and courtly ac- child." one of the soft strengthen her, wounds. And feed upon her; they left her And they only chain, whose for her on one crucifix in the and talked his for a time—yes, the racked heart a memory of his unstable, exquisite to note again his and activity, "Alme! My Alme!" Like one returned from heaven's courts she answered to the piteous call, folded her hands, that had been spread for hours on the cross, looked once again upon things of time and sense and lo! the queen was weeping over her as one weeps above the dead. "Alme, my Alme, where hast thou been?" And grave and calm the slave made answer to her: "I have been in the presence of the King of kings." "Oh! no, my darling, my darling, they have driven you mad with torture. You are here, with me, my sweet one. You are safe." "I have been in the presence of the King of kings." "It was not the land we dreamed of, lady. It was the rock of Calvary, most bleak and desolate. A cross was on it. There hung my Lord, my Love. And His own Mother stood beside it; close to her arching heart she held me, and behind another cross was I, and my son hung upon it; and she and I watched and wept, and the will of God was done. "I saw the whole world spread out before us, a great plain filled with men who sinned, and sinned, and sorrowed; and behold! her Son was dying in torture, and my son was dying in torture; yet the will of God was done. "And she prayed no prayer that her would be ended, and she prayed no prayer that the cross of her Son might cease. With her whole yet broken heart she offered Him to the will of God. So I likewise offered my son to Him. "Then, at once, I saw it, the city we dreamed of, lady, only more grand, and resplendent, than any dream of ours. The throne of my King was in it; and my King—I saw, I heard Him, though he spoke no words. For my heart was one with His Sacred Heart, and communed with Him without need of speech. "I saw the length and breadth of mysteries—the mystery of suffering for the guilty, the mystery of the broken and Sacred Heart of God. "When I saw it all I loved it, I bless your king for your torments. Had I life to live all over again, I would choose to endure such pain. "I have seen my King in His agony, and I have seen the cross of His Son might cease. With her whole yet broken heart she offered Him to the will of God. So I likewise offered my son to Him. "Then, at once, I saw it, the city we dreamed of, lady, only more grand, and resplendent, than any dream of ours. The throne of my King was in it; and my King—I saw, I heard Him, though he spoke no words. For my heart was one with His Sacred Heart, and communed with Him without need of speech. "I saw the length and breadth of mysteries—the mystery of suffering for the guilty, the mystery of the broken and Sacred Heart of God. "When I saw it all I loved it, I bless your king for your torments. 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NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A bright, joyous, smiling and happy
 New Year is the greeting which the
 CATHOLIC RECORD wafts abroad to all its
 friends and patrons. May the year 1889,
 which now dawns so serenely over the
 Christian world, be one of happy
 auguries and pleasurable anticipations
 for all those who realize the Angelic
 salutation, "Glory to God on high, and
 on earth peace to men of good will." May
 worldly cares and harrowing anxieties
 be for the nonce all forgotten in the
 presence of the solemn, glad and
 hope-inspiring return of the Christmas
 holidays, while every Christian household,
 in mutual greetings and happy
 exchanges of fervent wishes for each
 other's well and prosperity, may experi-
 ence a feeling of solid contentment and
 joy unclouded, whose intensity is scarce
 ever approached at any other season.

Now, with their Christmas tree prizes,
 are the rushing, roaring boys come home
 from school to make the welkin ring
 with their shouts of joy, while the rosy-
 checked, willful girls, laden with presents
 from Santa Claus, are the delight of
 adoring parents. Their feast-day has
 come. The infant Jesus has sanctified
 childhood. The shepherds, and the
 kings, the heavenly choirs and the
 human millions are all in adoration of the
 Babe in Bethlehem. Then, why should
 not children make merry and shout for
 joy, and be made happy? And is not the
 celebration of the Christmas holidays
 wrought with benign and saving in-
 fluences for good? Is it possible these
 children, when they reach maturity,
 can forget, even in the midst of worldings
 and of scifiers, the hallowed associations
 and untold happiness with which the
 birth of Christ in former years blessed
 and enraptured their innocent hearts?
 How is it possible they can ever betray
 or deny Him who was the source of the
 only blissful recollections they possess,
 and the musing of all the happy
 moments and sweet delights they ever
 enjoyed in life?

But concomitant with childhood's
 playful rejoicings are the serious
 thoughts and sometimes sad, though
 wholesome, reflections of maturer years.
 The fact is there before us, *nolens volens*,
 it must be admitted, that Time has
 advanced one more, huge stride—that
 the distance between our days and eter-
 nity is shortened—and the preparations
 must soon be made for the day of
 reckoning, when time shall be no more.
 What were our thoughts, our resolves,
 and our aspirations one year ago? Did
 we not then, in moments of introspec-
 tion, and after mature deliberation,
 determine to become more worthy of
 our high destiny, to make at least one
 step in advance on the path that leads
 to true happiness in the practice of
 virtue and the possession of a good con-
 science? Was it not our intention to
 break loose from all the chains and en-
 tanglements that held us captive, and
 turn over a new leaf in the book of life?
 Alas! it must be confessed the same
 difficulties stand in our way to-day that
 were then a source of discouragement.
 Our strength has not augmented; our
 foibles have not disappeared; all our
 passions have not been subdued. The
 hope that was buoyant, and the light
 that shone about us, have been gradually
 lessening in their cheering influence;
 and the fear is experienced that while
 we live no great improvement may be
 expected, and no nearer approach to
 progress, much less to perfection, be
 secured.

Such gloomy anticipations, however,
 belong to the unbeliever only and to the
 sceptic. They should never be per-
 mitted to find lodgment in the Christian
 breast. While there is life there is hope,
 and while grace may be had for the
 asking, what possible excuse may exist
 for despair? Even though we may have
 deteriorated, though we may have fallen,
 (the just man falls) and have been laid
 away in the sepulchre of oblivion of all
 our most pressing and sacred duties,
 yet for every Christian soul there is a
 day of resurrection. A ray of heavenly
 hope may pierce through and illumine
 the gloomiest dungeon and the darkest
 tomb. "Resurgam" is the shibboleth
 of every true follower of Him who con-

quered death. "I will rise; I will re-
 turn to my Father's home, and say,
 Father I have sinned before Heaven and
 before Thee. Only forgive. Henceforth
 and forever the world, with its husks and
 its emptiness, has no attraction for me.
 The dawning of the New Year, with its
 brightening prospects and encouraging
 hopes is a new revelation to me, as it
 is a heaven-sent gift and a blessing I dare
 not overlook. Let the failures, the mis-
 takes and the sins of the year now closed
 be buried forever out of sight. Or, let
 them be thought of only as a prophecy
 and a warning of what should follow their
 repetition; while all must look forward,
 in the awakening of a new year of grace,
 and in the forming of high and holy pur-
 poses of amendment to the delightful
 anticipation of happiness secured, and
 joy experienced in the better employ-
 ment of time, and the more conscientious
 fulfilment of every duty before God and
 man.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT LONDON.

The festival of Christmas was cele-
 brated with even more than usual splen-
 dor and solemnity in London this year.
 It was announced that Pontifical High
 Mass would be celebrated at six o'clock
 by His Lordship. Notwithstanding the
 continued down pour of rain the vast
 Cathedral was thronged half an hour
 before that time. The church was
 brilliantly lighted and the altar, to-
 gether with the numerous and tastefully
 arranged candles, was decorated with
 natural flowers in a manner at once
 most charming to behold. Precisely at
 six o'clock the choir boys, to the num-
 ber forty, proceeded from the sacristy to
 the sanctuary. Then followed His
 Lordship the Bishop, accompanied by
 all the clergy of the Palace. When he
 ascended the throne he was vested in
 his Pontifical robes. Rev. Father
 Walsh acted as assistant priest,
 Fathers Kennedy and Mullan as deacon
 and subdeacon of the Mass, Rev. Father
 Tiernan, rector of the Cathedral, master
 of ceremonies. After his Lordship was
 vested he ascended the altar and began
 the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice.
 The early hour, the brilliant lights and
 enchanting decorations, added to which
 the powerful and solemn tones of our
 good bishop as he proceeded, was a
 sight the beholders of which will
 never be forgotten in many a day. We
 have never heard the Bishop celebrate
 the Holy Sacrifice with such faith inspiring
 dignity. His very presence and his
 earnest and holy demeanor carried to all
 hearts a love—burning and intense—
 towards the occupant of the little crib
 of Bethlehem. At the Communion over
 eight hundred persons participated in
 the banquet of Christ's love.

At the end of Mass His Lordship, in a
 clear and impressive voice, addressed
 the immense congregation. He said it
 was customary on occasions of this kind
 for the people to extend to one another
 the joyful greetings of a happy Christ-
 mas; and if this be the custom amongst
 the laity, it was far more realistic
 between the pastor and his faithful peo-
 ple. The festival they were celebrating,
 although very ancient, is still ever new
 and ever dear to the Christian heart.
 Every recurring anniversary seems to
 regain freshness and beauty, as though it
 were the first and only Christmas that
 had yet dawned on the Christian world.
 This feast had been looked forward to
 for ages—the patriarchs sighed for it—the
 prophets longed for it—and the people
 groaned in spirit for the heavens to rain
 down a Redeemer that would save
 them from their sins. And now, in the
 sixteenth hundred years, and see in the
 crib of a stable in Bethlehem the realiza-
 tion of the longings and desires of all
 the prophets and patriarchs of old,
 in the person of the Infant Jesus.
 How grateful, then, should we not be,
 that we are members of that Church
 which this Divine Infant came on earth
 to establish for the salvation of mankind.
 He extended to his devoted flock, on his
 own behalf and on that of his clergy, a
 most happy and joyous Christmas.

Masses were also celebrated in the
 Cathedral at 8 and 8:30; and Solemn
 High Mass, *coram pontifice*, at 10:30 by
 Rev. M. J. Tiernan, rector of the
 Cathedral, Rev. Fathers Walsh and
 Mullan acting as deacon and sub-deacon.
 After the gospel Rev. Father Walsh
 ascended the pulpit and delivered one
 of the most brilliant and eloquent ser-
 mons ever heard in the cathedral on a
 like occasion. Many of our separated
 brethren were present, and expressed
 themselves as highly pleased with all
 they had seen and heard. The sermon,
 especially, made a profound impression,
 and the general opinion seemed to be
 that the young preacher had before him
 a brilliant future as a pulpit orator.

The singing of the choir under the
 leadership of the organist, Dr. Verrinder,
 was of a very high order. Mr. Zart's 12th
 Mass was sung on the occasion. The col-
 lection was a very liberal one, the amount
 of which we will give in a future issue.
 At St. Mary's Church, Hill street, Rev.
 Joseph Kennedy, who has charge of this
 mission, officiated at all the services. At

the High Mass at 10:30, he delivered a
 very eloquent discourse, referring in the
 most touching manner to the great festi-
 val we were now celebrating. Mrs. J.
 Durkin presided at the organ, and the
 choir acquitted themselves in a most
 creditable manner.

Midnight Mass was celebrated at the
 Academy of the Sacred Heart by Rev.
 Father Walsh. At all times the chapel at
 this institution is a perfect gem, but on
 this occasion the decorations and brilliant
 lights added a charm that was a most fit-
 ting exhibition of love towards the new-
 born King. The music of the Mass, as
 also that at Benediction in the afternoon,
 was of a very choice character, and was
 rendered with exquisite sweetness by the
 choir of the Convent.

At an early hour Rev. Father Mullan
 celebrated Mass in the beautiful chapel
 of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Mount
 Hope. Here, also, was the occasion done
 ample justice to, the decorations and
 illuminations being of a singularly choice
 and beautiful character. The singing,
 likewise, was of a nature befitting the
 due celebration of the great festival.

THE PRENTICE BOYS.

The Toronto Empire, of the 17th
 December, says: "The district lodge of
 Prentice boys held their annual church
 parade yesterday afternoon, in com-
 memoration of the two hundredth anni-
 versary of the opening of the gates of
 Derry." They were three hundred and
 fifty strong, and Rev. Dr. Hunter preached
 the anniversary sermon. Is it not about
 time that Dr. Hunter, and other ministers
 of the gospel of peace and brotherly love,
 should begin to discourage and discon-
 tinuance those insulting and meaningless
 celebrations? A race and revenge cry of
 two hundred years standing ought to
 tire itself by this time. Or, is there no pos-
 sibility of its being choked off? We believe
 not, as long as ministers of gospel can be
 found weak enough or silly enough to
 help on and give weight and a mock
 solemnity to the satanic howl.

What have the people of Canada, who
 are striving for a united Dominion, and
 home feeling of a common nationality, to
 do with the feuds and the factions of
 two hundred years ago? And what
 reason can there be for such feuds
 and factions being handed down
 from son to son over centuries of hate
 and civil discord? Rev. Dr. Hunter, who
 preaches as an Irishman, ought to be
 the foremost to unpopularize such insane
 manifestations of bigotry. Instead, how-
 ever, of casting oil on the troubled waters,
 he seems bent on the unprofitable and un-
 worthy office of stirring them up with
 all their noxious exhalations, when
 occasion demands.

In the course of his sermon Rev. Dr.
 Hunter maintained that "all Protestants
 asked for themselves, they should freely
 grant to Roman Catholics, but no more."
 But is it true that the Orangemen whom
 he thus addressed are so very liberal?
 Does Mr. Hunter give the example of fair
 play and toleration? Surely Protestants
 ask for themselves that they be let alone.
 Why, then, not leave Catholics severely
 alone? Have the Catholics done aught
 to interfere with their celebration? They
 allowed the parade of three hundred and
 fifty to march boldly to the Carlton
 Street Methodist church, as it was
 their duty and right to do. They did
 not assault the Prentice Boys, or
 trouble about them in the least. The
 Protestants demand this and get it to their
 hearts' content. Why, then, does Mr.
 Hunter trouble himself and grow wrath-
 ful over the Catholics? Why does he go
 out of his way to calumniate and vilify
 them? What need is there for his assuring
 the Prentice Boys that every "prayer
 offered to saint or angel or virgin is a
 direct violation of God's law and an insult
 to the Most High." The inference to be
 drawn is clear enough. Mr. Hunter wants
 the Protestant boys; to believe and feel
 that their Catholic neighbours are idolat-
 rous. Is this fair play? Is it honest?
 When a merchant sets out on a long
 journey by sea and land, and begs of his
 wife and children to pray for him, must
 he be accounted an idolater? If it be no
 crime to ask a dear friend to pray for you
 why should it be sin to ask an angel or
 saint, or the Mother of God to pray for
 you?

"Roman Catholicism," continues the
 doctor, "pays homage to saints and virgins,
 and so repudiates the faith once delivered
 to the saints." This is the Orange way
 of showing fair play to Catholics and of
 freely granting to them all that Protest-
 ants ask for themselves, to accuse them of
 idolatry in the house of God, from the
 very pulpit whence ought to come accents
 of peace and love should go forth! Dr.
 Hunter should know the meaning of the
 words he utters. Homage, according to
 Webster, means the reverence or fealty
 paid by the tenant to landlord in con-
 sideration of the home held by the
 good will of the latter. By paying
 homage to the landlord did the tenant
 adore him? We say Your Majesty to
 the Queen, and Your Worship to the
 mayor, without meaning to adore one or
 the other. We do "homage to virtue
 for virtue's sake." What crime then is it
 to pay homage to saints and virgins?

The doctor seems to have a horror of
 saints and virgins, especially of virgins.
 The Catholic child at Sunday school is
 asked what is meant by the first com-
 mandment, and the answer comes, "to
 adore one God, and to adore but Him
 alone." Before accusing his Catholic
 fellow citizens of idolatry the rev.
 doctor might in charity have made some
 inquiries into Catholic teaching.

But as further proof of his hypocrisy and
 determination to vilify, the sapient doctor
 adds: "The day of bloody persecution
 has passed away, but the spirit and prin-
 ciples of Romanism are unchanged, and
 the weapons she uses to-day are false
 teaching and political intrigue." Is this,
 again we ask, granting freely to Catholics
 what Protestants ask for themselves? Do
 Protestants ask to be blackguarded
 from the pulpit? Do Protestants
 like to have the murders, confes-
 sions, and bloody persecutions of the
 days of Henry and Elizabeth cast up to
 them from Catholic pulpits, or in the
 Catholic press? Certainly not. Why,
 then, go out of your way, Mr. Hunter,
 to insult and vituperate gratuitously, and
 without provocation, Catholics, who do
 not wish to harm you or even to know
 you? On Thanksgiving Day you could
 not raise up pure hands to the God of
 mercy, without flinging insults at your
 neighbors. You then told your hearers
 that the two great curses of Ireland were
 Landlordism and Romanism. Thus, on
 every public occasion where Irishmen are
 assembled, you preach war instead of
 peace, and prove yourself an element of
 mischief in society, a firebrand and bigot.

THE CASTIGATION OF MR. BALFOUR.

The debate which took place in the
 British House of Commons on the 3rd and
 4th inst., was the most thorough exposure
 of the brutality with which law is admin-
 istered in Ireland which has been made
 since the present Government came into
 power. The despatches which came by
 cable gave the merest outline of the
 arguments employed by the speakers,
 but afforded no idea of the thorough scath-
 ing which the Government, and especially
 Mr. Balfour, were subjected to. Concerning
 the policy of the Government, Mr.
 Ellis summed up his impeachment by re-
 peating what he had said of it on a former
 occasion, that "it reeks with petty malignity
 and calculated brutality." Strong as was
 this language, it was not too strong for
 the facts which were elicited. Mr. Balfour
 was convicted of the grossest misrepresen-
 tations and falsehoods regarding Irish
 events for the purpose of concealing from
 the people of England the bad administra-
 tion of bad laws which would not be
 endured in England. But beside this
 proven charge, he was shown to be both
 unscrupulous and ignorant in the discharge
 of his duties. It was no easy matter for
 a Cabinet Minister to endure the onslaught
 which was made upon him by Mr. Ellis
 first, but when Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Dillon
 and Mr. O'Brien followed battering down
 all his defences, he was left in a most
 deplorable condition in the eyes of the
 members and of the whole nation.

The debate was brought on by a motion
 of Mr. Ellis to reduce the estimates of the
 Chief Secretary's office by £425, the
 amount charged for coal for the Secretary's
 official residence in Piccadilly Park.
 Mr. Ellis remarked that no previous
 occupier of the office had less occasion for
 the use of coal than Mr. Balfour, the
 reference being to the fact that though he
 governs Ireland he has been in Ireland
 only for a few days since his occupancy of
 the office; but he added that it was not on
 that narrow issue that he objected to
 the vote. He wished to raise the whole
 question of the Government's Irish policy.

The statistics given by Mr. Ellis in re-
 gard to the treatment of Ireland are
 simply appalling. Since the passage of the
 Coercion Act, not fifteen months
 ago, between 14,000 and 15,000
 persons have been imprisoned, the
 charges brought against them being of
 the most trivial character. "Those peo-
 ple," said Mr. Ellis, "were placed in prison
 for offences which the people of England
 do not recognize as crimes." Even the
 official returns had been falsified for the
 purpose of concealing from the House and
 the country the dreadful extent of the
 evils inflicted by the barbarous Land Laws
 of Ireland. The return stated that 263
 tenants had been evicted during the
 quarter ending on 30th September, whereas
 3,694 tenants were served with eviction
 notices during the quarter, which repre-
 sents a population of about 18,470 per-
 sons.

Mr. Ellis recalled the sad events of
 Mitchelstown, when the police delibera-
 tely shot down the people who were
 attending a lawful meeting. This barbar-
 ity was actually defended by Mr. Balfour;
 but the defence was shattered by Mr.
 Gladstone. The statement of the case by
 Mr. Gladstone was simply unanswerable.
 He said:

"A legal meeting was being held, but
 an illegal assault was made upon it by a
 body of constabulary under the misera-
 ble pretence of bringing in a short
 hand writer. There was, no doubt,
 fighting, but the riot was the riot of
 the constabulary. The constabulary
 were defeated and ran away to their
 barracks. The right honorable gentle-

man, (Mr. Balfour), said it was the duty
 of the constabulary to fire upon the
 crowd—upon what he calls the mob—that
 is the phrase in which a Minister of the
 Crown speaks of a body of people
 who had assembled for a legal purpose.
 (Cheers.) But, sir, there was no crowd,
 there was no mob, in the street where the
 barracks were, and they did not, there-
 fore, fire into a crowd or mob, but into a
 sprinkling of men and boys when they
 committed their wanton slaughter of
 three men, the cause of whose deaths the
 Government never inquired into and the
 perpetrators of the deed they never pun-
 ished."

Mr. Gladstone is a man of feeling, who
 can sympathize with the oppressed, and
 never is he more grand than when he
 denounces oppression. In how different
 a light does Mr. Balfour appear? It is
 one of the strongest evidences that Ire-
 land's demand for Home Rule is just, and
 that she will never be governed on the
 principles of justice and humanity until
 she gain it, that a Cabinet Minister could
 utter in the House of Parliament such
 sentiments as these, in justification of the
 conduct of the police.

"There is no police or military regula-
 tion in the world that an armed force
 dealing with a crowd should fire deliber-
 ately over their heads. A more cruel
 kindness could not be committed, and it
 was not committed, he was glad to think,
 by the Irish police."

Not one of the majority who sustain
 the ministry and keep them in the Treas-
 ury benches repudiated these bloodthirsty
 sentiments. Can Ireland hope to be ever
 treated with common humanity by a leg-
 islative body which could tacitly approve
 such utterances?

Mr. Balfour virtually gave up his
 former theory that the old man Lonergan
 was accidentally killed by a ricochet shot,
 as the spot where he fell was not visible from
 the window whence the policeman fired.
 False as was this theory, there was some
 semblance of humanity in justifying on
 such grounds the guilty policeman who
 fired the shot, but now the mask is thrown
 aside, and the Chief Secretary justifies the
 deliberate murder of mere Irishmen.
 He said:

"If the police were justified in firing at
 all, and he did not now propose to discuss
 that point, it was their duty to fire at the
 crowd, and therefore the question of the
 ricochet shot is of very little importance
 one way or the other."

Mr. Gladstone well remarked that
 "these deaths were treated by the Govern-
 ment as if they had been the deaths of
 dogs."

On the question of the ricochet shot he
 called attention to the fact that a photo-
 graph was taken of the window, from the
 spot where Lonergan fell, and another
 from the window of the spot where he
 fell. He asked "Were the photographs
 taken by ricochet?"

Mr. Dillon showed the different treat-
 ment which was accorded by the courts to
 Nationalists and to supporters of the
 Government. He illustrated this especially
 by the Belfast fraud cases, where men who
 had been conspicuous supporters of the
 Government had engaged in a widespread
 conspiracy to defraud insurance com-
 panies, and who had even endeavored
 to hasten the death of disolute men by
 giving them whiskey, so that the insurance
 on their lives might be obtained, were
 condemned in one case to nine months,
 and in the other cases to six months each.
 Dunlop was removed from one prison to
 another in a silk hat and dress coat, but a
 Nationalist member of Parliament must
 wear prison dress, and a poor man who,
 driven to desperation by oppression and
 wrong, re enters with his family the
 shelter of the house from which he has
 been driven, is given six months at hard
 labor on a charge of forcible possession.

Mr. O'Brien reviewed the case of Mr.
 John Mandeville, and proved to demon-
 stration that the guilt of his death lies on
 the heads of members of the Government,
 and especially on Mr. Balfour.

The words of Mr. Gladstone, in which he
 brought home to every member of the
 Government, and their supporters as well,
 the responsibility for all the acts of Mr.
 Balfour in Ireland, must have a telling
 effect upon the country. He said:

"I hold every man who sits in the
 Cabinet with him equally responsible, and
 if we are obliged to refer to him in a
 degree that is far from agreeable to him
 as the organ of the Government, I
 draw no distinction of responsibility, and
 that responsibility passes onward in wide-
 ranging circles from him to his colleagues,
 and from his colleagues to the Party party
 sit behind him: (here the Conservatives
 cheered to assume the responsibility) and
 in a still wider degree to those so-called
 Liberals who support the Government; and
 from them it will go to the majority
 of the electors of the country."

now ascended the pulpit and gave a telling
 sermon on Perseverance, followed by
 renewal of baptismal vows. During
 this imposing ceremony the entire congre-
 gation stood up, the church being one
 mass of burning candles, each person
 holding a blazing candle. At the invita-
 tion of the accomplished organist, Miss
 Annie Doyle, the choir from the American
 side came over for the closing exercise;
 both joined in a tremendous choir.
 Let us hope that the good may be last-
 ing.

A SPECIMEN TRIAL.

The character of the evidence which
 suffices to send thousands of Irishmen to
 prison may be judged from the proceed-
 ings at the trial of Mr. E. M. Hurley. At
 Newbridge, on the 7th inst. before Mr.
 Vesey Fitzgerald, B. M., Mr. Hurley, a
 solicitor of the town, was charged with
 having on the 29th October, on the occa-
 sion of a seizure at Clonsilla, County
 Kildare, used language to the police cal-
 culated to lead to a breach of the peace;
 and was required under the old statute of
 Edward the Third to show cause why he
 should not be bound over to keep the
 peace.

Daniel Donnelly deposed that he was
 present at the proceedings on the 29th
 October. He did not bear Mr. Hurley use
 the words complained of, namely, to "level
 and knock down every policeman they
 met." He could not have said so without
 "sitting hearing him. On the contrary,
 Mr. Hurley advised the people not to
 break the law nor interfere with the police.
 He called for cheers for the head constable,
 which were given by the crowd.

Cross-examined by District-Inspector
 Brooker: The defendant told the people
 not to throw stones. He did not say any-
 thing else.
 A police sergeant swore that he did
 not hear Mr. Hurley use the words
 attributed to him, and twelve other wit-
 nesses attested that he could not have
 used them. A head constable and a sub-
 ordinate swore that he used the words.
 Mr. O'Shaughnessy said His Worship
 would see that the vast mass of the evi-
 dence and the transaction itself showed
 there was neither intimidation nor an
 intention of intimidation towards the
 police.

Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald said if he dis-
 believed the evidence for the complain-
 ant he must believe the two police
 officers went home that day and concocted
 a false charge which they reported to
 their superiors, and that they
 came forward in court and deliberately
 perjured themselves before God. Such
 language used by a man like the defend-
 ant, a solicitor, was almost twice as bad
 as if used by anybody else. He ordered
 that the defendant should enter into
 bail to be of good behaviour towards all
 Her Majesty's subjects for six months,
 himself in £100 and two sureties of £50
 each, or, in default of so doing, that he
 be imprisoned for two months in Kil-
 kenny jail.

Mr. Hurley here said he would not
 give bail. He added: "I think you have
 done your duty to the man who pays
 you."

Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald then said: "You
 are simply insulting the Court; you are
 not worth noticing. Let Mr. Hurley be
 escorted away. I don't want him here
 after that remark."
 Mr. O'Shaughnessy, on the part of the
 defendant, tendered recognizances for an
 appeal to the county court judge, but
 Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald refused to take
 them, as he believed there was no appeal
 in such a case.

Subsequently Mr. Hurley was taken
 away in custody, and was removed by the
 evening train to Kilkenny to undergo
 his term of imprisonment. A large
 number of people in the town assem-
 bled at the railway station and heartily
 cheered the captive on his way to jail.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Archbishop Corrigan has been invited
 to pronounce the benediction at the close
 of the celebration of the centennial of
 Washington's inauguration as president.
 It is stated that Cardinal Lavigne is
 to receive from the Pope another large
 offering to be applied towards the redem-
 ption of the slave-trade in Africa. The
 amount this time is £40,000.

Mme. DeForest, aunt of Mrs. W. K.
 Vanderbilt, has disappeared. Letters
 sent to her elicit no reply. It is supposed
 that she has gone into a convent as she is
 a very devout Catholic.

Monsieur Lorrain, Vicar Apostolic
 of Pontiac, is now visiting Ireland. He
 has been for some time staying with the
 Oblates of Mary Immaculate in London
 and Liverpool.

British and American residents of Rome
 are subscribing money for the purchase
 of an album of Roman views to be pre-
 sented to Mr. Gladstone as a souvenir of
 his visit.

Rome, Dec. 21.—The *Riforma* posi-
 tively denies that there has been any
 communication or any intention of com-
 munication with the Powers on the
 question of the Pope's departure from
 Rome.

The American and Irish clergy in
 Rome express themselves as greatly
 pleased with the cordial reception
 accorded by the Pope and the Vatican
 authorities to Hon. Charles A. Dana,
 editor of the *New York Sun*.

The universality of the Catholic Church
 is being strikingly demonstrated in the
 small compass of the Lackawanna Valley,
 Pennsylvania, where Irishmen, Hungari-
 ans, Germans, Italians and Poles have
 erected churches, and now many Catholics
 of the United Greek rite have drifted
 thither on the tide of immigration and
 are about to erect their own church at
 Oilpan.

Special to the CATHOLIC DIOCESE OF LONDON.

CHURCH DEDICATION AT THAMESVILLE.
 To the Catholics of London who have read the *Daily* and *Standard* during the past twenty years, "Church Dedication" have familiar as the name of Bl. Thameville has now fallen with the rest. For many years Christian missionary speeding Great Western Railway was a small dilapidated building east of Chatham. That was the Catholic church. But no more. It has followed in the log cabin of thirty years.

The next time our good along our flying railway train and hamlet, when he reached he will feel like a Constantine in triumph, as he beholds a new church with its golden turrets shining in the blue sky. The diocese of London is supplied with churches and grace. Protestants wonder at cathedrals, and handsome oratories which they see spring up by magic throughout the world would wonder did they the words of our Saviour who "Preach the Gospel to every creature." "Teach all nations."

The Thameville church is well built edifice finished in exterior presents a very pleasing appearance. The windows are the vestry is large and comfortable and the interior is beautiful in design,

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. DIOCESE OF LONDON.

CHURCH DEDICATION AT THAMSVILLE.

To the Catholics of London Diocese, who have read the Daily and Weekly papers during the last twenty years, the heading "Church Dedication" have become as familiar as the name of Bishop Walsh.

The diocese of London is becoming well supplied with churches and the means of grace. Protestants wonder at the stately cathedrals, and handsome churches and oratories which they see springing up as if by magic throughout the land.

The Thameville church is a substantial, well built edifice finished in wood, and the exterior presents a very pleasing appearance. The windows are richly stained, the vestry is large and commodious, and the lower and belfry lofty and symmetrical in design.

But if the exterior be attractive the interior is more so. Groined ceilings rising to a great height, Romanesque windows, grained pews, wainscoting and gallery, altars and sanctuary which are models of beauty and taste, handsome Statues of the Cross, brilliant chandeliers and gorgeous furnishings combine to form another beautiful picture, and the total ensemble of the interior is very devotional.

To erect such a church as this in Thameville is not an easy task. To the Thameville mission belong only twenty two Catholic families, scattered over four townships, and none of them are overburdened with the world's goods.

The missions of Bothwell, Wardville and Thameville, comprise about sixty-five families living in eight different townships, but in order to show their zeal it is only necessary to say that about the sum \$9000 has been paid out in this parish for church debts and improvements during the past six years.

Grand High Mass, coram episcopo, was sung by Father William, having Father Cummins and Father Dixon as deacon and sub-deacon. Father Walsh acted as master of ceremonies and Fathers Gerard and Roman assisted at the bishop's throne.

The local choir was assisted by the following non-professional vocalists: Miss McKeon (Ridge-town) soprano; Miss Striding (Detroit) alto; Mr. Marquette (Chatham) tenor and Father McKeon (Bothwell) basso. The accompaniment for the offertory solo was played by Prof. Robinson of Chatham; Miss Croft of Bothwell played the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei of Millard's Mass in D, with Vini Creator and the music was pronounced by all present to be the best they ever heard in any church.

Church. At nine o'clock mass was celebrated by Father Gerard and about fifty received holy communion. S T L.

LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

Mr. O'Connor, T. C. of Killarney, who was sentenced under the Coercion Act to six months' imprisonment on a trumpety charge, has been unconditionally released. It was intended to have the decision reviewed by a motion for a writ of habeas corpus, but the Government have made this unnecessary.

Inspector Greagh, who gave the unnecessary brutal orders to the police to charge the people at Midleton, and thus charged the murder of young Ahern by policeman Swindell, has laid information against a number of the jurors and witnesses in the case and has got them into jail under the Coercion Act.

An Irish landowner named Mr. O'Reilly Deane, made an unusual disposition of his property amounting to £50,000. He willed it to the Exchequer towards the payment of the national debt. He leaves two nieces in poor circumstances, and some persons hold that the Government should not accept the money, but should leave it to the nieces.

Two men, named Brannagan and Murphy, were sent to penal servitude for nine years on a charge of burglary, but it has been discovered that they were innocent. The Home Secretary announced in Parliament that the Government propose to compensate them by granting them £200 each, or an annuity of £50. A vote of sympathy will also probably be passed by Parliament, as Mr. Conynbare suggested that this be done.

Several young men were sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Dundalk under the Coercion Act for singing "Who fears to speak of '88". The Celtic club of Melbourne have sent £500 to the Parnell indemnity fund, and a few Irishmen of Bundaberg in Queensland, have sent £15.

Mr. Sexton, M. P. Lord Mayor of Dublin, had expressed his intention not to accept the Mayorship again, but yielding to the solicitations of the aldermen and others, he has reconsidered his decision, and he was unanimously elected. When it is considered that last year a determined effort was made by the supporters of the Government to defeat him, his present election by both parties is a striking testimony to his ability and popularity.

Another brutal attack was made by the police at Newbridge upon a band which was playing national airs. The police gave no intimation of their intended onslaught but fell upon the bandmen with their batons and broke the instruments. Then many of the respectable people of the town were also attacked with batons. Dr. Smyth, the medical attendant to the police at their headquarters in Nass, witnessed the conduct of the police, which so disgusted him that he resigned his position. At Dungloe, Co. Donegal, a similar attack was made with batons upon a number of Nationalists who merely manifested sympathy for some prisoners who were taken to jail for refusing to give information concerning the Plan of Campaign in May last. Eight men who were thus attacked were brought before the magistrates on a charge of rioting. They were merely proved to have been present, and the magistrates dismissed the charge. Still, under the present administration of the law they will have no satisfaction for the injuries inflicted on them by the police. So far from this being the case, the same men were brought up a second time on the very same evidence and convicted for illegal assemblage. The matter was then brought before the Court of Exchequer, and it was decided that under the Coercion Act the Courts can retry a man after he has been acquitted.

The land commission has ordered large reduction in rents in the vicinity of Thurles. In some cases the reductions are as high as forty per cent. Official statistics show that the population of Ireland decreased 9,122 during the three months ending with September 30th. There were during the quarter 36,011 births, 16,992 deaths, and 18,141 persons who emigrated. There was a decrease of 3,900 in the number of workhouse inmates as compared with the average for the third quarter of the preceding ten years, but a large increase in the number receiving outdoor relief.

The Parnell indemnity fund now exceeds £23,000. Mr. J. Williamson, M. P. is donor of a cheque of £1,000 towards the fund. Mr. McLeod, and Mr. Bodkin, resident magistrates on the 6th inst. in Wexford, sentenced Edward Walsh, proprietor of the Wexford People, to five weeks' imprisonment in the county jail, for a speech delivered at Scarawalsh, which the Crown contended was intended to intimidate Thomas Walker, who had evicted a tenant named Clorich.

The extraordinary mode in which the Times is staving off the day when issues of importance will be gone into by the Commission was singularly illustrated last week. Sir Richard Webster, in his speech at the commencement of the proceedings, alleged that a certain person had been done to death. Last week he produced the person in question as a witness to prove this allegation. Nothing so absurd has ever been done in a court of law. The only thing somewhat like it was, when Dean Swift was confronted with the declaration of a man whom he had declared to be dead, that he was alive. "Now," said the Dean, "my case is proved;

for this man must be dead, as he says that he is not, and it is impossible for him to speak the truth." Why Sir Richard did not say this, I do not know, I suppose that he thought it.

In West Clare the landlords have yielded to necessity, all the principal estate holders having settled with their tenants except Col. Vandaleur. The reductions have been in most cases from fifteen to twenty per cent on the judicial rents.

Further evictions, however, are apprehended on the Vandaleur estates. Evictions are expected to begin at once on Mr. O'Connell's estate in Donegal. There will be a large force of police and military to carry them through.

At Munster winter assizes Mr. Wright, Q. C. stated on the 5th inst. that he was instructed by the crown to enter a nolle prosequi on the verdict of the coroner's jury which brought in Constable Swindell guilty of the wilful murder of Patrick Ahern at Midleton. It is stated the next day that Mr. Wright will send a bill to be presented to the Grand Jury.

It is stated that the Times will petition Parliament to allow officers of the House of Commons to attend the Commission and produce documents bearing unambiguously genuine signatures of Mr. Parnell in order to prove the authenticity of the letters alleged to be his.

In defiance of the recent Government proclamation prohibiting any demonstration in memory of the Fenians, Allen Larkin and O'Brien, a procession paraded the streets of Waterford on Sunday evening. A banner was carried bearing the words, "Remember the Martyrs," and Nationalists were played by the town band. A large force of police who were on duty were ordered to disperse the procession and charged with staves, many people receiving severe blows. The crowd retaliated by throwing stones. The town was for several hours in a state of excitement.

AND SO THEY ALL SAY.

The following very kind letter has been received at this office. It is an additional testimony to the merits of the CATHOLIC RECORD. Father Chisholm will please accept our warmest thanks, and we beg to assure him our efforts will in the future be earnestly directed towards conducting the paper in such a manner as will prove deserving the same flattering reference:

Descourse, C. B., Nova Scotia, December 15, 1888. Mr. Thomas Coffey, Publisher of the Catholic Record: DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find \$2.00 for another year's subscription for the CATHOLIC RECORD. Excuse me for being a little behind time. It was only the other day that I noticed my subscription had expired last month.

I take several good Catholic papers, but I have no hesitation in saying that the CATHOLIC RECORD is the best of them all. May it meet with every success.

Truly yours, A. J. CHISHOLM, P. P.

REV. FATHER SLOAN'S MISSION.

Last week we referred to a bazaar about to be held by Rev. J. A. Sloan, P. P., Fallowfield, in aid of one of his missions. We hope our kind friends will in this glad season lend a helping hand to this noble undertaking. Father Sloan has embarked in this enterprise with his whole heart solely for the reason that the success of the bazaar will be the means of enabling him to carry out his intention of bringing the consolations of religion to many poor souls who have for years, from force of circumstance, been attended to spiritually at long intervals. The rev. father offers, too, some rare inducements to those who will assist him. The person handing in the largest sum of money is to get a gold watch worth about fifty dollars; the person giving the next largest, a gold cross; and the first subscriber of the Record who sends returns for sale of tickets will receive a five dollar gold piece. Address Rev. J. A. Sloan, Fallowfield, Ont.

OUR LORD'S CRIB.

The cradle of our Saviour—the identical crib in which the Infant Jesus was laid—was for a time preserved in Bethlehem, and it is well known that St. Jerome, St. Paula, and others had always entertained the greatest devotion for this sanctuary. Subsequently the crib, and a few pieces of rock from the cave at Bethlehem, were brought to Rome. Some one asserted that the transfer was made in the year 552; but the learned Pope Benedict XIV. wrote that it was not until the seventh century, at the time when the Saracens had taken possession of Jerusalem, in the year 633. St. Jerome who was buried in Bethlehem, appeared three times to a pious monk there telling him to carry him, and his remains to Rome, which he accordingly did. The crib, considered one of the most precious relics in the city of Rome, is now kept in the magnificent basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, also known by the titles of Our Lady of Snow and our Lady of the Cradle. To the right side of the main altar is a very beautiful and spacious chapel, built by Pope Sixtus V. in the year 1585, in honor of our Saviour's crib. In the centre, directly underneath the cupola, is a precious altar, where the Blessed Sacrament reposes. On both sides of the altar are two stairways of stone leading to a little chapel called the chapel of the crib. Formerly the holy crib was kept here, but now only a few pieces of wood taken from it remain on the altar. The main part of the crib is preserved in another side chapel, enclosed in a magnificent silver-mounted crystal reliquary, surmounted by a gilt iron railing. Every year, on Christmas night, these relics used to be carried in solemn procession to the main altar of the church, where they remained during three days for public veneration. Old and young, beggars and princes, may be seen during these days, like the shepherds and kings of old in Bethlehem, hastening to Santa Maria Maggiore, to visit the holy crib.

The Pope gave audience to Bishop Keane, rector of the new Catholic university at Washington, and to Bishop McQuade of Rochester on the 18th inst.

CHURCH AT CROSSERLOUGH.

A Notable Sermon by the Rev. J. A. Finlay, S. J.

WHERE ARE OUR PEOPLE GONE? From the Dublin Freeman, Nov. 16.

Yesterday the beautiful new church at Crosserlough, in the county of Cavan, built through the exertions of the respected pastor of the parish, the Rev. John Boylan, was solemnly dedicated to the sacred purposes for which it was intended.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Kildmore, the Most Rev. Dr. McGinnis, presided at the ceremonies. The Rev. T. Finlay, S. J., preached from the following text taken from the First Book of Exodus: "And all the people shouted with a great shout, praising the Lord, because the foundations of the temple of the Lord were laid. But many of the priests and the Levites, and the chief of the fathers and the ancients, that had seen the former temple, when they had the foundation of this temple before their eyes, wept with a loud voice, . . . so that one could not distinguish the voice of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people."

He said—I have quoted enough of the words of the sacred text to remind you of the circumstances which they describe. You will remember that they were written to describe the joy of the Jews when they returned to their own land their worship and their nationality after the captivity in Babylon. Two great waves of exaltation had swept over the land which had been given to Israel for an inheritance. Some seven hundred years before Christ the Monarchs of Assyria had made themselves masters of the Kingdom of the Ten Tribes, had carried its inhabitants into Assyria, and had planted their territory in cities from Babylon and its environs. A little more than a century later the Kingdom of Judah fell before the same power. Its capital was taken, the Temple, round which gathered the religious memories of the nation, was destroyed, and its sacred riches were added to the treasures of the Assyrian Kings, and Judah and Benjamin were carried away to join Israel in its captivity.

For nearly seventy years the wandering Jews toiled in their own land their worship and their nationality after the captivity in Babylon. Two great waves of exaltation had swept over the land which had been given to Israel for an inheritance. Some seven hundred years before Christ the Monarchs of Assyria had made themselves masters of the Kingdom of the Ten Tribes, had carried its inhabitants into Assyria, and had planted their territory in cities from Babylon and its environs. A little more than a century later the Kingdom of Judah fell before the same power. Its capital was taken, the Temple, round which gathered the religious memories of the nation, was destroyed, and its sacred riches were added to the treasures of the Assyrian Kings, and Judah and Benjamin were carried away to join Israel in its captivity.

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When Love Passed By.

I was busy with my plowing
When love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "follow me;
I'll be with you in a twinkling."

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

Master Timon Corcoran of Clongowas College, Co Kildare, Ireland, obtained the gold medal lately for the best written prose essay on the "Rock of Cashel."

BISHOP GILMORE ON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Our public schools are organized and maintained to fit the child for the fulfillment of his duty as a citizen. But duty is founded on obligation, and obligation on justice.

RESPECT GOD'S PRIESTS.

The want of due respect for the clergy is very noticeable among the young people. Among the boys especially is this lack of courtesy most marked.

TWO MEASURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

English gentlemen of four hundred years ago considered the pursuit of literature, art, and science unworthy of any of their class, which was expected to live solely for sport.

DON'T STRIKE A LIGHT IF YOU WANT TO CAUGH A BURGLAR.

"There are only ten persons in a thousand and who, when they hear strange noises in their houses, do not immediately strike a light to find out the cause."

III Temper

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest.

A SECULAR TRIBUTE.

Ellen Ewing Sherman, the noble wife of the great General, is dead. It is heavy news, even for those who knew her slightly, as I did.

A Postmaster's Opinion.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hygard's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh, postmaster of Unfraville, Ont., "having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, colds, etc."

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admire. It has passed under the blighting influence of the Saxon, and felt the fanatic fury of the Reformer. Life, deserting the summit for a time, seems to have descended to the base, and springs up again in the little cottages that nestle at its foot.

United Ireland.

Many weapons Mr. Balfour uses in his administration of Coercion, but a lie is a handle that fits them all. He is a past master of the art of misrepresentation.

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WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S ELOQUENCE.

The thousands who have at one time or another been favored with the chance of hearing Ireland's great Tribune utter his impassioned bursts of oratory in behalf of the cause of the Irish people.

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"Then they came," he said, "to the charge known as the riotous shooting (Opposition cheering). Well, he had stated more than once that to the best of his belief one of the men killed at Mitchelstown was killed by a riotous shot [he had stated all it had been stated that one of the policemen in his evidence stated that he fired not at random but with an attempt to kill. There was no police or military regulation in the world that an armed force dealing with a crowd should fire deliberately over their heads; a more cruel kindness could not be committed, and it was not committed, he was glad to think, by the Irish police (ironical cheers from the Irish benches)."

"Mr. T. P. O'Connor—Philanthropy, philanthropy (cheers). "The Chief Secretary—If the police were justified in firing at all, and he did not now propose to discuss that point, it was their duty to fire at the crowd, and, therefore, the question of the riotous shot was of very little importance one way or the other (ironical cheers from the Irish benches)."

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A Famous Doctor

Once said that the secret of good health consisted in keeping the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open. Had this eminent physician lived in our day, and known the merits of Ayer's Pills as an aperient, he would certainly have recommended them, as so many of his distinguished successors are doing.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

STAINED GLASS

BRILLIANT CUT, BEVELED, SILVERED, BENT, PLATE & MOSAIC.

CATARRH ELY'S

ELLY'S CREAM BALM GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE AND CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY FEVER

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Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive Odors.

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A Souvenir of Tom Moore.

Stay, stay, yet some moments, though evening's glow is o'er.
Please to impel us so fast to the shore
While on the foam crested waves let us
To the westward of the world's end
For moments like these we may witness
No more.
While yet we linger in social delight,
These moments of happiness let us enjoy;
Perhaps ere the dawn of a coming day's
Light,
Some breath of ill-fortune our hopes may destroy.

Special to the Catholic Record.

SAINT CECILIA AT THREE RIVERS.
FAIR LADIES AND THEIR GALLANT KNIGHTS—HARMONY AND BENEDICTION—MORNING CANDY AND THE ROMANIAN—SOME BRIGHT COMMUNITIES—A CURE FOR BRONCHITIS.

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