

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 2.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1880.

NO. 83.

GENTLEMEN,
See our IRISH and SCOTCH
TWEEDS and SERGES—the
nicest patterns and most durable
texture ever shown.
Our Cutting and Tailoring is
unequaled in the city.

N. WILSON & CO.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.
MAY, 1880.
Sunday, 16—Pentecost Sunday, Double 1st
Class.
Monday, 17—Office of the Octave.
Tuesday, 18—Office of the Octave.
Wednesday, 19—Quarter Tenses, Office of the
Octave.
Thursday, 20—Office of the Octave.
Friday, 21—Quarter Tenses, Office of the
Octave.
Saturday, 22—Quarter Tenses, Office of the
Octave.

Song of the River.

BY FATHER RYAN.
A river went singing, adown to the sea,
A-singing—low—singing—
And the dim rippling river said softly to me,
"I'm going and bringing—
While floating along—
A full trial of it
To the shores that are white where the waves
are so weary,
To the beach that is burdened with wrecks
that are dreary,
A song sweet and calm,
As the gentlest of psalms;
And the shore that was sad
Will be grateful and glad,
And the weariest wave from its dreariest
dream
Will wake to the sound of the song of the
stream,
And the tempest shall cease,
And there shall be peace."
From the fairest of mountains
And farthest of fountains,
From the stillness of snow
Came the stream in its flow.

Down the slopes where the rocks are gray,
Through the vales where the flowers are
fair,
Where sunlight flashed, where the shadows
lay,
Like stories that cloud a face of care,
The river ran on, and on, and on,
Day and night, and night and day,
Going and coming, and never gone,
Singing and staying, and never still,
Going and staying, as if one will
said, "Beautiful river, go to the sea,
The sea is waiting, and I will
be there."
And the river made answer, soft and
low,
"I go and stay"—"I stay and go."
But what is the song? I said at last,
To the passing river that never passed;
And a white, white whisper, "List to
me,
I'm a note in the song for the beautiful sea,
A song whose grand accents no earth-din
may sever,
And the river flows on in the same mystic
key
That blends in one chord the "For ever and
ever."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AN EFFORT is being made to procure
a new organ for St. Michael's
Cathedral, Toronto.

REV. FATHER O'MAHONY, of the
Cathedral, London, conducted a most
successful mission at Cayuga last
week.

ADVICES from Ireland say that a
hundred persons will perish at Kil-
rede, Galway county, Ireland, unless
food is supplied immediately.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY is seventy
years old. He was a recipient of
many gifts of flowers and also con-
gratulations on the thirty-sixth
anniversary of his consecration.

UNDER the new Gladstone dispen-
sation, the important office of Master
of the Buckhounds goes to the Earl
of Cork and Ossory. If this great
post were not properly filled, the
whole structure of British institutions
would be in danger.—*Pilot*.

THE *Union d'Alsace-Lorraine* an-
nounces the death of a Sister of
Charity at the Military Hospital of
Strasbourg, and states that she was
buried with the military honors given
to officers. General von Skopp sent
a detachment from each company of the
regiments garrisoned at Strasbourg.
Herr Schwitzer dwelt briefly upon
the spirit of charity perpetuated in
the Church, and personified in the
Sister of Charity.

A DUBLIN despatch to the *Times*
says Parnell paid a farewell visit to
Navan on the 5th, and announced
that he had definitely resolved to sit
for Cork. A preliminary conference
of the Roman Catholic Bishops and
clergy unanimously resolved to accept
as satisfactory Parnell's majority for
leaving Meath, and by a majority
decided to adopt a Mr. Sullivan as his
successor, provided he felt at liberty
to cooperate cordially with Parnell.

A London correspondent says
Foster, Chief Secretary for Ireland,
is expecting to arrive from Dublin
for the Cabinet Council on Wednes-
day, to advise about the measures

connected with Ireland. The gen-
eral supposition is that a Bill will be
introduced embodying the recom-
mendations to select a committee to
be appointed to consider the opera-
tion of the Bright clauses of the Irish
Land Act.

Some of the prize fighting gentry
of Buffalo were a few days ago about
to make Canada the scene of one of
their brutal exhibitions. Our au-
thorities were notified in good time,
and promptly took steps to prevent
its taking place. The credit of our
country would not suffer much were
the whole crowd of principals and
backers and spectators ducked in the
river, and permission given them to
fight it out on that line. But would
it not be really a good plan to send
those people out to Manitoba, and
force them to make an honest liveli-
hood on the rich land of that country?

The French Senate, by a majority
of 55, had passed the first reading of
the Bill repealing the law of 1814,
which rendered obligatory the celebra-
tion of Sundays and holidays. We
can expect no other sort of legisla-
tion from the infidels who now rule
France. They appear to be taking
proud enough, and will soon accom-
plish their own ruin. The heart of
Catholic France cannot much longer
suffer the degradation of the
country by the infamous infidel ele-
ment now at the head of affairs.

The last barrel has been taken
from the relief ship Constellation.
Almost the entire cargo has been
given to the Islands and the most
distant points. The officers of the
Constellation will give an entertain-
ment aboard the ship, and the return
voyage will commence Sunday or
Monday. The captain and officers
of the ship have exhibited very bad
taste in making use of the occasion
for the purpose of having a general
jollification ever since they touched
Irish ports. The Constellation people
and some English officers have been
going through something like an
Indian war dance over the affair.

One thousand spectators witnessed
a prize fight on Friday at Seranton,
Pa., on McKeever's field, between
Dave Richards and Tom Thomas.
At the end of the 27th round the
combatants could hardly stand, and
the fight was decided a draw. During
the fight, when blood spurted from
Richard's mouth, the spectators cheered
lustily, and Richard's wife broke
through the ring, exclaiming, "Go for
him Dave." Not a very lady-like pro-
ceeding, surely, on the part of
Dave's wife. There was a great deal
of ironical truth in the saying of
poor Artemus Ward, that, "it would
have been twenty dollars in Colum-
bus' pocket if he had never discovered
America. He should have left it to
intelligent savages to rule."

THE REV. MR. McALL, in a letter to
a religious paper in London, Eng-
land, from France, says that "there
is a widespread desire in that coun-
try to learn what the Gospel of
Christ really is." Therefore, we
conceive, there is a "widespread"
necessity for "widespread" col-
lections from the very verdant and
very wealthy class of people in Eng-
land who believe they are working
in the Lord's vineyard by battling
with the Catholic Church. The rev.
gentleman says he observes a marked
progress in facilities for action, from
which we may reasonably conclude
he has allied himself with the ele-
ment now dragging France down to
ruin and dishonor. These are
the men who are in sore need of
Gospel teaching, and our reverend
friend would do well indeed to con-
fine his ministrations to them.

THE HON. GEORGE BROWN breathed
his last on Sunday morning, 9th inst.
Some weeks ago he was shot in his
private office by a discharged em-
ployee, to whom he had refused to
give a certificate of character. The
wound was a very slight one, and it
was fully expected that in a few days
the hon. gentleman would be enabled
to resume his duties in the office of
the *Globe*. The favorable symptoms
soon disappeared, however. The
wound suppurated, and sleeplessness
came on. Strong anodynes were
administered, and these only suc-
ceeded in partially restoring the
patient to consciousness. Mortifica-
tion afterwards set in, and the best
medical talents in Toronto endeavored

in vain to change the fatal aspect of
the case. The man Bennet, who in-
flicted the fatal wound, is still in jail.
The death of Mr. Brown will make
it a very serious matter for him.

ANOTHER effort is being made to
obtain a change of venue in the
Biddulph murder case. We had
hoped that the gentlemen who took
charge of the prosecution would,
after the failure of the first applica-
tion, allow the matter to drop. As
citizens of London, this course of
action reflects anything but credit
on them. It was indeed most ex-
traordinary if, out of a population
of a hundred thousand, twelve honest
men could not be found to do justice
in the case, and faithfully perform
their obligations as jurors. We hope
the learned judges who are to decide
finally on this point will allow the
trial to take place here. To remove
it would be a great injustice to the
prisoners and a most uncalculated
reflection on the large and respect-
able population of Middlesex.

THE lecture platform has become
the refuge of real and alleged murder-
ers. Mr. Covert D. Bennett, who
once lay under sentence of death,
now proposes to confer upon the
public an account of his psychologi-
cal experience while in that situation.
Mr. Bennett would do better by
getting out of the public view, and
staying out. We hope that tastes
are not so entirely depraved as to
countenance such persons to come as
lecturers before the public. We
once heard a story related of Dr.
Cahill, which has some bearing on
this matter. He was in a barber
shop in Washington, and fell into
conversation with the proprietor.
The latter was a colored man of con-
siderable ambition. He said he was
very anxious to become educated,
but, as he could not make money fast
enough at his present business to
bear the expense, he had made up
his mind to go lecturing.

Luigi Mannelli has issued from
the press at Florence the third
edition of the Gospels in Italian, with
explanatory notes. This edition,
published with ecclesiastical ap-
proval, is in the main that of Mar-
tini. The first edition of 6,000
copies were sold very quickly in
Florence. A second edition of 24,
000 copies were soon exhausted, and
now a third edition has been offered
to the public at the same prices,
namely, 50 centesimi for copies
bound in paper, and one lira for
copies bound in cloth. There are
numbers of Protestants who firmly
believe that the Italian people are
not permitted by the priests to read
the holy scriptures. They have been
told so time and time again at
missionary meetings, bible society
anniversaries and the like. They
believe it. No matter what proof is
brought forward to the contrary,
many of them will still fondle the
silly superstition. The old proverb
about convincing a certain class of
people against their will seems to
apply with great force in this in-
stance.

A CONTEMPORARY in Toronto is at a
loss to account for the election of
the notorious Bradlaugh, the infidel,
as the Parliamentary representative
of an English constituency. It says
his atheism was not known to many
who voted for him. Well, this is, to
say the least of it, a very thoughtless
assertion. Most everybody in
Canada know all about Charles Brad-
laugh, and it was indeed strange if
he is not as well or better known
where he has spent his lifetime. It
is usual during election times to sift
thoroughly a man's character—in fact,
even his *cousins* and *his aunts* are
hardly ever left out of the conflict, if
they being brought forward could be
utilized. But have not the people
of Northampton religious guides who
should consider it their duty to con-
demn to oblivion an atheist and a man
who circulates immoral literature?
Can it be possible that they, too, did
not know what manner of man was
Charles Bradlaugh? We would
really like to have a more candid
excuse given in this matter. The
one referred to is very, very weak.

A DEPUTATION of the Mansion
House Relief Committee waited on
Foster, Chief Secretary for Ireland,
on Saturday, to call his attention to
the continued distress in Ireland.
The Lord Mayor said the distress was
not likely to be mitigated before the
end of July, and as the Committee

have no reason to hope that their re-
sources would suffice until that time,
they left the matter in the hands of
the Government of the country, stat-
ing that if immediate relief was not
given the people would die by the
score. Mr. Foster replied that the
Government fully recognized the ex-
tent of the distress, and added, "We
are doing our utmost to alleviate it
by loans to landlords." Lending
money to landlords will not be gen-
erally recognized as the most advis-
able plan to adopt. Subsequently a
deputation from the Canadian Com-
mittee asked Mr. Foster to urge upon
the Government the necessity of
directing the Lords of the Treasury
to advance funds for the construction
of fishery piers, etc. Mr. Foster said
they had made a strong case, and he
would lay it before the Government.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

We were delighted to meet again
in Buffalo, last Sunday, the Hon. Mr.
Frazer, Minister of Public Works in
the Canadian Government. He was
the guest of his friend, Mr. James H.
Dormer. Tall and graceful, of fault-
less proportions, with broad, massive
brow and large luminous eyes, Mr.
Frazer is a noble specimen of manly
beauty, while, in point of intellect,
he is a giant among them all, over
the border. Since the utterances of
D'Arcy McGee were cut short by the
deadly bullet, no public man so elo-
quent as he has appeared in Cana-
dian affairs.—*Buffalo Union*.

UNLESS figures lie, as they some-
times do, the population of France is
not increasing; but this is not due to
the law against absolute divorce, as
Damas claims, or to the Jesuits, as
certain idiotic bigots would have us
believe, or to the causes that have
made certain parts of our own country
a reproach. The military policy of
France, which keeps hundreds of
thousands of men in barracks and the
restraints on labor which that policy
imposes are barriers to marriage.
The man who begins life over again
when he has served his term in the
army, naturally hesitates about tak-
ing on himself new responsibilities.
If, instead of interfering with educa-
tion, the French Government would
support religion and endeavor to do
away with the causes which are sap-
ping the nation's strength, statistics
would soon tell another story.—*Cath-
olic Review*.

THE REV. GEORGE CHAINEY, ex-
Methodist minister of the Unitarian
church of Evansville, Indiana, hav-
ing discovered that there is no God,
that hymns of praise are meaningless
compliments offered to infinite silence
and nothingness, that the rite of
prayer is a hideous mockery, and that
science is your only true religion,
announced these facts to his people
on the 18th of April, and invited
them to follow him, offering, how-
ever, with sensitive modesty,
to resign his position on the 1st of
June, after they should have listened
during six Sunday evening lectures
to his demonstration of the truths of
the new gospel. The congregation
having been gradually prepared for
the step by his previous discourses,
almost unanimously sustained him;
but a few impracticable, unenlight-
ened, prejudiced and over-punctilious
individuals thought his resignation
ought to take effect at once. We do
not know how the nice point was
decided, but we know that it is
mighty hard to satisfy some people.
—*Pilot*.

We believe with Mr. Walter, pro-
prietary of the London *Times*, that
as long as agriculture is the chief Irish
industry Ireland will be always more
or less exposed to the terrible danger
that now threatens it periodically.
Let Irishmen turn to other industries,
says Mr. Walter. So say we with
all our hearts. But we say also give
Irishmen the chance. How the
chance to apply themselves to other
industries was taken away from
Irishmen by English legislation, will
be most eloquently and forcibly
shown by Mr. Froude, if Mr. Walter
will only take the easy trouble of
reading Mr. Froude's interesting vol-
umes, *The English in Ireland*.
Meanwhile, until Irishmen have a
fair chance of applying themselves to
other industries than the agricultural,
it is certainly most unjust, as well as
unwise, to clog and choke up by ruin-
ous legislation the one main industry
that is open to a people, that means
life or death to a very large portion
of them. It is natural that Irishmen
should almost lose control of them-
selves in the midst of scenes of mis-
ery and desolation, such as has been

pictured by unbiased writers like the
Rev. George H. Hepworth and Mr.
Redpath, in this country, and the
correspondents even of English news-
papers. Has not the Duchess of
Marborough herself written lines on
the present Irish misery that pierce
the heart of any human creature?
It is all very well to argue coolly to
these sufferers on the virtue of obedi-
ence to the divine beauty of suffering.
Their hungry answer is: "My wife,
my children are starving." It is the
same story with my neighbors, the
same with all of us. And your laws
bring from us the little money that
could put life into their mouths.—
Catholic Review.

For every crime there is an ade-
quate punishment exacted! either in
this world or in the next. Almighty
God is not a myth, nor does He play
lose and careless with those who
violate the laws that He has es-
tablished. Sooner or later eternal
justice must be satisfied. Crimes
may be perpetrated, sin without
number committed, nature outraged,
but the inevitable consequence is
not always considered, and the victim
as well as the perpetrator discovers
too late that all the warnings given
were real and that after all the moral
law was supreme above all things,
else. Passions are given free reign
and "let us live while we can" is the
cry of those who look not beyond
the grave. Daily and hourly, the
most revolting crimes are committed,
sometimes in all the ghastliness of
their nature, but frequently only
divested of the characteristics that ex-
cite the greatest shudder. A glance at
the daily papers will satisfy anyone
that our times are not better than
the days of Sodom and Gomorrah,
when the purifying fires from
Heaven destroyed the rotting can-
cer of impurity and licentiousness,
or when the windows of Heaven
were opened and the deluge of waters
washed the loathsome crime from
the face of the earth. But Almighty
God receives the propitiation of a
faithful people, and the bleeding
Lamb of God, Calvary pleads earnestly
for fallen man. But the merits of
Christ cannot be squandered, jewels
cannot be cast before swine, and
those who refuse the graces proffered,
The world may laugh at the warn-
ings or turn a heedless ear to the
inopportunities of God's ministers,
but the Judgment Day cannot be
avoided.—*Catholic Columbian*.

**THE MONASTERY AT FORT-
AUGUSTUS.**

From the *Inverness Courier*, April 15.
On the 21st of March, fourteen hundred
years ago, a child was born in Italy who
was to be the founder and father of Western
Monasticism, and is known in history as
St. Benedict. The date to which the birth
of the Saint is assigned occurred this year
during Lent, Easter having been unusually
early, and his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. ac-
cordingly directed that the anniversary of
St. Benedict's birth should be celebrated
for the fourteen-hundredth time on the
4th, 5th, and 6th of April. On one or other
of these days, or on all of them, a festival
was held in every Benedictine Church
throughout the world, and to all who took
part in it, who complied with the neces-
sary conditions, the Pope granted the
privileges of what is termed a jubilee.
The order of Benedictine monks is,
strange to say, re-established in Scotland,
and is endowed. A monastery has been
erected on a scale of very considerable
magnitude on one of the finest sites in
Scotland, at the head of Loch Ness, and
the institution is so far in good working
order, bearing testimony to the truth of
the lines addressed to St. Benedict:—
"Still in this land of ruins glows divine
The spirit kindled here in happier days;
Still, Father, there are Scottish hearts all
alight,
And Scottish lips that fain would sing thy
praise."

The Prior and monks of the order at Fort-
Augustus celebrated the day with great
pomp on Tuesday week. The building is
still far from complete, and the grounds are
in a very crude state, but great progress
has been made, and it is hoped that the
workmen may quit the premises about the
month of August. There was a large
gathering of Church dignitaries and of the
laity at the meeting on Tuesday. A
special steamer was run from Inverness,
calling at Temple House, Foyers, and In-
vermoriston (carrying, however, but few
passengers) arriving at Fort-Augustus in
time to allow the travellers to be present
at the Pontifical High Mass, which it was
announced would be celebrated by the
Bishop of Aberdeen at 10.30 A. M. The
steamer was welcomed on arrival by a
salute of guns, which may either be an
ecclesiastical custom or a trace of associa-
tion between the Monastery and the
Military Fort, on the foundations of
which it is erected. The monks have con-
structed a temporary wooden church,
opening off the beautiful cloisters of the
Monastery. It is a spacious building
about eighty feet in length, consisting of
a nave, choir, and chancel, with two
auxiliary chapels, all tastefully decorated
and well lighted.

The Right Rev. Bishop Macdonald,
Bishop of the Diocese, pontificated at High

Mass, and was assisted as follows:—Deacons
of the Throne, Father Thomson, Elgin,
and Father Mackenzie, Beaulieu. Deacons
of the Mass, Fathers Bisset, Stratherrick,
and Chisholm, Nairn. Assistant priest,
the Very Rev. Father Vaughan of Kin-
noul. The Bishop of Dunkeld (Right Rev.
George Rigg) in the choir, was assisted by
Father Geddes, Perth. Master of the
ceremonies, Don Benedict Weld-Blundell.
The choir was composed of the sonorous
voices of the monks and the well-trained
youths who are receiving their education
at the college of the Monastery.

Owing to the unexpected indisposition
of the Prior of the Monastery, the Very
Rev. Father Vaughan, the address to the
congregation, appropriate to the occasion,
was delivered by Father Elphège. He
reviewed the circumstances of the life of
St. Benedict, and the extraordinary work
he had accomplished, not only in his own
days, but through the instrumentality of
his successors during all these centuries.
Conversion, civilization, and education
were the three great objects of the Bene-
dictine order, and there was no part of
Europe, no part of the world, in which
their influence had not been experienced
in the exercise of the organization of the
order in promoting these great objects.
Obedience was a requisite of this system.
In northern Europe, in America, in
Australia, the monks were the first to con-
vert, to civilize, and educate the people;
and the work which they began, toiling
to build it up by slow degrees, their suc-
cessors would endeavor to carry on. The
representatives of the order here to-day
were in a peculiar position. Their win-
ter had been long and severe; snow had
lain heavily upon the land, bearing down
much of the spirit, the true Catholic
spirit, that existed; but there had been
all along a prayerful spirit underlying
the wintry aspect of the land; and now
the spring had come, the Church will re-
joice, and St. Benedict had come also to
aid them in preparing for the harvest. A
thousand years had passed since their
black gown was first seen in this country,
and now they came back, after an absence
of three hundred years, to receive the
welcome they had met with that day.

At the conclusion of the service the
Bishop, by special delegation, bestowed upon
the people the Papal benediction, and the
bishops, priests, assistants, and choir left
the church in procession.
At two o'clock the Very Rev. Prior
Vaughan hospitably entertained a
number of guests, clerical and laymen,
all who dined with the students in the fine
banqueting hall of the monastery. Besides
the bishops and clergy already named, and
the members of the Benedictine order,
the following, among others, partook of the
Prior's hospitality:—namely, Fathers
Tochetti, Keith; F. Chisholm, Nairn; Coll
Macdonald, Fort-Augustus; Thomson,
Elgin; Mr. Rufford, Inchacardoch; Mr.
Cathness, Brodie; Mr. Verelker Bindon,
Mr. Corballis, Monack Castle, Captain
Chisholm, Glasgow, &c.

A few after dinner speeches were given
—the health of the Bishop of the Diocese,
that of the Bishop of Dunkeld, &c., and
especially that of Prior Vaughan, whom
Bishop Rigg, in proposing the health, desig-
nated as the restorer of the order of St.
Benedict in Scotland. This toast was
drunk with great enthusiasm. After din-
ing the two bishops each planted a Wel-
lingtonia pine in the grounds on the side
next the Canal, in commemoration of the
festival. In the evening the service of
pontifical vespers was performed, by
Bishop Rigg of Dunkeld, assisted by
Deacon and Sub-deacon. Before conclud-
ing the whole officiating staff of monks
and residential clergyman, professors,
and students at the college, members of
the church, and a considerable body of
the general public, made a procession from
the church round the cloisters, bearing
banners, canopies, and a great number of
lighted candles, the choir chanting appro-
priate words all the way. The cloisters
are very perfect, of exquisite moulding,
and of good stone. The appearance of the
procession, as it showed through the in-
terstices between the carved mullions
and pillars, was very striking, and the
chanting, in which all joined, was strong
and effective. The procession separated
as the members of the Benedictine order
and the church; the congregation knelt re-
verently during the remaining part of the
service, which was conducted amidst a
blaze of light emanating from some fifty
or sixty candles at and in the neighbour-
hood of the altar.

The two bishops and the Prior were
greeted with loud cheers when they ap-
peared at the door of the Monastery, and
Bishop Rigg was accompanied by several
of the monks and a great many outsiders,
along with other visitors, he left for Inverness
amidst loud cheering.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Moore's Melodies translated into the Irish
language by the Most Rev. John MacHale,
Archbishop of Tuam. New York: Lynch,
Cole & Meenan.
We have received this very useful
little work from the publishers, Messrs.
Lynch, Cole & Meenan, proprietors of the
Irish Catholic newspaper, New York.
The melodies are in the Irish and English
languages, side by side. We need not
recommend Moore's melodies to our Irish
fellow-citizens. They are known to all,
and need no recommendation. Every
Irish house should have a copy, and those
who do not possess it should send 25c,
and receive this excellent edition.

Happy the man whose life is one long
Te Deum. He will save his soul; but he
will not save it alone, but many others
also. Joy is not a solitary thing, and he
will console at last to His Master's feet,
bringing many others rejoicing with him,
the resplendent trophies of his grateful
love.—*Felix*.

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In Memoriam.

Joseph Alexander McGee, died April 1880, aged 4 years, 3 months and 17 days.

"NOMIS DONET IN PATRIA."

Christ smiled of yore upon the children fair Who clustered close and looked into His eyes:

He blessed them all and stroked their golden hair.

"Of such," he said, "is God's own paradise."

And now, from time to time, the children go From dreary earth into His sacred arms;

Far from all cares, and safe from earthly woes,

So serene and calm above all griefs' alarms.

So in the octave of the Easter time, The Queen and Mother took him by the hand,

And led him to a softer, fairer clime, To live forever in his native land.

Who would remember, yet who would forget The little face that seemed a glimpse of sun,

On darkest days? Remembrance is regret— A mother's heart cannot forget her son.

The empty shoe, with little toe half worn, The broken toy that lies upon the floor,

Makes her heart bleed—a wound pressed by a thorn,

And touch upon a never healing sore.

And yet his Mother keeps him safe above, And prising her, he waits until the Saint

Who holds the keys shall cry, "Your prayers Are answered." Faith in God's great love shall faint.

Does she not keep him, who his Mother is? He is not dead, but only far from you,

Unto our Lord, who his sweet Brother is, And grace will come, as gentle, falling dew.

In the bright octave of the Easter day, He rose with Christ, and still with Christ he lives—

"Their native land give them," he sings all day.

To Him who loves us all, and all graces gives. M. A. F. L. E. G. S.

New York, April, 1880.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Maitre Simon's barge was lying at anchor near the village. It had just landed a party of emigrants on their way back from Arkansas to New Orleans. He was starting it with provisions for the rest of the voyage, and was standing in the midst of cases and barrels, busily engaged in this labour, when Colonel d'Auban stepped into the boat, bade him good morning, and inquired after his daughter. On his first arrival in America he had made the voyage up the Mississippi in one of Simon's boats, and the barge's little girl, then a child of twelve years of age, was also on board. Simonette inherited from her mother, an Illinois Indian, the dark complexion and peculiar-looking eyes of that race; otherwise she was thoroughly French and like her father, whose native land was Gascony. From infancy she had been the plaything of the passengers on his boat, and they were, indeed, greatly in need of amusement during the wearisome weeks when, half imbedded in the floating vegetation of the wide river, they slowly made their way against its mighty current. As she advanced in years, the child became a sort of attendant on the women on board, and rendered them many little services. She was an extraordinary being. Quicksilver seemed to run in her veins. She never remained two minutes together in the same spot or the same position. She swam like a fish and ran like a lapwing. Her favourite amusement were to leap in and out of the boat, to catch hold of the swaying branches of the wild vines, and run up the trunks of trees with the agility of a squirrel, or to sit laughing with her playfellows, the monkeys, gathering bunches of grapes and handfuls of wild cherries for the passengers. She had a wonderful handiness, and a peculiar talent for contrivance. There were very few things Simonette could not do if she once set about them. She twisted ropes of the long grass which grows on the floating islands of the Mississippi, and could build a hut with old boards and pieces of canvas, or arrange a dinner with hardly any materials at all—as far as any one could see. She mended dresses and made them, kept her father's accounts, or what was more extraordinary still, proved a clever and patient nurse to the passengers who fell ill with the dreadful fever of the country. Will as an elf, and merry as a spirit at other times, she would then sit quietly by the side of the sufferers, banding their foreheads or chafing their hands as the hot or cold fit was upon them, and rendering them every kind of service. During the time when d'Auban was on board her father's boat, it was the little stewardess herself who fell ill. One day her laugh was no longer heard—the playing, the bird, the elf, ceased to dart here and there as she was wont to do in the exuberance of her youthful spirits. Nothing had ever before subdued her. She did not know what it was to fear anything, except perhaps a blow from her father, and to do him justice, his blows were not hard ones. A bit of European finery or a handful of sweetmeats were enough to send her into an ecstasy. Sometimes she was in a passion, but it did not last beyond a minute or two, and she was laughing again before there had been time to notice that she was out of temper. But now sickness laid its heavy hand on the poor child, her aching head drooped heavily on her breast. She did not care for anything, and when spoken to hardly answered. Simon sat by his little daughter driving away the insects from her face, and trying in his rough way to cheer her. d'Auban also came and sat by her side, and whispered to him, "Has she been baptized?" "No, I have never had the time to take her to a priest."

d'Auban sighed, and Simon looked at him anxiously. Faith was not quite extinct in him, and grief, as it often does, had revived the dying spark. "May I briefly instruct, and then baptize her?" d'Auban asked. "You! but you are not a priest." "No, but a layman may baptize a person in danger of death." The girl overheard the words and cried out, "I will not die; do not let me die." "No, my bird, my little one, you shall not die," Simon answered, weeping and wringing his hands. "Not unless the good God chooses to take you to His beautiful home in heaven," said d'Auban, kneeling by the

side of the child. Then he talked to her in a low and soothing voice, and taught her the few great truths she could understand. Then showing her a crucifix, he made her repeat a simple act of contrition, and baptized her in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. As the water flowed on her brow he raised her eyes no longer with a wild elfish smile, but a calm contented look. He made her a Christian that day, and on their arrival at the mission of St. Francis he took her to Father Maret, who, while her father's bark was repairing, placed her under Theres's care. She was christened in the church, and made her first communion before his next voyage. Theres took great pains with her charge, but she did not understand her character. The Indian's grave and earnest soul did not harmonize with the volatile, impulsive, and wayward nature of the Frenchman's child. Simonette heard mass on Sunday, and said short prayers night and morning, but her piety was of the active order. She studied her catechism up in some tree, seated on some branch, or else swinging in one of the nets in which Indian women rock their children. She could hardly sit still during a sermon, and from sheer restlessness envied the birds as they flew past the windows. But if Father Maret had a message to send across the river, or if food and medicine was to be carried to the sick, she was his ready messenger—his carrier-pigeon, as he called her. Through tangled thickets and marshy lands she made her way, fording with her naked feet the tributary streams of the great river, or swimming across them if necessary, jumping over fallen trunks, and singing as she went, the bird-like creature made friends and played with every animal she met, and fed on berries and wild honey.

As she grew older, the life she led, her voyages to and from New Orleans, and above all, the acquaintances she made in that town, were very undesirable for a young girl. She learnt much of the vile of the world, was often thrown into bad company, listening to conversation and reading books adapted to taint the mind and corrupt the heart. But as yet she had passed through these scenes and been exposed to these trials without much apparent bad result. When she returned to St. Francois du Sault, her manner was for a while bold and somewhat wild; she said foolish and reckless things. But an interview with Father Maret, a few days spent among good people, or a word of friendly advice from her godfather, would set her right again, and cause her to resume her good habits, to soften her voice, and sober her exuberant spirits. She had found a safeguard against the contamination of the world in a feeling of nature of which she could scarcely have defined, composed as it was of gratitude, admiration, and a love which had in it no admixture of hope or expectation of return. Sometimes these extraneous helps are permitted to do their work, and to assist human weakness; to keep its footing amid life's shoals and quicksands—themselves at best but sands! But if a grain of sand has ever stood between us and sin it is not to be despised; nor will He despise it who caused the gourd to grow over the prophetic head, and to wither away when its mission was fulfilled.

"Where is Simonette?" inquired d'Auban, after the first words of civility had passed between him and the barge-man. "She was here a minute ago," answered Simon with a grin, "but that is rather a reason she should not be here now. The girl is never in the same place for two minutes together."

"What have you not advanced years tamed her?" said d'Auban, laughing. "Is she quite the same light-hearted creature who enlivened for me the horrors of my first acquaintance with your barges, Maitre Simon? Well, I am glad of it. In the midst of mournful-looking Indians and careworn fathers, it is pleasant to have a laughing girl like your daughter to remind us that there still exists such a thing as mirth. But I wish she was here. I have something to propose to her. How, I may as well, perhaps, broach the subject to you."

"Is it something profitable?" asked Maitre Simon, thrusting his hands in his pockets. "It is a situation with a lady. You will admit that such an offer is not often to be met with in this country."

"Partly an attendant, partly as companion."

"And far through the misty future, With a crown of starry light, An hour of joy you know, Is winging her silent flight."

Rumour is a pipe blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures. Maitre Simon came up to d'Auban and asked what had become of her. "She says she must take time to consider, and has rushed into the thickets."

"I always maintain she is more like a monkey than a woman," Simon exclaimed in a tone of vexation. "I dare say she is in the hollow of a tree or at the top of a branch. I wish she was married and off my hands. What wages would the lady give?"

"Well, forty francs a month, I suppose." "Fifty would be more to the purpose. You see, sir, if it is not often that ladies are to be found in these parts, it is just as seldom that ladies' maids are to be met with."

"Well, I admit there is something in that. Let us then say fifty." "Ah! I know you are a reasonable man, Colonel d'Auban. I wish the girl would come back."

"In a few minutes she did return, holding a small ape in her arms, and playing a thousand tricks with it. 'Well, Simonette, your father is satisfied with your wages. It remains for you to say if you will accept the situation.' 'No, sir, I will not,' answered Simonette, looking hard into the monkey's face. 'But it is a very good offer,' urged her father. 'Fifty francs a month. What are you thinking of child?'"

"It would also be an act of charity towards the lady," d'Auban put in. "She is ill and sorrowful." "And I am sure it would be a charity to ourselves," Simon said, in a somewhat scornful tone. "I am sure they are not so frequent as they used to be, and it is like turning our backs on Providence to refuse an honest employment."

"It is the lady we brought some months ago, father, from New Orleans?" said Simonette. "A pale, tall woman, with blue eyes." "Of course, I remember her quite well. The old gentleman paid my bill without saying a word, which very few of my passengers have the right feeling to do. I am sure they must have been very much pleased with your services."

On the following morning Colonel d'Auban met Simonette in the avenue of the pavilion. M. de Chamblé was coming out of the house with a veridical countenance. He brightened up a little when he saw d'Auban. "I do not know what it is to become of us," he said. "Madame de Moldau is quite ill, and the Indian servant does not know how to do anything. Mon Dieu! what a country this is! Why would she see come here?"

"I have brought Maitre Simon's daughter, M. de Chamblé. She wishes to offer her services to Madame de Moldau." "Ah! Mademoiselle Simonette, you are a messenger from heaven!"

The celestial visitant was looking at poor M. de Chamblé with an expression which was quite angelic. "Let Mademoiselle," he continued, "Name her own terms." It was fortunate that Simon was not there to hear this, and d'Auban mentioned the sum agreed upon between them. M. de Chamblé gladly assented, and said he would go and inform his daughter of Mademoiselle's arrival. "I beg you will be seated," he said, bowing to the young quondam with as much ceremony as if she had been a princess in disguise.

With equal formality he announced to his daughter that he had found her an attendant in the little stewardess on board the Frenchman's barge. "Do you mean his daughter?" she asked. "The girl with eyes as black as the berries she gathered for us?"

"Yes, Madam, the young person who sometimes used to make you laugh." "You know, my dear father, we had resolved not to have European servants. I feel as if it would be running a risk."

"But the girl is a quondam. She had never been in Europe. She is really half a savage." "On the contrary, my good father, she is a very civilized little being—far too much so for us. Indeed I had rather not take her into the house."

"But I cannot bear any longer, and that is the real truth, to see you without any of the comforts you ought to have. Oh yes, I know the whole are thin. I will not speak too loud. But did I not find you yesterday kneeling on the floor, trying to make the fire burn, and that horrible squaw standing stupidly by?"

"It is not the poor creature's fault; she is willing to learn." "And in the mean time you, my own—"

CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

FROM THE DEATH OF CHAMPLAIN TO THE APPOINTMENT OF MONTMAGNY, A. D. 1635-1672.

Champlain succeeded in the governorship by M. de Chateaufort, who held the reins of power for a period as brief as it was uneventful, giving place in 1637 to M. de Montmagny. The latter entered on his duties at a time when renewed hostilities between the Huron and Iroquois nations demanded all the caution and prudence which the latter had long compassed the ruin of the Huron tribes. The struggles of these contending races enliven our early history with tragic episodes, wherein dauntless courage and tireless cruelty, heroic endurance and pitiless barbarity, nobler resolution and basest perfidy, in turn claim attention, exciting better admiration or horror. The territory of New France was at the time of its discovery occupied by three principal races of aborigines: the Algonquins, Sioux and Hurons, the Iroquois occupying the territory south of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the river St. Lawrence as far east as the Richelieu.

The Algonquin race peopled an immense tract, stretching on the one side from the frigid regions occupied by the Esquimaux to the winterless dominions of the Gulf of Mexico, and on the other from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. The Hurons or Wyandots occupied scattered portions of the country in the regions of the Algonquins, along the northern margins of Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario. The aborigines of North America were not numerous. Their entire population could be computed at a few thousands, decimated from time to time by war, famine, and pestilence. Their very mode of living itself militated against the steady or rapid natural increase. Though savage as they were, it cannot be said of them that they were guilty of the gross and brutal immoralities practiced by some of the more advanced aboriginal races in America.

The Iroquois nation consisted of a confederacy of five and afterward six tribes. They were a subtle, ingenious, and warlike people. They could place in the field a body of warriors numbering two thousand. The Hurons, on the other hand, were not so numerous, but, besides enjoying the favor of alliance with many of the Algonquin tribes, enlisted, from the time of Champlain, the powerful support of the French. Even with this alliance and this support, they were not able to save themselves from the doom pronounced on them by their implacable foes.

Having entered into a peace which the Iroquois employed the leisure moments secured by the cessation of hostilities in preparing their forces for a sudden and ferocious onslaught on the Huron settlements. Pretences of one kind or another were found to offer some apparent justification for a declaration of war, which commenced with indiscriminate fury before the Hurons could realize the weakness of their position. The Huron tribes, thus surprised by their merciless foes, without any organized system of defence, had to withdraw from their villages and strong places far into the interior. Severe as were their losses, they were enabled for years afterward to offer a vigorous if not successful resistance to the Iroquois, who still, bent on their utter ruin, pursued them with insatiable ferocity. The hostilities of the aboriginal nations, while obstructing, did not entirely prevent the progress of settlement. This progress is, as Garneau justly remarks, to be attributed to the foresight of home or colonial office holders, but to the zeal and devotedness of private individuals, particularly the Jesuit missionaries. The settlement of Sillery was thus established by the generosity of M. de Sillery, a zealous priest of the archdiocese of Paris, presented in the settlement itself by Father Lejeune. The founding of the colony of the island of Montreal is due to the courage and religious zeal of M. de Maisonneuve, selected through the intervention of Father Lalumière, who, having been banished from France, had come to live amid the wilds of New France a long martyrdom of self-abnegation—was observed by the whole colony as a day of public rejoicing. The governor, M. de Montmagny, leading the noble ladies to the great church, a solemn Te Deum was sung in thanksgiving for their safe arrival. Meantime, the war between the savage tribes continued with unabated fury. The Iroquois, desirous of dislodging the French from alliance with the Hurons, had in the earlier part of the war despatched envoys to meet M. de Montmagny at Three Rivers. The French governor, discerning the real motives of the Iroquois, broke off negotiations rather abruptly. Baffled in their attempts to weaken the Hurons by deceiving the French, the Iroquois extended their range of hostilities to the very gates of Quebec, spreading terror even to the furthestmost eastern settlements of the French.

M. de Montmagny at length determined upon a vigorous and aggressive policy toward this dreaded people, if not with fear, at least with respect, of French prowess. He accordingly ordered the construction of a fort at the mouth of the Richelieu, a river through which the Iroquois communicated with the interior

of their own territories. The savages made a vain attempt to prevent the construction of the fort. Their anxiety had increased with their growing animosity toward the French. The latter supplied them with fire-arms in exchange for their peltries, and thus familiarized them with an instrument of warfare they had long dreaded. Their repulse at Fort Richelieu served but to strengthen their purpose of destroying the French settlements on the St. Lawrence. The year 1644 was chosen by them for a general attack on the French and Huron settlements. The attack met with a resistance so very spirited that the Iroquois, repulsed with heavy loss at Montreal and Fort Richelieu, now readily consented to proposals for peace, which was solemnly agreed to at Three Rivers. The Hurons and their Algonquin allies were included in this treaty. But the peace thus concluded and ratified was of brief duration, hostilities again breaking out in 1646.

M. de Montmagny, whose judicious husbanding of the resources of the colonists and unequalled diplomatic skill, carried New France through some of the severest crises in her history, gave place in 1647 to M. d'Alleboust, who, however, devoid of the energy of Champlain, or the skill of de Montmagny, enjoyed the advantages of unquestioned proflity and extended colonial experience.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Men are not more zealous for truth than they are for error. No tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth. If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone. In all science error precedes the truth, and it is better it should first than last. One hour of eternity, one moment with the Lord, will make us utterly forget a lifetime's desolation. With parsimony a little is sufficient, and without it nothing is sufficient; whereas, frugality makes a poor man rich. Good always comes out of every evil which God permits on the face of the earth.—Faber. We serve a Master who lets nothing go to waste; not a drop of the sweet of our blood.—Frederick Crapanzan. It is a truth that the faults we see in ourselves cannot be borne with when encountered in others. We ought to be guarded against every appearance of envy as a passion that always implies inferiority wherever it resides. He who is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care. Reluctant blame is the blame which goes to the heart and conscience of the objects of it, and the greatest merit of it is, that while it condemns it does not discourage.—Sir Arthur Helps. Tell a grumbler that he has no real ground to complain and he will be angry, but prove it to him by irrefragable arguments that his grumbling is unfounded and he will hate you most cordially. A critic who sits up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproach is a creature as barbarous as a judge who takes up a resolution to hang all men that come before him for a trial. We pity the man who is a creature of circumstances and their vacillating oscillations; we honor the one who can resist the ebbs and flows of extraneous influences, and not be ruled by them. Every kindly word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the ark-sent dove, and returns from the troubled waters of life bearing a green olive branch to the soul. To make our reliance on Providence both pious and rational, we must prepare all things with the same care and diligence as if there were no such thing as Providence to depend upon; and when we have done all this, then we should as wholly and humbly rely upon it as if we had made no preparation at all; for we trust God, we may be sure of all that Omnipotence can do for us. Hope flies about the cradle and the grave alike; lives with the rich and poor alike; adds brightness to the smile and softens the sorrow of the present; glorifies the surroundings, and positions the magnificent. Hope is man's best friend only to be quitted for her pale sister, Resignation, when Hope, turning away her radiant face, forbids all endeavor, whispering softly, "Submit." God comes to holy souls, not so much in heroic actions, which are rather the soul's leaping upwards to God, but in the performance of ordinary habitual devotion, and the discharge of modest, unobtrusive duties, made heroic by long perseverance and inward intensity. It will be part of our amazement when we are judged to see what a life of inspirations we have had, and what immense holiness we might have gained with comparative idleness. Many great saints which have been made out of the great which has only made us what we are. The love of us are ungenerous with God; and ungenerosity is but a form of the want of fear.—Faber. In examining, even superficially, those ages which heresy has dared to represent as without the knowledge of the sacred writings, it is easy to convince ourselves that not only churchmen—that is to say, those who profess a profession of learning—knew the Holy Scriptures thoroughly, but that laymen, knew them almost by heart, and could perfectly comprehend the numberless quotations with which everything that has descended to us from this period—narratives, correspondence, and sermons—are filled. Those who have ever opened any volume whatsoever, written by the professors or historians of the Middle Ages, must stand amazed before the marvellous power of falsehood, when they reflect that it has been possible, even in our days, to make a large portion of the human race believe that the knowledge of Scripture was systematically withheld from the men who composed, and from those who read the books of that ages.—Montalembert.

CHAPTER V. Maitre Simon, thrusting his hands in his pockets. "It is a situation with a lady. You will admit that such an offer is not often to be met with in this country."

"Partly an attendant, partly as companion."

"And is the lady a real one?" "I have no doubt she is."

"And a person of good character?" "You see, Colonel, I am an old man myself, but I should not like my little girl to live with some of the ladies whom we know come out to the colony."

"The love of a little animal is not to be always despised," muttered Simonette, "nor its hatred." "If you will come to the barge upon things about and exciting the ape to grin and to chatter. When d'Auban and her father had gone away, she sat down on one of the benches and began to cry. "Oh, bad spirit!" she exclaimed—"ferocious spirit of my mother's race, go out of my heart. Let the other spirit return—the dancing, laughing, singing spirit that took charge of me when I was baptized would drive them both away—I am so tied of their fighting!"

"He and She."

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

"She is dead!" they said to him: "come away! Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!" They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair. On her forehead of stone they laid their hair: Over her eyes, they laid their eyes: They drew the lids with a gentle touch: With a tender touch they closed up her eyes: The sweet thin lips that used to tell: About her brows and beautiful face: They tied her veils and her drapings: And drew on her white stock her white silk shoes. Which were the whitest no eye could choose— And over her bosom they crossed her hands: "Come away!" they said: "God understands." And there was silence, and nothing there: But silence, and scents of orientals: And jasmine, and roses, and rosmery: And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she." And they held their breath till they left the room: With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom: But he who loved her too well to dream: The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead: He lit his lamp and took the key: And turned it—alone again—ho and she. He and she; but she would not speak: Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek: He and she; yet she would not smile: Though he checked her the name she loved ere-while. He and she; still she did not move: To anyone passionate whisper of love: Then he said, "Cold lips and breasts without breath: Is there no voice, no language of death?" Dumb to the ear and to the sense: But to heart and to soul distinct, intense? See now: I will listen to you, not ear: What was the secret of dying dear? Was it the infinite wonder of all: That you ever ceased to feel or fall? Or was it a greater marvel to feel: The perfect calm over the agonized soul? Was the miracle that you did not feel: Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep? Did life look back its records dear: And show, as they say it does, past things clear? And was it the innermost heart of the bliss: To find out so what is so truly: O perfect dead! O dead most dear, I hold the breath of my soul to hear: I hold the breath of my soul to hear: As high as to Heaven, and yet you do not tell: Was the miracle that you did not feel: To make you so placed from head to foot: I would tell you darling, if I were dead: And were you but tears upon my brow shed— I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid: You should not sit so calmly with streaming eyes. Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise: The very strangest and suddenest thing: Of all the surprises that dying must bring? Ah, foolish words! O most kind dead! Though he told me, who will believe it was said: Who will believe that he heard her say: With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way: "The utmost wonder is this—I hear And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear." And am your angel, who was your bride: And know that, though dead, I have never died.

CHRISTIANITY'S TRIUMPH.

AN ELOQUENT REPLY TO THE INFIDELS.

CATHOLICITY A LIVING TRIUMPH.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE PRESS.

We make the following extracts from a brilliant discourse recently delivered in St. Louis, by Rev. Thos. Hughes, S. J.: The Soul of Modern Science is not disembodied yet. Its radiation is not exhausted. Do you not catch it radiating from the print you are constantly paying for? Have you not caught as yet some of the "psychotic" infidelity exhaling from the press which you support? The style of logic which is characteristic to it I have just taken the trouble to exemplify—a style so universal that it stamps the school, whether represented in its pretentious scientists, in its vulgar criers, in its solemn declaimers, or in its third-rate copyists of their betters. Some of them ape the style of "snapping a solemn creed with solemn sneers" and with a cumbersome solemnity of thought, and a phraseology Ciceroonian, oratorical and grand, when Jews are compared with Christians, and the latter found wanting; Mohammedans contrasted with Christianity, and—sorry to say it!—the latter goes to the wall; good men with bad men, and—worse than that!—Christians come off second best; moral men with immoral men, and—alack-a-day!—Christians must hide their diminished heads. This class of writers treats us constantly to a stage-show, never ending, of the same old soldiers in the field of logic; and the same old soldiers, under whatever variety of name, always get the upper hand, and the others always go under. The street-car of this enlightenment is pitted against the thumb-screw of Christianity; the gunpowder and breech-loader of the nineteenth century against the staid old lion and woman that knew their prayers, and said their times gone by—dull times! Modern bullets figure there, and printing presses too: all the means of tearing the bodies of men to pieces in time of war, and the thousand ways of sending the souls of children to hell in time of peace. How easy now to disseminate knowledge! and how easy now spread through a public school class-room by a single man than whole generations of men, women and children understood in solidum under the old regime! Few men spelt their names then. Fewer still had their names spelt for them by the lettered muse, or their date ciphered in marble and in fame. "Their time a moment and a point their space!" How different are all things now? Now—let us repeat it and insist on it, for the glory of the age—now the young can be taught, by the simple contrivance of a public education, to bite the pangs of conscience truth, and, in the gentler and purer sex, to quench the blushes of ingenuous shame! Now, how readily may they not be taught, though it entail a slight taxation—that sweet and precious burden—to lose their innocence before they know it, and to see vice before they recognize it; to be vicious before they are taught what virtue is; nay, never to know the difference between mortal sin and venial.

through the fault of the material, which is too far gone, why then Christianity goes too, and lets the Christian rot." The soul of every man is a failure in the same sense when his body is left to be a corpse. But the body of a man is unwillingly a corpse. The mass of society is willing so. It is by the action of free will. Therefore, wherever Christianity does not quicken the masses, and so far seems not to triumph, there you have a proof of man's free-will. And where Christianity does triumph in man or society, there you have a proof not only of free will, but of a right mind besides. Let not the infidel ignore Christianity as a great and stupendous moral fact, and a triumphant fact in the world; as a dominant and reigning fact. Why, in France, is he coming her by legislation, under the title and style of zeal for education? Why, in Germany, is he persecuting her with Falk-laws, which, by the way, in self-preservation, is trying to undo? Why, in Italy, is he "appropriating" her goods, inventing a pleasant name, because "thieving" is in disrepute? Why in Ireland and Poland, wherever Christianity is distinctly Catholicity, is never a word of sympathy from the world, but grind, grind the Christianity, out of them, if you can. No, the infidel cannot ignore Christianity—I mean Catholicity. The reason I identify the two I explained in my last lecture on "Out of the Church no Salvation." I say he is too busy plying his trade of grinding, exiling, robbing, legislating, to palm it off on us for an instant that he has forgotten Christianity. He thinks he a failure. And when he succeeds in treading the canonice in the dust, the more the canonice grows! Trample Christianity down and its thrives. It thrives when trodden on. It thrives and grows independently of human government, therefore it is a miracle, one of the very first class. It is a miracle if compared with Islamism. It is a miracle in itself. Islamism has gone with the tide of sense and of flesh. It has ridden on with the violence and impetus of armed bands, with the promises of lust and rapine; with every vice, except cowardice. TO SIGNALIZE ITS LEADER, and without a single virtue, save cleverness and craft. Blood and immorality, national decadence and social degradation are the heraldic signs and hereditary brand of Islamism. And you may give the lie, my friends, to that imprudent and audacious infidelity, which coolly preaches to you—and you pay it for doing so—that Islamism is good and civilized, or that vulgar, infidel, crafty, intelligent, honest and good. The emblems and insignia of Mohammedanism are the same as those which distinguish robbers and tyrants, to wit: The might of arms, and the right of the strongest. He did not give such credentials to his followers. He who sent them without scrip or wallet—not to break, nor to bruise, not to kill men by thousands, nor to lay cities low. "My kingdom," He said, "is not of this world." Without shoes, without staff, without cincture or purse, He sent them. Where? To do and to teach. "Store not up to yourselves treasures on earth, where the rust and the moth consume." Whoever sowed of the flesh, should reap of the flesh, corruption. Whoever exalted himself should be humbled. They should love their enemies. Fortune-seekers should look for the kingdom of heaven within them. The inquisitive should know no more than was expedient, nor otherwise than was true. Is that a miracle or not to proceed with such credentials in the world to go forth into the whole world with the express intention of leaving humanity throughout all space and all time, so that when even rotten limbs should fall off from the Christian trunk; when gangrened members should be amputated from the Christian body, still the form and color of Christianity should be found inhering while in the corpse and deceiving the eye; and the warmth and flexibility once communicated by the Christian soul should be found still continuing a while, heating the touch, after the soul had fled, so that an unchristian and un baptized generation should be found talking Christian talk and thinking Christian thoughts, should be moving in Christian guise, and be impregnated with Christian influences long after infidelity had become master of its prey, and like an upstart, get the upper hand, and the others always go under. The street-car of this enlightenment is pitted against the thumb-screw of Christianity; the gunpowder and breech-loader of the nineteenth century against the staid old lion and woman that knew their prayers, and said their times gone by—dull times! Modern bullets figure there, and printing presses too: all the means of tearing the bodies of men to pieces in time of war, and the thousand ways of sending the souls of children to hell in time of peace. How easy now to disseminate knowledge! and how easy now spread through a public school class-room by a single man than whole generations of men, women and children understood in solidum under the old regime! Few men spelt their names then. Fewer still had their names spelt for them by the lettered muse, or their date ciphered in marble and in fame. "Their time a moment and a point their space!" How different are all things now? Now—let us repeat it and insist on it, for the glory of the age—now the young can be taught, by the simple contrivance of a public education, to bite the pangs of conscience truth, and, in the gentler and purer sex, to quench the blushes of ingenuous shame! Now, how readily may they not be taught, though it entail a slight taxation—that sweet and precious burden—to lose their innocence before they know it, and to see vice before they recognize it; to be vicious before they are taught what virtue is; nay, never to know the difference between mortal sin and venial.

Have you destroyed it? Fifteen years ago, the Catholic Church in Europe was 147,000,000 strong; in Asia and Oceania, nearly 10,000,000; in Africa, 4,000,000; in America, North and South, 47,000,000 strong, making a total of 208,000,000 fifteen years ago. With the fraction of a million the supernatural spirit of Christianity could leave the world, as it did long ago with the fraction of a score. It is the soul of the Church that is the soul of the world—that lovely soul, which now I should like to describe to you, but I must perforce pass on. Two hundred and eight millions of men, scattered all over the globe, all accepting one faith, all united in one communion of authority and fellowship, all identical under one head, are a body which you may respect as not quite effects, and so contrasting favorably with sects whether non-Catholics or non-Christian; of which in this one country alone, a Prussian traveler said a while ago: "There you may see a thousand and one religions, and no one believing in a God." Take in, over and above what I have said, the effects of the church's doctrine, now and ever, in producing rational certainty in the mind, and adding thereto the super-rational or divine certainty of faith. Consider the whole of higher knowledge opened out in the mind by Catholic doctrine. Ponder the effects upon society at large in leaving it intellectually, till even infidelity, with all its efforts to shake off Christian sentiment, is left half-Christian in his heart. Analyze historically how the church's doctrine has established the principle of right against mere might; of rights in the individual, of rights in the family, of rights in vested authority—the free will of the individual being everywhere secured. Is this a miracle in the moral order, a miracle of the first-class, transcending all the efforts of mere human industry, wisdom, power, passing beyond all the laws of mere human prudence, and only by a steady interposition from on high working ever with a wonderful success? Is it a miracle, too, as being a distinct prophecy, foretold in all its parts, foretold in its circumstances, foretold in its success? But I must desist, or I shall never end. By way of conclusion let me address the infidel, and ask him: Is Christianity then a national decadence and social degradation, a failure? That she has not apprehended you, and succeeded in Christianizing the like of you! But that may be a proof that you are a failure, not she; that you are unfit material for so noble a soul. On the same principle, whenever the body becomes unfit to domicile it, and falls away to be a corpse. THE CONFESSIONAL. HERE SHINES THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD. SPEAK, MY SON, AND SPEAK FREELY. THE ETERNITY OF GOD'S JOY. Father Burke, in his eloquent discourse on the confessional, bestows the following glowing tribute upon the sanctity and purifying qualities of that sacred tribunal: "What is more natural than the idea of the water flowing from the little fountain through the upper lands, and up to the higher levels to bring it up, purifying it, and then over another, receiving its various tributaries as it flows along, and growing in size until at length it becomes a little river in the lower plains? Falling from one cascade into another, it finds the deep valley, the sea, and there, through the great bridges, passing through great towns, supporting upon its bosom mighty ships of war, until length, turbulent and with a thousand impurities, it falls rapidly into the deep, and is lost. This is all natural. That a man should stand upon that river's side and say: "Flow on, thou shining river," is natural; but that a man should be able to stand in the mid-of that mighty stream, and with his hand to push it back against its course; to make it flow up through the upper lands, and up to the higher levels; to bring it up, purifying it, until at length, from the turbulent, impure, and muddy stream, he brings it back again over the rocks, until, pure as crystal, it arrives at its source, and emerges into the deep, and is lost. This is all natural. 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THOS. COFFEY,
Proprietor and Proprietor.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.

DEAR MR. COFFEY.—As you have become Proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its tone and principles.

Yours very sincerely,
+ JOHN WALSH,
Bishop of London.

MR. THOMAS COFFEY,
Office of the "Catholic Record."

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1880.

(OFFICIAL.)
DIOCESE OF LONDON.

EPISCOPAL VISITATIONS AND CONFIRMATIONS.

- 16. Stratford.
17. Wallaceburg.
18. St. Francis.
19. Stoney Point.
20. Belle River.
21. Woodlee.
22. Maidstone.
23. St. Anne's.
24. Windsor.
25. Sandwich.
26. Canard River.
27. McGregor's Mills.
28. Amherstburg.
29. Rlyth.
30. Wawanosh.

PENTECOST.

On next Sunday, 16th inst., the Church commemorates the great day of Pentecost, on which the Holy Ghost descended in the form of fiery tongues upon the Apostles.

In compliance with the command of Our Lord, the Apostles and first Disciples of Jesus prepared themselves for the receiving of the Spirit of God by prayer and retirement.

They went up, says the sacred text, into an upper room where they awaited for the promised Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth.

They were sitting. And there appeared to them parted tongues, as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with diverse tongues, according as the Holy Spirit gave them to speak.

We have ourselves indeed no interest in the matter, but we cannot help thinking that Bishop Sweatman's career, begun with a very grave mistake, will continue in the same rut of misfortune, till the very men themselves who secured his election will clamor for his withdrawal.

GERMANY AND THE VATICAN.

We ventured some time ago to assert that Bismarck had virtually surrendered his position on the maintenance of the Falk Laws. Events have since fully justified the view then taken.

Previous to His ascension into heaven, Our Lord declared to His Apostles that the Spirit of Truth would give testimony of Him in their persons and by their preaching.

over the malice of those who opposed the preaching of His Gospel. He gave courage to women and children, making them despise a cruel death and suffer the most fearful tortures for the love of Jesus.

A BISHOP IN TROUBLE.

Bishop Sweatman began his episcopal career by a furious onslaught on Popery. His election, attended by circumstances exceedingly peculiar—an election not due in any measure to superior personal merit or intellectual pre-eminence—in fact, we may in this latter regard be permitted, without offence, to state that no comparison could be instituted between any of the candidates and Dr. Sullivan, of Chicago, one of the rejected—impressed him with the belief and determination that he should open his new career by an effort to secure popularity at the expense of just means and honest considerations.

What will he now say to Bishop Sweatman's action in repudiating all church fellowship even with so respectable a body as the Presbyterians? What will the entire body of Evangelicals, usually so aggressive, say to this Episcopal repudiation of a society held to be so useful to Protestantism?

In the case of Canada, however, we have reason to hope that, by the establishment of an ocean port on Hudson's Bay, the Canadian Pacific Railway may control not only Canadian trade with China, Japan and Australia, but a very large and profitable portion of the trade of Britain itself with these countries.

view—that all Catholics should see that it was their interest to fall into its ranks. But the number that thus fell into line was small and their influence smaller. The Old Catholic movement is now a complete and disastrous failure, and the persecution devised by the Falk Laws practically abandoned.

Let us then do ourselves justice by protecting these aborigines from the

the neighboring republic, but as a sharer in the traffic to be opened up and developed by the scheme which M. de Lesseps is prosecuting with an earnestness and zeal which do him and the age he lives in lasting honor.

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

We learn from Washington that several propositions of importance from an international point of view have recently engaged some attention from Congress. The Hurd Bill, to prohibit the carriage of American commodities over Canadian territory, excited a good deal of adverse criticism on the author and promoters of the measure.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

M. de Lesseps has not, since his return to Europe, been idle in the work he has undertaken—to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by means of the proposed Panama Canal. He has everywhere sought to enlighten public opinion on the scheme and thus enlist the support of capitalists in its furtherance.

Another measure of interest to Canadians is one introduced by Mr. Rice, looking to the abrogation of the Treaty of Washington. This bill cannot be intended for any serious purpose, and we do not consider the gentleman who has assumed its paternity any more eager than Americans in general for the abrogation of the Washington Treaty.

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interests to further the ends of British statesmen. The amount awarded our government at Halifax for the fishing privileges extended to America was certainly as small a figure as the commissioners could have determined upon with any regard for justice.

THE MOUNTED POLICE.

The charges advanced by M. Royal, in the House of Commons, against the officers and men of the Mounted Police force, deserves the serious attention of the government. The Mounted Police force was organized and was sustained at enormous expense to the people, not, assuredly, for the purpose of demoralizing poor Indian women.

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A GOVERNMENT IN DISGRACE.

The German administration, whose head and guiding spirit is Prince Bismarck, has, within a brief period, received from the representatives of the people in the Reichstag several severe rebuffs.

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SPRING OPENING 1880.
T. BEATTIE & CO.'S
 EXHIBITION OF
SPRING & SUMMER IMPORTATIONS

Millinery, Mantles, and General Dry Goods, WILL TAKE PLACE ON **WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 14.** YOUR INSPECTION REQUESTED.

HUMOROUS.

A man gets into trouble by marrying two wives. If he marries only one he may have trouble; and some men have come to tribulation by simply promising to marry one. Trouble anyhow!

Every donkey thinks itself worthy to stand with the king's horses; every girl thinks she could keep house better than her mother; but thoughts are not facts, for the sprat thought himself a herring, when the fisherman knew he was not.

The *Sov* compares the position of the French Government, as regards the unauthorized religious bodies, to the soldier who captured a Bobolink during the African campaign. "Sergeant," he called out, "I've taken a prisoner." "Bring him out at once." "I can't, he holds me fast!"

After a telegraph pole had fallen on a Savannah negro's head, he threw up his hands and shouted: "Don't hit me agin wid yer club, Mr. Policeman. It wasn't me that stole yer chickens; it was Deacon Henry." When he looked, saw what hit him and walked off, saying: "I see in luck dis morning, I 'spectet dat de policeman had me shuah, dat time."

A Glasgow minister was recently called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house, he said to the man's wife, "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?" "Oh yes, sir; we gang to the Baron Kirk." "Then why in the world do you send for me? Why didn't you send for Doctor Macleod?" "Na, na, 'deed na, we wadna risk him. Do ye ken it's a dangerous case of typhoid."

Last November an old merchant, on sending his nephew to study law at Paris, presented him with an old copy of the code, with the remark, "I will come to see you in March, and if you have been diligent I will make you a handsome present." At the appointed time the old gentleman was on hand. "Well, my boy, said he, "have you worked hard?" "Oh yes, answers the nephew confidently. "In that case you have already got your reward." "I don't know what you mean, uncle." "Hand me the code, my boy."

He opens the volume, and between the first two leaves, he finds a hundred franc note, which he had intended for his nephew, but which he forthwith put into his own pocket.

A worthy old tradesman, whom a successful mercantile career of thirty years had placed in independent circumstances, still continued his business, and his antecedent visits to his counting house, on the morning the good wife had postponed the matrimonial meal in consequence of his absence, until that rare and valuable thing in a woman—her patience—was well-nigh exhausted. At last, however, he made his appearance; and with an excuse for his tardiness, but looking especially glum and out of humor, he sat down to eat. A cup of coffee partially restored him, and opening his mouth, he spoke: "Most extraordinary circumstances—most extraordinary, indeed!" "Why, what do you mean, my dear?" demanded the lady. "Mean? Here have I had to open the shop with my own hands, and after staying there a full hour, waiting for my boys, not one of them made his appearance, and I was forced to close the shop again to come to breakfast!" "Why, how do you mean?" exclaimed the lady, with unforgotten horror, "you have not been to the shop?" "Why, it's Sunday?" "Sunday?" returned he, "Sunday! Impossible, madam; we did not have eggs and bacon for dinner yesterday!"

The Animal in the Box.
 There is a sad young man up in Michigan Avenue to-day. He got up very early yesterday morning, and rigged up a box and hung upon it a sign reading: "Don't annoy the baboon." A great many people looked into the box and were annoyed by hoots and yells, and the inventor of the sign was waxing fat, when along came a six-foot farmer, with his weather eye open for living curiosities. When he saw the box and the sign he hitched his team and made an inspection. There was no baboon in the box. No, sir; there wasn't even the faintest trace of one. The young man was leaning against the fence and laughing his sides sore, when the farmer approached and asked:

"Did you have any baboon in that box?"
 "No, of course not."
 "Then, why that sign? If there is no baboon there, how can he be annoyed by a man who would annoy a baboon of mine?"

"Why, it's only a sell," explained the young man.
 "What's a sell?"
 "Why to-day is April-fool day."

"Never heard of any such day in my life. Young man, don't you dare to lie to me! I can take a joke as well as the next man, but I can't be babooned to-day or any other day. Where's that animal?"

"Never had any."
 "Never had a baboon in the box, yet you hung out a sign that people mustn't poke him up and annoy him? Boy, that's false pretences!"

"But can't you take a joke?"
 "A joke! Where is the joke in forbidding us to annoy the baboon when there isn't a baboon within a thousand miles of us? Other folks may not resent

it, but I can't be imposed on without a rumpus!"
 He hauled the box down, kicked off the slats, and then he picked up the young man, turned him end for end, twisted him up, and jammed him into the baboon box. It was an awful close fit, and there was a heap of kicking, but the baboon got there all the same, and after the farmer had driven away they had to pull the box apart to get the living curiosity out.—*Journal Free Press.*

Advertising Cheats.
 It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them a trial, as no one who knows their value will use anything else.



ESTABLISHED 1839.
S. R. WARREN & SON
CHURCH ORGAN BUILDERS
 WAREHOUSES,
 Cor. Ontario & Wellesley Sts., Toronto.
 Builders of all the largest organs in the Dominion—among them being: American Church, Montreal, 65 stops, 3 manuals; Parish Church, Notre Dame, 75 stops, 3 manuals; St. Patrick's Church, 45 stops, 3 manuals; St. Paul's, London, Ont., 35 stops, 3 manuals; St. James' Church, Stratford, 35 stops, 2 manuals; Metropolitan Toronto, 60 stops, 3 manuals; St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, 40 stops, 3 manuals. With every possible facility at their command they are able to warrant the very highest order of merit in their instruments, with the most favorable terms. Correspondence solicited. On hand—Two manual organ, \$2,000; One manual organ \$800; One manual organ \$400; One manual organ \$200. 75-1/2

LONDON CARRIAGE FACTORY,
J. CAMPBELL, PROP.
 All kinds of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs and Cutters manufactured, wholesale and retail.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
CARRIAGES SHIPPED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.
 Has been in business over 25 years, and has been awarded by the Provincial and Local Fairs 178 FIRST PRIZES, besides Second, Third and Fourth. Also been awarded Medal and Diploma at the International Exhibition in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.
FACTORY: KING ST., W. of Market.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
Tenders for Rolling Stock.
 TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—
 20 First-class cars (a proportion being sleepers).
 2 Second-class cars, do.
 3 Express and baggage cars.
 3 Postal and smoking cars.
 250 Freight cars.
 100 Flat cars.
 2 Wing Ploughs.
 2 Snow Ploughs.
 2 Flangers.
 40 Hand cars.
 The whole to be manufactured in the Dominion of Canada and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.
 Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-charge, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th inst. of March next.
 Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon on Thursday, the 1st day of July next.
 By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.
 Dept. of Railways & Canals, Ottawa, 7th Feb., 1880. 7120w

TRACY & DEBRAND,
 ARCHITECTS,
 ENGINEERS AND SURVEYORS
 CITY HALL, LONDON, ONT.
L. G. JOLLIFFE,
 (Successor to Stevens, Turner & Burns)
PLUMBER,
STEAM & GAS FITTER
 BELL HANGER, ETC.
 Dealer in Hand and Steam Pumps, Iron and Lead Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, etc. Special attention given to fitting up houses and Public Buildings with Gas, Steam, and Water, Plumbing, Gas Fitting, &c. Also heating same with steam or hot water. 376 Richmond St., London, Ont. 42-1/2

BRUNTON'S Digestive Fluid!
 INDIGESTION & DEBILITY.
 It is more strengthening than Cod Liver Oil or any other preparation. It assimilates the food to the blood, purifying and strengthening it.
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
STEVENS, TURNER & BURNS,
BRASS FOUNDERS.
 IMPORTERS OF METALS, IRON PIPE AND FITTINGS, MANUFACTURERS OF OIL WELL BRASS WORKING, BARRELS, AND GENERAL OIL WELL AND REEFERS' SUPPLIES. OFFICE AND WORKS—78 KING STREET WEST. 31-1/2

Go to W. D. McLOGHON,
 126 Dundas Street, London, Ont., for the Gold and Silver watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Spectacles & Fancy Goods. Wedding rings made to order. The only First Class House in this line in the city.
130 DUNDAS ST., LONDON.
 Liberal reduction to the Clergy and School Teachers.

\$66
 A WEEK in your own town, under capital of \$100. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered in this country to work. You simply try nothing else until you try for yourself what you can do at the business. No room for a plain job. You can devote all your time to it. For special terms and particulars, which we will free of charge, send us your name and address. Don't lose a chance. Address H. HALLIETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

GRAND DISPLAY OF MILLINERY
 On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 13th, 14th and 17th of April.

On the above days we will show the finest selection of FRENCH, GERMAN, and ENGLISH STYLES ever shown in this establishment. Our Milliner, Mrs. P. Abbott, has recently returned from the Eastern market, and will be found thoroughly posted in all which concerns Fashionable Millinery and Mantles. As a Grand Opening is a new feature in our Establishment we purpose making this one the MOST ATTRACTIVE OF THE SEASON. Call and inspect our display.

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.,
 126 DUNDAS STREET.

BOOK & JOB PRINTING AT THE RECORD OFFICE.

250 CHAMPION ENGINES SOLD IN 3 SEASONS. SEND FOR RECORD



ADDRESS WATERLOO ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA.
 Nine Leading Insurance Companies License the CHAMPION to be used within feet of Barns or Stacks Insured by them. We are testing and finishing SIX CHAMPION per week. The workmen should come and investigate for themselves. Send for Circulars. FARM ENGINES, PORTABLE SAW & GRIST MILLS OUR SPECIALTY.

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 GENUINE

SINGER SEWING MACHINES
 SOLD DURING THE YEAR 1879.

Being 74,674 more than in any previous year. THREE-FOURTHS of all the machines sold throughout the world last year were GENUINE SINGERS.



Every Genuine Singer Sewing Machine has this Trade Mark on the Arm of the Machine.

THE SINGER MAN'G CO'Y,
 222 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

HARDY'S GROCERY,
 358 RICHMOND ST.

The choicest Family Groceries, Fresh Teas, Pure Coffee, and spices, well assorted stock of Wooden and Willow Ware, and everything usually kept in a first-class grocery. Goods delivered free to any part of the city. Prices to suit the times.

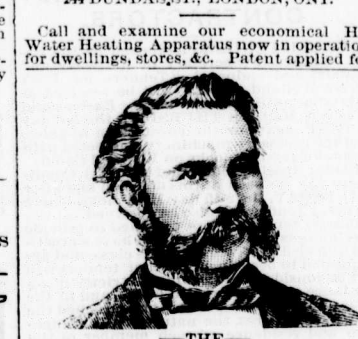
Remember the Store!
 Sixth Door South of King Street, LONDON, ONT. 42-1/2

Encourage Canadian Enterprises!
 Insure your Property in the **UNION FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,** OF TORONTO.

HON. J. C. AIRKS, Secretary of State, President.
T. R. PARKER, Sec. and Agent, London Branch.

MCLENNAN & FRYER
PLUMBERS
 GAS FITTERS,
 STEAM FITTERS, BELLHANGERS, &c.
 24 DUNDAS ST., LONDON, ONT.

Call and examine our economical Hot Water Heating Apparatus now in operation for dwellings, stores, &c. Patent applied for.



THE LONDON STAMMERING INSTITUTE,
 No. 131 MAPLE STREET, LONDON, ONT.

TESTIMONIAL.
 I have been an inveterate stammerer for 40 years. I am now 45 years old. I never saw a worse stammerer than I was. I have tried all sorts of cures, but without success, until Tuesday last, I placed myself under Professor Sutherland's treatment, and now, after only two days' treatment, I am entirely cured. I can now talk and read with perfect ease, and I know that I will never stammer again. My address is DELAWARE P. O., ONT. London, Dec. 4th, 1879.

LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CUTS, AXES, CHAINS, Cow Ties, Ropes, Seales, Etc., CHEAPER THAN EVER

JAS. REID & CO.,
 116 North Side Dundas Street, 58-1/2

CIGAR COMPANY,
 61 DUNDAS ST., LONDON,
W. T. RUTHERFORD & CO.,
 PROPRIETORS.

Liberal Discount to Wholesale Dealers, 38-1/2

TEN CENTS
 A ten-cent sample bottle of HARKNESS' BRONCHIAL SYRUP will convince you that it is the best preparation in the market for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, and all the affections of the Throat, Lungs, and Air-passages. Sold by all druggists. Wholesale and retail by

HARKNESS & CO.,
 DISPENSING CHEMISTS, corner of Dundas and Wellington streets, London, Ont.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.
 ARE AMONG THE LEADING

GROCERS
 IN ONTARIO.

An immense stock of Goods always on hand, fresh and good. Wholesale and Retail.

A CALL SOLICITED.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,
 169 DUNDAS STREET,

4th Door East Richmond Street, 14-1/2

CHURCH BUILDING A SPECIALTY.

From long experience in the United States and in Canada, I am prepared to contract or Superintend the building of masonry work at very reasonable prices. I saved over a thousand dollars on the plastering of the Ingersoll Church, without any cost to the people. Can do the same for others. Unquestionable references from the Clergy in the States and Canada. Call on, or address—**PETER SHEEY DOUGLAS, Ingersoll.**

BUILDING STONE.
 Mr. A. Harrison, St. Mary's, Ont., dealer in all kinds of BUILDING STONE of the best quality. Window sills, door sills, and base stone a specialty.

ALFRED CRAIGIE,
 MANUFACTURER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF

PRINTERS' MATERIAL.
 SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address: Send for Price List. **ALFRED CRAIGIE,** Galt, Ont., Canada.

73-1/2m

This space is reserved for the new CITY UNDERTAKERS, Kilgour & Son.

FERGUSON'S FUNERAL UNDERTAKING,
 180 KING STREET, (180)

Every requisite for **FUNERALS**

Provided on Economical terms. The largest choice of Plain and Gorgeous Funeral Equipages, including a WHITE HEARSE FOR CHILDREN'S FUNERALS.

ECONOMY COMBINED WITH RESPECTABILITY.

W. HINTON
 (From London, England.)
 UNDERTAKER, &c.

The only house in the city having a Children's Mourning Carriage.

PHYSICIAN'S RECOMMENDATION FOR HIRE,
 202, King St., London. Private Residence, 251 King Street.

REMOVAL.

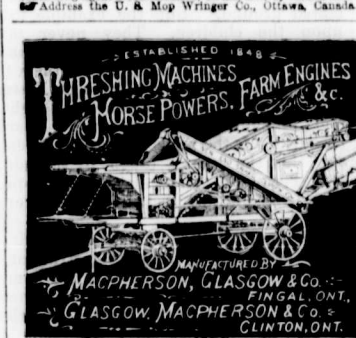
WILSON & CRUICKSHANK
 Have removed to their **NEW STORE!**

Opposite Their Old Stand. CALL AND SEE THEM.

WILSON & CRUICKSHANK.

WANTED

Persons are immediately the best paying business in America. Five to ten dollars per day can be actually made, no matter what your own locality. No money to start with. No capital required. No experience necessary. The goods manufactured by us are not only cheap and well made, but in great demand. We are now offering every article you have a horse, and we will forward you circulars and samples of our goods. Address: The U. S. Map Writer Co., Ottawa, Canada.



AGRICULTURAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO
 AGRICULTURAL BUILDINGS,
 COR. DUNDAS & TALBOT STS

Capital, \$1,000,000.
 Subscribed, \$600,000.
 Paid Up, \$500,000.
 Reserve Fund, \$28,000.
 Total Assets, \$728,000.

Money loaned on Real Estate at lowest rates of interest. Mortgages and Municipal Debentures purchased.

Apply for particulars of Company's Offices for Loans and save time and expense.

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.
 Money received on deposit and interest allowed at highest current rates.

JOHN A. ROE, Manager,
 London, Nov. 20, 1879. 68-1/2

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY
 Manufacturers of all kinds of Castings, Iron, Brass, and Steel. Also of all kinds of Machinery, Steam Engines, and all kinds of Mill Work. Also of all kinds of Agricultural Machinery, and all kinds of Mill Work. Also of all kinds of Mill Work.

WARRANTED. Free of Charge. **VANUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.**

LONDON POST OFFICE.

Winter Arrangement.

MAILS AS UNDER.

Great Western Railway, going	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
London, Eastern States, etc.	5:00	1:15	8:00	1:50
London, Western States, etc.	5:15	1:30	8:15	2:00
London, Pacific States, etc.	5:30	1:45	8:30	2:15
London, Canada, etc.	5:45	2:00	8:45	2:30
London, Europe, etc.	6:00	2:15	9:00	2:45
London, India, etc.	6:15	2:30	9:15	3:00
London, Australia, etc.	6:30	2:45	9:30	3:15
London, Japan, etc.	6:45	3:00	9:45	3:30
London, China, etc.	7:00	3:15	10:00	3:45
London, Africa, etc.	7:15	3:30	10:15	4:00
London, South America, etc.	7:30	3:45	10:30	4:15
London, New Zealand, etc.	7:45	4:00	10:45	4:30
London, Oceania, etc.	8:00	4:15	11:00	4:45
London, etc.	8:15	4:30	11:15	5:00
London, etc.	8:30	4:45	11:30	5:15
London, etc.	8:45	5:00	11:45	5:30
London, etc.	9:00	5:15	12:00	5:45
London, etc.	9:15	5:30	12:15	6:00
London, etc.	9:30	5:45	12:30	6:15
London, etc.	9:45	6:00	12:45	6:30
London, etc.	10:00	6:15	1:00	6:45
London, etc.	10:15	6:30	1:15	7:00
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London, etc.	1:45	10:00	4:45	10:30
London, etc.	2:00	10:15	5:00	10:45
London, etc.	2:15	10:30	5:15	11:00
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London, etc.	8:00	4:15	11:00	4:45
London, etc.	8:15	4:30	11:15	5:00
London, etc.	8:3			

JAMES REDPATH TO LECTURE ON THE IRISH FAMINE.

The announcement that Dr. James Redpath is to lecture in Boston on "Famine and Landlords" will excite wide attention...

On arriving in Ireland, he presented letters of introduction to both the landowners and the landless. He was rather prejudiced against Mr. Parnell and his agitation...

It was something to have a man with a heart and brains, to tell the truth, the English Government and their officials, the landlords and their agents, kept up one cry that the famine was exaggerated...

Mr. Redpath returned from Ireland full of zealous sympathy with the people and with the agitators. "The great underlying cause of the famine," he says "is landlordism."

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shelter or perhaps a home, and in return robbed them of a home or gift more precious than life itself. Could the ancestors of the Protestant O'Sullivan, O'Toole, McCarty, and hundreds of others but see their children or grandchildren kneeling or sitting in a Protestant meeting house, how happy they would be!

On arriving in Ireland, he presented letters of introduction to both the landowners and the landless. He was rather prejudiced against Mr. Parnell and his agitation...

It was something to have a man with a heart and brains, to tell the truth, the English Government and their officials, the landlords and their agents, kept up one cry that the famine was exaggerated...

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done wonders in healing and relieving pain, sore throats, etc., and is worthy of the greatest confidence. Joseph Rusin, Township Percy, writes, "I was persuaded to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for a lame knee which troubled me for three or four years, and I never found anything like it for curing lameness. It is a public benefit."

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OBHAP Lawn Mowers and Garden Tools, COWAN'S HARDWARE, 127 DUNDAS STREET.

TENDERS FOR COAL, 1880. PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO. The Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities...

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, TORONTO. 850 tons hard coal, large egg; 200 tons hard coal, stove size...

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, KINGSTON. 1,000 tons soft coal; 175 tons hard coal, large egg; 90 tons hard coal, chestnut...

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB, BELLEVILLE. 400 tons soft coal, 45 tons hard coal, large egg...

INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND, BRANTFORD. 400 tons soft coal, 200 tons hard coal, stove size...

WELLAND CANAL. NOTICE TO BRIDGE-BUILDERS. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned...

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. TENDERS FOR TANKS AND PUMPING. TENDERS will be received by the undersigned...

WELLAND CANAL. NOTICE TO MACHINIST CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned...

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MONEY LOANED - REAL ESTATE - SUPERIOR SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY, LONDON, ONT.

TENDERS. Competitive designs for the Provincial PARLIAMENT AND DEPARTMENTAL BUILDING OR BUILDINGS.

Every Farmer says the NEW MODEL MOWER, made at the Globe Works, is the most PERFECT Mower in the Market.

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YOUNG LADIES ACADEMY, CONDUCTED BY THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART, LONDON, ONT.

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WHOSE FAULT? It is nothing novel now to see a Mr. or Miss Kelly, an O'Toole, or McCarty attending regularly at an Episcopal or Presbyterian Church.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT! A FEW FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE. There are but few preparations of medicines which have stood the impartial judgment of the people for any great length of time.

COMMERCIAL. London Markets. LONDON, ONT., MAY 10, 1880. GRAIN. Wheat, Winter \$1.00 to 1.20...

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. TENDERS FOR FENCING. THE undersigned will receive Tenders for fencing to be erected, where required...

DOMINION SAVINGS & INVESTMENT SOCIETY, LONDON, ONT. OFFICE, OPPOSITE RICHMOND ST. SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.

OMARA BROS. PORK PACKERS. PROVISION DEALERS. The TRADE supplied at bottom prices for cash. Stock well cured and carefully selected.