

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. I.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1878.

NO. 8.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

November, 1878.
Sunday, 24—Twenty-fourth and last Sunday after Pentecost.—Feast of St. John of the Cross, confessor, double.
Monday, 25—St. Catherine, virgin and martyr, double.
Tuesday, 26—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, semi-double.
Wednesday, 27—Office of the feria.
Thursday, 28—Sts. Irenaeus and companions, martyrs, double.
Friday, 29—Feria of St. Andrew, commemoration of St. Laturinus.
Saturday, 30—St. Andrew, apostle, double, 2nd class.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

In Memoriam

of Margaret, Sweeney, who died at Hamilton, Sept. 6th, 1878, aged 25 years.
Thy beaming eyes, alas! are dark,
Thy lovely bloom has fled,
Exhausted is the vital spark,
And thou art with the dead.
But thou, who over thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Pray that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give her to thine arms again.
Her body rests awhile, beneath earth's green sod,
Her soul all glorious appears before its God.
Yes, thou art gone, we mourn thy loss,
Thou sleepest in an early tomb;
God give us grace to bear this cross,
And look to him alone,
Heaven's witness, 'tho, the steeple's bells ring,
Thy blossom in the bud may pain,
Other hearts by kindred ties bound near,
Dear to thy thoughts, thy memory will remain.
Hamilton, Nov. 6th, 1878. A FRIEND.

ANOTHER LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RT. REV. DR. WALSH, BISHOP OF LONDON.

St. Peter's Palace,
London, Ontario, Nov. 13, 78.

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

DEAR SIR,—On the 22nd of September we approved of the project of the publication of a Catholic newspaper in this city. We see with pleasure that you have successfully carried into execution this project, in the publication of the CATHOLIC RECORD. The RECORD is edited with marked ability, and in a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and we have no doubt that as long as it is under your control, it will continue to be stamped with these characteristics. Such a journal cannot fail to be productive of a vast amount of good, and whilst it continues to be conducted as it has been thus far, we cordially recommend it to the patronage of the clergy and laity of our diocese.

I am, yours,
Sincerely in Christ,
+ JOHN WALSH,
Bishop of London.

LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. DR. CRINNON, BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON,
Nov. 5th, 1878.

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

DEAR SIR,—Your agent, Mr. Goodrich, called on me yesterday to procure my recommendation for the circulation of your paper in this diocese. I willingly grant it, and earnestly hope that your enterprise will meet with the hearty encouragement of the priests and people of this diocese. Your paper is well written, and contains a great amount of Catholic news, and what is still better, it breathes a truly Catholic spirit; so desirable in these days when rebellion against Ecclesiastical Authority is so rampant. I am glad that you are free from all political parties, and therefore in a position to approve of wise legislation and to condemn the contrary. Wishing your paper an extensive circulation,

I remain, dear sir,
Yours very faithfully,
+ P. F. CRINNON,
Bishop of Hamilton.

Bro. Tobias, Director of the Christian Brothers, Toronto, writes:—"We like the first numbers of the CATHOLIC RECORD very much. It bids fair to be the best Catholic journal in Ontario."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Leopold Catholic Visitor.
We are pleased to notice the establishment of a new paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD at London, Ontario. Walter Locke is the publisher. It is a large well printed sheet, and offered at \$2 a year. We wish the RECORD success.

Hamilton Times.
"THE CATHOLIC RECORD."—This is the title of a new religious weekly paper published in London, which was found to be long felt want in the diocese of Western Ontario. The first number came out on October 4th last, and is an eight page sheet of creditable appearance and much promise. One page is devoted to editorial matter, and able writers have charge of that department. We wish the RECORD a prosperous career.

New York Tablet.
THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont., Canada, comes to us this week. It is a bright, well edited journal, conducted with taste and judgment. It displays in its editorial department much talent, and, if it continues as it has begun, we hesitate not to say that it will be successful. It is apart from the able manner in which it is edited, Catholic through and through. It has our warmest wishes for its future.

Alcinda News.
THE CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London, is on our exchange list. In age it is but a trifle in advance of the News. It is remarkably well edited, and is evidently under the supervision of an experienced hand. Devoted almost exclusively to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church, in Canada, it is as yet free from narrow minded bigotry, and in this respect may well be patterned after by many denominational journals of Protestantism.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

WHAT EVEN A SECULAR JOURNAL CAN SEE OF CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN AMERICA.

EMINENT NAMES IN LETTERS, ARTS, AND SCIENCES, IN WAR AND PEACE.

The New York Graphic taking the opening of the Cathedral of St. Patrick, New York, as the text of a review of Catholic progress in America, collects together many interesting notes on the Catholic Church in America:
It has required twenty years of work and the expenditure of a very large sum of money to bring the new Catholic Cathedral, on Fifth avenue, to its present stage of completion. The edifice is roofed in; the windows are glazed, some of them with extremely handsome stained glass pictures, the works of eminent foreign artists; a temporary floor has been laid down; and during the next two weeks the great fair, for which elaborate preparations have been made, will be held there, commencing to-night.

It is not Catholic money alone which has thus far been contributed to the erection of this really magnificent temple. Citizens of almost every shade of religious belief have contributed largely towards its cost; and they must feel a solid satisfaction now in looking at the result. It will be long ere the Cathedral can be completed; indeed, in one sense, great cathedrals like this are never wholly finished: there is always something to be added—a new altar here, or an additional chapel there. But already the building is beautiful and an honor to the city. It is not faultless, but it is the finest ecclesiastical structure in the New World. The opening of this cathedral reminds us that the death of Pius IX. and the election of his successor have been followed by a series of events that at least make possible the realization of the hope, or the fear, that the Roman Catholic Church may renew its youth, and once more place itself at the head of the army of progress. This thought gives fresh interest and significance to a question that has long been deemed important by non-Catholic Americans who endeavor to look beyond the ignorant present into the pregnant future. What is the true strength of the Roman Catholic Church in this Republic; what, if any, is the actual progress it is making here? There are abundant evidences of a certain material advance unambiguously achieved by this Church in America; the statistics before us—some of which we shall give the substance in the course of this article—show a steady increase in the number of her adherents, her places of worship, her religious houses, her educational and charitable establishments. But to what extent, if any, do these outward and tangible evidences of growth represent what may be called the intellectual and spiritual advance of American Catholicism—its success in strengthening and widening its direct or indirect influence upon the art, the science, the morals, the politics, the literature and the social life of the community? The Catholic Church in the United States is no longer composed of the ignorant, poor, Irish and Bohemian Germans; the statistics have received more than 8,000 American Protestants into the Roman Church, ten of whom were ministers of various sects. The order of Paulist Fathers, founded in 1856 by the Rev. Father Hecker, himself a convert from Protestantism, numbers thirty-four gentlemen, nearly all of whom are American gentlemen, who were born and educated Protestants. Many of the Jesuits—who have in the United States 750 members—are Americans; the same is true of the Benedictines and the Christian Brothers, who together count 1,000 members. The state of Baltimore in the year 1850 numbered 2,752 converts of American birth. The average annual number of adult converts in the city of New York is said to be about 900. The Archbishops of Philadelphia and Milwaukee report that from five to seven per cent. of these they confirm as converts. The Bishop of Richmond says that thirty-five per cent. of those who are confirmed in his diocese are converts, and that one-third in North Carolina is composed wholly of converts. The Church which has won from the ranks of Protestantism and enlisted in its own service such men as Dr. Brownson, Dr. Ives, Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia; Dr. Bayley, the late Archbishop of Baltimore; Father Hecker, Father Healy, Dr. James Patrick Walworth, Vicar-General Preston, Father McLeod, Dr. J. V. Huntington, Rev. Virgil H. Barber, Rev. Calvin White, and a host of others not less distinguished, learned and venerated Americans, cannot be regarded with contempt; it must be reckoned with as a force that may be feared, but that must not be despised.

In the year 1850 there were in the entire United States only six Roman Catholic Archbishops, one of whom was an American, three of Irish birth, and two of French origin—and twenty-seven bishops. There were 1,800 priests, 1,073 churches, twenty-nine ecclesiastical institutions, seventeen colleges and ninety-one female academies. There are now eleven Archbishops—including one Cardinal Archbishop—fifty-six bishops, 5,548 churches, 5,634 priests, twenty-one theological seminaries, with 1,121 ecclesiastical students; seventy-four colleges and 519 academies. Here is a growth in twenty-eight years of forty-four prelates, 3,834 priests, 3,475 churches, and 477 seminaries, colleges and academies. The Catholic population was estimated in 1850 to number 1,000,000 souls; to-day it is known to be not less than 6,408,000 and by some authorities it is believed to exceed this figure by one-half. Nineteen of the prelates are natives of the United States. The cathedrals of Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Albany, Chicago, Baltimore, Buffalo, Louisville, Milwaukee, St. Louis and Cincinnati are monuments of piety, taste and skill; the cathedral of Boston is a structure of massive beauty, 264 feet long, 160 feet wide, and 120 feet high, with two towers, one rising to the height of 320 feet. The style is purely mediæval Gothic. The new Cathedral of New York, which has now been twenty years in building, is the largest, most costly ecclesiastical structure in this Republic. Hundreds of the Catholic churches throughout the country are handsome edifices, and they contain a very large amount of artistic wealth in their altars, statues and paintings. Among the 150 Catholic churches in the archdiocese of New York (which comprises the city and county of New York, and Westchester, Dutchess, Sullivan, Rockland, Putnam, Orange, Ulster, and Richmond counties), we could name more than a score which contain

works of art worthy of very careful study and of high praise. We are obliged to confess that these are chiefly the productions of foreign artists, and this remark will apply to the interior artistic attractions of the Catholic churches generally, but art knows no country. The art galleries of the United States, public and private, if lumped together, would not equal the treasures of sculpture and of painting that may be found in the principal Catholic churches throughout the country.

The largest of the churches, however, that the finest and most notable of these works are always to be seen; many of the most beautiful of them are hidden away, so to speak, in comparatively small and obscure buildings, and are seen only by the people of the parish or by an occasional visitor. But the merely once a week, but often every day; and in this fact we may find the first answer to one of our questions. Without dwelling on this point, we may say that, as a school of art, the Catholic churches exercise a powerful, quiet, extensive and ceaseless elevating and refining influence. As for the music in the churches, and even in some of the cathedrals, more detracts rather than soothes or elevates the mind; a vile practice prevails of giving at a High Mass or a *Missa Cantata* a *Kyrie Eleison* from one composer, a *Gloria* from another, a *Credo* from a third, and an *Agnus Dei* from a fourth; there is a straining after effect, and an absence of perfectness and congruity which is painful. This fault is not so glaring as it once was; many of the bishops have set their faces against folk music; the cultivation of the Gregorian chant—which, when perfectly rendered, is the perfection of sacred melody—is assiduously pursued. For the rest it may be added that those services of the Catholic Church which are conducted without music and in almost perfect silence are really the most impressive and seducing to the imagination and the heart of even the non-Catholic observer. An eloquent Methodist Bishop has lately paid a curious tribute of praise to those "whose feet go gladdening by our houses the cold winter mornings before daylight, who fill their churches with worship, and strike deeper than that which may be witnessed any Sunday morning at five or six o'clock, for instance, in the Church of St. Stephen. Twenty-eight and Twenty-ninth streets. The immense church, holding 4,000 or 5,000 people, is filled with devout worshippers; they are of all classes in society, although the greater number are workmen and working-women; the sun has not risen, and the throng is only dimly seen by the imperfect light of the gas burners; at the altar there is a single priest, with two acolytes. Not a word is heard, save by those very near the altar, who may distinguish the low voice of the priest as he reads the invocations, the greater number are workingmen and working-women; the sun has not risen, and the throng is only dimly seen by the imperfect light of the gas burners; at the altar there is a single priest, with two acolytes. Not a word is heard, save by those very near the altar, who may distinguish the low voice of the priest as he reads the invocations, the greater number are workingmen and working-women; the sun has not risen, and the throng is only dimly seen by the imperfect light of the gas burners; at the altar there is a single priest, with two acolytes. 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Feast of the Sacred Heart.

FATHER EVANS. Two lights on a lowly Altar, Two snowy clouds of light, Two voices of living roses...

FABIOLA; OR THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Fabiola handed him a purse abundantly supplied, not only for his journey, but for an ample recompense. He received it with smiling readiness...

CHAPTER XVIII. TEMPTATION.

Very early next morning a mule and guide came to the door of Chromatus' villa. On it was packed a moderate pair of saddle-bags, the whole known property of Torquatus...

CHAPTER XIX. THE FALL.

Torquatus, now elegantly attired, proceeded at once to the house of Fabius, delivered his letter, answered all enquiries, and accepted, without much pressing, an invitation to supper that evening...

Fabius, we have said, did not accompany his daughter into the country, and rarely visited her there. The fact was that he had no love for green fields or running brooks; his tastes were for the city and the bustle of Rome...

He was, in fact, returning only to the innocent enjoyment of the imperial city, to its walks, its music, its paintings, its magnificence, its beauty, its grandeur, its pomp, its splendour...

A native of Funderi, he had started the school in Rome, which he had conducted with eminent success. But finding a persecution imminent, and his Christianity discovered, he had disposed of his school, and retired to his small native town...

Torquatus, now elegantly attired, proceeded at once to the house of Fabius, delivered his letter, answered all enquiries, and accepted, without much pressing, an invitation to supper that evening...

"Destroy it, indeed! Did they not burn Rome, under Nero; and have they not just set fire to the palace in Asia, over the emperor's head?" asked a second...

"But what is indignity worse than maintaining such anti-social doctrines, convicting at such frightful excesses, and degrading themselves to the disgusting worship of an ass's head?" proceeded a third...

"How can you know that?" asked Fulvius, with a look of scorn. "Because," answered the other with great excitement, "I am myself a Christian and ready to die for my faith..."

"I hear nothing," replied Torquatus, again excited. "I will stand to my colors to the last." "Hush, hush!" broke in Fulvius, "the slaves may betray you. Come with me to another chamber, where we can talk quietly together..."

THE SECRET OF SNAKECHARMING.

In India the favorite snake for exhibition is the cobra, partly because of its more striking appearance and partly because its deadly character being so well known, and trifling with it appears to the uninitiated public the more wonderful...

The snake-charmers, however, when put to their mettle will grasp the erect cobra with impunity, owing solely to the superior speed of their jaws, for by a faint they provoke the reptile to strike, and before it can recover its attitude size it follows the jaws...

Another cobra was then brought on to the scene, and being made to close its fangs on the mongoose's leg, the animal confessed its susceptibility to the poison by dying in about four minutes. It was, therefore, by its superior activity alone, and in fair fight with the reptile it had escaped unhurt, and to humanity that the snake-charmer owes the immunity that attends his exhibition...

The Rev. Canon Higgins, P.P., died on Oct. 23rd, at his residence, in Christwood, Diocese of Achery, after a lingering illness. The deceased was in the 80th year of his age, and served upwards of fifty in the Ministry...

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

DUBLIN.

Francis Caldwell, of No. 14, City-quay, in the city of Dublin, gentleman, has been adjudged a bankrupt. On Oct. 27th a woman named Mary Sweeney, aged 79, of 29 Green street, Dublin, was found dead in her room...

WICKLOW.

Dr. James Adams was thrown from his horse, near Dalkey, on Oct. 29th, and died the following morning of his injuries. He was only in his 22nd year.

WEXFORD.

Mr. Charles H. Davis, formerly cadet in the branch of the National Bank of Ennisshort, has been appointed manager of the branch of the Bank of Ireland about to be established in that town.

KING'S COUNTY.

Silvester Bain Kerr, Rathmore, Rhosd, Edenderry, Esq., has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the King's County.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed James Cole Sheane, Esq., of Manor House, Mountmellick, to be High Sheriff for the Queen's County, Constable William Bonte, of Noranmore, Athy, in the Queen's County, farmer, was on the 15th Oct. adjudged bankrupt.

MEATH.

On Oct. 28th the body of a man named John Dignam, of Broomstown, County Meath, was found in the Liffey opposite Essex quay, Dublin. The deceased was last seen alive on the 19th.

LOUTH.

The Rev. R. Murphy, A.M., Kilsnary, acknowledges the receipt of a cheque of £50 from Mr. John O'Sullivan, Drogheda, being the first instalment of £100 which he generously promised as his subscription towards the erection of a new church in Stalabun, his native parish.

CORK.

A poor man of the laboring class, about 75 years of age, named John Reilly, died suddenly whilst at work digging potatoes in a field in the vicinity of Rosscarbery. A violent fit of epilepsy, which he was subject to, is said to be the immediate cause of death.

Constable Thomas Carton has been transferred from Cloyne to Crosshaven. Sub-constable Murray (90), of the Bridewell, Cork, has been promoted to the rank and pay of acting-constable. Constable Peter White has been transferred from Patrick's Hill to Bachelman Place.

MAYO.

The Very Rev. Canon Higgins, P.P., died on Oct. 23rd, at his residence, in Christwood, Diocese of Achery, after a lingering illness. The deceased was in the 80th year of his age, and served upwards of fifty in the Ministry.

SLIGO.

J. A. S. Gregg, Esq., Solicitor has been appointed Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the county Sligo. On October the 25th Dr. McDonnell was elected medical officer of the Tubbercurry work-house.

IRELAND'S F.

Answer to the 9th Catholic Church per existence? into a boat in a great inland sea, and there covered with His disciples coming: Lord save them! Why are they rising up in sea, and there wondered, saying for the which and 23-37).

Apology.—The of the Catholic the times in which ing paper.—The sent the credit and strength of How will all this the fact that our time when the st be required for a particular time, fact that at this through heavy tra come ere long a every day more elicity and influ strong and dete destroy the Chd even to discharg could be in so Clutch, with its head, could be i the guardian fore, to stamp the enemies of against God His gates of hell sh

The Catholic E-vested the of the struggles give answer i eloquent to the Catholic Church citizens, besides knowing how to handle the pen, and being able source of the fruitless e Catholic Church place, have at Christ had her, and by the shell and by their p

to all the ene the questio candidly an Catholic Church arise and disap wind of doctri the same—no strength and of red a stem and u and, as gold i successive effe Church shines before, denou thus shall the God can do, cause, but a edness of met what appears the Omnipot good. No d the primitive friends and s ones of the e imagined that for the cred we are mov I know how to plished can manner men in the first united among the evil billi worth which Faith at any their lives by And in the earth the sensuality, a arouse them to the consid ample of the a great mea interest as the general, and spected, but world, if he had not been of persecut

And what is equally tri to men, and greatest loss usually ext thus Heaven "When did I become ord duty, God to arise, with trouble and Providence Church. A health be w body, exci persecution effect of from the C vation of the some of the When an On a Ninth, in ing words, Father rec presented the st of the Ch destroyed, the sacred selves, and the fr efforts, he

summer life, its song of bird, its rustling golden words, and the tender, holy azure of the sky over all!

We were shown through the dormitories; and very dainty and pretty girls' beds looked in their snowy counterpanes and pillows. All the dormitories are large, and well ventilated, clean and comfortable. Truly these children, so well and kindly cared for, have reason to thank God daily for the friends He has raised up for them in their loneliness.

We descended from the sleeping-rooms, and were shown the Chapel, Surgery, Recreation-room, and Boys' Infirmary. Lastly, we were conducted to the adjoining buildings, set apart for the men, of whom we found over fifty, almost all of them invalids. Some old men were walking about on crutches, a few were sitting out on the platform in the sun. Those in the sick wards are watched and waited upon by those kind and skillful nurses whose reward is the promise of their Master that even a cup of cold water given in His name shall not go unrewarded.

"Remember the poor" was the legend we noticed on the walls of the vestibule as we passed out. Remember the poor!—these saddest children of want, and woe, and misery—these saddened souls, who, from this sanctuary of charity look out upon the great busy world, and feel that therein they have no place, no home, no heart-ties to bind them to their fellow-men! Surely the golden bond of Christian charity should unite us to these afflicted ones.

Let us then remember the poor, that the words of the Saviour may haunt our hearts, not as a reproach, but as a blessing. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto Me."

LOCAL GLEANINGS.

GONE EAST.—Mr. John Scandrett, of 175 Dundas street, has gone to the Eastern markets to purchase his Christmas stock of groceries.

THE CROSSINGS.—The crossings on the principal streets have been kept pretty free from mud and slush for the past few days, thanks to the attention of the street Commissioner, but still there are some other ways waiting for a fair.

OUR TOWNSMAN.—Mr. H. A. Wilkins, the celebrated sculptor, has been engaged by His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton to finish the memorial of the late Bishop Farrell, and it appears that our friend has received such encouragement as to make it probable that he will remain permanently in the ambitious city. The works at present entrusted to him are, the grand memorial portrait statue of the late Bishop Farrell, the colossal statue of St. Patrick for the new St. Patrick's Church, and the \$1,200 Goring Monument. While wishing Mr. Wilkins every success, we feel sorry that London is unable to sufficiently encourage high art in sculpture.

WHAT NEXT?—We learn by telegraph from Montreal that a female Orange lodge has been organized under the name of "Princess Louise Benevolent Orange Society." Her Royal Highness will feel flattered on her arrival at the Commercial Capital when the Orangemen in full regalia present her with an address and a sworn declaration to defend her against all her enemies. She will also be highly impressed with the elevated tone of Canadian society as displayed by the lady-like deportment of the Montreal Orangemen. Rev. Mrs. Doudlet is the Grand Mogul.

LAST WEEK the *Tiger* treated its readers to an original essay on law concerning the stealing of a piece of meat by a lawyer's dog. The story has at least the merit of being ancient, for we remember hearing it before we got into our teens, and we are quite a while out of them now. We have wrestled for some time with a crooked question of a similar nature, and having failed so far in arriving at a satisfactory solution we submit it to the *Tiger* man for analysis.

Supposing two men owned two boats down on the river, one of which was named "Free Trade" and the other "Protection *alias* N. P. A bull and a goat happened to meet just where the boats were moored, and after scrutinizing the letters commenced a series of genuflections which both evidently understood. The bull seemed to be getting angry, and the goat popped into the "Free Trade" in order the more fully to evince his political leanings. The boat being moored by a rotten cord which the bull got round his horns, and snapped in two—soon drifted out to sea, and getting into the centre of the current was carried rapidly down stream and dashed to pieces over a dam, the boat having previously committed suicide by jumping out and getting drowned. Meantime, the bull stepped into "Protection *alias* N. P., but on account of his enormous weight the bottom fell out of the boat and he dropped through and was drowned. Required: Whether should the owners of the boats pay for the animals, or the owners of the animals pay for the boats? or the public at large pay for the whole damage?

MEETING OF ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of the Literary Club of this Society, held on Thursday evening, November 14th, a very interesting debate took place. The subject: "Resolved that the demands made by England of Afghanistan are not justifiable," was well handled, pro and con.

Many interesting points bearing on the Afghan-English war, the social condition of the Afamids, and Russian and English intrigues in Afghanistan were brought out. The dangers to the Indian Empire, were Russia to get a foothold in Afghanistan, the absolute necessity for England to take possession of Afghanistan in order to be able to present an efficient barrier to the advance of Russia, and the causes which lead to the impending rupture between England and Afghanistan, were well discussed.

At the conclusion of the debate, the chairman, after carefully summing up the arguments on each side, decided in favor of the affirmative.

For next Thursday evening the subject for debate is, "Resolved, that women have been of greater benefit to the world than men." Each side is evenly matched and quite competent to give the subject a thorough examination, hence a very instructive and interesting debate is promised.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not responsible for the opinions of our correspondents. All correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the editor of the Catholic Record—not the publisher, and should reach this office not later than Tuesday morning.]

FLASHES FROM BIDDULPH.

(To Editor of the Catholic Record.)

DEAR SIR,—One interested in the circulation of the "Catholic Record" recently asked me to occasionally contribute an article—say once a month only—to a Catholic paper that would use its energies to do justice to all. I replied I would; but, that I would not bind myself to once a month or once a year; but, that when occasion offered, I would take time by the forelock and contribute my mite of uniting to the "Catholic Record." So, dear Editor, don't scold! You know quite well, the old adage: It is better late than never. Well, to begin! Father William, O. S. F. appeared in our midst on Sunday, Nov. 10th to begin as his divine master did before him, the work of saving souls. To attain the end he had in view, he decided, at the wish of our kind Bishop, to have recourse to the "Forty Hours Devotion." It was Father William who opened this sweet and thrilling devotion; but he had not the honor of closing it. His Lordship, the Bishop of London, arrived here on Wednesday—it was somebody's birthday. With that humility so characteristic of the true Franciscan, he resigned to his Lordship the task of finishing what he had so well begun. Father William, however, remaining at his post of duty. By the way, upon the Bishop's arrival some were heard to say that he was a Bishop who feared neither roads nor weather; for at that time both were bad. Still before entering on details, it may not be amiss on my part to make a bold beginning, by venturing to give to the readers of the "Record" an explanation of this Devotion a devotion, that is as beautiful in itself, as it is marvellous in its results. Who knows, but it may prove of interest to some one of your many readers.

The "Forty Hours" exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was first instituted at Milan about the year 1534. The favors bestowed by heaven, in consequence of its establishment, on the inhabitants of that city and its environs, were so varied and so signal, that St. Philip Neri, that great servant of God and the ardent promoter of this devotion, had it introduced into Rome. At Rome, it received the warmest approval of Pope Clement VIII. and also another's most cordial sanction, in the year 1599, on account, as the same Holy Father writes, of the troubled state of Christendom, and the sufferings of the church.

But as in treating a subject such as this, so sacred and so sublime, I feel I am treading on holy ground; therefore, would it not be better becoming for me to content myself with giving the opinions of two of the most distinguished ecclesiastics that ever adorned the Catholic Church in England—namely, the ever to be lamented Cardinal Wiseman and the learned and accomplished Father Faber.

Speaking of the ineffable benefits conferred upon mankind by the mystery of the Incarnation His Eminence beautifully says: "In this mystery, our flesh has penetrated into the sanctuary of God's light inaccessible. For in the very midst and centre of that dazzling radiance, towards which we strive, the 'Son of man' in all things resembling us. And, in return, heaven has bestowed upon earth, not merely communion between us, and its happy citizens, but the permanent dwelling of God among us, who under the name of 'God with us' lives ever in the midst of His church, and the direct object of our adoration and love. And so it comes that heaven worships now the nature of man indivisibly united with the God-head, and earth adores the Deity, joined inseparably to our humanity, in the person of the Incarnate Word. Hence is our worship and sentiment, but one in object, one in value, one in sentiment. For so identical, through this communion of Saints, is the essence of Divinity, that the adoration of earth, to adore and love with the same outward expression. And the whole forms one church, one worship. There is one altar in both, beneath which the slain for Christ rest, and on that which the same Victim Lamb reposes; one altar, one song, one voice, one heart, one life.

In one only respect would these services appear to differ, namely; theirs is perpetual, uninterrupted, unending; that the three repeated "Holy" echoes ever through these golden vaults; while we, only at brief and distant periods, can unite in formal worship. But even here the Spouse of Christ on earth would not be outdone, and faithful to rival the sleepless and deathless watchfulness of those eyes that sparkle all over the cherubim around the throne of God, she has instituted, at different periods, modes of imitating the unending worship of heaven. In early days she taught her *Religiosas*, in desert and in monastery, to divide themselves into choirs, that day and night kept up the praises of God in unintermitted psalmody; and in our own days she has instituted this perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, of Him whom in Heaven they so worship, with us present truly as with them."

Here, Father Faber sweetly chimes in, in that strain so peculiarly unique, and so charmingly characteristic of the heart that prompted his every word. "The days of pilgrimage and sanctuary, with all their peculiar graces are renewed in the Blessed Sacrament. But no sanctuary is equal in the spiritual magnificence of a Real Presence, to the Catholic Altar. Should we not then prepare for this great gift, when an opportunity presents itself, by renewing our faith in our Dearest Lord? Who is it that comes to us? Who is the Blessed Sacrament? Who is this *quodammodo* whose created robes of childlike white we are to gaze at?"

"*Beh, It is our Creator.*"—The end of all creation was His own glory in obtaining our love. He knows our weakness. He has known us from all eternity. He seeks our love. He values it above ten thousand stars. Think of Him during the seven days—think of Him when choosing our souls out of the visible souls—think of Him burning up the works of the last and saving not our souls only, but our bodies from the conflagration.

"*Sacred, It is the Son of Mary.*"—Of like nature with us, not the less the Creator, though part of His own creation. All Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Calvary, are there—the memories are in His soul—the wounds are in His hands. We had a place in that Sacred Heart during the agony, we have a place there now. He woe us to enter more deeply into it. We are only men who meet together at our "Forty Hours Devotion" to worship our fellow-man, who is our God as well.

"*Third, It is the Eternal.*"—He is coming who never had a beginning who leans on none, has none to lean upon, unchangeable, and yet unspcakably changed. He loved us eternally—there never was a time when we did not exist in His love; how overwhelming is this thought! He loves each one of us in church, and changes not, though we have done so much to forfeit His exceeding love. In the "Forty Hours" He invites all to spend the rest of eternity with Him. He comes to give graces. He for that object spends human hours of His long eternity in a special way with us, to fit us for our eternity with Him."

O sweet thought! O comforting, sustaining truth! The years as they go by so quietly, and yet so swiftly, are drawing us fast into His eternity, when He will, we trust, welcome us to His home, and press us to His heart, and put aside His veil, and show us His face, and take the right of it away from us no more—use is the eternal riches of the Father. He has been His Father's delight, from all eternity as He, judging from all I saw, was the delight of Biddulph last week. His congregation here seem to have appreciated the fact that they held one of the warmest, coziest corners in the Sacred Heart—at least I should judge so from the number of communications—being no less a number than 561. Then again, their anxiety to be sure to have rosaries, and crosses for poor Father William to bless—and remember, by the way of no harm, he was fatigued after doing all the work of the forty hours, Preaching, Hearing confessions, etc, etc.—was both edifying and amusing. It was edifying to witness their faith accompanying their wants—rather their faith going hand in hand with their will. It was amusing too, for it made Father William almost ubiquitous. But what wonder? He came from the States; and any man from that side is, I believe, capable, of working wonders of labour, toil, and difficulties.

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Mrs. J. J. Stoughton Below will be found a pattern jacket...

Material required: 8 yds. double fabric...

The jacket is very easy to make...

DIFFERENT PATTERNS The "peruke" or petting hair...

It was evidently the curiosity of the hair...

The most ancient style of two long tresses...

The fashion of cutting the forehead...

HOUSEWIVES BEEF CAKES—Pound of beef...

SARATOGA POTATOES—These are the best...

VINBARD FROM MILK—and on the Alps milk...

COFFEE FOR THE TABLE—should not be ground...

STRENGTHENING BLEND—of new milk, half...

FISH PANCAKES—white fish, eggs, strain...

FRENCH BREAD—and great degree of leavening...

New Ologies—Biology, how to get great bargains...

PUZZLER'S CORNER.



We cordially invite contributions to this corner...

PRIZES TO PUZZLERS To be awarded on St. Patrick's Day...

1. The capital of one of the United States.

2. A town on the Island of Nippon.

3. CHAMBERLAIN Upright and honest is my first...

4. ENIGMA My first is always found in time...

5. DIAMOND PUZZLE 1. A kind of puzzle.

6. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM At what time between 5 and 7 o'clock...

7. VALUE At the entry to a round tower...

8. SOLUTIONS, 26 TO 30 26. CARES, CARESS.

27. The capital letters in the following words...

28. M D I D M I N I M G M

29. The number sought is one less than some multiple...

30. Let no, lilies = n, no. of roses, amaranths...

31. Extract sq. root of 24 321=81-81=164=141=24.

32. Let no. of lilies = l, no. of roses = r...

33. Let the nos. be x, y, z. x+y+z=30...

34. Let the nos. be x, y, z. x+y+z=30...

35. Let the nos. be x, y, z. x+y+z=30...

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39. Let the nos. be x, y, z. x+y+z=30...

40. Let the nos. be x, y, z. x+y+z=30...

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER.

Kitchen Proverb—Things rubbed against a grater become less.

A Delicate Parcel—A young lady wrapped up in herself.

What part of a ship is like a farmer?—The tiller.

Some men are like brooks—They are always murmuring.

"Madam," said a certain one to Mrs. Brown, the other day...

"Yes, sir," replied the ever-ready lady, "because I wish you to comprehend me."

A clergyman who was recently called up to hold services in the State Prison...

"New was come upon Europe before the old ones were settled...

"Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" asks an exchange...

"A learned barrister once quoting some Latin verses to a 'ladler'...

"I have met a Burlington boy walking toward town on the Agency road...

"By the way, did you know that for the past eight months...

A woman of forty, who looked as if she could make a two-shilling dinner...

"Do you believe in ghosts, Mrs. Parlington?"

"I do not believe in ghosts, Mrs. Parlington."

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENCE.

Dublin, Oct. 9, 1878.

There is still a deep feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction prevailing in the Catholic community of Galway...

The growth and increase of the Catholic Church in the United States, especially in the last twenty years, is something truly marvellous...

At the half-past ten o'clock Mass in the Queenstown cathedral on Sunday morning, the Rev. S. C. Ashlin, administrator...

On Wednesday night the mission inaugurated at St. Patrick's pro-cathedral, Fermoy, early this month...

The following clergymen from the diocese of Down and Connor have returned home...

On Wednesday, the 6th inst., a deputation from the parish of Ballygarry, County Limerick...

A want long felt throughout the south of Ireland is at last likely to be provided for in the foundation of the institution for imbecile and idiotic boys at Glen Poer, Kilsleshan...

GROWTH OF CATHOLICITY.

The growth and increase of the Catholic Church in the United States, especially in the last twenty years, is something truly marvellous...

In 1840, half a century later, the Roman Catholic Church in the United States numbered 1,500,000 souls...

At the half-past ten o'clock Mass in the Queenstown cathedral on Sunday morning, the Rev. S. C. Ashlin, administrator...

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On Wednesday, the 6th inst., a deputation from the parish of Ballygarry, County Limerick...

There is less a question of interest than is the fact that there is an iron heel of the Chancellor...

And when we add that among the hundred Catholic Deputies there are as many as twenty-five who are Catholics...

We allude to the vast increase of Catholic newspapers. Scarcely a town in Germany of any importance is without its own Catholic organ...

Compare the developments of the Church with the development of heresy, and the development of the democratic state power...

When that time comes, New England will be much more appropriately styled "Young Ireland."

GERMAN CATHOLIC PROSPECTS. The three great countries of the world in which Catholicism has to contend against Protestantism are England, Germany, and the United States...

HOW TO PICKLE PORK. A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker gives that paper his plan of curing his pork as follows:

A VERY EXACT DENIAL. The nephew was the typical nephew of the comedies and novels; the untypical, the typical uncle...

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

PARIS AND AMERICAN FASHIONS.

Mrs. J. J. Stoughton, Editor.

Below will be found a pattern of a lady's wool jacket, from the December number of the Y. L. Journal. It is not at all difficult, and I am sure our lady friends will find it a useful as well as enjoyable pastime those long evenings when obliged to stay in doors:

KNITTED JACKET FOR LADY.

Material required: 8 oz. each scarlet and grey double Berlin wool, two bone knitting pins, and a ribbed sock No. 7.

This jacket is very easy to make, it is knitted in three stripes, two grey and one scarlet. The stripes are joined by a needle and wool. For the grey stripes, which are made long enough to pass over the shoulder and form both the front and back stripe, cast on twenty-one stitches, knit three and pull alternately; always slip the first stitch; continue to knit thus until you have made the stripe the length required, pulling the knitted and knitting the pulled stitches in every alternate row. About 174 rows will be required. The bands compose the collar, sleeves, cuffs, front and back. The stripe for the back is knitted with scarlet wool in the same way, making it half the length. The light stripes are sewn one each side of the back, then each is folded and sewn up under the arm, leaving a sufficient space for the arm-hole. With scarlet wool work a stripe of ribbed one double into a stitch, four chain, one treble into first of four chain, pass over two stitches of rib and repeat. This stripe is sewn to the jacket. A similar stripe serves for the sleeves, working on six instead of eight stitches. The jacket is fastened by pearl buttons.

DIFFERENT FASHION OF WEARING THE HAIR.—The "peruke," or wig, or at all events, false hair, was much used by all the very ancient nations. In the British Museum a peruke may be seen which was found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, the curling and arranging of which is worth the attention of the modern coiffeur. It is very large; every curl is placed with the utmost care, and can gather, from its state of preservation, that the artificer of Thebes possessed a secret which modern peruke-makers do not share with them—namely, that of preserving the curls after death. Despite the thousands of years that have passed and gone, this peruke preserves its original shape and curl. It was anciently the custom for brides to be married with the hair disheveled; and in pictures representing the marriage of the Holy Virgin, she is thus represented by the old masters. When Henry VIII. married Anne Boleyn, she is reported to have worn her hair thus; and amongst the Eastern nations and the slaves, the practice still continues. The most ancient style of hair consists of plaiting two long tresses and winding them either hanging down the back or bound round the head. The plait of three strands is of unknown antiquity; and as it was the first and most enduring, so it probably will be the last style practiced, and we see that its return to favor every few years is almost a certainty.

The fashion of cutting the hair straight across the forehead was the style worn in England during the reign of Henry III. and Edward I. Upon the coins of that monarch, and during the reign of Henry VII., this style is visible, as worn by boys and men. The rest of the hair was worn very bushy at the sides, and rolled in two large and long curls. The same fashion re-appeared in the reign of Charles I., but was then probably introduced from Spain.

HOUSEWIVES' CORNER.

DEEP CAKES.—Pound some beef that is underdone with a little fat bacon or ham; season with pepper, salt, and a little shallot; mix them well and make into small cakes three inches long and half as wide and thick; fry them a little brown, and serve them in a good thick gravy.

SARATOGA POTATOES.—Take the number of potatoes required, peel them, and cut in very thin slices; wash and wipe as dry as possible; fry them the same as you would fry cutlets; when well browned place into a colander with a skimmer, and sprinkle a little salt on them while hot.

VINAIGRE FROM MILK.—In several parts of France and on the Alps milk whey is used to make the sharpest vinegar. The process is simple. After having clarified the whey it is poured into a cask, with some aromatic plants or other blossoms, as it suits the fancy, and then exposed in the open air to the sun, where it soon requires an uncommon degree of acidity.

COFFEE FOR THE TABLE.—The roasted berries should not be ground until a few minutes before you wish to make the liquid coffee. The coffee not should be heated, but merely put in the coffee-boiling water, previously to putting in the coffee. The common custom of boiling water is unnecessary, as all the flavor is extracted by boiling hot water. Should it, however, be placed upon the fire, it should be only just a minute. To clarify the coffee, add a shred of singlass or, still better, a spoonful of the white of an egg.

STRENGTHENING BLEND-MANGE.—Dissolve in a pint of new milk, half an ounce of singlass, strain them through a muslin sieve, put it again on the fire, with the rind of half a small lemon, pared very thin, and two ounces of sugar, broken small; let it simmer gently until well-flavored, then take out the lemon peel, and stir the milk to the beaten yolks of three fresh eggs; pour the mixture back into the saucepan, and hold it over the fire, keeping it stirred until it begins to thicken; put it into a deep basin and keep it moved with a spoon until it is nearly cold; then pour it into moulds which have been laid in water and set it in a cool place till firm. This we can recommend for invalids, as well as for the table generally.

STRAWED POTATOES.—Peel the potatoes and wash them in cold water. Put them in the steamer, and place it at once over boiling water, covered very close. It is best not to lift the lid till the potatoes are done. They take from thirty to fifty minutes, according to size. Keep the water steadily boiling.

IRISH PANCAKES.—Beat eight yolks and four whites of eggs, strain them into a pint of cream, put a grated nutmeg and sugar to your taste; set three ounces fresh butter on the fire, stir it, and as it warms pour it on the cream which should be warm when the eggs are put to it; then mix smooth at almost half a pint of flour. Fry the pancakes very thin; the first with a bit of butter, but not the others. Serve several on one another.

FRENCH BREAD.—As a rule the bread is always sweet and good, and two things contribute in a great degree to this—that is the manner and form of baking. They never make a thick loaf; no matter what the size or shape, it is always thin, and more than two-thirds crust. They bake their bread until perfectly cooked. The loaves being so thin they are baked through in a very short time after they are placed in the oven; in the case of large loaves fermentation continues to go on after the bread has been in the oven for some time, and of course much of the sweetness is lost. Then, in baking so long, having so much crust, there is a peculiar sweetness given which can be attained in no other way.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

In education there is not only required the training of the mind, or intellectual powers, but also the physical, which taken with the others go to make up the man. Each of these powers must be developed, and yet each must yield something to satisfy the claims of the others. For example: if we were to cultivate the physical powers only, we would have a strong resemblance to the savage; if we cultivate the moral only, we would be apt to become enthusiastic maniacs; while the education of the intellectual alone, would make one an eccentric oddity. Hence we may readily infer that the formation of the complete man depends upon the training and uniting of these three powers. We find that the ancients attached great importance to physical training, and the end at which they professed to aim in all their schools of culture was a sound mind in a sound body.

The Greeks and old English entertained an idea that without proper physical training it would be impossible to find in a nation either warriors or statesmen. It was this same idea which drew from the Duke of Wellington, when looking on at the boys engaged in their sports in the playground of a renowned school, the remark: "It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won." Can the same be said of the young men of the present day? No we see among them, on the playgrounds, display of that physical energy which would enable us to point out the rising Napoleon or Washington of the nineteenth century? In reply to this question, we must say that there are many young men of the present day who are equal to, if not able to surpass, those of olden times in physical sports.

But it is not for this class we intend these few remarks, but for those inactive, discontented, stunted youths, who pass their time in a manner which will prove injurious not only to their physical powers but also to the moral and intellectual. They expend their energies in the vain hope of regaining their declining health, and change of climate or skillful medical treatment seems only to bring them nearer to the grave. The same words might be well applied to them which were addressed to a Syrian prince by a Spartan cook. The prince being present at one of the Spartan public repasts, found the food very indigestible. "I do not wonder at your dislike," said the Spartan cook, "for the seasoning is wanting." "What seasoning?" asked the prince. "Flaming, perspiration, fatigue, hunger and thirst," answered the cook; "these are the ingredients with which we season all our food."

Practical success in life depends much more upon physical health than is generally imagined. The success even of professional men depends in no slight degree upon their cultivated physical strength. Thus a well-trained, strong and manly voice is considered almost indispensable to the successful lawyer or politician. The lawyer has to climb the heights of his profession through close and heated courts, and the political leader has to bear the fatigue and excitement of long and anxious debates in a crowded house. Hence the lawyer and politician are called upon to display powers of physical endurance and energy even more extraordinary than those of the intellect. Such powers have been very often exhibited in a remarkable degree by many of our greatest lawyers and statesmen. The observation of an eminent writer is doubtless in a great measure true, that the greatness of our great men is quite as much a bodily affair as a mental one. It is in the physical man that the moral as well as the intellectual man lies hid; and it is through the bodily organs that the soul itself works. As wine savors of the cask wherein it is kept, so the soul receives a tincture from the body through which it works. At the present day, bodily health exercises have somewhat fallen into disrepute, and education has become more exclusively mental; very much to the detriment of the bodily health. But this is an age of scientific progress—an age in which all seem to be swept along by the restless tide of modern invention. Let no one imagine that we wish to hold that the physical powers are deserving of attention, for it is a sad but undeniable fact that the mental training of youth is woefully neglected at the present day, and particularly throughout our enlightened land of liberty. But, as we have before stated, to form the complete man requires not only the cultivation of the moral or intellectual powers, but that of the physical powers also.—(Notes Duane Scholastic.)

A DEER RUN DOWN WITH A TUG-BOAT.

(From the Chicago Times, Nov. 2.) Capt. Joe Greenlight, late owner of the tug D. F. Edwards, which he delivered to the purchaser at Sturgeon Bay, returned yesterday, and relates an exciting deer hunt on the tug. He says the tug was lying in the bay at an early hour on Monday morning, when they observed a large buck making lively time towards the tug, hotly pursued by hounds. Reaching the tug, the hounds and animal plunged into the water, and swam rapidly from the shore. Thinking to capture the scared thing easily, the tug went in pursuit, but the race was more than had been calculated upon. Finally the buck was overhauled, but instead of allowing himself to be caught, he changed his course and went through the water at a wonderful rate of speed. The chase was continued in this manner until three hours had gone by and a considerable quantity of coal wasted, when Capt. Joe became desperate. He got out his heaving line, and when sufficiently near the animal threw the noose over his head, and with the assistance of the crew succeeded in pulling it aboard, where it was easily conquered by the application of a knife to its throat. It was found to be a buck weighing about 200 pounds. Capt. Greenlight has preserved the hide and head as a souvenir of his exciting and novel deer hunt.

EXECUTING A PRINCE.

When a prince of the blood royal of France disgraced himself by committing robbery and murder in the streets of Paris, Louis XV. would not grant a pardon, though eagerly solicited to do so by a deputation from the Parliament of Paris, who tried him, and suspended their sentence until the royal pleasure should be known. "My lords and counselors," said the King, "return to your chamber of justice and promulgate your decree." "Consider," said the First President, "that the unhappy prince has your Majesty's blood in his veins." "Yes," said the King, "but blood has become impure, and justice demands that it should be let out; nor would I spare my own son for a crime for which I should be bound to condemn the meanest of my subjects." The prince was executed on a scaffold in the court of the Grand Chatelet, on the 12th of August, 1729.

A LEGEND OF THE NATCHEZ TRIBE.

One of the most interesting of the fast fading traditions of the Indian tribes, is a favorite theme to-day among the few survivors of the once powerful nation of the Natchez. These Indians were of a higher type of intelligence than any other of the North American tribes. They were almost as advanced in civilization as the white Indians of Peru.

According to the legend, the Natchez should have been of Asiatic origin, for they were sun or fire worshippers, and were mentioned and sincere in following the most unorthodox of all the idolatries of the East. Another curious fact is, that they held women in the highest respect, and with a gallantry quite uncommon among the aborigines of America, they ascribed the salvation of their race to one of the too often degraded and despised sex. The tradition is in substance as follows:

Many thousands of winters ago, all the inhabitants of the earth, with the exception of a single family, were destroyed by floods and darkness and want of food. This one family managed to keep up a large fire of wood, and so survived for a time. But in consequence of the continued darkness, even this last remnant of human existence was about to perish. In this emergency, a young girl of the family, suddenly inspired with the idea that she might save her race by an act of self-sacrifice, threw herself upon the fire which served the despairing survivors for a light. Her body was speedily reduced to ashes; but on the moment she arose perfect and apparently unharmed, in the eastern sky, surrounded with halos of surpassing glory. The darkness began to disappear before the new sun, and the last family of the Natchez was saved.

This wonderful girl became the chief of the tribe, and it was decreed that her nearest female relation should be her successor. The worship of the sun, which she had revived in brilliancy at her resurrection, was at once established; and, in addition to this, a perpetual fire was kept, called the "Living Sacrifice of the Sacred Fire," and it was the belief of the survivors that so long as this fire blazed upon their altars, the Natchez would be powerful and happy. On the spot where the sacrificed maiden was reinterred, where the fire fell from heaven and surrounded her with glory, they built their great mound, to indicate that their wanderings were at an end.

It was on this mound, and at the Festival of Fruits, that the Priestess of the Sun showed herself to the people attired in robes of white, adorned with pale feathers, her waist glittering with precious stones. She assisted in the early greeting of her ancestor (the sun), and as the God of day descended in the east, his rays fell first upon the sacred Priestess, which circumstance was hailed by the worshippers as a recognition of sympathy and acknowledged relationship between the real sun and his queeny representative.

It was natural enough to believe that the natural extinction of the sacred fire would bring ruin if not destruction upon the race. The sequel of the tradition is often related by Natchez Indians of the present day. A brave young chief of the tribe became enamored of a beautiful maiden.

With eyes as bright, and step as light, And graceful as the startled roe, Whose hair was like the wine of night, Waved in the sun's departing glow.

The young lover's passion was ardently returned, but cruel parents opposed them, and their interviews were stolen, and few and far between. The young chief was at times a watcher of the sacred fire, and on one occasion, while thus engaged, he heard the plaintive and melancholy song of a bird. Hastening into the neighboring grove he was overjoyed to find his beloved mistress. There the lovers pledged their hearts over and over again, and were the happiest of mortal beings. When he returned to the temple, the young man discovered, to his horror, that the sacred flame had expired, and that the altar, which had for centuries glowed with living fire, was dark and cold. When the sun again illuminated the hills, there was no response of the sacred smoke, and the priests hastened to the temple to learn the cause. As soon as they knew the truth, the maiden whose beauty had been the main cause of this terrible catastrophe was slain, a propitiatory sacrifice to the offended gods. The young chief was spared, but he was doomed to make atonement in long periods of fasting and prayer, after which, with solemn and imposing ceremonies, he was sentenced to imprisonment in the centre of the great mound, there to remain until he should woo back from heaven the lost fire.

The chief supposed that this would be an easy task, since he could produce fire by the friction of two pieces of wood, a practice common among the people. But, overcome by religious fear, his strength of arm appeared to have departed; and when, after long and patient labor, the fire was about to come, a tear of regret for his sacrificed mistress would fall upon the just-lighting wood, and leave his interminable task for another renewal.

Although centuries have passed away since this tragic event, old men among the Natchez in their day-dreams often speak reverentially of the young chief, whom they believe to be still in the great mound, engaged in his sorrowful labor; and they confidently assert that when hereafter the sacred fire, he will appear at the altar, that the sacrificed maiden will rise in splendor as priestess of the Sun and Queen of the tribe and that the Natchez, resuming all their former power and glory, will rise and take possession of their desolated homes.

The last issue of the Whitehall Review contains the names of 600 converts to the Catholic Church in these kingdoms since Dr. Newman's change of faith. Our contemporary does not pretend to give more than the notable personage; nevertheless the array is formidable and must startle those people who imagine that the stream was after all too thin and broken to be ferried. Any one who takes the trouble to go through the list will be surprised at the mass of wealth, talent, and probity it presents.

HAMILTON CATHOLIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The first of their series of entertainments for the winter months was given free by the Catholic Literary Association in their hall last evening. The hall was densely crowded, many persons having to go away for want of room. The officers and members with their usual courtesy did all that was possible to provide seats and accommodation. Mr. D. Smith, the President, opened the proceedings with an address by stating that the Association was now two years and a half in existence, during which period it had done an immense amount of good, being established solely for the moral and intellectual improvement of the members and the Catholic community in general. There was now about nine hundred volumes of choice literature in the library, and the rates were very low so as to give ladies and gentlemen an opportunity of enjoying them, and yet, with all the inducements held out, he was sorry to say that the Association did not receive the substantial support which their efforts merited. He concluded by reading a letter from the Rev. P. J. Madigan, late Chaplain of the Association, in reply to a communication from the Secretary, Mr. Hart, stating that he would give a lecture for the Association in the Mechanics' Hall, about the 29th of next month. Subject: "Canada, Our Home." The announcement of the rev. gentleman's name was received with bursts of applause, which is a proof—if any were wanting—of the high esteem in which he is held by the Association and the community in general.

The following programme was then proceeded with: A song, "A Serenade," by Mr. J. Basquill, was well rendered, and on being desecrated he gave "The Wild Irish Boy." Mr. Goderich sang for the Catholic Brevity, London, sang "Write me a Letter from Home," for which he received a well-merited encore, and responded with "Ten Thousand Miles Away." A recitation by Mr. J. Brennan, "Xmas and Cans," was highly amusing. He was repeatedly applauded, and his recitation of it was all that could be desired. Miss E. Sullivan sang "Pretty Princess" very charmingly and was most enthusiastically encored. She replied with "When we went a-wooing." This young lady has a sweet and plaintive voice, which, together with her pleasing manner, never fails to please an audience. Mr. E. O'Brien next gave an essay, "The Pioneers of Canada," which was a good composition, depicting the great trials and sufferings of the Jesuit missionaries over 200 years ago. The song "Warrior Bold," by Mr. Goderich, was done amply justice to, and for an encore he gave the "Heart bowed down." Mr. J. Dunn next gave a humorous recitation, a parody on the famous scene—"Britannia and Cesar." His recitation was good. Mr. M. J. Walsh, whose programme was greeted with applause, sang in his usual excellent style, "My Home is on the Boundless Sea," and for an encore he responded with "Nancy Lee." Mr. Walsh is undoubtedly a favorite especially with the ladies; some of them marking their approval by presenting him with bouquets. Rev. Father Maguire next delivered a short address, pointing out the benefit that accrues to the Catholic community by becoming members of the Association and Library, and earnestly exhorted all young men and women to join.

Mr. D. J. O'Brien presided at the piano, displaying his usual proficiency, and brought the entertainment to a close with the National Anthem.—Hamilton Times.

BAD FOR BOYS.

A cat of a boy, who had in vain searched the post-office corridors for the nickel which a careless hand occasionally drops at the stamp-clerk's window, yesterday took his position before a chestnut stand on Griswold Street, and eyed the fresh nuts a long time before drawing a deep sigh and groaning:

"Oh, I wish I was rich."

The chestnut-roaster made no reply, and the odor of the roasted nuts finally induced the boy to inquire:

"Are chestnuts healthy?"

"No, but—they are prolific of indigestion," was the reply.

After a while the boy thought it was time to remark:

"Did you ever hear the story of the man who gave a poor boy a handful of chestnuts, and when the boy grew up and got rich he rewarded the old man with a diamond pin and a four-horse team?"

"No, never did; but I heard of the man who brought a poor boy to the edge of the grave by giving him a dozen chestnuts."

The lad took a turn up and down, scanned another strong sniff of the pleasant odor, and then lunched over and whistled.

"If I'll take the chance on the edge of the grave business, will you take the chance on the chestnuts?"

The vendor finally thought he would.—Exchange.

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