

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 5.

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CATHOLIC PRESS.

Baltimore Mirror.

Is there not something more than
human in that religion which draws people
to profound adoration? Is there not
something Divine about that faith which
has lasted amidst the clashing of human
institutions for nineteen hundred years?
Where is there a human institution as
old? Where is the Church that can bring
its adherents to the worship of Almighty
God every Sunday during the year? Where
is there a religion that can awaken such
profound feelings of adoration as those
witnessed by a Catholic congregation dur-
ing Holy Mass? Is this only fanaticism?
It is worthy of thought.

It is a homely but a true saying that
"the proof of the pudding is in the eating
of it." The various sects outside the
Church profess particular creeds, or, at
least, hang out their sign-boards to that
effect; but when they are put to the test
we find that creed lines are destroyed and
union is effected on the broad basis of
Protestantism—that is, an ism that pro-
tests against the Catholic Church; and
never says "we believe," but "we don't
believe." The Presbyterian cannot tell
you wherein he differs materially from
the Methodist, and the Baptist from the
Lutheran. There was a time when, prob-
ably, a difference in religious belief could
have been discovered, yet as each believes
that the others also are on the right road
to salvation, it is not a matter of import-
ance to them what they may hinge their
creed upon. "We are all going to Heav-
en or to Hell together, so why be con-
cerned about doctrine." Their ministers
can no longer lead the religious thought,
but must be directed by the inclinations
of the people and the vicissitudes of time
and place. They are not sent to preach
and teach whatsoever Christ taught and
commanded His Apostles and their suc-
cessors to teach. No, they are called by
the people to teach what shall suit them,
and as long as these preachers do not tread
upon the local morals and teach a doctrine
that is hard to believe, they will be popu-
lar. For this very reason we see today
the Protestant pulpit not occupied by
men who dare teach morality with any
certitude, but who vainly endeavor to
hold the attention and receive the plaudits
of their congregations by reading grandiloquent
disquisitions on the principal
sensations of the time, either social
or political, and chiefly the latter. Where
is there a Protestant preacher to-day who
is known for his zeal in suppressing crime
because an infinite and good God is offend-
ed? Where is the sect that dares teach
with authority that "unless you do pen-
ance you shall perish"? We can look
over the entire Christian world and see
everywhere nothing but wrecks of Protes-
tantism, whilst, in spite of persecutions
most bitter, the Catholic Church is rapidly
gaining the hearts of the people, who
really believe in the necessity of religion.
The Catholic Church is one, and its mem-
bers all believe the same doctrines, are
nourished and strengthened by the same
Sacraments; and kneel in profound
adoration before the same Altar of Sacrifice.
These thoughts were suggested to
us by the report in the city papers that
the members of a Congregational Church
in Columbus had extended "call" to
the pastor of a Methodist Episcopal
Church. We will not be surprised if it
should be accepted. On the one side the
congregation determines what preacher
would be to the tastes of the members,
and on the other the pastor of a certain
denomination dares not wince whether it
would add to his popularity, accept an
insult, or increase his wallet, to accept.
In these days false pretenses are only
shrewd devices for gaining a point and
hence display smartness, and nobody can
beat the preachers at that game. Men
who will never allow themselves to be
humiliated in the ordinary business of
life, will sustain all manner of inconsisten-
cies and absurdities in the way of religion.
We have respect for such ministers as
men having souls, but we do detest the
abominations of their unbelief and the
perversity with which they shut their
eyes to the light and open their pockets
to the darkness. In the Catholic Church
there cannot be such a proceeding as a
congregation "calling" a priest to preach
to them. He is "sent" as Christ sent His
Apostles. He derives his powers from
the authority that sends him, and not
from any people to whom he goes to teach
eternal truths.

SOME parents there are who do not
know how to train children. They scold,
and they scold, and they scold. They
make no allowances. They overlook no
shortcomings. As the saying is, they want
to put old heads on young shoulders.
They can't do it, and at every failure they
get vexed and use rough language when
they do not deal a blow to their little ones.
They find fault with them for every trivial
offense, and instead of chiding them
gently, patiently, lovingly, encouragingly,
they rebuke them in wrath, arousing all
the viciousness, stubbornness and sulki-
ness in their disposition. They make
their children woe by trying in a stupid
way to make them better! They forget
that they were young themselves, and
putting a cover on the memory of their
own youthful follies, they imagine that

their sons and daughters are going to be
bad if they are not perfectly obedient,
truthful, industrious, sweet-tempered, and
everything else that is hard for the little
folks to be at all times and all occa-
sions. Children are children. That is
they are ignorant, giddy, thoughtless lit-
tle creatures, full of animal spirits, fond of a
romp, averse to hard study or prolonged
work, and generally anxious for fun and
frolic. They have been that way since
Cain was a baby, and they will be that way
until Gabriel blows his trumpet. So they
must be taken as they are, and not as if
it were supposed they ought to be. It is highly
injurious for fathers and mothers to be
always cross with them, for this begets
surliness in them and forces them to dis-
like those whom they should best love. It
will not do to be too exacting with them,
and to bring out the dark side of their
character by harshness. Talk to them.
You can never talk to them too much, if
you talk in the right way, but you had
better be silent than speak to them in a
raving, cutting, sarcastic, contemptuous
manner. Talk to them kindly. Reason
with them. Show them quietly what
they should do, and supply them with a
high motive for their actions. Exercise
their conscience. Move them through their
finest feelings. Remind them of what
you have done for them and ask them
to be good for God's sake first, for
yours next, and finally for their own.
It is better to rule them through their affec-
tions than through their fears. It is better
to have them fond of you than afraid of
you. It is better for them to be more
anxious to please you than to escape de-
tection in wrong-doing. A kiss is always
better than a curse." Too much intelli-
gence in the rearing of children is bad, so
too much strictness; but, of the two, it
is better to be too kind than too cruel!"

Western Watchman.

The Congregational church, at Natick,
Mass., has, by a unanimous vote, aboli-
shed infant baptism. None arose to
propose that they abolish the infants; but
the Congregationalists had long ago re-
solved upon that, and a motion was un-
necessary.

The Ritualists and Low Church party
in England are clearing decks for a final
and decisive struggle. They speak of
each other as Catholics speak of Protes-
tants. The Ritualists claim that the late
Archbishop of Canterbury was a convert
to Ritualism. The *Row* complains that
notorious law-breakers, by which term it
means the Ritualists, are honored by the
Bishops. The *Non-Conformist* thinks that
the upshot of the quarrel will be dis-
establishment.

Freeman's Journal.

PRINCE Napoleon—"Pion-Pion" who
ate meat on Good Friday to produce an
effect, and denied having done so to pro-
duce another—has got himself imprisoned.
He published a manifesto against the prin-
ciple of republicanism, which had remained
unnoticed, had not the Government, ren-
dered insane by its excesses, emphasized it
by throwing "Pion-Pion" into prison.
He awakes in the Conciergerie to find
himself famous after a long eclipse.

As Lent approaches, the season of
feverishness for the "best" society
pretends to keep Lent. Carriages, with
flashing lamps, dash through the streets
until early in the morning, and the sta-
tionnaire is at its height. The "best" society,
in and out of Lent, encourages
dancing in its worst form—the "German"
or "Cottillon," which is more popular this
winter than ever before, and we are sur-
prised to see it on the cards of some "lead-
ing" Catholics who give balls. If Catholics
do not set their faces against this
"dance infernale," as our excellent con-
temporary, *La Verité*, calls it, who will?
The young girl dancing the "German"
is embraced by every man in the room in
turn. And Catholic mothers who put the
"German" among the promises on their
cards of invitation know this very well.
Surely, non-Catholics can not help re-
specting the consistency of the faithful
who refuse, in the face of "society," to
sanction a worse than pagan dance. It is
a sad sign that the round dances have
of late been banished from some assem-
blages of Catholics here they were permit-
ted before, but others brazenly flaunt
them on their cards. At best, this is a
mean, servile concession to the heathen-
ish spirit of the time—a concession which
stamps the demure faces of these matrons,
as they receive the ashes on Wednesday,
after a night of pagan revelry, with the
look of hypocrites.

Boston Pilot.

The Encyclopædia Britannica (new
edition) says of the Jesuits, in an article
which rehearses all the groundless charges
against them:—"At a time when primary
and even secondary education had in most
places become a mere effete pedantic
adherence to obsolete methods, they were
bold enough to innovate, less in system
than in materials, and putting fresh spirit
and devotion into the work, not merely
taught and catechised in a new, fresh and
attractive manner, besides establishing free
schools of good quality, but provided new
manuals and school-books for their pupils,
which were an enormous advance on that
they found in use, so that for nearly
three centuries the Jesuits were accounted
the best schoolmasters in Europe, as they
were, till their forcible suppression the
other day, confessedly the best in France,
besides having always conciliated the
good-will of their pupils by mingled firm-
ness and gentleness as teachers. And
although their methods have in time given
way to further improvements, yet they
revolutionized instruction as completely
as Frederick the Great did modern war-
fare, and have thus acted, whether they
meant it or not, as pioneers of human
progress. Having paid a beautiful tribute

to the "personal culture and the unim-
peachable purity of their lives," the writer
in the Encyclopædia says:—"These are
qualities they have all along carefully
maintained; and probably no body of
men in the world has been so free from
the reproach of discreditable members, or
has kept up an equally high average level
of intelligence and conduct. As preachers,
too, they delivered the pulpit from the
bondage of an effete scholasticism, and
reached at once a clearness and simplicity
of treatment such as the English pulpit
scarcely begins to exhibit till after the
days of Tillotson; while in literature and
theology they count a far larger number
of respectable writers than any other
religious society can boast. It is in their
missionsary work, however, that their
achievements have been most remarkable,
which might fully justify their taking as
their motto:—
"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena
laboris."

Whether talking amongst the teeming
millions of Hindustan or China, laboring
amongst the Huron and Iroquois of
North America, governing and civilizing
the natives of Paraguay in the missions
and reductions; or ministering, at the
hourly risk of his life, to his coreligionists
in England under Elizabeth and James I.,
the Jesuit appears alike devoted, in-
defatigable, cheerful, and worthy of
hearty admiration and respect."

AUSTRALIA to England:—"Look here, Mr.
Bull, if you are determined to hustle those
poor Irish people out of their country
simply because they are poor and unable
to help themselves, I must protest against
your sending them to me. You have
forced yourself on them as their guardian,
and you are bound to look after them,
not I. But why, in the name of common
sense, don't you act by them as you did
by me and give them Home Rule and
then, like me, they will become wealthy
and contented, and then there will be none
of those scenes disgraceful alike to human-
ity and to you?"

THE POET PRIEST IN MONTREAL.

His First Lecture in Canada.

SUBJECT: "THE BIBLE."

By our own Reporter.

Never has such a large and appreciative
audience filled Nordheimer's Hall as
on Monday evening, the 29th ult., to hear
the Rev. A. J. Ryan, of Mobile, Ala., lec-
ture on the Bible. Rev. Mr. Callaghan,
President of St. Patrick's P. A. & B. Socie-
ty, occupied the chair. On the platform
were: Rev. Fathers Salmon, Quinlivan,
James and Simon Loneragan, Keirnan, J. S.
Callaghan, and Ryan S. J., Mr. J. J. Cur-
ran, Q. C. M. P., and representatives of
the various societies.

Father Ryan was introduced by the Rev.
Chairman, in the following words:
Ladies and Gentlemen—I deem it a
most pleasing duty to introduce to you the
Rev. A. J. Ryan. It might be an indelici-
ous on the part of a brother clergyman to
sound his praises. I merely give expres-
sion to a public sentiment when I state that
 fame has already proclaimed his merit and
 greatness in the following words: "A
 genius of genius. These endowments are of
 superior nature; never have they served
 but in the noblest causes, largely have they
 contributed to promote the highest inter-
 ests of religion, patriotism, poetry, and
 literature; never has he sought and still he
 has won universal admiration. The large
 and imposing audience that now greets
 him in this hall bears testimony to the
 fact that I am not mistaken, and that he is
 not undeserving of this homage. He will now
 address you on a subject of paramount
 importance, "The Bible."

Rev. Fr. Ryan on coming forward was
 received with the greatest enthusiasm. He
 introduced himself as a simple priest and
 spoke as follows:
"Fame, name, applause, and admiration
 I appreciate, but a smile from God or a
 tear from the penitent who comes to me
 to confession is far dearer to me. I am
 to lecture on "The Bible." This is a Bible
 (showing it)—it is in English—God never
 taught English. English is the most an-
 tiquitous language on earth, because it has
 robbed every other language. The Bible
 is a poem, God is the poet, the words are
 those of the Holy Spirit, the refrain is
 Christ and His Mother Mary. It begins
 like a poem, it ends like a poem. More
 than that, it is a drama, in it thousands of
 characters; in it thousands of good and
 saints and sinners; girls, boys, men, and
 women move along its pages, all move
 along towards the stable and then toward
 Mount Calvary. Christ is there. He is
 the central figure—the supreme character.
 It is a song. From Genesis to Revelations
 it is a song; now the singer is deeper than
 his song; the speaker deeper than his
 words. God is not confined to this book.
 It cannot talk; it cannot hear. It has no
 heart, no eyes, no soul. It is a deep book;
 full of philosophy, the germs of philoso-
 phy. Yet it is not a geological nor a philo-
 sophical work; it is God's true story; it
 is God's monotonous, full of characters of all
 classes. The sunshine of God moves along
 every line.

But this book could not represent God.
 It cannot hear; it cannot speak; it is a
 book, nothing but a book. It cannot be
 the foundation of a true religion; that
 must be something that talks, and acts
 and lives among living men; it must be a
 church, not a book. I know a great many
 stake their salvation on this book, I do
 not. God is not in this book; his words
 are there, and when a man sits down to
 read it his mind works and he reads to
 what really is there, but what he wants to
 find there.

It is God's sweet song; His drama,
 tragic, full of theology, philosophy, and
 the germs of science; but—is it not still a

I wish it were the lecturer this evening; then
 you would hear eloquence indeed, but as
 it is in his hands an interpreter, I have
 written some things in my life. My
 poems are my children. I challenge any
 one to tell me my thoughts when I wrote
 my poems; to describe the manifold feel-
 ings—the hopes, fears, anguish they cost
 me. And you tell me you understand the
 book; you do not. I do not, and I do not
 wish to understand it, for then I would be
 equal to God and God cannot have an
 equal. And yet people take the book
 and read it, and think they understand
 the fulness of God; do they, even if they
 read it prayerfully and carefully, under-
 stand it? St. Augustine, and he was a
 scholar, said that were he to live a thou-
 sand years he could not understand it.
 The Sacred History has become a danger-
 ous book, which, as the book itself says,
 the unlearned and unstable wrest to their
 own destruction.

I have a mother who taught me to
 read this book, she made me love it, and
 she consecrated me to the priesthood. I
 would not change my habit for the
 mantle of an emperor. I have that
 mother's picture; I kiss it, I keep it care-
 fully; I would not like to see it thrown
 around making it common. Still this
 book is made common, it is thrown around
 hotels and in the cars. When travelling I
 often ride in the smoking car. Now I
 have seen this book in the smoking car
 and have seen people take it and jostle
 and snuff at it. You have made it com-
 mon. A mother's picture and God's Word
 must be guarded, and not thrown around.

The Catholic Church was founded before
 the first lines of the gospel were written.
 The Bible is not the root of faith; it is the
 fruit of faith. Some seem to think they
 read the autograph of God in the Bible.
 The first copy of it ever found dated the
 fourth century, and that one was not an
 autograph at all. It commenced with the
 words, "In the beginning God created the
 heavens and the earth." That settled the
 point.

Scientists—God help us—deny that we
 came from God and presume to tell us
 we came from oysters, monkeys, etc. If
 those philosophers came from monkeys I
 leave them with their mates. Let those
 who will, forget God, but let them bend
 with animals.

The New Testament begins with Christ.
 He came through a stable and flung his
 splendor over it, and that stable remains
 on earth, but the stable is a temple and
 the manger an altar. The Blessed Mother
 of Christ wrote part of the new Testa-
 ment, "The Magnificat," that beautiful
 poem which is still chanted at vesper-time
 in every Catholic Church in the world.
 Our key-note of the "Magnificat" is;
 read it, but explain how she a little girl
 could say with such sweetness and humil-
 ity: "All nations shall call me blessed."

Many wrote the Old Testament;
 many wrote the New. It is the book of
 books in the Church, interpreted by the
 Church, where the Holy Spirit, the source
 of divine inspiration, ever dwells. But
 it is a dangerous book to those who take
 their own belief out of its pages. The
 Catholic Church does not chatter when it
 talks. It merely listens to the chattering
 all over the world, but when error attacks
 the Church speaks, "Believe or anathema."
 Can any other church do this? No: they
 talk; they chatter; they disagree. The
 Church has spoken only twenty times in
 as many Councils, and has said truth every
 time.

Faith comes by hearing, not by reading
 the book. St. Augustine says he would
 not believe in the Bible unless the Church
 told him to do so. There are some who
 say the Catholic Church does not allow
 her children to read this book. It is a
 Southern man, and I speak plainly: It is
 a lie, an infamous lie, and those who say
 it know it is a lie, therefore they are
 liars.

They read the Bible, and what is the
 result? One book, One God, One
 Christ, One Holy Ghost, One Church? I
 beg your pardon—churches after churches.
 The Episcopal, Presbyterian, the Metho-
 dist, Baptist, etc., and these again sub-
 divided.

The rev. gentleman then told several
 incidents of the late war in the South
 which he had personally seen as a chap-
 lain in one of the confederate regiments.
 Here is one of them: I was sent for one
 day by an Irish officer who was wounded
 in the leg. That officer was young, hand-
 some and—ladies—he was unmarried. I
 heard his confession, gave him communion,
 and spoke with him a while. He
 began to speak with me on the beauty
 of the Catholic religion, and the consolation
 it gave to a person on the point of death.
 Now, in the South we have no stoves, but
 we have large hearths on which the fires
 are built. Another officer also wounded
 took a book and flung it into the fire. I
 asked him what he did that for. "Father
 Ryan," said he, "that's my Protestantism
 going to hell." It was his Protestant
 Bible. I was sorry for the poor book and
 told him he should not have destroyed it.
 "I want to become a Catholic," said he.
 I told him I would instruct him. "I do
 not want any instruction," said he, "I will
 believe on your word." I told him it
 would be a grand act of faith, but that he
 must be instructed. So I instructed and
 baptized him.

The formula of the Catholic Church
 is very simple: I believe all that
 the Church believes. That makes me
 strong. I do not lean on the book; I
 lean on the devotion, learning and faith
 of eighteen centuries. I would ask those
 who stake all on the Bible to show me
 the lives of your saints. You cannot do
 it. Then do not talk of the Bible, for if
 you cannot show its results, what good has
 it done?

The rev. lecturer concluded by thank-
 ing the audience for their attention and
 promised to address them in the near
 future.

Rev. M. Callaghan then proposed a
 vote of thanks for the intellectual feast
 just received from the lips of the priest,
 poet, orator, theologian, and patriot, who
 has devoted his genius to the cause of the
 Church, Ireland, and the South. He
 referred to "The Sunny South as Dear,"
 and "The Conquered Banner" both poems
 of the rev. lecturer, and asked if there was
 one on earth in whose soul the fire of
 patriotism burned with so ardent a flame.
 Mr. C. J. Doherty, in the body of the hall,
 then rose and on behalf of the audience
 thanked the vote of thanks in a very
 able speech. He referred to the promise
 of the rev. lecturer, and expressed a hope
 that he would give the second lecture in
 a few days. Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C. M. P.,
 on behalf of those on the platform, also
 thanked this vote, and hoped that the
 subject of the next lecture would be a more
 earthly subject, and that the rev. cleric
 would speak to them of that "gentle
 old land" which all present loved so
 well. Rev. Father Ryan, in returning
 thanks, stated he would deliver a second
 lecture on the Friday following.

In my next I will send you a report of
 this second lecture. Subject: "Fate's
 Question." Jan. 4.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

Bishop Cameron's Sermon at the Con-
secration Ceremonies.

The following synopsis of Bishop Cam-
eron's sermon, on the occasion of the con-
secration of the Archbishop of Halifax,
 we take from the Halifax Chronicle:—

His Lordship, in opening, referred to the
 immense concourse of people he saw be-
 fore him, who had gathered to witness
 and take part in one of the most interest-
 ing and most important of all the church's
 ceremonies. For the same reason was it
 that they saw St. Mary's Cathedral lay
 aside her mourning and adorned with
 beauty and brilliancy; because His Holiness,
 who had the sole right of appoint-
 ment, had named one to fill the high and
 responsible office which death had rendered
 vacant in this diocese. He pointed
 out the importance and interest of the
 ceremony they had just witnessed, and
 dwelt on the Divine character of the office
 to which Dr. O'Brien had been called.
 Considering then the high dignity, exalted
 character and great responsibility this day
 conferred on him, he said, he had con-
 sidered, it was no wonder so many had
 gathered within the walls of the Cathedral;
 it was no wonder that this ceremony was
 viewed with such interest; no wonder the
 ceremony was marked with such solemnity.
 He would meditate seriously on the high
 dignity of the office, but comfort them
 that each one should be well satisfied with
 his lot. To whom much is given, much
 is required. In the scale of Divine
 attentions there was one step above which
 there was no higher. It was not necessary
 that all should attain this height. It was
 reserved for a few. As Christians they
 had all received much, and each one was
 bound to work in a manner worthy the
 blessings conferred upon him. He pointed
 out the blessings of the redemption. By
 baptism they were turned from creatures
 of Satan to children of God and brethren
 of Jesus Christ, and had become members
 of the one true church. Was it not clear
 then that they had received much?
 Would they not be held accountable for
 whom much is given much is required.
 Of all of them, then, truly much was
 required. He exhorted them to attend
 honestly and loyally to the teachings and
 orders of the church and their spiritual
 advisers, and all would be right, but fail
 and the result would be fearful. There was
 another Divine blessing which every child
 of Adam was capable of receiving, nay,
 bound to receive—confirmation. By it
 new life was created in the soul. The
 child of baptism grows up to man's estate
 and by confirmation is brought nearer to
 a state of Christian perfection. It is true
 that this change was not visible to the sight
 of flesh, yet is so real that upon the in-
 stitute of this new trait of Christian
 life they received, depended their future
 greater glory or greater woe. So, then,
 in receiving another privilege they had a
 corresponding duty imposed upon them.
 But there was a third progression of honor
 and a new state to be attained. This was
 reserved to but a few. One-half the
 human family can never receive it. When
 God calls the strong and perfect Christian
 soldier to be a priest of the Most High, so
 transcendent is the elevation of soul that,
 unlike the other characters given them,
 this third is given gradually. The first
 outline was given in the minor orders of
 the church. These outlines were gradually
 filled up by the orders of sub-deaconship
 and deaconship. Finally came the full
 order of priesthood. He dwelt on the
 greatness of the elevation of soul in this
 order and the correspondingly tremendous
 duty. Every priest was bound to produce
 in himself an exemplification of his sancti-
 fication. The Bishop again was brought
 even into closer intercourse with the
 Great Priest of Priests. He is fittingly
 described by St. Ignatius as being superior
 to principalities and powers; one who
 imitates Christ as far as it was given man
 to do.

His Lordship pointed out the diff-
 ference between given and committed.
 There was given him the sacred character
 of the office—there was committed to him
 the pastoral power. Every layman was
 responsible for his own soul and the souls
 of those dependent on him. The priest
 was accountable for every member of his
 flock. The Bishop was responsible not
 only for one parish, but for a whole dioc-
 esse. They could see then how much was
 committed to him. He spoke of the digni-
 ty of one ransomed soul, and dwelt on
 the great price paid for that soul in the
 redemption. Seeing, then, the value of
 one soul, they could realize the value of
 charge committed to the bishops. If it
 were true then that a tremendous amount
 of good works and fidelity was required
 of every Bishop, what should be said of
 him who this day received consecration?
 To him much was given and much com-
 mitted—not one, but many dioceses.
 Though he came a comparative stranger,
 he was sent by God himself among them.
 He comes, not tottering with the weight
 of years, but with all his great mental
 endowments, and bounding with the step
 of youth, to seek the lost sheep, and with
 unimpaired strength to carry the straying
 one home. He comes with undimmed
 vision to detect sin—and all for the sanc-
 tification of his people. He exhorted
 them to rally round him and become his
 faithful children; as did the Galileans
 of old, to receive him as an angel of God;
 to yield to their bishop all due reverence;
 to look up to him as to Christ, remem-
 bering that whose honors his bishop is honored
 of God. This advice was the last will
 and testament to us as to our forefathers
 from St. Ignatius, who was really the disci-
 ple of St. John the Evangelist. Should
 they not act in accordance with the beauti-
 ful advice of the sainted man? Thus
 would they show loyalty to the Holy See;
 thus would they show their devotion to
 their mother church; thus build up a bond
 of union and affection between pastor and
 flock which should endure forever and
 bring them to the blessing of eternal life.

ST. BASIL'S SOULSOCIETY. BRANTFORD.

Their Entertainment at the Opera House.

From the Brantford Courier.

Seldom or never has there been a larger
 audience seen at the Opera House
 than that which assembled last evening
 to witness the programme gotten up by the
 members of St. Basil's Soul Society in aid
 of the above named Charity. The audience
 was composed of the very best element of
 Brantford's society, every seat in the house
 being occupied, and in many instances
 chairs had to be provided for the accommo-
 dation of those who arrived late. The
 entertainment opened with the Operetta
 (by G. W. Stratton) "Genevieve," and the
 different parts were ably sustained by the
 young ladies. The solos were finely rendered,
 particularly that by "Genevieve,"
 (Miss Johnson), "Oh! buy my flowers,"
 "Whate all do so well," it would be invidious
 to particularize. Every credit is due to all
 who so intelligently interpreted the elegant
 little Operetta. The Tableau in the
 final scene greatly enhanced the beauties
 of the stage settings. After a few mo-
 ments' intermission the second part
 of the programme was commenced. "The
 Pilgrim's Choice," a dialogue by the
 members of the Society, was well given
 amid the hearty applause of the audience.
 Rossini's beautiful solo, "Ave Maria,"
 was touchingly rendered in Miss Gilmar-
 tin's best style. This young lady has a
 fine voice and her efforts last evening
 certainly displayed her vocal abilities.
 The instrumental solo of Miss M. Quin-
 lan was above the ordinary, as was evi-
 denced by the hearty applause which
 greeted it. "Sunrise," a chorus by the
 Society, showed careful training. "The
 Irish Emigrant's Mother," a recitation
 by Misses B. Gilmartin and M. Cahill,
 was one of the most interesting features
 of the evening's programme. Moore's
 beautiful melody, the "Harp that once
 through Tara's Hall," as sung by Miss M.
 Johnson, awakened the enthusiasm of
 Erin's sons and daughters and received
 due homage. The tableau, "Maid of
 Erin," was a picture, pretty in the ex-
 treme. The instrumental solo by Miss
 Hunt and Mr. Harris received due ac-
 knowledgement. "Come where the Lilies
 bloom," a chorus by the Society, was
 given with much force and beauty. Scenes
 from the "Lady of the Lake," by members
 of the Society, were more than ably
 given. There is much individual talent
 among the members of the Society that
 only needs cultivation to produce excel-
 lent artists. The programme closed with
 "Mary, Queen of Scots," with tableau,
 and the singing of the National Anthem.
 Thus closed one of the most pleasant
 evenings ever spent within the walls of
 Brantford's Opera House. Much praise is
 due to the projectors of the entertainment
 for the able manner in which the audi-
 ence was entertained and more than realized.
 We hope soon to witness another
 entertainment of a similar nature by the
 members of St. Basil's Soul Society.

Refinement does not consist in dainty
 manner and supercilious airs, but in a
 straightforward and unaffected deportment
 that is ever the same to all persons
—high and low. It will never degrade
 in contrast with wickedness, nor will it
 be exalted with the thought of superior
 virtue of intelligence.—Catholic Colum-
 bian.