### SHEMUS DHU,

THE BLACK PEDDLER OF GALWAY

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XXIII:-(CONTINUED.)

For the first time since Henry O'Halloran's arrival at Portarah, the thought' who was he and wherefore had he come in disguise from a distant country, to a poor, unknown village, to people who differed from him in rank, in feelings, and almost in language—seriously entered into Fergus' mind. Before this time these questions, had occurred to him, but he had not connected them with Eveleen. And though, on the evening before his departure from Portarah, in his conversation with his sister, he had alluded to the stranger with an apparent suspicion of her love, he did this, not from a real feeling of doubt that her affection for him was lessened by the presence of the young and handsome stranger, but to try how far his sister would express her grief for his absence. He was satisfied when he found that the stranger could not supply the want of his presence to her; and he went joyfully from home, hoping that he would be still dearer to Eveleen, as he knew he was not her brother. We have seen how this hope was darkened by the unfortunate circumstance of his imprisonment; and now the fear of a worse evil-the fear of the estrangement of Eveleen's love-was suddenly excited by the questions of the unknown. He knew O'Halloran to be young. handsome, apparently of rank, educated, and of engaging manners. Yet he feared not these accomplishments weighed against that which he might presume to think of himself in the scale of Eveleen's love. It was only now that he dreaded his father's favour for the young stranger, his interest, his deep anxiety about him. It was only now that he thought at all seriously upon these things; and, for the first the features of one of them, who was less closely time in his life, he regretted the blind obedience which he paid to his father's will in leaving home. said Connel, in a hurried voice, "is the news true "Why," he said to himself, "why have I left my

home-exposed myself to danger, and eventually lost my liberty? Why have I left my father exposed to the plots of wily adventurers, and now probably their dupe? Why have I left my sister—now my more than sister-alone, without pretection. In the power of this accomplished stranger, who, if he have the will, has the opportunity, from my father's confidence in him, of changing her sentiments of affection towards me? It was for this stranger l have done all this-for one whom I have seen, and of whom I have heard only for a few hours. Foolish unfortunate young man I am!"

His thoughts would have run on in the same strain of regret, had not the unknown visitor said, in a calm but thrillingly solemn tone-

"Young man, you have had time to consider your answer; let it be true, else let there be none, I ask you again, what think you of the young stranger who has lately arrived at Portarah, and in what relation of friendship does he stand to your family especially to Eveleen?"

'I cannot say," Fergus replied, with sudden petulance," I dare not tell my fear."

And then, as suddenly correcting his mannerfor thought struck him that his visitor might be a secret friend of O'Halloran-he answered, not without an appearance of emotion, that O'Halloran was a stranger to him, but that he believed him to be honourable; that he knew not whence he came, or for what purpose; though his father had taken him under his protection, had given him his full confidence, and had even sent himself, his only son, to Galway, among avowed enemies, to procure, as he supposed, some good to the stranger. He said he did not know in what light he appeared to Eveleen. He believed that his affairs were unknown to her, and that they were too shortly and slightly acquainted for her to form a judgment of the stranger or of his motives.

"Fergus," replied the unknown visitor, "I believe you to be a generous and fair youth. I believe you to have spoken the truth, though from your first words I know you have fears which you wish not I should understand. This proves you prudent and more worthy to be trusted with the secrets of your mission to Galway. Tell me, however, how far would you perll your life for the service of this grace, would be the comfort and honour of his old stranger?"

"As far as man is bound to do for his fellow-man in danger, I would do se," replied Fergus, immediately. "But I know not why I should hazard the loss of freedom and of life for a stranger, whose danger is a mystery to me, and whose only claim upon my good will is the interest my father feels for him."

"Young man," said the unknown person, "your respect for your father's will deserves a recompense even in this life. The Holy Scriptures teach us this, and that which will happen to you will prove them true in your case. Listen to me; I am your friend, the best friend of Eveleen, of your father, and even of this stranger. You and I are closely connected in furtherance of the one object—we are bound together by similar intesests of family, of country, and of faith. Our private feelings of interest may be different, but these will not prevent us from acting together in support of our one great and good purpose. Listen then to me, with deep attention, and believe me, for Shemus Dhu when he speaks solemnly, speaks knewing and feeling that there is a God to punish faisehood, and that He is a witness of his words, and that He hears and recollects them as they are spoken. Henry O'Halloran at your father's is the son of Godfrey O'Halloran, your father's dearest friend and fosterer, and for the end." the companion of his youth."

"Gracious Heavens!" interrupted Fergus, " why tell me that this was the son of his dearest friend, and morning to heaven, and I would have sacrificed my life-aye a thousand lives-to do him service!"

"Be contented, young man," replied the unknown | guest." person, "that your father has had wise reasons for keeping young O'Halloran's visit secret. To me alone is entrusted the liberty of disclosing it. The time is come now; for dangers are about us, which without your exertions, we cannot escape; and you, if I understand you, will not give your assistance freely and promptly unless you know the powerful motives which act upon your father and

"I know enough," answered Fergus. "The return of the O'Halloran to the land of his birth, to his dignities and to his fortune, was the brightest vision of his boyhood days. Its expectation grew in strength with my growth. I have prayed for it with my father and with Eveleen, by night and morning. I have almost vowed to lose my life for its attainment, and I would almost have vowed to peril my soul for the accomplishment of this dearest object of my young desire and ambition." Fergus suddenly ceased; for in the enthusiasm of his feelings he had put out his hand and grasped the arm of the unknown. During less than a second's time he telt something scarcely palpable receding from his touch, and when he stretched his arm further, the place on the pallet was vacant, and the room, on his further search, was empty. Fergus knew not what to do; for some minutes he stood irresolute. At one moment determined to cry aloud and alarm the turnkey, and in the next he thought that the unknown, having a knowledge of some secret entrance to the cell, had departed in the same mysterious way, either expecting some danger or some surprise, of which Fergus' experience could not be aware, or else, for the purpose of trying the courage of his new acquaintance. It did

educated in a country full of wild stories of supernatural agency, his mind from infancy was taught to rise above superstition; and though he was not still more inexplicable. When he spoke to Consceptic enough to deny that beings superior to nature had the power to interfere in mortal affairs. cere kindness; the harsh outline of his features. ture had the power to interfere in mortal affairs, still he believed that this power was limited and only exercised for wise and important purposes. Those were the feelings which Fergus education by his father and the old priest of Portarah had taught him; and with these he reseated himself on the pallet awaiting with deep anxiety the re-appearance of the unknown. He had just formed his mind to the patience of a long watch, when he heard the bar, which secured his cell door, suddenly withdrawn without any previous noise, and a strong light burst upon the darkness of the cell. He was immediately confronted by an armed man, whom he recognised to be D'Arcy, the enemy of his father and of his friends.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

On the morning which followed the day of Fergus' departure from Portarah, on his mission to the city, Connel O'Keane was called from his sleep earlier then was his custom to arise. He appeared with a hasty dress in the kitchen or principal room of his cabin, in which he saw two strong men wrap ped in large freize coats, seated smoking over the few coals of fire, which they had taken from the "raking" of the previous night. They had their caps, or low-crowned turn-up hats, drawn tightly over their faces. The closeness of their dress, and the stout walking sticks of oak, upon which they rested, told that they were after a journey, or that they were just prepared to start upon some expedition of pleasure or of business. A strong country girl, who was removing some beds, which had been laid upon the floor was the only person of the family who appeared to have arisen. As Connel entered the strangers turned, and he recognized in said Connel, in a hurried voice, " is the news true which you bring? Can it be possible that my son is in the danger of which you speak?"

"It is true, Connel," replied the person addressed, "I have brought you a witness of Fergus' capture. This man has heard of his imprisonment, he knows the circumstances of it, and I dread to tell you that he is in greater danger than you conceive. "Say what danger, Eugene;" Connel replied,

were the papers found on him?"

"The papers are safe, old man-safe in the keep ing of Father Thomas, or of Shemus Dhu," said the second stranger, in a voice naturally hearse, but still hourser or deeper from the mouth muffling from which he spoke. "But your son, the generous, devoted Fergus, is not saf-, unless your affairs, and those of this stranger under your roof, come at once to an issue. He is in the absolute power of one whom I know well no feeling of honour or of humanity will deter from his revenge."

"Fergus, my son! ch, my only child, have I sacrificed thee to a false sense of duty," exclaimed the agitated parent, clasping his hands. "But no. I cannot think it, no person can harm thee, for thou art innocent. Say, stranger, in whose hands have you left my son?"

"In the hands of Reginald D'Arcy," replied the stranger, in a cold, sarcastic tone, which went to the very heart of the old man.

"Are my hopes of happiness then over?" muttered Connel, in a low, mournful voice, more moving than the wildest words of passion. He looked upon the earthen floor for a few moments, his hands clasped before him with a strong pressure. His was not the ordinary grief of a parent over a lost child. His feelings of pleasure, his hopes of happiness, his very soul and being were wound up in those of his son-his only child-upon whom their common misfortunes had stamped on untold value, For his safety he had fled in disgrace from his native city! For him he had endured with patience for many long years, the privations of a miserable village! the rudeness, though blended with kind feeling, of its inhabitants! Night and day, for him he had laboured, watched, and prayed. He had hoped-and that hope was his life, a spring of activity and of endurance in his often melancholy moods-that his son would outlive his father's disage; and now by his own will, this vision of peace was destroyed! His son was in the power of D'Arcy; brought to this by his father's preference of another's honour to his only son's happiness and life. Yet this last reflection brought some comfort to him He had not exposed his son to danger for any selfish, sordid interest. It was for the interest of one, whom next to his son, he loved best in the world; it was for the character and property of his patron, his foster brother, his earliest friend and protector; it was for a principle which involved love of friend, love of kindred, love of country, and love of faith. These thoughts were oil thrown upon his grief. In the calmness which they produced, he said to his friends "God's will be done! It my son has been brave and faithful, both to honour and religion, I am satisfied."

"But your conscience will not be satisfied, if you neglect your son, when it is in your power to effect his escape," replied the stranger in the same cold

"Show me the way to save my son, stranger," ex-claimed Connel, "I will sacrifice my liberty, my life for him. Let them take revenge upon my grey head, my time will not be long in this world, but let my son live. His young life is dear to him, but but tempt me not further, stranger, I will do no evil

"I ask no act of evil for his safety," answered the stranger. "Your son and yourself live-are henourdid I not know this before? Why did not my father ed and enriched, if you cease to exert yourself in the cause of Henry O'Halloran-If you aid him not with for whose safety his prayers were breathed night | your advice. Promise these, and you both live and are happy. Refuse them, your only son dies to-day, and a worse fate hangs over you and your

During these words Connel's countenance changed It became flushed with indignation. He stood erect, looking fully at the stranger, and raising his hand to give emphasis to his words, whilst he answered with a stern voice :-

"Say no more, false stranger; though you know Connel's affairs, you know not Connel; I will sacrifice mine and my son's happiness in this life to friendship, to honour, and to plighted faith."

"Be your misery, then, and your son's, laid at your own door, hard-hearted father," said the stranger,

turning from Connel. "Be it so; to heaven alone I shall answer for it,' Connel replied, with a feeling of plous resignation, strangely mingled with the feeling of anger, towards the stranger, which had not yet passed from his face The stranger turned quickly at the words, threw the cap and covering from his face, and rushed towards Connel, exclaiming with an altered

voice:--" Dermod, thou art worthy the love of the purest and the best; thou alone art above temptation-

generous and good," Connel yielded to the embrace of the stranger. He recognised in him a friend. The stranger's age was not many years over forty, although his grizzied hair, and the stoop in his shoulders told that he was nearer to flity. Despite these disadvantageous appearances, he seemed in the full strength of manhood. There was still something doubtful about the tall thin outline of his form. In looking at him you could not say whether his stooped attitude was | being now severed, become the medical teachers of

the occur to him for an instant that there was any formed feats of agility and of strength, to be expect.

The Learned Farmers of St. Sulpice, thing supernatural in his departure. For though edically from the strongst and most active, or that has been assigned the important department of educated in a country full of wild stories of super. he was able to endure as much as a young man in Theology, Scripture and Canon Law. his prime. The expression of his countenance was was softened, and the sinister character of his dark beetling eyebrows was neutralized by the smoothened expanse of his high pale forehead. And yet when after some time he sat by Connel's side, and spoke and listened eagerly for the answer, the skin of that forehead was gathered, the eye was half lost in his head, and cool calculation or cunning predominated in the expression of his long bare nose, his thin lips, and his pointed chin. He wore his hair in the glibb of his nation, which often gave offence to some of his friends; and his beard, thick and uncombed, was allowed to give a dark appearance to his entire face. In his whole face and form and in their expression, he was the perfect contrast of Connel More O'Keane. The form of the one was straight and full; the other's was bending and attenuated. The expression of Connel's full countenance was open, generous, and cheerful; that of the stranger's was unconfiding and severe. This stranger was Shemus Dhu; or James O'Ryan, the Black Peddler of Galway.
"Why, Shemus, asked Connel, "have you come

to your friend's house in disguise, to tempt his fidelity? Did you doubt the sincerity of the friendship which I swore to you and our departed

This was asked by Connel in a tone of gentle reproof, yet it was ovident that he felt more than his words, or their mode of eqpression, conveyed He kept his eye fixed upon the pale features of the Peddler.

"Dermod," answered the latter, "had you lived with those with whom I have lived since our last meeting, you would not have asked that question, said the Peddler, over whose features the same sudden and remarkable change of expression came which we noticed before.

The kindliness of feeling with which he uttered the last remark, passed from his countenance as quickly as the sudden flash of lightning from the dark sky. It was succeeded by an angry expression. which showed itself in the reddened color of his face, in the excited eye, and in the full veins of the forehead, as he spoke:

"I have associated with the worst of my race; I have heard them plot against the innocent, and these wicked men covered their dark plans with the cloak of zeal for religion. I have listened silently to them. I appeared to agree with them; but you, Dermond, will forgive me. You know the reason of my silence: it was to defeat their plans of evil. Great God! how my blood boils to think that men should make obedience to the holiest of laws-the laws of conscience—a pretext for the indulgence of the vilest passions of the human heart, and should succeed even to triumph in their acts of wickedness! But it may be the will of heaven for a time. The ways of God's providence are secret to us."

"Shemus," said Dermond, or Connel More-we shall continue to call him by the name with which we introduced him to the reader-" Shemus, it is the will of Providence. Brighter days of peace await us and our children. But tell me, how could you have escaped detection so long; you were always thought to favor the views of our enemies? In many acts your conduct was doubtful. Your character of fidelity was blasted among your friends. You were believed to be allied to the most wicked men, who were the tyrants of us and our faith. Still I believe that he who was the friend of my infancy-who was pious in youth, who had feelings of honour and knowledge of duty above the station in which he was born, and who in his manhood made a sacrifice of his interest to serve his friends, could join in heart and hand with the worst of mankind, or what is more terrible to think, could have sold his body and soul to the powers of darkness. No, Shemus, I could not believe these things of thee, though worse was said of thee, and almost proved. But explain to me some acts which appear doubtful, even to me who knows you."

"I cannot, Dermond," answered Shemus Dhu, in a low, melancholy voice; "I cannot even to you explain them. I will go to my grave, charged by both frierds and enemies, with perfidy, aye, with worse crimes. On the green sod, which will cover the bones of Shemus Dhu, none will kneel to pray. memory will be recollected with curses. no," he exclaimed, with energy, "there will be some living after me, who will remember me with affection. You are one of them, Dermond; and though I cannot explain all, I will tell you enough to satisfy you that I am worthy still to be trusted by the virtuous."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

# UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL.

SOLEMN OPENING OF THE SUCCURSAL OF LAVAL -ANOTHER FRUIT OF THE APOSTOLIC DELE-GATE'S MISSION TO CANADA-ANOTHER GLORY OF THE REIGN OF PIO NONO.

# ELOQUENT SERMON BY MGR CONROY.

Interesting Letter from the Special Correspondent of the "Catholic Review."

MONTREAL., Jan. 12th-Seldom if ever in the brief but varied history of the Church of Canada, has there occurred any event calculated to be productive of more wide-spread utility than that of which the Seminary of Montreal was the scene on the recent festival of the Epiphany. His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, to whom the Catholics of the Dominion are already so much indebted. has won for himself still higher claims to their gratitude by the creation under the authority of the Holy See of a new University College in Montreal. At any time the founding of an institution such as this could not fail to be the source of immense benefits to the people amongst whom it might have been established; but in these days when, owing to the growth of scepticism and infidelity, Christian truth has been everywhere assailed and imperiled, the creation of a new centre for the diffusion of science which shall not be at variance with revealed Religion is an event over which the Catholic world may well rejoice. Many difficulties which a short year ago seemed well nigh unsurmountable stood opposed to the creation of such a school in Montreal. These have been

HAPPILY OVERCOME BY THE APOSTOLIC DELAGATE. not however without the cost on his part of much auxious thought and labor during the past five months. The new University in Montreal is a succursal of the Laval University in Quebec, that is to say it is governed by the same laws as Laval, and the course of studies preparatory to the taking of degrees is the same in both. Like Laval it contains four faculties or teaching bodies, empowered to confer decrees in Arts, Medicine, Law and Theo. logy.

THE FATHERS OF THE COMPANY OF JESTIS

have been constituted the teachers in the arts. The doctors of the medical school in Montreal, who have hitherto conferred degrees solely by virtue of their connexion with the Protestant University of Victoria, in Upper Canada, have, this connexion you would not wonder had you heard that he per- and eminent parriaters, and lastly to

THE LEARNED FATHERS OF ST. SULPICE, Theology, Scripture and Canon Law.

The following is a list of Professors of the new

Laval University of Mostreal:

rcal.

PACULTY OF THROLOGY. The Professors of the feminary of St. Sulpice. PACOLITY OF ARTS AND LETTERS. The Jesuit Fathers of St. Mary's College, Mont

PACULTY OF LAW.

International Law: - C S Cherrier, Esq, QC. Knight of St. Gregory, Dean of the Faculty. Commercial and Maritime Law :- Hon. S. C. Monk; Judge of Court Queens Bench.

Roman Law :- Hon. P. J. D. Chauveau, formerly Prime Minister of Canada, Sheriff of Montreal Knight of Pius IX.

Administrative Law:-Hon. T. J. J. Loranger Judge of the Sup. Court, Knight Commander of St. Gregory.

Criminal Law: - Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Q.C. Secretary of Province of Quebec. Civil Law :- L. A. Jetto Esq., M.P. Civil Procedure :- J. A. Ouimet, L L.D.

PACULTY OF MEDICINE. External Pathology :- P. Munto M.D. Dean of the Faculty.

Internal Pathology and Clinical Medicine:-J. P. Rattat, M.D. Tocology and Clinical Obstetrics :- A. H. Trudel, M.D.

Clinical Surgery :- W. H. Hingston, M.D.

Descriptive Anatomy: -J. G. Bibaud, M.D. Materia Medica: -J. Emery Coderre, M.D. Physiology :- H. Pelletier, M.D, Ed. Chemistry, Forensic Medicine and Toxicology :- T. E D'Orsonnes, M.D.

Clinical Surgery and Operative Medicine :- A. T. Brosseau, M D. General Pathology :- A. P. Lachapelle, M.D.

Histology and Pathological Anatomy :- A. Lamarche Opthalmology: -L. E. Desjardins, M.D. Botany: —A Ricard, M.D.
Medical Clinics: —A. Pagenais, M.D. Hygiene, etc.: —A. Laramee, M.D.

Medical Clinics: —Angus L. MacDonnell, M.D.

Practical Anatomy :- G. O. Baudry.

The ceremony preceding the formal opening took place as already stated, in the Seminary of Montreal, which is under the enlightened management of the Sulpician Fathers. At 10 o'clock A. M., the members of the different faculties entered the church in procession; following came 300 ecclesisatical students, and an immense number of clergy, wearing surplices; next came the bishops of the Provnice; Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinth : Mgr. Racine, Bishop of Sherbrook; Mgr. Lafleche, Bishop of Trois Rivieres; Mgr. Langevin, Bishop of St. Germain, Rimouski; Mgr. Duhamel, Bishop of Uttawa; Mgr. Fabre Bishop of Montreal, and the venerable and illustrious Metropolitan, Mgr. Taschereau, the Archbishop of Quebec. Lastly came the Delegate, accompanied by his secretary, Rev. P. Reddy and the Rev. Mr. Roussellot, who acted as assistant deacons. The Delegate having taken his place beneath the throne, the hymn, Veni Creator, was sung by all present. At the conclusion of the hymn high mass, which was celebrated by Mgr. Fabre, Bishop of montreal, commenced. After the Gospel, his Excellency, attended by his assistant deacons, proceeded to the alter steps and delivered the following beautiful discourse;

" Opus tuum Domine, ia medio omorum, vivifica illud. Thy work, O Lord, in the midst of years brings life. It is fitting that the inauguration of a new centre of Catholic University education should take place on this day of the Saviour's Epiphany, for the festival of the Epiphany is pre-eminently a festival of first fruits. This one day, thus sings the Church in her Antiphon, shines with the united glory of three several marvels of God's power; to-day, a star guided the Magi to the manger of the Divine Infant; to-day, at the marriage feast in Cana, water was changed into wine; to-day, Christ, for our salvation, willed to be baptized by John in the river Jordan. Now, the Magi were the first fruits of the Gentile world, and their coming was the inaugura-tion of the triumphs of the Catholic faith among the nations. The wonderful wrought at Cana was the first fruits of Christ's miracles, and the beginning of that splendid series of supernatural signs by which He proved to an unbelieving world that His mission was divine. The baptism of Christ in the Jordan was in a manner the first fruits of the sacraments, and the inauguration of the entire sacramental system of the New Law. St. Gregory of Nazianzum writes that

OUR SAVIOUR, ARISING TO-DAY

from the waters, bore with him a regenerated world for the stream that touched His Divine brow was made thereby powerful to cleanse men's souls. Ascendit Jesus de equa, sanctum quodammodo demersum edacens et elevams mundum." (Orat in SS. Lumina,) And ever since the threefold divine power of which the exercise was this day in augurated, has continued in activity within the Catholic Church; the power of Faith, taking every intellect captive unto Christ; the power of miracles, through which in order that the obedience of our Faith might be in harmony with reason, God willed that to the interior help of the Holy Spirit there should be joined exterior proofs of this divine revelation; and the power of sacramental, grace ganctifying in its every stage the whole life of man. To the action of this threefold nower the Church owes its marvellous extension. its eminent holiness, its inexhaustible fruitfulness in good, its Catholic unity and its invincible stability by which it is a great and perpetual motive of credibility and an irrefutable witness of its own divine mission. Opus tuum Domine! Thy work, O Lord, is this Holy Catholic Church, dowered with the Father's glory, espoused to Christ the King, radiant with the Spirit's gifts, Mother of the souls of men! Thy hand alone has established on earth, this everlasting temple built upon Peter as on a firmest foundation, and in the firmness of one Faith lifting ber majestic front to Heaven. (St. Leo, serm. IV. 2.) Opus tuum Domine!

BUT, BETWEEN GOD'S WORK in the formation of this Church and His work in the creation of the material world, there obtains a signal difference. In creating the material world, God had but to speak the word, and behold! it was made. Ipse dixit et facta sunt. Ipse mandavit et creata sunt. At His simple fiat matter came into being, and as His Spirit moved upon the face of the new-born elements, the void and orderless mass unresistingly obeyed the will that gave it form and shape. Far otherwise, however, does it happen in the spiritual order of creation. God, who made man without man's aid, will not save man without man's co-operation. Hence, in the scheme of redemption, God's action is confronted by man's free well, to which He Himself has given the awful power of thwarting His own designs, and although He will stoop to woo His creature's heart by heavenly graces, or to win it by promises, or to bend it hy threats, yet never will He force it, or alter the primeval decree by which "in the beginning He left man in the hands of his dwn counsel." (Eccle. 15, 14.) Thus, the divine element in the Church becomes in a manner dependent on the human element which has been appointed to minister to it as its instrument, and God's action in the Church's regard becomes not only liable to be hindered by the revolt of human passions, but from the very you could not say whether his stooped attitude was being now severed, become the medical reaction of the revolt of number passions, out from the very the new school created by his Excellency. The new school created by his Excellency. The necessity of things, subject to those conditions of go from Portland to Boston, and thence in a few time and space, of growth and of decay that wait days to New York.—Montreal correspondent of the upon everything that is mortal. Not that the Ca- | Catholse Review,

tholic Church as a whole can ever be stained by human guilt or darkened by human ignorance or error; for is she not the Bride of the Lamb, without spot or stain, and the pillar and the ground of truth? Not that she can suffer decay or death as if she were a human institution; for she has the gift of immortal life. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her," and as St. Ambrose tells us, wherever the Church is, there no death can come but sempiternal life forever reigns. Ubi Ecclesia ibi nulla mors sed vila sempiterna. But imperishable as a whole, she suffers change in her parts. While the universal Church shall ever continue to be like her spouse Himself one and the same, yesterday, to day, and for ever, of the local churches which she binds into one body, some have grown feeble with age while others

EXULT IN THE PRESE STRENGTH OF THEIR YOUTH.

Thus, save Peter's immortal throne, the Patriarchal Sees have waned as the tide of empire rolled west. ward; thus, in Africa while the sees of Cyprian, of Augustine and of a thousand other bishops have disappeared, in the North, a group of young and flourishing churches is rising in the South, not unworthy of the glorious traditions of the Thebaid and of Hippo, and of Alexandria; thus on this great American Continent the Catholic Church can repeat in our day what she said in the days of Tertullian : we are but of yesterday, and yet we have filled every place; hesterni sumus et jam omnia vestra implevimus.

AND AMONG THESE AMERICAN CHURCHES.

there is one present here to-day in its hierarcey, which calls for all my reverence and love, the Church of Lower Canada. I behold her standing in her beauteous strength as it were midway between the venerable Charches of the Old World and the infant Churches of the New; older than these by the two hundred years of her glorious history and by her riper organization, younger than those by many an eventful century; truly a work of God in the midst of years. She is not young, nor yes is she old, and the dangers that beset her are all the more serious for this reason. The courses of history have forced her children into contacts with currents of thought that are hostile to her faith. In the scientific order they are beset by theories that kill belief in the supernatural; in the so-cial order they are confronted by a civilization that would paganize their entire domestic, civil and political life. Some protection against these dangers is imperatively called for. And what is the ceremony of to day but a prayer, breathed by all Canada to God, that He would quicken into new life this Church which His hands have made? Opus tuum, Domine! int medio annorum vivifica illud! Thy work O Lord! in the midst of years bring it to life

#### AND IN WHAT DOES THE LIFE

of the Church consist? Ie vita erat lux; the Church's life is light, a light that is threefold; the light of Faith, the light of cultured intellect and the light of holy living. And the triple light corresponds precisely to the threefold power of which on the day of Epiphany, God gave to the Church in the mystery of the star, in the power of miraculous proof, and in the first outpouring of baptismal grace. Now this is the threefold light of which ascording to the Church's conception.

#### A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

is the source and centre. O true Light that enlightenest every man that cometh into the world, send forth this day into this institution which we have built for Thy glory alone, this threefold supernal light! Let no shadow of error ever darken the minds of those who shall set forth Thy truth; emile lucem tuam et ve itatemtnam! O! Lord of all science, let divine and human learning be so cultivated eere so that they may ever lead to Thee from whom they have come! And, O God of Holiness! let the light of faith and the light of reason ever find their tull complement here in the light of Christian virtue? This triple light is the life we crave to-day : vivifica

God who grants the gift of life is also He who preserves life to the creatures. Preservation is in a manner but a continued creation. And it is the rule of His Providence that the agents through whom life has first been conferred the same should be the instruments by whose action life is to be maintained. He it is who places in the heart of the parent bird the instinct of love which bids it feed its callow He it is who has made the brood. nurture of the infant child part and parcel of the very life of the heart of father and mother. This rule of His Providence we see beautifully exemplified in the work we inaugurate to day.

THE EARLY FATHERS OF THE CHURCH OF CANADA. the men who first gave it its life, are here to-day in the persons of their successors in name and office. who have been chosen by God to hely in the new infusion of spiritual vigor in the people of Christ. In the laymen I see before me, I see the descendants of those first French settlers who came hither, not so much to win a home for themselves in the forest clearing, or by the banks of the mighty river, as to win a home for Christ in the hearts of the Indian population who here dwelt in darkness and in the shadow of death. One of the first acts of Jacques Cartier upon his arrival was to hold aloft before the savage inhabitants of Hochelaga the crucifix, which told them that they had been redeemed by the blood of a God. Here to day his descendants proclaim that the saving sign which sanctified the courage of their sires shall ever sanctify their own intellectual culture, and that they are not ashamed of the cross of their Lord. Here, too, I behold united in common action the priests of St. Sulpice, whose history is inseparably bound up with the history of Montreal, and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who have bought their place in the land with the blood of a hundred martyrs. Hither, also, have come the mitred pastors of the Canadian churches, not merely to scatter blessings upon the new undertaking, but to pledge themselves before God and the people that they will ever guard pure and bright the light that the Church is kindling here to day.

NOR IS PETER WANTING

to the goodly company. When the aged Patriarch was approaching the end of his life, we are told in Holy Scripture that he strenghtened himself on his bed, that he might give to the children who were to be the fathers of the tribes of Israel each his own proper blessing. To-day, in Rome, the Patriarch of the Catholic Church, from his bed of pain, is blessing one by one the Churches of Christendom, each with its own proper blessing. That blessing he has bidden my unworthy lips to utter here to-day. In his name, therefore, and by his supreme authority, I bless this new University. May those who bless it be themselves filled with blessings, and from it may the light of God's truth shine out for all ages upon generation after generation of Christian youth. Deus misereatur nostri et benedicat nobis, illuminet vultum suum super nos et misereatnr nostri, ut cognoscamus in terra viam tuam, in omnibus gentibus salutare tuam. After high mass, all were hospitably entertained at dinner by the Sulpician Fathers. The guests proceeded after dinner to the aula maxima of the college, which was suitably decorated for the occasion, and addresses were presented by the several faculties to the Apostolic Delegate, who replied to them in his usual felicitous manner.

# THE DELEGATES VISIT TO AMERICA.

On last Tuesday, his Excellency left Montreal for Portland, Me., where he is the guest of the Rt.