

The Catholic Record.

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

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584

OLD '89 EXPIRES.

BY REV. W. FLANNERY.
What strange events have mark'd th' expiring year!
What tales of woe it heard, what joyous cheer,
What sounds of jubilee its echoes fill;
And how all hearts with fear and hope were thrill'd
As each event in quick succession fell—
Be ours the task in modest verse to tell.

THE SEASONS.

In January Winter cold and snowless frown'd,
With rugg'd wheel-ruts in the frozen ground,
And wagons creak'd and dragged their ponderous way;
No merry sleighs cheered the opening day.
But later on, the low'ring sky sent down
Its mantle white to cover field and town,
And open paths thro' each bush and marsh,
Where sturdy workmen felt the pine and larch.
The rats—men, once dependant, now take heart,
And grain and produce swell the busy mart.
Fruit crops, by constant rains and frosts, were chill'd;
The grape and apple in their buds were kill'd.
But summer heats the farmer's hopes restor'd;
Abundant crops for winter use were stor'd.
While nature thus neath God's all-bounteous hand
Shed peace and plenty's blessings o'er the land,
And hymns of praise arose, and all look'd bright,
The demon Bigotry chang'd day to night.

THE JESUIT.

In Canada, while yet unknown to fame,
Spreading light and love the Black-robe came
With tales of earth's and Heaven's choicest goods.
He sought the natives in their densest woods,
Or by the cataract where the rock-hill shakes,
Or by the margin of their silvery lakes—
The Savage tribes, the Huron, Iroquois,
The Wyandotte, all bow'd to Heaven's law—
The Black-robe told of endless joys above,
Of faith in Jesus, of His endless love.
How great the price at which each soul was bought!
And practis'd ev'ry virtue which he taught—
As Jesus taught, as Jesus wrought, so he,
And Jesuit his name thus came to be—
As Jesus too in martyr's blood he died—
And Lallemand with Brebeuf testified.
A grateful nation wealth and lands bestow'd
And with rich gifts, unasked, their coffers flow'd.

THE CONQUEST.

But came the hour when England's flag had waved
O'er Abraham's Plains, with France's honor saved.
To British pluck her arms were forc'd to yield,
But Wolf and Montcalm perished on the field.
Their treasures, ships, and stores of warlike kind
To England's King by treaty were assigned;
Each habitant his lands held as before,
Who fealty promised and allegiance swore;
The cottier's home and goods intact remain'd,
And Church and State all previous rights retain'd.
Alone! the country's earliest pioneers,
Who all they own'd had earn'd in blood and tears,
Were strip'd of this world's goods, of earthly gain—
T' their church, their school, their fields and rich domain.

THE AGITATION.

One hundred years! What changes come with time!
Mercier, guided by his Faith sublime
And sense of justice, recompense demands
Or restitution of their plundered lands,
To Jesuit Fathers, debar'd of rights so long,
Nor deems too late the hour for righting Wrong.

BIGOTRY IN PERSON.

Now, Bigotry, alarm'd, claps her wings
And poised aloft in edifying circles swings
Her flaming torch, which Discord's hand supplies,
To Little York, the Good, incens'd she flies,
And Peace and Law and Common Sense defies.

IN SECRET COUNCIL.

'Neath Bond Street church a gloomy hall extends,
With secret doors and springs at opposite ends—
Two feeble lamps its furnishings reveal;
Bibles and cross bones, skulls and traps of steel—
Sate round a Smith and desk the fam'd thirteen—
Hunter and Smith and Wild, with savage mien,
McGregor, Johnson and eke James L. Hughes,
Young Britons many, Hoodlums and True Blues—
These Bigotry address'd with piercing shrieks:
What! idling here? What! sleeping all these weeks?

Up, up, my sons, why tarry here? she roars—
Way dormant lie, while Mercier's at our doors!
The Jesuits advance, the Pope of Rome,
By sanctioning such acts, invades the home
Of ev'ry true born Briton; up, up, arise,
And Freedom's banner flout ye to the skies;
Which said, she vanished. To their feet they start,
And swear each one—his hand upon his heart—
To bend all efforts, e'en tho' it cost his life,
To rouse the Demon of Religious strife.
Next week from many pulpits thunders rolled
In loud denunciation. Fierce and bold
The votaries of Bigotry defied
The Pope and Mercier and all the world beside.
The Jesuits were painted black as slime,
Dripping with gore, and stained with ev'ry crime;
Their history, maxims wrong, and morals worse,
To ev'ry land they reached a blight, a curse.
Nor were the preachers solely in this mess;
Lies foul and heinous issued from the press—
The Sentinel, the Witness, Globe and Mail,
With sundry magazines, yelling at their tail,
Made fierce assault in one "forlorn hope"
And dam'd the Bill because it nam'd the Pope.

DEBATE IN THE COMMONS.

The Act's legality in fine was tried
And all its clauses fully justified
By large majorities and long debate,
In Parliament, where Grits and Tories sate,
Such eloquence, such deep historic lore
Had scarce been heard in Ottawa before;
While high to hundred raptur'd aloft their hands
To ratify bold Mercier's just demands.
In opposition thirteen heads were seen,
By some call'd noble, by some the De'il's thirteen.

ACCIDENTS.

But other topics must engage our time
And furnish matter for our modest rhyme.
Catastrophes, in flood and field and mine,
Shall stamp as an "Erephob" 1889
Collisions frequent, railway wrecks not few,
Marine disasters, loss of ships and crew,
Were weekly chronicled. St. George
Saw bleeding masses burst in his gorge—
A spreading rail to swift destruction doom'd
Coaches and people plunged downward and on-
tom'd.

THE JOHNSTOWN HORROR.

Wast poet's pen, what living tongue can tell
The horrors that o'er Conemaugh befell!
The imprisoned torments bursting thro' the walls
That held them chain'd—the shrieks, the piteous calls
For help that rose above the raging flood
Of cataracts, rushing free where towns had stood.
Full fifteen thousands perished in one night;
Villages disappeared—the sickening sight
Of piled to corpses met the eye of day;
The sun in horror hid his quickening ray,
And gloom and anguish settled on the vale
Of Conemaugh—while on the midnight gale
Arose the piercing cry of hopeless woe—
Wife, children, home, all extinct at one blow.

A MIRACLE.

A legend strange, but true, it must be written,
The month of Mary's devotees all smitten,
With fear and panic from the chapel rushed
And mingling with crowds outside, were crushed
And borne some to death, while some to safe retreat
Upon dry land, rejoiced their friends to meet.
Stores, houses, mills, before the waves went down,
And swirled away with half the submerg'd town.
With doors and lattice gone, the chapel stood
Erect, unmov'd, amid the rushing flood—
In fine, the deluge sank, its fury spent;
And priests and people to the chapel went
To pierce the curtains of the Madonna's shrine,
Oh! miracle—Omnipotence Divine!
While high water marks, and clay, the walls de-
fied.

There Mary's image, radiant, stood and smiled;
The flowers bloomed, the tapers had burnt down,
The deluge had not touched her veil or crown.

QUEBEC.

In old Quebec the city's Diamond Rock,
Rent by Time, or by some earthquake shock,
With deafening roar and sudden forward launch
Fell, and roll'd like Alpine avalanche.
Citizens, in panic, from their houses rushed—
Whole families beneath the mass were crushed.
Where dwellings stood, rocks piled up high in air,
The roadway block. Men, frantic with despair,
Ply pick and bar, and levers thrust beneath
To save their fellows from a horrid death,
Or rescue corpses that were crushed outright.
For Christian sepulture and holy rite
Side by side in Patrick's Church the lay—
Parsons, children, the old, the young, the gay—
Of life bereft, their bodies mangled, bruised,
Startling and weird, arose a noise, confused
Of sighs and prayers, and dirge and mournful hymn,
With organ blending the doleful Requiem.

EUROPE.

But what of Europe, what of lands remote?
And murmurs of war when ready still
For fierce encounter at the monarch's will;
But all so armed, all so disciplined,
That none to actual warfare seems inclined.
Emperor William visits ev'ry land,
With kiss of peace and outstretch'd friendly hand.
And Emperors meet to shake the head and say,
"Leave war and bloodshed to some future day."
But all reverse and favor the imprison'd Pope—
Take counsel with him and advance the hope
That by his wisdom and light from above
The millions arm'd may yet embrace in love.

GLADSTONE.

The Grand Old Man his even way pursues;
No power on earth can change his heav'n-born views.
Resolute, impassive, fearless, strong—
His very foes are borne with the throng
And carried down the tide that he controls,
His skill ne'er striking rocks or hidden shoals.
England but asks another franchise test
To carry Home Rule on the shining crest
Of one election wave, o'erwhelming, great,
And bear all Tory Power to its fate.

PARNELL AND THE TIMES.

This year a foul conspiracy was hatched,
That for pure devilry was never matched
In history; except when Titus Oates
Jesuit arraigned for making oaths
Both kings and princes to assassinate
And sink in blood and ruin the entire state,
For which, tho' innocent, they bled and died,
Martyrs to lust, to greed and human pride.
Like charges against Parnell were adduced;
His name and seal were in full court produced,
And letters read connecting him with crimes
All charged against him in the London Times.
The nation grieved that one of unsullied fame
Should bring dishonor on a trusted name;
And saw, for shame no possible relief—
The plotters deemed they stood on solid ground,
When lo! to all their wiles a clew was found,
From far off Western Lincoln the sword was brought
That sol'd the riddle, cut the Gordian knot.
The patriot Egan sent the key which blocked
Their fell designs, their mysteries unblocked,
Pigott, the Forger, fled by midnight train
And blew his brains out in the heart of Spain—
In infancy the cause celebre laps'd,
The great Gaius of the Times collapsed.

BALFOUR.

But Balfour's wrath was none the less assuag'd,
Coercion's war was still as fiercely waged,
The sick, the aged, in wild December's chill,
Sought shelter by some neighboring cave or hill;
Their once lov'd home in smoking ruins lay,
And, wandering fourth, they groped their lonely way.
The priests of God who dared to speak their mind
In mercy's plea, are now in cells confined;
The trusted chiefs who voiced the people's cause
Are done to death by Balfour's cruel laws.
In Galway dungeons, proud of his dire fates,
O'Brien, the modern Bayard, thinks and waits.

BALTIMORE.

But turn we now to fair Columbia's shore,
And rest our spirits near fam'd Baltimore.
See bustle, pageantry, and anxious crowds
All bright and cheerful 'neath November clouds.
In long procession priests with solemn mien
And Bishops and Archbishops—ne'er was seen
Outside of Rome, so striking an array
Of mitred prelates assembled in one day.
Two Cardinals, all clothed in scarlet, green and gold,
And Sotillo, the legate of the shepherd of the fold;
Two dozen mitred abbots, in flowing beard and hood,
All passed around the monument where Washing-
ton had stood.

THE CHURCH.

'Mid organ's peal and trumpets' deafening blare,
With voices bleat, while incense fill'd the air,

And breathing art the gorgeous scene enhanced—
One hundred prelates to their thrones advanced.
The priests, six hundred stood, in white-rob'd
files
And occupied the side and centre aisles;
Two thousand faithful filled the church beside;
All look'd as Heaven, the Church as Heaven's
bride.
Philadelphia's Angel told the story
Of God's Church in this land, its pristine glory,
Its triumphs many, its struggles and its fears,
Its growth so rapid in just one hundred years;
It's Patriarch Carroll's life was briefly told—
His deeds, and great achievements were unrolled.
"One hundred Bishops gathered here to-day
From Mexico, from far off Hudsons Bay;
From Halifax, and from the Golden Gate,
Honor the cause and year we celebrate,
America, the Church's youngest child,
Has grown to manhood—Providence has smiled
On all her efforts to strategize,
And help to build a Nation free and wise."

The Pax was given—the its messa est
Divinely sung, and all the people blest;
Then swelled the notes of trumpet, harp and
drum,
With many voices chanting *Te Deum*.
Thousands filled the grand old church that night
To hear Archbishop Ireland in the might
And power of his eloquence sublime,
On the grave problems of our day and time,
On all the needed aids in various rolls
Laymen should bring to the work of saving souls.
Responsive to what seem'd high duty's call,
Laymen assembled in Concordia Hall—
Two thousand strong, of varied clime and race,
Rich in intelligence and every manly grace,
In congress met the cause to vindicate
Of holy Church at issue with the State;
Of Leo's sovereign right as king to reign,
Sanctioned by ages, blessing of God and men.
Indian missions, chaplaincies and schools
Were all discussed and many useful rules
Adopted for congress at some future day.
When time and experience point a surer way.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.

Ere yet the delegates for home depart
A sanctuary of learning and a home of art
At Washington is blessed and dedicated;
Its halls and class rooms duly inaugurated;
The Papal legate, the Bishops and the priests
Their presence lent the dedicatory feasts,
Harrison, the people's late elected chief,
Was present to do honor to Catholic belief
And enterprise; while Secretary Blaine
Arose and spoke in freedom's lofty strain,
His Eminence, with hyssop, blessed the walls,
And eloquence and music filled the halls.

OUR BISHOPS.

Ontario enjoyed a triple celebration
In change of Sees, and Bishops' consecration.
Three dioceses to their very depths were stirred,
When Bishops Walsh and Dowling were trans-
ferred.
To th' Ambitious City, in joy the latter came,
Preceded by the prestige of his fame
And gentle virtues and talents known to all,
Both oft admired in city, church and hall.

The first, in parting, bade a sad farewell
To Church and home and flock he lov'd so well.
In London, free from anxious care and strife,
He spent the best part of a glorious life;
Erected many churches, priests ordained,
Who were to him by links of love enchain'd.
Nor was the parting void of bitter tears,
To dim the sunset of his falling years.
Toronto claims him now, and fondly prays
That God may bless his life with length of days,
That as his coming committees may cease
And o'er his path be thrown the arch of peace.

Barrie's lov'd pastor was worthy found
To be with Crosier gifted, with Mitre crown'd;
A child of Erin, Canadian bred and taught,
Honors found him where honors were sought;
In Peterboro's church he appears with grace,
In wild Muskoka's snows he finds his place;
Naught is too rugged, nothing too refined,
He captures the eagle and the culturd mind;
Either is welcome when fatigued he lies
The Huron's wigwag or the open skies.
In Peterboro may he flourish long,
His life inspire some future poet's song.

Kingston, whose Faith is everywhere appraised,
As Rome's in Peter's time, was raised
To Archiepiscopal rank and high estate,
The honors due, no doubt, in measure great
To her primatial standing and the zeal
Of her Bishop, solicitous for the Church's weal;
Watchful, prayerful, ever militant,
Always a power, at all times eloquent;
Freighted with Rome and Salamanca's stores
He came with knowledge to enrich our shores
With Canon law and discipline severe;
And more thro' deep respect than servile fear
His diocese holds just now a foremost place
In prosperous missions and in saving grace.

STANLEY.

Stanley's expedition closed the year.
Afrio's hero, Stanley, voice of prayer,
Trusting in Him his appointed Israel's way
And ere by night, a pillar cloud by day,
In search of Emin Pasha Stanley went,
Guided by Hope thro' the vast dark continent
And Faith in God who never faileth those
That trust in Him and live for Right expose.
By mountains high with everlasting snows,
Thro' forests dark, unused to sweet repose,
Mid thousand savage hordes he led the way;
And braved the storms which he could not lay;
Thro' sandy deserts, marches deep, he trudged,
By patient toil and observation judged
That human skill, with heaven's help combined,
Thro' pathless wastes a clearer way should find
To solve the mysteries of an unknown land,
And all its hidden treasures to command.
Emin was found in regions hidden far
And all his suite brought safe to Zanzibar.

CONCLUSION.

In closing, we should bless the genial muse
For aiding all our efforts to amuse
Or to instruct the Record's steadfast friends
(To whom fond greetings and kind thanks it
sends).
And chronic events which future time
Must gratefully receive in prose or rhyme.
Oh, may we merit by a chaste career
The joys and graces of the coming year!

*Since these lines were written we have read with
very great pleasure of Mr. O'Brien's release
"From prison dark and dungeons vile."

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Daily Globe, Dec. 20.
There was an interesting ceremony at the
De La Salle Institute yesterday afternoon, when
the Brothers and pupils gave a reception in
honor of the Archbishop. The arrangements for
the event were of an elaborate character, and the
proceedings were attended with all the splendor
that music and the decorative art could give. The
large hall of the Institute was festooned with
evergreen, and its walls were almost hidden
from view by the profusion of pictures and
mottos that adorned them. The clergy, the
scholars and their friends crowded the hall. When
His Grace arrived the audience rose to receive
him with respectful reverence. There were
present: Archbishop elect Cleary, of Kingston;
Very Rev. Fr. Laue, V. G., Very Rev. Fr.
Rooney, V. G., Rev. Fathers Hand, Gibbons,
Walsh, Manning, Cassidy, Cruise, Corduke, Mc-
Bride, Kiernan, McCann; Dr. O'Sullivan, Hon.
T. W. Angell, Mr. Balgenty, Mr. M. O'Connor,
Mr. J. F. White, and many other prominent lay-
men.

There was a choice programme of music and
readings by the pupils. The first item was the
overture, "Vale of Love," by the orchestra of the
Toronto Opera House, under the direction of
Mr. W. J. Oberlander. The La Salle choir sang the
welcome chorus, "Benedictus qui Venit."
The pupils then presented the Archbishop with a
superbly illuminated address of unique design,
which read as follows:

To the Most Rev. John Walsh, D. D., Archbishop
Toronto:
MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—Longingly have
we looked forward to this joyous day to welcome
Your Grace to De La Salle Institute and to offer
you our heartfelt congratulations upon your eleva-
tion to the Metropolitan See of Ontario.
Your presence here to-day fills our young hearts
with gladness and grace, and many years ago
we were blessed by the frequent visits of your
illustrious predecessor.
From childhood we have learned of your
unfailing zeal and devotedness in the sacred
cause of education in the western diocese of this
Province, when in almost every town and vil-
lage, a flourishing Catholic school stands under
the shadow of a majestic and beautiful temple,
consecrated by the Almighty God—"the Light of
the World."
Well have you understood that the true prosper-
ity of a country depends on its Christianity, and
its Christianity on its education, that the crown
and glory of a people are in schooling their youth,
and the handmaid of virtue is followed by the
benign influences of religion.
We rejoice to distinguish a prelate
to direct and guard our steps in the paths of learn-
ing and religion, and we fervently beseech our
divine Master to grant you many years of health
and happiness, as well as strength and vigor,
to labor in His holy service.
Humbly asking Your Grace's blessing on our
studies, we subscribe ourselves Your Grace's de-
voted children in Christ.

His Grace received the address, made an
appropriate acknowledgment, and pronounced
his blessing upon the pupils on whose behalf
it was presented.
The scholars all acquitted themselves as
scholars on such an occasion invariably do, and
received as a reward the well deserved plaudits
of their friends and the approving smiles of
His Grace.

After the Christmas anthem, "Gloria in Ex-
celcis Deo," had been sung, His Grace distrib-
uted testimonials of merit to the more suc-
cessful pupils.
The Archbishop, at the close of this inter-
esting ceremony, said he was very glad indeed
to see so many fine young boys under the care
of the Christian Brethren in the Catholic
schools. One of the greatest comforts or con-
solations that a Catholic Bishop or Archbishop
could have was to see Catholic education pre-
vailing in a flourishing condition in every
part of his diocese. This was one of the most
important conditions of Catholic life—a sound,
Christian, Catholic education. When he said
Catholic education he took for his motto that
which was written on the red flag on the wall
behind the platform—"Religion and Science."
"Religion we know," said Dr. Walsh, "is the
most important feature in our lives, the most
important element in our destinies. Time is
but the threshold of the eternal world. This
world is but one stage on the road of life—a
preparatory stage, but an important stage—and
in this stage religion plays a most important
part as regards our future. Just as the soul is
superior to the body, religion is superior to
every action in Catholic life. It is the first
step in the platform of Catholic education.

Its influence, the Archbishop continued, would
develop the mind, would form the conduct and
character and would be an important factor in
determining their success even in the pursuit
of national life, and it would constitute a neces-
sary condition of success in this life and a neces-
sary condition of happiness in the next—a neces-
sary condition for working out the problems of
immortal destiny. The teaching of religion in
the Catholic schools was the one necessary con-
dition, without which they need not have any
schools at all. They might as well have no other
schools if the Catholic religion were not the pre-
siding genius in them.
"Then," added His Grace, "we have secular
science, a knowledge of the things which en-
able us to fulfil the duties—the various voca-
tions of this life to which Divine Providence may
call us. We all know what are the social grades
here—some according to their talent and accord-
ing to their condition in the world will be called
to one position and others to another in civil
life. Some are gifted with more talents than
others, and those gifted with the highest talents
will work themselves into the higher grades of
civil life, while those possessing talents of a
lower order will take a lower place. Neverthe-
less it is the duty of the schools to cultivate the
talents of the children to the utmost extent.
These two things are necessary—(1) a Catholic
education under the benign influence of
religion; (2) secular knowledge, cultivating the
intellectual nature of man—shedding its earthly
character, and its light caught from the
light upon the human mind—fitting men for the
duties of this world, and its light caught from
the mind and heart, and leading them on the
road of rectitude and principle through this life
to the better eternal world. This is the theory
of Catholic education, and I am glad to find
that this theory is being worked out here in this
great city in our Christian schools, under the
care of our Christian Brothers, who have con-
secrated their energies to Christ. These Brothers
do not ask for pay—they work for the love of
Christ." His Grace expressed delight at the
prosperity of the schools, and stated that the
aim of his life had been to do his utmost for
education, to promote that education to fit the
children of Catholic parents to take their proper
place in the civil and social life of this country.
To fit them to do that they must be boys with
cleverness, well educated, and of a high standard
of honor and principle. Having impressed

upon the audience that the first school for boys
and girls was the home—the Christian home—
where the character of the greatest Cathol-
men of the past had been formed—on the knees
of their mothers, the Archbishop observed that
if the home were not what it ought to be the
school could not supplement its teaching.

"As a Catholic Bishop," His Grace added, "I
have all my life endeavored to create a Canadian
priesthood throughout this country. My object
has been to take the boys of parents—to educate
them to make our priesthood racial of the soil.
Just as the mighty forest oak growing up rooted
in its native soil, so have I desired to see the boys
of this country consecrated to the Church. That
has been my wish—to see the priesthood of my
country racial of the soil, like the forest oak,
defying the tempest and the storm that may
sweep over the land. We must no longer
bear, we must no longer submit to the persecu-
tion that we endure at home. We must assert
our manhood and be the equals of our fellow-
countrymen.

I find another motto on the wall, "Patriot-
ism." I am a Canadian, heart and soul
although I do not forget my old home—Ireland.
My most sacred memories are with dear Ire-
land and her struggles, and my sympathies are
with her in her sorrows. But, nevertheless, I
am a Canadian at heart and sympathy. I
admire the country, I admire its Consti-
tution, I admire its people. We should
inculcate in our boys the best senti-
ments of patriotism and love of country, for
this is their country. It is true that an un-
principled, an ignoble, a wicked crusade is
being preached against the Catholic minority
in Upper Canada at this moment. But I will
say this: I have full confidence in the sense
of justice of the Ontario people, and I say further
that this wave of fanaticism will not sweep
them into any act of injustice against the Catho-
lic minority of Upper Canada. I cannot for-
get now the noble sentiments expressed by a
noble son of Ontario—an able man and a good
man—the Hon. Mr. Blake—who said that the
Protestant majority of Ontario should treat the
Catholic minority not only with justice but
with generosity. (Applause.) That sentiment
does honor to his head and heart, and I would
say that that good man would grace any Senate
in the world. Furthermore, the sentiments he
gave expression to are the sentiments main-
tained by the great majority of the Protestant
people of Ontario, who, I am satisfied, will
never lend themselves to an injustice to the
minority composed of their Catholic fellow-
countrymen. I am called into the use of these
expressions by the word "patriotism" on the
wall. Let us love our country in spite of the
injustice preached against us at the present time
—an injustice which will not, which cannot,
prevail in a free country. (Applause.) While
I express hearty approval of the words of Mr.
Blake, I am not saying now whether I endorse
his politics or am opposed to them. (Applause
and laughter.) I will ask the reporters to bear
this in mind—that I neither say I endorse his
politics nor am opposed to them. I wish that
to remain where it stood."

After a few words appreciative of the work
done in the school, and testifying to the interest
he took in the educational and religious interests
of the people, the Archbishop resumed his seat
amid loud applause.
The programme closed with the "Benedictus,"
sung by the choir, and Bach's march, "Boston,"
rendered by the orchestra.

DEATH OF SISTER SHANNON.

The almost sudden death of Sister Catherine
Shannon occurred on Monday morning at the
Convent of the Sacred Heart in this city. The
deceased Sister had been ailing for more than a
year with pulmonary trouble. But she was
down in the chapel and around the house on
Friday and part of Saturday, so that few, if any,
were prepared for her sinking so rapidly and ex-
ploring so suddenly. She had ample time, how-
ever, to receive all the sacraments of the Church,
and for more than a year was fully prepared at
any moment she might be called away, to meet
her Judge. Sister Shannon belonged to an ex-
ceptionally good Catholic family. Of seven sisters
in the family five have made the solemn
vows and taken the Religious habit. She lived
two after her in the Sacred Heart, London. One
is a Loretto nun in the Abbey at Toronto and
one had the happiness of dying a Sister of St.
Joseph at Mount Hope in this city about nine
years ago. The father of this exemplary house-
hold is Michael Shannon, who may be called the
patriarch of Dereham, County Oxford. He emi-
grated from the County Clare, Ireland, about
fifty years ago and settled on the farm he now
occupies. He has lived to see himself surrounded
with every comfort this world can afford and to
see a numerous progeny of children and grand-
children all devout and exemplary Catholics, of
which the five above mentioned are a sample
with perhaps other to follow in the path of a per-
fect Christian life. Mr. Shannon is now in the
eighty seventh year of his age and is yet hale and
hearty.

The funeral of Sister Catherine took place on
Thursday morning from the beautiful coronet
chapel. High Mass de Requiem was celebrated
by Rev. Father Boubat, Rev. Father Flannery
acting as deacon and Rev. Father Molphy as sub-
deacon. A full choir, composed of the lady
teachers and pupils, rendered the Mass in the
solemn dirge of the old Gregorian chant. The
Libera was sung and the last blessing pronounced
by the officiating priest when all that was mortal
of Sister Catherine was conveyed to her last rest-
ing place amid the sobs and regrets of many
and the grief and sorrow of all.

FIRST COMMUNION AT PRINCETON.

At Princeton, Ont., First Communion was
administered on the 18th inst. to twenty-two
children, by Rev. Joseph P. Molphy, P. P. of
Ingersoll. The sermon was very impressive,
being upon the excellence of the Holy Eucharist.
The children had been under preparation for
the solemn occasion for several weeks, Rev.
Father Brady, P. P. of Woodstock, and Rev.
George R. Northgrave, editor of the CATHOLIC
RECORD, having given them during that period
special instructions on Christian doctrine to pre-
pare them for so important an occasion. The
Misses Mienls and Bessie Murphy conducted the
choral part of the service with the parish choir,
and rendered several solos in beautiful and art-
istic style. In the same church there was mid-
night High Mass on Christmas day. The Misses
Murphy also assisted on this occasion. Princeton
church was dedicated about thirteen months ago,
having been erected by Miss Marsha C. who has
also furnished it elegantly with everything need-
ful for the celebration of the divine service.