



## Letters of Regret Received by Pastor of St. Patrick's.

The following letters of regret for inability to attend the ceremonies in connection with the consecration of St. Patrick's Church were received by Father Callaghan:

Montreal, June 18, 1906.  
Mr. James Orathern regrets that owing to absence from the city next week he is unable to accept the very kind invitation of the pastor and clergy of St. Patrick's Church to the banquet on Tuesday, 26th June.

The Pastor and clergy will please except his most sincere congratulations on the happy event of the consecration of their church, indicating the result of their faithful ministrations throughout the parish.

Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D.

Sherbrooke, June 24, 1906.  
Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—It would afford me great pleasure to accept of your Rev. brother's and your own kind invitation to be present at the consecration of St. Patrick's Church and at the banquet to be given on that occasion.

Not to speak of the rather precarious condition of my health at present, I regret to say that engagements which I cannot cancel compel me to decline the graciously proffered invitation.

May I be permitted to say, however, that on the 26th proximo, I will be heart and soul with you, with the clergy and parishioners of St. Patrick's. May the 26th of June, 1906, be inscribed in the annals of St. Patrick's as the red letter day par excellence: a day of extraordinary spiritual joys and blessings for all who, by their persevering efforts and generous sacrifices, prepared its dawn; a day which will not only redound to the glory of God, but also to the honor of St. Sulpice and all English-speaking Catholics, now or in the past connected with the grand old church they fondly style "dear old St. Patrick's."

With renewed expression of my regret and the assurance of my best wishes for the complete success of the grand celebration you are now engaged in preparing, I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

Very truly yours in Christ our Lord,  
PAUL,  
Bishop of Sherbrooke.

Hotel Dieu, Kingston,  
June 24, 1906.

My Dear Father Callaghan:

Accept my most sincere thanks for your kind invitation to the consecration of St. Patrick's Church and the dinner afterwards. At present I am here under treatment for an affection of one eye, and the doctor will not permit me to go to the consecration of the Bishop of Alexandria, and I am also forced to deprive myself of assisting at the solemnities at St. Patrick's on next Tuesday. At least I will be with you and your reverend brother in spirit to pray that Almighty God may continue to shower abundant blessings on the clergy and people of St. Patrick's.

Believe me yours sincerely in Christ,  
R. A. O'CONNOR,  
Bishop of Peterborough.

## Quebec Priests Honored by the Pope.

Two of Quebec's most prominent and popular priests have recently been signally honored by the Pope, who has named Rev. Cure Faguy, of the Basilica, and Rev. Cure Gauvreau, of St. Roch's, Domestic Prelates, with the title of Monsignor. The honor conferred is well merited, for two more zealous and self-sacrificing priests it would be difficult to find anywhere, and when the news of their elevation was officially announced it gave great pleasure not alone to the members of their respective parishes, but to the entire Catholic population of the Ancient Capital. Both are ardent apostles of temperance, Cure Gauvreau especially distinguishing himself in this respect, he being the originator of

Hamilton Ont., June 16.  
Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D.,  
Montreal.

Dear Father Callaghan:

His Lordship the Bishop has received Father Martin's invitation for the consecration ceremony, and also your own for the banquet, for both of which he is thankful. Nothing would give him more pleasure than to be present, both for the sake of dear old St. Patrick's itself and also out of regard for the Callaghans, of whom he often speaks. His Lordship is, however, under medical treatment, and on June 22nd inst. will have to undergo another surgical operation. He has asked me, therefore, to write and explain that in his absence Rev. J. M. Mahony, rector of the Cathedral, would be sent to attend the ceremonies as his representative.

Yours in Christ,  
J. M. MAHONY.

St. Hyacinthe, June 16, 1906.  
Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D.

Dear Father Callaghan:

On my return home, late last night, from Bishop Delaney's funeral, I received your very kind invitation to the consecration of St. Patrick's Church. As an old, and, probably, the oldest altar boy living of the sanctuary, where my vocation was fostered by Father Dowd, continuing the care given it by the saintly director of Bonsecours in 1844, the duty of assisting at the ceremony of the 26th would be a loving duty and one most agreeable, were it possible. I have two engagements for the 25th and 26th, of such a delicate kind that it is impossible for me to cancel them. With deep regret I must submit to the inevitable and beg you to excuse me. You may easily imagine how I deplore the occurrence of a duty I cannot forego, and the pleasure, I may say, of taking a last farewell of the church so full of the best remembrances of my boyhood. You were very kind to think of me. Though not at the ceremony in body, I will most certainly be in mind in St. Patrick's on the 26th.

Please accept my thanks, and believe me that no one will more regret not being with you on that day than your very grateful and devoted parishioner,

A. O'DONNELL, V.G.

St. Agathe des Monts,  
Co. Terrebonne, 20th June, 1906.  
Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D.,  
St. Patrick's, Montreal.

Reverend and Dear Father:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation to be present at the ceremony of the consecration of the dear St. Patrick's Church on Tuesday next.

Owing to ill health, I will be unable to attend, but I will be with you and your dear brother, my old friend, the devoted Father Martin, whom I congratulate with all my heart and soul.

I have the honor to subscribe myself,

One of your devoted friends,  
JOHN O'NEILL.

## Quebec Priests Honored by the Pope.

the movement set on foot some time ago for the closing of saloons at 7 p.m. on Saturdays, and which resulted in the City Council passing a by-law to that effect.

Rev. F. X. Faguy was born at Quebec on the 15th October, 1853, and educated at Quebec Seminary, and graduated from Laval University. He was ordained priest on the 7th June, 1879, and was professor of literature in the Quebec Seminary for eight years. He was afterwards curate at Charlesbourg, St. Jean-Baptiste and St. Roch parishes, and was also chaplain to the Congregationists of St. Roch, now the parish of Notre Dame de Jacques Cartier. When the Northwest Rebellion broke out, Father Faguy was appointed chaplain of the 9th Battalion, and served with that regiment until the close of the troubles. He received a medal for services ren-

dered during the campaign. He is also one of the judges of the Ecclesiastical Court of the Archdiocese of Quebec. He is a very eloquent preacher, and since he has been curé of the Basilica has done much in the way of beautifying that historic church.

Rev. Antoine Gauvreau was born in Rimouski on the 22nd September, 1841. He received his education at the College of Ste. Anne, where he pursued a complete course of classical studies. In October, 1864, he was ordained priest, and was appointed missionary vicar to the parish of Riviere au Renard, Gaspé, filling this charge until 1866, when he was appointed almoner at the Archbishop's Palace, Quebec, being at the same time chaplain of the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Charity. In 1870 he was named curé of St. Nicholas, remaining there until 1875, when he was removed to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and labored in that parish until 1878, being then sent to the parish of St. Romuald, where he remained for six years. He was then sent to Levis, and had charge of that important parish until 1895. From Levis he was transferred to St. Roch de Quebec, where he now labors in season and out of season for the greater honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls.

In Fields Far Off.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is known in Australia, South and Central America, as well as in Canada and the United States, and its consumption increases each year. It has made its own way, and all that needs to be done is to keep its name before the public. Everyone knows that it is to be had at any store, for all merchants keep it.

## CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

The concert given by Branch 26, of the C.M.B.A. in aid of the Catholic Sailors' Club, would bring back to our memories some of the like evenings spent in the company of our seamen's friends last season.

Even before the appointed time the hall was well filled, and when the chairman for the evening, Mr. J. H. Maiden, opened the proceedings, everything certainly wore a most encouraging aspect.

Previous to introducing the chairman, the Rev. Father Malone, S.J., chaplain of the Club, thanked the people present for their generous and hearty support, and referred most feelingly to the change presented there then as compared with the sombre appearance of a few hours earlier in the day.

The programme was a splendid one, and was certainly well carried out. Special notice is due to Misses Foley, Broderick, Rowan and Gerkin, as also to Messrs. Kiely, Murphy, Beauchamp, O'Byrne, Parkinson, and seamen Howard and McNamara, all of whom certainly put forth their best efforts to make the entertainment all that could be looked for. Towards the close of the evening the chairman announced that next week's entertainment would be given by St. Mary's Court, No. 164, C.O.F., when certainly an evening as refined as enjoyable may be justly looked forward to.

Now, seeing that the societies appear to have again taken hold of the weekly entertainments, let us hope that the enthusiasm so grandly displayed last season may not only be maintained but increased to such a degree as to justify the sailor, no matter whence he hails or whither he intends to direct his steps, in the thought that within the precincts of our fair city, he may find home, friends, and comfort whenever he wishes to make just claims upon either their friendship or protection.

## WHY HE DID NOT MIND.

Some ladies made their appearance at a papal reception, to the grave displeasure of the Pope, in ballroom dress. A well-known Cardinal was instructed to apprise these offenders of their breach of etiquette. The Cardinal thus performed his somewhat delicate mission: "The Pope," he said, "is old-fashioned, and does not like décolleté dresses; but I am quite accustomed to them, for I have been so much among savages when a missionary that I do not mind them."

## FATHER McCALLEN'S LECTURE

A large and appreciative audience greeted Father McCallen in Stanley Hall, June 28th. The lecture was a fitting sequel to the grand celebration on the occasion of the consecration of St. Patrick's Church. On June 26th Father McCallen had spoken eloquently of the spiritual treasures of the newly consecrated church. His lecture might justly be called the "Treasures of the Christian Home." Rev. Martin Callaghan pastor of St. Patrick's, introduced the lecturer in the following well chosen words:

I trust you will pardon the vanity I may be thought to indulge in by congratulating myself upon having invited Rev. Father McCallen to preach on the day St. Patrick's Church was consecrated—his sermon was a masterpiece of logic and eloquence—and to lecture on this occasion. I deeply feel and frankly acknowledge that I am in his debt, and I request him to accept on account a verbal tribute of gratitude in presence of the select audience assembled in this hall. Speaking for myself and in your name, I thank him.

If you could know the tone in which he answered my two-fold invitation, you could not but reserve him a privileged place in your esteem and affection. It is a striking illustration of two things which could not be called into question. He is a veteran in the ranks of the priesthood, which he has honored in Canada and in the United States. He blends with the freshness, elasticity and activity of youth the intellectual maturity of manhood. Though according to the theory ascribed to a Baltimore professor, Osler must be his name, he has stepped into the chariot zone, still he finds it an easy task to excel in whatever he undertakes. He is the first of the Irish-American generation that joins resources at his command—a community, the nobility of whose aims has always captivated the faculties of his soul and monopolized all the resources at his command—a community whose prolonged term of spiritual ministrations will be everlastingly remembered by the Irish Catholics of Montreal.

He has not forgotten St. Patrick's parish, and I scarcely need assure him that it has not forgotten him. St. Patrick's parish—I could add every English-speaking parish on this island—is anything but inclined to bury in oblivion any priest—no matter what might be his position or nationality—who is identified with its welfare. If Father McCallen left this parish, it was in compliance with the will of his superiors which he has at all times taken for the standard he should follow.

Father McCallen has never ceased to love St. Patrick's parish, a parish with which he was for twelve years connected, and upon which he reflected lustre as the almoner of the poor, the apostle of temperance, and a curate noted for his skilled zeal in every department of the sacred ministry. Always will he consider it a happiness to serve the parish when unprevented by the duties assigned him in the land of his birth—in the country over which proudly floats in the breeze a flag to which dips the flags of all nations—in a country which perhaps might be termed the Chanaan of modern times, and particularly of the twentieth century. I will not introduce him. You knew him and you recognize him. I shall say nothing in praise of his lecture. It will speak for itself in a language which I could interpret only inadequately. I am confident you will duly appreciate it.

Father McCallen, before beginning his lecture, expressed his pleasure at being again among so many dear friends. He pleasantly retorted that Dr. Osler was not a product of Baltimore, but of Canada, and amid much laughter, greeted Father Martin as a dear brother of the Oslerian order.

The lecture was full of instruction and entertainment, and held the audience from start to finish. The lecturer paid his compliments first to the men, who were called upon to do more than merely contribute cash to the wife and mother, sister or daughter who conducted the household. Women needed more and de-

manded more than cash. She clamored for love, affection, appreciation and sympathy.

His description of woman dragged from the high niche in which God had placed her, and reduced to the condition of servitude—a mere chattel to be bought and sold, the toy and plaything of man's passions—then restored by Christ through His virgin mother to the high estate from which she had been degraded, was one of the most beautiful descriptions it has ever been our good fortune to hear.

The protection the Church always gave womanhood was forcibly illustrated by the story of Henry VIII and his demand on the Pope to grant a divorce from Catherine of Arragon; the firm stand for Catherine taken by the Pope and his well known "Non possumus," "I cannot," was a wonderful exhibition of the father's elocutionary ability.

Throughout the lecture there was, however, a vein of humor, which convulsed the audience, and drove home the most telling truths in a way which will never allow those truths to be forgotten.

Men and women were thoroughly drilled in the necessity of giving one another that sympathy, affection and appreciation, that mutual bearing of one another's burdens, which contribute so much to make a home happy.

Seldom did an audience leave a lecture hall more pleased, appreciative and satisfied than that which departed from Stanley Hall on the evening of June 28th.

Truth was brought home to them in so pleasant a manner, that, though all felt that they had been "hit," no one was sore over the blows received. Father McCallen's humorous stories, witty repartee and wonderful power as an elocutionist will keep long in the memories of his hearers the lesson of how kings and queens may make Christian homes happy.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

## Victorious Race with Death

Rev. Father Purcell had a grim but victorious race with death on Lake Coeur d'Alene, east of Spokane, last Friday. Arthur McQuillan was run over and fatally injured on the Michah creek logging railroad. Knowing that he was about to die, McQuillan asked for a priest. He was placed upon a special train and hurried to the lakeside, then transferred to a steam launch and started in the direction of Coeur d'Alene City. In the meantime Father Purcell had been telephoned to, and he also rushed to the water front, boarded a launch and started up the lake to meet the incoming boat. The two launches met in the middle of the lake. The dying logger was transferred to the boat of the priest, who administered to him the last rites of the Church. As the priest spoke the last words of the closing prayer McQuillan, with a sigh of relief, died.

## CAUSE FOR ALARM.

The late Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia, used to relate this to himself. "I preached a funeral sermon at one time, and spoke longer than was my custom.

"The undertaker was a man of nervous temperament, and as the afternoon was going he began to be anxious to be on the way to the cemetery. He finally whispered to one of my members: "Does your minister always preach as long as that at a funeral?"

"Well," said the brother, "that is a good sermon."

"Yes," said the undertaker, "the sermon is all right, and I believe in the resurrection, but I am afraid if he does not stop pretty soon I will not get this man buried in time."

## A GOOD INVESTMENT

There is a dollar's worth of comfort and satisfaction in every package of "Foot Elm." Every one who walks should use it.

## Monuments of

## Noted Irishmen.

What wonderful men and women of genius that little Isle of Erin has sent forth into the great world to work for other nations? That question I have asked myself a hundred times in a hundred different places when I have noticed some striking memorial which attracts wonder and admiration, writes Jas. K. McGuire to The Catholic Light.

The other day in Washington, on a bright, clear May morning, in the park opposite the White House, in the center of an emerald green verdure, a noble environment, mounted on horseback, in bold relief, was the sculptured bronze figure of Andrew Jackson, whose mother was an Irish Carrickfergus linen weaver.

Later in the day, standing in the rotunda of the Capitol, speaking to a friend, I noticed that I had been standing alongside of the statue of Robert Fulton, the father of steam navigation and an Irish exile. And as I left the corridor, I observed the splendid figure in marble of the noblest son of Maryland, signer of the Declaration of Independence, friend of Washington and Jefferson—Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Speaking of these figures, later to Mr. Henry J. Kearney, a traveler of wide range and older experience, he had this to say on the same subject, one of many similar incidents:

In the year 1868, Mr. Kearney stood on the streets of Lima, Peru. The day was a sad holiday, a funeral day. A vast multitude accompanied the funeral cortege. A nation was in mourning over the dead patriot and soldier, who was pronounced by all present as the liberator, the Washington of Peru. The coffin approached, the name of the hero of Peru was seen, and the name in life of the great dead was O'Higgins. The people were consigning the body of General Patrick O'Higgins to its final resting place.

The traveler who approaches close to the celebrated Morro Castle in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, observes the great light on the rocks over the castle. And encrolled in the stone, in vast letters is the name "O'Donnell," who was a celebrated captain general of Spain.

I remember on one occasion being struck with the same thought in London. I was entering the British House of Commons, through doors on the Westminster Abbey side, and as I passed under the portals I noticed one statue on the right, another on the left, the one the figure of Edmund Burke, the great Irish patriot, the other the sculptured figure in stone of Henry Grattan, patriot and statesman.

I noticed a similar coincidence on entering the little graveyard of St. Paul's Church, in New York City, only the other day. In the center of lower Broadway's busy and strenuous life lies the silent old church graveyard, sacred and unyielding to the march of office buildings, sky scrapers, banks and material and commercial things. There are three monuments in the old cemetery which attract the eye of the visitor. The three are conspicuous for their size and state of preservation aside from the memories clustered about them.

In the center wall of the church, in front, lies the bones of General Richard Montgomery, who was killed under the walls of Quebec, Dec. 31, 1775, an Irishman, gentle, brave and patriotic. Congress placed this unique monument outside the church wall where the remains of the gallant soldier are buried. In the year 1818 the remains were brought by the State of New York from Quebec to this spot.

To the right of the church is the tall obelisk shape granite monument over the grave of the famous physician, Dr. William James MacNiven. This celebrated scientist was born in Ireland in 1763, and died in New York in 1841.

The other monument, a tall shaft of granite, stands over the grave of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, and the name of Emmet requires no explanation in these columns. St. Paul's is a very old Protestant cemetery, and be it remembered that many of the noblest Irish patriots in Catholic Ireland were not of our faith.