

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 4.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1882.

NO. 194

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO.,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS.
A nice assortment of Imported
TWEEDS now in stock.
ALSO—
New Ties, Silk Handkerchiefs,
Underclothing, Etc.
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Thomas Moore—Born May 28, 1779.
"There is not in the wide world" a singer so sweet
As the Bard in whose melody, this evening,
We meet;
"Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart."
Ere the love that we bear him "shall fade
From the brow of Avoca," where bright
Than the "Vale of Avoca," where bright
waters are.
We have stood by his side on his green
Shamrock land,
And have wandered with him over Iran's
gold sand,
And the air was more fragrant in East and
in West,
Than the sweet perfumed gales of Arabia the
blest.
We have been in the bower "by the calm
Bendishore,"
Which the nightingale's song and the roses
made dear;
We recall the fair scene, with a tender re-
gret,
And think—"his nightingale singing there
yet?"
How often, when lingering on the shell-
straw strand,
We have watched for the Gieher's burning
brand,
And have gazed down the depths of "Oman's
green water,"
Where Peris still keep over "Araby's daugh-
ter."
Over the Lake of Cashmere we have felt our
heart glide
"In moonlight and music," with him by our
side,
And through the "Feast of Roses—Bridal of
the Year."
Oh, "think what a heaven" he made of Cash-
mere!
But though lovely these scenes, there are
others more dear
Than the spice groves of Iran and Vale of
Cashmere.
Beside the "soft magic of streamlet or hill,"
He has led us through places "more exqui-
site still."
When, leaving the world of fair Nature's ex-
istence,
He has led us, with him, through the field of
romance:
For oh! where is the radiance "on life's dull
stream"
Like the light on the pathway of "Love's
Young Dream."
Blue, blue, may the skies be o'er "the calm
Bendishore,"
And the voice of the nightingale sweet to the
ear,
But still deeper the blue of the heavens
above,
"When we see them reflected from looks
that we love."
Oh! will may our hearts keep his memory
green
As the pomegranate branches by Yemen's
green stream,
For with him we have breathed an incense
as sweet
As the cinnamon rod in the fabled street—
And the songs that he sang, like the night-
ingale's note,
And the music of life is the voice of love,
And now, in the fairest spring-time of the
year,
With the dawning of Summer's bright
day,
When the song-birds are weaving their nests
in the shade,
And the soft twilight mingles with evening's
sweet shade,
We pause at this day, which we mark by his
name,
Like pilgrims who bow at a temple of fame,
To show him the love that we bear to him
yet.
"For the heart that loves truly can never
forget."
And we lay down our tribute—a smile and a
tear—
As fondly we murmur, we "wish he were
here."
HARLETT T. F. BURNSIDE, in Boston Daily
Advertiser.

CATHOLIC PRESS.
New York Tablet.
The patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, at
a meeting in the county of Limerick
lately, dwelt upon the gross injustice of
sending Englishmen and Scotchmen to
govern Ireland, of which most of them
were quite ignorant. His grace pointed
out that Ireland has now an English lord-
lieutenant, an English chief secretary, a
Scottish under-secretary, and an English
assistant-secretary. "France," said the
archbishop, "is governed by Frenchmen,
Spain by Spaniards, England by English-
men, and even Poland by Poles, and why
should not Ireland be governed by Irish-
men?"

Catholic Review.
Yes, we meet it every day—that class
of men who never seem to observe the
necessity of adapting the logic of practical
life to spiritual matters. Abstinence from
food they regard in the light of a mortifica-
tion against which nature sets up the
most uncompromising revolt, yet they
appear to think that faith alone can sur-
vive this starving process and still retain
all its natural energy and value. Yet
faith to be genuine must be active, and to
fancy that its activity and vigor can be
preserved without corresponding sustenance
is about as wild a delusion as the old
ignis fatuus of perpetual motion—the
impossible dream of a long list of vision-
aries. Yes, faith is a gift whose value
can never be sufficiently appreciated, and
yet the shallow piety and meagre reason-
ing of too many Catholics now-a-days put
it in jeopardy by trusting to the elemen-
ary education of boyhood to preserve
them amidst the worry and fret of the
world and the deceptive influence of con-
flicting opinions.

The Independent takes Mr. John McCar-
thy to task for the cool and incisive
way in which he has demolished the pre-
tensions of at least one non-Catholic
society to be a missionary church. It is
amusing to note the anger of these jarring
sects whenever a Catholic writer ventures
to say with gentleness and composure
what they are constantly saying of each
other with vehemence and ill-temper.
Mr. McCarthy has done with a self-re-
strained and judicial temper simply what

the secular and Protestant press have been
doing for years, namely, showing that for
every practical result derived from the
millions of dollars flung into the laps of
the Methodist missionaries and their ex-
cellent spouses for the conversion of the
heathen (which term, be it understood,
embraces Romanists as well as infidels),
they might as well have sunk in the
East River, or the canal across the Isth-
mus. Our contemporary howls and tears
his hair and makes nasty insinuations, but
for any effort to wrestle with the writer's
facts and figures, he might as well be
hacking at the lay figure in Scott's novel,
and fancy that he was making mince-meat
of a Saracen. "You try to take away
the character of our converts," he screams.
"We admit that most of our 'converts'
have come amongst us because there was
no longer room for them in your body,
and have ended by bringing disgrace upon
our immaculate selves; but then some of
the brands plucked from the burning are
not rotten branches, but odorous with
evangelical perfume. Look at Cambello!
You will not even let us discharge our
fire-crackers on the advent of that
illustrious canon amongst us in peace. If
he were so bad as you say, why did you
not let us before? You know more about
him than we did." But in fact, Cambello
is out of the discussion. Bad as the un-
happy man was, he thought himself too
good for the Methodists, and he had
hardly read his recantation when he
applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury
to be admitted into the English Church.
Our Methodist friends make great noise
about their capture of a canon of St.
Peter's. They held their sanctified noses
and looked aside from the record that
made Cambello's departure from the
Church a necessity. They have been
strangely reticent since his change of base.
They have not stopped the song of tri-
umph, but they have not raised the wail
of sorrow over a back-sliding brother, and
they are wise in their generation; there
are remote meeting-houses where the
noble convert may still be utilized in ex-
tracting dollars from the pockets of
simple-minded congregations for the con-
version of the "heathen."

Cleveland Universe.
Dad reading had his shocking consum-
mation in the fate of John Tibbets, at
Perham, Minn., June 9. John having
devoured the depraved literature for
youth, determined on going West and
joining the cowboys; as preliminary
he murdered two young men in his neigh-
borhood. He was overtaken on his way
West; in the morning laughed at his cap-
tors, at evening was swung into eternity
by lynchers. He realized it all at the end.
Tibbets was but 17 years old.

London Universe.
Dr. Pusey has been telling some home
truths to the believers in the Church of
the so-called "Reformation"—the reli-
gious system manufactured by Parli-
ament. In a letter to the English Church
Union Dr. Pusey says: "The sacredness of
marriage had been already assailed and
profaned by the Divorce Court. Adultery
had been proclaimed under the name of
law. Law had disjoined what God had
joined. Adulterers and adulteresses had
been blessed in the name of God, and
bidden to continue their adultery under
the fiction of marriage legal by man's law,
but forbidden and abhorrent to God,
whose name was profaned to bless it. A
small active body set themselves some
forty years ago to obtain a legal sanction
for one sort of incest. The cancerous sore
had spread, reaching the very heart.
People now consistently questioned
whether the relations of the wife were
anything to the husband, and the beau-
tiful network of affection by which God
knitted together the great human family
was threatened with dissolution in our
land as it had been elsewhere. Alas for
poor England!" Facts are stubborn
things. Can anybody deny the truthfulness
of this awful series of asseverations? Such
are the fruits of a religious system set
up in opposition to the Church insti-
tuted by our Saviour. Alas! indeed, poor
England!

Baltimore Mirror.
Our Protestant neighbors are fast los-
ing hold of the few doctrines of Christi-
anity which they now grasp. The New
York Methodist says: "Doctrinal
scruples of young ministers, candidates
for installation, are becoming wearis-
omely monotonous. A case is just now
reported from a Congregational Church,
in a Western city, where the church was
equally divided as to the acceptance of a
candidate, the objections being entirely in
respect to his creed. The points of dis-
sent were the three standard ones—the
inspiration of the Scriptures, the atone-
ment, and future punishment. That
thoughtful persons should find themselves
constrained to pause and think twice on
any and all of these subjects is neither
strange nor yet a cause for reproach;
but that any one should hold himself
ready to become the religious guide and
instructor of the people while his mind is
yet unsettled on any of these points,
would indicate a very inadequate appre-
ciation of the responsibilities that he is
proposing to assume, and, if indeed, any
one who has definite convictions on any
of those points, and is still seeking to gain
possession of some hitherto orthodox pul-
pit from which to proclaim his dubita-
tions—the difficulty with such a one is
of the heart rather than of the head. We
know of no more flagrant form of fraud
than dealings under false pretenses; and
if they who adulterate food and medicines
are especially criminal, how about those
who adulterate or label falsely the food
and medicine of the soul? Freedom of
the thought is one thing; false and decep-

tive teaching quite another." Our con-
temporary fails to add that in nearly
every instance these doubling and unorth-
odox ministers are sustained by their re-
spective congregations and continued in
their office of teacher and pastor.

Some members of the fair sex dislike
the word woman. Why? That is what
we do not understand and could not find
out. It cannot be because it makes them
recall the *vos et vos* wrought by Eve; it
nor because it reminds us of the dear crea-
tures thought that every year was leap year
and were given to *vos men*; nor yet be-
cause it seems to favor the women's rights
movement by its statement of *us men*.
Woman is a good word. It is a sterling
noun from the well of English undefiled.
It was used by the Angel Gabriel in ad-
dressing the Virgin of the blood royal of
Israel when he assured her saying,
"Blessed art thou amongst women." It
was employed by our Divine Lord Himself
when He spoke to His Mother at the wed-
ding feast of Cana, and again on the hill
of Calvary. Surely, what was good
enough for the Queen of Heaven, is good
enough for any other of the daughters of
men?

Now then we read in the secular
press items like this one: The Union
Theological Seminary is in luck. Some
time ago ex-Gov. Morgan gave it \$200,-
000 for a building site. This week it has
had a gift of \$50,000 from Mr. Morris K.
Jesup Hall, about as much more from
five other gentlemen, \$100,000 from Mr.
D. Willis James for a dormitory building,
and \$80,000 from a gentleman who does
not want his name mentioned. Still they
are not satisfied, but want \$175,000 more.
Nearly half a million dollars, with what
they have got, one would think would be
enough." But as Catholic journalists we
seldom or never have to record the endow-
ment of a Catholic college by wealthy
laymen. When such an event does
occur, everybody is surprised, including
the testator himself and the institution
which is benefited by his bounty. It
should not be unusual for rich members
of the Church to make God Almighty one
of their heirs!

Freeman's Journal.
There is a cry kept up loudly, heard to
the effect that Michael Davitt is coming
here to preach Communism in the Cath-
olic Church. The *Freeman*, published
in Boston, joins in this cry, and as-
serts that Mr. Davitt has given himself
over to Mr. Henry George, whose plausi-
ble but pernicious theories have already
been noticed by us. The Irish people
have learned to trust Mr. Davitt, and
we see no reason to believe that he is inclined
to betray the cause of the laboring man
in America before he has never shown any
symptoms of softening of the brain.
These two things taken together, go to
show that Mr. Davitt, even if he should
be ignorant of Catholic principles, will
not attempt to engraft any Communistic
theories on the Irish movement. If he
should do so, he would prove that he does
not know his own people, or like the unfor-
tunate O'Donovan Rossa, he is crazy. The Irish
people in America let that blatant dem-
agogue, Dennis Kearney, drop like a hot
potato; and any other man who attempts
to preach the doctrine that "equal rights"
means that every man shall have an equal
right in every other man's property, real
or personal, will find that he has made a
mistake; therefore, we think that the
Boston Republic is needlessly alarmed.

SUNDAY is the most miserable day in
the week to thousands of unfortunate whom
Puritanical traditions have doomed to
idle idleness of body. A large American
city is on a hot Sunday like the travel-
er's description of the Desert of Sahara.
The dreary monotony, the sullen des-
pondency, of the corner-loungers, the
ponderous waste of sun and stones—all this
savours of mourning, not of joy. Sunday
is a day of joy, a day for devotion and
rest, not a day for despondency and
idleness. Unhappy are the children con-
demned, even in the households of Catho-
lic parents who have attained the ways of
holiness, to be subjected to the noise and
clamor of the play, forbidden to
sing, permitted only the diversion of the
Sabbath meeting, the little child nurtured
in Protestantism may be forgiven for wish-
ing that he were dead. Forced to sit primly,
with some goody-goody *Memoir*, or the
grim Foxe's *Martyrs*, while the sunshine
comes in at the window, he is offered
living, silently protesting sacrifice to the
Moloch of Puritanism. But Catholics,
knowing that Sunday is not the Sabbath,
ought to make the day bright and happy.
It is Our Lord's day; He did not frown
on the children when they came to Him,
or awe them with a stern look.

Catholic Standard.
One of our city dailies in speaking of
the rapid "growth of Romanism in the
United States," made the following re-
mark: "The Romanists extend their
lines with resistless strength; the rest of
Christendom is divided up into many
folds, but the parent Church is one and
indivisible. Hence the extraordinary
spectacle of strength it presents." What
a strange acknowledgment is not this when
carefully analyzed, though a very common
one. The Catholic Church alone on the
face of the earth asserts all other organi-
zations of every kind and for every
purpose "one and indivisible," yet no thought, or at least no in-
timation of the reason of this wonderful
fact nor of the lesson it teaches! Disin-
tegration, division and ultimate dissolu-
tion everywhere else, but perpetual inde-
structible unity in the Catholic Church
alone. Rebellions and apostasies of indi-
viduals singly and collectively occurring
from time to time; schisms arising in dif-
ferent ages and countries, yet not affecting
this "oneness," this "indivisibility," the

apostasies and schisms simply dropping
away like dead branches from a tree full
of vigorous life, leaving the unity of the
Church unimpaired.

Catholic Telegraph.
It would appear that the Protestants
themselves are now ready to admit that
they are being beaten in the fair fight be-
tween themselves and Catholics, for the
souls of the people of this country. By
the very nature of its transitory existence,
the first law of which is that of disintegra-
tion, Protestantism must, sooner or later,
go under, and, according to the Evan-
gelical Messenger, that time is fast ap-
proaching. Our Protestant contemporary
has the following. A Lesson From Catho-
licism, "a meeting held in Philadelphia
under the auspices of the American Sun-
day School Union, the Rev. George Dana
Boardman, D. D., said the secret of the
Roman Catholic success was that that
Church takes our destitute outposts by
first on the ground. They are first to
gain a foothold—first to establish head-
quarters. He then proceeded to give in-
stances, as in Mexico, Brazil, Peru, Chili,
and enquired: "What kind of immigra-
tion is it pouring into our Western lands?
Is it Protestant Christian immigration?
Alas, no! It is that of infidelity; Roman-
ism, secularism. These are the settlers in
a large measure; and one of the golden
objects of the American Sunday-School
Union is to take possession of the land; to
plant the standard of immortality upon the
outposts; to keep in step with our ever
receding frontier." We pass over the very
apparent insult contained in the
coupling of infidelity with "Romanism,"
by which, of course, Catholicity is meant. It
is gratifying to find Protestants willing to
yield the palm of victory to Catholics,
even though they claim as their outposts
places to which they have never yet pen-
etrated. The best and only lesson they
can take from Catholics is the glorious
gift of the Faith which makes us strong.

Catholic Columbian.
WHAT a glory would redound to the
Church in America if all the Catholic
young men and maidens that will go forth
in the week next with the honors of
their Alma maters, would prove faithful
to their Catholic training! We dare not
promise ourselves the consolation of such
a perseverance in their religion, for alas,
many have shown themselves recreant to
the noble trust imposed upon them. The
world is too much for them, and its tempta-
tions too alluring. But the majority
we believe, will at their light shine
amongst men that others seem to
glorify God. The false notion that re-
ligion and success in life are incompatible,
is fast fading away before the examples
of glorious Catholic champions, who have
honored our faith in the forum, in the
halls of science, in the cabinets of litera-
ture, in the departments of human knowl-
edge and skill. To these should our
Catholic young men and women look
when beginning life on "Commencement
Day."

TAKING THE BLACK VEIL.
The interesting and impressive cere-
mony of taking the black veil and mak-
ing the final vows of the life of a religious
of the order of St. Ursula, took place in
the venerable monastery of that name, in
this city, at 6.30 yesterday morning. At
the same time, also, took place the recep-
tion of the white veil of another young
lady. The presiding clergyman was the
very Rev. Cyril E. Legare, V. G., assisted
by Rev. Messrs. Legare and O'Leary, as
deacon and sub-deacon. The Rev. Messrs.
Lemoine, chaplain of the monastery, and
Drolet, P. P. of St. Columba of Silery,
were also present in the sanctuary. The
young lady who made her final vows was
Miss Mary Catherine D'Arcy Power,
adopted daughter of Mr. Barlow Power,
in relation to Rev. Mother St. Barthe-
lomew, and the recipient of the white
veil was Miss Caron, of River du Loup.
At the hour named a procession of the
sisterhood entered the choir, followed by
the two young ladies already named, at-
tended by the Rev. Mother Assistant, the
choir, composed of a number of the young
ladies. Arrived at the grating the reli-
gious filed into their stalls whilst the
young ladies approached and knelt there
at, the Vicar-General and his attendants
having previously taken their places out-
side, or in the sanctuary of the public
chapel. The usual questions were put and
then took place the blessing of the veils,
&c. A Low Mass was then said by the
presiding clergyman, at which he was at-
tended by Mr. Nicholas Power, a student
of the Regis Seminary, at Ilchester,
Maryland, brother of the newly pro-
fessed nun, and another young gentleman
as acolytes. After Mass a very impressive
sermon was preached by Rev. Father
Burke, C. S. R., of St. Patrick's, who
took for his text Palm xlii. The con-
ferring of the black veil and of the white
veil did not of the order then took place,
the newly professed singing *Evadit cor
meum verbum bonum: dico ego opera mea
recte, thrice, the choir each time responding
Quem vidit, quem amavi in quem credidi,
quem dilexi.* The hymn *Te Deum Laudamus*
was then solemnly sung, the newly
professed lying prostrate, her face on the
ground, and covered with the black chris-
telle of the order, and having her arms
crossed. The hymn finished, the professed
and the postulante made the tour of the
choir, receiving and giving the "kiss of
peace" to each of the sisterhood, whilst
the choir sang *Ecco quam bonam, &c.*, after
which all retired. During the mass
several hymns were beautifully sung by
the choir. The parlors of the monastery
were afterwards crowded with friends
anxious to congratulate the new re-
ligious.—Quebec Chronicle, June 22.

THE LATE REV. B. MCGAURAN.

The following biographical sketch of
the lamented deceased will be found in-
teresting. He was born in the parish of
Ballisodare, county Sligo, on the 14th
August, 1821, and came to this country
with his parents at an early age. He was
educated at the College of St. Anne de la
Pointe, and was ordained at Quebec by
Archbishop Signay the 23rd April, 1846,
and was immediately appointed vicar of
St. Francois du Lac. In the spring of
1847, he was appointed Chaplain at Grosse
Isle and was the first priest stricken by
the ship fever of that terrible year, from
the effects of which and the labors he
underwent, he never fully recovered. In
the same year he was appointed vicar of
St. Patrick, Quebec. In 1848, he was
appointed missionary in the Eastern
Townships, his mission including nearly
the whole of the present diocese of Sher-
brooke and, as during his incumbency of
this very extensive mission, the construc-
tion of the Grand Trunk Railway was in
operation, his labors were neither few nor
light. Resigning his charge through sheer
exhaustion in 1854, he was named *deser-
vant* of L'Ange Gardien, and later
vicar of St. Joseph of Levis, and later,
vicar in the parish of Notre Dame de
Levis, on the beautiful heights of that
town opposite this city. In 1856 he was
appointed Rector of St. Patrick, Quebec,
which he resigned, and retired from the
active ministry in 1874. In 1871, on the
occasion of his silver jubilee in the priest-
hood, he was presented with an address
accompanied by a gold watch and chain
by the Committee of St. Patrick's Church.
In 1872 he visited Europe. In Ireland
he was the recipient of many marks of es-
teem, notably from the late distinguished
Archbishop McHale, whom he first met
in historic Cong, and was subsequently his
cherished guest in Tuam. In London he
was most warmly received and hospitably
entertained by Cardinal Manning, to
whom he imparted a large amount of in-
formation concerning Canada and particu-
larly the school system; thus, no
doubt, laying the foundation of the Car-
dinal's subsequent action in providing for
so many of the great city's waifs. In
Rome he was accorded a private audience
by the late Pope Pius IX., and was author-
ized to bestow the Papal Benediction on
his people, a privilege which he availed
himself of, and the solemnity of that
Sunday in St. Patrick's is still fondly
remembered. Specially honored by the
Cardinal-Dean Patrizi, he was accorded
a great many spiritual privileges—amongst
others that of erecting an Altar in his
private residence and of celebrating Holy
Mass there whenever he should so think
fit.

The crowning work of his life was the
foundation of the St. Bridget's Asylum,
and, as has already been briefly said,
seldom has the parable of the grain of
mustard seed been more fully exemplified
than in the case of this institution so dear
to the Irish Catholics of this city. Small,
very small, in its beginning, it today
stands forth as a monument to his memory
with every prospect of a growing and in-
creasing prosperity.

A PLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCE.
The little ones in charge of the good
Sisters of St. Joseph at Mount Hope are
well cared for. They are treated with a
kindness even a lover could feel for them
by fond parents. Many times during the
year they are made the recipients of acts of
kindness and love which reflect much credit
on many of our kind-hearted citizens.
Last Saturday they were treated to a pic-
nic which will for many a day leave plea-
sant memories enshrined on their young
hearts. The good ladies of the Sacred
Heart Convent invited them to an enter-
tainment on the beautiful grounds of that
celebrated institution of learning, on Dun-
dass street. The tables were laden with
sweets and luxuries that must have
made their little hearts jump for joy.
The Madams and Sisters, as well as the
young lady pupils, seemed to vie with each
other in the matter of showing kindness
to their little guests. In the evening all
returned to their beloved convent at
Mount Hope, thoroughly delighted with
the pleasant day spent at the Academy of
the Sacred Heart.

Christians Honoring an Infidel.
It is all very well for atheists, revolu-
tionists, and republicans, communists,
free lovers and disbelievers in all revealed
religion to celebrate themselves in hono-
ring the memory of Garibaldi and making
speeches in which they affirm that he was
the noblest and the greatest of men, and
that in his death the world has suffered an
irreparable loss. But when it comes to
holding a "religious service of memorial"
for this notorious free lover, atheist and
soldier of fortune in a Protestant Episco-
pal chapel, "with the usual evening prayer
and burial service of the Protestant Episco-
pal Church," the height of absurdity and
inconsistency has been reached. This
was done yesterday in Grace Chapel, East
Fourth-street, the Rev. Mr. Standler
what did the friars of St. Dominic? Did
they quit the land and return to Spain,
where they could practice their religion
without danger to themselves? No; they
chose to remain, and rather mingle Domi-
nican blood with Irish throughout the
anguinary reign of Elizabeth. In ten
years 450 Dominican friars suffered
martyrdom in Ireland. After an eloquent
exposition of the service of the Domini-
can order to the cause of religion, the Rev.
Father Burke concluded with an earnest
appeal to the congregation for aid towards
the erection of his new church at Tallagt.
The collection subsequently taken up
realized a considerable sum.

TAKING A DEGREE.
Mr. Thos. O'Hagan, head master of the
R. C. Separate school, Ottawa has gradu-
ated with honor at the Chatham University,
receiving his degree of B. A. He read an
original valedictory poem, which is worthy
of high praise. We should indeed be
pleased to see the poems of this clever
young Catholic published in book form.
We have no doubt they would be well
received and meet with a large sale.
Mr. O'Hagan will spend the summer
vacation at the Philadelphia School
of Oratory.

SERMON BY FATHER TOM BURKE.

On Sunday the Very Rev. Thomas
Burke, O.P., who is now engaged in the
task of collecting funds for a new church
at Tallagt, preached in behalf of that ob-
ject at the parish church of Swords. The
village of Swords is remarkable as being
the site and containing the ruins of a mon-
astery founded by St. Columkille, and at
present it is the centre of an extensive
Catholic district. This was shown by the
large congregation which crowded the sac-
red edifice in response to the invitation
to meet the eloquent preacher. The
church, a handsome structure, has recently
been painted and decorated, and a new
altar has been supplied. High Mass was
celebrated, and after the first Gospel the
Very Rev. Thos. Burke preached a power-
ful and effective sermon from the text,
"At that time Jesus said to his disciples,
All power is given to me in heaven and
on earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all
nations, baptizing them in the name of
the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, teach-
ing them to observe all things whatsoever
I have commanded you; and behold I am
with you always." (Matt. xviii. 20). More
than four hundred years, said the rev.
preacher, after these words were spoken
by Christ, in an island far out in the sea,
possessed of a quick, irascible, but gener-
ous race, a man came from Rome. The
land was almost unknown to Greece and
Rome, though it possessed civilization
and tradition older than either. He came
and preached to them who were pagans,
and baptized them in the rivers of this
ancient island. Its kings, its statesmen,
its bards and Druids, were baptized by
Patrick, and the light has never been for
one instant quenched since he kindled it
upon the sacred Hill of Tara, on that Easter
Eve.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

And before St. Patrick died the land was
holy among nations. And from Ireland
the faith was spread into savage, strange
and foreign lands. About half a century
after the faith was brought to Ireland by
St. Patrick a man was born away in far
Tyrocinell in the north. He came from
a race of kings, and he was called by the
name of Columkille of the Cell. His
figure was strong and graceful, and his
face was further gifted with the most perfect
manly beauty. But he heard the Word
of God, and he wished to tell it to others.
He devoted himself to the service of
Almighty God, and he became the most
wondrous of preachers. Men of some
thunder of his voice as it resounded the
gospel. He founded over a hundred
monasteries throughout the island, and
amongst them this very one which you
see in ruins outside—the ancient and
sanctified monastery of Swords. Olden
writers tell us that on account of some
rash act the great and holy priest left his
native land. He crossed the sea and
landed in Scotland to preach the Gospel
to the wild and savage Picts. What
Patrick was to Ireland Columkille was
to Scotland. He went to the lone island
of Iona, and he covered it with one large
monastery.

HE WAS THE LIGHT AMONGST LIGHTS.

And is it a wonder, when it is recalled to
my memory that the "Dove of the Cell"
once stood upon this very spot, that I
should lift up my voice with fear and
trembling in this holy place? But though
he has gone to his Father in heaven his
spirit remains and must for ever remain
in the Church. About six hundred years
after St. Columkille's death a man was
born away among the olive groves of
Spain. This man was St. Dominic, the
founder of the Dominican Order. He
also was of noble if not imperial birth.
He was filled with the love of God. He
found the Church disturbed by heresy on
the one side, and on the other hundreds
of thousands of armed men trying to en-
force the heavenly truth with arms of
flesh, while they were injuring the cause
by the inhumanity of their lives. He
restored peace in the Church by his
preaching, a feat that was impossible to
all the forces of Christendom. After a
while the Order of the Dominican Friars
spread to Ireland, and

**THE IRISH PEOPLE TOOK THE WHITE-ROBED
MISSIONARIES**

to their hearts. Three hundred years
after a persecution gathered over the
island. Her nationality was taken from
her, and the sword was drawn to make
her give up her religion, to give up Mary
and to blaspheme God. Martyrs were
found all over the land, and the whole
island was sanctified by blood shed for
the true faith. In this unhappy time
what did the friars of St. Dominic? Did
they quit the land and return to Spain,
where they could practice their religion
without danger to themselves? No; they
chose to remain, and rather mingle Domi-
nican blood with Irish throughout the
anguinary reign of Elizabeth. In ten
years 450 Dominican friars suffered
martyrdom in Ireland. After an eloquent
exposition of the service of the Domini-
can order to the cause of religion, the Rev.
Father Burke concluded with an earnest
appeal to the congregation for aid towards
the erection of his new church at Tallagt.
The collection subsequently taken up
realized a considerable sum.

TAKING A DEGREE.

Mr. Thos. O'Hagan, head master of the
R. C. Separate school, Ottawa has gradu-
ated with honor at the Chatham University,
receiving his degree of B. A. He read an
original valedictory poem, which is worthy
of high praise. We should indeed be
pleased to see the poems of this clever
young Catholic published in book form.
We have no doubt they would be well
received and meet with a large sale.
Mr. O'Hagan will spend the summer
vacation at the Philadelphia School
of Oratory.

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