

# 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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## CLERICAL.

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### A LEGEND OF THE SHAMROCK.

MARCH 17TH, 1885.

There's a legend, quaint and old,  
By the Irish peasant told,  
Of a visit paid by Bacchus to that land  
Of ancient lore—  
"Richer valleys nor greener hills,  
Bluer skies, nor brighter rills,  
Never," said the god, enraptured, "have my  
eyes looked on before."  
" 'Tis a grand and glorious land,  
For its vineyard subtly planned;  
Here my favorite fruit shall flourish,  
And its laborious till;  
I shall hold unrivalled sway,  
And the sacred soil be planted in the deep,  
Luxuriant soil."  
Long he lingered by the spot,  
But the vine-seed sprouted not;  
Then, with frowning brow, he hurried to the  
King, whose guest he was,  
"Sire," said he, bending low,  
"Tell me why the seed lies low,  
Springeth not at Nature's bidding—bids de-  
fiance to her laws."  
"From the fruitage of the vine  
Mortals draw a drink divine,  
Rarer than the honeyed nectar that the gods  
also want to drink;  
By the magic of its charm,  
Soul and grow young and hearts grow warm.  
Hands are trained to noble actions and the  
tongue speaks truth."  
"Bounteous Bacchus," said the King,  
"With the virtues you would bring  
All my people are already by a generous  
Nature blessed;  
Tropic flowers may not grow  
Mid the wastes of Arctic snow,  
Nor the lichen on the rocks—Nature knows  
our needs the best."  
Then the wine-god knelt and wept  
Where the buried treasure slept,  
From a tear that fell unnoticed where the  
little seedling lay,  
Sprang that leaf of emerald hue,  
Dear, so dear to me, my son,  
And all who wear the emblem of our native  
land to-day.  
—M. P. Murphy, in Boston Pilot.

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN LONDON.

The festival of St. Patrick was observed by the Irish Catholics of this city with becoming solemnity. At 10.30 High Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's Cathedral, His Lordship the Bishop of London assisting in cope and mitre. The sermon of the day was delivered by the Rev. Father Dunphy. The reverend gentleman took for his text the following:  
"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will place thee over many, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Matt. xxv.  
When our divine Lord was sending out those teachers who were to expound His doctrines, who were to gather souls into His vineyard, He chose, as you know, men who were ignorant as far as the learning of this world is concerned. He made use of the weak to confound the strong. At the time they were sent forth, they, ignorant and unknown, had to contend with the brilliant talents and genius of ancient Greece and Rome. They without friends had to encounter men who had the world on their side. They preached a doctrine which curbed human nature, whereas the doctrines opposed to their teachings gave full scope to men's passions; yes, even deified those passions, so that the most atheistic deities were worshipped as gods. However, those divine teachers—the apostles as commissioned by our Lord—went forth to teach all nations. They labored in season and out of season, suffering affronts and ignominy, but aided by the grace of God and enlightened by His Holy Spirit, they immediately began to draw souls to Jesus Christ. Their preaching continuing, their converts increased and they themselves spread over all countries teaching all nations. They found some to hearken to them, others who would not listen to their teachings, but, my brethren, the true servants of Christ cannot be discouraged. Through hardships and sufferings of all kinds, through persecutions and martyrdom, they joyfully persevered till their work was accomplished and the uttermost parts of the then known world became the property of their Master and head, Christ himself. The seed which they planted in all humanity grew to be a mighty tree which sent its roots deeply and firmly into the soil and developed goodly branches which bore abundant fruit. Over the tombs of the apostles, over the blood-stained arena of the amphitheatre, over the ruins of false gods and the scattered dust of idols, it grew and flourished till, on the fall of the Roman Empire, the disciples of Christ, placing full confidence on their Master's promises, were enabled to attempt and complete the conquest of the world. Missions after missions were sent out from the centre of unity, until, in God's own good time, Celestine commissioned Patrick to go and preach the gospel of peace to the Irish people in the name of the Holy Trinity. Thus Patrick and his few followers constituted the first Roman army which invaded Ireland, because, though the armies of the Caesars conquered what is called, rightly or wrongly, the Sister Isle, and, although they threatened to invade Ireland, still, in the merciful designs of an all-wise Providence it was decreed that no Roman legions should set foot on that Emerald

spot on the ocean's breast until that little army commissioned by God, with Patrick as commander, would come and conquer it, not for the Caesars, but for Christ—by the arms of barbarian border, but by the arms which the true soldier of Christ knows how to wield, namely, the weapon of prayer, penance, and the grace of God, under the standard of the cross of Christ.  
There is reason to believe that before Patrick came, another missionary named Palladius was sent to Ireland, in 431, but, meeting with no success, and, being expelled by one of the native princes, he went to Scotland, where he died a few months afterwards. It is probable that there may have been some Christians in the island before Palladius, because, according to Tacitus, the ports of Ireland were better known than those of Britain, and so the faith of Christ may have been known to a few through the agency of merchants frequenting those Irish ports. Be that as it may, Patrick is the one to whom, under God, we owe the conversion of the island. Patrick is our glorious apostle. Who was Patrick? He was, according to the best authority, the son of Calphurnius and Conchessa, the niece of the celebrated St. Martin of Tours. He was born about the year 387, of his childhood and early boyhood we have no certain record, but when 16 years of age he was made a captive by the soldiers of Niall of the nine Hostages, in his expedition to Ireland and was sold to an Ulster chief named Milcho. Our saint was employed by his master to attend to his flocks and herd on the hills of Antrim. We can here see the finger of God, because those whom he designs for great things before men must lay the foundations in humility, in sufferings and tribulations. Patrick was brought as a captive to Ireland in order that he might bestow true Christian liberty on his masters. He was humbled to the dust in order that he might raise them from their ignorance and their vices a heathen people and that he, like Joseph in the Egyptian famine, might become the ruler who was to supply food not only to the inhabitants of the land of Erin but to all the neighboring nations who for many centuries after were nourished by the word of life brought to them by the Irish missionaries. He tells us himself that during his captivity he was daily occupied in attending to his master's flocks. He was so inflamed with the fear and love of God, and his faith was so strengthened that he used to pray one hundred times during the day and one hundred times during the night. He dwelt in the woods and on the hills, where, in spite of hail, rain or snow, he continued his devotions. He was not deterred by the summer's sun or the winter's frost. In his solitary occupation he had abundant time to reflect on the goodness and on the love of God. The beauties of the surrounding scenery, the loveliness of the mountains, the solitude of the leafy forests, the green pastures decked with wild flowers of many hues spread out before his eyes, all spoke eloquently to him of the power and love of that God who created all these for the use of his poor sinful creatures—that God who alone could protect the lonely captive. When he listened to the whistling of the wind through the trees, to the screaming of the eagle on the mountain top or the roar of the mountain-streams rushing through the valley—the idea of the power and wisdom of his creator must have been more deeply impressed on his mind and the nothingness of earth compared to the glory of heaven must have been more clearly brought before his eyes. Here did he acquire that humility and that patience which were so necessary to him in after years to enable him to make himself all to all in order to gain all to Christ. Here by means of his humble employment he had frequent opportunities of mixing with the people, of acquiring the language of the country and of becoming acquainted with the habits, manners and ideas of the people, all of which tended to render the work of his future missionary life easy and successful. Having spent six years in captivity he returned to his own country, being warned, he himself tells us in his confessions, of the time of the sailing of the vessel which was to carry him.  
Our saint was now 22 years and he found after his long communings with God that he was called to the service of His Lord and Master in the sanctuary. Accordingly, having satisfied the natural affections of his heart by visiting his parents, he repaired to the monastery of Tours, over which his sainted uncle Martin presided. Here he spent four years studying and perfecting himself in the ways of the saints. At the end of the four years he was taken into captivity again for a short time. A short time after his return from his second captivity, according to his confessions, he saw a man coming towards him with a great number of letters, one of which Patrick received, on which was written, "the voice of the Irish," and while he was reading this letter, he heard the voice of a great number of persons crying out, "we entreat thee, O holy youth, to come again and still walk amongst us." It is quite natural to suppose that in a meditative mind like Patrick's, this revelation should take deep root and should cause him to reflect seriously on what he intended to do. At length, animated by an ardent desire to comply with the will of God he went to consult St. Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, on his intended state of life. By the advice of this holy man our saint repaired to the monastery of Lerins, where he perfected himself in the studies necessary for the holy state to which he aspired, as well as in those other studies which constitute the sci-

ence of the saints. Having remained in this holy retreat more than nine years, he set out for Rome, by the advice of St. Germain, in the year 431 and presenting himself to Pope Celestine, the Holy Father consecrated him bishop and commissioned him to preach the gospel to the Irish. Oh, my brethren, what a happy day for dear old Ireland when the light of God's grace and love began to dawn in the darkness of paganism which encircled the land of our fathers. Our glorious apostle, on the receipt of the command from Christ's vicar, set out for "the land of destiny" in order to preach the glad tidings of redemption to those whom already he had learned to love in Christ Jesus. He landed in Ireland in 432. What must have been the varied emotions with which our saint gazed on the green shores of Erin? His heart must have jumped with eagerness and gladness to begin the battle, when the glorious battlefield stretched itself out before his gaze. He must also have trembled at the difficulties which most certainly must present themselves to him about to begin such a great work. However, he could not fail. Having landed, according to some in the romantic county of Wicklow, he repaired to Tara, in the county Meath. Patrick knew from his early experience that there was a meeting of the principal chiefs of the island to be held at this time every year at Tara, the residence of the Ardriagh, or chief monarch of Ireland. Arriving within sight of the historic hill, he resolved to pitch his tent and make his preparations for Easter. Having made the necessary preparations, he lighted the paschal fire. Now the chieftains were at this time celebrating a great festival, by which they in their darkness were giving honour to the prince of darkness. There was an edict issued forbidding anyone to light a fire until the fire to be lighted on Tara's hill should blaze. Patrick, regardless of the edict, lighted his fire, to the utter astonishment of the assembled chiefs. The monarch seeing it, sent some of his guards to apprehend the offenders, as one of his magicians told him that unless that fire was extinguished, he who lighted it, together with his followers, would be the rulers of the island. When our saint appeared before the king he convinced him that he and his followers had no design on the temporal power, but that they only wished to preach a religion different from his own, and that they were ready to give reasons for the king appointed the following day for an interview. Accordingly, on the following day, Patrick and his monks repaired to the presence of the king and there he began to explain all the grand truths of our holy religion, how the God that he adored was but one, infinite in power, in wisdom and in sanctity, how he rewards the good and punishes the wicked, how that, in this one God there are three persons, the second of whom came down from heaven to save man, and so through the whole collection of truths. What a scene it was, my brethren, when Patrick stood, with devout ardor glowing in his heart, in the midst of heathen kings and priests and warriors, exhorting them to lay aside their gloomy superstitions, and to enter the fold of the one true church. Soon after that first gathering at Tara, the truth was apparent to all classes, from the chief to the peasant. In vain did the bards and Druids endeavor to restrain the people from following the mild apostle who spoke to them the words of eternal life. They marshaled triumphantly around their new leader and were signed with the baptismal sign of the cross in token of their submission to Christ. They now entered on a new species of warfare—a species of which they were ignorant till now. They entered on a warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil. At last even the bards themselves were convinced and they took their stand under the Christian emblem, the cross of Christ. Their hearts were till then attuned to the music of hymns of praise to their own deified passions, now gave forth sweet melodies of praise and love to God under the soft touches of those confessors of Jesus Christ. The Irish people, my brethren, are of all the northern peoples by temperament the quickest, most impulsive and most generous, yet the grace of God descended on their hearts and the dew of heaven, and the wildest and most self-willed of them became softened and subdued—hate became love and sorrow was turned into joy. One incident of St. Patrick's evangelizing career must not be forgotten. When the apostle was explaining to his simple hearers the mysterious dogma of the Blessed Trinity, one of the principal men amongst them stepped forward and advancing to our saint explained to him that he could not reconcile his doubts about the possibility of three persons being in one God. The man of God was equal to the emergency, and stooping down he plucked from the verdant sod on which he stood "the chosen leaf of bard and chief, old Erin's native shamrock," which, with its three little leaves extended, grows with such luxuriance through the length and breadth of Ireland and no place else. Presenting this little plant to his questioner he showed that the three little leaves, alike in all appearances, sprang from one stalk and formed the one plant, so in the mystery of the Trinity we have the three divine Persons alike in all their divine perfections, yet only the one God. Ever since that day the shamrock has been the tender object of the love and veneration of every son and daughter of Erin,

and ever since the complete conviction and conversion which followed this simple illustration, Ireland has remained a loving, faithful child of the one, holy, Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. The work of St. Patrick was most extraordinary work, because, my brethren, he found the country entirely pagan, if we may except the few Christians whom he may have found on his arrival, and he left it entirely Catholic—there were none of the many religions we read of and hear of nowadays, known in those golden days of Ireland's history. Ireland is the only nation in the world that owes her conversion to one man; she is the only nation that never cost her apostle an hour of sorrow, one tear or one drop of blood. His advances through the country were more like that of a triumphant king than the difficult labor of a poor missionary of Christ. He came with Christ, he saw in Christ and he conquered. Ireland welcomed him as a friend, took the word of life from his lips, made it at once the leading feature of her life and she repaid her benefactor with love and veneration. Our saint travelled through every part of the island several times, preaching and teaching, founding churches, monasteries and schools, consecrating bishops, ordaining priests and receiving the vows of holy virgins. As the scripture says, he went about doing good to all. Having accomplished the work for which he was destined, it pleased God to call him to the reward of the faithful servant. St. Patrick, feeling the weight of his years and being warned by God of his approaching end, repaired to the monastery of Saul and there, having prepared his soul for its happy transition from earth to heaven, and having prayed that the faith which he planted in Ireland might never fail there, he breathed forth his pure soul into the hands of God on the 17th of March, 465. For what purpose are we assembled here to-day, my brethren, is it not to honor the grand apostle of Ireland. Our presence here should not be considered as sufficient honor. If we want to honor our temporal rulers we obey the laws of the land and carry them out in detail. If a servant wishes to respect his master he obeys his commands, he honors him and, as far as in him lies, he guards the interests of the master, allowing nothing to come between those interests. Now, in the same way, if we wish to honor St. Patrick we must try, as far as we can, to correspond with his teachings, to follow closely in his footsteps. Thus only can we be true sons and daughters of our noble father in Christ, who to-day looks from his place in heaven to see how his children obey his festival. The only way to observe it in a proper manner is to reflect on and put in practice the principal points of his teaching, which are, fidelity to the See of Peter, devotion to Mary the Mother of God, devotion to the holy souls in Purgatory, and love and respect to the ministers of Christ. St. Patrick knew that as long as the Irish Church would be devoted to the See of Peter, so long would it form part and parcel of the one true Church which Christ established. He knew that while Ireland's Church looked to that grand centre from which the life-giving properties of salvation first flowed to her she would be always buoyant and vigorous—always strong and ready to do in the future what she has so often done in the past—to defy the powers of hell, which so bit-terly fought against her. Yes, my brethren, Christ promised to his Church that he would be always with her to the end of the world, and that the gates of hell should never prevail against her, and, in the history of the Catholic world, there is scarcely any country that can more truly prove that doctrine, if it were necessary of proof, than Ireland can. There is no country which has been more loyal to Peter's see from the days of Celestine to the days of Leo XIII., and there is no country under the sun which has suffered more for that loyalty than Ireland. She was loyal to the see of Peter because Patrick taught her that Peter, and after him his successors, were the representatives of Christ, and that as such they could never lead her astray. He taught them that Christ established His Church without spot or stain—that in the doctrine of that Church there was nothing to be reformed and that, therefore, while in communion with Rome she was in communion with the members of the Church of Christ might need reformation but that none of the doctrines of the Church of Christ could be reformed. He pointed out to them that they were not to take up any of the weeds which the Pope threw over the garden-wall in the shape of renegade priests and monks and profligate kings and princes, to be their leaders in religion. Had Ireland adopted the saintly and meek Henry the Eighth, or the modest, chaste, and devout Elizabeth, or Oliver Cromwell, of tender-hearted notoriety—had Ireland adopted as her creed the reformed doctrines of those mild apostles—she might be happy and prosperous in the ways of this world but, my brethren, the glory which she acquired from Patrick would cease to be. She would lose that which now is her glory—namely, of being true through sunshine and shade to Patrick's God and to Patrick's faith, that faith which flourished in the world for over fifteen hundred years before Martin Luther compiled his protest. Patrick himself says, as we read in the Book of Armagh, "As you are children of Christ, so be you also children of Rome." Then, my brethren, follow Patrick's command and you can

never fail. The second feature of our saint's teaching was devotion to Mary the Mother of God. The man of God knew well that while her children would be devoted to Mary they would not and could not forget Mary's Son, that while they were devoted to Mary, and that as long as they reflected on her purity and love, they would never wander in the paths of sin. To this we can trace that jewel for which the Irish maiden is prized by all nations, that jewel by which the Irish maiden comforts her afflicted mother, the Irish church—that jewel of virginity purity. We can trace that devotion still in the cabins of the Irish peasant, where the Rosary of Mary is, after the holy Mass, the principal devotion. The benefits of education were taken away from the Irish people because they would not sell their birthright for a mess of pottage, because they would not give up the faith of Patrick at the nod of a lascivious tyrant. Being deprived of education they had to turn from books, and they adopted that beautiful devotion in which the most ignorant can join with the most learned in the praise of Mary, and for the honor and glory of Mary's Son. The faith of our fathers was nourished by the abundant waters of this heaven-inspired devotion. In their sorrows Patrick told them to turn to Mary, the comfortress of the afflicted, through whom we can hope for mercy from Jesus. Mary is the refuge of sinners and, following the teachings of our beloved apostle by placing our confidence in her, we may always be certain of obtaining through her intercession all the graces we need for our journey here below. She will be a shield for us against all the attacks of the devil and in the end, being victorious, we will be able to join her and St. Patrick in praising God. He inculcated the doctrine of devotion to the holy souls in purgatory. It is as you know, a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins, and, my brethren, it was sweet and consoling to the Irish people to know amidst all their trials that they could serve those whom God had taken away from them. They could travel, as it were, into the land beyond the grave and take by the hand that soul which perhaps belonged to a dear father or a loving mother, to an affectionate husband or a trusting wife, and by their prayers lead it from the tormenting ashes that lie there, and when passing on he will offer up a little prayer for the repose of the souls of those buried there. The fourth great feature of Patrick's teaching was a great love between the Irish priests and the Irish people. The true son of St. Patrick always looks on the priest—his own sagarth aroon—as the one with whom he can share his joy and to whom he can confide in sorrow. In the days of sorrow and persecution it was the priest who spoke to him words of encouragement, which cheered him on when all around he saw only ruin and desolation, and, my brethren, when the priest was obliged to hide, when on his head there was a price, when his head was valued at the same price as the head of a wolf, what a shielded him from danger? It was that love and veneration which was implanted by St. Patrick in the Irish breast. When God's anointed were compelled to offer up the Sacrifice of the Mass for the living and the dead in some secluded glen, and while the holy Sacrifice was being offered thus, there were posted on the surrounding hill-tops, men who watched for the approach of those who tracked God's men. The churches were confiscated, and the poor Irish Catholic was compelled to hear Mass under the blue vault of heaven, with a rock for an altar and the loving hearts of himself and his fellow-Catholics as a wall around that altar, which were quite prepared to shield the minister of God from all danger. That love having now taken firm root in the hearts of the true sons and daughters of Erin, and with the blessing of God and through the prayers of St. Patrick, all the machinations of hell will never be able to pluck it therefrom, because, my brethren, while the priest and people are together, the interests of Ireland, spiritually and temporally, are safe.  
My brethren, let us put in practice the teachings of Patrick, and let us, each in his own way, endeavor to continue amongst our fellow-men what Patrick began, more than one thousand, four hundred years ago, amongst our forefathers. St. Patrick banished from dear old Ireland the venomous serpents, let us banish from our hearts that most obnoxious of all serpents, sin, so that in our hearts may flourish the shamrock of humility, purity and love. Let us wet that shamrock with the tears of true sorrow for our past sins and a firm purpose of amendment for the future. Let us always keep the light of Patrick's faith burning in our hearts. Let us do battle for our dead commander, now that he cannot actively engage in the fight. Let us, each in his own way, wage war to the knife with all the hosts of sin. St. Patrick asks us to do this for God and for him. Once he heard the "voice of the Irish." He heard and granted. Will you hear him, and yet refuse? If you refuse to do what Patrick asks you, then, no matter how well you look before the world, no matter how fine you talk about your love for Ireland, you are, before heaven, missing the one honor which glori-

fies an Irishman, the honor of serving in St. Patrick's army; and you really, as the angels know, have no right whatever to wear the little sprig of shamrock, the badge of St. Patrick's soldiers.  
The musical renditions during the mass reflect the highest credit on Mr. Cruickshank, the organist, on Mr. O'Connell, and on the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly assisted.

### CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

#### MONTREAL NOTES.

**MISSION AT ST. ANN'S.**  
The Redeemerist Fathers completed the Mission for men in St. Ann's parish church last Sunday. It had continued for ten days and was most successful. The church, which holds over five thousand persons, was filled to overflowing at each of the exercises. On Thursday, the 12th inst., a most impressive ceremony took place, being the dedication of the congregation to the Most Blessed Virgin. The altars were brilliantly lighted and the pedestal on which the statue of our Blessed Lady stands was profusely decorated with natural flowers most artistically designed.  
About 5,000 men received the Holy Sacrament during the course of the mission, which is certainly a great gratification to the Rev. Fathers.

#### ST. GABRIEL MISSION.

Rev. Fathers Fardow and Turgeon, of the Society of Jesus, preached a mission in St. Gabriel Parish Church, commencing March 8th and closing on the 15th inst. The success of the mission was unprecedented, even the sanctuary, vestry and a temporary gallery being completely filled, as well as the body of the church, in which there was scarcely standing room at all of the exercises. About 1,500 persons approached the Holy Table during the mission, which was indeed a success.  
JER. C.

#### THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

##### INTERESTING LECTURE BY MR. EDWARD MURPHY TO THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

The hall of the above society was filled to its utmost capacity last evening on the occasion of the social entertainment and lecture given under the auspices of the society. Mr. P. F. McCaffrey, president of the society, presided, supported by the Rev. Director, Rev. James Callaghan.  
Miss M. O'Byrne, organist of St. Gabriel church, opened the programme with a piano solo, "Il Trovatore," which was warmly applauded. The chairman then introduced the lecturer of the evening, Mr. Edward Murphy, to whom he said the society was deeply indebted, and he might add that the prosperity the society now enjoyed was in a great measure due to the warm interest which Mr. Murphy had taken in it.  
Mr. Murphy, on coming forward, was received in a most warm manner, the subject of the lecture being "The Solar System and its Phenomena." The science of astronomy is that branch of natural philosophy which treats of the celestial bodies, their magnitudes, motions and distances, and the laws by which they are governed. The Solar System, the subject of this lecture, includes the sun, the planets and their satellites, and the comets, all of which I shall endeavor to describe and illustrate. In the course of his most interesting lecture, Mr. Murphy graphically explained the various theories relating to solar light and heat, the magnitude and distance of the sun, the appearance of the photosphere, chromosphere and mysterious corona. He fully explained the orbital motions, and how that phenomenon, with respect to our own planet earth, produces the vicissitudes of the seasons. He also gave a clear explanation of the motions of the satellites round their primaries, and the peculiarities of the comets whose orbits cut those of the planets in their journeys to and from the sun. The phenomena of motion was mechanically illustrated by means of rack-work slides, affording to the audience a clear and distinct idea of transits, both of Mercury and Venus, and of solar and lunar eclipses, phases of the moon, etc. Enlarged pictures of the central orb, as well as those of the planets and satellites, were projected upon a screen which conveyed a fair illustration of the relative magnitudes of the various bodies which compose our solar system. In the course of his lecture he explained the various modes employed by astronomers in determining the solar parallax, the method of ascertaining the distances of the various bodies from the sun, as well as their densities, and alluded to a remarkable ratio between the distances of the planets from the sun, to which attention was first drawn in the year 1772 by Professor Bode, of Berlin. As an interesting fact, he stated that light takes but eight minutes to travel from the sun, a distance of about ninety-two millions of miles, while a railway train travelling at a speed of fifty miles per hour would require two hundred years to perform the same journey.  
The lecture was illustrated throughout by means of an exceedingly powerful lantern.  
A vote of thanks to the lecturer was moved by the Rev. James Callaghan, and seconded by Mr. Dugald Macdonald, and carried amidst great applause.  
Signor J. Emblem sang "The Village Blacksmith," and Mr. J. Roach "Harvest Time is over," both of them being deservedly cheered. Mr. Murphy then gave an exhibition with the magic lantern, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the singing of the new national anthem of Ireland, entitled "Our Native Land," from the pen of T. D. Sullivan, M. P., and sang for the first time in America. Mr. A. P. McGuirk presided at the piano with his well known ability.—Montreal Post, March 10.