shall pass—that this man shall prostitute the electorate of this county for his personal ambition. We discuss this subject without the rancor of party, without personal animosity, but in what we would desire to be a spirit of fairness."

WE cannot omit inserting the grand finale—a magnificent display of anti-Roman candles:

"Ministers of the Niagara Conference, within your boundary stands the great organ of this mundane universe, giving out its diapason strains and sending up its incense that corruscates into brilliance. I trust that your voices will ring out in concert their diapason music in defence of the eternal right of justice and political honor, mutual respect and peace, that our children's children may sit under the shadow of a great constitution of righteousness to latest generations, when a liberty unsung by poet, unpronounced by orator, unconceived by politician, shall bless our Dominion of Canada. Pronounce your fiat, and the country is safe. Stand still with meek endurance, and there are forces ascending the St. Lawrence that will drive you beyond the lakes, and give your heritage to strangers. It must not, it cannot be."

Our Methodist brethren must now keep a sharp watch on Frenchmen coming up the St. Lawrence. They have been forewarned. Desolation is in the air. Tribulation is stalking stealthily about. Watch the Frenchmen. Search each one. See if they have catechisms or rosaries concealed about their persons. If so, destroy them, and replace them with Wesley's hymns. It is your duty. Stand fast to your guns, otherwise the diapason strains of this mundane universe will be corruscated.

A FEW weeks since, in the course of an address Lord Salisbury said of Archbishop Vaughan: "I can hardly mention this subject without, in passing, expressing the gratitude which we all must feel to this eminent authority (the Pope) that the great position of influence which was occupied by the late Cardinal Manning is now conferred upon a man so deeply respected by all who know him, of whatever creed or shade of opinion, as Dr. Vaughan." At his enthronement address on May 3, Dr. Vaughan alluded to the different and peculiar position of Roman Catholics in England, and continued: "We are under two millions in a population of thirty millions who are estranged from our faith, ignorant of our tenets, still blinded by deep-seated prejudices. England, thank God, is still a religious country; England is still Christian. A deep religious spirit breathes through the souls of millions belonging to the Anglican Establishment and to the Dissenting bodies. We must honor their increasing activities and their lavish expenditures."

THE *Mail* considers it very preposterous in the Catholic Church that she does not adopt all the ideas of the Protestant majority in regard to marriage, by acknowledging the authority of Protestant ministers to solemnize the marriages of Catholics. It argues that the State should be above the Church in all things, and that therefore the civil laws in regard to marriage should override the ecclesiastical, and even the divine. This is of course what it means when it denounces "the claims" of the Church "to override the authority of the State," which means the authority of the Protestant majority in the Dominion. While we admit the right of the State to regulate the property rights of husband and wife and their children, we maintain that by divine institution marriage is a sacred rite and a sacrament, the conscientious obligations arising out of which are to be regulated by the Church alone. Protestant ministers are not regarded by Catholics as being "the dispensers of the mysteries of Christ," as they do not derive their authority from the Apostles by direct succession, as Catholic priests do. If we were once to admit that the State has the control over the marriage contract, we should be obliged to admit divorce, with all its evils, and to ignore the laws forbidding marriage between certain degrees of kindred, etc. But Catholics are not alone in maintaining that marriage is subject to divine law. Both Presbyterians and Anglicans have standards of religious belief which make the divine law of marriage supreme, defining the degrees of kindred within which marriage is forbidden, and repudiating the authority of the State to grant divorces. Why does not the *Mail* also denounce their assertion of the superiority of the divine law over the civil? Probably the reason is that the Catholics alone are consistent in maintaining their conscientious convictions. It is a pity that the Catholic Church does not make her dogmas to suit the *Mail's* fancies. It may be expected, however, that she will continue to teach what she has taught for over eighteen centuries, even though the *Mail* may desire her to change her teaching.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unexpectedly large majority with which Mr. Arthur Balfour's Irish Local Government scheme passed the House of Commons, it has been formally withdrawn. It did not please either the friends or enemies of Ireland, and it certainly would never be accepted by the people of Ireland as a substitute for Home Rule. It secured so large a vote simply because the servile Tory majority in the House did not wish to defeat the Government, and not because the enemies of Ireland desired to see so absurd a measure become law. To Irishmen it was a more odious measure than even the existing tyrannical regime, and all who wish to see justice done to Ireland will rejoice at its failure. We may presume that the Government saw the folly of passing so unacceptable a measure on the eve of a general election, as it would undoubtedly be repealed at the earliest possible moment by a new Parliament.

IN spite of the fair promises made by United States Indian Commissioner Morgan to Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland that the Catholic Indian Mission Schools of the West would receive fair treatment, and though he is obliged by Congress to distribute the appropriation to Catholic schools in proportion to the work done, he is doing all in his power to break down the Catholic schools by placing Government schools beside the Mission schools, insisting at the same time that no new pupils shall be admitted to the Mission schools until the Government schools be filled. The expectation is that by this policy there will be so much money invested in the Government schools that it will be impossible for Morgan's successor to reverse his policy, and that the mission schools must succumb. Morgan is an ex-Baptist preacher, and, of course, under the pretence that the Protestant schools are non-sectarian, they are not interfered with. There can be little doubt that Morgan's plans are approved of by President Harrison, as he would otherwise not dare to follow them; but the president may find that the Catholics are quite cognizant of what is going on, and the result may be as disastrous to the Republican party as Burchard's famous alliteration was eight years ago.

THE English Church Union, which is composed of clergymen of the Church of England, has become fully sensible of the danger arising from the facilities for divorce afforded by the English divorce laws, and it has petitioned Parliament for the repeal of those clauses which oblige the clergy to marry divorced persons. Viscount Halifax, the President of the Union, said of the law as now existing, that it is "full of disastrous consequences to society, and a source of perjury and immorality."

THE report of the proceedings of the last Pan-Presbyterian Council, held in London, show that there are in India thirteen different Presbyterian bodies which have missions in operation in that field, in consequence of which there is a great waste of time and money. Efforts are being made to unite these bodies in such a way that their missions may be made more efficient, but great difficulty is experienced in making a compromise. The only true union which is possible would be by acknowledging the successor of St. Peter as head of the whole Church of Christ: but this, of course, the Presbyterians will not do.

WE are pleased to note that the *League of the Cross*, a cleverly conducted weekly published at Sioux City, Iowa, has entered on its fourth volume. A prosperous career is doubtless in store for this excellent publication. It richly deserves abundant success.

WE notice by Brantford papers that the recent retirement of Mr. B. G. Connolly from the teaching staff of the Institution for the Blind at Brantford, where he has been engaged for over four years and from which he withdraws to begin the study of medicine, was made by his friends the occasion of a social gathering to show their regret at his departure from among them. We congratulate the gentleman on the deserved popularity he enjoys and on the esteem in which he is held. The reports of the Institution from year to year have shown the efficient discharge of duty there and—careful student and close observer that he is—we predict a bright career for him in the profession of his choice.

THE ascendancy party in Ulster will have difficulty in convincing the English masses that they are actuated by patriotic motives in their opposition to Home Rule. The reading people of England—and it may be claimed that now-a-days the great bulk of the English electorate are newspapers readers at least—cannot, we feel assured, fail to note that greed for place and power is solely the guiding motive of the Irish ministers who have so pathetically appealed to their co-religionists across the channel to stand by them. Their uncles and their cousins and their aunts now hold all the places worth the having in the Green Isle, and the bogey of Catholic persecution is raised for the purpose of perpetuating this system.

AN ECHO FROM THE PACIFIC.

FATHER DEMARAIS GIVES HIS EXPERIENCE IN THE LAND OF THE SETTING SUN.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

The shades of evening were gently falling as I walked along the sad sea-shore, where no sound could be heard save the splashing of the tidal waves or the shrill shriek of the sea gull. But oh the heavens, how beautiful! Well, indeed, could the poet exclaim: O Lord,

"Thy heaven on which 'tis bliss to look
Shall be my pure and shining book
Where I shall read in words of flame
The glories of Thy wondrous name."

It is a well-known fact that the beauty of our western skies charms the eastern visitor; and the impressions left on the mind after a deep meditation on those grand works of God are not soon to pass away. The sea has always something adventurous and daring about its very nature, when one gazes at those mighty billows rushing in with lightning speed and thundering roar upon the beach, and with what violence they seem to slash those giant rocks that have stood out for ages in mid-ocean, and which continue to be the dread of the poor mariner. What thoughts of the world, of days gone by and of days to come, rush in upon the mind as we contemplate the works of that eternal Power before whom the angels tremble and adore! How those white-capped waves, glittering in the rays of a setting sun, seemed to say: Thus all the round world appears. Men glory in wealth, pomp and power, but their sun is fast setting and the curtains of death will soon drop o'er the scene and the glistening bubbles of their worldly glory will soon have vanished. And what of that vast sea of worldliness, of cold indifference and infidelity? What of that unfathomable sea of iniquity where millions are daily plunged and where no sound is heard save the weird shriek of that huge evil creature that flaps its wings o'er the angry waters and betokens ruin and desolation? All is darkness! Not a star to guil the mariner; the sea runs high and wild' the winds blow in greater violence, the ship is surely sinking, when, ho! hark the captain shouts! all is lost, and the ship is seen no more. It seems to me that such a picture reminds us of what is taking place daily in the world of spiritual darkness. How sad to observe that there are millions of souls in this very country who are lost at sea! They have no chart, they know neither latitude nor longtitude, and they are left without the light of heaven to guide them. The tempests rage, and yet they are so puffed up with self-confidence, and so intoxicated with pride, that they will not look to their chances of safety. Let us count up the number of Christians in the United States and we find that number in round figures to be 25,000,000 at most. Now if we deduct 25,000,000 from 65,000,000—the entire population of the States—we find, unfortunately, that there must be about 40,000,000 of souls drifting on the dark sea of religious indifference and unbelief. Do you hear the cry of the present day: Let us be free and independent, and let us accept nothing but what reason can solve. And thus they embark and bid farewell to God, Church and duty. How many poor wanderers of a stormy day have I not seen to seek shelter for a few moments within the safe harbor of God's Church. They listened, indeed, to the warning of the Church, but no sooner had they left that harbor, where the evening star shed its pure and mellow light, than they again took to sea without chart, compass or any means of safety. Those are the men of whom Father Faber says: "They lead a life without prayer, a life without desire of heaven, a life without fear of hell." And this is truly the life of man, woman and child in these Pacific States; but I here refer to that class of people who have lost all faith in Christianity. I have often questioned grown-up children on their way from school to tell me if they knew who Christ was. They knew not; and yet their grand-parents were the zealous followers of Wesley or Knox! They were never baptized, for their parents no longer believe in such a doctrine. They are drifting with the great mass of the present generation. They never hear the name of Christ, either at school or at home, and Sunday for them is a day of rest or amusement. Protestantism here means Rationalism, taught and practised in open day. Protestants are beginning to realize the deplorable consequences of that great fundamental principle which a Luther and a Calvin stood up to defend in the sixteenth century. Rationalism stands to-day with all the boldness of hell. It scoffs and sneers at everything sacred, and snaps and snarls whenever truth meets it on the way. The Rationalist says: My reason is the sole judge; and with more than an audacious sweep he casts religion into oblivion. He will not believe in miracles or mysteries because they are beyond his comprehension. As I came into conversation one day with a doctor who attempted to pose as a light of the nineteenth century, I asked him if he believed in a Supreme Being. He said: "I do, but I do not believe in all those mysteries you Christians believe—I use my own judgment." I then proceeded to sound the depths of his rationalistic knowledge and how deep: "Doctor," said I, "do you believe that God is infinite in wisdom, power and justice?" "Well," he paused for a moment, and said: "I guess He is." I took his guessing for an admisssion, and proceeded. "Doctor, do you think that your mind is infinite or finite?" He passed his hand over his brow, and no doubt saw what I was driving at. But I pressed him for an answer. "Well," said he, "I guess my mind is finite." All right, doctor, your mind is finite and God is infinite. Now, tell me candidly, can the finite ever comprehend the infinite?" "Well, Father," said he, "I guess you have me there. I must admit that the finite cannot comprehend the infinite." "Well then, doctor, upon what logical ground do you attempt to overthrow miracles or mysteries, since you confess that your mind can only go so far and break its swelling waves on the rock of God's infinite power? Upon what ground would you ridicule the Catholic Church, since you must bow down and worship before the altar of mysteries in the natural order? You live and move in mystery, and yet would you dare turn into ridicule the inscrutable designs of God in His Church?" The curtain dropped and the scene changed; another subject was introduced. It is generally the way our rationalistic friends make their exit.

The saddest thing to observe is the irreligious character of the school room and the home. The mother cares not for the religious training of her child, and she is no longer to be seen in the meeting house. It is out of fashion; she must now go with the mass of people; and as a final consequence of irreligion, morality is below par. I have no doubt but that the curse of God which fell so heavily on the Roman people of old is already hanging like dark clouds o'er this mighty Republic. The dreadful plagues of infanticide, divorce and abortion are becoming so general in America that the greatest minds have openly declared war against those dangers which are threatening the very foundation of society.

Another great evil in the land is no doubt the mighty net-work of secret societies, which grasp their prey through deceitful methods and hold them slaves under the apparent boast of liberty and fraternity. Just the other day a freethinker candidly remarked to me that those secret societies were the most damnable invention that ever stalked about in disguise upon the face of God's world. They were gradually undermining, he said, the very basis of civil society. There are, no doubt, many Catholics in this country who have fallen victims to unbelief and secret sects, but the Catholic Church can still glory in strength and unity, whilst Protestantism is wrangling over its fundamentals and watching the curse of rationalism nurtured within its very bosom.

It is true that the Catholic Church has lost a great number of her children in America, but we must not be too much surprised when we take into deep consideration the causes of such a loss. There was a time when priests were exceedingly few in the west of the Mississippi river, and had consequently vast tracts of country to overrun, and no railroad communication. The scene is now entirely changed. Language was another great difficulty, but that is fast disappearing, and the rising generation speaks English. The power and influence of secret societies is an enemy the Church has yet to encounter face to face; and she is standing her ground, thanks be to God! with all the iron will of a Pope Hildebrand. She has to contend also with the enimical power of the press, but her Catholic papers and periodicals are also a power in the land, and they are wielding tremendous influence against her adversaries. But I really think the most dreaded enemy the Church has to face is the *hellish ridicule* and Voltarian sneer which is employed as a means of causing Catholics to blush, fear, and grow lukewarm. Christ well said, intimating the temptation the Church would encounter, "He that shall be ashamed of Me and of My words in this adulterous and perverse generation, the Son of man also shall be ashamed of him when He shall come to judge the world." Notwithstanding all those forces of hell, which are ever on the alert, the Catholic Church in the West is making slow but sure progress. The country is yet all alive to material interest, but men will begin to think more seriously when the raging waves subside, as they are now seen to do in the New England States, where prejudice was once in the zenith of its glory. The line is now drawn, and men know their own. The flag of Infidelity, under one form or another, waves o'er the citadel of free-thought, free-speech and free-love; those who long to satisfy their carnal appetite are entering in through its brazen gates to enroll themselves under the quasi plausible plea of fraternity, which simply means for them secret licentiousness and rascality. It is my candid opinion that all the scoffing, sneering and jeering, coupled with the false idea of liberty, which, under the pretence of patriotism, proud or ignorant minds wield against the Church, is simply a mantle of dazzling colors wrapped around their corrupt hearts. "They are whited sepulchres, but inwardly they are full of serpents and dead men's bones." But, thanks be to God! I have found Catholics in this country who stand the honor and pride of their Church. There was a time when they were far away from priest and church, and, nevertheless, they kept their faith like brave soldiers of Christ. They were exposed to many dangers, but the fire of divine love was always nourished and fanned by prayer and good works. I had occasion to say Mass for a certain family converted years ago to our faith, and how gladly surprised I was to learn that the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary was recited every morning by the head of the family, and with what sincere affection the members of that household spoke of God and His Church. I can never forget the solid piety of that dear little home that sits in the sunshine of God's blessings. There are other families, also, that astonished me with their tender love and respect for all things sacred. Truly do the faithful children of the Church in this country deserve the loving smiles of God's angels who hover around the sacred altar where the Immaculate Lamb is sacrificed in a mystical way upon the golden paten. What love! And do you wish to know the source of that bright light sparkling from the spiritual hearthstone of the pioneer's household? It is to be found in those heartfelt prayers which ascend every morning and evening to greet the Creator and Lord of the universe. Would to God that all families would never forget that prayer is the great means of obtaining God's grace! "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find." Whenever I found souls that had sacrificed their Church and duty for luxury or sensual gratification, I at once concluded that they were leading a life without prayer. The light of reason reproaches unbelievers with their own folly and guilt, but they have not the courage to follow the dictates of right reason. Unbelievers, or American people who smile and say, "I have no religion, I belong to no Church" are, as a rule, a generous class of people. They are ever ready to hand you over a five or ten dollar gold piece if you are in need, but they want their irreligious conscience to be let severely alone. "Believe what you like, do as you please, providing you are cute enough to shut the door"—such seems to be their religious policy. They are ready to help any church or school institution—for such institutions, they say, are a good thing for society;—and yet they practice no religion. How logical! The American people are very sociable; they treat you to the best they have; they are ever ready to talk of pleasure, of big dinners and ten year old wines; they take immense interest in politics and horse racing, and at the present day what we hear in every *salon* or ladies' parlor is, "Are you going to the World's Fair?" I am sure they never ask themselves, "Am I on the way to heaven or hell? Whither am I drifting? Whence am I? Whence all this wondrous world we see?" They count up their dollars by the thousands—some, aye, by the millions—whilst the current of time is destined to work its havoc in their midst. They take no heed to the tick of the clock that is ticking their life away. Such seems to be the drift of the world from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and, *perchance*, from the Gulf of Mexico to the great metropolis of Canada and its Queen City of the West.

L. P. DEMARAIS, Priest.

Tillamook, Oregon, May 28, 1892.

The Mended Vase.

A beautiful, delicate, fragile vase,
The fruit of a mould that was quaint and olden;
It flash'd with the charm of a subtle grace,
And gleamed with a light that was rich and golden.

A blundering hand and a careless blow
And the fragile form is crushed and shattered;
Its charm and its graces are lying low,
In a thousand fragments scattered.

And never again while the world shall stand
Can the wrong of that reckless blow be righted;
Ah! never, not even by an artist's hand,
Can the scattered fragments be united.

Go, paste them into their former shape,
The scars on the surface will still show traces,
And unjoined edges will stand agape
Where once stood countless graces.

And what is my life but a crystal vase
That an awkward blow has shattered and broken?
Its former beauty no touch may retrace,
And its wreck of its richness is only a token.

The pieces are fitted together again,
But the tone and the color are all unblended;
I feel, with the pang of a nameless pain,
It is only a vase that is mended.

The last European mail advices state that the Rev. James McMahon, formerly of New York city, but now residing in retirement at the Catholic University, Washington, has given $15,000 to build a hall for the great missionary college at Maynooth, Ireland. Father McMahon's endowment of the Catholic University, where he is spending his declining years, will also be remembered.

DEATH OF REV. JOHN O'LEARY.

Chatham N. B., Advance, June 3.

Died at the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, on Wednesday morning, the 1st of June, 1892, the Rev. John J. O'Leary, R. C. pastor at Grand Falls, County Victoria, diocese of Chatham, N. B., in the fifty-second year of his age, the twenty-nineth of his priesthood, and the twenty-fourth of his pastorship at Grand Falls.

Father O'Leary's health had been delicate for some few years past. Last winter he had a severe attack of the influenza, which prevailed all along the upper St. John, as well as in other parts. Though recovered, as he thought, he still felt very weak, and when the mild and warm weather of the last week in May came he resolved to visit Montreal, and at the Hotel Dieu there obtain the best medical treatment. A few days after his arrival he imagined himself somewhat better and even got up, intending to write a short letter to the Bishop to explain his condition, hoping to be soon able to return home to his mission. But on the following morning the nursing Sister found him weaker, though conscious, but unable to speak or even to swallow. The Rev. Chaplain was immediately called, and administered to him the sacrament of Extreme Unction, with the benediction and Plenary Indulgence prescribed in the Ritual for the dying. By 9 o'clock he had breathed his last. Telegrams were sent by the Rev. Mother Superior to Grand Falls and Chatham. The Bishop of Chatham telegraphed to Father O'Keefe, Vicar at Grand Falls, to proceed to Montreal and attend to all arrangements necessary, and bring Father O'Leary's remains to Grand Falls for burial, unless the deceased had willed otherwise. On arriving at Montreal on Thursday evening, June 2, Father O'Keefe telegraphed that he would leave next morning with the corpse for Chatham—where Father O'Leary had expressed his wish to be buried—and requested that a hearse be ready, at arrival of train on Saturday morning, to bring the body to the church, to await the obsequies.

Meantime word had been sent from Chatham, announcing the demise of Father O'Leary, and the time and place of the obsequies to all the pastors of the Diocese, to the neighboring prelates and superiors of religious communities at St. John and Halifax, to whom the deceased was most intimately known, requesting their fraternal and charitable prayers. As the great feast of Pentecost would be on the morrow, only those rev. pastors to whom it would be possible to return home that very same evening could attend the obsequies. Besides the Bishop, there were twenty priests present. The laymen especially invited to take part in the obsequies, either because some of them were former pupils of the deceased when he was professor in St. Michael's College, others old friends and acquaintances, others prominent members of St. Michael's congregation, were: (Pall-bearers) Dr. John McDonald, Messrs. William Lawlor, William T. Connors, Thomas Crimmen, Nicholas McLaughlin, John. J. Noonan. (Mourners) Michael Delaney, Daniel Finn, Patrick O'Keefe.

The undertaker was Mr. James Hackett. The new catafalque (mortuary elevation in the church on which to place the coffin), which had been made by Mr. Patrick Connors, was now used for the first time, and looked handsome. The church had been tastefully draped in mourning under the supervision of the Rev. Rector, Father Thomas Bannon, and the cathedral choir sang with fine effect the sweet but mournful Gregorian notes of the solemn Requiem Mass. Bishop Rogers was celebrant of the Mass, Rev. W. A. Morrisey, pastor at Bartibogue—who as one of the early professors and students of St. Michael's College was co-temporary and companion of Father O'Leary, and is next to him in seniority of priesthood—was assistant priest, in cope. Rev. Theophilus Allard, pastor at Caraquet, was deacon, and Rev. John Carter, pastor at Petit Rocher, next in seniority of priesthood to Father Allard, and former pupil of Father O'Leary, was sub-deacon of the Mass. Rev. William Varrily, just arrived from Ireland *via* Halifax a few days after Father O'Leary's ordination, in time to hear his first sermon, and who was destined to succeed him as professor in St. Michael's College, preached at the end of Mass, a most appropriate funeral sermon. After the "Libera" the Bishop pronounced the absolution. The Rev. J. L. McDonald, now pastor at Campbellton (where Father O'Leary when missionary in Restigouche procured the land on which Father Barry afterwards built the present church), was sub-deacon and cross-bearer in the procession to the grave, Father Dixon, of Newcastle, being the deacon, and Father Michael O'Keeffe, Father O'Leary's vicar, who brought his remains from Montreal, being assistant priest, in surplice, to the Very Rev. Thos. F. Barry, pastor at Bathurst, who performed the last sacred rites at the grave. Father Barry was Father O'Leary's successor in the Restigouche missions, and thus had occasion to know how deep and sincere was the affectionate esteem entertained by his former flock for their old pastor. The Rev. John S. Knight and Rev. W. A. Lawlor, of Chatham, were masters of ceremony. The Rev. Thomas Bannon, Rector, and Rev. Henry T. Joyner, assistant, in the Pro-Cathedral, exercised a general superintendence wherever required.

The other priests present not mentioned above, were Revds. Hugh McGurk, M. F. Richard, E. J. Bannon, Nicholas Power, Simon Crumbley, Peter Duffey, Edward S. Murdock and Edward P. Wallace.

Notwithstanding the short notice, leaving many entirely unaware of Father O'Leary's death and burial, still a large body of people were present at the obsequies. The weather was fine, so that in every particular the sad but solemn function was as favorable as could be desired.

Messages of condolence—some by telegraph, some by letter—came from His Grace Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, Bishop Sweeney of St. John, the Rev. Mothers Superior of the Sisters of Charity of St. John, of the Sisters of Charity, Halifax, and of the Nuns of the Sacred Heart, Halifax. The Rev. Father James Daly of Meteghan (who had been loaned from the Archdiocese of Halifax, and was stationed in Chatham as Bishop Rogers aid in 1890, when Father O'Leary and companions commenced to teach in St. Michael's) sent the following telegram to Bishop Rogers, Chatham, N. B.:

"Meteghan, June 3, 1892.

Father O'Leary's death awakens memories of long ago! A good priest has gone to eternity! I hope Your Lordship is well.

FATHER DALY."

The Rev. Father Van de Moortel, pastor at Belledune, a portion of Father O'Leary's former mission, where the people still kindly speak of him—sent the following telegram:

"Belledune, June 4, 1892.

Heartfelt sympathy for the great loss Your Lordship and the diocese have sustained in the death of a valuable worker in the vineyard. Sorry I received telegram too late to be present at obsequies.

THEOPHILUS VAN DE MOORTEL."

Other messages of a similar tenor have been received, but the foregoing will suffice to indicate the deep sorrow and the high esteem so generally felt for the deceased priest; and coming thus unexpectedly and spontaneously they show how truly and justly, even in this life, the words of our Lord are often realized: "By their fruits you will know them," "as one sows so shall he reap."

Father O'Leary was born in 1840 in Cork, Ireland, where he received his primary education at the school of the Irish Christian Brothers. For his early teachers he ever cherished in his heart a lively and affectionate souvenir. He corresponded by letter, during the past years with the Rev. Brother who had been his teacher, and contemplated, if his health and means permitted, a visit to Ireland, in order to invite those good Brothers, with the permission of the Bishop, to come to Chatham, to re-open St. Michael's College which the French-Canadian Brothers had abandoned. He, together with the Rev. Father Morrisey and two others, under Father Daly (mentioned above) commenced the work of St. Michael's College, and it was a source of pain and disappointment to him, as it is to the Bishop and others, to see the college closed.

Having come to St. John, N. B., with his parents, the cholera in 1854, which proved so fatal to hundreds of others, carried off his mother, and during some time that he was sick the good Sisters of Charity nursed and cared for him—for which kindness he ever felt the warmest interest in the success of their Institute. As he grew up an intelligent, good boy and apt scholar, he was encouraged by influential friends in St. John, and for some time attended the temporary college organized by Bishop Connolly, and directed, at first by Father Sweeney (now Bishop) then by Father Nugent, and afterwards transferred to "The Hermitage" in Fredericton under Father McDevitt. When the new diocese of Chatham was erected and Bishop Rogers appointed its first Bishop, the young Mr. O'Leary, student, being recommended by Archbishop Connolly, was with others adopted as clerical students and for a while employed to teach in Chatham. On Pentecost Sunday, 1861, he received the Clerical Tonsure and Minor Orders, and on 29th Sept. following (feast of St. Michael) he was promoted to subdeaconship. After this he was sent to the Sulpician Grand Seminary, Montreal, where he continued his theological studies until the general ordinations at Trinity, 1865, when he was ordained Deacon; then being recalled to Chatham, he was ordained priest on the 21st June that same year. His first field was the Renous Missions; then in the spring of 1871 he was placed in charge of the Restigouche Missions. Having built the first little Catholic church and presbytery, at Dalhousie, procured land for a cemetery and site of church at Campbellton, and zealously organized his flock in every part of that district, he was transferred, to be the first resident pastor at Grand Falls, Co. Victoria, where everything was to be organized. His first work was to built the fine presbytery or pastoral residence, then the new church of the Assumption, at Grand Falls, and enlarge the church of St. Ann at the Indian Village, at the mouth of the Tobique river. During the twenty four years that he zealously and faithfully fulfilled the duties of his ministry in Victoria, as well as during the first five years of his sacerdotal labors at Renous and Restigouche, he certainly merited well of religion and of his fellow citizens. He had an earnest, determined will, which sometimes met opposition and caused him to be esteemed as not sufficiently gentle and patient; but all recognized his honest, faithful intentions and efforts to do good, to neglect no duty. If he had some minor faults, like others, he had his grand, good qualities and meritorious fidelity to duty. Let us pray and hope that a merciful Redeemer will pardon his short-comings, and that the Just Judge will award him a crown of glory.

COM.

The Ontario Mutual Life.

A perusal of the twenty-second annual report of the Ontario Mutual Life, which may be found elsewhere in our columns, will show that this sound and popular company has made very substantial progress during the past year. Its assets now mount up to nearly $2,000,000, and the total assurances on its books to $15,000,000. It is a safe and liberal company in which to insure, and we have much pleasure in recommending it to the favorable consideration of our numerous readers throughout the Dominion.

Coughing

IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles, $5.

THE HURON AND ERIE

Loan & Savings Company

Dividend No. 56.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four and one-half per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of

NINE PER CENT. PER ANNUM,

upon the paid up capital stock of this Company has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Company's office in this city on and after

SATURDAY, JULY 2nd, 1892.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th instant inclusive.

By order of the Board,

G. A. SOMERVILLE,
Manager.

London, Ont., June 1, 1892.

PILEKONE FOR PILES

Application painless and easy; relief immediate. Used and approved of by the medical profession. Price $1.00 per box. For sale by Druggists, or by mail, on receipt of price. Prepared by W. T. Strong, Druggist, London, Ont.

A RETREAT

FOR LADIES WILL BE GIVEN AT the Sacred Heart Convent, London, commencing on Monday evening, July 4th, and closing Saturday morning, July 9th. For cards of invitation and further particulars apply to the Lady Superior.

MALE TEACHER WANTED.

A CATHOLIC TEACHER HOLDING A 2nd or 3rd class certificate; duties to begin after midsummer holidays for balance of year 1892; state salary expected; testimonials and references. Apply to M. GLEESON, Sec., Fletcher P. O., Ont. 713-2w

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION