

noblest and all important point—Religion. You will never congratulate yourselves for having contracted a mixed marriage. You will never repent of having refused it. May all your marriages, dear brethren, exhibit a perfect imitation of the union between Christ and His holy Church, of the love they bear to one another, of the interior happiness that accompanies their intercommunion, and may you all reap the fruit of uncontaminated faith and perfect holiness in Heaven. Amen."

On Sunday, 28th of August, the stately Gothic Church that graces the West End of the city of St. John's (Nfld) was formally opened for Divine worship and dedicated to the service of God under the invocation of the great Apostle of the Irish race. The joyousness of heart and the feelings of triumph that seemed to pervade the thousands of faithful Catholics who crowded to the imposing ceremony were a meet and fitting return for the enduring faith and priceless charity assuredly needed to rear this magnificent temple in all its beautiful proportions; and those who had the happiness of witnessing this ceremonial, crowning the work of a quarter of a century, must have deemed it a rich guerdon for their anxieties and labors in the past. The imposing ritual followed by the Catholic Church in the dedication of the churches was fittingly carried out on this occasion; the beautiful weather heightening the effect not a little; and when the sun shone out in his summer glory on banner and cross and vestment, and the heart throbbing strains of the grand old Gregorian chant rose from the lips of prelate and priests as, kneeling with a faithful people, they prayed God to send down a blessing on His temple, no more gorgeous scene could be witnessed in any land and few could refrain from crying out with the prophet of old—"Hæc dies quam fecit Dominus etc," "This is the day the Lord hath made, let us be glad and rejoice therein." At half past ten o'clock Bishop Power robed in pontificals and attended by some twenty clergymen proceeded in processional order from the presbytery of St. Patrick's to the New Church, and having chanted the introductory prayers at the main entrance, the procession forming again and singing the prescribed psalms, wended its way around the Church, his Lordship blessing with holy water the external walls, a rite symbolic of the purity of heart demanded of those who would worship therein. When the Bishop and clergy entered the Church the Litany of the Saints was intoned, and then amidst the chanting of these sacred songs broke for the first time on column and arch, and, mingling with organ strains, rose over chancel and choir, filling aisle and ambulatory with the sweet incense of prayer destined to ascend as a first offering to the Great White Throne of God. High mass was sung by the Prefect Apostolic of St. Pierre, and his rich musical voice, filling with its melody this chaste Gothic shrine was in perfect accord with the magnificent bursts of harmony that broke from the St. Patrick's Choir as the service proceeded.

When the religious ceremonies were concluded the bishop and clergy entertained in the spacious convent school house several hundred gentlemen representatives of every class of the Catholic people of this city. This social gathering was of the very happiest character, enlivened by the speeches sparkling with wit and brimmed over with geniality; and the hearty enthusiasm with which the several toasts were received showed the perfect accord that indissolubly binds bishop and clergy and people. In responding to the

toast of his own health his lordship took occasion to pay a well-merited compliment to the zeal of the priests of St. Patrick's Parish who bore so much of the heat and toil of that long day of work that only saw the first shadow mellow of evening and of rest from labor in the crowning glory of Sunday last; and the large collection taken up on the occasion amply proved that the rills of Catholic charity were yet redundantly fruitful. His lordship also expressed the hope that in another year the magnificent marble altar to be erected in the new church as a memorial of the abiding love of the Catholics of Newfoundland for their late gifted prelate Dr. Mullock, would be in its place in the sanctuary, when the Catholics of this city meeting under like circumstances, would have fresh confirmation of the Catholicity of the Church and have their hearts gladdened by the presence of many prelates from other lands.

The kindly and venerable Archbishop of Milwaukee has passed to his reward, full of years and labors, worn out by apostolical cares and enterprises. The young can hardly realize the labors of the fathers and the pioneers, who built up the American Church, until their attention is arrested by the passing away of some famous leader and laborer such as this. Before that epoch of ancient history, the passage of the Emancipation Bill which closed the British persecution, John Martin Henni, had left his native Switzerland to evangelize this western world. What a wild and unattractive field it must have been. Almost forty years ago, Father Henni founded a Catholic paper and not long afterwards he was consecrated bishop and sent from Ohio to the desolate Northwest, where a new civilization was to be cut out of the woods of Wisconsin. And a grand civilization has been so carved out, and in forming it no brain was more active, no hand more skillful, no arm more laboriously tried than those of Bishop Henni. Schools and churches, convents and colleges he founded, and in addition to these merely mechanical accidents, he formed, trained and disciplined an army of teachers, religious, and priests who are the real foundations of a Church. His Salesianum celebrated its jubilee the other day, with but one sorrow—that its venerated founder was on his deathbed. But in his place there was his coadjutor, Archbishop Heiss, the companion of his earlier labors in Wisconsin, and hundreds of priests and many bishops, the fruit of his labors in building this great college. His life was full of labors and trials, yet not without abundance of the glory and joy which a great bishop feels in the prosperity and success of his mission. He labored long and faithfully. He rests now, and we trust in eternal peace.—*Catholic Review*.

The peculiar temper of the French Radicals was grotesquely exhibited the other evening at a school gathering in the sixth arrondissement of Paris. A municipal representative, one M. Pinet, came to the playground of the Christian Brothers' school, Rue d'Assas, to distribute prizes to adult pupils who had passed successful examinations. Although the honors of the day fell to the *alumni* of the Brothers, the civic magnates excluded the religious element from the platform. Now this M. Pinet was once an inspector of primary schools, and therefore deemed it fitting that he should talk learnedly on the subject of education. So he told his audience that the adult schools were due to the three republics, and having glanced disdainfully at the Brothers present, he added: "It is because we love the