

REV. DR. KANE'S ELOQUENT SERMON

At the Month's Mind of the Late Bishop Nulty.

From time to time we meet with published sermons, the perusal of which is calculated to inspire the reader with burning sentiments of Faith and Patriotism. They are not as frequent as sometimes supposed; but rare occasions bring forth the greatest and best efforts of rare orators, and when the circumstances thus combine, the result is a masterpiece. On the 25th January last, at Mullingar, the Month's Mind of the late Bishop Nulty, of Meath, was observed, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Kane, S.J. A solemn occasion, a magnificent subject, and a grand orator: the consequence is a discourse that combines historical erudition, deep patriotism, great veneration, biographical exactness, and religious fervor. We cannot refrain from affording our readers the treat of a few extracts from that really grand panegyric.

In the course of it the eloquent preacher said:—

"Dr. Nulty was born under the shadow of the penal law; he lived to see a Tory Parliament offer to Ireland a first measure of self-rule. He was born under the ban of bigotry; he lived to see Cardinals recognized by the throne. As a boy he learned his lessons at a hedge school; as a Bishop he deliberated on the framing of a Catholic university, when it is but a matter of months. As a youth he tilled his father's farm when his landlord held power from the law of lawless extermination; as an old man he beheld the tenant's toil and thrift secure. His life began with fetters upon his faith, with prison bars across his mind, with prison walls around his industry, with a political stigma upon his religion and a social stain upon his blood; his life ended with his faith free, education open, wealth and honor within grasp of any Catholic Kelt. In all this he was no bystander, but a workman; no camp-follower, but a soldier."

What a picture of Ireland's transition during the past century! We will not be able to give, as space forbids, the details of Bishop Nulty's life; but there are some passages which it would be a journalistic sin to omit.

Coming to the date of his appointment as P.P. of Trim, the preacher said:—

"Shrunken shapes tottered about or crept near where there was hope of food; living skeletons sank in silent corners; the haggard features of the hungry, their corpse-like cheek and bloodless lip; the staring eyeballs of the starving; the wild wail of want or weak moan of pain; these filled the gloom of that despair through which gaunt shadows stalked like spectres or their figures flitted like the phantoms of a sick dream. Famine was followed by her twin sister pestilence whose breath poisoned the homes haunted by starvation and was blown about the hut of the poor and the house of the wealthy, the cabin of the toiler and the castle of the lord. Father Nulty did his duty. Often and often, alone with the pestilence, he sent the souls of the poor to God. Eleven interments a day was his average, and often he stood by the cholera grave alone. In 1864 another and nobler call came."

This call was from Rome, and was to the episcopal throne. The following passage is one of more than human eloquence; it is the graphic picture of the great Bishop's life sorrow; we can only give that portion that appeals to justice and describes that which in life the departed prelate could not explain:—

"In his letter to Lord Hartington he paints a pathetic picture of the difficulties he met with in his apostleship of peace. Can you realize brethren, what it was? The man had seen a crowbar break the roof where he was born. The walls, endeared to him by his father's memory, were shattered, left to shelter the nettle and to crumble with the rain. Pools of water stagnate on the spot where he had learned his prayers at his mother's knee, and the long, green grass now grows on the hearthstone. This not because he would not pay the rent but because men must make room for the silence of the meadow and children be exterminated to give peace to cattle. Nay, he had seen his sons and daughters die of want or drift into exile. The wife of his heart had faded too, and with her life faded the last smile of the last one

that loved him. Is it strange that the man's terrible grief, soured by his sense of terrible injustice, should revolve into a madness of anger, and, with the cold method of implacable hatred, ponder over plans of wild revenge? How easily!

He knows the turning of the road, just where the thicket stands. But the priest came. As Father Nulty's tears fell like soft dew upon his sorrow, as the great heart of his greatest friend touched his own, the soul of his "soggarth aroon," conquered the soul of the sinner.

Writing from "outside the Flaminian Gate, Rome," near the dungeon where St. Paul wept over his bitterest grief, the falling away of many churches that he had founded, Dr. Nulty exclaims in humble wonder: "Where St. Paul was despised, we ourselves are honored!" Stay! Great Bishop, stay! Thy day shall come. Brethren, contrast two days in Trim. The first in 1852, when the poor people gave to Father Nulty a keepsake, a token of their tender gratitude, a gold watch and chain. That watch he loved while he lived, and by his will gave it back as a heirloom to his beloved Trim. The second day was in 1892. Oh! the pain of it! Was it a dream? When, upon Alpine heights, the snow is fresh and soft and full, a shudder will create an avalanche. When the air is charged with electric force, a spark will bring the thunderbolt. So, too, amongst men, most of all amongst men who have the quiet impulse and hot blood of the Kelt, when a keen crisis comes, interest turns to fever, and, as thought becomes intense, the expression of it dashes forward into inevitable extravagance, and action bursts into almost inevitable extreme. So it was then at Trim. Brethren, I hold no brief for defence. Much less have I commission, by aggressive thrust, to reopen wounds almost, if not already healed. I offer no apology, I make no attack. The memory of Dr. Nulty is above both."

It has been openly asserted and repeated countless times that the anti-Dreyfus agitation in France has been due to the Jesuits; is the following language—from the lips of a Jesuit preacher—an indication of any such spirit existing? Referring to Bishop Nulty's enforced silence, regarding matters to be decided before the courts and which affected his life as a man and as a Bishop, the preacher said:—

"For three long months he had to wait with folded arms while the infidel and Protestant press shot their venomous shafts against him and his office from every corner of the world, until at last his reply came. But it came too late. Men's minds were made up; they would not listen more. Absolutely convinced of the correctness of his own conclusions and fixedly resolute in what he understood to be his conscientious duty, Dr. Nulty was suffered and silent. You know how the whole world looks on with indignant horror while France condemns a soldier, who, be he false to the honor of his sword or faithful, be he Jew or be he Gentile, be he sinner or be he saint, was sentenced on unseen proof, and thus had no fair play. Nay! no miscreant, accused of evident shame or open murder, but has full trial and actual power of reply. A great Bishop whether by legal law or luckless chance, not by Irish or English honor, was condemned unheard. 'It was the bitterest sorrow of my life,' he said. But he bore it with the patience of a martyr."

Read, ponder over, remember the words of this sublime oration! We know of none more touching and beautiful in our language:—

"Thus he is gone from amongst us, a great mind, a saintly soul, a character sincere, fearless, resolute, yet withal great-hearted as a patriarch and simple as a child. Had he no fault? Hush! the grave is closed. Fret not the slumber of the saintly dead, nor mock the living tears that mourn. Hush! Wait! When the century, the first faint flutter of whose advancing tide already flings its spray about our pilgrim feet, shall have receded to the bosom of the eternal sea, the calm historian will pause to look across the shallow sands or petty pools where small men lived their little lives, and gaze, with reverence and with sympathy, upon the majestic figure of the great Bishop of Meath."

ful the pious and devout reading of the Holy Gospel in editions containing notes and approved by a Bishop, as the Catholic Church requires; begs your Holiness to be good enough to grant to those who shall read the Bible devoutly for at least a quarter of an hour the indulgences which are given to those who recite the Christian acts."

The following is the text of the Brief concerning the reading of the Gospel:—

His Holiness Leo XIII., at an audience on Dec. 13th, 1898, with the undersigned prefect of the congregation of Indulgences and Relics, made known that he grants to all the faithful who shall have devoutly read the Scriptures for at least a quarter of an hour an indulgence of three

hundred days, to be gained once a day, provided that the edition of the Gospel has been approved by legitimate authority. Furthermore, the Sovereign Pontiff grants monthly, a plenary indulgence to all those who shall have read in this way—fate this lecture—everyday of the month. It can be gained on the day of the month when, after confession and communion, those who have fulfilled the conditions shall have offered up the customary prayers for the intentions of the Holy See.

Given at Rome on the 13th December, 1898.

CARDINAL GOTTE.

Perfect.

Seen and certified.

CARDINAL RICHARD, Archbishop of Paris.

LA CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME.

Gloucester Street Convent, Ottawa.

The young ladies of the intermediate department of this famed institution, not to be out-done, and no doubt incited thereto by the great success attending the "Margaret Bourgeois Reading Circle," founded by their elder companions, have formed themselves into the "Literary Guild of St. Agnes." The first formal session of the Guild was held last evening, and it will long be a "red-letter" episode in the memories of the pupils and teachers alike.

At seven o'clock, the members—24 in number—received in great state the commodious Academic Hall of the Convent, the Rev. Mother Provincial and the Rev. Mother Superior, who were accompanied by the teaching staff of the institution, and also by the young ladies of the senior department; their entrance was marked by song and smiling and greeting. An interesting musical, literary and educational programme of which the following gives the various items was gone through with; but the mere printed list entirely fails to convey

an idea of the excellent manner in which each of the participants performed her part: nor can it describe the enthusiastic manner in which each was applauded, nor yet the hearty commendation which was bestowed by the Rev. Mother Superior in encouraging her youthful charges to devote their spare time to the preparation of those little entertainments which must always prove instructive to themselves as well as entertaining to their teachers and fellow-pupils, a sentiment which met with hearty approval from the audience. The following was the programme:—

Hymn to St. Agnes, soloist, Miss A. Ardouin; piano solo, Miss Dumouchel; Geographical and Historical Essays, Italy, Miss S. Wills; Greece, Miss L. Devite; England, Miss A. Paquet; Ireland, Miss F. Lynch; Switzerland, Miss C. Piset; France, Miss B. Chabot; vocal selection from Gounod, Miss A. Paquet; recitation in English, Miss S. Wills and in French, Miss G. Heritage. Finale Barcarolle, le.

Women With Pathetic Careers.

On Friday there was interred in Balthams cemetery an old woman named Bridget Mulvey, who had a pathetic not to say a romantic career. Born almost totally blind, her first experience of life as a young girl was the heartless eviction of her widowed mother on a Christmas Eve. The eviction was only one of many experienced by poor old Biddy, as she was affectionately known. After years of patient vicissitudes during which she lived on the charity of her neighbors, she at length found a home with her brother, who bequeathed her the cottage in which he and his wife had lived, and a small plot of ground. From this, however, she was ruthlessly and forcibly evicted by her brother-in-law. This man subsequently sold the place to a local man, and from this event the curious part of the old woman's career may be dated. Fearing that the old woman and her widowed sister might take possession of the house was one night razed to the ground. On the following Saturday night the people returning home saw nothing but the sightless ruins. The next morning they rubbed their eyes, and blessed themselves with incredulity on their way to first Mass, for the ruins had been replaced during the night by a substantially built and neatly thatched cottage, with door and windows complete, and Bridget Mulvey and her sister were in full possession. They had, they explained, been knocked up out of bed early that morning by a body of armed men, the most conspicuous wore a sword, with a plume in his hat, and who described himself as the captain of the Bog of Allen Brigade, and had been put in possession and they meant to keep it. When Divine service was over, however, the people had only a heap of ruins to again view, as in the interval both the women had been forcibly ejected by the purchaser and his sons, and the house again utterly demolished. This was exactly what the old woman's friends anticipated. The matter was placed in the hands of Mr. S. J. Brown, solicitor, of Naas. A process for possession and damages was issued against the purchaser, and though a strong defence was made the old woman came off victorious, obtaining £8 damages and costs, and in her turn evicting her evictor. On the news becoming known the whole country was brilliantly illuminated, and it was decided to rebuild the house, and for this purpose one of the probably largest demonstrations ever held in Wicklow assembled at Ballyknocken. The late Rev. M. J. O'Gorman made a splendid speech. The late Very Rev. Father Rowan, P.P., blessed the house, and Messrs. T. Purcell and T. M. O'Reilly also spoke, on the occasion.

The funeral on Friday was very largely attended. On the coffin was a beautiful cross bearing the following inscription:—"In loving memory of Biddy Mulvey from the Bog of Allen Men who reinstated her.—Leinster Leader."

Not long ago, I saw an old lady whom I had known for many years as an office holder in one of the departments. She was in former days, a beautiful woman, but crippled. She also had about \$50,000 invested. She was engaged to marry a Catholic gentleman, but he died before the wedding could take place. She was faithful to that love and never changed her state. A relative borrowed her fortune and lost it. In her poverty she sought and obtained a position in the Interior Department—perhaps it was the Treasury. It was a pathetic thing to see this crippled woman, in all kinds of weather, going to her work, but she had kind friends and everybody tried to help her. Having missed her, I asked a lady on the cars what had become of Miss S.—She said: "Not long ago, she had vacation and was out shopping. In one of the stores she fell and seriously injured her already distorted and paralyzed limb. She was carried to the hotel where she boarded and had medical attention. I suggested that she be nursed by the Sisters. Old as she was and unfortunate in many ways, she clung to life and was fearful that she would lose her government position. At that time Norman B. Scott now Senator elect from West Virginia, was her immediate superior. I went to him and told him about it. He replied: 'Tell Miss S.—that, no matter how long she may be sick I will hold her place for her.' This message was conveyed to her, but, while it removed anxiety, it did not halt the approach of death. When she knew that her last hours had come, she sent for a Catholic priest and received baptism and the last Sacraments. Always with her she kept sacredly the rosary her youthful lover had given her, and, when the end was nigh, her thoughts went back to him and to his religion and perchance she thought that the one way to rejoin him was through the Catholic Church. She died peacefully and without any pecuniary means to speak of. I again went to Mr. Scott and informed him of the circumstances. He immediately handed me \$25 and asked if that was enough. He had a kind heart as well as a strong intellect. When the poor old lady was at rest, the Sisters arranged and dressed her. Then appeared one of those phenomena sometimes exhibited in the dead. She was seemingly restored to youth and beauty. She was indeed lovely in death.—Washington Correspondence, Catholic Columbian.

ANOTHER GONE.

(The following lines are too graphic to need any comment; they tell, in a few words, the great, universal lesson that daily is taught by passing events.)

Ten thousand men obeyed his slightest word;

He pressed a button at his desk and lo!

Men who for years had struggled on and on

Awoke to find their dreams of riches gone.

And bowing servants saw him come and go.

He spoke, and markets rose forth-with or fell;

He governed all that mighty wealth will buy!

Fame, honor, power, homage he possessed,

And yesterday you would have called him blest—

But millionaires and paupers have to die!

The shouting in the market still goes on,

Though whispering servants tiptoe through his hall;

How poor was I beside him yesterday—

How rich, to-day, beside his pulseless clay—

Make fast the lid and let the curtains fall.

—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.



SIR CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

The new Leader of the Liberal Party in England.

Sir. H. Campbell-Bannerman, Bart., P.C., who has been elected to the leadership of the Liberal party, is now in his sixty-third year. The youngest son of the late Sir James Campbell, of Stracathro, Forfarshire, he assumed the additional name of Bannerman under the will of his maternal uncle, the late Mr. Henry Bannerman, of Hinton Court, Kent. Both the Campbells and the Bannermans were drapers, and Sir Henry himself was engaged, prior to his entry into politics, in the great Glasgow business of which his father, the son of a Strathshire farmer, was one of the founders. James Campbell was the occasional guest of the Bannermans, the great warehousemen, and fell in love with Henry Bannerman's daughter, whom he married in the early twenties. With Henry Bannerman behind it, the Glasgow business was soon booming. James Campbell became Lord Provost of Glasgow, and received the honor of knighthood, while the young Henry, who was born in Glasgow in 1836, was in due time sent to Glasgow University and to Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1858 he was made a member of the firm of J. and W. Campbell, which was now a wholesale house. At that time he had no particular politics. His father was an inveterate Conservative. His own first lessons in Liberalism were taken from one Dan Lawson, the Irish linen buyer of the firm. In 1860 he married the daughter of Major-General Sir Charles Druce, and in 1868 he became Liberal candidate for the sterling Burghs. He made an almost instantaneous impression in the House, and by 1871 the young Glasgow business man was Financial Secretary to the War Office. He has since been Secretary to the Admiralty, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and twice Secretary of State for War.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

Continued From Page Nine.

Mr. Alph. Charron, of the Experimental Farm, lectured before the University students on Tuesday last. His subject was "Food."

The St. Patrick's Literary Association, are preparing an elaborate programme for St. Patrick's night. Nothing definite has as yet been done touching the proposed St. Patrick's Hall.

The Rev. Wm. Murphy, O.M.I., lectured on "Constellations," before the Scientific Society of the University; and he repeated it before the pupils of the Gloucester Street Convent on Tuesday last.

Rev. Canon Archambault, and the Rev. Father Lonergan, both of Mont-

real, visited the Rev. Father Champagne in the Water Street Hospital, last week.

The Club Dramatique of St. Ann's parish gave an entertainment in aid of the St. Charles Home, on Monday night of last week.

The mortal remains of Mr. E. A. Mara were conveyed on Sunday, 12th inst., to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Libera was chanted, Rev. Father Whelan, in cope, presiding, assisted by Rev. Canon McCarthy and Rev. Dr. McNally in tunics, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Thence they were accompanied to the cemetery of Our Lady, by one of the largest assemblage of mourners that has been seen in this city for some time back. The C. M. B. A. and the C. O. P. turned out in large numbers, and walked ahead of the hearse. While the "floral" offerings were numerous and choice, a more Catholic course was followed by many, who presented instead, Spiritual bouquets of Masses for the repose of the soul of the deceased. Notable was the example set by the Catholic Order of Foresters.

SCIENTIFIC BREWERS.

A professorship of brewing and malting is being established at the Birmingham University, and the chair will be well worth holding, for nearly £23,000 has already been subscribed locally toward the endowment.—St. Louis "Review."

It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but the depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—Bacon.

The ablest men that ever were have all had an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity.

Cross cuts to righteousness are artificial survivals. It is a long road, but it is the right road.

Every real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility.

Men are apt to mistake the strength of their feelings for the strength of their argument.

You cannot fight against future. The world is governed much more by opinion than by laws.

Poetry is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious.

LOOK OUT for the first sign of impure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla is your safeguard. It will purify, enrich and vitalize your BLOOD.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of MONTREAL, No. 1669.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Ellen O'Brien, of the City and District of Montreal, wife, common as to property, of William Albert Arnold, commission merchant, of the same place, duly authorized to enter on justice, Plaintiff, vs. the said William Albert Arnold, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted, this day, against the said defendant.

HONAN & PARISEAULT.

12 Place d'Armes.

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Montreal, 5th January, 1899.

The "True Witness" is the best medium of education for Catholic young men and young women. Heads of households should subscribe for it.

POPE LEO AND THE BIBLE.

The Holy Father has issued a Brief granting special indulgence as an encouragement to reading the Bible. Before the publication of this Brief, according to the Univers, of Paris,

Cardinal Gotti had addressed the following request:—

"Holy Father:—The Abbe Garnier, of the Diocese of Paris, moved by zeal for promoting amongst the faith-