The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XIV. LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892. No. 726.

Three Graves.

How did he live, this dead man here,
With the temple above his grave?
He lived as a great one—from cradle to bier
He was nursed in luxury; trained in pride,
When the wish was born, it was gratified;
Without thanks he took, without heed he gave.
The common man was to him a clod
From whom he was far as a demigod.
His duties? To see that his rents were paid.
His pleasure? To know that the crowd obeyed.
His pulse, if you felt it, throbbed apart,
With a separate stroke from the people's heart.
But whom did he love, and whom did he bless?
Was the life of him more than a man's, or less?
I know not. He died. There was none to blame,
And as few to weep; but these marbles came
For the temple that rose to preserve his name!

How did he live, that other dead man,
From the graves apart and alone?
As a great one, too? Yes, this was one
Who lived to labor and study and plan.
The earth's deep thought he loved to reveal;
He banded the breast of the land with steel;
The thread of his toil he never broke;
He filled the cities with wheels and smoke,
And workers by day and workers by night,
For the day was too short for his vigor's fight,
Too firm was he to be feeling and giving;
For labor, for gain, was a life worth living.
He worshipped Industry, dreamt of her, sighed for her.
Potent he grew by her, famous he died for her.
They say he improved the world in his time,
That his mills and mines were a work sublime.
When he died—the laborers rested and sighed;
Which was it—because he had lived or died?

And how did he live—that dead man there,
In the country churchyard laid?
Oh, he? He came for the sweet field air;
He was tired of the town, and he took no pride
In its fashion or fame. He returned and died
In the place he loved, where a child he played
With those who have knelt by his grave and prayed.
He ruled no serfs and he knew no pride;
He was one with the workers side by side;
He hated a mill and a mine and a town.
With their fever of misery, struggle, renown;
He could never believe but a man was made
For a nobler end than the glory of trade,
For the youth he mourned with an endless pity
Who were cast like snow on the streets of the city.
He was weak, maybe; but he lost no friend;
Who loved him once, loved on to the end;
He mourned all selfish and shrewd endeavor;
But he never injured a weak one—never.
When censure was passed, he was kindly dumb;
He was never so wise but a fault would come;
He was never so old that he failed to enjoy
The games and the dreams he had loved when a boy.
He erred and was sorry; but never drew
A trusting heart from the pure and true.
When friends look back from the years to be,
God grant they may say such things of me!

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Pilot.

In these days of soulless corporations it is refreshing to come across a story like that told of T. V. Smith, a glass works contractor, at Hartford City, Maryland. By a recent accident, which the coroner's jury reported as unavoidable, five of Mr. Smith's workmen were killed. He had them buried decently, provided for the immediate wants of the families of the four who were married men, gave to each of the widows $1,000 and put all of them on the company's pay roll. A man so generous as this must also be a just man.

In the frequent enumeration in our literary journals, of striking short poems, it is strange that no one has included Charles Henry Webb's "Revenge:"

Revenge is a naked sword—
It has neither hilt nor guard.
Wouldst thou wield this brand of the Lord?—
Is thy grasp then firm and hard?"

But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier blow thou wouldst deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand is made—
It is thy blood reddens the steel.

And when thou hast dealt the blow—
When the blade from thy hand is flown—
Instead of the heart of the foe,
Thou mayst find it sheathed in thine own!

Sound philosophy as well as good poetry in the above!

Buffalo Union and Times.

Under a new law just passed in Russia, "any man caught buying up a distressed peasant's crops at less than the ruling market rates is flung into a dungeon for six months," and any man "who holds an extortionate mortgage on a farmer's land" is treated as an outlaw and a felon. On this subject the Czar is relentless and implacable. He pursues the latter and the spirit of the Greek Church canon, which forbids the practice of usury, and he prosecutes the extorticners with an activity that would obliterate at once any but this pestiferous class. There is something essentially splendid in his determination to exterminate those human lecches who fatten on the necessities and life blood of the unfortunate poor. It is this fact that makes the Czar the "Little Father" of his people and clothes him with that immeasurable influence and popularity which has so often been a bulwark to the tottering throne of the Romanoffs. It is the great central virtue of the Russian despotism, and in acknowledging is we only render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's.

Ave Maria.

The Montreal *Star* having published a Buffalo, N. Y., despatch to the effect that on the Feast of the Assumption a portion of the Blessed Virgin's skull would be venerated in a Buffalo church, the Antigonish *Casket* thus tersely and correctly comments on the absurdity of the telegram: "There is no such relic of the Blessed Virgin, either in Buffalo or at Rome, or anywhere else. A tiny lock our Blessed Lady's hair and a portion of her garment are venerated in St. Peter's at Rome, but no place or church in Christendom has ever claimed to possess a bone or other relic of her virginal body. That Catholics have always and everywhere believed to have been taken up into heaven shortly after she had paid the debt of nature. It would be a strange contradiction surely that a portion of our Blessed Lady's skull should be exhibited in a Catholic church, 'for the reverence of the faithful,' on the very day that the faithful throughout the world commemorate the Virgin's bodily assumption."

N. Y. Catholic Review.

The Grand Master, Adrinno Lemmi, has mapped out a new plan of campaign for Free Masons in Italy against the Catholic Church. The lodges must insist, so he said lately at a banquet in Florence, on "the abolition of the Law of Guarantees, prohibition of religious instruction and of religious marriage not preceded by the civil ceremony, the institution of divorce, and the suppression of the Ministry of Worship." Religion is no longer to be tolerated by the State. The secret societies having apparently accomplished the downfall of the Temporal Power of the Pope, are bent on destroying his Spiritual authority. They will advance their lines now, and having begun by rejecting the influence of Christianity in the Government, they will henceforth proceed to efface it. The step from negation to persecution is to be taken, and a new chapter of suffering will at once begin for the Church in Italy and for the Holy Father. However, *in hoc signo vinces*—our hope is perennial that the Cross will yet triumph over the Triangle.

The recklessness with which some physicians prescribe opiates and the un-Christian habit which some doctors have of stupefying the dying with drugs, are open to censure. On one point the Right Rev. Bishop of Little Rock says: "There is a growing evil, worse even then the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks to which the C. T. A. Union may well turn it attention—the use of narcotic poison other than fermented or distilled liquors. I but hint at one phase of the matter here, as I am not clear that the subject comes within the scope of your Union. But what priest in charge of souls does not know that it is the well nigh universal practice among physicians of the day to administer intoxicants, morphine, opium, etc., to their dying patients to alleviate their pains, and then send them intoxicated before their Judge! and even without the opportunity of arranging their will or family affairs! To my mind, as a Catholic priest, theirs is a far greater crime than the occasional abuse of drink, and merits the most severe condemnation of total abstinence societies." The evil practice referred to by Bishop Fitzgerald ought to come to a speedy end.

Pittsburg Catholic.

There is a paper in the *Popular Science Monthly* for August on illegitimacy. The writer claims for Ireland that it is the most virtuous country in the world. Nor is poverty the cause, for in Russia, where the people are most wretchedly poor, immorality is very high. He attributes the causes in Ireland to race and heredity. We attribute it to that faith which is imbued in the Irish—that Catholic faith, which neither fire could burn nor steel bleed out of her—that faith which she has preserved pure and intact through all the centuries since St. Patrick preached it in the hall of Tara. Poor Ireland has her faults. She has salted the earth with her vigorous offspring, and in that which raises men above the brute, she has been great as a nation—the stainless purity of her sons and daughters.

All the saints are not canonized. There are untold millions to-day united with God, whose names are not registered in any martyrology or Bollandist's edition of the lives of the saints—men and women whose precious sum of deeds was made up in doing their life-work as God willed: faithful and true to their daily tasks, with the thought ever present, as their guide "Thy will be done." They performed no great achievements; no wonderful miracles are recorded of them: but their lives were one of the greatest of miracles, the correspondence to God's grace, in doing their every day's task in the presence of their "Taskmaster's eyes."—Little acts, unnoticed, unobserved as they journeyed along life's pathway, by those around them, but noticed, observed, by Him, rewarded when their precious sheaves were gathered into the garden of paradise.

Conversions.

The Hon. Stephen Powys, son of Lord Lilford, of Lilford, Northamptonshire, has been received into the Catholic Church.

Conversions are becoming frequent in Holland. The greatest landowner of Someron in Dutch Brabant, has "come over" with his entire family, and also the wife and daughter of the pastor of the same district. Rector Kruising, of the Protestant Lyceum of Bois le-Duc, has adjured Protestantism, with his whole household, and the Protestant pastor of Budel, on the Belgian Frontier, has followed his example.

Baron Ludwig Joseph Charles Maria von Weber, Chevalier de Saint George, was received into the Catholic Church on Aug. 28 at the cathedral in St. Joseph, Mo. Baron von Weber is a nephew of Dr. C. L. Weber of that city, and dropped his title on going to the United States. He went to St. Joseph about two months ago from St. Louis, and took up the study of medicine, but soon relinquished that and turned toward the Church and applied to Father Augustine at the Cathedral for instructions in religion. The young nobleman is twenty-nine years of age. His father was a Baron of the Grand Duchy, and his mother was a French lady, from whom he inherited the title of Chevalier de St. George.

DEATH OF BISHOP O'MAHONEY.

Toronto Globe.

Right Rev. Timothy O'Mahoney, auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Toronto, and acting parish priest of St. Paul's, in the east end of that city, died at 7:45 o'clock on Thursday morning 8th inst., at his residence, 83 Power street. He had been ailing for some weeks past, and for several days it was known that the end was approaching. Rev. Father Murray was in attendance at the death-bed and administered the last ordinance of the Church. Dropsy and heart weakness were the cause of death. The late Bishop O'Mahony was born at Kilmurry, county Cork, Ireland, November 1, 1822, and was consequently in his sixty-seventh year. He entered the priesthood in 1849 and was created first Bishop of Armidale, South Australia, by Pope Pius IX., where he labored for many years until broken health compelled him to return to Europe. In 1879 he came out to Canada at the personal solicitation of the late Archbishop Lynch, receiving before his departure from Europe the title of Bishop of Eudocia. He at once took charge of St. Paul's parish in this city, where he has remained ever since. During his twelve years' ministrations the present magnificent stone edifice at the corner of Queen and Power streets has been erected, the extensive schools to the east of the church built and the parish thoroughly reorganized, until to-day the spiritual and temporal condition of the parish places it among the foremost in the archdiocese. He was beloved and revered in every part of his cure, and esteemed for his faithful labors and erudition throughout the city and Province.

THE FUNERAL.

Toronto Empire, Sept. 12.

At 5 o'clock on Friday evening the remains of Bishop O'Mahoney were taken into St. Paul's church and placed before the altar within the sanctuary. During the evening and in the early hours of the following morning great numbers of people visited the sacred edifice to view the body of the deceased prelate. Protestants as well as Catholics were found among the concourse who paid this tribute of veneration, thus testifying the high regard in which His Lordship was held by all who knew him. It was noticeable, however, that none but the Roman Catholic visitors were seen to kneel by the coffin or to reverently kiss the ring upon his hand and the golden cross lying upon his breast, to which last pious exercise a forty days' indulgence was attached. The body was dressed in the vestments of the episcopal office, and these, together with the mitre, were buried with him. Candelabra with burning lights stood about the casket, which was covered with plush velvet, trimmed with white satin and ornamented with silver, and with six solid silver handles. The altar and sanctuary were draped in mourning, six columns of the beautiful church were wreathed with black and white bands, white festoons of black extended along the whole length of the interior and across the front of the gallery. At 10 o'clock the congregation began to gather. Precisely at 10:30 the choir, under the leadership of Father Rholeder, began the dead march in Saul, and at the same moment the funeral procession entered from the presbytery, headed by Rev. Father Hand, master of ceremonies. He was followed by the cross-bearer and two attendants, thirty-five acolytes and choir boys, and forty-six priests, most of whom were from the diocese of Toronto. Last came Vicar-General Gauthier, of Brockville, Vicar-General Rooney, Bishop O'Connor, of London, Bishop O'Connor, of Peterbourgh, Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, and Archbishop Walsh. Archbishop Cleary was the celebrant of the Mass. The music was plain Gregorian chant with sanctuary choir. Among those in the sanctuary was Father Sheehan, of St. Mary's church, one of the Bishop's closest and dearest friends, one who served him faithfully for six years as first assistant of St. Paul's. He showed noticeably the signs of his sorrow.

ELOQUENT SERMON BY HIS GRACE.

Archbishop Walsh preached the sermon. He referred in feeling terms to the exemplary patience and resignation which the deceased had shown in his last illness. On such an occasion the voice of the Church should be heard pleading before the throne of God and offering up a sacrifice for the remission of whatever faults might have stained the soul of the deceased pastor. In his life, as well as in his death, the sermon preached by him was of the necessity of being ever prepared for death. Dust thou art, to dust thou shalt return, was the sentence pronounced by God against guilty man. Wave after wave of humanity had by this omnipotent decree swept from the earth. After dwelling thus for some time on death and the certainity of immortality, His Grace went on to speak of the personal qualities of the deceased. He paid the highest possible tribute to him as a man and a Christian, describing him as one who had always sought to follow in the footsteps of the Master. He had stirred up the whole parish into new spiritual life, and had preached the word of God in power and beauty from the pulpit. The temple in which they sat had risen under his influence until it stands to-day the pride and the glory of the people and the greatest architectural monument of the city.

When the sermon was finished the beautiful burial service for the dead was chanted, after which the body was placed in the vault which had been prepared in the yard at the south-west corner of the church. The casket was placed within a solid oak shell finished in gold and surmounted with a copper plate, upon which was inscribed the full name of the bishop and the date of his death.

To Roman Catholics it is a consolation to know that His Lordship's last moments were peaceful and filled with all the divine hope and consolation that the Church affords to a departing soul. Father Finan, of the House of Providence, was in constant attendance on him and administered the Holy Viaticum. Vicar-General Rooney administered the sacrament of extreme unction, while other priests of the archdiocese afforded the sweetest and most devoted ministeries to the departing prelate.

SEPARATE SCHOOL WORK.—We notice by the report of the Tilsonburg High School entrance examinations that four papils of the Catholic Separate school passed very creditably, *viz.*, Frank McNamara, Ida Grooms, John Bridgman, and Theresa Devlin. Frank McNamara received the highest number of marks out of the 89 candidates who wrote for the examination. He is the son of Mr. J. B. McNamara of Hawtrey. The teacher of the school is Miss Ella Dalton, who has been long well known as a successful teacher.

INVESTITURE OF ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN.

Father Gasquet on the Revival of the Church in England.

The sermon at the investiture of the Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Cardinal Manning's successor in the See of Westminster, Eng., was by the distinguished Benedictine, Dr. Gasquet. His main object, writes the correspondent of the Liverpool *Catholic Times*, "was to show the religious and political importance of the Pallium throughout the history of England, and, as was only natural in the historian of the destruction of the monasteries, he dwelt especially on the circumstances connected with Cranmer's investiture. There was a graceful paragraph, in which, after referring to the true meaning of continuity, the preacher reminded his hearers that the family names of the two principal personages of the day, Vaughan and Stonor, were in themselves living proofs of Catholic continuity in this country. And then followed a pleasing illusion to 'my own habit, which I unworthily wear,' and which has been intimately connected with the religious life of England since the first landing of St. Augustine and his monks on our shores."

We quote the concluding passages:

"Well may we think, brethren, that the perfect devotion of those who have gone before us, martyrs, confessors, in the days of persecution and fiery trial, has been rewarded. Not alone have they preserved Catholicity for us, but their faith and zeal have been the means whereby God has brought into the fold of the Church men who were the very salt of the Anglican Establishment. The great generation is passing away, and as we look we see that their work have been accomplished. They have brought home to every mind in England the existence of Catholicity, living, working, acting throughout the length and breath of the land. For we must beware of measuring the influence of our faith merely by the multiplication of our churches, or the increase of conversions. The resurrection of the Church is shown on all sides by the change which the fact of its very existence has wrought, even within the pale of the Established Church of England. Look around you: Is it not the case that there is hardly a spot in this country, no matter how remote, where the effort is not now being made to imitate the rites and practices of the Catholic religion, even down to minute details and to characteristics of its very inner life? Take the very name Catholic itself. Most of us are old enough to remember the time when we, and we alone, were the Catholics of England—as indeed we still are to men of common sense. A few short years ago and this name would have been resented as an insult by members of the Established Church. To-day, however, forgetful that the Sovereign Head of their Church swears to their Archbishop in the Coronation Oath to maintain the Protestant Reformed religion established by the law,' many members of the State religion assume the self-contradictionary title of Anglo-Catholic. It is only too obvious that Anglicans do not draw all this from their own past. As with a similar though less marked movement in the days of King Charles I., induced by the same causes, it is done avowedly with the object of preventing people becoming Catholics. And, if the Anglican Church is being, as they declare, Catholicized to-day, it is through the pressure which we Catholics, by our very presence, bring to bear upon it, making Protestants themselves the very witnesses against their own past words and deeds. Truly, the prescribed religion of our God has here its divine revenge, for it subdues the souls of men and turns them to love and bless that which their forefathers cast out from their midst.

"That, my brethren, which the founders of the Established religion in this country rejected, has been preserved happily for us. Ours is an inheritance above all price, that none can take from us. That inheritance is continuity indeed—the only continuity worth contending for: a continuity of faith and practice. The possession of family title deeds does not prove descent; the occupation of stone walls, the using of historic names, the publication of lists without a break—none of these are evidences of true continuity, in the presence of recorded history. When Crammer rejected the authority of Rome, which his sixty-six predecessors in the See of Canterbury had acknowledged, and declared, that he accepted his office from the King 'alone and no other,' and that his authority as Primate was derived from the Crown as that of previous occupants of the See had been from the Pope: and when Henry, on April 8, 1541, by his Royal Letters Patent, 'created' the Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury, and granted to it 'the insignia of an archbishopric,' common sense, no less than the evidence of subsequent events, tells us that here was a new beginning. The throne of Augustine, founded by Gregory, after enduring for nine hundred and forty years, was cast down in the dust, and in its place Henry established another for Thomas Cranmer, the first Archbishop of the Protestant See of Canterbury. Nor is this all: as it was with Canterbury so it was with the Archiepiscopal throne of York. When, in 1544 Edward Lee, the Archbishop, died, the King not only translated Robert Holgate from Landaff to the Northern Metropolitan See, giving him power to ordain, hold synods, make visitations, and generally granting him all spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction,' but by Royal Letters Patent he bestowed upon him an Archbishop's Pall, directing Cranmer to invest him with it. This the Archbishop of Canterbury did in January, 1545, at Lambeth, when he composed a blessing for his new English Pall, and by a solemn parody of the old Catholic form of investiture, placed it on Holgate's shoulders: 'In honor of God, of the Blessed Virgin, of all the saints, and of the most illustrious and serene Prince Henry VIII.' If continuity there be here, surely it is but a continuity of names.

"But I see before me to-day evidences of something more real—of a continuity which comes not from the mere abiding in temples made by hands, mere stones heaped up, but from a faithful continuance in that ancient Church founded by our Lord Himself, built up of living stones, the souls of faithful men—stones made precious and worthy of God's sanctuary by long years of persecution. I see before me those who bear names honored, and rightly honored, in the story of our country, but more honored still by unswerving fidelity to the faith of their fathers. Yes, when our holy religion was driven out from Lincoln and from Canterbury, from St. Albans and Durham, it took refuge in the upper rooms of many a country mansion, and many a sheltered farmstead. And there in obscurity, in fear for life, was maintained in continuous, unbroken existence, the Catholic faith, the Catholic practice, the Catholic life of England. Although the sacred and most necessary rites of religion were banned and proscribed, and the very offering of Holy Mass was visited with death, still, thanks be to God! there never failed those who preferred death in this mortal body to the dying out in our country of the most sacred lamp of faith. In these heroic souls was blended the most sublime devotion which can fill the heart of man—love of God and love of country. For tell me not these were not ardent lovers of their native land. If the exercises of the Catholic religion were proscribed in England, abroad—in foreign lands—they might still be obtained, but these men chose to suffer the loss of worldy goods, to be stretched on the rack, or to die the death of felons, that England should not be robbed of its Catholic inheritance. Thanks be to God! their efforts, their self-sacrifices, in a cause which seemed desperate, has been blessed, for it is through them that we can rejoice to-day in that true unbroken continuity of the living souls of men united in the living Church of God. To all of you will doubtless occur the names of many a house that has never fallen from the ancient faith—each one is a living evidence of this sacred continuity. And to-day two names especially—those of our own Archbishop and of him who has brought the sacred Pall from Peter's shrine—must instinctively rise up in the minds of all, as telling of unvarying, unbroken fidelity to one and the same Holy Roman Catholic Faith.

"Nay, speaking before this great assembly, I know not whether I may express all that fills my mind, but this habit which I wear—all unworthy as I am—tells me—tells you, brethren—if indeed material evidence be asked, that we, and we alone, possess that true continuity of Catholic life which others now would fain enjoy. For, from the day when Augustine first landed in England to the present hour, the Order of St. Benedict, proscribed as it was, ruined, scattered, was never driven from the land. Aye, this, too, is a witness of a continuity which carries us back even beyond the days of the See of Canterbury, but carries us back like it only to the see of Rome and the Chair of Peter, whence, at the command of Peter's successor, thirteen hundred years ago, the children of St. Benedict came as the apostle of the English race. Thoughts such as these make us realize the true import of this day's ceremony whereby our own Archbishop becomes the heir and representative of that illustrious line of prelates of the Church of Canterbury whose succession runs back more than two centuries before the foundation of the English, or, if you will, Saxon monarchy. Has not Westminster been created in the place of St. Augustine's See by the same authority which first called Canterbury into existence? Yes, this Pall, this narrow strip of woven wool, blessed by the hands of Peter's successor, is the witness and the true title to unextinguished rights. The jurisdiction which, through it, St. Gregory conferred on St. Augustine by the word of Leo, successor of Gregory, now descends to you, my Lord Archbishop, as heir to the faith and authority of the first Apostle of our race. One word more. This morning, my brethren, as our voices join in the joyous *Te Deum*, let all our soul go out with heartfelt thanks to our God, whose loving kindnest has preserved in us the faith of those glorious English saints, Augustine and Dunstan, Anselm and Thomas of Canterbury, and has kept us loyal to Rome, the centre of all unity, the only sure foundation of Catholic truth. To Him, then, 'to the King of Ages, Immortal, Invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.'"

FOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

This letter, written on a type-writer and signed with no one's name, has been received at this office:

Columbus, Ohio, August 11, 1892.

DEAR EDITOR,—If you deem it proper to do so, I would like to have you answer in your next issue the following impertinent questions:

1. Does your Church believe and teach the Ten Commandments?
2. Do you not have in your Church images and likenesses of Saints?
3. Do you not believe that these Saints are in the Heaven above?
4. How do you reconcile yourselves to the Second Commandment: "Thou shalt not make thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the Heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water beneath the earth?"

Very truly yours,
AN ODD FELLOW.

We are glad to get this letter. We thank the writer for sending it. We do not wish to find out who he is. We hope that he will continue his inquiries, and that others will do as he has done—ask us questions on Catholic matters that they do not understand.

Here are our answers to the four questions:

1. Yes, the Catholic Church believes and teaches the Ten Commandments.

2. Yes, we have in our churches statues and paintings of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph, of St. John the Baptist, of St. Peter and St. Paul, and of other saints.

3. Yes, we do believe that these saints are in Heaven.

4. We reconcile ourselves to the Second Commandment very easily. Our correspondent has quoted only half of it. It is given in the Bible (Exodus, Chap. xx, v. 4, 5, 6) as follows: "Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven thing, nor the likeness of anything that is in the Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, nor of those things that are in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not adore them, nor serve them: I am the Lord thy God, mighty, jealous, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me, and showing mercy unto thousands to them that love Me and keep My commandments."

What God forbid by this commandment was idolatry—the making of images to be *adored or served*, like the golden calf. He did not forbid absolutely the making of images, because He Himself commanded that the figures of two cherubs should be made with wings outstretched in order to cover the oracle in the sanctuary of His temple (see Exodus, chap. xxv, v. 18, 19, 20); and He also ordered Moses to "make a brazen serpent and set it up for a sign." (Numbers, chap. xxi, v. 8, 9.)

You yourself, probably, have statuettes in your parlor at home and pictures on the walls of it. But you don't believe that you violate the Second Commandment by them, for the reason that you do not adore them or serve them.

We do not adore the statues and paintings of saints in our churches. We adore God, and Him only. We use images to remind us of Him and of His saints, but we do not adore them, nor serve them, nor make idols of them. We worship God. We honor His saints and ask them to pray for us to Him. We serve Him and Him only, in spirit and in truth.—*Catholic Columbian.*

OBITUARY.

Miss Ellen Cook, London.

At the residence of her brother, Philip Cook, London, on Saturday, Sept. 3, 1892, Miss Ellen Cook, of London, daughter of the late Owen Cook and aunt of Messrs. Pocock Bros., of this city, and Mr. S. B. Pocock, of St. Thomas, died in her forty-eighth year, from peritonitis, aggravated by the effects of a stroke of paralysis, received by her some twenty-five years ago, and from which she never recovered. Her sufferings, which were very great, during that period, were patiently endured and her life was always characterized by piety and the most Christian charity. Endowed to a very high degree with the virtue of humility, and always practising her religion unostentatiously, having a good word for every one, she secured for herself the good-will, respect and admiration of all her friends, and the love of her family and relatives. Two nieces of hers are Sisters in St. Joseph's convent, in Toronto, under the religious names of Sister Alphonse and Sister Herman.

Monseigneur Cagliero, the Vicar-Apostolic of Patagonia, under whose special charge the Salesian missions of South America are also operated, is on his way to Rome with an intelligent family of converted and civilized savages who are bringing to Rome as presents to the Pope many curious and interesting objects, the work of themselves and other native converts. These articles will be illustrative of the methods followed in the mission schools, and will no doubt be regarded with much interest at the centre of European art.

Archbishop Ireland has been appointed World's Fair Commissioner to have charge of the exhibit arranged by the Vatican.