

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 6.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1884.

NO. 281

CLERICAL.

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IRELAND'S STRUGGLE FOR THE FAITH.

J. F. C.

XXV.

Then from God there fell a glory,
Round and o'er that multitude;
And by every fervent angel
With hushing hand another stood—
Another, never seen before,
Stood one moment and no more!
Peace, brethren, peace! to us is given
Suffering: Vengeance is for Heaven.

The fury of the English populace aroused by the Popish plot could not be appeased but by the shedding of Catholic and specially of Irish Catholic blood. The eyes of the leading fanatics were directed to Archbishop Plunkett, Primate of all Ireland. His great learning, his eminent talents, and his unquestioned piety, made him odious to the enemies of the Catholic faith. On the issuance of Ormond's proclamation in 1679, ordering all bishops, priests, and Jesuits to leave the kingdom by the 20th of November, the Primate left his usual residence, to lodge in privacy in a village called Castle-town, Bellew, where he held his last ordination and where, on December 6th, 1679, he was apprehended on a charge of exercising ecclesiastical authority, contrary to law. This charge was in the following year dropped and the more general one of high treason substituted. Informers, English and Irish, were without difficulty procured to swear away the Archbishop's life.

These wretches, says McGee, and those they accused, were ordered to London for the trial. Lord Burke of Brittas, and some others, arrested on the same evidence, escaped by the glaring contradiction of the witnesses; but the primate was not equally fortunate, though the witnesses against him were also contradictory. In 1680, he had been lodged in Newgate, London, "where for six months no Christian came near him, nor did he know how things stood in the world." His trial, brought on in May, and postponed till June, was had before a bench that knew neither justice nor good manners. Jeffreys, then a sergeant, was the chief prosecutor. The principal witnesses were Duffy and McMoyr, two friars, whom he had been forced to degrade for their vices. The charge was, that he had conspired to bring in the French at Carlingford, and to raise another Irish rebellion. The "discoverers" of course swore roundly. The primate, who made his own defence, contended, I. That, by law, he should have been tried in Ireland. II. That, a copy of the indictment being refused him, he could have no defence ready. III. That at least he should be allowed time to bring his witnesses over from Ireland. After his clear and able demonstration of the legality of the trial, the following remarkable scene took place:—

"Lord Chief Justice. Well, you have nothing further to say in bar of judgment: you have said all you can?"

"Plunkett. I have nothing further to say but what I have said."

"Then proclamation was made for silence, while judgment was passing upon the prisoner."

"Lord Chief Justice. Look you: Mr. Plunkett, you have been here indicted of a very great and heinous crime—the greatest and most heinous of all crimes; and that is high treason; and truly yours is treason of the highest nature; it is a treason, in truth, against God and your king, and the country where you lived. You have done as much as you could to dishonor God in this case; for the bottom of your treason was your setting up your false religion, than which there is not any thing more displeasing to God or more pernicious to mankind in the world—a religion that is ten times worse than all the heathenish superstitions; the most dishonorable and derogatory to God and his glory of all religions or pretended religions whatsoever; for it undertakes to dispense with God's laws, and to pardon the breach of them. So that certainly a greater crime there cannot be committed against God than for a man to endeavor the propagation of that religion: but you, to effect this, have designed the death of our lawful prince and king; and then your design of blood in the kingdom where you lived, to set all together by the ears, to destroy poor innocent people, to prostitute their lives and liberties, and all that is dear to them, to the tyranny of Rome and France, and that by introducing a French army. What greater evil can be designed by any man? I mention these things because they have all been proved against you, and that you may take notice and repent of them, and make your peace with God by a particular application for mercy for all these faults; for it seems to me that against God, your prince, and fellow subjects, you have behaved yourself very ill, designing very great evil to all these; and now it hath pleased God to bring you to judgment, I must tell you, peradventure, what you

urge for yourself might induce pity if it were to be believed; that is, that you are innocent, and had witnesses to prove it: but we cannot suppose any man innocent that hath had a legal and fair trial, and a trial with as much candor to you as your case could bear, or as, perhaps any man in such a case ever had. You had time, upon your request, to send for your witnesses to help you in your defence, and to prove your innocence, if you could have done it; time long enough to your own content; you yourself thought it so at the time it was given. To give a prisoner, under your circumstances, five or six weeks' time to send for witnesses, is not usual; we could have put you upon a present defence, and hurried you out of the world by a sudden trial, if we had had any design against you; but we go on in a fair way, and with legal proceedings, and with such a respect to you as in such a case could be used, for we gave you all the fair hearing and liberty that you desired to have. Look you, as to what you urge, that your trial was in this kingdom, whereas your defence was in another; that is a thing that does not become you by any means to object, for you have had a trial here by honest persons, and that according to the laws which obtain in this kingdom; and that, too, in Ireland, which is by a statute not made on purpose to bring you into a share, but an ancient statute, and not without precedence of having been put in execution before your time; for your own country will afford you several precedents in this case, as O'Rourke, and several others that have been arraigned and condemned for treason done here. So that you have no reason to except against the legality of your trial. You say, now you have witnesses that could prove all this matter; why, that lies in the mouth of every man that is condemned to say; but pray consider with yourself what regard ought to be given to this. We cannot help it if your witnesses do not come; you may remember they wanted not time nor opportunity to come over; but you told us they would not come, unless they had a passport.

"Plunkett. My Lord, they got a pass to come over afterwards, and so in eight days they came hither."

"Lord Chief Justice. You might have provided yourself if they wanted such a thing. In the first place, nobody is bound to give them, much less could you expect it for them without asking."

"Plunkett. I could not get the copies of the records; neither, by any means, unless I had an order from the council; and they would not give that order, unless your lordship appointed it."

"Lord Chief Justice. We cannot tell that; you should have petitioned in time."

"Plunkett. How could any one foresee, unless he was God Almighty, that they would deny it, or that he could not get out a copy of a record, paying for it, told me, upon motion there, it might be had; but here I have it under the lieutenant and council's hands that they would give no copy of records without order from home, which, before I could know it, it was impossible for me to have them ready against my trial."

"Lord Chief Justice. Look you sir, I do speak this to you, to show you that those objections which you mean to make against your trial have no weight at all; but in this case it is not the jury that are so material as the witnesses themselves. I appeal to all that heard your trial, if they could so much as doubt but that you were guilty of what you were charged with. For, consider, here were persons of your own religion, the most of them priests, I think almost all of them in orders."

"Plunkett. There were two friars and a priest, whom I have endeavored to correct seven years, and they were renegades from our religion, and dastard apostates."

"Lord Chief Justice. Look you, sir; they gave an evidence very home to your matter; you had liberty to examine them, and they gave you a rational account of any thing you asked. Let me put you in mind of one thing. You made exceptions to one's evidence, (and indeed that was very much of your exceptions to all), why he did not reveal this in all that time. Truly he told you he was of your mind till he went into France, and saw what slavery and mischief you endeavored to introduce upon his and your countrymen; and this his spirit rose against, to see what a condition Ireland was like to be brought into. And pray, did he not give you a full answer to your question?"

"Plunkett. I had sufficient witnesses to prove he was an apostate, and was chastised by me, and therefore had prepensed malice against me."

"Lord Chief Justice. Therefore I have spoken this to the satisfaction, I hope, of yourself and all that hear it. I do now wish you to consider you are near your end. It seems you have lived in a false religion hitherto. It is not too late at any time to repent; I wish you may have the grace to do so. In the mean time, there is no time for us here to grant you any kind of mercy, though I'll tell you we are inclined to pity all malefactors; whoever have done evil, we are inclined to pity them, and wish heartily that they may repent, as we do that you may of what you have done. But all you can do now is to say what the law says, and that is, to pass judgment upon you."

"Plunkett. May it please your lordship to give me leave to speak one word. If I were a man that had no care of my conscience in this matter, and did not think of God Almighty, or conscience, or heaven, or hell, I might have saved my life, for I was offered it by divers people here, so I would but confess my own guilt, and accuse others. But, my lord, I had rather die ten thousand deaths than wrongfully accuse any body. And the time will come when your lordship will see what those witnesses are that have come in

against me. I do assure your lordship, if I were a man that had not good principles, I might easily have saved my life; but I had rather die ten thousands deaths than wrongfully to take away one farthing of any man's goods, one day of his liberty, or one minute of his life."

"Lord Chief Justice. I am sorry to see you persist in the principles of that religion."

"Plunkett. They are those principles that even God Almighty cannot dispense withal."

"Lord Chief Justice. Well, however, the judgment which we must give you is that which the law says and speaks. And therefore you must go from hence to the place from whence you came, that is, to Newgate, and from thence you shall be drawn through the city of London to Tyburn; there you shall be hanged by the neck, but cut down before you are dead, your bowels shall be taken out and burned before your face, your head shall be cut off, and your body be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as his majesty pleases; and I pray God to have mercy upon your soul."

"Plunkett. My lord, I hope I may have this favor, of leave for a servant and some few friends I have to come to me."

"Lord Chief Justice. I think you may have liberty for any servant to come to you, I know nothing to the contrary."

"Plunkett. And some few friends that I have in town."

"Lord Chief Justice. But I would advise you to have some minister to come to you, some Protestant minister."

"Plunkett. My lord, if you please, there are some in prison that never were indicted on account of any crime, and they will do it according to the rites of our own church, which is the ancient usage; they cannot do it better, and I will not alter it now."

"Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Richardson, you may let his servant come to him, and any friend, in your presence, to see there be no evil done, nor any contrivances that may hereafter have an influence upon affairs."

"Justice Jones. Be you present, or somebody."

"Plunkett. My servant, I hope, may come without his being present."

"Lord Chief Justice. Yes, yes; his servant may be with him. Well, sir, we wish better to you than you do to yourself."

"Plunkett. God Almighty bless your lordship. And now, my lord, as I am a dead man to this world, and as I hope for mercy in the other world, I was never guilty of any of the treasons laid to my charge, as you will hear in time; and my character you may receive from my lord chancellor of Ireland, my Lord Berkeley, my Lord Essex, and my Lord Ormond."

Prepared for death by Father Corker, one of his fellow-prisoners, he went cheerfully to execution, on the 1st of July, 1681, and was beheaded, embowelled, and quartered "according to law" on Tyburn green. Some relics of this Holy martyr are now preserved at the Sienna convent, in Drogheda. His betrayers, one after another perished miserably.

On the 25th April, 1681, perished by assassination Redmond, Count O'Hanlon. This assassination is directly chargeable on Ormond and characteristic of his life-long treachery. His career and of others of his time recall to memory lines long afterwards written by a gifted Irishman:

The statesman of this day I deem a tribe,
That dwarf-like strut, a pageant on a stage,
Their's but in pomp and outward equipage,
Euled only by the herd, or hireling scribe,
They have this skill, the dreaded power to bribe:

This courage, war upon the weak to wage;
To turn from self a nation's ignorant rage;
To withstand old wrongs with edict or with gibet.

Ireland! The unwise one saw thee in the dust,
Crowned with eclipse, and garmented with night,
And in his heart he said, "For her no day!"
But thou, long since had placed in God thy trust,
And know'st that in the under world, all light,
Thy sun moves eastward. Watch! that east grows grey!

OTTAWA AND VICINITY.

On Tuesday, the 19th inst., one Daniel Maloney was fatally injured by a stone thrown from a blast, in the Wellington St. drain. He died after an hour of intense suffering. The only words he spoke were: "Lord have mercy on my soul, I'm killed." Father Whelan, his parish priest, appointed him before he expired. He was forty-five years of age and leaves a wife and two daughters, who have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement. No blame whatever can be attached to the contractor, Mr. Michael O'Leary, who used every precaution to avoid such an accident, and several times warned the unfortunate man that he ought to have moved further away from the spot where the blast was to go off.

The great social event of the season was Mayor Bate's ball in the Russell House, on Friday evening, the 22nd inst. Shoddy aristocrats and Division Court veterans figure very numerous in the list of those reported to have been present. The fact that his late opponent in the contest was not invited is being freely commented on all over the city. It was simply an outrageous piece of smallness. Isn't it absurd that when one third of our people are in urgent need of bread and fuel that our mayor should squander a couple of thousand dollars in licentious revelry.

On the 19th inst., St. Mary's Church, South Gloucester, was the scene of a very pleasant event, being the marriage of John Redmond, of the Crown Timber office, to Miss Mary O'Brien, a most estimable and accomplished young lady, daughter of the late Mr. James O'Brien, of Osogood. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Dussare, the popular

parish priest of South Gloucester. Returning from church the whole party, consisting of twenty couples, repaired to the hearthstone gatherings, while deep down in the hearts of their orphan children their loss is felt more acutely, for, day by day and hour by hour, they are making rapid strides in that knowledge—the saddest of all—of what it is to have no mother. And now what prayer can the little orphans offer up for our dear benefactors that has not already ascended to the throne of our Heavenly Father many thousands of times? There is none, for that our dear Lord may shower upon you and all dear to you His choicest graces and blessings, and conduct you all safely into that happy home which He has prepared for His children, is the daily prayer of the orphans of St. Mary's.

On the conclusion of this address, which was received with applause, Rev. Father Dowling, Administrator of the Diocese, rose from his seat in the front of the house and said he was glad to see that the people of Hamilton, without distinction of creed or nationality, continued to aid this noble charity. He drew a contrast between the first orphan festival (which he remembered) and the present one—much to the advantage of the latter. He concluded by introducing the Mayor, remarking, in doing so, that "the city could be built up by no one better than by a Mason."

THE ORPHANS' FESTIVAL.

SPLENDID PATRONAGE BY THE PUBLIC OF A NOBLE CHARITY.

Hamilton Times, Feb. 20.

It is a matter of course that the largest audience of each season in Hamilton shall be attracted to the Grand Opera House by the St. Mary's Orphan Festival. This season's festival has not proved an exception to the rule. Long before the hour for the entertainment to begin last night every seat in the house was taken, and ladies and gentlemen who could not find a more comfortable place to deposit themselves were standing in the aisles. During the whole performance the aisles were crowded with chairs, and in the vacant spaces in the rear of the house many persons of both sexes stood from the beginning to the close.

The clergy present were Very Rev. Fr. Dowling, Administrator of the diocese; Very Rev. Dean O'Reilly, Dundas; Chancellor Keough, St. Patrick's, city; Rev. Fathers Doherty, Arthur, Maddigan, Caledonia; Maguire, Galt; Davis, Smithville; Feeney, Dundas; Crimmon, Brantford; Lillis, Cleary, Craven, and Bergmann, city.

The performance was worthy of such an audience, and it was thoroughly enjoyed as a whole, though parts of it were hardly appreciated at their full worth. It would have pleased the audience better if ballads had been substituted for several of the more elaborate operatic selections on the programme.

Between the first and second parts the scenes were drawn, and about a hundred of the orphans of the Asylum were revealed standing in regular order on the stage. The bigger boys and girls were behind, and the ranks were graded down towards the footlights. The front row of girls was composed of little ladies of not more than four summers. Alongside them were some six or eight gentlemen in red plaid dresses and blouses. These artists, varying in height from two feet nothing to two feet four or five inches, and in age from 18 to about 50 months—showed a supreme indifference, even contempt, for the audience, amusing themselves at their own sweet will and according to their own methods. They were evidently under the opinion that the audience had been brought together merely for their amusement. All the girls were neatly and prettily dressed in blue frocks, with white aprons, red stockings and blue ribbons in their hair. The elder boys were becoming jackets and trousers. Altogether they were a bright, intelligent looking company of children. They sang together, very nicely, two choruses—"Hail, Smiling Morn," and "Come where the Lilies." The spokesman of the company, Master Willie O'Neill, a manly little fellow, stepped to the front, and delivered, in a clear ringing voice, and with distinct enunciation:

THE ORPHANS' ANNUAL ADDRESS.

He spoke as follows:
Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen—We are told that one of the most pleasing traits of Longfellow was the power he possessed of presenting the ordinary feelings of the human heart in language so new and beautiful as almost to charm his readers into believing he had given expression to some sentiment never before heard of. Would that, for tonight at least, this power were ours, so that, while pleading the cause of the homeless, the fatherless and the motherless, we might beguile you into thinking you had never heard us do so before; but children as we are, we possess not such a power, so with full confidence in our noble benefactors, from whom we feel we shall receive the same generous response as ever, we once more tell in our own simple words our sad, sad story, which, though old as time, will be new to each succeeding generation while the world lasts; for has not our Divine Redeemer said, "The poor you have always with you," and who has ever sounded the depths of poverty, if not the homeless orphans? Orphans, only two syllables! but who, except those who have been reduced to that condition in childhood, can ever realize what a world of loneliness of heart and sorrow is comprised in that little word? Doomed never again to be the objects of the tenderest, most enduring and holiest of all human affections, a mother's love. Nay, many of us have not even the memory of such love, and to cheer us along the rocky path of life! How often, as some gentle, loving mother was carried away from the home where her much-loved voice was never more to be heard, and which would never again be the same home to her darlings, have you heard some kind motherly woman exclaim while looking at the desolate little ones. "Poor children, it is little they know their loss!" But did you ever think of the many years, lonely sorrowful years, in which they were to gain that knowledge? Time, that softens all other griefs adds to the orphan's, for as years pass by the memory of his good, wise father and gentle, loving

mother fades, by degrees, from the hearts of their nearest and dearest friends, till at last they are scarcely missed from the hearthstone gatherings, while deep down in the hearts of their orphan children their loss is felt more acutely, for, day by day and hour by hour, they are making rapid strides in that knowledge—the saddest of all—of what it is to have no mother. And now what prayer can the little orphans offer up for our dear benefactors that has not already ascended to the throne of our Heavenly Father many thousands of times? There is none, for that our dear Lord may shower upon you and all dear to you His choicest graces and blessings, and conduct you all safely into that happy home which He has prepared for His children, is the daily prayer of the orphans of St. Mary's.

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The Mayor was received with applause. He said that though there was little difference to be discerned in these successive annual festivals, yet each one was to him, and no doubt was to all, as fresh and enjoyable as the first. He spoke in praise of those who had the institution in charge, and declared that they deserve the esteem and gratitude of the whole community. As Chairman of Finance, he knew that in past years no public grant had been made by the Council with more cheerfulness than the grant to the St. Mary's Orphan Asylum.

Mr. George M. Barton made his usual annual speech—exhaustive, complimentary and pathetic.

THE CONCERT.

As already intimated, the programme of music was worthy of the immense audience which enjoyed it. It was opened with an instrumental selection by an orchestra of some fifteen pieces led by Mr. Geo. Robinson. A quintette, "Chi Mi Frena," from the opera of Lucia followed. It was sung by Mrs. Martin-Murphy, Miss Marie C. Strong, and Messrs. Jenkins, Egan and Filgiano. This number was by no means faultless; the voices did not blend well, and there was a decided unsteadiness, which no doubt was the result of a lack of concerted practice. A solo by Mr. J. F. Egan—"Infelice," from Ernani was the next number. Mr. Egan was not in good voice, but sang with his accustomed spirit. Miss Norah Clench was greeted with warm applause when she smilingly walked to the footlights with her violin. She played one of her favorite selections—the "Capriccio" by Wieniawski. A recitative and cavatina from *Senjamiche* were sung by Miss Strong, who was so careless as to allow herself to get off the key in the recitative; otherwise the selections were well rendered. That beautiful aria from Wallace's opera *Mattilda*—"She Comes in All Her Loveliness"—was sung by Mr. Filgiano with a will and vigor that pleased everybody. The difficult selection from *L'Etrole du Nord*, which so pleased the audience at the musico-pictorial entertainment in the Grand on the 12th inst., was repeated by Mrs. Martin-Murphy. She sang it even better than she did a week ago. It is safe to affirm that no other lady in the city can render a selection of this kind—requiring vocal flexibility and delicacy of tone—as well as Mrs. Martin-Murphy. Mr. Robinson played a flute obligato to the song in a masterly manner. Mr. Fred. Jenkins was received as an old friend when he appeared on the stage. He sang Blumenthal's "Message" with all his old-time ease and sweetness. Buffalo air has not affected his organ detrimentally.

The second part opened with that delicious bit of orchestration, Auber's "La Serene." It was carefully played by Mr. Robinson's little band of picked musicians. It is to be hoped these gentlemen will stick together and give us more music of the same kind at future concerts. Mendelssohn's "I Would That My Love" was nicely given by Miss Strong and Mr. Jenkins. An unfamiliar figure on the Hamilton concert platform then appeared in Miss Juliette d'Erviex, of Toronto, who, it is to be hoped, will soon become as familiar to Hamilton audiences as any of our own singers. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of good compass, not powerful, but sweet and sympathetic. She uses it well, and sings with intelligence and feeling. Her selection last night was the familiar air "Il Baccio" (by Ardit), to which Prof. Baumann played a fine violin obligato. The well-known duet from *Masaniello*, "The Fisherman," was spiritedly sung by Mrs. Martin-Murphy and Mr. Filgiano. Unfortunately, Miss Minnie Graham was, on account of illness, unable to appear. Mr. J. H. Stuart sang a superb bass song—"Out on the Deep." The delicate tones that Miss Clench can bring out of her violin were heard in her second selection, Hauser's "Bird on the Tree," which she played in a manner that left little to criticize. Miss Strong was more successful in her second selection than in her first. It was the ballad by Roedel, "I cannot say good-bye," and Miss Strong sang it with a dramatic earnestness that made her audience feel each note she uttered. The last note was the duet, "Love and War," sung rather indifferently by Messrs. Egan and Jenkins.

There were numerous recalls. Some of the performers merely bowed their acknowledgments; others responded with a second selection. Mrs. Strong sang the

pretty Scotch ballad, "Call'er Herrin," in response to the encore which was awarded her first selection. Mr. Jenkins gave "The Cruisken Lawn" as an encore piece. The well-worn but exquisite ballad "Forever," was sung as an encore by Miss d'Erviex and sung with a power of expression that was really thrilling. Bouquets were presented to Mrs. Martin-Murphy, Miss Strong and Miss Clench.

Prof. O'Brien played all the accompaniments, and it is sufficient praise to say that he played them with the unobtrusive grace that always distinguishes his accompaniments. Mr. J. F. Egan was master of ceremonies.

The National Anthem brought the festival of 1884 to a close.

FROM TORONTO.

Editor Catholic Record:
Sir—Allow me through the medium of the CATHOLIC RECORD to explain briefly the aims and advantages of the Emerald Beneficial Association.

This society was instituted by Rev. Father Filan, as a means of cementing his flocks together in a social organization, with all the advantages of, and none of the evil influences attached to secret societies outside the pale of the Church. It gradually spread throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, and neighboring States, and was introduced into Canada at Hamilton in December, 1872. At present, branches are in successful operation at Hamilton, Toronto, Dundas, St. Catharines, Oshawa, Veerbridge, Brockton and Merriton.

The society has too essential features, beneficial and literary. The members make provision for sickness and adversity by a system of initiation fees and monthly dues based on age, and a voluntary death benefit law has lately been attached. The mental improvement of its members is promoted, by branch libraries, reading-rooms and debating clubs. Except in a few of the oldest and strongest branches, the literary feature has not as yet been pushed to as successful a completion as the constitution enjoins. All Catholics between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, irrespective of nationality, are eligible for membership. Attendance at Holy Communion during Easter time in a Body is strictly enjoined. No branch can be established in any parish without the consent of the Parish Priest, who is entitled to a voice and vote on all matters. No member of any society condemned by the church is permitted to join. Our society has been strongly commended by His Grace Archbishop Lynch and several American Bishops, for its sterling advocacy of Catholic doctrines and precepts.

The society is governed by a Grand Branch for each State and an International Branch for North America. A fraternal spirit of mutual help is encouraged among the members, and a system of travelling and withdrawal cards in operation. The annual convention for Ontario meets at St. Catharines on April 22nd, and I hope to see there represented delegates from at least twenty Branches. The reverend clergy are cordially invited to attend the Convention and assist in forming laws for the guidance of this estimable Catholic association.

I will cheerfully attend an invitation of the formation of any new branch in any part of the Province. Applications for constitutions or charters should be addressed to Silvester Byrne, 80 Richmond St. East, Toronto. CHAS. BURNS.

Grand President, E. B. A., Ontario. Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, in 1874, to a committee consisting of Revs. A. D. Filan, of Reading; M. McEnroe of South Bethlehem; A. F. Kuhlman, of Lebanon; J. F. Farren, of Tyrone, and Messrs. John Lee, of Easton; Jos. Dolan, of Pottsville; Thomas O'Brien, of Philadelphia, and J. A. Goulden, of Pittsburgh, who waited upon him, in behalf of the E. B. A., as a committee from that Society, submitting complete Constitution and By-Laws of the organization, said: "The Association, and your Constitution and forms of government admirably adapted to further the cause in which your society is engaged. After a thorough and careful examination of your Constitution and By-Laws, I can find nothing to add or amend, except that your pastor should be made the Chairman of the Library Committee, and that no member should be expelled for non-compliance of Easter duty, except by the direction of your pastor."

This at once was done, and the Constitution and By-Laws, submitted to Archbishop Wood, in 1874, with some slight immaterial amendments, is the one in use to-day, in every Subordinate Branch of the E. B. A.

ARCHBISHOPRIC OF TORONTO, }
Toronto, Canada, April 18, 1881. }
We are very glad to be able to say that the Emerald Association of Toronto gives us much consolation, by their sober, honorable and religious conduct.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.
Bishop Silas F. Chatral, of Indianapolis, Indiana, was the Grand Chaplain of the E. B. A., North America, during 1879 and 1880.

We add his views upon this subject, as expressed in an able article, published in the Catholic Record, in 1879. "Our Catholics should band themselves together, come to each others' assistance, and give the mutual aid and comfort, and even business help denied them by the other social combinations of the day; for it is an undeniable fact, that unless a man belong to some union, he will hardly be able to find employment."
CHAS. BURNS,
320 King St. E., Toronto.

The Catholic Directory just issued by Burns and Oates, England, gives the number of Archbishops and Bishops in Great Britain at 22, priests, 2,492; churches, chapels and stations, 1,524.

Don de A. N. C.
RECORDED
INDEXED