

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 3.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1881.

NO. 133

CLERICAL.

WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments. We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade.

N. WILSON & CO.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MAY, 1881.
Sunday, 1—Second Sunday after Easter. SS. Philip and James, Apostles. 2 Cl. Double.
Monday, 2—St. Athanasius, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor. Double.
Tuesday, 3—Invention of the Holy Cross. 2 Cl. Double.
Wednesday, 4—St. Monica, widow. Double.
Thursday, 5—St. Pius fifth, Pope and Confessor. Double.
Friday, 6—St. John, before the gate of Lat. Double.
Saturday, 7—St. Benedictus, Pope and Confessor. Double.

Written for the Record.
King Henry to his Queen.
MARGARET OF ANJOU.

Death the fair turrets fall the rubied rays—
Down-drops of dying day. Dost see my
Queen?
They die my missal-page; the prayer and
praise
Seen with Christ's saving gore incarnadine.
Ah may our souls be thus ensanguined—died
In thy most precious blood—O Crucified.

Art thou impatient, Margaret, my Queen,
That my poor thoughts tend ever Heavenward?
They linger not on earthly themes, I ween;
On kingly pomp, or statecraft, or the
sword—
More sweet to me one hour with God alone
Than all the splendours of my kingly throne.

Ah methinks this jewelled crown doth chafe my
brow
Christ's cross of thorns! I'll lay it down
While thou art sleeping, my dear Margaret.
Nay, frown not, sweet. That pure, proud face
Wears no more frowns more frequent than a
smile.
Those beauteous eyes, methinks, are often
wet.
What aileth thee, my fair pearl, Margaret?
Say the proud curls, King Henry's hand hath
grown
Too weak to hold the sceptre? (His a word.)
My warrior queen. Then clasp with thine
own.

For thou a monarch art in very deed,
King Henry's warlike spirit liveth yet.
See Margaret, how valor silver stars
Hath risen in beauty o'er the vapors dim.
So may our wearied souls, from earth set
free.
Find rest at last in Heaven's Eternity.

—MRS. J. B. PHILAN.
Chicago, April 18th, 1881.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

ENGLISH MEASURES for Ireland must always be viewed as gifts from the Greeks. Almost every measure, thus far put into the form of law has proved a fraud and delusion. It may turn out that Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill is no better than other things which have been tried and found wanting.—Pilot.

We have received a letter from the Marquis de Bavière, the proprietor of the *Oseratione Romane*, announcing the formation of an Universal Telegraphic Agency for the Catholic Press. The head office at Rome is already opened and will immediately commence its operations. The secular cables news from Rome is designedly falsified, and it is the desire of the Holy Father that this Agency should be utilized in the transmission of the authentic utterances of the Holy See with regard to the current topics of the day.—Catholic Telegraph.

MR. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, the young American who married Baroness Burdett-Coutts, is a member of the House of Commons, and apparently a pretty "sassy" one. He has just given notice of his intention to ask the Government whether it intends to issue medals commemorative of its three great martial achievements, viz., the relief of Boycott, the Dulcigno demonstration, and the ignominious campaign with the Boers. He should not have omitted another gallant feat of the Gladstone administration—the capture of the one-armed consumptive, Michael Davitt.—Pilot.

WHILE all the foreign potentates are trembling on their thrones and using every means to protect their lives against the attacks of revolutionists, the greatest ruler on earth, the Vicar of Christ, Leo XIII., is spending a sainted and contented life within the Vatican, with no bloody hand threatening to strike him down. His millions of subjects throughout the habitable globe defend him with the weapons as powerful as the legions of angels that Christ could have called to His assistance when apprehended in the Garden of Gethsemane. Like his Master, Leo will not permit the sword to be drawn in his protection, knowing that his dynasty is not of this world, and has eternity in which to triumph over its enemies—the spirits of darkness.—Catholic Columbian.

DURING May and June, the fairest months of all the year, thousands of children will receive their First Communion and be confirmed. On this occasion they will be filled with celestial peace, and will taste and see that the Lord is sweet. In order to honor the event, their parents will desire to procure for them suitable clothing, and will go to special expense and trouble in the case of the girls to array them in becoming attire. Now, very often, fathers and mothers, ignorant to their own pride and do much mischief to the children by getting for them extravagant dresses—purchasing the costliest material and having it made up in the most elaborate style. This is not right. It is unchristian. It is provocative of scandal. It is bowing down to the worldliness which Christ cursed. The girls should be neatly and plainly dressed for these reasons: To ward off from them temptations to vanity. To save them from foolish distractions when they should be most recollected. To preserve the poor from thoughts of envy, and to spare the feelings of their parents. Rich people should give the example of propriety in this affair. They will be held to an account for the fashion they set, and will be punished or rewarded according to their works.—Catholic Mirror.

At last, and not a minute too soon, has a step been taken by the Prussian Government towards a reconciliation with the Catholic Church, which has appeared in the character of an *ecclesia pressa*, an oppressed Church, for the last eight years and more. On the 23rd ult., Mr. Drobe, who had been elected vicar of the vacant see by the Cathedral Chapter of Paderborn, entered upon his sacred duties without let or hindrance; and one day later, on the 24th, Mr. Drobe took charge in the same way of the administration of the diocese of Osnabrück. His duties, both "temporal" and "spiritual" had been administered by trustees appointed by the Government, who had, of course, no more authority in the Church than a bishop has in a cavalry regiment. The introduction of the two apostolic vicars into their respective offices will, at the same time, put a stop to the working of the so-called "Breitbaker" law in the two dioceses; or, in other words, the small pattens allowed by the State to the ministers of the Catholic religion will be partially restored to them, having been withheld from them for the last six years.—Universe.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown" is an old adage, and never has it been more truly exemplified than in the case of the present Emperor of Russia. The life of the humblest serf in his dominions is more secure than the emperor's. Nihilism threatens him on all sides, even in that gilded prison called a palace. He fears his servants and the members of his own family. The skeleton of death stands always before his magnificent, mocking and gibbering at him. Meanwhile the barbarian of torture is applied to the wretched prisoners accused of the murder of the late czar. General Melnikoff is credited with having extracted a confession from Busskoff and Jellaboff by means of what is called "torture." The torture as described by the electrician, Park Benjamin, from moderate pain to the most exquisite agony short of death. By insulating, so to speak, the vital parts of the body, every nerve can be tortured as if by fire, and even made to vibrate as if by rack or "shoot" could strain them. When we read of such shocking inhumanity we ask ourselves, Is it any wonder that Nihilism flourishes in Russia?—Tablet.

LEO XIII. has shown himself "every inch a King" in his answer to the tardy request of the ex-Khedive for an audience. It appears that this barbarous successor of the worst of the Pharaohs has been told by somebody that society has accused him of boorishness for neglecting to do what is common etiquette demands of a foreign prince in Rome—and which is invariably complied with—namely, to seek for an audience with Rome's sovereign. The ex-Khedive, therefore (though up to the present moment a visitor only to Prince Humbert and his "lot") applied to be received by the Sovereign Pontiff at an audience. The answer sent to the worshipper of the bull Apis, and to the gentleman who refused to pay his Neapolitan jeweller, was to the effect that as the Khedive had allowed four months to elapse without manifesting any desire to be presented to the Sovereign of the Papal States, his request could hardly now be complied with. A more complete moral bow-stringing was never administered by perfect refinement, to ill-conditioned, clonish barbarism.—Universe.

The terrible lesson taught those who defer making their peace with God is frequently left unheeded until too late. The priest often pleads for hours with one who waits until a more opportune time to be reconciled to God, by receiving the Sacraments, but all in vain. All imaginable arguments are adduced, why repentance should not be deferred. The warning that a sudden death might snatch him away unprepared, is ignored. But that sudden death comes and where is the lost? What avail are these years of waiting? Men engaged in business and weighed down with the responsibilities of life, find no time to give to the contemplation of eternal life until death forces them to appear before the Judgment Seat.—Catholic Columbian.

HUMAN nature is said to be changeable, whereas in reality, as mere human nature,

it is unchangeable. It is the same now as it was in the beginning of Adam's existence after his fall. No new sins, no new passions and no new weaknesses are to be expiated for, and consequently the same Sacrifice that atoned for the sins of the world on Calvary's heights, atones for those sins in all generations, and continues its efficacy in an unobscured manner on our altars to-day, opening the Heart of Jesus and washing away the stains of sin from the souls of those who kneel in contrition at the foot of the Cross. The one faith, one Baptism, one Lord, is the same as in the beginning, and human nature finds in them the means of reconciling itself to the offended God. The one Church in which all these are found, has, therefore, no necessity for change, no need of varying its doctrines to suit the times. Indeed that Church could not vary an iota in its teachings, without being guilty of a contradiction, and thus fail to prove its divine origin. The Catholic Church, then, must have existed from the beginning. Under the old law it was a Church of symbols and types, but in the rolling away of the stone that covered the Sepulchre of the Redeemer, the veil that covered it was rent asunder and the glorified Body of the Church, which was to endure to the end of time, shone forth in the Resurrection of our Lord. From this time forward, this Church has appealed to mankind, as the representative of Christ on earth, who is to continue His Mission amongst all peoples. She has perpetuated this miraculous work in the hearts of generations, and to-day the same channels of grace are open to the soul, through which flowed the same graces into the souls of the Apostles and Disciples. The Catholic Church cannot be called a time-serving institution. She did not rise at a time when mankind thought she was needed, but she was established at the will of the Founder, when He determined that man's probation after the Fall was at an end and in mercy designed to give him the means of rising up to the level of those who shall be called the "children of God." In the final triumph of Christ over death, when He rose from the tomb, we are to recognize the firm establishment of His Church. If Christ had not risen, St. Paul tells us, our faith would be vain. But He has risen and our faith is accordingly a reality.—Catholic Columbian.

THE remains of the thing that used to be a lying called the "Irish Church" are in a state of panic. The friends of the imposture have raised the cry that Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill will complete the ruin of which disestablishment commenced, and the grounds they lay down in support of the assertion are certainly undeniable enough. It is now admitted by them that this Law-establishment Church was wholly a Church of landowners, and that those landowners are English. Yet for ages the outrageous meanness has been fraudulently represented before the whole world as the "Irish Church." In many parts of Ireland, it is now acknowledged, "the Protestant landlord and his family have been hitherto the mainstay of the Church; their departure would mean the ruin of the Church." The Land Bill, they fear, will deprive the landlords of their natural interest in their own property, and will consequently lose their moral support as well as material contributions. "Highly probable," what a sensible ending to an institution which has been for centuries backed up by all the money and power that England could bring to bear! How devastatingly disgraceful to England is the attempt to force a religion on the people of Ireland they could never conscientiously believe in! And that glory for Ireland, both here and hereafter!—London Universe.

WISCONSIN'S anti-treating law is an absurdity based upon sound principles. The vicious practice of "standing treat" is the silliest as well as the most demoralizing feature of drinking. At best it is only a travesty on hospitality, a test of enforced generosity, and a premium on indulgence. Common sense should have abolished or seriously modified it long ago. Sometimes the ridiculous absurdity of it is emphasized by some like that lately enacted in a New Mexico bar-room, when a drunken bully swaggered in and invited all hands to take a drink with him. When they refused, he drew a pistol and was promptly shot down for his foolishness. Then his brother and a gang of kindred ruffians started out to avenge his death, and created such a reign of terror that the Governor of the State has been compelled to call out a posse to put them down. The Scottish bard who sang "And surely you'll be my pint-stoup, while surely I'll be mine," had a canny, if less lavish, idea of good fellowship. British soldiers on a spree systematically pay each man for his own drink, but that is a custom based rather upon limited capital than sensible principle. Perhaps the Wisconsin legislators may have had reasons, founded on personal pecuniary experience, during the mellow autumn days "when candidates are treatin'," to make them pass a law relieving future statesmen from a grievous burden. Whatever their motives, the principle of the law is sound, and its enforcement—well, its enforcement will be like that of all summary laws, dependent on the force of public opinion. We fear it will be some time before the vicious habit of "standing treat" on any other State will have forgotten to extend or respond to the invitation to "take something."—Pilot.

THE Independent congratulates itself that Protestants are, unlike Catholics, not bound to be pessimistic and to take a gloomy view of the religious outlook.

"Protestants," it says, "generally believe that the world is growing better and religion more diffused." It seems impossible that the editor of the Independent can read his own columns and agree with Protestants in their delusion. Broads, telephones, comfort, and luxury are "more diffused," but these things can not be placed under the head of religion. The Independent is very liberal, so liberal that a man might deny the inspiration of the Scriptures in its pages without shocking its readers. Religion with it, then, must mean something else than the received impression of what religion means. Protestants who believe that religion is more diffused must feel that Protestantism is not religion, for, as a "feeling," it is "broadening" every day, flattening out, growing thinner than a sheet of gold leaf. In its narrow sense, it is growing weaker and weaker; in its broader sense of a protest against truth—a protest of irreligion—it grows stronger. If it were not for the admirable proof-reading of the Independent and its well-known character for inconsistency, one would be inclined to think that the Independent misinterpreted "religion for irreligion" and meant to say that Protestants feel happy because irreligion is more diffused. Does the Independent honestly believe that Protestants have reason to be glad because the inspiration of the Bible is questioned by every eye without fear? Or that any man who frees himself from belief in Our Lord Jesus Christ can be an object for rejoicing among Protestants? And yet every public school boy soon learns to question and to doubt, and men by thousands—men whose fathers held to the Bible—are denying the divinity of Christ. Observation and little thought ought to convince Protestants that, unless religion in their vocabulary has the meaning of irreligion, there is little reason for congratulation, and that, to be religious, the world needs to acknowledge an infallible guide.—Freeman's Journal.

"THERE are some sorrows which," says the Liverpool *Catholic Times*, "are best hidden from the public sight, some afflictions which are wisely left unrecorded by the public press. If, therefore, we announce, with deep regret, that Mr. J. M. Capes has so far lost his reason as to be no longer left under his own control, we do so for a special purpose which will be obvious to our readers. Mr. John Moore Capes was formerly an Anglican clergyman, and he became a Catholic, after having spent a considerable portion of his fortune in the erection of a Protestant church. Being a married man, he could devote himself only as a layman to the service of his newly adopted faith; and he worked for its furtherance with his pen. From a volume of Mr. Capes' Experiences of the Catholic Religion, Cardinal Newman quoted in his celebrated Lectures on the present position of Catholicism in England a remarkable passage, in which he writes so touchingly of the difference between the religious life of Protestants and Catholics; and he wrote a volume entitled to Rome and back! Sue's acts and words have doubtless caused deep pain to the Catholic community; but the announcement we now make will explain the announcement of irreligion which led Mr. Capes to adopt and abandon rival creeds, and will take away the heavy responsibility and the controversial weight which might, under some other circumstances have attached to his career. We sincerely trust we may be able ere long to chronicle Mr. Capes' complete restoration to society and to himself."

IN BISHOP KEANE'S circular to Catholic young men occurs this question, "What part taken in parish work and works of charity?" To the larger number of young Catholics, this question has little meaning. It does not occur to them, that they need perform any duty in their parishes, except lounging through an early Mass and tossing a nickel into the contribution plate on Sundays. Everything is left to the priest, who seems to be regarded as a scapegoat for the sin of omission of the people of his parish. A kind of machine religion and a culpable tendency to self-indulgence are the characteristics of most young men who dwell in Catholic parishes. A young man who goes regularly to Mass is an anomaly—unless indeed Vespers be sung at night when he can have an opportunity of displaying his gallantry. The St. Vincent de Paul Societies are comparatively small in numbers, and, as a rule, the hardest workers through an early Mass and tossing a nickel into the contribution plate on Sundays. In fact, if the young men "drop in" at Mass on Sunday and go to confession at Easter or thereabouts, a parish may consider itself unusually blessed. The periodical mission shocks the very callous into spiritual fervor occasionally. As for "parish work," it has no meaning to the young male members of the congregation, if the selling of fair or pie-nice tickets cannot be placed under that head. Perhaps that is parish work, but it is hardly the kind of work that serious Catholics care to do. The mistake of imagining that the priest is the Church and that he—with all respect—is like a Chinese prayer-wheel operating for the benefit of his parish without much volition on their part, is a very common one. Laymen have duties, as well as priests—duties plainly expressed in the written precepts of the Church, and implied in that golden command which bids us love our neighbour as ourself for God's sake. Faith cannot be long nourished by a Sunday "routine" Mass and selfish indulgence the rest of the day—but most of us seem satisfied to run the risk of escaping Hell "by the skin of our teeth."—Freeman's Journal.

WE hear a good deal about homeless tramps and their misdeeds. We seldom or never, however, hear a word about tramps who have a home, though, to be sure, we must in many cases think the latter among the inscrutable of society. The fancy tramp, or, as we may aptly term him, the kid-gloved loafer, comes from He is an habitué of bar-rooms. He frequently affects a cane and a tall hat. These commodities are procured, perhaps from the hard earnings of a poor Irish father whom the "fashionable" loafer would not be seen talking to in the street, or they may be purchased with the winnings in some gambling hell, or—but no need of further surmise, as there stands in all his glory. He has a penchant for the softer sex. With a group of other leeches like himself he will stand at the street-corner, and on seeing some respectable young ladies come along he will be sure to broach some bawdy subject or use expressions of such a nature as to bring the blush of shame to any virgin brow. The wretch is too cowardly to act directly but he pours his poisoned sentences indirectly into the ears of a female passer-by, except she chances to be accompanied by a male escort. Over and over again complaints have been made through the columns of the press in reference to this matter, and it is near time the authorities should see to it and suppress the nuisance, and put a stop to ladies being insulted passing the streets after dark. When your kid-gloved loafer is not squinting and ogling on the street-corner, thinking every young girl stands in love with him, he plays fancy bum of the bar-room. Nobody ever saw him pay for drinks, but hundreds saw him watch his opportunity and gulp down his cocktail with as loudly an air as though he owned creation. He hides his time, and waits as patiently for the "fashionable" customer to come along as the angler waits for a bite. Another scene of operations is on the steps of a church on a Sunday morning, for no time or place, however sacred, will prevent such a low character from indulging his low habits. He and his fellows, with an extra quantity of starch on their shirt-collars and brass on their cheeks will there watch the young girls passing from church, and make all sorts of improper remarks in their hearing, at the same time staring the females out of countenance. Last week in a Western city a young lady took the French fashion to be avowed on two of those brazen dolls. They happened to be in front of a swell gang of tall, batted, kid-gloved rowdies. As usual, they made use of some of their snappy remarks, when all of a sudden, the lady who felt herself insulted dashed to the front, and with an extra quantity of starch on her face, she wretchedly deformed them for life. The lady was arrested, but, on hearing the particulars of the case, the judge remarked, "Serve the fellows right," and further, gave them "ten days" for disorderly conduct.—N. Y. Tablet.

WORSHIPFUL Paris is suffering for her vanity and consequent denial of God. That great city is overrun with lawless characters, and crimes without number are daily perpetrated. Her giddy people, forsaking the true God reposing on so many altars in that great city, run after the joys and charms of life; the passions are given free rein; the ties that bind together the family are rent asunder and disrespect for all general law is every where manifested amongst the classes that flock to the fashionable capital of the world. But Paris in the midst of all pleasurable indulgence is waiting like the ancient Babylon for the doom that is to settle upon it for its iniquities. It is saved for the many pious souls that daily offer the expiatory sacrifice and make atonement to the offended justice of Almighty God. Paris and the other centres of Godlessness in Europe can only be saved by returning to their ancient faith and its practices.—Catholic Columbian.

EVERY now and then some Catholic comes forward to testify in favor of the harmlessness of the Public Schools as respects Catholic children. "I received my education in the Public School"—so their declarations generally run—"and they never injured me."

If you visit the malarious districts of Maryland or Virginia you will meet with many persons of good family, and in very fair health and others yellow as saffron, lean and lank) who will tell you that they never had "the shakes," nor suffered from malarial fever.—Catholic Standard.

MISSION AT MOUNT CARMEL.

Last week a very successful mission was held at Mount Carmel Church, McGillivray, of which Rev. Father Kelly is pastor, Father Connolly, of Biddulph, and Father O'Mahony, of the Cathedral, assisting. Large numbers attended the different exercises, and the many persons who approached the holy sacrament show that the labours of the Rev. gentlemen were not, in vain.

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