

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 1.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1879.

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N. WILSON & CO.

TWO CASES

SCOTCH TWEEDS

RECEIVED TO-DAY.

Our Prices for these are the Lowest we have quoted.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

September, 1879.  
Sunday, 21—Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost; St. Matthew, apost. and evang. Double.  
Monday, 22—St. Thomas a Villanova, bishop and confessor. Double.  
Tuesday, 23—St. Linus, Pope and martyr. Semi-double.  
Wednesday, 24—Feast of Our Lady de Mercede. Double-major.  
Thursday, 25—Holy Name of Mary. Double-major.  
Friday, 26—St. Cyprian and Justina, martyrs. Simple.  
Saturday, 27—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, confessor. Double.

REQUIEM MASS.

SERVICE OF THE MONTH'S MIND OF THE LATE BISHOP O'BRIEN.

BEAUTIFUL SERMON BY BISHOP WALSH.

On the 12th, Pontifical requiem mass, for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop O'Brien of Kingston, was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, the service being as imposing as that which took place at the funeral of the deceased prelate. The Month's Mind is of ancient origin, and its object is to cause an assembly of the faithful on the expiry of the first month from the occurrence of death, that the event may be fixed upon the mind, that the inevitable end which awaits all members of the human family. The sanctuary and altar were still fragrant in memory of the catastrophe, the place in the usual position, the tapers were burning, the mitre, crozier, and the vestments of the Bishop were placed on top of the bier.

The congregation was large, and embraced a goodly representation of the parishes of the diocese.

The Mass was commenced at 9 o'clock, Bishop Janot acting as Celebrant; Vicar General Farrelly as High Priest; Rev. J. Sweeney as Deacon; Rev. M. Roussel as Sub-deacon; and Rev. F. X. Kelly as Master of Ceremonies. The side seats in the sanctuary were occupied by the clergy of the diocese, and in the center, facing the catafalque, the Bishops of London, Hamilton and Oshesburgh were placed, attended by their chaplains. The following is a complete list of the clergy present:

Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, London; Rev. P. Brennan, Rev. M. Stanton, Ficton; Rev. Dr. Williams, Oshesburgh; Rev. P. Sherry and Rev. Florence McCarty; Rt. Rev. Dr. Crimmon, Hamilton; Rev. D. Mackey, and Rev. P. Lennon; Rev. J. Dean Proulx, Toronto; Rev. P. McGrath, Boston; Rev. Dr. Bergin, Laval University, Quebec; Rev. M. O'Donoghue, Innesville; Rev. Paul Desautels, Brewer; Rev. C. McWilliams, Bailton; Rev. Larkin, Grafton; Rev. D. Farrelly, Belleville; Rev. B. Murphy, Prescott; Rev. G. Corbett, St. Andrews; Rev. Edw. Walsh, Toledo; Rev. M. McDonald, Perth; Rev. W. Fox, Chazy; Rev. M. O'Donoghue, Innesville; Rev. Paul Desautels, Brewer; Rev. T. J. Spratt, Wolfe Island; Rev. B. Higgins, Rev. P. A. Twoley, and Rev. J. T. Hogan, Kingston; Rev. J. H. McDonagh, Prescott; Rev. Thos. Davis, Hungerford; Rev. John Twomey, Centreville; Rev. John Donnelly, Prescott.

Near the close of the Mass Bishop Walsh ascended a temporary pulpit and preached a beautiful sermon, of which we give a full report. He was very tender in his references to the late bishop, and not a few were heard to audibly sob during the delivery of the discourse. His text was:

Martha therefore said to Jesus: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

But now also I know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. Jesus said to her: "Thy brother shall rise again."

Martha said to Him: "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Jesus said to her: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live."

And every one that liveth, and believeth in Me shall not die forever. St. John, xiv. 19. **Dearly Beloved Brothers.**—One of the most touching incidents in the life of our Blessed Lord is that recorded in the words just read to you. It speaks to our hearts with a sympathetic power which human language is impotent to command. A beloved brother, the guardian, the prop and pride of two orphan sisters, is torn from the family circle by the cruel hand of death; he is taken away in the prime of manhood, in the full possession of those mental and physical powers that promise and ensure success in his sphere of duty; he is carried off in the midst of his usefulness and at a time when his presence appeared essential to the well-being and comfort of his sisters, and he is now four days dead, he is buried away in the dark silent tomb, his place is vacant at the family hearth, there is a sad void in the household; there is a beloved presence wanting, and grief, bitter and overpowering, and sorrow, speechless and inexpressible, because too great for utterance, have filled the souls of the bereaved and broken-hearted sisters. Our Blessed Lord came to console them in their agony and heart-

anguish, and Martha, hearing of his approach, rushed out to meet him, and exclaimed: "O Lord if thou hadst been here, my brother would not have died." Our Lord replied: "Thy brother shall rise again." I knew, was the answer, that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. "I am the resurrection and the life; every one that believeth in me, even though he be dead, shall live, and every one that believeth and believeth in me shall not taste death forever."

And, dearly beloved, have we not a parallel to this scene in the sad bereavement that, like a thunder clap in a clear sky, has fallen on this diocese so suddenly and unexpectedly. A beloved bishop, a more than a brother, a sincere and affectionate father, in whose large and loving heart each member of this diocese had a place, has been stricken down by death and torn from amongst you in a manner the most distressing and appalling. In the full possession of his great intellectual faculties, in the prime of a vigorous manhood, with all the promise of many years of labor and of usefulness before him in the episcopate of God's church, your late distinguished and beloved bishop was stricken down as by a lightning flash in a place not his own, and that had left you full of life and vigor and hope to enjoy a few weeks of relaxation, is brought back a lifeless corpse amid the tears of his bereaved children and the grief unutterable of his widowed and sorrow-stricken diocese. Oh surely, this is a mystery of sorrow calculated to smite the strongest heart with awe and to overshadow the whole diocese with gloom and mourning; surely it is not to be wondered at that the children of the diocese, the laity and priesthood, should have been plunged in grief; that their cry of heart-broken agony should have been heard all over the land, and that the widowed church, like another Rachel, should have wept bitter tears because her good and devoted bishop was no more, because death, with the cruelty and savage ferocity of a wild beast, suddenly and stealthily sprang upon him and destroyed him in the midst of strangers and away from friends and home. He who consoled the sisters of Lazarus and dried their tears—God alone could soothe such a sorrow or bring a ray of hope and comfort into the darkness of such a sad bereavement, of such a profound grief. The poor human heart, in the midst of such a trial, naturally exclaims, "O Lord if thou hadst been here our Father and Bishop would not have died." And the holy church of God, on the day of the funeral and on this day of the month's mind, says to you in words similar to those addressed by our Lord to the sisters of Lazarus, "My children, why weep you, your bishop will rise again." Christ is the resurrection and the life; he has destroyed the empire of death, and your bishop, though dead as to the life of the body, is living with the immortal life of the soul, and he, with soul and body, will one day rise into glory and happiness unending.

This is your hope and the solid foundation of your consolation in the midst of your grief and affliction. The lessons taught by the death of Lazarus and his resurrection are taught us all by the death of your bishop; first, that death is certain, inevitable, and for the most part that it comes unexpectedly, and secondly, that it is not without hope; that although the side it presents to our temporal vision is dark and menacing and terrible, the eye of faith pierces its darkness and awful gloom and beholds the joys and glories and happiness of an eternal life shining beyond it for those who loved and served God here.

Death is certain and inevitable; he struck down Lazarus, he has taken away your bishop, and he will come upon us all. He is not, alas, an unusual visitor and yet he always comes upon us with a surprise. He is indeed a great preacher, and yet his preachings and his warnings too often fall on heedless and inattentive ears. An occasion like this, however, when he strikes down a distinguished living man, when he who falls before his warning dart is a bishop of God's Church, an occasion like this, I say, is doubtless meant by our Blessed Lord to be one of special grace for us, one from which we should not neglect to derive great spiritual profit.

"Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return" is the sentence passed upon all mankind by an offended God at the very gates of Paradise. "This decree has been executed down through the ages with an impartiality which admitted no favors and with a universality which suffered no exception. Before this divine decree put forth and promulgated and executed by offended omnipotence, the generations of men have fallen like swarms of green grass before the mower. Wave after wave of humanity has rolled on the shore of eternity. Cities, towns, nations and dynasties, as well as individuals, have gone down and disappeared before it, and were as if they had never been. "Their places were not found." All human glory, all mortal greatness it blights and withers with its breath, and an Alexander the Great and a Julius Caesar and a Napoleon were as feeble and powerless in its presence as the weakest child. Priests, bishops and popes and kings and emperors are pulled down by its strong arm to one common level, and that level is the silence, the neglect, the nothingness of the tomb. The wise, the great, the good, the strong, the holy, all must bow down before this all-embracing decree of death. Hence St. Paul says "it is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death judgment."

Solomon was the wisest of men, and yet he could not invent a means of escape from his grasp; Sampson was the strongest of men, and yet when in his recovered strength, he shook down the pillars of the temple, he was simply executing on himself the decree of death. Our Blessed

Lady was the holiest of pure creatures, and she slept in death; yea, even the God man died on the cross. The very sepulchres, said Seneca, perish and crumble into ashes. Thus human life vanishes before death like a dream of the night, is swept away by it like leaves by the blasts of winter, disappears before it like dry stubble before the consuming flames. And this life which we prize so much and which is given to us for the noblest and sublimest of objects is too often perverted to false purposes, to foolish if not wicked ends. This life is short and fleeting and uncertain. "All flesh is grass and all the glory thereof like the flower of the field, the grass is withered and the flower is fallen." Every action of life admits of a pause, but not that of death which is ever active and never ceases even for a sleep. There is a respite from every labor of life, but the flight of years sweeps by on tireless wing like a hurricane and never ceases. Men may repose from the various pursuits and business of life but the current of our lives flows on forever with the certainty of fate towards the eternal Ocean. For all men there is a Christian sabbath, but death observes no sabbath or day of rest until he brings his victims to rest during the long slings of the tomb. We are like candles that are consumed in burning, and that burn in being consumed. Hence, life, says St. Jerome, is but a vapor which appears for a little while and then vanishes; it is a bubble which appears for a moment on the stream of time and is seen no more. Life is but the threshold to the eternal world. When compared to eternity it is as a drop of water compared to the shoreless ocean, "a thousand years are in thy sight, O Lord," says the Psalmist, "like yesterday which is past away."

And the end of this short, uncertain, fleeting life is death, and after death judgment, and after judgment an eternity of happiness or of inscrutable suffering according as we shall have done good or evil in the flesh. These are the important lessons which the death of your bishop should teach you and which should influence your actions and shape your lives to the high purpose and holy resolve of loving and serving God in holiness and sanctity all the days of your earthly existence. But the death of the good Christian and the good bishop is something holy and most precious in the sight of God. Our divine Redeemer has broken the power of death and destroyed the empire of the grave. For He who died and descended into the tomb, breaking into pieces his iron sceptre. His death destroyed death. He descended into the tomb and made it a holy place, and on the resurrection morning He lighted up its darkness and opened the gates of life and resurrection, thus fulfilling the prophecy uttered of Him in the ancient days, "O death, I will be thy death, O grave I will be thy life." He descended into the tomb in the dark of evening, and rose from it in the fresh radiance of the morning, and since that death is but the messenger sent by God to the just, to summon them home to their Father's house, and the grave is but the furrow into which the seeds of immortality must be cast, the sleeping place where those who die in the peace of Christ, will one day awaken into a glorious and immortal life. Hence though these bodies of ours may decay, and perish, and moulder away into dust and ashes in the silent abandonment of the tomb; though the friends we love, the holy bishops and priests whom we revere, may be taken from us, and their bodies laid in the regions of the dead, they will all rise again, they will one day awaken from their sleep of ages, and shaking off the dust of the tomb, will rise in all the vigor and beauty of a new life and clothed in the glory of a blessed and happy immortality. "The body," says St. Paul, "is sown in corruption, it shall rise in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it shall rise in glory; it is sown in weakness, it shall rise in power," (1 Cor. xv. 30-42).

"For we know," says the same apostle, "if our earthly house of this habitation be dissolved, we shall be clothed with a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens," (2 Cor. v. 16). As in winter all nature dies and for months lies wrapped in the winding sheet of death and in the silence of the tomb, but in the spring time it awakens again to a new life, and the trees bud forth and blossom, and the flowers scent the air with their fragrance, and the woods are vocal with the sweet music of singing birds, and all nature with a million tongues hymn the praises of its Creator because He hath given it also a resurrection; so the dead will awaken in the spring time of the resurrection, and putting on the robes of a happy and glorious immortality will praise and glorify God for His eternal mercies, for having imparted to them immortality, for having called them into the happiness of His own blessed kingdom, where He shall wipe all tears from their eyes, and where death shall be no more, nor sorrow nor mourning shall be no more, because these conditions of a fallen and mortal state shall have passed away forever. Herein lies the heavenly balm to staunch the wounds inflicted upon our hearts by the sudden death of your lamented bishop; such is the hope that you have laid up, indestructible in your bosom. Your good bishop shall rise again in the resurrection on the last day; he will rise again in the power and glory and incorruption of the risen life, and the trees bud forth and blossom, and the flowers scent the air with their fragrance in the eternal kingdom of God in the great day of eternity. "This hope is laid up in our bosom," and it is a just and well-founded hope. The life of your bishop was studded with bright virtues, and marked with great services rendered to the sacred cause of religion. As a man he was distinguished for many noble qualities of head and heart. He combined the kindness and affectionateness of a woman's nature with the power and force of a vigorous manhood. Endowed with

great intellectual faculties, he cultivated them to a very high degree of perfection; he was, in fact, a widely read, and accomplished scholar. In these days of vulgar ostentation, and cheap publicity, when men of superficial talents flaunt in literary rags and reputations for letters are manufactured by newspaper paragraphs, your bishop, like all men of merit shrank from publicity, and if he erred at all in this direction it was in this: That he was too indifferent to his literary reputation. As a priest of God his life was most usefully devoted to the performance of his sublime duties. Whether as professor in Regopolis College, or parish priest of Brockville, his career was characterized by the greatest disinterestedness of purpose, by lofty motives, by steadfast fidelity to duty and efficiency in its discharge. For several years he taught as professor of Regopolis College with the greatest success and most beneficial results. It is impossible to estimate the merit of his work in this capacity. "What's greater," asks St. John Chrysostom, "than to train the mind and to form the character and mould the morals of youth? More excellent certainly than the greatest painter, than the most finished sculptor and than all others of this sort do, I esteem him who knows how to form the minds of youth and to mould them into superior beauty." How true are these words of the great saint and orator. For, when the greatest painting that ever lived by the breath of genius shall be covered with the mildew of neglect, or destroyed by all-consuming time, and the statues of an Apelles or a Michael Angelo shall have melted from marble into dust; the immortal mind, quickened into intellectual life by the wand of genius and moulded to virtue and holiness by the pious and holy priest, will live on forever a thing of immortal beauty and an imperishable joy, a blessing to earth and a sister to the angels of heaven.

For many years he lived and toiled as parish priest of Brockville, with what blessed results to religion and morality it is needless to describe. The parish was redeemed from a heavy debt, its beautiful church was brought to completion and the schools were raised to a high state of efficiency. With a rare power and eloquence he announced God's holy word, he instructed the ignorant, relieved the poor, visited and comforted the sick, consoled the sorrow-stricken, and with lavish hand broke the bread of life to hungry souls. Simple in his manner, frank and genial in his nature, he was accessible to every member of his flock, so that his name became a household word in his parishes, and his image and shining in every heart. He was indeed the good pastor, for he fed the flock of God, taking care of it, not by constraint, but willingly according to God, not for filthy lucre's sake, but voluntarily being found a pattern of the flock from the heart (St. Peter's 1st epistle, v. 2). He was the good, the quiet, and unostentatious, laboring in season and out of season in the midst of his people and casting the seed of a blessed immortality in good and very good hearts. The seed cast into the earth by the hand of the husbandman remains hidden for a time and buried away out of sight; but gradually it fructifies, and under the influence of sunshine and shower it grows up and matures into a golden harvest, enriching the husbandman and abundantly rewarding his labor. And so the work done quietly and humbly by the good pastor of St. Brockville, at this period of his life, blessed by the sunshine of God's approval, and fructified by heaven's grace, must have produced for himself a hundred-fold of merit, and for the Church of God a rich harvest of sanctified souls. It was here, whilst engaged in the midst of his work, that the nitre sought and found him. No man living was more averse to honors and dignities than he was. Reluctantly and tremblingly he obeyed the summons of the Sovereign Pontiff to assume the episcopal charge of this large and important diocese. He was consecrated to the episcopal office in this Cathedral before a vast congregation, and to the delight of both clergy and laity. The ordinary responsibilities of the episcopate have at all times been considered as almost too weighty for human shoulders. To these responsibilities there were superadded in his case grave and exceptional difficulties. What wonder if his tender conscience was smitten with awe at beholding them, and if his heart failed him in their contemplation. Nevertheless, he went courageously to work to solve the difficulties that lay around him, and in doing so he was nobly and right heartily assisted by his devoted priests and generous people. Wherever he went throughout the diocese he received a royal welcome. Crowds of the faithful, and numbers of intelligent Protestants, thronged to hear his splendid sermons and his able lectures in vindication of Catholic doctrines. The Catholics of the diocese opened their hearts and their pockets to their beloved bishop and enabled him in a short time to liquidate the greater part of the diocesan debt. This Cathedral in which we are assembled shows in the elastic beauty of its ornamentation his exquisite and aesthetic taste and his love for the beauty of God's house and of the place where his glory dwelleth. But why dwell on these topics now, or why particularize the good works that like bright stars studded the short career of your late beloved bishop. The empty episcopal throne, the altar and Cathedral draped in mourning, the solemn service of month's mind, tell us that your good bishop is dead, that his dove-like voice is hushed forever in the silence of the tomb, that his episcopal hand so oft raised to bless is now mouldering away into dust and ashes, that the nitre has forever fallen from his brow, and that the crozier awaits

another hand to wield it with episcopal authority over this sovery tried and widowed diocese. And we are here to-day to pray for the repose of his immortal soul. There is no rose without a thorn, the brightest gold is seldom found without an alloy, and even good men and good ecclesiastics are not, alas, without their imperfections and sinfulness before the eternal and infinitely just God. There are heights of goodness and spiritual perfection to which their sublime vocation calls. Catholic ecclesiastics and which sometimes they have not the courage of self-sacrifice to ascend, and for this they are responsible to God. The man of God, says the apostle, should be perfect, furnished to every good work. In the language of the prophet, the bishop "should walk in justice and speak truth, should shake his hands from all bribes, and shut his eyes that he might see no evil, he should dwell on high; the fortifications of rocks should be his highness," (Is. chap. 33rd). How difficult it is to reach the height of such perfection. In the fierce light which breaks against the episcopal throne things appear grievous imperfections which in other men would scarcely seem moral defects. On such failings we should be slow to pass harsh judgments, for we humbly hope that they may be regarded with divine pity and merciful forgiveness by Him who alone fully understands all the springs of human action, who knoweth the day of which we are made, and who can compassionate our infirmities, having been tempted in all things like as we are without sin. Only two sinless ones—Jesus and his blessed Mother blessed this fallen world by their presence. All other children of men have been stained by sins of origin or action. And as nothing defiled can ever enter heaven, and as by the appointment of God and through the merits of Christ the church is mighty to save, and to bring refreshment and comfort to her suffering children in purgatory, so we are assembled here to-day to pray for the eternal repose of your departed bishop and to beseech the great God in his infinite mercy, and through the merits of Jesus Christ to have compassion on his soul, to wash away its imperfections before the sacred title of the precious blood, and to admit it into the happiness and joys of his eternal kingdom. And the Holy Church offers up the holy sacrifice of the Mass to the throne of infinite mercy for the soul of her departed prelate, and in her fervent prayers, she beseeches her God to grant the deceased bishop the "seat of refreshment, the happiness of rest, and the brightness of light." "O God, who amongst thy apostolic priests didst raise up thy servant, grant that he may also be admitted to heaven, and that he may be fellowship through Jesus Christ our Lord."

O may this prayer be heard, and O may His in His infinite mercy grant us also the grace of a virtuous life, the mercy of a happy death and the happiness of his eternal kingdom, that there seeing Him in all his glory we may be able to say, "I have loved and adore Him forever and ever. Amen."

OUR SARNIA LETTER.

FATHER WATERS' ANNUAL PICNIC.

The annual picnic of the Coruna and Moortown parishes of Rev. Father Waters' Mission, came off yesterday, 11th, in Ahermarty's Grove, one mile from Moortown. The day was an exceptionally fine one, the beautiful St. Clair, sparkling in the sunshine, and dotted here and there with vessels of every description, on their way up or down the magnificent river, was a sight that would make glad the eyes of those whose misfortune compels them to live in such an unromantic place as London, with its shallow little creek. Every such gathering, under the Rev. Father's auspices, has become so deservedly popular, that not only did his own parishioners turn out en masse, but many of his Protestant neighbors also. A number from Sarnia and Port Lambton came to have a day's real enjoyment. Among the visitors from Port Lambton were P. Gilroy, Esq., president of the Y. M. Catholic Association, and wife, Miss Cain, and Mr. Murphy. Those from Sarnia were too many to particularize. I will only mention the names of Hugh Reilly, Esq., president of the Y. M. C. and B. Association, Sarnia, and wife. It would be hard to find a finer gathering of people and priests than those assembled on this occasion. Rev. Father Bayard, P. P., Sarnia, Rev. Father Molphy, of Stratford, Rev. Father Richenback, of St. Clair, Michigan, Rev. Father McGovern, the venerable uncle of our late bishop, and his amiable young curate, Rev. Father O'Connor, were also present. I will not attempt to describe the tables, or what was on them, but will merely say that the ladies of both Coruna and Moortown deserve the greatest praise for the beautiful and hospitable provision made by them to satisfy the carnal wants of the hundreds of picnickers present on the grounds. The arrival of a travelling photographer, with his instruments, was a rather new feature in the amusements of such occasions. His services were immediately brought into requisition by them to secure the immortal portraits of the people were taken as souvenirs of the picnic. The most exciting event of the day was the contest for popularity between Robert Fleck, Esq., of Coruna, and Charles Reilly, Esq., of Moortown, both being practical farmers, the prize of popu-

larity being one of J. Lowries', of Sarnia, celebrated plow; after one hour's spirited open voting for the candidates, a half hour of close balloting gave the prize to Mr. Reilly, the handsome sum realized by the contest being sufficient to make the broad, good-natured face of the maker grow broader and more good-natured, if he could be certain of the same amount for all his plows. It did me good to watch the smiling face of Father Waters, and hear the pleasant comments, as the silver and crumpled pieces of paper were eagerly stuffed into the ballot-boxes of the candidates. One could easily imagine that such "stuffing" would be at all times a very profitable branch of the law. The young people had an opportunity of exercising the light fantastic to the music of M. B. Duncan's string band. Everything that the kind forethought of priest and people could suggest was brought into requisition to make the time pass agreeably, and the most perfect harmony and good feeling prevailed.

After a day of most unalloyed pleasure, well and innocently spent, the large gathering, with evident reluctance, left grounds for their several homes. I do not know the exact amount realized from the picnic, but am certain, that, as it was in other things, it could not be other than a success financially.

Yours,  
CATHOLICUS.

Sarnia, Sept. 17, 1879.

HAMILTON LETTER.

DEPARTURE OF FATHER CANTLIN, O.P.—SAD ACCIDENT—NEW STATUE.

The Rev. Father Cantlin, O.P., will leave to-day for Louisville, Kentucky, to join his order. The Rev. Father preached a most eloquent sermon at High Mass, in St. Mary's Cathedral, yesterday, on "True Happiness." He showed that true happiness was not found in the pleasures or goods of this world, but is only to be found in God, who alone can satisfy the human heart. The reverend gentleman's discourse was replete with the choicest imagery, his language well chosen, his reasoning cogent and to the point, and it was evident that he had made a profound impression on the congregation. During his short stay in Hamilton, and all who listened to his sermon will remember it for many years to come.

Last Wednesday, about 4 o'clock, a very sad accident occurred at the building of the Baptist church on James street; the scaffolding on which the men were working gave way, and all who were on it fell to the ground, but the timber used was defective and should not have been placed there. John Langdon and John Sullivan, two industrious, hardworking men, lost their lives by the disaster. John Langdon was killed instantly and Sullivan lived but five weeks. The following is the verdict of the jury and it is to be hoped that contractors and builders will take a lesson from this accident—"The death of John Langdon and John Sullivan was caused by the breaking of a pullock used in the scaffolding, the same being defective, cross-grained and brittle, and not suitable for the purpose for which it was used. That sufficient care was not exercised in the selection of the timber for the scaffolding, and we would recommend that a competent building inspector be appointed by the city to examine all buildings and scaffolding hereafter in the city."

The statue of the Blessed Virgin, which has been brought from Rome by his Lordship, is now placed over the Blessed Virgin's altar in St. Mary's Cathedral, where it is intended, if the sanction of his Lordship, the Bishop, can be obtained, to erect a new altar suitable for this splendid statue, in place of the old one. I understand that several ladies offered their influence and means for the furthering of this laudable undertaking.

Hamilton, Sept. 17th. CHERUBIN.

OUR CHATHAM LETTER.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES OF THE VARIOUS SOCIETIES.

Last Sunday, (second Sunday of the month), being as usual set apart for the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, it was duly observed by the young ladies of this society by approaching holy communion in a body. Various hymns to the Blessed Virgin were rendered by some of the members of the society.

An Ave Maria, by Cherubin, was very excellently rendered by Miss M. Beerhurst.

At 9 o'clock Mass the members of the Young Men's Catholic Union also formed in a body to receive the Blessed Sacrament. It is with feelings of joy we congratulate the members of these Christian in fostering this great virtue—Christian Piety.

Great credit is due to the Franciscan Fathers in organizing these societies, and working with such remarkable zeal to keep alive the interest in them.

We hope the blessing of God will assist them in continuing this great work.

Chatham, Sept. 15, 1879.

AN OBSERVER.

OUR AGENTS.

Mr. Thomas Payne, of Guelph, Mr. M. Redmond and Mr. W. Walsh, are fully authorized to do business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

PORT ALBERT.—W. McBride, Esq., is authorized to take subscribers and receive money for the RECORD office in Port Albert and vicinity. All business entrusted to this gentleman on our account will be promptly attended to.