# 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, FEBRUARY 13, 1892. NO. 695.


## CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union and Times.

The Tories are busy plastering the hole in their lungs made by the Liberal victory at Rossendale, but the chances are that they will expire with the spring. Parliament will dissolve and the elections come on in time to make Mr. Gladstone Premier for 1893. If the Irish faction-fighters can be brought out at once Home Rule will go through with a rush in the year of the World's Fair.

Several Cardinals have been summoned to appeat as witnesses before a civil court in Rome, and have ignored the summons as Americans would ignore the subpœna of a British court on their own territory. The Vatican theory of the relations between Pope and King does not permit the Italian power any authority over Papal officials. The difficulty will be got over by not mentioning it.

One Professor Justin Winsor of Harvard has written a life of Columbus, which makes the great explorer as mean a creature as ever crawled the earth. To explain the existence of two such characters in one man, great explorer and little cur, Mr. Winsor should really have undertaken to prove that Columbus was a fraud who followed the true Columbus to America, slew him in the moment of discovery, and then palmed himself on the world as the real hero. Mr. Winsor has read extensively and badly. The cheapest of all literary reputations is that which he has attained, by reviling without just cause a great man, and classing all his admiring biographers as fools.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

The Church may patiently bide God's time to deliver the Holy See from its sacrilegious oppressors. It will come. For history shows that sacrilege is avenged sooner or later with exact justice. It was so with Henry VIII., with Napoleon I., with Napoleon III.; then why not so too, in good time, with the present oppressors? The records of the titles to the estates, into which Henry divided the abbey lands in England, show clearly how his spoliation of the Church was avenged. The possession of these estates was so linked with misfortune that no one seemed to care to hold them very long. Twenty-three of them, lying within a radious of twelve miles from a given point, changed hands from three to six times in eighty years after Henry's time, while in the same area twenty-seven estates, held by righteous titles, remained in the same families for at least a century. Although landed property justly held had remained in the same families an average of seventy-five years, down to 1845, yet at that date only fourteen out of six hundred and thirty families continued to hold the lands acquired by the share of their ancestors in Henry's robbery. In Yorkshire there had never been a solitary instance in which an owner, descended from a church robber, had handed down his name and lands in regular succession farther than to a grandson. The family trees reveal the smiting of the first-born sons in these families with startling frequency. "Extinct in the third" or "extinct in the fourth generation" is a common note opposite a name. One nobleman, who plundered thirty monasteries, married four times. His first wife died childless. The only son of his second, and also of his third wife, died prematurely. One daughter by his third marriage lost three members of her family by violent deaths. Both sons of another daughter died in early life. His fourth wife had two sons. Both died of a plague on the same day. His name was quickly "clean put out." In another family, owners of a plundered estate, there were four violent deaths, and the son succeeded the father in possession only three times in ten generations.

Pittsburg Catholic.

"I wish I were rich," said my friend, "and I would do so much to alleviate the misery I see around me." Now my friend enjoys a comfortable income, independent of his profession. He dines well, daily, at his club, wears the finest of suitings, and all in all has his fair proportion of this world's comforts. But, like all our friends, he dreams his life away, imagining what great things he would do for Church and poor "if I were rich." These delusions are very comforting, and we fondly imagine we have most excellent dispositions, and are laying up treasures where the rust will not consume nor the moth destroy. But, like all vagaries, their thin and unsubstantial nature only serve to harden the heart. While waiting to do, the time never comes when we act. If riches do come, they never reach that point in our exchequer when we feel like paying our debt in charity and thankfulness to God. The miseries we daily see around us may go on and thicken. Seeing we are blind, uncharitable, we are deaf to its appeals. All through life we hug the delusion, and we go into eternity singing to our poor, miserable, cheated souls for our neglect, the song whose refrain is: "I wish I were rich."

No! Young fellow, money is not everything. It may be with a miser, for he worships gold. It is his God. Consider the ways and means he has taken to accumulate it, and be charitable with him. He is not happy with his wealth. It is a source of endless trouble to him, the greatest of all that he must die and leave it behind him. But money is not to be despised. Earn it and earn it only in one way, honestly. Use it, and use it only in one way, honestly. Remember, it will not buy you back virtue, if lost. It will not restore innocence to you. It will not repay you for days and nights of sin. It will never make the conscience clean. It will not gain for you love and respect, once forfeited by wrongdoing. Should money come to you in abundance, through your honest efforts, remember you are but the steward of Him from whom riches proceed, and pray they may never harden your heart.

Catholic Universe.

Rev. Andrew Douglas, of the "Abbey Church," Arbroath, Scotland, is reported in our American papers as having recently spoken vigorously against total abstinence and "all the hubbub about drinking and public houses," as a movement "distinctly adverse to the progress of pure Christianity." We certainly cannot understand how a sober minister could thus encourage the crying evil of our day, the drink habit. Of all social scourges it is the most voracious and pestiferous. Combine all the evils arising from men's ungoverned passions and the total would not equal one tithe of the sin and shame and misery caused by liquor. It would not have surprised us more had that minister defended the startling illegitimacy of his land. And in our mind those painful statistics of a highly intelligent people go hand in hand with Scottish prevailing drunkenness. With such sentiments as the foregoing, expressed by Rev. Mr. Douglas, it is not surprising that he profanely eulogized what he chose to misconceive as "Christ's encouragement of the social propensities of his brethren."

Catholic News.

It is rather startling to read of a murder committed in Sullivan county, New York, by a father and two sons, because they believed that their victim had bewitched their cattle. The parties are all Germans, part of a colony of that nation in the Empire State. It carries us back to the days of colonial New England, and, though the Puritans proceeded by forms of law to put to death those who were accused of dealing with the devil for the injury of their neighbors, and the Sullivan county people proceeded in a summary way of their own, the delusion seems to be as widespread in rural New York as it was among the educated lawyers, physicians, ministers and judges of New England. The fellow-countrymen of the victim and the murderers believe that the cattle disease stopped when the wizard had been put to death, and they believe the act of the Heidts justified as one done for the good of the community. Adam Heidt is a man of little intelligence, ignorant and superstitious, and his sons do not seem to rise much higher. The trial will be a difficult one, as witnesses will be all biased; but a witch trial in New York in the nineteenth century is certainly a most extraordinary event.

Boston Pilot.

Perhaps the best summary of the great English Non-conformist preacher, the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, who died Sunday, Jan. 31, was that given a few months ago in the *Pilot*, by Arthur F. Marshall: "Mr. Spurgeon found Dissent under a cloud, and helped to raise it to social credit and respectability."

The Rev. James McMahon's magnificent gift of half a million dollars' worth of property in New York City to the Catholic University of America has become available, and the contracts for the erection of the McMahon Hall of Philosophy are about to be let. Ground will be broken within a few weeks, and the corner-stone will be laid with splendid ceremonies, probably at Easter-tide.

Mr. Bill Nye has been writing a life of Columbus. It is brief, and its general spirit resembles that of Mr. Justin Winsor's elaborate work, but in closing Mr. Nye repents him and says: "Whether Columbus discovered this country on purpose or not, the writer of these lines is much obliged to him. Whether he did it for revenue only, or for the advancement of civilization, his courage is worthy our respect and esteem."

Sacred Heart Review.

It is admitted on all sides that the saloon, as it is generally conducted, is the most hideous abuse of the day. It persistently, brazenly, and inhumanly violates the most humane and reasonable laws of our State. But where, I might ask, would it be if all citizens, especially our dear and noble working men, withdrew their support from it? Is it not true that it brutalizes husbands and fathers, breaks women's hearts, puts rags on the workingman's back, disease in his body, and shame and despair in his heart? Certainly, it is true, and yet when labor is most disturbed, when the demand for the advanced wages is loudest, when strikes are most frequent, when hunger and misery are most rife in the houses of the poor, the saloon flourishes still. There may be no bread at home, but there is always beer and whiskey at the bar, and the men who consider themselves victims of circumstances, or the "thralls" of capital, squander their earnings in these dens. Can there be a serious labor question while this state of things continues? Can workingmen talk gravely of their wrongs, while it is plain to all the world that if they only saved the capital they earn, they would be all right? One year's remission of the destructive habit of indulgence in the intoxicating cup would solve every labor problem extant. The universal experience of the world teaches us that wherever drinking is nationally common, drunkenness becomes nationally ruinous. As citizens of this great country we have an interest in crying out boldly and unceasingly, "Down with the saloon!"

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Adventists are pretty certain that the time is not far ahead for the Second Coming of Christ, and the beautiful heavenly phenomenon of the conjunction of Jupiter and Mars, visible to all with the naked eye this past week, is the certain sign of it they say. The judgment is only too close at hand to the most of us, if we but realized it, and that certainly is of far more consequence to us individually than any such profitless speculation as to the time of the coming of Our Lord. It is the lesson of Christ's first coming that we have to learn—the wonderful sacrifice by which the forfeited souls of man were gloriously ransomed:

"Heavenly powers where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?"

Live with men as if God saw you; converse with God as if men heard you, is the proper preparation for that dreadful final day, whether it comes to us now or ages hence, and thus having taken advantage of the moments given to us, through God's illimitable mercy we may reckon upon the years of Heaven making good all earth's little pain.

Ave Maria.

A striking instance of the vicissitudes of fortune in a democratic country is the procuring by Frederic Douglass, the colored statesman, of a position as a clerk in the Agricultural Department at Washington for the daughter of one of his old masters in the days of slavery. This is in very truth a reversal of condition.

Colorado Catholic.

Parson Talmage wants us all to start the new year with this motto: "Be content with what you have." This sounds well from a man whose enormous salary has bankrupted a congregation, who has a record of collecting $250 for a charity lecture where the total receipts were $135, who made use of even Gethsemane and Mount Calvary for advertising purposes.

Louisville Record.

Blessed forever be the memory of Cardinal Manning for the saying: "I will not put one stone on another for a cathedral for my diocese until every Catholic child in London is attending a Catholic school!" He preferred to erect living temples to the Holy Ghost before any edifice built of rock and wood. And the souls that he has helped to save shall be as a diadem of glory around his mansion in the sky.

Catholic Columbian.

If the Catholic Church in the United States had a "Book Concern," such as the Methodists have, the price of "The Faith of our Fathers" would not be a dollar. It would be about 30 cents. Then three copies could be distributed by Catholics among their Protestant friends, where one is now purchased and sent out. May Providence hasten the day when we shall have an official press!

Cardinal Manning preferred "Fabiola" to "Callista." A friend of his, shortly before his death, expressed regret to him that he had been too busy to make a contribution to light literature. He seemed amused at the idea, but added: "I think that I *could* write a novel. There is material for at least one in every man's mind." Who can tell, if he had written a story, that it would not have been more widely read and done more good than any of the books he did write? The Lord taught in parables. Why should not His successors use the same form in which to convey instruction?

Boston Republic.

The noise made by the Protestant missionaries and fanatics about the religious situation in Italy would lead a careless observer to believe that the land of Humbert is a Protestant country. The assaults made upon religion by the King and his councellors have been persistent and brutal, but the doctrines of Luther have not, as yet, been accepted by the Italian people. The total number of Protestants in the kingdom is 62,000, while the Jews number 36,000. There are 55,263 Catholic churches with an actual attendance of some 22,000,000; there are 76,590 priests and 20,465 parishes. Of course the spread of infidelity since the Garibaldians raids has been alarming, and some 5,000,000 of people who should be good Catholics have drifted into Atheism and Socialism. Still Italy is a Catholic country, and it will remain so, in spite of the persistent efforts of the combined forces of Protestantism and anti-Papal shriekers.

## DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH.

On Sunday, the 31st of January, the Bishop again visited St. Lawrence church and addressed a large number of candidates that Father Brady is preparing to organize into a sodality. After the sermon His Lordship gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The list of Christmas offerings in this parish has just been printed and distributed. The number of contributors amounts to two-hundred and forty-two, showing that the faithful of this new parish are doing their duty.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE.

Brother Patrick, who had been ill at St. Joseph's Hospital, has so far recovered as to be able to resume charge of his class. Dean Laussier is succeeding wonderfully well as classical teacher. He has now twenty-four pupils studying the classics—more than double the number under the charge of Father Carson, who resigned;—and the boys are delighted and doing well.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Sunday, 7th February.—To-day being the Feast of the Purification a very large congregation attended High Mass. The celebrant was Dean Laussier, who sings Mass admirably, with all the clearness and sweetness of tone for which his splendid voice has been remarkable for many years at the services of Holy Week. The Bishop presided at the throne with purple cope and solemnly blessed and distributed the candles. After the gospel His Lordship preached an instructive sermon explanatory of the origin and significance of the festival and its ceremonials and the lessons to be learned therefrom.

## THE ORPHANS OF ST. MARY'S.

[Spectator, February 8.

The customary success attended this year's "festival" in aid of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, which was held last evening at the Grand Opera House. These events are always interesting and memorable, and the thirty-ninth annual festival was not less so than its predecessors. It was of the usual character—a miscellaneous programme of music and readings; addresses by the Bishop, the Mayor, and prominent citizens, and the time-honored and delightful feature of the assemblage of the orphans on the stage, together with the delivery of the annual address in their behalf by the head boy of the asylum. These annual gatherings are good things all round. They do good to the St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, for they help materially to swell the funds by which the institution is maintained; they encourage the good Sisters of St. Joseph by the evidence they bring of the sympathy which the people of Hamilton feel in the work of the Sisters; and they do good to those who attend them, because they are an ever-recurring reminder of the sweetness of charity and bring home the lesson of the divine words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

THE MATINEE.

Although the more important event was in the evening, the real festival was held in the afternoon. A good programme was presented; but the best part of the affair was the audience. Such an audience! The house was crowded with children, and, it must be admitted, very noisy children, who felt perfectly at liberty to express their feelings in their own way, and did so. The applause was deafening, the audience preferring to give vent to its approval in shrieks rather than in hand-clapping. It was not a difficult audience to please, and it was unroariously delighted with almost everything, but especially with James Fax's comic songs in costume. Mr. Fax was on the programme for four songs, but he sang eight, being obliged to respond to an encore after each appearance. If the little folks had had their way he would be singing to them yet. Miss Schumacher sang one solo, "To-morrow Will Do;" Mr. Ebbels, of Toronto, gave two humorous recitations; Billy Bangarth gave a mouth-organ and mandolin duet; Jimmy Wall showed the children how artistic dancing should be done; there were three pretty choruses by about two hundred girls from the Separate schools, an exhibition of club-swinging by boys from the Christian Brothers' school, and very pretty calisthenic exercises by the orphans.

Rev. Father Coty directed the entertainment, and he had his hands full to overflowing.

IN THE EVENING.

The usual immense audience gathered to see and hear the orphans, to listen to the speeches and enjoy the entertainment. The house was crowded from the stage to the rear wall of the gallery. In the right proscenium box His Lordship Bishop Dowling sat, and with His Lordship were Mayor Blaicher, Alex. McKay, M. P., and Geo. M. Barton. Many of the clergy of the city were present, in the front rows of seats.

A long programme had been arranged, and, though, it was somewhat curtailed, the people did not get out until about eleven o'clock.

THE ORPHANS' ADDRESS.

Between the first and second parts of the programme, as usual, was the time for the orphans' share in the evening's proceedings. The curtain rose on about one hundred of the little people, neatly dressed, and all wearing their customary look of stolid contentment. This time the very young orphans were left at home, and the audience missed the fun which would have arisen from their comical antics. After a nicely sung chorus by the children, "Canada, dear Canada," the orator of the occasion stepped forward and delivered the annual address on behalf of his comrades. He was Jimmy Allen, one of the smallest and brightest boys who has yet been entrusted with the duty of speaking for the orphans. His speech was a good one—quite out of the stereotyped style; and it was admirably delivered. Here it is in full:

"*My Lord, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen*—You can imagine what a surprise I had a few days ago when the Sister, who teaches us, comes along and says: "Jemmy, you are to make the speech at the festival this year.' Oh, man! wasn't I delighted. I tell you my heart went petty-patty. 'This was all very well until Sister added: 'Now, Jemmy, set to work as quickly as possible to prepare your speech for you know the festival comes off on Feb. 2. Oh, dear! this changed the face of things considerably, for to say a speech you all know is a different matter from completing one. However, what could I do? What Sister says she means. So I thought I may as well begin at once, and so I did. The first thing was to hunt up the bigest slate and the longest pencil in the house, fully resolved that whatever my speech migh lack in quality it would be lacking nothing in quantity. So getting into the quietest corner I could find, I set to work to prepare my speech. Well, there was no difficulty about the first part. 'My Lord, Reverend Fathers, ladies and gentlemen!' That was easy enough and written down without the slightest mistake. But now the trouble began. 'What shall I say next?' thought I; something, of course, that was never said before. My speech must be entirely original or I shall write none at all. Well, I thought and thought and thought of all that had been said about little orphans for the past forty years, hoping that some bright idea would flash across my mind, enabling me to write my original speech; but if I ransacked my poor little brains until the end of the nineteenth century I don't think I could find a single thing that had not been said before. I was almost giving up in despair when I caught a glimpse of Willie Smith, one of our boys who thinks himself great at composition. Calling him, I explained the situation. 'Well,' said Willie, 'If I could help you I would be glad to do so, but really, I don't think I can. However, let us try; two heads, you know, are better than one.' So we both sat down, and Willie began: 'My Lord, Reverend Fathers, ladies and gentleman.' Yes, you have that all right. How would it do to say next, Here we are again, the little orphans of St. Mary?' 'Oh,' said I, 'that would never do. You know I am determined to have my speech an original one, and what you suggest is as old as the hills.' 'Well,' said Willie, 'how would this go: 'Dear benefactors, for well nigh forty years, we have been telling you our little sad story?' 'Oh,' said I, 'no better than before. Time and again that has been said.' Willie did not like this very well, and, getting quite nettled, he replied, 'I tell you what, my dear fellow, if you want to write an original speech about orphans, you will have to write it in Greek, Latin or Hebrew, for the English language has been already exhausted in endeavoring to elucidate the subject.' With this Willie left me to my own resources; and, although I could hardly understand what Willie meant by that big word, 'elucidate,' yet I thought he was pretty nearly correct. And as I could write neither Greek, Latin nor Hebrew, and am resolved 'to let every foreign tongue alone till I can read and spell my own,' with deep regret I gave up the attempt, and am here to-night to tell you what a failure I have been in speech-making; also to crave your forgiveness for failing to find words in our own beautiful English to convey to you as we ought our appreciation of all you have done to procure us a home and make us happy. But if we cannot compose speeches, we can pray, and you know, dear benefactors, no prayers are more powerful with God than those of His poor fatherless children; therefore shall our prayers be offered up for you and yours, fervently hoping that He who forgets not the cup of cold water given in His name will be Himself your reward exceedingly great.

"To our beloved Bishop, who, despite his late illness, has come to-night to preside at our festival, we offer our grateful thanks, and trust that the prayers of his orphan children will bring down upon him blessings untold, and that many, many long years will have passed ere his chair be vacant at the orphans' festival."

SPEECHES FROM THE BOX.

When the clever little orator had acknowledged the applause of the audience and stepped back into the ranks, Bishop Dowling rose from his seat in the procenium box and addressed the great audience. His Lordship said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am here again—unworthy as I am of the position—as the spiritual father of these dear orphans. No portion of my flock do I love and value more than these little ones, so dear to the Sacred Heart of our Lord. When Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, was asked where were her jewels, she brought forward her two sons and replied, '*Ecce ornamenta mea.*' ('Behold my ornaments,' or jewels.) If I were asked to-night to point out the jewels of my diocese I would point to those little ones and say, '*Ecce ornamenta mea.*' I thank you for your presence here this evening, and for your patronage of the festival, which are gratifying proofs of the heartfelt interest taken by all our fellow-citizens in the welfare and success of this deserving institution. It is not often we see on the stage such a tableau-vivant as this—one that awakens in us such tender sympathies; and when we remember the depths of degredation from which these children have been rescued by the good Sisters, we feel like saying with St. Peter on the mount of transfiguration, 'It is good to be here.' It is seldom I endorse all that is said in public speeches, but it gives me great pleasure to-night to heartily endorse the sentiments of gratitude that have flown so freely from the lips of the little orator. The true glory of this city is not so much in its material prosperity as in the fostering and maintenance of its religious, benevolent and charitable institutions, such as the one represented here to-night; these are the crowning glories of Hamilton. This is not simply a work of philanthropy, it is a work of charity done for the love of God and the little ones He loves; for we seek not only to reclaim these little ones from evil surroundings and give them food, clothing and proper shelter; we also seek to give them proper physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual training, so that they may grow up into worthy, law-abiding and useful citizens of Hamilton. I pray, with the little orator, that God may reward a hundred fold the benefactors of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum. And I speak in no sectarian spirit when I ask God to bless you. I know that benevolence is not confined to the members of the Catholic Church, but that it also abides in the charitably disposed hearts of many of our fellow-citizens of other denominations who are always ready to lend a helping hand to this as well as to other similar institutions engaged in the good work of protecting the widow and the orphan—so I say from my heart, may God bless you all.

His Lordship thanked all those taking part in the entertainment, and concluded by introducing his old friend, Mayor Blaicher.

The Mayor showed in appearance, voice and manner that he has not yet fully recovered from his recent serious illness. He could not speak long, but what he said was sensible and to the point. He expressed his satisfaction at being able to be present, and commended the work of the St. Mary's Orphan Asylum. He had visited and inspected that institution, and had been impressed with the cleanliness, good order and excellent management which were observable in every department, and had been greatly pleased to observe the contentment and happiness of the children under the care of the good Sisters. "I can safely say," said His Worship, "and say as a Protestant, that however much Protestants may differ from their Catholic brethren in matters of doctrine and Church government, they have the highest admiration for the benevolent and educational institutions under the control of the Catholic Church. I have visited several of the Catholic educational institutions devoted to the higher branches of education, and, so far as my judgment goes, they were among the best managed and most efficient educational institutions in the country." The Mayor concluded with an earnestly expressed wish for the prosperity of St. Mary's Orphanage, and a hope that all the future festivals may be as successful as the present one. He was warmly applauded.

In introducing Alex. McKay, M. P., the Bishop got off a good joke. "I wish it to be understood," said His Lordship, "that although I am going to introduce a politician to you, I am not a politician myself. Once upon a time I was visited by some politicians—Tories and Grits—who wanted to learn my views on a certain matter. I said to them: 'Gentlemen, my politics are to keep the ten commandments, which I am afraid none of you do.'"

Mr. McKay was heartily received. He thanked the Bishop for the honor of an invitation to the festival, and for a seat beside him in the box, and for the privilege of publicly expressing the pleasure which he had received from what he had heard and seen. "On an occasion such as this," he said, "we can all lay aside our religious differences and be influenced only by sentiments of philanthropy and charity." He had visited St. Mary's Orphanage, and knew that it was a well-managed institution which did a valuable work, and was worthy of the support of all philanthropic citizens. The children who were sent out from it must look back with gratitude and even something like regret to the happy days which they spent within its walls, and must always think kindly of the Sisters who looked after them with such tender solicitude in their helpless infancy.

George M. Barton again told the people that he had attended all the thirty-nine festivals, whereupon His Lordship smilingly remarked that if Mr. Barton joined the Church (as he hoped he would) and attended his Easter duty as regularly as St. Mary's Festival, he would make a first-class Catholic. Mr. Barton then took occasion to speak glowingly of Mrs. Mackelcan, whom he called "that glorious queen of song, just returned from a triumphal tour across the continent." Mr. Barton also praised the rest of the performers of the evening, though in terms less ornately rhetorical.

The curtain went down on the orphans, but soon rose again on a group of girls who, dressed in the costumes of waitresses, sang a chorus to the accompaniment of tea-table clatter. The regular programme was then resumed.

THE PROGRAMME.

"Military Fantasia,"..... Kappey
Thirteenth band.
Song—"The Death of Nelson,"..... J. F. Egan.
Euphonium solo—"Aria," from Marie Roban, ..... Donizetti
Mr. Addison and band.
Recitation—"The Uncle,"..... E. J. Ebbels
Song—"Over the Far Blue Hills, Marie,"..... Mrs. Mackelcan.
Song—"The Coming of the King,"..... Roeckel
E. G. Payne.
Song—"The Three Wishes,"..... Miss Schumacher.
Song—"The Quaker,"..... Mr. Warrington.
Comic song—"The Seven Ages,"..... James Fax.
Duet—"The Angel,"..... Rubinstein
Mrs. Mackelcan and Miss Schumacher.
Recitation—"A Candle Curtain Lecture,"..... Mr. Ebbels.
Comic songs—"Public and Private,"..... James Fax.

There were some disappointments in connection with the entertainment. Neither Geo. Fax nor Mr. Beddoe was present—the former, because of a misunderstanding as to the date of the festival, and the latter because he is ill. Mr. Payne filled George Fax's place on the programme, singing Roeckel's song "The Coming of the King" with fine spirit and appreciation. There was no substitute for Mr. Beddoe's solo, and the good-night quartette was omitted because of his absence. One of Mrs. Mackelcan's solos was also cut out because of the length of the programme. But it was a good programme as it stood. The Thirteenth band played the opening selection brightly, and in the accompaniments to Mr. Addison's well played euphonium solo and Mr. Egan's song that mellow and sonorous tone for which the band is famous was especially marked. Mr. Egan sang Brahm's grand old song in true heroic style and with inspiring effect. Mrs. Mackelcan, though not in perfect voice, gave a very sympathetic interpretation to the Blumenthal ballad, and deservedly won an encore. Her encore number was "The Dear Little Shamrock," which delighted the audience even more than the first song. Miss Schumacher succeeded in shaking off the nervousness from which she at first suffered, and sang "The Three Wishes" so successfully that she was recalled. Her second song was "Fine Feathers." Mr. Warrington's singing was, as usual, very acceptable, particularly in the Irish song, "I'm Off For Philadelphy," which he gave as an encore number. Mr. Fax made his first appearance here as a comic vocalist in evening dress, and the roars of applause which rewarded his efforts showed that that clever little humorist does not need to rely for effect upon comical costumes. Mr. Ebbels read the lurid poem "The Uncle" with great dramatic force, but was not so happy in his "Candle" selection, his voice being distressingly strained in the production of the female tones. The latter recitation was, however, saved by the pantomimic imitation of a lady going through the performance of "doing up" her hair for the night (or morning).

All the accompaniments were played by Mr. O'Brien with tact and sympathy.

## CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION IN CANADA.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Montreal, 1st Feb., 1892.

Last Friday evening (29th Jan.) the Catholic Association of Canada held their usual monthly meeting, in the basement of "The Gesu," in Bleury street, and was well attended. During the meeting various matters of business connected with the association were arranged and seven new members were admitted, thus augmenting the now rapidly increasing membership of this young society.

After the business of the meeting had been settled the members and many of their friends, including several ladies, were very agreeably entertained by an interesting and instructive lecture, read by Mr. H. Codd, Secretary to the association, on "Blessed Thomas More." The lecture lasted about forty minutes, after which an enthusiastic and encouraging address was given by Mr. J. K. Foran, the Irish-Canadian poet, formerly of Ottawa, now editor of the Montreal *True Witness*.

It may, perhaps, not be out of place to say a word or two on this association.

It was established a year ago in Montreal, and approved by His Grace Archbishop Fabre.

Its objects are various and lofty, the first and foremost of which is the helping of those who, owing to their conversion to the true faith, find themselves in temporal difficulties. The members of the association are bound together in a sort of confraternity, each member being ready, whenever occasion offers, to help his brother (temporally or spiritually).

The association takes special care of making itself acquainted with the names and addresses of converts to the faith, of calling on them and encouraging them in their pious intentions.

In like manner the association works to bring back indifferent and weak Catholics to piety and fervor.

Neither does it neglect the suffering souls in purgatory, and especially is it mindful of the forgotten dead.

Another object of the association is the distribution of Catholic literature and tracts explanatory of Catholic doctrine. Lastly the members keep a sharp look out from their watch-towers, upon the Protestant press; and those who may be appointed so to act, write and publish in any offending journal refutations of statements damaging to Catholic interests.

In conclusion I would remark that the members of the Catholic Association of Canada are divided into three degrees, which are represented by three colors of admission tickets, on which are printed the objects of the association, and the daily prayer to be said by associates.

The first degree consists of priests, who are requested to say Mass for the objects of the Association; the second are those, who, not having sufficient time at their disposal, or through want of opportunities, cannot undertake to do any active work, yet undertake to pray for the interests which the members have at heart; and, lastly, the third, who work for the objects of the association.

It is evident that the C. A. C., is likely to become a great tower of strength to the Catholic cause in Canada. Catholics from other provinces have already joined its ranks.

Of course, the more numerous the membership the stronger the association will become.

It is to be hoped that it will spread until there be no province or town in the Dominion which may not boast of its local branch of the C. A. C. doing its share of work for the Catholic cause.

Any Catholics desirous of helping in the good work by becoming members of the association are requested to apply to Wm. H. Codd, Secretary of the C. A. C., 182 Notre Dame street, Montreal.

Cardinal Ledochowski has been made Prefect of the Congregation de Propaganda Fide, in succession to the late Cardinal Simeoni. Cardinal Vanutelli becomes Perfect of Briefs and Cardinal Ricci Perfect of Memorials.