

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.
DIOCESE OF LONDON.

CHURCH DEDICATION AT THAMESVILLE.

To the Catholics of London Diocese, who have read the *Daily and Weekly* papers during the past twenty years, the heading "Church Dedication" have become as familiar as the name of Bishop Walsh. Thamesville has now fallen into line with the rest. For many years back the Christian missionary speaking along the Great Western Railway may have noticed a small dilapidated building a few miles east of Chatham. That was the Thamesville Catholic church. But he will see no more. It has followed in the wake of the log cabins of thirty years ago.

The next time our good bishop speeds along our flying railway through village and hamlet, when he reaches Thamesville he will feel like a Constantine returning in triumph, as he beholds our handsome new church with its golden cross, its "en tonnoir" shining in the blue firmament.

The diocese of London is becoming well supplied with churches and the means of grace. Protestants wonder at the stately cathedrals, and handsome churches and oratories which are springing up as if by magic throughout the land. They would not wonder did they fully realize the words of our Saviour when he said: "Preach the Gospel to every creature, Teach all nations."

The Thamesville church is a substantial, well built edifice finished in wood, and the exterior presents a very pleasing appearance. The windows are richly stained, the vestry is large and commodious, and the tower and belfry lofty and symmetrical in design, the walls are high and the beautiful grove of maple trees and the handsome character of all the surroundings form an appropriate background for this pretty picture.

But if the exterior be attractive the interior is more so. Groined ceilings rising to a great height, Romanesque windows, grained pews, wainscoting and gallery, altars and sanctuary which are models of beauty and taste, handsome Statues of the Cross, brilliant chandeliers and gorgeous furnishings combine to form another beautiful picture, and the *tout ensemble* of the interior is very devotional.

To erect such a church as this in Thamesville is not an easy task. To the Thamesville mission belong only twenty two Catholic families, scattered over four townships, and none of them are overburdened with the world's goods. During the months of July and August last Father McKee, who was engaged in raising \$800 with which he hoped to erect the nucleus of the Bothwell church, died on September 8th. Bishop Walsh was so much pleased that he gave him two weeks' vacation. On his return from New York, Father McKee started a new church in Thamesville, having only a nucleus of \$500—the proceeds of a picnic held in 1887. The people here responded to his call. Mr. O'neill of Ridgeway, an excellent builder, received the contract and now our handsome new church is almost free from debt.

The missions of Bothwell, Wardsville and Thamesville, comprise about sixty-five families living in eight different townships, but in order to show their zeal it is only necessary to say that about the sum \$6000 has been paid out in this parish for church debts and improvements during the past six years.

Tuesday, Dec 18, was a red-letter day in Thamesville, for the proceedings of that day are registered in heaven. At 10.30 a. m., His Lordship Bishop Walsh, accompanied by his pastor, Father McKee, Father Girard, of Belle River; Father Ronan, of Wellsville; Father Cummins, of Fletcher; Father Walsh, of London; Father Dixon, of Port Lambton; Father Williams, of Chatham; Father Schneider, of Stony Point, and eight handsome altar boys followed the cross bearer from the vestry and walked around and through the sacred edifice, reciting the dedication prayers and singing the same heaven-born psalms of David which were sung long years ago at the dedication of Solomon's temple. Then the chanters began the Litany of the Saints, fervently asking for the intercession of God's children in the Church triumphant—calling on each one by name and all rising with one voice of blissful acclamation in worship of the Triune God.

Grand High Mass, *coram episcopo*, was sung by Father William, having Father Cummins and Father Dixon as deacon and sub-deacon. Father Walsh acted as master of ceremonies and Fathers Girard and Ronan assisted at the bishop's throne. The local choir was assisted by the following popular professional vocalists: Miss McKee (Ridgeway) soprano; Miss Striding (Detroit) alto; Mr. Marquette (Chatham) tenor and Father McKee (Bothwell) basso. The accompaniment for the offertory solo was played by Prof. Robinson of Chatham; Miss Crotty of Bothwell played the *Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei* of Millard's Mass in D, with *Veni Creator* and the music was pronounced by all present to be the best they ever heard in the diocese.

At the conclusion of the mass His Lordship Bishop Walsh delivered a learned discourse on the "measures of grace," with special reference to "The House of God and its Uses." We were unable to procure a full report of this eloquent sermon and a mere condensed report would fail to do the speaker justice. Suffice it to say that it was listened to with close attention and left a lasting impression on the minds of all present. His Lordship's proofs were convincing and his arguments unanswerable.

At the end of the sermon Bishop Walsh expressed himself as greatly pleased with the new church and felicitated Father McKee and his good people for the gratifying success which crowned their efforts. "Yes," said the Bishop "the building of a church like this is a great and glorious work and one that is full of merit. God will reward you and future generations will bless you."

The Bishop then conferred his blessing, the organ played a march and all withdrew. The day was cold, but carriages were in waiting for all the clergy and soon the prancing steeds were selling up the Teumess road like a belated fragment of a storm. The Bothwell presbytery was warm and cozy and all enjoyed the sumptuous repast prepared for them.

Wednesday morning found five priests wearing confessions in the Bothwell Church. At nine o'clock mass was celebrated by Father Girard and about fifty received holy communion. S. T. L.

LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

Mr. O'Connor, T. C. of Kilkenny, who was sentenced under the Coercion Act to six months' imprisonment on a trumpety charge, has been unconditionally released. It was intended to have the decision reviewed by a motion for a writ of *habeas corpus*, but the Government have made this unnecessary.

Inspector Greaghe, who gave the unnecessary brutal orders to the police to charge the murder of young Ahern by policeman Swindell, has laid information against a number of the jurors and witnesses in the case and has got them into jail under the Coercion Act. Meanwhile Swindell, who was found guilty by the Coroner's jury, is at large on his own bail.

Chief Baron Pales referring to this case at Cork, stated to the Grand jury that whereas the Attorney General did not send up a bill for Swindell's trial, "there is another tribunal which is bound, if applied to, to consider the case; and if any person interested in this alleged murder or manslaughter applies to me for liberty to send up a bill for your consideration, I can only say that I will exercise the best judicial discretion that I can upon the matter."

Chief Baron Pales is regarded as the most honorable and straightforward judge on the Irish bench, and his rebuke must be regarded as the most scathing which could be made on the administration of the law in Ireland.

An Irish landowner named Mr. O'Reilly Deane, made an unusual disposition of his property amounting to £50,000. He willed it to the Exchequer towards the payment of the national debt. He leaves two nieces in poor circumstances, and some persons hold that the Government should not accept the money, but should leave it to the nieces. The Government, however, hold that the law gives them no power to reject the money, and it will therefore be accepted.

Two men, named Brannagan and Murphy, were sent to penal servitude for nine years on a charge of burglary, but it has been discovered that they were innocent. The Home Secretary announced in Parliament that the Government propose to compensate them by granting them £500 each, or an annuity of £50. A vote of sympathy will also probably be passed by Parliament, as Mr. Conboy suggested that this be done.

Several young men were sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Dundalk under the Coercion Act for singing "Who fears to speak of '98?"

The Celtic club of Melbourne have sent £500 to the Parnell Indemnity Fund, and a few Irishmen of Bundaberg in Queensland, have sent £15.

Mr. Sexton, M. P. Lord Mayor of Dublin, had expressed his intention not to accept the Mayoralty again, but yielding to the solicitations of the aldermen and others, he has reconsidered his decision, and he was unanimously elected. When it is considered that last year a determined effort was made by the supporters of the Government to defeat him, his present election by both parties is a striking testimony to his efficiency and popularity.

Another brutal attack was made by the police at Newbridge upon a band which was playing national airs. The police gave no intimation of their intended onslaught but fell upon the bandmen with their batons and broke the instruments. Then many of the respectable people of the town were also attacked with batons. Dr. Smyth, the medical attendant to the police at their headquarters in Naas, witnessed the conduct of the police, which so disgusted him that he resigned his position.

At Dungloe, Co. Donegal, a similar attack was made with batons upon a number of Nationalists who merely manifested sympathy for some prisoners who were taken to jail for refusing to give information concerning the Plan of Campaign in May last. Eight men who were thus attacked were brought before the magistrates on a charge of rioting. They were merely proved to have been present, and the magistrates dismissed the charge. Still, under the present administration of the law they will have no satisfaction for the injuries inflicted on them by the police. So far from this being the case, the same men were brought up a second time on the very same evidence and convicted for illegal assembly.

The matter was then brought before the Court of Exchequer, and it was decided that under the Coercion Act the Courts can retry a man after he has been acquitted.

The land commission has ordered large reduction in rents in the vicinity of Thurles. In some cases the reductions are as high as forty per cent.

Official statistics show that the population of Ireland decreased 9,122 during the three months ending with September 30th. There were during the quarter 76,011 births, 18,902 deaths, and 18,787 persons who emigrated. There was a decrease of 3,900 in the number of workhouse inmates as compared with the average for the third quarter of the preceding ten years, but a large increase in the number receiving outdoor relief.

The Parnell Indemnity Fund now exceeds £23,000. Mr. J. Williamson, M. P. is donor of a cheque of £1,000 towards the fund.

Mr. McLeod, and Mr. Bodkin, resident magistrates, on the 6th inst. in Wexford, sentenced Edward Walsh, proprietor of the *Wexford People*, to five weeks' imprisonment in the county jail, for a speech delivered at Scarawalsh, which the Crown contended was intended to intimidate Thomas Walker, who had evicted a tenant named Clorich.

The extraordinary mode in which the *Times* is staving off the day when issues of importance will be gone into by the Commission was singularly illustrated last week. Sir Richard Webster, in his speech at the commencement of the proceedings, alleged that a certain person had been done to death. Last week he produced the person in question as a witness to prove this allegation. Nothing as absurd has ever been done in a court of law. The only thing somewhat like it was, when Dean Swift was confronted with the declaration of a man whom he had declared to be dead, that he was alive.

"Now," said the Dean, "my case is proved; for this man must be dead, as he says that he is not, and it is impossible for him to speak the truth." Why Sir Richard did not say this, I do not know, I suppose that he thought it.

In West Clare the landlords have yielded to necessity, all the principal estate holders having settled with their tenants except Col. Vandeleur. The reductions have been in most cases from fifteen to twenty per cent on the judicial recommendations of the Land Commission.

Further evictions, however, are apprehended as expected to begin at once on Mr. O'Connell's estate in Donegal. There will be a large force of police and military to carry them through.

At Munster winter assizes Mr. Wright, Q. C., stated on the 5th inst. that he was instructed by the crown to enter a *nolle prosequi* on the verdict of the coroner's jury which brought in Constable Swindell guilty of the wilful murder of Patrick Ahern at Middleton. It is stated the next of kin will send a bill to be presented to the Grand Jury.

It is stated that the *Times* will petition Parliament to allow officers of the House of Commons to attend the Commission and produce documents bearing undoubted genuine signatures of Mr. Parnell in order to prove the authenticity of the letters alleged to be his.

In defiance of the recent Government proclamation prohibiting any demonstration in memory of the Fenians, Allen Larkin and O'Brien, a procession paraded the streets of Waterford on Sunday evening. A banner was carried bearing the words, "Remember the Martyrs," and Nationalists sang songs by the town band. A large force of police who were on duty were ordered to disperse the procession and charged with staves, many people receiving severe blows. The crowd retaliated by throwing stones. The town was for several hours in a state of excitement.

AND SO THEY ALL SAY.

The following very kind letter has been received at this office. It is an additional testimony to the merits of the CATHOLIC RECORD. Father Chisholm will please accept our warmest thanks, and we beg to assure him our efforts will in the future be earnestly directed towards conducting the paper in such a manner as will prove deserving the same flattering reference:

Descoville, C. B., Nova Scotia, December 15, 1888.

Mr. Thomas Coffey, Publisher of the Catholic Record.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find \$2.00 for another year's subscription for the CATHOLIC RECORD. Excuse me for being a little behind time. It was only the other day that I noticed my subscription had expired last month.

I take several good Catholic papers, but I have no hesitation in saying that the CATHOLIC RECORD is the best of them all. May it meet with every success.

Truly yours,
A. J. CHISHOLM, P. P.

REV. FATHER SLOAN'S MISSION.

Last week we referred to a bazaar about to be held by Rev. J. A. Sloan, P. P., Fallsville, in aid of one of his missions. We hope our kind friends will in this glad season lend a helping hand in this noble undertaking. Father Sloan has embarked in this enterprise with his whole heart solely for the reason that the success of the bazaar will be the means of enabling him to carry out his intention of bringing the consolations of religion to many poor souls who have for years, from force of circumstance, been attended to spiritually at long intervals.

The rev. father offers, too, some rare inducements to those who will assist him. The person handing in the largest sum of money is to get a gold watch worth at least fifty dollars; the person giving the next largest, a gold cross; and the first subscriber of the RECORD who sends returns for sale of tickets will receive a five dollar gold piece. Address Rev. J. A. Sloan, Fallsville, Ont.

OUR LORD'S CRIB.

The cradle of our Saviour—the identical crib in which the Infant Jesus was laid—was for a time preserved in Bethlehem; and it is well known that St. Jerome, St. Paula, and others had always entertained the greatest devotion for this sanctuary. Subsequently the crib, and a few pieces of rock from the cave at Bethlehem, were brought to Rome. Some one asserted that the transfer was made in the year 352; but the learned Pope Benedict XIV. put this story to rest until the seventh century, at the time the Saracens had taken possession of Jerusalem. In the year 633 St. Jerome who was buried in Bethlehem, appeared three times to a pious monk there telling him to carry him and his remains to Rome, which he accordingly did. The crib, considered one of the most precious relics in the city of Rome, is now kept in the magnificent basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, also known by the title of Our Lady of Snow and our Lady of the Crib. To the right side of the main altar is a very beautiful and spacious chapel, built by Pope Sixtus V. in the year 1586, in honor of our Saviour's crib. In the centre, directly underneath the cupola, is a precious altar, where the Blessed Sacrament reposes. On both sides of the altar are two stairways of stone leading to a little chapel called the chapel of the crib. Formerly the holy crib was kept here, but now only a few pieces of wood taken from it remain on the altar. The main part of the crib is preserved in another side chapel, enclosed in a magnificent silver-mounted crystal reliquary, surrounded by a gilt iron railing. Every year, on Christmas night, these relics used to be carried in solemn procession to the main altar of the church, where they remained during three days for public veneration. Old and young beggars and princes may be seen during these days, like the shepherds and kings of old in Bethlehem, hastening to Santa Maria Maggiore, to visit the holy crib.

The Pope gave audience to Bishop Keane, rector of the new Catholic university at Washington, and to Bishop McQuade of Rochester on the 18th inst.

CHURCH AT CROSSERLOUGH.

A Notable Sermon by the Rev. J. A. Finlay, S. J.

WHERE ARE OUR PEOPLE GONE?

From the Dublin Freeman, Nov. 16.

Yesterday the beautiful new church at Crosserlough, in the county of Cavan, built through the exertions of the respected pastor of the parish, the Rev. John Boylan, was solemnly dedicated to the sacred purposes for which it was intended.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Kilmore, the Most Rev. Dr. McGinnis, presided at the ceremonies. The Rev. T. Finlay, S. J., preached from the following text taken from the First Book of Exodus:

"And all the people shouted with a great shout, praising the Lord, because the foundations of the temple of the Lord were laid. But many of the priests and the Levites, and the chief of the fathers and the ancients, that had seen the former temple, when they had the foundation of this temple before their eyes, wept with a loud voice, . . . so that one could not distinguish the voice of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people."

He said—I have quoted enough of the words of the sacred text to remind you of the circumstances which they describe. You will remember that they were written to describe the first wonderful miracle of the Jews to restore in their own land their worship and their nationality after the captivity in Babylon. Two great waves of exodus had swept over the land which had been given to Israel for an inheritance. Some seven hundred years before Christ the Monarchs of Assyria had made themselves masters of the Kingdom of the Ten Tribes, had carried its inhabitants into Assyria, and had planted their territory with settlers from Babylon and its environs. A little more than a century later the Kingdom of Judah fell before the same power. Its capital was taken, the Temple, round which gathered the religious memories of the nation, was destroyed, and its sacred riches were added to the treasures of the Assyrian Kings, and Judah and Benjamin were carried away to join Israel in its captivity.

For nearly seventy years this wonderful disaster, the people of Judah were exiles from their land. They had a keen sense of their misfortune; they clung to their national life with tenacity, and longed with a passionate and pathetic longing for their homes from which they had been torn. And all this though many of them were to wealth and signal political power in the country of their exile. At length the time of their deliverance came. The monarch who had enslaved them fell before new and vigorous people. The sword of the Persian severed their bonds which held them captives by the rivers of Babylon, the edict of Cyrus the conqueror went forth and they were free to "go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord the God of Israel." They rose up at the hour—The chief of the fathers of Judah and Benjamin, and the priests and Levites, and every one whose spirit God had raised up to go up to build the temple of the Lord which was in Jerusalem. They went forth, a feeble folk, a weak fraction of what had once been a powerful people, leaving behind them in the seat of their exile the bulk of their nation. They carried with them, indeed, the gifts of their countrymen—generous contributions towards the rebuilding of the temple. They carried with them a strong religious faith, a devotion to the God of their fathers, which had been intensified by their national humiliation. But they did not carry back to Zion the strength of a vigorous national life, the seed out of which a great people could grow again. The life of the nation had been divided; the days when Israel could reckon upon 400,000 fighting men for its defence were gone, not to return any more. And here it would seem to me we have the secret of that grief which mingled with the joy of the builders' of the new temple. It was not that the foundations of the new building were less imposing than those of the old; on the contrary, they were of wider extent, and designed to carry a greater pile than Solomon had raised. But they were laid upon the ruins of a nation, and under their very foundations lay the wreckage that marked where a people's power had irrevocably fallen. However spacious the foundations, which their architects had laid, there was enough in the desolation about them to remind their fathers who had seen this nation in its pride that they were building a monument to a living faith but a dying nationality; and there was in the suggestion of a magnificent temple, which they should lift up their voices and weep. There is in the festival we keep here to-day much that has its analogy with that celebration in Jerusalem which moved the ancients of the people to weeping in the midst of their joy. Looking upon this stately pile which has to-day been made over to the worship of the living God, we may see in the monument much to make us glad, and something also to sorrow over. It stands in its magnificent fitting memorial of the faith of the Irish people, its foundations are deep in this Irish earth, and its spire will point through the varying clouds that sweep across the sky to the changeless Heaven of our hope. It stands here the guardian shrine of a region which has been the scene of many a fierce and sanguinary struggle in the days when the chief clansmen, whose children you are, fought bravely for their Church and bravely died for it. As a monument to their faith it is a monument to their victory. It is, too, a memorial of your own fidelity. It records for future ages the fact that this far at last you have kept the faith, that if it is ever to fall in this country of ours the blame shall not rest upon you. In its beauty and its richness this structure will bear to the times that are coming the testimony of your generosity and self-sacrifice. This is not by any means a wealthy district. There are none amongst the worshippers here who have wealth to spend on architectural luxuries. What they contribute to such a monument as this is given for the sake of the God who is worshipped here, and however small the offering in its money value, it is always large in the estimation of Him who measures the gift by the love that accompanies it. Furthermore this

church is a monument to the centuries before us of the saintly zeal of a pastor whose virtues and whose labours will live in the memory of the generations, who are to pray round this altar long after the man who have reared it have been laid to rest in the shadow of these walls. In all this there is matter for such joy as filled the hearts of the Jews returned from their captivity. But, as I have said, there is also in this solemnity something to touch a sadder chord—something to call forth a voice of sorrow such as broke in upon the gladness of the builders in Jerusalem and chastened their exultation. This temple, too, has in large part been built by the contributions of exiles whose homes should be in this their own land, but whom disasters as cruel as those which fell upon Jerusalem have scattered among strange peoples. It must have been part of the sorrow which expressed itself in that voice of weeping in Jerusalem that those who had contributed to the restitution of the temple were not destined to worship again within it; that they were to wear out their lives by the rivers of Babylon; that the Jewish Church was not to exist in its greatness within the borders of Judaea any more. And into our feelings to-day must enter the regret that those who have given most largely to this sacred work have had to send their gifts from distant lands; that the greatness of the temple was not to be estimated by the Irish shores; that it is by the Hudson and the Mississippi we have to seek from our kinsmen the resources wherewith to set up the fallen temples of this land of faith; and this feeling is not peculiar to the festival kept here to-day. It cannot fail to recur to us in the similar celebrations which are happily such frequent incidents in our religious life. Year by year our churches are rising out of the ruins of the old, and the new are richer than before their fall. But where are the crowds of worshippers who gathered round the humbler altars of forty years ago? Four millions of them out of eight are gone, not ever to worship here again, and their disappearance has robbed the Irish Church of half her strength and half her glory. The night of the Church and the majesty of the Church are not to be estimated by the structures of stone in which her ministers serve; not by the pomp and pageant of her rituals; not by the places her princes hold in the councils of kings or the deference paid her doctrines by the learning of the literature of the age. Her strength is to be reckoned in the number and in the devotion of the souls that receive her teaching and own her authority. Her power, not in the Kingdom of Christ, is measured by the souls over which she leads spiritual away; and, measured by this standard, the Church of Ireland has declined and is declining. Not—let us be at once with thankfulness to God—because of any defection on the part of her members at home; not from any disloyalty or unfaithfulness in the children of that ancient Church; nor from any want of fervor or flickering of the old fire of love in the unsustaining houses; but simply because their hearts have been crushed and broken altogether, or they have been driven forth to give their allegiance to the Churches of other lands, or, sadder fate of all, to other nations. I am not exaggerating; I am not adding anything for sake of rhetorical effect. Four millions of souls cannot be taken out of eight millions and not leave a large empty space behind them. There are far fewer within this Irish Church—I have it from the lips of the saddened pastors of these parishes—where the marriage rite is not now celebrated once for the ten times it was celebrated forty years ago. There are parishes where the baptismal register is added to more rarely than the death list. There are parishes where the Sunday congregation is made up of children and old men; but wherever the full vigour of life in him is flying as if the land were not for him. Have you read the statistics of the public Registrar? Do they not tell this tale as distinctly if not as sadly as the pastors of these desolated parishes? Last year the number of emigrants who quitted Ireland—the majority of them Catholics, it is needless to say—was 83,000, and of these 75,000 were men, and the age of thirty-five years; that is to say, of the masses who quitted the parent Church nearly all were in the prime of life. It was only the very old and the very young who were left behind. And last year, be it remembered, it was not an exceptional year. Its register of expatriation will be exceeded by this year's figures when they come to be published. And there have been years within recent memory compared with which the figures of 1887 are cheering record; in '83, 109,000 emigrants were driven from Ireland; in '73, 90,000; in '63, 117,000; and in '53, 178,000. Look, up or down these melancholy lists, the story is the same—wholesale loss to the Irish Church—a continued outpouring of the life which does not diminish in volume even now that half her living members are lost to her, as for many years she has been losing her memory compassed with which the figures of 1887 are cheering record; in '83, 109,000 emigrants were driven from Ireland; in '73, 90,000; in '63, 117,000; and in '53, 178,000. 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