

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 8.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1886

NO. 394.

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO.
186 Dundas Street,
Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

FINE AND MEDIUM WOOLLENS A SPECIALTY.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Written for the Catholic Record.

Easter.

Our Lord is risen to-day, and everywhere
Glad voices blend in Easter anthems sweet,
Upon His altar, and the hills of His
Faith, Hope and Love in Joy around them meet.

And memory, shrinking from herself, is there
To lay her sorrow at His wounded feet.
Our thoughts return to Him, an outcast child
A wanderer, scorned and smitten. Link by link
He treads the chain. By those He saved, re-
viled. While Fear grew faint, lest Faith herself
should faint.

Not knowing, till that radiant morning
That Death never gave the cup, Love could
not drink.

Joy is on Earth, but, O, in Heaven to-day
That first sweet Easter gladness comes
Back to the ones who, in the weary way,
Followed Him through the scorching and
weeping for God, till victory's garlands lay
Upon His brow and kissed the crimson stain.

Almond the morn, too, I see an angel bright,
With a sweet, loving sadness in his eyes;
Glad, for he sought to make Christ's burden
light.

But with shadows of the sacrifice,
And with a sympathy that, since that night,
Deep in the heart, which touched our Saviour's,
lies.

I think he sometimes comes to you and me;
Just in the darkest hour he brings a ray
Of light into our souls, and lets us see,
Through overcast clouds, the perfect way.

Or takes us to the sad Getsemane,
A little while with Jesus' griefs to stay.

Better and stronger after resting there
For leaving on His heart is surely rest;
When reaching up His agony to share
We feel the hand that guided the blow
reaching.

The hand still weaving thorns for Him to wear,
In the dark silence, by damp fingers pressed.

A greeting mate, but fraught with promise
sweet,
A depth of tenderness no words can tell,
A soothing soft, Love's lingering lips repeat,
A passionate, pleading prayer, to dwell
In isolated temples, where defunct
Looks up from idols, broken where they
fell.

But what were all, if midst the angel throng
Believing still to hear the wanderer pray,
These sounded not forever in the song
of the glory and the gladness of the day?
While, as if light had echo, comes a long
White shining gleam, from earth stars
passed away.

FRANCES SMITH.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

FROM WINNIPEG.

The zeal of the beloved pastors of St. Mary's Church has provided the congregation with two great missions during the present holy season, the first of which, commencing on the first Sunday of Lent, and lasting two weeks, was conducted by the Reverend Fathers Kenny and Drummond, of the Society of Jesus. The first week was devoted exclusively to the women, and the second week to the men of the parish. The services of the mission, which took place at six o'clock in the morning and at seven o'clock in the evening, were very largely attended by the parishioners, who listened with rapt attention to the eloquent instructions and sermons of the learned and devoted fathers; and the numbers who on the last days of the mission approached the holy sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist gladdened the hearts of the zealous missionaries and the beloved Oblate Fathers, under whose pious ministrations it is the privilege of the Catholics of this city to live. The mission was brought to a close on the evening of the third Sunday of Lent by a most eloquent sermon from the Rev. George B. Kenny, S. J., on perseverance, which no one whose happiness it was to listen to can ever forget. The church was completely filled, the congregation of course consisting mainly of the parishioners, with but a few of the most prominent of our Protestant fellow-citizens. After the sermon Father Kenny gave Penance, which had been preceded by renewal of baptismal vows, and the solemn function was closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, at which was chanted, to the ancient music of the Church, the glorious *Te Deum*. On Passion Sunday, for the benefit of the French speaking parishioners, another Mission was begun by the Reverend Fathers Lory and French, also of the venerable Society of Jesus. Both missions were very successful and all were edified with the manner in which the Catholics of all nationalities responded to the divine call. We have not a few of our good Italian Catholic brethren in this city and they manifested in a most striking way their appreciation of the opportunities afforded them by the fact that the learned fathers were able from time to time to address them in their own beautiful language and to hear their confessions therein. Many a Catholic is able to-day to breathe his "Deo Gratias" for the graces and blessings poured upon him during this "acceptable time."

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD to learn of the solid progress the Church is making in this "brand new" city. Last summer, through the zeal and faith of the Reverend Father Ouellet, O. M. I., the beloved parish priest of St. Mary's Church, the new sanctuary was added to the already beautiful edifice. The church, which was commenced in 1860, and which now wants only the addition of a spire to com-

plete it, is one which we have reason to be proud of. It is a pattern of chaste simplicity, and so far as the interior fittings and objects of devotion are concerned, the study has been to provide everything of good quality and workmanship and ecclesiastical correctness. The musical services of the Church are almost exclusively plain chant, though some departures are occasionally made. There are few of the congregation who would not testify to their preference for the "Church's own music" as a help to devotion, over the gayer and more sensuous but not more lastingly pleasing melodies of the modern school.

The separate schools of the city are conducted by the Brothers of Mary from Dayton, Ohio, and by the Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary from Montreal, and they are in a flourishing condition. There is another parish in the city, that of the Immaculate Conception, presided over by the Rev. Father Cherrier, and the accommodation afforded by the present mission church is rapidly becoming inadequate, so that before the lapse of a long time a new church will have to be erected.

Of the neighbouring town of St. Boniface I will at present say nothing more than that the college is now in the hands of the learned Jesuit Fathers, who took charge of it at the solicitation of our venerable Archbishop last Summer. With permission the writer may be enabled at no distant date to give the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD a brief account of the many noble institutions which, through the zeal and devotion of the great ecclesiastical who happily preside over this archdiocese, the inhabitants enjoy.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

HOLY WEEK IN HAMILTON.

HOLY THURSDAY.

On this morning at half past nine o'clock the clergy, with the bishop, assembled in the sacristy. There were present Very Rev. T. Dowling, V. G., Very Rev. E. Heenan, V. G., Rev. Fathers Keough, Dundas; Demorier, S. J.; J. Schwartz, Walkerton; O'Connell, Galt; P. Lennon, Brantford; J. Kelly, (Aledonia); Cassin, Mount Forest; J. Feeny, Pricville, P. Cosgrove, and J. Craven, St. Patrick's; R. Bergmann, St. Joseph's; R. Carr, McCann, and Halm, St. Mary's Cathedral. Others came after the ceremonies had commenced. The Bishop celebrated, assisted by Fathers Craven and McCann as deacon and subdeacon; with Very Rev. P. J. Dowling as assistant priest, and Very Rev. E. Heenan as archdeacon. The assistant deacons at the throne were Fathers Demorier and Lausie. The whole ceremonial was admirably carried out with the utmost order and exactitude under the skilful direction of the able master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the mass the procession of the most Holy Sacrament was arranged, the canopy bearers being: Major Moore, Messrs. Routh, Hogan, Kavanaugh, Coghlin, Arland and Higgins. During the procession the *Pange lingua* was sung. On the arrival at the altar of repose, which had been magnificently decorated by the devoted Ladies of the Altar Society, the Bishop celebrated, laid the most Holy Sacrament on the altar, which, after being incensed, was placed by the master of ceremonies in the Sacrophagus, which he then placed on the splendid throne previously prepared for it. On the departure of the clergy to the high altar, the Ladies of the Sodality of the Perpetual Adoration, under the direction of the Mesdames Hogan and Routh, began the holy work of adoration, each lady being dressed in black and robed with a white mullin veil which covered the whole figure, came out in couples to the altar. As each half hour struck they were relieved by a new pair of adorers, and thus was the holy work kept up until the Presentation of the Eucharist on Good Friday. The example and recollected demeanor of those good ladies had a most edifying effect on the whole congregation who frequented the church until a late hour at night.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The ceremonies of this day commenced at half past nine o'clock, the celebrant being the Very Rev. E. Heenan, assisted by the Rev. E. Carr as deacon and Rev. M. Halm as subdeacon. Rev. M. Halm master of ceremonies. The Passion was sung by the Revs. R. Bergmann, E. Carr and M. Halm in the most correct and touching strains, with the full expression of our grand liturgy. The Bishop assisted in the choir, not at the throne, attended by Rev. Father Cherrier. The Passion sermon was preached by the Rev. Father McCann. He gave a comprehensive and most pathetic resume of the sufferings of our Lord, which whilst it impressed himself, it also visibly affected the whole congregation. Afterwards there was the adoration of the cross and procession from the altar of repose, which was concluded by the Pre-sanctified. The Gregorian Chant was admirably executed under the leadership of Messrs. Cherrier and Egan. Stations of the cross were celebrated at seven o'clock in the evening.

HOLY SATURDAY.

The usual ceremonies of this day were commenced at eight o'clock, the Very Rev. E. Heenan being celebrant, assisted by the same ministers as yesterday.

EASTER SUNDAY.

At the early mass of this day there was a vast number, many hundreds of the faithful making their Easter Communion. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop, with Very Rev. E. Heenan as assistant priest, Fathers Cherrier and Carr deacons of honor; Fathers R. Bergmann and McCann deacons of the Mass and M. Halm master of ceremonies. The sermon of the day was preached by the Rev. M. Halm. At was preached the Mass the Bishop gave the Papal benediction with the usual indulgences. The music of the Mass, under the able leadership of Prof. O'Brien, was Mozart's twelfth, rendered in surpass-

ingly beautiful style by his gifted band of amateurs, aided by a full orchestral accompaniment with the organ.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

FROM BRANTFORD.

The Easter services at St. Basil's Church were very impressive. At first mass a large number approached Holy Communion. High Mass was celebrated by Father Grinnon, and the sermon was preached by Father Iennon, who, after reading the gospel, recounted the leading incidents surrounding the resurrection and applied lessons drawn therefrom as a figure of the resurrection of the Christian from a state of sin to a state of grace. He urged his hearers to rise to a new life in God's service, that it may be said of them "Why do you seek the living among the dead?" "He is not here—he is risen." No better choir has ever occupied the gallery, and for the *Veni aquam* to the last response every measure was harmonious and delightful. The altar was tastefully and chastely dressed, and the usual collection was good.

On Sunday next three Carmelite fathers from the monastery at Niagara Falls will begin a mission in connection with the jubilee services. The arrangements of hours of service are not known as yet, but will be announced by the missionaries themselves at the opening service.

A new set of Stations of the Cross has been ordered, and are expected to arrive within a few days. They will be oil paintings, each about 26x36 inches in size, in black walnut frames, three by seven feet. They are coming from Alcan's famous establishment in Paris, France, and the cost will be in the neighborhood of \$500. No doubt there will be applications from those who can afford it for the privilege of erecting some of them.

Within the past few weeks a company has taken hold of the street railway charter, which has been held here for some time, and we are promised a line of street cars in the city by the first of July.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

FROM CHAPLEAU STATION.

I presume you are not over-burdened with communications from this out-of-the-way place, and in case some of your readers may not have heard of the "Town of Chapleau" it may be no harm to mention the fact that such a town does exist. "Chapleau" is a division of the C. P. R., and is situated 615 miles from Montreal.

Although it is not yet six months since the first through passenger train ran over this section, this town can boast of having a very extensive machine shop and round house, fifteen to twenty nice cottages and several stores. We are shortly to have a post office, and you will be pleased to learn that there is to be a church and school erected this spring. Rev. Father Caron, S. J., paid us a visit a short time ago and made arrangements for the collection of funds for the purpose of building a Catholic church and school, and to give you an idea how promptly his call was responded to we have already collected over three hundred dollars towards the church fund. There are not more than twenty Catholic families as yet in the place, but they have contributed generously, and I am happy to say, were materially assisted by their Protestant friends.

Mr. Whyte, the popular general superintendent of the Eastern Division, has generously donated the Church site, and with God's help we shall soon have the satisfaction of being able to assist at the holy Sacrifice. Father Caron is stationed at Sudbury Junction, but contemplates making this his headquarters eventually, as it promises to be an important centre in a short time. This has been a very severe winter along this section and the company have had considerable difficulty in keeping the line open on account of the immense quantity of snow, but, with the exception of an occasional delay of a few hours, the time made by passenger trains will compare favorably with that of other roads.

A Clerical Liar.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record.

Sm.—I was pleased to observe the manner in which you referred to that former pastor of the parish, Dr. McVicar, in your last issue. It is sad to think that in the metropolitan city of this province—for whose people Canon Farrar reserved his cultured lecture on the poet Browning and whose pride rests in an outward profession of fair-mindedness and Christian liberality—that an audience of even half-a-dozen of intelligent men and women could be convened for the purpose of listening to the vile slanders of this clerical liar. I do not wonder, however, that Principal McVicar says a periodical visit to Toronto, with his brain steeped in bigotry and his abdominal muscles ready to belch forth, by office of his tongue, everything that is foul and slanderous against the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. You will remember, Mr. Editor, that this thunderer against "Romanism" appeared a few years ago in the role of a lecturer before the Ontario Teachers' Association in Toronto. Being among the number of those who were present in the theatre of the Normal School when Dr. McVicar poured out in his lecture abuse and calumny upon the Catholic Church, I can vouch for the statement that Principal McVicar—whom I will designate Montreal's prize bigot—departed on that occasion from his subject to make attacks upon the Catholic Church, and in his departure emphasized his purpose by tone of voice and gesture. I fancy Principal McVicar has even yet a tingling memory of the lashing he got at the hands of the late lamented Father Stafford, of Lindsay, as a consequence of his uncalculated display of bigotry. This should have taught him a lesson. But slander against the Catholic

Church is to some sweeter than the choicest bill-of-fare at Delmonico's. This contagion in clerical garb should be fomented every time he passes in our railway coaches, and when he reaches a town or city where many are gathered together, they should give him an audience outside the city walls—as an unclean thing. You Mr. Editor, very appropriately quoted from Principal Grant's Picturesque Canada in refutation of this mendacious Dr. McVicar. Can this professor of theology in a Presbyterian college of Montreal see nothing beautiful in that Church which adorns with Christian piety and devotion the first city of the Dominion? Are the windows of his soul shut darkly against every ray of beauty streaming from the chancery of the Holy Church? Did he but read the letters contributed to the American press a few years ago by the poet Joaquin Miller during the latter's sojourn in Quebec, he would learn that true Christian morality abides in the very church he is maligning; and that while Boston, the city of "shams," has a boy murderer who read the Greek Testament in the original, and an almshouse where they tanned human skins into gloves—Quebec, the city of Champlain, glorified with memories of the saintly labors of Bishop Laval (now glittering with a new honor and honor which give distinction and prestige to the whole Dominion)—the old storied city of Quebec possesses a sweetness of morality that puts to shame the fleshy intellectuality of the Athens of America. Will Principal McVicar tell us if "Romanism" has anything to do with this discrepancy in morals.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Columbian.

As soon as Easter comes, some poor half-breed Catholics, who have "sworn off" some of their worthless indulgences during Lent, say they must "make up for lost time," and they go back to their cast old habits with additional energy. They are weaklings, poor things!

Did you ever ponder on the mercifulness of the grant which allows the dead, who are still in the guilt of venial sin, to be helped by the living. God might have decided that the souls in Purgatory should themselves expiate the last stain, and that until they had been cleansed from all their offences; but in His goodness He decreed that their friends on earth and in Heaven could ameliorate their condition and abridge the period of their purgation.

The Golden Rule, of Boston, says that "Rome hates renegades." No, that is not true. Rome pities the renegade, loves the renegade, longs to save the renegade, years for the renegade to return to his Father's house. The welcome of the Prodigal Son awaits him. The open arms of Christ on the Cross are extended to him, beseeching him to come back, and assuring him of a cordial reception. But Rome detests, loathes, abominates the sin itself which made the renegade. It hates the crime, but not the criminal. Our contemporary being now instructed on this distinction, may we ask if at the Golden Rule of Boston is to be about your neighbor; if not, it has no claim to that title?

Boston Pilot.

A very ludicrous thing happened on the night of Gladstone's great Home Rule Speech. The grand old man had held England and the world listening for three-and-a-half hours. When he sat down there came a great sigh of relief from the audience, and then arose a certain Orange member of the House, Colonel Waring, who began to "tell her Majesty's Government that this was a project of treason," and that "he and those who thought with him" would proceed to take such steps, &c., &c. The House listened in a dazed way for a few minutes, and then, awakened to the enormity of the contrast, roared, stamped and screamed with laughter and derision till the orator sat down dismayed.

"The opposition in Scotland to Irish Home Rule is certainly more intense than in England," cables Mr. W. H. Harbutt. There is a certain class called Scotchmen who are neither Scotch nor English, but denationalize mongrels, descendants of English tramps, camp-followers and servants—and these are the haters of the Irish bill. The real Scotchman, the Gael of the Highlands, is an immense nationalist and a friend of the lowland and border misrepresenters who parade in his borrowed plumes and tartans even in America.

Cleveland Universe.

Socialist writers as a rule decry Christianity as a cheat. Though they have rejected the Divine laws by which the world can be harmoniously governed, they feel the need of inexorable law. Hence their blind prophecies. They are like insensates who refuse a doctor and then to ally their distress accept every quackery that comes along. The Socialist exhibitions are full of absurd programmes as impossible as a hen's teeth. The sun never rose on such a slavery as Socialism proposes to mankind.

ENTERPRISE.

Our friend and townsman, Mr. John Garvey, has since his arrival in London, shown a business skill and enterprise that merit not only mention, but hearty commendation. He has made his Dundas street establishment the finest of the kind in Western Ontario, if not in the country. For our part, we must confess that we have not, in the appearance, outfit, and arrangement of this mercantile emporium, seen its equal outside of the great American centres of commercial activity.

THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Our last week we published the sixteenth Annual Report of this Company, from which it will be seen that it has experienced another year of great prosperity, showing a very substantial increase over the previous year in its premium and interest income, in its net and total assets, in its surplus, in its number of policy holders; while there has been a decrease in the expense of management and in the ratio of its expense to cash income. The heavy claims on its mortuary department, amounting, during the year 1885, to \$8,000, have been promptly paid, leaving over all liabilities, a surplus of \$38,892.69. The sound financial position of this Company and the reputation its management enjoys for promptitude and honorable dealing in the settlement of every legitimate demand on its funds, should commend it to the patronage of such of our

readers as may need the protection which insurance in The Ontario Mutual Life so amply affords.

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The Forest Grave.

The red man's chief—his mould'ring dust
Would tales most dire unfold,
Could one but give the breath of life
To ashes pale and cold;
Thy bones dispersed, thy brother slain—
The tyrant must have room;
Oh! shameful deed the stranger wrought,
Let Justice mete his doom.

The pale-face sleeps upon the height,
With glory, fame, renown;
The glittering marble marks his rest,
His name lives in a town;
But thou art calm and lowly laid—
No hymn for thee is sung,
But lightens in direct melody,
The gorgeous elms among.

O noble chief! O Nature's son!
Oppressed with grievous wrong,
Thy soul doth rest in higher lands,
Thou sing'st immortal songs;
While to thy grave no red man comes,
No wife or maiden fair,
No tender hand doth train a vine,
Nor loved ones breathe a prayer.

Sleep on, brave spirit! rest unknown;
The lonely midnight wind
Requiem thy sleeping lullaby,
With gentle breezes from a sweet St. Clair.
Oh! pale-face! rest the soil;
Nor pale-face tread the soil;
Thou'rt happy in thy forest grave—
Thy spirit rests with God.

KATE J. WEBB
Tilbury Centre, Ont., April 10, 1886.

We learn from *Le Moniteur de Rome* that the Holy Father during the week ending the 10th ult., received in particular audience His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, the Bishops of Brann and Camerino and the auxiliary bishop of Lemberg.

On the evening of the 25th ult., the Very Rev. Father Laurent, V. G., was presented by the conferences of Our Lady, and of St. Patrick of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, Toronto, with a magnificent gold watch and chain. Among the gentlemen present on the occasion were Hon. T. W. Anglin, Messrs Eugene O'Keefe, Patrick Curran, W. J. Macdonnell, J. J. Foy, Q. C., Commander Law, and William Burns.

COMING on the heels of the Kolasinski fiasco, the following will be read with pleasure by all who love unity and respect authority. It is from the *Detroit Free Press* of the 26th: "Peace and prosperity appear to prevail in St. Joachim's Catholic Church. The parishioners who left when Rev. Maxime L. Laporte was displaced from the pastorate, have gradually returned and matters are sailing smoothly in the once perturbed congregation. Father Laporte's appeal to Rome against the action of the Bishop has availed him nothing, further than to give him a chance to enjoy a European trip at the expense of his friends. The fact has been published that the Bishop has been triumphant in the contest with the priest. An official message received several days since confirms the verdict of the Propaganda. An announcement of the matter, it is said, will be made to-day by Rev. Father Dangelier, who was appointed in Laporte's place. The latter, it will be remembered, was kidnapped from the parochial residence soon after his arrival here and was otherwise greatly annoyed by the Laporte faction, rendering the interference of the police necessary. The former pastor originally came from the diocese of Montreal. He is now obliged to leave Europe immediately and report to the Archbishop of the latter diocese, who will impose punishment on him for his conduct. What the penance will consist of is not known. These matters are generally kept secret to save the offending priest the humiliation of notoriety. In the event of Laporte's refusal to accept the decision he will be disposed in the same manner as Father Kolasinski; Laporte is, however, reported to be willing to submit."

The Catholic Way.

We extract the following remarks from our Anglican contemporary, the *Lahore Church Gazette*, and we acknowledge very willingly the kindly spirit in which they are written:

"We have often been struck by contrasting the conduct of Roman Catholics in small out-stations, where there is no resident priest, with the conduct of members of our own communion under similar circumstances. Some one member of the congregation is appointed to say such parts of the Daily Office as a layman can take. And we know remote out-stations where, morning and evening, the Goanese cooks and others gather regularly day by day, within the walls of their humble chapel of *hacha mud* to be led in united prayer by one of their own number, while our own Anglican laymen only be assembled at the time of the chaplain's periodical visits. And we can conceive nothing more calculated to accentuate the distinction between priest and layman than the 'spiritual communion' in which those scattered flocks engage. Instead of the celebrant at the altar robed in his vestments, a simple layman in his ordinary attire says the prayers, and instead of the celebration of the Mass, the congregation spiritually meditate on the great sacrifice of Calvary."—*Indo European Correspondence*, March 3.

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