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LAI TO REST.

The Remains of the Grand Old Prelate of Kingston Con- signed to the Tomb.

An Imposing Funeral Service at Which Archbishops and Bishops From Different Districts Assisted— The Masterly Tribute of Bishop McQuaid to Deceased—A Vast Gathering Filled Every Available Portion of the Cathedral.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

KINGSTON, March 3.—One of the grandest, most impressive, and at the same time most mournful, ceremonies in the ritual of the Catholic Church, took place in the Cathedral on Tuesday, when the last ecclesiastical honors were paid to the late Archbishop Cleary.

The Church is always magnificent in her ceremonies, always grand, always touching the heights to which men's hearts soar when intuitively they feel they are in a special sense in the presence of the Great Creator. Whether we hear the glorious outburst of joy at Easter time, while the memory of the mournful Tenebrae still lingers in the soul and is almost obliterated for the time by the happy thought that Resurrection is an accomplished fact; or whether in the sombre colors of the Church's mourning we kneel and pray and thank God for that there is a communion of saints; in all, the Church is wonderfully rich in the imagery of symbolism. The Saviour reached men's understanding by parables; His holy Church follows in the sacred footsteps and reaches men's souls by symbols.

No ceremonial is more impressive than when the Church is in mourning and the great Gregorian strains peal out over the bowed heads of fervent worshippers in a Grand Requiem Mass, or the plaintive and dread chords of the Dies Irae strike the heart. And such a ceremonial was the one in the Cathedral.

A GREAT MAN WAS DEAD;

a grand old soldier of the cross had passed to his eternal reward; his name as a champion of Catholicity was known from the Tiber to the Pacific; he was like a prophet of old; he builded for peace, but the sword for defence was never laid aside; he never turned all warlike weapons into ploughshares. He was a wise and valiant shepherd, who guided his flock with a velvet hand, and defended them and smote for them with a gauntlet of iron.

He was a man, too, of whom all the races and creeds of his adopted country had no word of ill to say. He was a man whom any nation in the world should feel proud of. He came from the good old stock in Ireland which kept the faith alive through all the dark years of bloody persecution, Cromwellian tyranny and penal misrule; he carried the same spirit with him to western Canada and became a very Napoleon in the world of Ontario Catholicity.

The mourning over the late Arch-bishop Cleary was not of a sectional character. No man was more widely known, more deeply respected or better loved than the dead prelate, and Catholic and Protestant alike paid him the last and reverent honors. His flock had much cause for mourning and the public generally lamented the loss of a man who was an ornament to the community. He did not always agree with the ideas of his Protestant friends, but they respected him none the less; because they recognized a sturdy opponent, a fearless controversialist, a scholar and a man whose personal magnetism and individuality

WILLED A POWER FOR GOOD.

The diocese of which he was for so long the head has great reasons for grief. He found his church and his people here poor, he left them rich; he found them without educational facilities, he supplied them in the course of his existence among them with what is probably the best separate school system in Canada, and he bequeathed wealth to carry on the work which he was perfecting.

No wonder, then, that from all over the country came men high in the Church, whose battle he had so fearlessly fought, and gathered round his bier, paying a last sad tribute, and many eminent churchmen from the United States were also present. Seldom has such a varied multitude assembled in St. Mary's Cathedral. The church was draped in deep mourning, which added to the atmosphere of sorrow. A grand Requiem Mass was chanted and a deeply religious feeling took possession of all present.

In the centre of the church the body of the deceased prelate lay in state sur-

rounded by candelabra. Long previous to the hour appointed the Cathedral had been crowded, and now to the muffled tones of the organ the funeral procession to the chancel moved slowly up the aisle, headed by acolytes and priests, and followed by the Bishops and Archbishops. The rear seats in the sanctuary were occupied by the priests and the dignitaries took the places of honor according to rank. It was an imposing sight as the richly tinted lights streamed through the stained glass windows and shone resplendently on the multi-colored vestments behind the altar rails.

The celebrant of the Mass was His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro, assisted by Very Rev. Father Gauthier, V. G., with Rev. Fathers Spratt and Hogan as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The master of ceremonies was Rev. Father Perron, Archbishop's Palace, Montreal.

A Notable Gathering.

The gathering was a most notable one, among those present being—Mayor Livingston, Hon. W. Hart, Principal Grant, Col. Duff, Col. Twitchell, W. D. Hart, J. Minnes, Capt. Richmond, in uniform, representing the 14th P. W. O. Rifles; M. J. F. Quinn, Q. C., M. P., Mr. J. McDermott, and a large number of others, from Montreal. Some of the church dignitaries present were: Archbishops Walsh, Toronto; Duhamel, Ottawa; Bégin, Quebec; Bruchet, Montreal; Bishops McQuaid, Rochester, N.Y.; Lorrain, Pontiac; Emard, Valleyfield; O'Connor, London; O'Connor, Peterboro; D'Willing, Hamilton; Durien, New Westminster; B. O. Gabriels, Ogdensburg; McDonnell, Alexandria; Vicar-General Laurent, Lindsay; Mgr. McEvoy, Hamilton; Father Filiatrault, S. J., Superior of the Jesuits, Montreal; Rev. Father McGuckin, Ottawa; Father Quinlivan, Father Callaghan, St. Patrick's, Montreal; Father O'Donnell, St. Mary's, Montreal; Canon Foley, Ottawa; Vicar-General Swift, Father O'Reilly, Troy, N.Y.; Vicar-General Corbett, Cornwall; Father W. McDonald, St. Andrew's.

The various Irish national, religious and benevolent organizations of the city also assisted in a body at the service, among which may be mentioned Branch No. 483, I. C. B. U., Catholic Order of Foresters, C. M. B. A., A. O. H. and St. Vincent de Paul Society.

THE FUNERAL ORATION.

When the Pontifical Requiem Mass had been celebrated, Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, delivered the funeral oration. It was a magnificent effort and was as follows:—

The venerable prelate selected as his text Psalm xxvi., "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" etc. His Lordship read the chapter through in a clear well modulated voice. Throughout his utterance was clear and distinct, his manner impressive, and his language strong and eloquent. In many of the personal allusions to the dead prelate he had considerable difficulty in mastering an emotion which communicated itself sympathetically to his vast audience. In the whole book of sacred writings, he said, no passages could be found more accurately, more fully to describe the life of the departed Archbishop than these words of the Psalmist. "Listen again," he said, "to the words: 'One thing I have asked of the Lord; it will I seek after that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life.'" So, the preacher said, he began life, and the last verse of the Psalm was descriptive of his career; he had waited on the Lord, had been of good courage, and the Lord had strengthened his heart. He was a remarkable Bishop, this one who had ruled the see of Kingston for eighteen years, and whose remains now lie before us. He was remarkable from his boyhood to the closing hours of his long career. Born in a land where

FAITH FLOURISHED AND PRAYER RULED

in every household, where the Lord in his completeness was known, and trained in childhood at the side of a Christian mother, his heart had been early drawn to the holy career of the priesthood. It was under and by reason of her teaching, with her inspiration touching his mind and her love of God reaching to his soul and enveloping it, that he was able to say in his younger days: "Let me, oh Lord, dwell in Thy temple all the days of my life." The voice of God came down into the boy's heart, and that voice was heard and was welcomed, and so as the days went by he began his preparation for entering the temple, and, young as he was, he was able, by reason of his high order of intelligence, to understand that he was to be a follower and an ambassador of Christ among the people. He began the work of drilling his mind in ecclesiastical knowledge, that in some degree he might be able, worthy and competent to announce the message of the Saviour. So, under proper guidance, he began a course of study not often pursued, so extensive, so thorough and so long continued. His first studies were in Ireland and then at Rome, and for five years he drank there at the fount of ecclesiastical knowledge. Then, not satisfied with Rome and Ireland, he went to good old noble Catholic Spain to dip deeper into Catholic culture, still more to invigorate his mind and refresh his soul with stately truth and religious thought. He then consecrated himself, all the natural advantages God had given him, and all the improvement of that natural capacity which had been made by travel and study and thought, all that he consecrated to God. When he placed his two hands in the hands of the

ordaining Bishop he vowed to be reverent and obedient, and this vow he never broke, nor did he settle down after his reception into the church to a life of quiet. He entered into a seminary to impart to others the wonderful riches of his own mind. God had been good to him and he wanted to share with others the advantages which he himself possessed. He then went into the mission work and became a parish priest, and in this work in Ireland he came into contact with political questions and matters affecting the rights and dignity of his people. When in full maddness the Holy See called upon him to come to America to leave home and old associations, to exile himself in a distant land. There were many roots of affection to be removed and torn up, for his heart was tender. With all his

BRAVERY AND GRANDEUR OF MIND

he was gentle and amiable. He knew he was not coming to strangers. He knew that others had gone before him from the home of their nativity. When the Church of St. Peter bade him go, he bowed, and went to fulfill the vow he had taken. He went to Rome and asked for a blessing to fortify him for his undertaking. Thus he came to Canada, a stranger personally, but every one knowing him as a man of God. God had fitted him for the task. God gave him special advantages for the ordeal. He came here with grand ideals, with his memory loaded with a knowledge of the glories of God. He brought with him all the knowledge he had gained in his many years of study and a spirit burning within him. He came with a majestic step to do his share in the uplifting of the people, to take charge of the priests of the diocese, to have a watchful eye over the best interests of every Catholic in the country. His mind was evidently a just one. His soul was filled with a sense of justice towards everybody. He was fully conscious of the responsibility that rested upon him; that when he came to stand before his God, as a bishop of God would his acts be judged. He knew what the Lord God demanded of him, being a man of justice, and he felt compelled to maintain the dignity of the priesthood and the rights of the people. He came to this diocese only to find his people in rude log cabins. They could not construct an edifice for the worship of God. He looked not for the display of silver and gold and precious stones, but for the Christian spirit of the church. When he looked around his diocese he found the soul of the church needed brushing up, that something must be done to arouse enthusiasm. It revolted his soul that his people should stand humbly before the community. He demanded that they should come out from the old edifice and rear themselves

BUILDINGS WORTHY THEIR RELIGION.

that they should take their stand in the community as persons who had a right to be there, not as persons who were establishing a new religion, but advocates of the oldest one. Did he go too far in this respect? His works answer the question. This cathedral showed his mind. He did not give a jumble of painted glass for windows, he gave art that might be studied. The cathedral, however, was a small part of his work. It was not of account alongside the greater works he accomplished. He had spread houses of charity all over, shelters for the aged and desolate poor, hospitals for the suffering and afflicted, homes for little ones whom the Lord in His lifetime would have come unto him. These works showed the deep feeling and pious charity of Bishop Cleary. But he did more. He looked at his people in Ireland and he saw that there was no doubt about them. No allurements could draw them away nor any fear induce them to abandon their faith in the Catholic Church. But the children in Canada were those who gave him reason for thought. These children in homes even of pious Catholics, of Catholics who die for their faith, were thrown into adverse conditions and breathed an atmosphere reeking with the modern sceptical flavor of thought.

It was not the bare teaching of the letter of the catholicism that would give the faith to the child that it should hold all the days of his life. That teaching was essential, but there was something else. Old people in their houses across the water would remember the fathers and mothers over there talked like Catholics; the faith was in the air, and the child's soul was steeped in his religion. The late Archbishop had wished the children to be taught the

CATHOLIC FAITH IN A CATHOLIC SCHOOL

where the atmosphere was religious from the opening of the door in the morning till its close in the afternoon, and he had advocated this in the face of all opposition. In the advancement of secular knowledge it was necessary that the priesthood of the people should receive a profound education, and Regiopolis College was started for that purpose. He (the speaker) had read the Archbishop's letter at the opening of the school with great rejoicing and he had said to himself: "There is a Bishop that is looking far ahead." Archbishop Cleary had begun on a well-prepared plan and it would be continued, no doubt, to the end. He had not been willing that all his people should be hewers of wood and drawers of water. He wanted them to stand out. He had wanted to lay a foundation of a learned training in the languages, mathematics, etc., for the highest study as well as the lowest. Young men emanating from this institution should give forth the result of their teaching. He had met with opposition—all great men have met with it.

CONCLUSION ON FOURTH PAGE.

ECHOES FROM NEW YORK

Of the War Scare and Its Effects in Certain Circles.

An Interesting Opinion on the Situation From the President of the United States Board of Engineers—Some of the Financial Features of the Results of a War—The Harbor and Its Comparatively Defenceless Position Pointed Out—The Latest Production in Editorial Fireworks.

NEW YORK, March 3.—That straws show the way the wind blows is an old axiom, but sometimes there are exceptions to this most trivial rule. There has been a lot of talk here about patriotism, war, indemnity and other things. Spain was to be wiped off the map for all geographical purposes; Cuba is to enjoy freedom, etc. Such would be the ideas gained if the straws now being blown hither and thither by the saffron colored mieners called newspapers really knew anything about the real condition of affairs internationally political in Greater New York.

That a dormant patriotism should be awakened by an extra display of national busting only goes to show how volatile people may become at short notice who are otherwise sensibly inclined, especially in business transactions.

The fact that the question of war is discussed in hotel corridors, with all the flourish that goes with mock heroics—that men, who wear beads of the anarchistic and bomb throwing types, should discuss learnedly the case with which the United States would dispose of a Spanish fleet—that all these straws should be at all taken into consideration, puzzles the people who have a stake in the country whose business interests fill their first thoughts and who do not feed on the weak and poisonous pabulum of jingoism three times a day.

Perhaps the real thermometer of the feeling which would outgrow even a great popular agitation of a bellicose nature may be found in the stock market. None but a rampant anarchist or a rich patriot who could loan money on Government securities and then promptly find a substitute in case of a draft, would dare to talk real war in an emergency of this sort. Everybody knows that the Atlantic seaboard ports would be practically at the mercy of an invading enemy, and then non-combatants could scarcely expect the protection or warnings granted when the fighting is done in the field.

Take the population of Greater New York outside the straws just referred to and there is no clamor for war, but rather a sober afterthought that war is the most undesirable thing in the world.

There is still, however, a graver situation to be faced, which has directed attention to the merchant steamships that are classed as auxiliary cruisers to the Navy and which could be fitted out in a short time so as to serve most effectively as commerce destroyers or as speedy transports for the handling of troops. The available steamships that could be utilized by the Government would constitute a big fleet, and experts believe that it would prove a great service in event of war with any country. The four big steamers of the American Line, the St. Louis, the St. Paul, the New York and the Paris, are the largest ships of the number, and besides there are the steamships of the New York and Cuba Steamship Company, and the Mallory, Morgan, Red D and Panama lines. All of these vessels could be fitted out and prepared for duty in a very short time. They would be supplied with guns of the Driggs Schroeder and Hotchkiss pattern, which are designed to throw a large number of small projectiles with great rapidity. Naval officers do not believe that all the available merchant steamships would be called upon to do duty as commerce destroyers. They believe that half a dozen of the fastest ones would be more than enough to wipe Spain's small commerce from the seas in a comparatively short time. The Navy Yard at Brooklyn could accommodate ten large steamships at one time if it were necessary to fit them out at short notice. The officials in charge of the yard have received no notice to prepare for such action, however, and do not expect any such orders, but they are ready to put any such instructions into immediate effect if they should be received.

The general impression in New York is that the harbor is but poorly protected and of course this only results in making the public feeling more panicky. On the other hand the jingoistic element seems to have charts of a network of mines that would be able to demolish all the navies of the world combined. Between these two extremes it is perhaps as well to refer for a moment to what Col. Henry M. Roberts, President of the United States Board of Engineers, has to say:

"There is absolutely no cause for alarm on the part of the public," he said. "I may not tell you what the defences of New York are. I cannot properly make any statement in regard to the defences of New York, but I can say, from my own knowledge, that there is not now, and has not been, any justification for the lurid accounts printed in some of the

New York papers. Almost every day I learn from them for the first time that torpedoes have been placed here or removed there, and so on ad infinitum. It is remarkable to me that the public should allow themselves to be fooled by sensational papers, whose only object apparently is to sell more copies.

Just what steps would be taken to protect New York were protection necessary, rests with the President and his advisers. It is hardly necessary to say that New York would be well protected should the occasion arise, for the vast property interests here would not be lightly sacrificed. As I said before there is not the slightest occasion for alarm.

Then Col. Roberts turned to other subjects. One of them was the question of international law, which is far more timely.

"There are numerous lawyers of high standing among us," he said, "and it seems strange that a better understanding of the principles of international law does not prevail."

There is not a scintilla of evidence that Spain in any way committed at the blowing up of the Maine, and that she should have done so is simply unthinkable. The interests of the country are perfectly in the hands of the Administration, and whatever it is necessary to do will be done well and promptly—the people may depend upon that. It seems to me that the disaster to the Maine should have and will have the effect of bringing Spain and the United States closer together, for Spain was prompt in tendering her sympathy.

WAR SHIPS OF OTHER NATIONS

often visit our harbors. Does anyone suppose for an instant that an accident to one of them would be a cause for war against us? There were several visiting war ships at New Orleans during the Mardi Gras, a couple of weeks since. Had one of them been blown up by an anarchist who had a grudge against the country whose flag she flew, does any sensible man imagine for a moment that war would have been declared against us? Yet, this is what the yellow journals are urging the United States to do: they want the case judged before the evidence is in. People talk of going to war as they talk of going on an excursion. Let me tell you that war is a terrible thing, to be resorted to only in the last extremity, when diplomacy and all other recourse have failed. We should

BE SLOW TO BEGIN

hostilities, but once begun, we should throw away our scabbards and fight it out to the bitter end. If we do fight, we will be thorough about it, so that never again will the same questions come up. War is expensive, too; to fire a single shot from one of our twelve inch guns costs nearly \$500, and shots are frequent when the real hostilities begin. Do you know that at one time during our civil war our expenses were between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 a day? The folly of those papers which talk of immediate war is apparent to every thinking man.

It is well known that there were no torpedoes in Havana harbor, and now an official denial of their existence has been made by the Spanish chargé in Washington. In order to have any cause against Spain, we must prove either negligence on her part or that the Maine was destroyed by an officer acting in his official capacity. It must be obvious to every one, therefore, that the chance of war is very slight.

In a different line is the flamboyant writing done in the yellowest of the green-yellow journals that are under the direction of young Mr. Hearst, whose Harvard education seemed to have drifted into wrong channels. He says:—

It is unfortunate for the general reputation of the American people for sanity that Wall Street is on the eastern edge of the continent and looms larger in foreign eyes than all the rest of the country. The proceedings of the excited speculators there whenever there is talk of trouble with any foreign power of importance would discredit the intelligence of a colony of prairie dogs. The smell of gunpowder gives Wall Street delirious tremors. One would think to look at its frantic convulsions, that the old race of Americans, whose buoyant confidence thrived on dangers, had become extinct.

A war between the United States and Spain hardly deserves to be called a war. It is one-sided that it is disgraceful for us to display apprehension about its effects financial or other. There was some little excuse for the Venezuelan panic, although not much, but there is none whatever for a Spanish scare. The only legitimate reason why anybody sells stocks in anticipation of war with Spain is that he may have ready money to invest in a Government loan, if one should be offered. That is no reflection on the value of the stocks, and all-reds no excuse for even a suggestion of panic.

War is an undesirable thing in most respects, but it will have at least one good effect. It will cure Wall Street of the morbid fear that the country will be ruined if anybody points a gun in this direction. And meanwhile the Street will do something to prevent us from becoming the laughing stock of an unsympathetic world. It will take a course of bromides and keep its head.

AT ST. PATRICK'S.

Very Rev. Father De Castillon, O.P., Delivers the Opening Lenten Sermon—The Press and Its Methods of Sensationalism.

The Very Rev. E. P. De Castillon, P. O. C. P., occupied the pulpit at St. Patrick's Church on Sunday evening, the sacred edifice being crowded. The sermon was eloquent and forcible, and visibly affected those who listened to it. The Very Rev. Father undoubtedly has that gift of pulpit oratory for which the illustrious order to which he belongs has been famed for centuries. His subject was "Mortal Sin," and its terrible consequences both here and hereafter. All sufferings and troubles, he said, came to us directly or indirectly from the hands of God. No matter for what reason we were afflicted, we could not complain; for we were merely His creatures; He held us in the hollow of His hand, and did with us as He willed. Storms and tempests, disaster and death in a thousand shapes, swept over both sea and land, and there was but one thing which we could safely say without irreverence, that we stood in no danger of from Him, and that was mortal sin. However He might afflict us in body, God never willed that we should commit mortal sin.

THE FALLEN ANGELS.

The preacher having drawn a glowing picture of Heaven, with its millions and millions of angels singing the praises of Him who was and is and ever shall be, depicted the effect of mortal sin upon those who rebelled against God, who refused to serve an obdurate Him. For them there was absolutely no hope; the gates of Heaven were closed upon them for eternity; and their greatest torment was their never-ending craving for the unutterable vision of God, which they lost forever—lost through one mortal sin. The happy state of our first parents in Paradise was next described. They had perfect beauty of body and mind; they had no temptation to assail them. All they had to do in order to remain in that state was to obey one command of God; and that not a difficult one. "Thou shalt not taste of the fruit of that tree which giveth the knowledge of good and evil." They committed a mortal sin; they disobeyed God's command, and their descendants were still suffering from the effects of their sin. Their sin lay not in the mere eating of the forbidden fruit, but in disobeying God's command not to do so.

IGNORANCE, ERROR AND CRIME

had since prevailed, and terrible as had been the punishment of Sodom and Gomorrah, there were Sodom and Gomorrah still, and they were being punished in ways that were known only to God himself. Mortal sin had caused the shedding of the blood of Christ, God's only Son, and yet since the entire sacrifice of Calvary it had continued to be rampant in our large cities and towns, amongst high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant; and certain newspapers were guilty of mortal sin by publishing details of crimes of lewdness which corrupted the little ones, the children of light, the children of the Catholic Church. The crime of the fallen angels—the crime of disobedience—the crime of our first parents, was rampant, together with other mortal sins. Men and women said, "I will serve my passions, but not thee, O God!" They turned God's gifts to evil purposes, they spurned His graces; yes, they trampled in the precious blood of Christ.

The preacher concluded with an eloquent and stirring appeal to those amongst the congregation who were in a state of mortal sin to accept the means which God in His infinite mercy had placed within their reach in order to save them from mortal sin—penitence, contrition and a sincere resolution to amend their lives.

His Grace Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati takes quite an interest in the movement for municipal reform. In a recent issue of the Catholic Columbian there appeared an interesting report of summary of an interview with a reporter of one of the local secular journals, from which we take the following extracts:—

In referring to the necessity of reform in connection with the liquor traffic, His Grace said:—

"I am strongly convinced that, from a moral and spiritual point of view, a great need is the reformation of the saloons. This can be done first by enforcing the laws regulating hours and days, forbidding to sell to children, and to a man whose family has notified the saloon-keeper that his drinking is working great evil to his family."

Archbishop Elder, in speaking of other reforms, stated that conspicuous among them is the suppression of immodest theatres and other corrupting exhibitions and amusements, particularly the cheap ones, so easy of access to our children. And, likewise, the prohibition of the sensational posters, not only the immodest ones, but also those which exhibit murders, robberies and acts of violence, and scenes of drunkenness and low vulgarity, etc. It is injurious even to grown persons to become familiarized with evil doings any further than necessity or duty compels.

We publish this week in another column a list of old popular songs now being republished by Mr. James McGran. We have seen a number of them and have no doubt they will be found very interesting. Many of them have a bearing on the '98 question and they are all valuable as the revival of old memories. They are only 15c a package.