



MULLIVAN, S. S., PASTOR.

...and in making feel that I am giving the sentiments of of creed or national-repeat, is at the sh. St. Sulpice still one of its members, so allow me to re- priest, and I do important moment to se- important position, appoint Father Mar- of St. Pat-



McSHANE, S.S.

...to make an ad- staff. I have a priest who has and highly es- of mine. I allude Callaghan. He has tellor, a member of pter, and it was the near future to my titular canons. beloved brethren, you a more un-



BELLETTTE, S.S.

...my esteem and fer to the priest so well qualified y in a parish a of your souls. and is willing to leaves me I do Here he will be between us and le that unite you or of the arch- that you

should know on what conditions the parish has been handed over to me. For my part I do not believe that any other parish is situated so advantageously and has such bright prospects, from the fact that it is practically free of all debt.

"The church, presbytery and the ground belong exclusively to the parish. The girls' school on St. Alexander street (house and ground) belongs to the Seminary. The Seminary, however, hands it over to the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, to be used as parochial school. The latter assume all its rights and its responsibilities. So long, therefore, as it will be a parochial school for the girls of the parish there will be no change whatever.

"The Seminary likewise leaves to the parish the use of the Christian Brothers' School on Cote street, and will continue to pay the Brothers' salary for five years more. To enable the parish in the meantime to provide for a suitable boys' school, the Seminary cancels the debt of \$20,000, which amount the parish owes the Seminary on the church. Allow me to congratulate you, dearly beloved brethren, for having paid about \$125,000 on your church property. This deed is an eloquent tribute to your proverbial generosity and spirit of faith. One of the leading institutions is the Catholi High School. I am confident that the Board of Governors will devise ways and means to confer on the children of the parish the priceless boon of an excellent and most thorough education.

"A fabrique of board of churchwardens must be organized at an early date. It will be composed of the pastor and a certain number of the gentlemen of the parish, chosen by the parishioners. Their duty will be the financial administration of the church, the supervision of its revenues and expenditure, and the submission to the Archbishop or an annual statement of the above.

"Now dearly beloved brethren, I have given you official notification of the change of administration which dates from to-day. The facts which I have laid before you will, I trust, dispel all alarm and anxiety. My subjects belong to various nationalities. I make no distinction between them, whether they are English or French-speaking Catholics. They are all equally dear to me, and I shall be ever ready to serve them one and all to the best of my ability.

Since my promotion to the archiepiscopal see I have endeavored on all occasions to show you my sincere attachment. A few years ago on my way to Rome I visited Ireland, and I was most happy to kneel by the grave of one of the Erin's most gifted and illustrious sons, Daniel O'Connell. I love to speak your mother tongue. It was indeed a great pleasure for me to preach here on one St. Patrick's Day. On the occasion of the memorable Paulist mission I assisted and spoke in order to manifest my appreciation of the good work it was destined to accomplish. Our Holy Father the Pope, when informed by me of its gratifying results, expressed his satisfaction and pleasure in the most glowing terms.

"It was always with genuine happiness that I took part in your festive gatherings, nor did I forget you when in distress. Last autumn while abroad I visited the lone and silent grave, wherein sleeps the lamented Father Quinlivan, far from his home and his beloved people. In my name and in yours I said a fervent prayer for the repose of his soul. The traditions of the past will be preserved as far as lies in my power.

"According to the proverb: 'In union is strength,' or 'united we stand divided we fall,' I trust that you and your priests will be ever united and that perfect harmony will ever prevail. Assist them by your prayers. Co-operate with them in their undertakings. They will prove your most loyal and most devoted friends. Follow their directions and wise counsels. Love your parish church, take a deep interest in its welfare and be most assiduous in attending the parochial services. Be ever united with your Archbishop and rest assured he will always consult and promote your best interests.

"By faithfully following this advice and making it your standard in life you will be contented and prosperous, and to the parishioners of St. Patrick's as to the Christians of old, these words of Holy Writ may be appropriately applied: 'They are one in heart and one in soul.' A grace I wish you all with my most cordial blessing."

Rev. Martin Callaghan then read His Grace's decree, bearing date the Archbishop's Palace, March 29th, 1903, authorizing the board of churchwardens in the newly-organized parish of St. Patrick's and...

accordingly, "Rev. Martin Callaghan, rector of the said parish, shall proceed to the election of twelve churchwardens, according to all the prescribed formalities, and they shall elect from their number the three acting churchwardens."

Addressing the congregation, the Rev. Father said: "In accordance with the decree I have just published, I call a meeting of the male parishioners for next Sunday, immediately after High Mass, in St. Patrick's Hall. The object of the meeting will be the election of twelve churchwardens. The wardens should be recommended for their respectability, reputation, judgment, faith and loyalty to the parish. At this meeting, twelve names will be proposed in turn, and if seconded and carried, the gentlemen bearing these names shall be considered as duly elected churchwardens. Immediately after their election, they will choose from among themselves three acting churchwardens.

"We should thank our Archbishop for his exceptional kindness in honoring us upon this important occasion with his presence. Owing to a change in the parochial administration, we have just now severed all connection from a community which I have personally held in the highest esteem, and which will always remain entitled to our gratitude, respect and admiration. We are now altogether in the hands of the Archbishop; under his immediate and exclusive jurisdiction. The Providence of God has at all times directed the course of events affecting both Church and State. In this juncture we should profoundly bow in adoration of His infinite wisdom, mercy and goodness. We are becoming the objects of a most tender, constant and unwearied solicitude on the part of His Grace. All our interests are inseparably entwined with the affection of his heart. Till his dying breath he will uphold the prestige of the Irish Celtic race and preserve intact all the leading features of our ancestral faith. Never will he shrink from any sacrifice which may contribute towards our temporal or eternal happiness. I renew my most unwavering allegiance to his authority. I know it has been given him from On High; I know it will on all occasions be exercised with mingled prudence and charity. I solemnly pledge myself to all that may lighten the burdens of his exalted and sacred office, to anything that may benefit the flock with which he is charging me. I could not but deem it the greatest of all honors, an honor of which I know I am unworthy, to be continued in charge of this flock, and it will always be my sovereign delight to spend my energies in the furtherance of its welfare.

"I feel satisfied that I may rely upon a staff of the worthiest assistants, assistants the most enlightened, pious and zealous. I feel confident that I may depend upon your co-operation, a co-operation honest, disinterested, persevering and generous. I am not mistaken in appreciating you. If I know you, it is only to love you; and if I love you, it is only to serve you. You have always prided yourselves in standing by the priest, the truest friend of God and man on the surface of the globe. You have always been guided by the inspirations of religion, and you have never ceased to cling as the noblest children to your mother, the Catholic Church. You weep when she weeps, and rejoice when she rejoices. Never should it be said that you are disunited or calmly indifferent to your parish. To say such a thing would be nothing less than to be guilty of the foulest slander. Never did you prove the contrary so convincingly, so strikingly and so forcibly as during the Mission you have just made. You should consider yourselves a power which nothing can resist. If united together, there will be nothing which you may not hope to accomplish in the line of merit, edification or progress of any kind. There will be no sound principle which you may not assert fearlessly and triumphantly, no cause whatever you may advocate which will not carry the day.

"The Sulpician epoch in our annals has closed, the sky all radiant and glowing with the loveliest tints of the setting sun. This period of our annals closed, a new epoch is inaugurated. We should pray that God may bless it. He will, if we ask Him, in union with the Immaculate Virgin Mother of Christ and with our national Apostle, St. Patrick. With His blessing, the parish of our sainted Apostle will be all that it could be desired to be. It will be like the tree spoken of in the Book of Psalm: 'Like the tree planted near the running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season, and its leaf shall not fall: whatever he shall do shall prosper.'"

Lessons For Holy Week.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

PALM SUNDAY.—To-morrow will be Palm Sunday. The name indicates sufficiently the meaning of the feast, or rather commemoration. The palms that are carried by the faithful, to be blessed in the churches, represent the palms that the people of Jerusalem waved in their hands and strew along the way, as the Savior of mankind rode in triumph into Jerusalem. The palm is the emblem of success, or of victory; and when it is held aloft by the multitude it is the banner of rejoicing, of tribute, and of devoted admiration for the one honored. We can almost figure that memorable scene, as it has been described by the inspired pen of the evangelist. Looking back over the intervening centuries, we can see the crowds, young and old, learned and unlearned, poor and rich, male and female, surging and swaying along the pathway that leads us to the eastern gate of the city, and within the gate along the narrow and winding street that, by some strange contradiction, was called "straight." All eyes were turned upon the expected One, and all voices joined in the hosannahs of triumph. Yet, on the features of that calm and glorious person, might be detected a shadow that darkened the universal light around. In those days, solemn eyes there was no fire of triumph, no flash of joy; they looked mysteriously beyond the present moment and they saw what a few days were to accomplish. They beheld the same crowd, now blessing and praising, turning furious with unbridled rage, and cursing and blaspheming the very One that they now proclaimed their prophet and their king. There was a fearful and indelible irony in the entire scene. It was Christ entering triumphant the city from which he was soon to go forth to a most terrible death; it was the Messiah hailed by the people that would soon call aloud for his crucifixion; it was the palm branches of adulation in hands that were soon to lift aloft the scourges of ignominy. And the Savior rode on in tranquil determination, resolute to fulfil to the letter the mission that had been proclaimed by prophet after prophet for four thousand years. No wonder that the Church still commemorates, in a solemn manner, an event that was fraught with the most awful solemnity.

While in the churches, to-morrow, the palms will be held aloft by the true and faithful followers of the Son of God, the lengthy story of the Passion, the most tragic page in all the annals of this world, will be chanted by the ordained ministers of His undying Church. It is that Passion which is commemorated during the remainder of the week. Step by step, from the scene of His triumphal entry, to the burial of His sacred Body, not one incident is omitted. And twenty centuries have gone, since the incidents thus recalled took place, and the most telling proof of the Divinity of the Crucified One lies in the testimony of His unchangeable Church, the heritage that He left to the care of His Apostles and their successors. We will have occasion next week to speak of Easter and all its glories; for the present the three great days of Holy Week afford more than ample matter for our meditation.

HOLY THURSDAY.—It was on Thursday that the great events that immediately preceded the Passion of Our Lord, transpired. The scene is in a large room in a well known house of Jerusalem. Orders had been given that a supper should be prepared, and in accordance, twelve men, surrounding the Son of God, sat down, for a last time, to partake in unison of a banquet. It was all in accordance with what had been written, and it was, in every detail, a fulfillment of the words of the prophets. At that table sat Judas, the traitor. He, too, while planning the fearful work of the coming hours, partook of the hospitality and the confidences of Christ—aye, more; he partook of the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, of the God he was about to betray.

We are not going to repeat the well known story of that memorable deed, the going forth of the traitor, after having learned the programme of His Master, to place the Savior of the world in the hands of His enemies; the departure of Our Lord from the banquet hall, His crossing

over to the Garden of Olives, the prayer, the agony and the final kiss of betrayal in that historic enclosure. These are all matters of history, that are to be read in the Mass each day of the coming week, and to be followed by the faithful in their devotions and meditations. It may, then, be asked, by the stranger to our faith, why, in the midst of so much gloom, such penitential array, and such signs of mourning, the Church should don her vestments of white and illumine her altars, ring joyously her bells, and raise hymns of glorification?

It is not the treason of Judas that is commemorated; rather is it the most stupendous miracle of love—after that of the Cross—which marks the miracle-framed picture of all Christianity. It was upon that same Thursday, at that same supper, that Our Divine Lord instituted the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist, that the first grand Mass of the ages was said, and that the hierarchy and the priesthood, which, in an unbroken series have come down to us, were established. It was then that the Son of God made it possible that He should remain—really present—upon the altars of His Church, from the dawn of Redemption to the sunset of Time. It is, therefore, the Last Supper, the institution of the Sacrament of Love, the giving to humanity of the Bread of Life, that the Church commemorates on Holy Thursday. It is, in consequence, the rejoicings of men in the reception of such a boon, the rejoicing of angels in the performance of such an act of transcendent love, that cause the anthems of gratitude and glorification to break in upon the solemn and funereal aspect of the week that precedes the morn of Easter. Of all the followers of Christ, and of all who claim, in one form or the other, to believe in His Divinity, the Catholic Church alone possesses this great sacrament, in its fulness and plenitude. Hence, it is that, apart from the Easter Duty, Catholics are invited to partake of that Sacred Repast on the day that recalls the Last Supper of Our Lord.

GOOD FRIDAY.—We will not attempt—for it would be vain—to detail the tragic and overwhelming scenes that marked the day of the crucifixion. In company with the priest the faithful will follow the story of the Passion on that morning; a sermon will recall to them the ever old and yet ever new story of the sufferings of the Savior; in the afternoon the Stations of the Cross—at that dread hour of three—will be followed, one after the other, to impress more effectively upon the heart and soul the solemn lessons of the day. Thousands of pens and thousands of tongues have told over and over that awful history, and yet the repetition of it is as effective to-day as if the events recalled were but of a year ago. In the life of each individual, even as in the life of each country, there is always some one moment of crisis, some brief second of paramount importance, up to which all past events lead, and from which flow all future consequences. So is it in the life of Christ, and in the cycles of the Church. That hour in His earthly passage, and in the yearly commemorations thereof by the Church, is three in the afternoon of Good Friday.

At that hour, over twenty centuries ago, the sun grew dark, the earth quaked, the veil of the temple was rent, and the dead arose and went abroad amongst the living. No wonder that nature was so convulsed, since the masterpiece of God had been apparently destroyed by man. God's masterpiece was not man made to the image of God, but God assuming the form of man—the union of the Eternal with the Mortal. And that union was then violently broken; and all creation shuddered.

All these things are but the images of what should take place in each individual Christian on that day. The sun of this world's pleasures should be eclipsed by the clouds of repentance; the hardened rocks, called human hearts, should be shaken into spiritual life; the veil of sin that hangs between the soul and the grace of God should be torn in twain; and the ghosts of all the evil deeds, all the bad thoughts, all the unchristian acts, all the sins of commission and of omission; should be conjured up, to receive an unending exorcism in the salutary words of absolution that come to the truly repentant. There is no day so sad in all the year, if we consider the unmerited tortures undergone by the Son of God; there is no day for which we should be more grateful, if we consider the boon of Redemption that was then won for the human race. On Good Friday the tabernacles are empty and their doors are open, the bells are silent, and the voices of song are hushed; but somewhere or other there is a repository where the perpetual Presence is to be found, and where the Christian of

the twentieth century may adore to the living Christ, even as of old, the Holy Women kept watch to pray at the tomb of the Redeemer.

HOLY SATURDAY.—Between the darkness of Friday and the golden glories of Sunday, we have the twilight of Saturday. While the great and tragic events of the Passion are past and as yet the resurrection has not taken place, while the Savior still lingers in the limbo of the old law and His Body still rests in the sepulchre of the Aramathian, the Church pauses to draw a breathe of relief after the long strain of sorrowful commemorations, and before tuning her voice to chant the Alleluia of the morrow. And in that pause she blessed the holy oils, the pascal candals, the waters, and all the signs that are to constitute the visible parts of the sacraments during the coming year. It is therefore a day of meditation and of preparation; meditation upon all that has taken place since Palm Sunday, and of immediate preparation of the celebration of the coming Sunday. On that day the Holy Eucharist is carried back to the altars and the bells are again sounded. It is the eve of a mighty feast and due preparation is then made for the proper rejoicings that are to mark the most glorious event in all the story of man's redemption. We will also pause with the Church, and prepare in a worthy manner to celebrate the rising of the Sun of Salvation.

The Seven Last Words

On Sunday last one of the most elaborate musical events of the year was furnished, at Ottawa, by the choir of St. Joseph's Church, when it rendered the Seven Last Words of Christ—the masterpiece of Th. Dubois. The edifice was filled to the doors, and many unable to secure seating accommodation were turned away. The choir, which in recent months has been greatly augmented by trained voices, acquitted itself most creditably and gave evidence of much musical ability. The work, as the name would suggest, partakes of the character of Lenten solemnity, yet it is full of bright, glowing movements which are a source of inspiration not only to those taking part in the rendition, but to the greater number privileged to listen. The attack was vigorous and well sustained, and the chorus well balanced, while the solo parts were in artistic style.

"O Vos Omnes, the solo introductory to the work, was admirably rendered by the principal soprano of the choir, Madame Arand. In the first section Mr. D. Vermette's basso profundo, interpreted exceedingly well the leading solo part. Messrs. Mathe and Desbiens, both of whom have pleasing tenor voices, were heard at advantage in the second section, while in the third, Mrs. Mahon and Misses Naubert and Anmond sang with much expression. Mr. Eugene Belleau's baritone solo, Deus Meus, was probably the best furnished by the male portion of the choir, he being in exceptionally good voice. Other parts by Miss Richardson, Mr. Casey and Mr. Marcheseau were most acceptable while throughout, the chorus work was vigorous and yet in sympathy. A full string orchestra furnished an accompaniment along with the organ and Mr. Emanuel Tasse, under whom the choir took up the work, directed with skill."

Bequests to Hospitals.

By the will of the late Thomas Neall, who died recently at Kent, O., \$20,000 of his fortune is to be divided equally among five Cleveland hospitals, St. Alexis', St. Vincent's, Huron street, Cleveland General and the Lutheran. Mr. Neall was an eccentric man, living very frugally, but all forms of suffering appealed to his sympathies. He was a member of the Methodist Church, and had resolved that he would build a hospital. Later he decided to divide his wealth among the charity hospitals of Cleveland, excluding institutions controlled by Catholics. As he grew older he saw that the Catholic hospitals were doing good work and made up his mind that they were as deserving as the others. His estate was valued at \$38,000. The balance, except for a few small personal legacies, is to be donated to the relief of the famine-stricken in India.

Subscribe to the "True Witness"

LEO'S POEM

(By a Special Correspondent.)

From time to time a poem, from the pen of the illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII., is sent abroad over the world and the reading and thinking public is surprised that a man, so far advanced in years, should be able to dash off such beautiful lines. The fact is that age has nothing to do with the matter. He is an illustration of that famous saying of Horace that "the poet is born not made;" and as long as the mind continues unclouded, there is no reason why in age as well as in youth, the poet should be able to perceive the beauties of nature, admire the glories of God's works, and write out the expression in words of the impressions left upon him by such contemplation. If we were to carefully study the various documents, of a public character, encyclicals and other official pronouncements, we would find that the frame work of solid logic in each is adorned and clothed in most poetic form. Scarcely has Leo ever written a private letter that did not contain a sprinkling of poetic expressions, of delicate figures of speech, of elevating thoughts that assume every imaginable beauty of hue and tint, according as they are touched by the light of his genius, the sun rays of his gigantic yet lovely intellect, the beams of that "Lumen in Coelo."

In 1891, the fourteenth year of his Pontificate, the renowned portrait painter Chatran, performed masterly stroke, by painting, at the Vatican, a life-size picture of the Holy Father, seated in his chair and wearing the pure white robes of the Pontiff. So charmed was the Pope with the work of art and so happy did he feel in the contemplation of it, that under the painter's name, which is written on the right-hand upper corner, Leo inscribed two Latin verses. Only a true poet could have condensed into such perfect and rhythmic Latin so many delightful thoughts and such a splendid compliment to the artist. For years has the world admired that one line of Thomas Campbell, on the changing of water into wine at marriage feast of Cana:—

"The conscious waters knew their Lord, and blushed."

Yet that verse, comprehensive as it is, does not express the tenth part of what Leo's two lines convey. The Pope wrote:—

"Effigiem subiectam oculis quis dicere falsam Audeat? huic similem vix jam pinxisset Apelles."

Just imagine all that is contained in that verse or two. He asks what eyes will dare declare the picture below to be false? That is to say, that he considers it to be such a perfect image of himself that he cannot conceive how any one could have an eye so false as not to detect its perfection. Then come the five beautiful, simple, expressive Latin words.

"Like unto this in the days of old did Apelles paint." Any artist of modern times would feel a glow of pride to have his work compared to that of Apelles. We all remember that famous competition of artists in the city of Athens, when art was at its zenith amongst the Ancient Greeks. One artist painted a grape vine, and did it so well that the birds came to peck at the grapes. In his certainty of triumph he turned to the other artist and cried out, "remove the veil from your picture and let us see what you have done." But "the veil" was the picture itself. Then did the great master say: "I am defeated, for if I have deceived the birds of the air with my brush, he has deceived his own rival." That mighty painter, whose "veil" was so perfect, was Apelles. And it is to him that Leo, in his gratitude and admiration, compares the artist Chatran. A whole history is contained in those few lines: we see in them the Supreme Pontiff full of artistic appreciation, Christian thankfulness, and poetic inspiration.

A PARISHIONER'S GIFTS.

Hugh McLaughlin, the veteran leader of the Brooklyn Democracy, will present to the St. James Pro-Cathedral in Jay street a marble altar, to cost \$13,000. Mr. McLaughlin and his wife, who are now in Florida, have been members of the parish for twenty years. Rev. Peter Donahue, pastor of the church, is in Naples with authority to buy the altar.