

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Last Shall Be First.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

Who would not haste to do some mighty thing,
If safe occasion gave it to his hand,
Knowing that, at its close, his name would
ring?
Counsel with prudence, through a grateful land?
Who would not hear with joy some great coun-
sel?
Hiding him dare to earn a glorious name?
The task is easy that secures its fame.

But, ah! how seldom comes the trumpet call
That stirs the pulse and fills the veins with
fire.
When victory asks fierce effort, once for all,
And smiling fortune waits a way to fame,
Along some path of honor, free from blame,
To one, the call to do great deeds speaks loud.
To one, amid a vast unnumbered crowd.

Far otherwise the common lot of man
Our heavy toll but seeks the means to live;
Our dull, unobtrusive labor knows no plan
Save that which will earn the bread of life.
Our earnings fill an ever leaking sieve;
Our tasks fulfilled, another still succeeds.
And brief neglect brings overgrowth of weeds.

What wonder, then, if suffering men repine,
And hopelessness gives way to mad despair?
Some murmur at you, curse the scheme divine
That placed them there, where the savor of fretting
care
Across their brows a deepening channel wears.
For them no springlike rivulets of hope re-
newed,
But changeless wintry skies above their head.

Oh, fools and blind! This world is not the goal,
But shapes us for a better world unknown.
The vilest slave that keeps a patient soul
Shall yet rank higher than the nominal drone
Who seeks to ease his worthless self alone.
If humblest toil be hardest, yet be sure
He most shall merit who can most endure.

—Academy.

CLEVELAND'S NEW BISHOP.

Archbishop Ryan's Sermon.

The ceremonies attending the consecration of Very Rev. Ignatius F. Hortmann, D. D., Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, as Bishop of Cleveland, O., to succeed the late lamented Bishop Gilmore, which took place in the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, Philadelphia, on Thursday of last week, were most solemn and impressive.

After the Offertory, Archbishop Ryan mounted the pulpit and preached the sermon. Taking as his text verses 15 to 29 from chapter 1 of the Acts of the Apostles, the Archbishop said in part:

The event narrated in these words is full of interest and importance, and forms an appropriate introduction to the ceremony of this morning. After the Ascension of our Lord from Mount Olivet "into the glory which He had before the world was made," the Apostles, with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, returned to Jerusalem and remained separately from the world in holy prayer. Their hearts followed their treasure to Heaven.

Gradually disciples were admitted to their holy society, and the Apostles, remembering the words of their ascended Master, that they should receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon them for their great future work, prepared themselves for its coming. All were present except one—"the son of Perdition, who had gone to his place." This vacancy in the Apostles' College had to be filled, and by one who should become an Apostle equal to the others in all the powers of his office. His election was an interesting and momentous event. It was a first case of a successor to one of the twelve, and was to form the precedent for such Apostolic succession in the future until the consummation of ages.

After some 1860 years of such successions you witness a similar event this morning. A successor to the Apostles is consecrated. Length of time should not diminish, but rather intensify, interest in this consecration. The men who witnessed the first events in the history of Christianity, in the dawn of the creation of the Church, saw and heard much, but time has revealed still more to us. They saw the morning stars on the new firmament and heard their matin song and listened to the joyous shout of the first "Sons of God." His mission of the God-man to this earth was twofold. First, a mission to redeem the human race from the slavery of sin; and, secondly, to establish an institution by which the fruits of this redemption should be extended to all men and be perpetuated until the consummation of ages. This institution holds in prophecy a place next to Christ Himself. It is the Kingdom of God on earth so frequently spoken of by our prophets and constantly alluded to by our Divine Lord.

Christ found humanity suffering from the deep wounds which the first sin had inflicted. These wounds affected the intellect of man by producing at once weakness and darkness. By then the affections of the heart became depraved and division and disunion appeared in the members of the human family. Christ came with light for the intellect, sacramental graces for the heart and a marvellous unity for the scattered members of our race. The law was given by Moses; grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

And He came, in the third place, for union of the members of the human family. When the children of Noah would build a tower to heaven, in defiance of God's power, to shelter themselves against another deluge, God looked down from on high and sent a diversity of languages to confound their vain endeavor. But when the children of the great second Noah would build a tower to heaven, a tower secure on its rocky foundation, against which the falling rain, the rising floods and pelting storms of centuries would beat in vain, God, by the miracle of Pentecost, seemed to have recalled the curse of Babel, for, when the Builder spoke, every man of every nation heard in his own tongue the wonderful works of God.

Thus was foreshadowed the wonderful work of the young Church. The Apostles continued the work which Christ had commenced with a power and authority like unto His own, with a similar mission to the human intellect, the human heart and the scattered members of our race. "As the Father

sent Me," He said, "I also send you." "Go teach all nations;" that is, enlighten the human intellect. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them;" that is, heal the wounds inflicted by sin on the human heart.

The Church traces clearly her regular line of pastors from the Apostles to the present day. She gives day and date for the succession of every Pope, from Peter to Leo XIII., and her strongest opponents do not deny that she possesses the Apostolic succession. The Greek Church and the ancient schismatical, all confess it. The English and American Episcopal Churches confess it. If a Catholic priest should desire to become an Episcopal minister in England or America he is never ordained in the Episcopal Church, because its authorities know that if he be not a priest neither are they, as they must have received their orders through the medium of the old Catholic Church.

These considerations give significance and importance to the glorious function of to-day—the consecration of a successor of the Apostles. Our interest in this scene is intensified when these general considerations we add the special interesting circumstances of this ceremony. The priest who today receives the episcopal consecration is one very well known and very dear to the spectators of this scene. Born in this city and inheriting the faith from devoted Catholic parents, who were themselves natives of that province of Germany, Westphalia, which, unlike her sister provinces, never renounced her allegiance to the old Church. Providence generally prepared the boy and young man for the future great mission on which he enters to-day. His home atmosphere was thoroughly religious, and this, acting on a nature constitutionally pure, open and ingenuous, prepared his head and heart for the sacred ministry.

As you know, he spent several years in Rome, near the fountain of orthodoxy, preparing for the priesthood. Remarkable for talent and industry, he attained high distinction in a college which contained the most intelligent representatives of all nations under heaven. On his return he spent many years as professor in our diocesan seminary, for which position his learning and happy mode of communicating it eminently fitted him. It might seem strange that the late venerable and judicious Archbishop of this diocese should have taken him from this seminary work.

A comparatively small parish, greatly burdened with debt, became vacant. It would seem much easier to find a priest who could take charge of this parish than to find a professor to fill the chair of philosophy. Yet the Archbishop passed over older and more experienced men and appointed the professor. In this we may see the hand of Providence. The future Bishop needed the practical experience of missionary life. In his new sphere he was, if possible, more successful than in the seminary. Within a few years he paid off the entire debt, worked most laboriously, preaching and administering in season and out of season, and left St. Mary's not only free from debt, but with a considerable sum in its treasury.

There remained for him a more immediate preparation for the episcopal office, the discharge of the most important duties of a diocesan chancellor. These duties I can bear witness he discharged with rare ability and devotedness. Coming a stranger to this diocese, I found in him a most able assistant as well as a personal friend. His brother priests bear testimony that while thoroughly loyal to authority he had ever a brother's heart for his fellows. Many of them are his pupils, and they rejoice to-day in his elevation to the episcopacy.

I need not tell you, dear brethren of the laity, what great things this young Bishop has done for religion in this city. How many pious organizations he has directed; how many converts he has received into the Church; how he constantly and eloquently preached the Divine Word; at how many besides he whispered sermons of consolation to the dying. In all the glorious work of a priest of God he has been ever found faithful and self-sacrificing. He is evidently the man of Providence for his new position.

And now, Right Reverend Father in God, consecrated into the episcopacy, to you I may not speak any longer as to a child and a subject, but as to a brother an equal. But you have been so recently a diocesan priest that I may speak to you with more than fraternal freedom. I say then to you, take heed to yourself and to the flock over which Christ places you as His deputy-shepherd. I say to yourself first, for on your personal sanctity will depend your own salvation, and what will it profit you to gain a whole world of souls if you lose your own. Often read and ponder the great salutary admonitions addressed to the Pope of his day by his old master, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who, with apostolic courage, reminded him that his exaltation would endanger the more his salvation and sanctification. Remember the awful responsibility of your position. You have a mission in this age and country, and to prepare you for it God has done His part. At your peril you now do yours.

Human passion, unrestrained by religion and religious education, are rising in rebellion against God and reason. Like the storms that sweep over that great lake on the shores of which your fair episcopal city is built, these fierce passions are agitating their very depth the souls of men, whilst all that is good and true and

beautiful in our humanity cry out amidst the tempest's roar, "Save us from utter degradation and destruction."

Then go out in the tempest and save the threatened victims. Out in the lifeboat, even the barque of Peter, struggle with the waves and rescue men from their own wild passions. Follow the example of your predecessor and be zealous for Christian education and Christian schools. Oh, how much may not one man, deeply in earnest, effect in his day!

Sentinel of the Sanctuary, let no man enter its gates to stand at God's altar without the passport of a true vocation; and expel from its sacred precincts with withering reproach and scourge the buyers and sellers who would degrade the Temple of God. But like Him whom you represent, temper justice with mercy, as you were directed when you received to-day the Shepherd's staff.

Go forth then to your distant diocese, whose representatives are present to receive you in the name of God. Go brave and confident in the arms of God. Go with the blessings and the love of your Bishop, of your fellow-priests and the whole people of this great city.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Let it Drop!

Let it drop! How many souls on the verge of solitude and trouble have been calmed by this homely saying!

A sharp or unjust word irritates us. Let it drop; the speaker will only be too glad to see that we have forgotten it. A painful circumstance threatens to separate us from some old friends. Let it drop; let us preserve peace and holy charity. A suspicious manner is on the point of chilling our affection. Let it drop; our looks of trust shall win back confidence. Shall we, who try so hard to avoid the prick of thorns, take pains to gather them up and pierce our own hearts? Truly, we are very unreasonable beings!

A Sick Prince.

There was once a great king who had a little son he loved very much. The boy had everything in the world that money could buy. He had splendid apartments, rich clothing, costly toys, dogs, horses; indeed it seemed anybody on earth ought to be happy with this little prince.

His face was always sad, and nothing seemed to bring a smile to his lips. His father tried in vain to cure this strange melancholy, and he sent for the wise men and doctors, offering large sums of money to any one who would restore happiness to the little prince, for he feared that he would pine away and die. But the medicine the doctors gave him made him sick in reality, and the old king was in despair when a very old physician made his appearance and promised to cure the sadness of the young prince, provided his instructions were faithfully carried out.

He unrolled a strip of pure white linen and called for a bowl of water. Into the bowl of water he threw some white powder, which he stirred up and spread it over the roll of linen and the boy. He next unrolled the linen and spread it for a moment in the sun. On the pure white surface some magical words commenced to appear, and these, he said, were the directions the little prince was to follow. The old doctor left the palace, and a month later he returned and was greeted by the young prince, who was rosy and cheerful and seemed the picture of happiness. Little reader, can you guess the magical words which had worked this cure? They were:

"Do a kind act to some one every day."

Uncle John's Spelling-Bee.

"I'm going to have a spelling-bee to-night," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can best spell 'man.'"

The children turned and stared into each other's eyes.

"Best spell 'man,' Uncle John? Why, there's only one way!" they cried.

"There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I'll leave you to think of it awhile," and he buttoned up his coat and went away.

"What does he mean?" asked Bob. "I think it's a joke," said Harry, thoughtfully, "and when Uncle John asks me, I'm going to say, 'Why, m-a-n, of course.'"

"It's a conundrum, I know," said Jo; and he leaned his head on his hand and settled down to think. Time went slowly to the puzzled boys, for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate runner peeping out of his great coat pocket.

Uncle John did not delay; he sat down and looked straight into Harry's eyes.

"Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"

"Yes—no," said Harry, flushing.

"I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to do. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that to do with spelling 'man'?" he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John had turned to Bob.

"Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob, stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came we'd clean them off. But Jo, he—"

"I think this is Jo's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"

"Why," said Jo, "I thought the girls had as much right to the pond as

the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so, too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way."

There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket. The next minute the skates were on Jo's knee.

"The spelling-match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize."

The three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

"Boys," he answered, gravely, "we've been spelling 'man,' not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it, boys, and see."

Her Apron Strings.

"But I promised my mother I would be home at 6 o'clock."

"What harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings!"

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said the first speaker, with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know as I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys.

They turned to see an old man, poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man, the stranger resumed, '