The Catholic Record.

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

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[For Redpath's Weekly.]

The Soul.

BY REV. J. H. GREENE.

Since all creation's myriad orbs of light,
That fill the vault of space and baffle thought
Their lightning rush and range to grasp
In sheer conception, must end with time;
And, ending, be as if they ne'er had been,
Then one surviving spark of vivid fire
That rules eternal day where'er it sweeps,
Outlasts, outlives that universe outdone,
The greater entity, as patent as the sun.

Duration, then, lends magnitude to specks,
And might to atoms, ranking them as worlds;
But what of Life! that sublimates a mite
To heights that dwarf a universe defunct,
Since life and death infinity divides;
Nay, life and life, between extremes, it parts;
No finite scale from root to brute exists,
From blind organic life to vision clear:
Eternal life and vision now confronts us here.

The Soul! the "living Soul," God's "breath" in man;
From God inhaled to be exhaled to God;
His very likeness simply lent below
Till taken out to be set up above;
The picture living, living too the frame
Embalmed by contact—immortality!
The Father's very image in the child;
The Son's own brother claims a brother's share;
The Holy Spirit's home must be a spirit fair.

O triune work of Triune power and skill,
How is that pow'r reflected in thy will!
How doth that science in thy reason shine!
And how thy mem'ry acts the part divine—
Benesting from the tomb the buried past,
To teach the present and the future cast;
Nay, futures to create and bid them last!
O God-like essence, who can listen mute
And God in thee blasphemed as instinct of the brute!

Thy wondrous worth two facts in thousands show
Thy Care and Cost (creation's ratio)—
Thy way-side home, thy lodgings for an hour
(Stupendous fabric, miracle of po'r)
Whose complex fittings tax Eternal Art
From dome of thought to chamber of the heart—
Yet torn down the instant you depart!
Why needs the floor a planet vast for site,
And roof, the starry ceiling mounting out of sight?

Thus matter matter serves, but spirits great
On thee, immortal spirit, watch and wait.
If such the Care now count the Cost and shrink—
The Precious Blood for floating souls that sink!
O what thy weight—He sinks that you may rise!
Thy beauty—why it woo'd Him from the skies!
But, oh, thy life—that you may live He dies!
Come forth, ye pent-up Nature's forces whole,
Avenge the Cross when cross'd in one immortal Soul!

—BALTIMORE, MD., Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1884.

FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART.

The feast of the Sacred Heart, which was observed on Friday of last week, was commemorated with great solemnity in the parish church of Ingersoll. The festival of the Sacred Heart is the titular feast of the parish, and is ever looked to with earnest longing and pious desire by its good people. This year the worthy pastor, Rev. Father Molphy, was determined to have the patronal solemnity observed with all possible eclat. On Friday morning High Mass was celebrated in the beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart by the Rev. pastor himself, assisted by Rev. Father Tiernan, Chancellor of the diocese, as deacon, and the Rev. Father Brady, of Woodstock, as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Walsh, of London, acted as master of ceremonies. After the first gospel Rev. Father Walsh ascended the pulpit to preach the sermon of the day. The rev. gentleman took for his text:

"This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." (Luke XV.)

Our holy mother the Church, guided by the spirit of truth, has appointed this gospel for the third Sunday after Pentecost, in order to make it have reference to the loving solemnities which she celebrates during this special time and exhibit the wonderful harmony that exists between the festivals of Pentecost, the Most Adorable Trinity, the Blessed Eucharist and Sacred Heart of our Lord. On the festival of Pentecost the church begins by celebrating her nativity, then comes the feast of the Most Adorable Trinity, whose daughter she is and whose image she wishes to be. On the Thursday following she recalls to our minds the mysterious sacrifice of the Last Supper, her treasure and her life, her food and her nourishment to strengthen and support her in the perilous road which leads to salvation. This day, then, after the octave of Corpus Christi, is fixed upon for the festival of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, but moreover, to give every advantage to those who might not be able then to join in the celebration, the church dedicates the whole month of June to its worship, and grants everywhere a plenary indulgence for all good works done in its honor, for the further encouragement of an adoration which she values so deeply. Now, there is no devotion among the many that abound in the Church of Christ which at once gives greater honor to the Most High, and is of greater value to the Christian soul, than devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Devotion to the sacred humanity includes all devotion, but devotion to the Sacred Heart includes all devotion to the sacred humanity, and the intention of the church in the institution of this solemnity was "that the faithful might honor with more devotion and fervor the charity of Jesus Christ suffering under the symbol of His Sacred Heart, and gather more abundant fruits therefrom." Now, it was this infinite charity, this excessive love for man, but especially for sinners, which the proud Pharisees censured in our divine Saviour. And true indeed was their rebuke. Christ did receive sinners and eat with them, because His divine mission was to seek and to save that which was lost. During His public life he walked and conversed with them. He spoke to them words of consolation and hope concerning the kingdom of His Father. He went about everywhere doing good, healing the sick, sympathizing with the widow and orphan, comforting and consoling the oppressed and afflicted, in a word, wherever he went a virtue emanated from him which healed all. Thousands were attracted by his meekness and charity, and it was because of this meekness and charity that he was condemned by the spirit of the world as a man who receiveth sinners and eateth with them. But Jesus Christ, by a series of parables, manifested to the world His love for each single soul. Too well he knew the value of each and foresaw the immense sacrifice which each was about to cost Him; He gladly showed them how very little it would avail them to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of their soul, and assured them that he came not to call the just but sinners to repentance. Such was the longing of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and ought not the consideration of this excessive charity inflame our hearts with a corresponding love for that divine Heart, which was formed to love us, which never ceases to love us, and which so affectionately desires our happiness and eternal good. What is the object of this devotion? To a faithful and devout child of the church it is quite sufficient for the acceptance of any devotion that she recommends it and approves of its propagation. She can never err, because of the infallible promise of Christ to remain with her all days even to the consummation of the world. And as a prince puts his stamp upon the coin in circulation to certify to his subjects that the glittering metal is not gilt but genuine gold, so the church of Christ, to protect her children from error, puts her impress or stamp upon an article of faith to declare to the world that the doctrine was revealed from the beginning, was nothing new, but contained in the deposit of faith entrusted to her fostering care by Jesus Christ himself. But with this she is not satisfied. In this age of indifference, when infidelity and heresy go hand-in-hand for the ruin and destruction of our holy religion, when wicked men, treachery and false reasonings try to sap the foundations of our holy faith, every Catholic should not only glory in his religion, but be able to give an account of the faith that is in him. The church wishes us to understand, as well as to be moved, and to be moved because she does not ask us to love what we know not. She is reasonable in her doctrines and her reason is the teaching of the gospel and the traditions confided to her guardianship by God. Hence in this as well as in all her doctrines there is a principle by which we are to be guided, and according to which we are to know that the material object of the festival of the Sacred Heart is the same as on all the other festivals of our Lord, that is to say, our divine Lord himself. Devotion to the sacred humanity and Sacred Heart follows from the doctrine of the Incarnation. "Adoration," says the angelic doctor St. Thomas, "is not paid to the humanity of Christ on its own account (*propter se*) but on account of the divinity to which it is united. In virtue of the two distinct natures in one divine Person the humanity participates in the honors and privileges due to the divinity. We adore the sacred humanity because of its union with the divine nature, from which, from the first moment of its existence, it never has been separated and never shall be. We adore in the Blessed Eucharist not only His divine nature but likewise His precious Body and Blood, and we do so because they are His, and form a part of His living body. We adore the thorns which crown His sacred head—the nails that pierced His hands and feet, and the Cross upon which He was sacrificed for our redemption.

We adore His holy name, that name without which there is no salvation, and at the mention of which every head must bow, and every knee bend, in heaven, on earth, and in hell. (Phil. 11-18). Why, therefore, should we not adore His Sacred Heart, through which the precious blood flows, circulates as warmly to-day as it did at the time of His bitter passion—Heart of the Incarnate Word, the greatest, the most generous, the tenderest and most compassionate that has ever emanated from Almighty hands. There are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and all the riches of love divine. There resides corporally the fullness of the God-head. There are consummated all the mysteries of our salvation. The heart of Jesus is for us the gate of heaven, the source of divine grace, the loving holocaust which never ceases to burn through love for us, and apply to us the fruits of His passion and death. In every language and in every clime, in every age, the heart is regarded as the natural symbol of love and affection. And if it be pleasant and agreeable to be united in heart with those whom we love, if the mutual communication of affection produce our only real happiness here below, if all the nations of the earth are accustomed to preserve the hearts of those heroes who labored and fought and shed their blood in defence of country, who dare accuse us of rendering homage to the heart of the noblest of heroes, our Father, our Saviour, and our God.

When the church, therefore, brings before our minds the Sacred Heart as an object of devotion, and wishes us to meditate on what that divine Heart did for us, she is alluding to the immense love of which it was the seat and centre, and this is the formal or spiritual object of our devotion, the excessive love, the boundless ocean of charity and mercy, of which love His divine heart is a symbol. Jesus had the best, the most loving and tenderest of hearts, whilst he appeared on earth and conversed with men. He gave the most striking proofs that he compassionated their infirmities, stooped to their miseries, and was always ready to afford relief, if only they would accept it. If we but study the various vicissitudes of his life we can easily detect His goodness and mercy towards the most hardened sinners. He sat at table with them, that by his meekness and sanctity he might withdraw them from the ways of crime and iniquity to the paths of sanctity and holiness. A few kind words spoken to the Samaritan woman was the cause of the conversion of a whole nation to the light of faith. He forgave the crime of the sinful adulteress and defended her against the calumny and rash judgment of her friends. Look at his merciful conduct towards Magdalen. She who was a sinner, a child of iniquity, and scandal of her race, allowed to bathe His sacred feet and dry them with her hair, after forgiving her many sins because she had loved much. These are only a few instances of the mercy of the Sacred Heart. He prayed for all. He promised paradise to the penitent thief upon the cross. He prayed for the other who cursed and blasphemed Him, and sacrificed His life for all, with that beautiful and touching appeal upon His dying lips, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

His affection for little children is not to be passed over in silence. We read in the scripture that these bright and innocent souls, attracted by his meekness and humility, followed Him in crowds, to the displeasure of the apostles, who, thinking them an annoyance to our Saviour, rebuked them, and would have sent them away, but Jesus, in return, reproached them, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and lovingly and tenderly embracing them and placing one in their midst set him up as a model to be imitated, "Unless you be converted and become like little children, you shall never enter the kingdom of God." He saw in that beautiful soul, free from the filth and rottenness of sin, the divine image of its maker, the living impress of innocence, candor, and, above all, the impress of that angelic virtue without which it is impossible to enjoy the vision of the Most High. "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God." He blessed and rewarded those who treated them with kindness, and simplicity, and denounced eternal woes against those who, by scandal and bad example, murdered their innocent souls. Children noticed this tenderness and affection on the part of Jesus Christ, and in His triumphal entry into Jerusalem they preceded Him, strewing flowers on His path, and with palms in their hands, and chanting hosannahs to the Son of David, they greeted Him and called Him blessed who came in the name of the Lord. He likewise loved the poor, and showed this by selecting his Blessed Mother from amongst the poor. St. Joseph, his foster father, was poor, and He Himself was poor, for He loved a life of poverty and humiliation and obscurity. His friends and associates were poor, and the greatest desire of His sacred Heart was to befriend the poor, to comfort and console the poor, and to have the gospel preached to the poor. The most awful evils and calamities that ever afflicted the human race He cured and wiped away. He went so far as to work miracles in their favor by feeding the hungry multitude, and raised poverty to the dignity of a virtue when he said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit for they shall possess the land."

Now, the wonderful love which the sacred Heart entertained for man during its existence upon earth it preserved to the very end. Turn for a moment your thoughts to His bitter passion, and all through its course you can see to what a sad condition love unutterable had reduced Him. "We beheld Him," says the Scripture "a man of sorrows and knowing nothing but infirmities. He was bruised for our iniquities and wounded for our sins. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, until He became, as it were, a leper struck down by the hand of God and afflicted; and among all the sorrows of a world of sorrows there was none like unto His sorrow." In the words of the prophet, speaking in the person of Christ, "All they that saw me laughed me to scorn, saying, He hath hoped in the Lord, now let him save himself. They have looked and stared upon me and they have dug my hands and feet; they have parted my garments and upon my vesture they have cast lots." Could anything be more vivid than this picture of the horrors of Calvary? And even long before the time of sorrow arrived he had been anticipating the event, and desired it from the very depth of His soul. He was offered because it was His own will, and when the time came it was in His sacred Heart that the suffering and sorrow and bitterness were first experienced. He had not as yet fallen into the power of his enemies, and no human hand had touched Him. The scourging at the pillar, the crowning with thorns and the carrying of the cross, and the crucifixion had not as yet taken place, but the precious blood began to flow. He begins to fear, and to be heavy. He grows sorrowful and sad, and in bitter anguish and distress he cries aloud, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." He had to endure that awful passion to the bitter end, without a being to assist Him in his dire necessity, or a soul to console Him in His bitter affliction. "I have looked for one that would grieve together with me, but there was none, and for one that would comfort me, and I found none." (Ps. lxviii-2) This fear and sadness and desolation and anguish forced the blood from His Sacred Heart. "His sweat," says the scripture, "became as drops of blood, trickling down upon the ground (Luke xxii) until each wound and pore of His body became like so many eloquent mouths open to instruct. His love was the cause of His suffering and misery and His Sacred Heart the chief seat of His suffering and misery, for just before He was taken down from the cross His side was pierced with the centurion's lance, and from His wounded Heart gushed forth the last drops of blood and water. How, therefore, can we value the passion of our loving Redeemer without valuing in a special manner the work of love done through it by His Sacred Heart. And thus devotion to the Sacred Heart takes in the Incarnation, the life, and passion, and death, of the eternal Son of God. In meditating on the Sacred Heart what a vast region for pious thought and affection opens up and expands before the Christian soul. Nor is devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord confined to His mortal life. "The love of the Sacred Heart," says a pious writer, "is still stronger in death." Though Jesus ascended to heaven, we still have His adorable Heart not only in heaven but on earth. Towards the last moments of His bitter passion, when ungrateful man was doing his worst upon Him, then it was that he instituted the Blessed Sacrament of His love as a means whereby He might remain with His children to the end of time. Each day, on countless altars, in every clime, He is mystically immolated in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in an unbloody manner, as truly as He once offered Himself a bleeding victim on Calvary's hill for the sins of man, thus verifying the words of the scripture, "From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is a sacrifice, and there is offered in my name a clean oblation." By virtue of the power which He gave the apostles of doing what he did, we have residing in our midst the same Jesus who was born of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the same flesh that was scourged at the pillar, the very same blood that bedewed the streets of the holy city, the same body and soul and divinity of the God made man, and within that body the very same Sacred Heart is still beating as it beat of old on the night of the Last Supper, when the disciples whom Jesus Christ loved, felt it, and reposed upon it. There it is still, redeeming the world, still conquering sin, still consoling the sorrowful, still sighing ineffably for the salvation of souls. In Holy Communion the blood from the Sacred Heart of Jesus flows into our souls to wash away our sins, to give us strength whilst we are living, hope when we are dying, and heaven when we shall have passed beyond the grave. "Take ye and eat," says the Redeemer, "this is my body, drink ye all of this for this is my blood, (Math. xxvi.) the blood of my Sacred Heart." And again our Blessed Saviour promises, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life and I will raise him up on the last day, for my flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed, he that eateth this bread shall live forever," (John vi-55.) "Rejoice," exclaims the great St. Bernard writing on this subject, "and be in transports of joy, you possess the pledge, you hold the earnest of the spouse to whom you will be happily united in the celestial country."

Nor is the longing of His Sacred Heart yet satisfied. Jesus would not leave us orphans, but in the most touching accents of love says, "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world," (Math. c. 28.), and again, "My delights were to be with the children of men." He remains on our altars day after day and through the long and lonely stillness of the night expecting some holy souls to come that there beneath the shadow of the sanctuary they may pour forth their souls in acts of praise, love and adoration, or with the same sentiments as he once had sitting by the well of Jacob to await the approach of some wayward sinner whose heart might be converted by the sweetness of His divine presence, and from that silent prison of love He calls out to all in accents sweet and tender, "Come to me all you that labor and are heavy burdened and I will refresh you," (Math. xi.) For "this is my resting place, here I will rest for I have chosen it." (Ps. c. xxxi.) In the sacrament of reconciliation the priest absolves the penitent sinner by the efficacious words of absolution, the chains of sin are broken, the long years of crime and guilt are forgiven, the lost sheep is brought back to the fold, the prodigal child is restored to the home of his Father, but it is the blood of the Sacred Heart that cleanses the penitent soul and makes it whiter than snow, the love of the Sacred Heart embraces the whole scheme of man's redemption and sanctification, and well might we cry out with the Evangelist, "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity and wisdom, and honor, and glory, and benediction. Because thou was slain and hast redeemed us to God, in thy blood—blood of the Sacred Heart—out of every tribe, and tongue and people, and nation—Oh if you love the Blessed Redeemer you must necessarily love the Sacred Heart. Many are the salutary lessons and fruits to be derived therefrom. For not only is it blessed by the Vicar of Jesus Christ, but most special promises have been made by Christ himself to all who practice it. He revealed to that humble nun whom He chose as His instrument for its propagation, the Blessed Margaret Mary, "that to all who are devout to His Sacred Heart He will give all the necessary graces for their state in life, that He will give peace in their families and prosperity to their undertakings, consolation in their difficulties, that sinners shall find in His Sacred Heart a fountain and boundless ocean of mercy, that tepid souls shall become fervent, and fervent souls more fervent, that He will be their safe refuge in life and especially at the hour of death, nay, that if they even but expose and honour a picture of the Sacred Heart in their houses these houses shall be especially blessed."

Now this is our faith, but where is our devotion, our gratitude, and love? Jesus Christ does not expect much of us and the little we do He will willingly accept. "Ah," He says, "if they but make me a return, all that I have done will appear but nothing to my love." Can we, hearing this touching appeal of our dear Lord, turn our back upon and altogether forget and abandon him. Just as He once asked His disciples when others went away from him and would walk with Him no more, "will you also leave me," so does He seem now to remind us of the very few followers and the very many disbelievers He finds upon this cold, cold earth. He invites all to come, He presses them to follow Him, but the world has its cares and anxieties, and, strange to say, the world's cares and anxieties must be first attended to. This want of gratitude on our part, this keen feeling of neglect is the one thing that appears a destinctive characteristic in our Divine Masters life, in the hour of His overwhelming agony, when the very fiends of hell were doing their worst upon Him, we see Him arise and seek consolation from those of His chosen disciples. Three times He came to crave their sympathy, but His friends abandon Him to His lonely struggle and cares not for Him in His utmost need, and the third time as He came from the deep shadow of the rocks His face is ghastly pale and there are crimson drops of blood upon His brow to show how keenly He felt the indifference of His friends. This is our conduct towards our loving Redeemer; ingratitude, indifference, disrespect. I ask you, therefore, who have been heretofore remiss in returning love for love to take thought of these things. You who have so generously constructed this magnificent temple and consecrated it to the Sacred Heart of your God, complete the sacrifice and make Him an offering of the only gift He asks in return, and oh, with what loving and paternal tenderness does He ask this tribute, "son, give me thy heart." Shall we, unmindful of all He has done, refuse this tribute; shall we on whom He is so lavish of His blessings, and has, as it were, exhausted all the attributes of His love, prostitute to vile creatures and to the perishable things of this earth the love which eminently belongs to God alone. Give Him a heart free from the slavery of sin, free from inordinate affections and inclinations, a heart free from the vile sin of impurity, that your heart may be conformable to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and His words be verified in your regard, "Blessed are the clean of heart." Have your lives no wants, and where are you to lay down the burdens of the day, unless at the foot of the altar, and when the world frowns upon you you may always expect to find comfort and consolation at that spot which is always bright and cheerful, the tabernacle, from whence ever issues that sweet and loving invitation, "Come to me all ye that are burdened and I will refresh ye." Yes, Jesus, we will come to thee and remain with thee. No longer can you, merciful and loving Saviour, be allowed to say: "All day long I have expanded my hands." We will come indeed to thee, and when the shadows of evening surrounds us, we will take refuge in the arms of thy divine mercy, we will live ourselves in thy Sacred Heart that there calmly reposing in thy divine presence we may bid defience to the powers of earth and hell, separate us from thy eternal love.

The sermon was listened to with rapt attention by the large congregation present. One of the most pleasing and consoling features of the celebration of the day in Ingersoll was the large number of persons who approached Holy Communion. Not fewer than two hundred persons partook of the Most Adorable Sacrament. We present with pleasure our earnest congratulations to the good pastor of Ingersoll on the truly Catholic spirit animating his people as manifested in their genuine celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart.

BISHOP O'MAHONY'S VISIT TO BRECHIN.

On Tuesday last the people of Brechin witnessed a grand and most beautiful spectacle. On that day His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony paid a visit to our new mission to administer the sacrament of confirmation and bless the corner-stone of our new presbytery which is now in course of erection. This being the first visit of His Lordship to this place the pastor and people prepared to give him a grand reception. There was a magnificent display in the way of decorations under the inspection of Mr. Gaudrie; there were some beautiful arches erected and the interior of the church tastefully festooned. The high altar was indeed a gem to behold.

On that morning, as that beautiful and luminous orb of day made its appearance and nature, rising from her vernal couch robed in a thousand dyed garments of fragrant bud and blossom, presented a scene calculated to inspire with irrepressible hilarity the most ascetic of Brechin's inhabitants as they wended their way to the Catholic church.

At eight o'clock a cavalcade of horsemen, all mounted on some twenty grey steeds, marshalled by Mr. P. Boyle, and all beautifully decorated, started for Uptergrove to meet His Lordship. They were followed by about one hundred double carriages and as many single ones. On their return to Brechin they were met by our worthy pastor, Rev. Father Davis, and a large procession, composed chiefly of school children and those who were to be confirmed. All the girls were dressed in white and presented a very pretty appearance. As soon as His Lordship entered the church the choir sang a hymn of welcome.

Previous to the administration of confirmation the children were examined in Christian doctrine and were complimented by His Lordship for their knowledge of their holy religion. Too much praise could not be given the pastor for the creditable manner in which the children were prepared.

After the administration of the sacrament, His Lordship delivered a most interesting instruction on Confirmation and the Catholic Church in general, at the conclusion of which Mr. P. McRae, Reeve of Mara, came forward to the altar railing and read the following address:—

To His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. O'Mahony, Bishop, Toronto.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP:—With feelings of love and esteem we beg leave to approach you and in behalf of the Brechin congregation bid you welcome on this your first parochial visit to our midst. It affords us no ordinary gratification to see you here, for your presence is associated with an event which, we feel, is destined to enter as an important factor towards the religious training of the youth of this parish.

The laying of the corner-stone of our new presbytery and the establishment of our new parish, for we may call it so, has to-day been solemnly blessed and now assures us of the permanent residence of a pastor amongst us.

Please convey our thanks to his Grace the Archbishop for his kind response to our appeal for a division of the mission, and we hope that you to-day do realize the wisdom of his decision, which must prove a source of pleasure to you, as well as of solace and blessing to us. A few months ago we were, comparatively speaking, orphans and wanderers in the spiritual world, with mass celebrated only every other Sunday, and, notwithstanding the zeal and indefatigable labors of our former respected pastor, Rev. Father Rey, our spiritual wants were but ill-supplied, but now, through the grace and blessing of Almighty God and the never failing desire of his Grace to further the interests of his flock and the propagation of the faith, we have a pastor of our own and the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered up daily.

You will be pleased to learn that we have resolved to establish and maintain a separate school in Brechin, in order to further ensure and facilitate the teaching and instruction of our children in our holy Catholic faith, and in this we are materially assisted by the magnanimity and generosity of our fellow-parishioner, Mr. Foley, who has thus given another proof of his zeal for the cause of education and religion; and as loyal children of our holy mother the church, we hail the presence of your Lordship and respectfully express the hope that you will again visit us as soon as our school is established. We cannot fail to recognize the honor his Grace has conferred on the people of this mission in selecting so active and energetic a young priest to be our first pastor, whose virtues and talents adorn the dignity of his position.

Trusting his Grace may long be spared to preside over the archdiocese of Toronto, which he has governed so long and well, and wishing you many long and happy years to discharge the functions of your high calling in which you have already evinced so much zeal and piety for the things of God, and a spotlessness of character which we, as Catholics, love to see in those who are rulers in the house of God, Signed on behalf of the congregation, Messrs. P. McRae, J. P. Foley, M. O'Donnell, J. J. Bernard and J. Barker.

To this his Lordship replied in a most happy manner, thanking the people for their magnificent reception and encouraging them in the good work which they had undertaken, that is the building of the new presbytery and separate school. In the afternoon the corner-stone was solemnly blessed and a few words addressed to the assembled multitude. The day was fine, everything seemed to add to the celebration, and everyone declared that its equal in Ontario county was never seen before.

The number of children confirmed was ninety-one and most of them made their first communion on that morning.

His Lordship returned to Toronto on the 7.30 a. m. train, carrying with him the prayers and well-wishes of all the Catholics of Mara.

BRECHIN, June 16th, 1884.

Mr. Thomas Ryan, office of Messrs. Keefer and Cameron, has received a commission from the Provincial Secretary, appointing him issuer of marriage licenses; and a commission from the High Court of Justice for taking affidavits, etc.—Port Arthur Sentinel, June 17.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGarvey, of Montreal, left this city last night for Denver, Col., where they will permanently reside. Mrs. McGarvey is a daughter of Ald. John Heney of this city. Mrs. McGarvey s in poor health.—Ottawa Free Press, June 19.