

C. M. B. A.

Resolutions of Condolence. Teeswater, March 29, 1897. We, the members of Branch No. 92, Teeswater, send the following copy of a resolution of condolence to be published in the CATHOLIC RECORD...

L. O. C.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE. At the regular meeting of the League of the Cross, on April 13, the following motion was passed: Whereas it has pleased God to remove by death, Bro. Jas. Cavanagh, be it resolved that this society do tender to Brother Thos. Cavanagh and family their sincere sympathy with them in their bereavement...

DIocese of Hamilton.

At St. Mary's cathedral the impressive and solemn ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out in their entirety. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings the office of Tenebrae was sung by the priests of the cathedral and a number of visiting clergy. The Lamentation of Jeremiah was sung by Fathers R. C. Lehmann, Hinchey, Brady and Murphy...

DIocese of London.

Holy Week at St. Mary's. The services of Holy Week at St. Mary's Church, consisted of Mass at 8:30 and evening devotions, with sermon, at 7:30. On Good Friday evening the Way of the Cross was recited, after which Rev. Father Brennan, pastor, delivered an impressive discourse of the Passion and Death of Our Lord. The service concluded with the solemn veneration of the Cross. On Easter Sunday Mass was celebrated at 8 o'clock at which large numbers partook of Holy Communion, and High Mass at 11, sung by Rev. Father Brennan, Rosewig's Mass, B. Flat was rendered by the choir, with Requiem Corda at the Organ, under the direction of Miss McKenough...

OBITUARY.

MISS JOHANNA CUNNINGHAM, PORT DOVER. Death has visited the home of Mrs. Cunningham, claiming her daughter Johanna, who died April 1st, 1897. On Wednesday, 31st March, Father Forster administered the last sacraments, giving Miss Cunningham all the consolations of our holy religion. The mother, brothers and sisters of deceased have the sincere sympathy of all the community in their sad bereavement, which was made doubly sorrowful by the death of her sister, Nora, which took place only three months previous. The deceased was a sufferer from rheumatism for the past year, during which time she showed remarkable patience and cheerfulness. The funeral took place from her home, near Port Dover, to St. Mary's church, Simcoe, where Requiem High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Forster. We trust that we may be all as well prepared to pass the portal of Death, as was Miss Cunningham, and now our prayer is "May her soul rest in peace!"

MR. DANIEL McMULLEN, CAYUGA. A little before 10 o'clock Monday morning, April 12, Mr. Daniel McMullen died at his home in Cayuga, after an illness of almost a year. In the evening of his death he was a good Christian man passed peacefully away, leaving as a rich legacy to his family a noble example of a father's duty faithfully performed. What death of a worthy man and affection lay in the inmost soul of this good man, the chief motive of whose life was to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of his family, who have inherited a large cause to remember with deepest affection the one who brightened their lives and prepared them to fill honorable callings in the world. The golden anchorage of a household whose moorings were so strongly woven with faith and trust and true love has been broken. He has said farewell to all, but the sweet memory of a good father will hover like an angel around his family and will be a guiding influence. He left him till his work was done, and now his father has taken him to receive his reward for faithful service.

MR. McMULLEN was born in county Down, Ireland, sixty-three years ago, and had been a resident of Cayuga and vicinity about forty years. Besides his wife, he is survived by three sons and two daughters. James P. of St. Catherine's, John, Peter, Mary and Bridie who live at home; two brothers, Mr. Peter McMullen of Caledonia, and Mr. Patrick McMullen of Cayuga, and one sister, Mrs. Smith of Hamilton. The funeral, which was held from the Catholic church, was witnessed by a large number of friends, the citizens turning out in large numbers to pay this last tribute of respect to the deceased, and to bid adieu to one who had in the hearts of all friends, as well as being expressive of sympathy for the family. R. L. P.

"VOCATIONS EXPLAINED."

We have received a copy of an admirable little book entitled "Vocations Explained," by a Vincentian Father. The reverend author has evidently a great knowledge of the Church, and the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and the important subject of vocations. He briefly explains the four principal vocations—Marriage, the Religious State, and the Priesthood. He then proves that a special call from God is required in order to secure salvation in any state of life, even the married state. In a brief, but excellent chapter, he shows that mixed marriages are not vocations, at least not from God; that the marriages are succeeded by the world, the flesh, and the devil, and the enemies of man's salvation. The children taught in the schools of the Church should be made to understand that the children of the Church should be made to understand the explanation of vocations to the religious state and to the priesthood, is the clearest and the most satisfactory that we have seen; it makes the matter quite simple. It explains the obligation of some persons to enter the religious state; it explains the privilege of others to embrace this state. The chapter on the duty of Parents regarding the Religious State of their children, should be read by every parent who has charge of a family. The author argues that parents should prevent the higher vocations of their children, the higher vocations, because they overturn the designs of God, they endanger the salvation of their children, and they will be responsible for the damnation of the numerous souls that their children bring to the state of life to which God called them. The Reverend Father proves that God has marked out some special state of life for each one of His children, and therefore, that it is an obligation for each one to follow the vocation to which God calls him. This little book is highly recommended by all the Bishops of the country; and also by Cardinal Gibbons, and Cardinal Sallusti. Many Bishops, priests, and religious teachers intend to introduce it into the schools. It is in catechism form, and hence the more simple and interesting. We would like to see a copy of this excellent little book in the hands of every parent and child in the land. It is published by Benziger Brothers, 35 Barclay Street, New York. It is sold at 10 cents a copy, retail; and 50 per hundred. The reverend author requests our editors to print this notice, which was submitted to him before printing.

A Great Fact.

One of the weirdest incidents in the lives of the saints is that story of the holy man, who waking up in the middle of the night, was struck by the thought "I have a soul!" and filled with apprehension, knelt in prayer upon the floor of his cell until morning. We all have souls. It is the great fact of life to which everything else is subordinate. Death is an awful fact and one that all must sooner or later encounter. But its portentous meaning lies entirely in this, that it vividly recalls the greater fact that we have souls for which death will bring us to account. Why this momentous concern should be so universally slighted and faintly realized is one of the mysteries of our nature. The best of us live unreasonably, if we honestly and genuinely believe in the religion we profess. We live oblivious of our soul's welfare. But this is no argument drawn from nature that there is no life beyond the grave. The man of wealth

continues to hoard even while on the threshold of death. It is unreasonable for him to do so. But like the rest of human kind he fails to realize that there is such a thing as death until he is face to face with it. Perhaps it is a merciful ordering of Providence that the shadow of this great final event shall fall lightly upon us while on the pathway of life. But the sense of our soul's welfare should be cultivated as it will lead to true living while here. —Catholic Citizen.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

In a recent issue the CATHOLIC RECORD reproduced from the Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart a description of the magnificent St. Patrick's Cathedral of Melbourne, Victoria, Australia. From the same interesting magazine is taken the following notice by "M. W." of St. Mary's Cathedral of Sydney, New South Wales, which is illustrated by an excellent phototype cut of the church: The heartiest praise is due to the courage and zeal with which the Catholics of Sydney have devoted themselves through a long series of years to the great labor of building a stately cathedral that will be the glory and the crown of the Metropolis of the Mother Colony. The foundation-stone of the first church that stood on the site of St. Mary's was laid by the Governor of New South Wales in the year 1821. This building was destroyed by fire in 1865, and the edifice which took its place perished by a similar catastrophe a few years afterwards. These misfortunes evoked a widespread feeling of practical sympathy in all classes throughout Australia, and the foundations were laid anew on a more extended and stately plan. Since then the work of construction has been carried forward, despite the most formidable obstacles, with undaunted perseverance. The Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, during his brief and brilliant Episcopate, labored with enthusiasm for the completion of the building, and his successor, the present Cardinal Archbishop, has displayed, from the moment of his arrival in Australia, a striking and untiring zeal for the attainment of the same great object. His latest expedient for raising funds is the holding of an Australian Fair next Easter, and the project has been taken up so earnestly and is so admirably organized that it will undoubtedly meet with signal success. Protestants themselves, contrasting Catholic places of worship with those of other denominations, have been known to observe that the faith of Catholics on the perpetuity of their religion has prompted them to build churches which, from their strength and solidity, must last for all time. It is truly so. The magnificence and durability of such a temple as St. Mary's cathedral strikingly proclaims the belief of Catholics in the imperishable stability of the Catholic Church; for Catholics glory in belonging to that grand creation of Almighty power which "saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world;" and they feel an assurance that it is destined to see the end of them all.

An intelligent non Catholic visited St. Mary's in January, 1895, and described in the Sydney Morning Herald the impression produced by what he saw. His words are these:—St. Mary's has many distinctive features peculiarly its own, which are always interesting to the stranger. If he enters the edifice he has hardly ceased to admire the magnitude which impresses itself on his mind on an exterior view before he becomes absorbed in studying the vastness of the space as realized from within. And at the same time the dim, religious light which penetrates through the golden-hued glass and permeates the atmosphere comes upon him as a new and appropriate sensation. Gradually the mind begins to take in the architectural beauties of the place, and the eye travels from column to column, and arch to arch, to the grand altar, which, in all its magnificence, challenges the admiration of every visitor. But the features do not end with the building itself, but continue with the service. Glancing round, one gets an idea of the magnitude of the congregation which from time to time assembles here—ranging from 5,000 to as many as 8,000 persons. On this occasion, however, the congregation does not exceed 3,000. Viewed from the standpoint of the spectator, the service is decidedly impressive, and it is in a larger degree musical. The congregation is satisfied to commit the music wholly to the organist and choir, and in this it does well. Undoubtedly the music is the best to be heard in any of the churches in Sydney. It is to be hoped that the present generation will not pass away without witnessing the completion of this noble monument of human skill and industry. It is a monument that shall speak to all succeeding generations of the supernatural faith and charity of its builders, and shall stand a sermon and a poem in stone till the end of time.

O ye whose toll and self-denial raise This chorus Fame, your mighty task complete! For Time, insatiable, doth slowly eat Your passing years, your bright and glorious days. When ye are gone, this Temple's hymn of praise, To perfect music wed by voices sweet, Shall rise like incense to the Mercy Seat, And solace hearts depending in hard ways. Here men shall lift oblations, pure and whole, To God their Lord above earth's bawling crime; And though your name live not in History's scroll, Your monument shall be this Work sublime, Whose sweet bells, pealing noon and eve at prime, Proclaim your faith and love while ages roll.

FLOWERS AT CATHOLIC FUNERALS.

"My dear uncle, I am sorry to interrupt you, but I must be off. It is early closing day and I have to call at the florists. Poor Gertrude's funeral will take place to-morrow and I must send a wreath." "Gertrude's funeral to-morrow! So it is—God rest her soul! She was one of the best Children of Mary I ever came across. You have had a Mass offered up for her soul, of course; you were such inseparable friends." "To tell you the truth, uncle, I never thought of it." "May I ask what you are prepared to spend on the wreath?" "Mother says I may go as high as half a sovereign. Flowers are awfully dear this weather."

"Do you call that Christian friendship, Agnes? Half a sovereign spent on perishable flowers and not a penny on the imperishable soul! How well the lesson of the French Revolution has been learnt!" "I don't understand you, uncle. What has the French Revolution to do with my purchasing a few flowers to lay on a coffin?" "The monsters of the French Revolution, my dear child, whose aim was to dethrone God and uproot religion, brought in this profusion of floral decorations at funerals. By concealing the sternness of death they hoped to diminish and gradually extirpate all fear of a future beyond the grave. If death came, its grim features were to be veiled lest men should be tempted to think that life is a serious thing and not a time for play and enjoyments, and nothing more. They were the devil's tools, and well they served their master."

"But a few flowers, uncle, where is the harm?" "Not in the flowers, child, God forbid! even the early Church scattered flowers on the tombs of her dead. But in the discriminate piling up of flowers, the garish displays for which thousands of beautiful flowers are ruthlessly destroyed and crushed out of all shape, the selfish rivalry that is set up between the friends of the deceased, each trying to outvie the other in the esteem of the onlooker, the vulgar ostentation which adds to the already onerous funeral expenses—all this is the pitable result of the crusade against religion started by the Red Revolutionists. Worse than all, the state of the poor soul is overlooked. The moment a Catholic dies he is canonized. If he were a Wesleyan he could not be supposed to stand in less need of prayers. At any rate he gets very few prayers, and the thought of purgatory does not affect the mourners. To open their purse strings as Judas Machabeus did 'for Sacrifice for the sins of the dead' seems never to dawn upon them. The Masonic Revolution has been successful in its infidel propaganda. The living it robbed of life and the dead it still robs of prayers."

"You are very hard, uncle, on the flowers." "Not hard on the flowers, dear Agnes, but hard on those who set the fashion of killing God's white blossoms in their bloom as a sacrifice to vanity and giddiness. White blossoms! what am I saying! Blood-red blossoms they seem to me. I declare I never see the funeral cars groaning under their tributes of flowers without the guillo tinge rising before my eyes. I hear the rumbling of the waggon filled with the noblest and purest blood of France as they pass on to the place of slaughter. I see processions of aged nuns moving up the steps of the ghastly scaffold. I fancy I catch the ribald hymns chanted by an unclean mob before the desecrated altar of Notre Dame. Churches closed, monasteries sacked, priests butchered, God denied, and the Goddess of Reason substituted for the All-wise—these and scenes in another world plainly visible to the eye of Faith recur to my mind when flowers are too much in evidence at funerals."

"You mean Purgatory, I suppose." "Yes, I mean the place where souls suffer for a time on account of their sins; for the prison where the last farthing has to be paid to the justice of God; the land of exile where the captives of the kille plaintively cry to those who hold their redemption in their hands: 'Have pity on me, have pity on me at least, you my friends.' Prayers will lessen their torments, the Holy Mass will hasten the hour of their deliverance—flowers cost money but bring the dead no help. The pity of it! What the Holy Souls stand in need of they do not get, what they cannot use they are surfeited with. There was no flower-show at Father Jerome Vaughan's funeral, thank God!" The Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart for March.

BOURKE COCHRAN.

Has an Audience With the Holy Father. We take the following from the Roman correspondent of the London Tablet: "Mr. Bourke Cochran, the celebrated political orator from the United States, was received on Wednesday. His audience lasted forty minutes. He says: 'I had seen the Pope before, but only in public functions. I had, therefore, never been brought close to his person, or made feel from so near the magic of his presence. His frail body was as the shrine of an indwelling spirit nobler than itself, just as a lamp of alabaster, which owes its beauty and its worth to the flame it more than half conceals, the light transmitted through its scarce

transparent walls. I treasure the personal part of the audience as a thing of tender recollection but I was unspokeably impressed, and even startled, by the energy and strength with which the Pope spoke of the Christianizing of the peoples, of the purpose of the Papacy as a factor for the salvation of souls through the bettering of the world."

CATHOLIC PRESS.

In going to confession it is more important to be sorry for sins committed than to remember them. While sufficient time should be spent on the examination of conscience, ample consideration should be given to the motives for contrition.—Catholic Review.

The Mass is the great central act of worship. It is the offering of Jesus Christ to God. It gives more honor to the Blessed Trinity than the homage of the angels and the saints combined. It confers on mankind as great a benefit as came with the incarnation. It is an act of adoration and thanksgiving of infinite value. It is the sacrifice of Calvary renewed. It brings pardon of sin, remission of temporal punishment due to sin, an increase of grace, and spiritual and temporal blessings. Why do not all Catholics who can do so, assist at it daily?—Catholic Review.

The large crowds which gathered at the Auditorium last week to listen to Evangelist Moody should be an object-lesson to the ministers of this city and other cities. Extracting what little Christianity there is left in Protestantism, Mr. Moody confines himself to it, and preaches it, and the result is that the people go to hear him. If his fellow-ministers did in like manner, announcing in plain, simple language the evident truths of the bible, and leaving their neighbors alone, they would not be obliged to preach so often to empty pews, and would not feel constrained to resort to sensational devices in order to attract a crowd.—New World.

The Catholic parent who will allow his children to grow up without the advantage of Catholic reading, and give them free access to the indecent sheets of the day, will not have to answer for mortal murder, but for that which is infinitely greater, the destruction of immortal souls. The ravages of the daily press as well as the sensational weeklies, is terrible to think of. Crimes are multiplying, minds are becoming corrupt, souls are daily going to perdition, on account of the daily ghastly recital of crime, that the public constantly craves. Catholics could aid in counteracting these results by helping in the support of their press. From one to five cents purchases a Catholic paper for the family.—Catholic Youth.

A New York Presbyterian church is to have "vespers" every Sunday afternoon hereafter. This is certainly a long step into the camp of the ritualists. It has been explained in the heart of this big city, was not used often enough on Sunday, and therefore, it was decided to introduce a new Sunday afternoon service. By Catholics, whose churches are thronged at all hours on Sundays—morning, afternoon and evening—such an admission is regarded as a confession of weakness. If a Protestant church is not weak on Sundays it does not seem hardly worth while maintaining it. "Vespers" in a Presbyterian church, by reason of novelty, ought to attract quite a congregation for a time. But, my, how the old school Calvinists will rave about "Romish" practices!—Catholic News.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, April 22.—Wheat, 72 to 74 1/2c. per bushel. Oats, 17 to 20 1/2c. per bushel. Peas, 36 to 45c. per bushel. Barley, 19 to 25c. per bushel. Buckwheat, 14 to 20c. per bushel. Rye, 25 to 30c. per bushel. Corn, 22 to 25 1/2c. per bushel. The meat supply was ample and some very choice beef was sold at 25 to 30c. per cwt. Spring lamb, 5c. per carcass, and at 15 to 20c. per quarter. Veal, 5c. per carcass, and at 15 to 20c. per quarter. Eggs, 8 to 10c. per dozen. Butter, 10 to 12c. per pound. Apples, 10 to 15c. per bushel. Potatoes, 10 to 15c. per bushel. Hay, 15 to 20c. per ton.

Toronto, April 22.—Market quiet. Flour quiet prices steady; straight rollers quoted at 85c. per cwt. quoted at 85.50 in car lots, and shorts, 80 to 82c. Wheat stronger, 80 to 82c. per cwt. at 75c. and white sold at 73c. per cwt. Oats, 18 to 20c. per bushel. Barley, 18 to 20c. per bushel. Corn, 22 to 25c. per bushel. Peas, 30 to 35c. per bushel. Beans, 15 to 20c. per bushel. Apples, 10 to 15c. per bushel. Potatoes, 10 to 15c. per bushel. Hay, 15 to 20c. per ton. Pork, 10 to 12c. per lb. Lard, 10 to 12c. per lb. Tallow, 10 to 12c. per lb. Butter, 10 to 12c. per lb. Eggs, 8 to 10c. per dozen. Cattle, 10 to 12c. per lb. Sheep, 10 to 12c. per lb. Poultry, 10 to 12c. per lb. Fish, 10 to 12c. per lb. Produce, 10 to 12c. per lb. Sugar, 10 to 12c. per lb. Coffee, 10 to 12c. per lb. Tea, 10 to 12c. per lb. Spices, 10 to 12c. per lb. Miscellaneous, 10 to 12c. per lb.

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GALOPS CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. Extension of Time. THE TIME for receiving Tenders for the Galops Canal has been extended until Saturday, the 24th day of April, 1897.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th April, 1897.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. Extension of Time. THE TIME for receiving Tenders for the Galops Canal has been extended until Friday, the 24th day of April, 1897.

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