

Hopes Earthly and of Heaven.

BY JOAO FERREIRO.

Translated for Redpath's Weekly by Lam-ech Hylian.

There was a garden, more than others fair: In which I planted seeds of flowers rare: And, in that garden fair, I hoped to see Some day fresh from its bloom spring there for me.

And, day by day, I tended them with care, And, day by day, they sprang up fresh and fair. But, ere their tender buds could open wide The hour frost fell from heaven and they died.

And, though I wept, yet were my tears in vain For never flower blossomed there again.

Long years ago, ere yet my youth had fled, I hoped my name might live when I was dead.

With eager spirit, joyous and elate I sought to merit the bonds of eternal fate. All lowly things I scorned as base of birth, And to the skies would raise my spirit's flight.

But, in the first faint struggles of my fight, I backward fell to earth and dark, dark night.

Lo! in the midst of all my deep despair, She dawned upon me smiling, bright and fair.

As who would say, "Oh! love upon this breast Lay thou at length thy weary head and rest." Then faith and hope and happiness I felt, And in a land of dreams a world was built.

Where she I loved within the grave was laid, And, darkness fell on me and agony, I was alone, a strange, forlorn man.

Yet, though all earthly hopes have fled from me, I have a hope I will never see: When, from this earthly tenement of clay, As soon as I must, my soul will break away.

I have a hope, that when my spirit's flight I may enjoy a peace I knew not here. Yet, though unworthy, be allowed to stand Within the heavenly land, Where flowers bloom, and youth immortal is, And she I loved, eternally hath bliss.

TOO LATE!

New York Freeman's Journal.

The other day a Boston paper contained a pathetic story, done in the usual thrilling style of the newspaper reporters. It told how a son had returned, after many years of profligate roaming, to find his mother dead. He heaped flowers on her grave and made every reparation in his power. But very little was in his power. He did not do the best thing of all, pray for her soul—for he was not a Catholic—but he piled high the exotics and built a memorial window. Of what use was it all? The precious moments had slipped past him; the tears that he might have dried had been forced back, to overflow in bitterness again. The heart that had loved him better than any other mere human heart could love him, had died, long and lonely. Of what use, then, the flowers and the painted window! Of what use regrets that could not bring her back?

The Catholic who has failed in his duty to one who loved him, and who is separated from that one by death, has still the consolation of prayer. He can raise his voice for him that called him friendly; he can offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in death he is not divided from the one that has gone before. The non-Catholic can only adjure the collared dead, and in all the past, to forgive him, and then sink down in remorse, with the consciousness that he is unheard.

Grief—this impotent grief that follows a great loss—is especially poignant when the dead is a father or mother. In the everyday wear and tear of life so many things are forgotten. To-morrow seems such a certainty, that it is possible to crowd all things into it. To-morrow the kind word will be spoken, for which there is no time to-day; to-morrow the burden will be shared; to-morrow an amendment will be made for the hasty word or the careless frown. To-morrow comes, and it is too late. The dead is laid among flowers, and all the patient endurance, all the long days of work and watching, all the tender care that were yesterday taken as matters of course, without one word of gratitude, form a load of memories which fill the sorrow-stricken heart with remorse that is almost insupportable. Grief working through nature is very good; and He soon heals the wounds and changes bitterness into tenderness.

Who that has stood at the side of the dead with a rush of memories of things neglected in his mind, would want to live that moment over again? Love accepted carelessly, service taken as if all of it were due, words misinterpreted—these thoughts of the living in the presence of the dead make deep and stinging wounds that leave scars. "Oh, death in life," as Tennyson has it, "the days that are no more!" "In Memoriam," he says:

"One writes that other friends remain, That loss is common to the race— And comes from the same common place. And vacant heart well meant for grain."

"That loss is common, would not make My own less bitter, rather more: Too common to be common place. To evening, but some heart did break."

The commonness of death is no palliation for the blows that death deals. At no time do men or women stand so much alone as at a death-bed of one beloved by them.

But the mother has rarely anything to regret. She has suffered for her son, and she has comfort from that Mother who suffered as no other mother could have suffered. Remorseful grief can not lay itself down in the shadow of the sorrow of the Most Blessed Mother's grief on Calvary and be consoled. There was no remorse in her sorrow. She, the model of all women, had nothing to regret—no duty unperformed, no word or lack of patience. Her sorrow does not touch the gnawing pain of remorse, or the anguish that comes of the knowledge of ingratitude to the dead. It, the resource of all sad souls, seems to fail the heart that cries out: "Through my fault!" beside the grave, and calls on God to raise the dead to life, that at least one last kind word may be spoken. But her love does not fail.

How many households are there to-day divided by carelessly cold looks and the rankling wounds that chronic impatience gives! A word would set all right, but pride and procrastination, and the false shame that often prevents demonstrations of affection, bar the way. If each member of these families could see the other's hearts, there would be no more doubt, no

more coldness, and when death comes there would not be that remorse for neglected opportunities which was more than the agony of death.

The unavailing flowers and the painted glass of the young man in Boston are repeated every day. A tomb of marble is often erected over a body that would have been made comfortable in life had one-tenth of the cost of the mausoleum been expended upon it. And other children, neglected in life, are carried to their graves in the little beautiful white hearse with a parade of sorrow that seems like a parody of grief.

It is better to strew the flowers in the pathway of those we love to-day. The dead cannot enjoy their perfume and color; prayers for their souls are dearer to them than all funeral pomp; flowers are symbols of kind thoughts—but Pagans, as well as Christians, offer them to the dead. The human being, bereft by death and struck dumb before the throne of God by false teaching, is the most pitiable object on earth. The painted memorial window is not offered as an act of piety for the soul of the dead; it is simply for the eyes of the living. To-day let there be patience, consideration and words of affection for the living; for to-morrow may bring death, and the hour when loving lips can speak no more.

A CHAT WITH AN ORANGEMAN.

Winnipeg Stiftings.

Come here, Mr. Orangeman. You seem to us to be an honest and not unreasonable sort of a fellow. Sit down quietly and make your self at home; we want to have a quiet, pleasant, friendly chat with you. You get upon your oratorical every once in a while, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, and like a kind of religious Haroun Alraschid you go about bullying some very good people called Roman Catholics because they don't think just exactly as you do. Sometimes you are a little beyond bullying and murder them. Now, in a few days you will put on your scarlet robes, and bring out your banners, you will play "Teeter, Tauter, Holy Water," "To H— with the Pope," and some other very pretty tunes, and have a good time of it generally. You will go to church and listen to some reverend idiot, who ought to know better, tell you that you are the backbone of the British Constitution, the light of Christendom, and that those naughty Catholics would run things with a pretty high hand if you didn't put on your scarlet gowns one year and sit upon them. You will enthrone and celebrate the glorious, pious and immortal—is that right?—memory of a Dutchman who might have been a very much better man than he was, and then not have been much to brag about. In short, you will have a very pleasant time of it, and being in the Northwest you will believe like the good sensible fellow you are. Don't get mad now, for we are not going to flatter you. Just let us have our pleasant, friendly little chat together and we shall feel better all around.

Now, Mr. Orangeman, we are like yourself a Protestant, like yourself we have our opinions about some of the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. But what we want to get at is this. By what right do you set up your own particular faith among all the dead and living faiths of the world as the only true and worthy one? By what right do you demand the allegiance of Roman Catholics to your particular faith? You are a sensible fellow, and you reply that you don't. All right, have it that way if it makes the matter any pleasanter and sets you in any better light, but you do all the same things. Perhaps you don't know that you do and do not intend anything of the sort. Why, Mr. Orangeman, Protestantism is a thing which by the side of these stately religions whose genesis is lost in the immeasurable antiquity of Oriental tradition. It is the youngest of all the sects, and like all children, should respect old age even if it is in its dotage. Mr. Orangeman, as a man and a gentleman you ought to know better. You know, sensible man that you are, that in this age and always in this free North-west that the most any person can ask for his special creed is the respect and consideration of others, so long as it behaves itself. So long as your church is a respectable institution, exercising a good influence on society, we will help it. When it becomes disreputable, puts on too many airs, raises a moral stench and stinks through a smile, goes into business and trades bad blood, then there is going to be a re-adjustment of the balance of war in this sanctum just as quick as we can get our pen and pencil into fighting order, and don't you make any mistake about it either. What has the Roman Catholic mind the allegiance of a fellow-citizen, him? He is an excellent fellow-citizen. He practices as high a code of morality as you do, Mr. Orangeman. He cares for his sick and poor even better than you do, and his daughters are just as virtuous as yours are. He seeks neither to convert nor to meddle with your freedom to say your prayers in any way that suits you. At least he never sought to interfere with us, and we are proud to number a good many Catholics among our friends. We don't agree with them in many things, but we are not going to say hard things about them on that account, unback our jaws and pelt them with prayer books and bibles. There is lots of room for us all; Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Inidel, Mussulman or even Pagan. Suppose the Jew, the Mussulman, the Roman Catholic, the Inidel, the Pagan were to go out of their way to gird at you and your faith, Mr. Protestant Orangeman, don't you think such conduct would tend to paralyze Christendom and stand it on its head; don't you think this city and province would be a rather warmer and unpleasent place to live in? Did I ever strike you that way before? That is all we have to say just now Mr. Orangeman. No, not quite all. Just another word and then we will offer you a good cigar and you can go. The glorious 12th is coming, but before it comes, please go back to your lodge room and ponder on the advisability of getting a little nearer to that good simple religion of charity which Christ introduced to us, and against which Christ man will dare to raise his voice. Now move on, Mr. Orangeman, for to-morrow is publishing day, and we are very busy.

FROM GUELPH.

THREE PRESENTATIONS TO MR. J. P. AYLWARD, ECCL., PRINCIPAL.

Mr. J. P. Aylward, principal of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools here, has decided to sever his connection as head master of the schools in Guelph and go to the Montreal seminary to finish his education, after which he intends to take holy orders. Mr. Aylward has been connected with the Separate Schools here for the past six years, during which time he has proved himself to be a most capable and painstaking instructor. He has deservedly earned the confidence of the Board of Separate School Trustees, and the highest esteem of his more recent and former pupils, as is evinced by the flattering addresses and handsome presents which were made to him on the occasion of his severing his connection with the schools.

The closing examination, before the midsummer holidays, opened at two o'clock and continued until four o'clock, on Thursday. A large number of the parents of the scholars were present, also the clergy and most of the members of the Board. The pupils of the Senior Department were put through a most rigid examination on every subject taught, and acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner. In the catechetical examination the highest honors were carried off by J. Purcell, Daniel O'Connell and Wm. Howard. In illumination and pencil drawing the specimens were exceedingly well done. Ed. O'Brien received the first for pencil drawing and James Ryan for engraving. James Purcell and J. Coray carried off the palm in English literature. The prizes given were valuable books donated by Messrs. E. J. O'Brien, F. Numan, J. P. Aylward and others.

At the end of the neat and interesting programme Rev. Father Doherty, S. J., Superior, addressed the large audience in glowing terms. He eulogized the self-sacrificing efforts of Mr. Aylward and the happy success he crowned his six years' labors. He would first have complimented the language than read the two reports then before him of Inspector White, which were among the specimens of illuminating (the work of the pupils) then on exhibition.

REPORT NO. 1. "In the third division of the boys' school admirable order prevailed; the boys were very neat in appearance, quick and intelligent in their replies. In all subjects the answering was good and in some excellent. Good spelling, grammar, arithmetic, and geography really excellent, writing was above the average, the books neatly kept. Some specimens of drawing were very creditable to the pupils. The Master of this department, Mr. Aylward, is a gentleman of very pleasing address, a zealous and very successful teacher, exercising a most salutary influence over the pupils. This class of boys is the best of the grade IV. class that I have examined."

REPORT NO. 2. Among the schools of the Province this takes a high place. The results of the examination have confirmed the very favorable opinion formed of it on my last visit, both for the efficiency of the pupils and the faultless order maintained. Father Doherty in expressing his regret as well that of the other Fathers of the Rectory at Mr. Aylward's departure, said he only re-schooled the voice of the entire parish of "Our Lady."

At the close of the examination Mr. Aylward was presented by the pupils with a handsome album, containing their photographs, and the following address:— Dear and Respected Teacher: It is with feelings of love and respect, elicited by your many endearing and noble qualities, that we approach you, though sorrowfully, in order to manifest, although in an imperfect manner, our appreciation of your merits in the discharge of your functions as our teacher. The uniform kindness, the painstaking care, your zeal in furthering the interests of every one of your class, have at all times forced themselves on our recognition. We are proud to have you as our teacher, and we trust will long remain green in our memories. When in after years we follow widely divergent paths, memory will conjure up visions of the fading past and revert with love to you and the happy, happy days spent under your guidance. Doubtless we have often pined your kind heart by our outward conduct, but there is such a few of the older heads interested in the welfare of the schools, met in the school room adjoining the priest's house, and made Mr. Aylward the recipient of an address and a handsome gold headed ebony walking cane. The cane bore the following inscription:—"Presented to J. P. Aylward by 15 of his ex-pupils of 1882 and 1883, Guelph."

The inscription was very nicely engraved. A Kelly made the presentation, and R. Readwood read the address, which is as follows:— Address to J. P. Aylward, Esq.: Dear Sir,—The occasion which has assembled your pupils of 1882-3 around you this evening is one which fills our hearts with deepest melancholy. We have learned with poignant feelings of regret that in the near future we are to be severed those bonds of loving friendship which have so long bound us almost as closely together as the bonds of filial affection unite loving children to a kind and indulgent father. Ours has been a happy and blessed lot to be placed under your guidance and receive from your hands an education the worth of which to improve our temporal and spiritual advancement we now fully realize.

Inexperienced as we were at the time when we were under your tuition and unable to perceive how stern a battle had to be encountered on life's weary journey, we oftentimes, no doubt, pined you by our heedlessness and disregard for your wise counsel, and lack of appreciation for your self-sacrificing efforts on our behalf, but now with a faint experience of life's shadowy veil which dims the eyes of many a youth, we can now see our folly at not taking more to heart your sensible and fatherly advice.

Long will be remembered, Dear Sir, the pleasant and happy days spent with you, and forever shall be engraved deep in our hearts the flower of gratitude for the energy and zeal you have manifested for our welfare, and the kindly manner in which you have treated us. Before bidding you a formal farewell, we ask your acceptance of this as a memoir of our association with us, earnestly praying that the great God may shower down manifold blessings upon you and protect you in the holy calling on which you are about to enter.

In conclusion, we ask of you that when the happy time comes, when you will be permitted to officiate as a priest of the Most High, you will frequently offer up a prayer for distant, but affectionate pupils in Guelph. Signed by R. Readwin, E. Howard, A. Kelly, E. Carroll, W. Gay, F. Downey, T. Purcell, J. Barlow, J. Spillane, W. Keough, J. Keough, Jr., D. Burns, H. O'Brien and J. Ryan. Mr. Aylward made an exceedingly neat and graceful reply, in which he feelingly referred to their connection as pupils and teacher, and explained how if he had been bound on them at times it was necessary for the discipline of the school and also for their own good. He spoke of the many happy days he had spent in Guelph and informed his ex-pupils that he would watch with deep interest their future career, when they had fully entered into life's battle and had to struggle with trials and temptations. These he trusted they would meet bravely, become good and useful members of society, which would be a sure guarantee that they had paid heed to the instructions imparted to them in youth. In concluding he strongly impressed on the young men their filial duty to their parents, who, when they were grey-haired and up in years, would require the same loving care and attention which had been bestowed by their parents to them in their youthful days.

The Rev. Father Du Mortier then spoke a few words of fatherly advice and encouragement to the youths, after which he gave them his blessing. Speeches were also made by Messrs. Downey, E. J. O'Brien, J. E. McElderry, and M. J. Doran. Songs were sung by Messrs. Keough, Downey and D. Burns. The meeting broke up shortly after ten o'clock.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

PARISH OF WAWANOSH.

The following is the address of the ladies of Wawanosh congregation to the Rev. John O'Connor, P. P., on the occasion of his removal to Maidstone:—The Reverend and Beloved Father:—The ladies of this congregation having heard that our venerated and beloved Bishop has called upon you to remove from Wawanosh, in order to take charge of the important parish of Maidstone, we cannot allow your departure to take place without our giving expression to the profound regret we feel in losing a pastor whom we regard with the greatest reverence and affection.

Obedient to the will of our Bishop, we must submit to the privation to which we are subjected, for his authority is from God, who has placed him in his responsible office to rule this portion of God's Church. We are also aware that our loss is the gain of the parish of which you are about to take charge, and we hope God's blessing will accompany you thither, and that you may be long spared to labor successfully in God's work in the new field on which you are about to enter.

For nearly five years we have been witnesses of your zeal in the holy ministry, and we are proud to have you as our pastor, and we are confident that your administration of the affairs of the parish has been very great. You have labored indefatigably for the welfare of the congregation, both spiritual and temporal. You have always taken a deep interest in securing for the young the means of acquiring a solid Christian education, and your many personal virtues have endeared you to all.

You have always practiced those moral precepts which it was your duty and pleasure to inculcate; so that we had only to imitate your own virtues in order that we might obey the holy precepts of the gospel.

In fine, Rev. Father, your admirable instructions given with apostolic zeal, your amiable character, your affability in your intercourse with all, have all contributed to make you dear to the hearts of your parishioners, and we feel confident that in the new parish of which you are about to take charge, these same qualities will there also secure to you the same respect and love which is felt for you in Wawanosh.

We beg of you to accept from us the accompanying offering as a slight testimonial of our great respect for you, and we also crave from you your paternal blessing.

pleasure, mingled with regret, that we, the Board of Trustees, of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools in the city of Guelph, respectfully approach you this evening before allowing you to separate from us as principal teacher of our schools. And when we recall to mind the manifold recollections that link the past with the present, we feel it not only a duty but a pleasure to extend to you expressions of our appreciation of the energy, assiduity and devotedness with which you have performed your duties as principal teacher of our schools, and we know that it is owing to your firmness, combined with clemency and your unceasing care and vigilance, that has raised our schools to the proud position of comparing favorably with the schools of the Province. We know the many sacrifices you have made, and the care you have bestowed on our children upon Sundays, irrespective of your own personal comfort; your readiness ever to assist, with all the generous impulse of your warm, genial heart, our holy priests in the discharge of their sacred duties at the altar. We feel it not only a duty but a pleasure to give you our warmest sympathies and best wishes in presenting you with a set of Breviaries, which please accept, not on account of their intrinsic or money value, but as a souvenir and memento of the genial friendship and happy relations that have always existed between you and the trustees of the Separate Schools of the city of Guelph, and add one more link to that living chain, so as not only to connect the past with the present, but the present with the future. We trust that when our Holy Mother Church confers upon you the holy obligation of reciting upon them, you will not forget to remember the Board of Trustees of the Separate Schools in the city of Guelph. Be assured we deeply share the universal regret of your departure, and we sincerely regret the want that will be felt not alone by the parents but by the pupils of our schools. But we rejoice to know that your ambition prompts you to a higher and holier vocation, and be assured, dear Sir, that it is our earnest and united prayer that God will be pleased to give you the grace to effect and complete your desire, and that we may have the happiness to see the sublime dignity conferred upon you of being a Priest of Our Holy Mother Church, and a dispenser of the mysteries of God, not only to ourselves but to our children.

The address was signed by the members of the Board.

Mr. Aylward made the following reply:— Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the R. C. S. S. Board: To say I am surprised and somewhat embarrassed at the position in which I find myself would be faintly, I assure you, convey my emotions. However, the beautiful sentiments of your eloquent address seem to come to the rescue. Yes, gentlemen, a thousand and one reminiscences of the past six years vividly loom up before me, hallowed and freighted with untold kindness. Such a spontaneous acknowledgment of my feeble efforts shall form an epoch in my life encircling memory's tablets with nature's greatest boon, "gratitude."

The amiability which has ever been characteristic in all my dealings with the Board assumes, so to speak, a tower of strength which the arrows of the mighty and the aspersions of the weak can never frustrate. But, gentlemen, the prosperity which has accompanied our labors must not together be claimed by me. You, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, have had a large share in the work and its present results, your untiring energies, constant vigilance and frequent visits have formed an indissoluble chain, every link of which bound stronger and firmer the Board with the teacher, and consequently the teacher with the students, assisted and seconded as I was by the heroic sons of St. Ignatius, to whom belongs a great share of the results. Your beautiful presence, gentlemen, I receive with much gratitude. It shall always be a souvenir of the happy days spent in your midst, and when our Holy Mother Church shall confer on me the holy obligation of reciting therefrom, and when raised (though unworthy) to the goal of my desire, "The Sacred Priesthood," my supplications heavenward will ascend for you especially, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees. That a bountiful Providence may bless you and yours during life, at death, and especially during eternity, is the wish of a sincere heart.

In the evening fifteen of the ex-students of Mr. Aylward's classes, together with a few of the older heads interested in the welfare of the schools, met in the school room adjoining the priest's house, and made Mr. Aylward the recipient of an address and a handsome gold headed ebony walking cane. The cane bore the following inscription:—"Presented to J. P. Aylward by 15 of his ex-pupils of 1882 and 1883, Guelph."

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Obedient to the will of our Bishop, we must submit to the privation to which we are subjected, for his authority is from God, who has placed him in his responsible office to rule this portion of God's Church. We are also aware that our loss is the gain of the parish of which you are about to take charge, and we hope God's blessing will accompany you thither, and that you may be long spared to labor successfully in God's work in the new field on which you are about to enter.

For nearly five years we have been witnesses of your zeal in the holy ministry, and we are proud to have you as our pastor, and we are confident that your administration of the affairs of the parish has been very great. You have labored indefatigably for the welfare of the congregation, both spiritual and temporal. You have always taken a deep interest in securing for the young the means of acquiring a solid Christian education, and your many personal virtues have endeared you to all.

You have always practiced those moral precepts which it was your duty and pleasure to inculcate; so that we had only to imitate your own virtues in order that we might obey the holy precepts of the gospel.

In fine, Rev. Father, your admirable instructions given with apostolic zeal, your amiable character, your affability in your intercourse with all, have all contributed to make you dear to the hearts of your parishioners, and we feel confident that in the new parish of which you are about to take charge, these same qualities will there also secure to you the same respect and love which is felt for you in Wawanosh.

We beg of you to accept from us the accompanying offering as a slight testimonial of our great respect for you, and we also crave from you your paternal blessing.

Signed on behalf of the ladies of the congregation:—Mrs. B. McCabe, Mrs. E. Maguire, Mrs. William Brophy, Mrs. J. Flynn, Mrs. P. Kenney, Mrs. J. Butler, Mrs. M. O'Connor, Mrs. J. O'Connor, P. P., on the occasion of his removal to Maidstone:—

REV. AND DEAR FATHER.—With feelings of deep regret we have learned that you are about to remove from this parish in order to take charge of the important parish of Maidstone. We are aware that by your ordination vows you are bound to obey the ordinances of our much beloved and respected Bishop, and as he has considered it needful to remove you to another sphere of usefulness, we respectfully submit to his authority, though it costs us many a pang to lose a pastor who has endeared himself to us by the many virtues which we have observed in you during your residence amongst us.

Your zeal for religion is evidenced by the very great progress which has been made since you had charge of the parish. A fine presbytery has been erected, and the church property has been beautified and improved so that it is an ornament to the locality and a credit to the congregation. Owing also chiefly to your prudent administration all these improvements have been paid, and this portion of the parish is entirely free from debt, while the debt on the other two churches, which have been under your charge, has been very greatly diminished.

But, Rev. and Dear Father, your eminent virtues, your disinterestedness, and your earnest labors for the welfare of your flock, both spiritual and temporal, have above all other considerations endeared you to us all. Not only have you inculcated the precepts of our blessed Lord but

you have in your own person put them in practice. We are confident, in the new field of labor on which you are about to enter, your many estimable qualities will gain for you the affection of your flock there, and we hope, though you be absent from us, you will not forget in your prayers, and especially in the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, your old parishioners of Wawanosh congregation.

In conclusion, we beg of you to accept this purse as a slight testimonial of the affection and reverence we entertain for you, and we request you also before parting from us to give us your blessing.

Signed on behalf of the congregation:— Wm. Cummins, Wm. Brophy, P. O. Callahan, Henry Boyle, P. Troy, M. Ledy.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—I beg to return you my most sincere thanks for the kind expressions you have used in my regard. To say that I am surprised at the manifestation of your kindness on this occasion would not be in keeping with the sentiments of my heart, for during the years that I have had charge of the mission, I have frequently witnessed your great kindness and generosity.

It is true, as you have remarked, a great deal has been done during the past few years in the amelioration of the mission, but the honor belongs almost entirely to you, not to me. I had only to suggest to have you fulfill, and when a priest is surrounded by such devoted, generous people, his personal labors are very light, and to-day I return you my heartfelt thanks for the many acts of kindness you have tendered me.

It has been truly said that in unity there is strength, and my great delight was to see the spirit of charity observed in this congregation, and wherever this golden virtue reigns, obstacles and difficulties, no matter how great, will disappear before its rays.

Allow me again to thank you for your kind words, as well as for the handsome gifts which accompany them. I earnestly hope you will extend to my successor the same kindness you have always manifested toward me. One thing you may be certain of, that wherever Providence may place me, the Wawanosh congregation will never be forgotten, for I am bound to this congregation by links that time or distance will never be able to sever, this being my first parish, and I your first resident priest. You may also depend that my humblest prayers will frequently be offered to the throne of mercy for your temporal and spiritual welfare, and I earnestly hope you will make a memento of me in your pious prayers.

The following address was presented to Rev. John O'Connor, P. P., Wawanosh, on the occasion of his removal to Maidstone, by his conferees of the county of Huron:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—Your friends and conferees of the clergy gladly approach you with an expression of heartfelt regard and highest esteem. To many of us, who have for years enjoyed your good offices and friendly assistance in all our undertakings, your removal to another sphere of duty is the occasion of a sad parting. We all rejoice, however, that His Lordship, in deciding upon your appointment to the important and populous parish of Maidstone, has made selection for you of a position wherein your services to religion will be as widely felt throughout the Diocese as that wherein you have till now so faithfully and successfully labored. We have watched your priestly course with deepest interest and edification. In you we see those sacerdotal virtues, the exercise of which lead to the rapid growth of religion and the advancement of solid piety.

We have not failed to notice your fidelity to duty at all times, nor to appreciate your zeal in the performance of good work, not only in this district, but in this diocese. We have seen in you, in a word, the good and faithful priest, whose life is the consolation of the Holy Church and the joy of her children.

We beg of you to accept the accompanying testimonial as a feeble expression of our regard. Our best wishes and prayers will accompany you to your new mission, in which your years will, we trust, be long and happy.

To this address the Rev. Father O'Connor made a very feeling reply, thanking his conferees of the clergy for their many kindnesses to himself, adding that the ties which bound him to them would not be severed by his removal to Maidstone.

PARISH OF RALEIGH.

On Sunday morning, 13th inst., when the congregation of St. Patrick's Church, Raleigh, assembled for Mass, they were grieved and surprised to learn that their beloved pastor, Rev. Father West, was about to leave them, having been appointed to the parish of Ashfield, to succeed Rev. Father Beaumont. As the feeling of the good people of Raleigh to their pastor was one of the deepest regard, it was decided to take immediate steps to testify their regret at his departure, and in about twenty minutes the sum of fifty-seven dollars was collected, an address prepared, and a committee formed to wait on Father West and make the presentation. The following is the address:

TO REV. FATHER WEST:—Your Parishioners having learned with regret of your contemplated removal from our midst, take the present opportunity of presenting you with this small token of our esteem and respect for your zeal for our spiritual and temporal welfare while in charge of this parish.

Believe us, dear Father, wherever you go our prayers and good wishes will ever accompany you. Signed on behalf of the congregation:— Wm. Hickey, P. T. Barry, James Phelan, John Finn, Phillip Murphy, and Timothy Giblin.

Father West appeared deeply affected, and thanked the congregation for their gift and kind expressions of regard, remarking that whatever he had done for them was only his duty as their pastor. In all his undertakings for the good of the parish he was ably assisted by the congregation. He will never forget the good people of Raleigh, and would always pray for their spiritual and temporal welfare.

A Cure for Cholera.

Procure from your druggist one bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and take as directed. It cures all summer complaints.