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The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 6. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1884. NO. 289

CLERICAL.

We make a specialty of Clerical Suits, and turn out better fitting and better finished garments than any Western House.

N. Wilson & Co.,
136 DUNDAS STREET

The Resurrection of Jesus.

BY H. A. RAWES, D. D.

"Wait for Me, said the Lord, in the day of My resurrection that is to come."—Soph. iii. 8.

Bringing life and peace and gladness
To His people from the grave,
Jesus rose at break of morning
Mighty in His strength to save.

Having rested from His labor,
Waking from His sleep by night,
Morn brought back the Well-beloved,
Crowned with many crowns of light.

When the world was wrapt in slumber
On the threshold of the day,
Then the Warrior-King, from Bosra,
Passed on His triumphal way.

Treading down the powers of darkness
In His anger, He arose
With redemption for His faithful,
With destruction for His foes.

On the heights His feet, once pierced,
Shone with brightness like a flame;
While there hung around His footsteps
Heavenly splendors as He came.

He, the Warrior strong from Edom,
Smote the battlements of hell,
Rode in chariots of salvation,
When the ancient mountains fell.

He, the King in all His beauty,
Whom the princes gloried to behold,
Rose with glittering spear and helmet
Gleaming in the sun like gold.

Oh, the rest and deep rejoicing
After warfare, after toil!
Rest for those who reap the harvest,
Joy for those who take the spoil.

Risen Jesus, long the nations
Waited with desire for Thee:
Now the dragon's hour is smitten,
Now last made Thy people free.

Glorious One, in dyed apparel,
Conqueror by a fearful strife,
Thou dost cover heaven with triumph,
Bringing gladness, peace and life.

BLESSING OF ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH.

For a year past the grounds of Assumption have swarmed with workmen, of many crafts, busy with an addition which about quadruples the accommodations of the house. There was hope of finishing it by the end of summer; but building is slow, and months were added to the originally estimated time. At last it was completed, and Wednesday, the 16th inst., appointed by His Lordship the Bishop for the blessing. On that day, as on the previous evening, the friends of the house assembled in great numbers, to take part in the solemn act. In addition to the Bishop of the diocese, and Monsignor Bruyere, there were present, His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Burgess, of Detroit, and Vicars general, Fathers Hennart of Detroit, and J. de Monro, the Very Rev. Father Vincent, provincial of the Basilians, and Father Walsh, S. J., superior of Detroit College.

Besides those above mentioned there came from the diocese of London, Very Rev. Dean Wagner, Rev. Frs. Tiernan, Walsh, McGee, P. Bryan, Gerard, McKee, Molphy, Schneider, Bauer, Colovin, Lorian, Andrieux, Flannery, Villeneuve, J. Ryan, Scanlan, Dunphy, Cummins.

From Detroit Very Rev. Maes, Secy., Rev. Frs. Werners, O'Brien, Clarke, C. S. R., Kern, C. S. R., Krebs, Van Antwerp, Bursey, Van Laune, Marker, Sofers.

Grand Rapids, Very Rev. Scheutges, McManus, and Dalton. At nine o'clock promptly the procession of ecclesiastics having reached the College chapel, the Bishop, assisted by Father Bayard as Deacon, and Father Buyse as sub-deacon, sang the appointed prayers, and then passed through every apartment of the house, sprinkling them with holy water and reciting the psalms prescribed for such benedictions.

This over, immediately the solemn high mass commenced, the celebrant Right Rev. Dr. Burgess, of Detroit, waited on by Father Vincent as assistant priest, Dean Wagner, as Deacon, and Father Aboulin, sub-deacon. The music was furnished by the college choir, led by Father Cote, to the accompaniment of Professor Gerault. To say that Father O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, was master of ceremonies is to assure all who know his tact and grace, that everything ran most smoothly.

At the end of the service His Lordship Bishop Walsh delivered an address to the professors and pupils on the value and scope of the work they are engaged in. As we are incompetent to report the discourse and do not wish "Culpa leterere ingenti" we make only this remark, Cardinal Newman in his "Grammar of Assent," when he comes to the question of the existence of God, scorns the thought of bringing forth proofs. He will not insult the intelligence of his readers by supposing they need such,—but assuming the great fact he converts the explanation of it into a most cogent argument.

This was the Bishop's method on Wednesday. His first principle was that the Church alone was a complete educator, rich in food. As for the moral, so also for the intellectual nature of man. She alone comprehends the twofold destiny of the human race, and therefore she alone can teach man how to be a good citizen, as of the earth in the days of his

natural life, so also of heaven when this mortality shall have put on immortality. She can avoid the overculture of the intellect, producing that lank of nineteenth century, civilization, the sharper, and yet keep clear of the opposite fault, which ends in ignorance and fanaticism. The exposition of this thesis, illustrated chiefly by history, grew, under His Lordship's able handling, into a powerful appeal for true Christian education and must prove a great encouragement to the professors of Assumption to go on hopefully in the great work which engages them.

The time between the end of Mass and the hour fixed for dinner gave the numerous clergy present a pleasant opportunity for renewing old acquaintance, and was spent by those who had been pupils of the house, in calling up pleasant reminiscences, and comparing what used to be with the splendid structure just opened. After dinner one of the students, in behalf of his companions, read a nicely written address to the Bishop, affectionately thanking him as for other kindnesses, so chiefly for the great favor of coming in person to bless the institution.

Very warm acknowledgments were made also to His Lordship the Bishop of Detroit, whose presence and active participation in the ceremony of the morning were only in keeping with the whole tenor of his relations to the College.

Both prelates made happy replies, and then Fathers Vincent, Scheutges, and others contributed to make the hour pass very agreeably. A number of the students, organizing themselves into an impromptu choir, in one corner of the dining room, sang some very amusing songs, and filled the company with merriment.

At the end, the Superior very warmly thanked their Lordships, and the Very Rev. and Rev. Clergy for the honor done the house by their presence, and courteously expressed the hope, that before many years he would be able to invite them all back to assist at the opening and blessing of all that now remains un-built of the original grand plan of Assumption. We cannot close this already too lengthy notice without adding how happy we were to see Monsignor Bruyere amongst the guests, and to find the venerable prelate looking so hale and strong.

THE LORD BISHOP OF KINGSTON.

Waterford Citizen, April 4th.

As will be seen by a correspondence, published in another portion of our issue, the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary, Lord Bishop of Kingston, has declined to receive the address which his former fellow-citizens of Waterford were anxious to present to him on the occasion of his approaching visit to the city. Although none of our readers will question for a moment the wisdom of the reasons which dictated the decision, there is not one of them, we believe, who will not regret the opportunity thus lost of paying a tribute of affectionate respect to a gifted hierarch, whose life was so long and intimately connected with the city and county of Waterford.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WATERFORD CITIZEN.

DEAR SIR,—I will be obliged by your kindly publishing the enclosed correspondence for the information of the citizens.—Yours sincerely,

JOHN ALLINGHAM, MAYOR.

27th, 1884.

"MY LORD BISHOP,—At a preliminary meeting of the citizens, held here to-day, over which I had the honour of presiding, it was resolved unanimously, on the motion of the High Sheriff, seconded by Mr. Alderman Ryan, J. P., that an address of welcome be presented to your Lordship on the occasion of your re-visiting Waterford.

"I was requested to communicate with you, and ascertain the date which will suit your convenience to receive the address at the Town Hall, here, and allow your numerous Waterford friends an opportunity for expressing their sentiments in regard to you.

"As I venture to count myself an old friend of yours, it affords me peculiar pleasure to be the medium of this communication, and at the same time to express my cordial congratulations on your return to Ireland in, I hope, unimpaired health.—I remain, my Lord and Bishop, sincerely yours,

"JOHN ALLINGHAM, MAYOR.

"The Most Rev. Dr. Cleary,
"Lord Bishop of Kingston, Maynooth."
"The College, Maynooth, March 29, 1884."
"To John Allingham, Esq., Mayor of Waterford.

"DEAR MR. MAYOR,—I have the honor and pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your letter of ere-yesterday's date, conveying a resolution adopted unanimously by a meeting of citizens in Waterford, on the motion of the High Sheriff, seconded by Mr. Alderman Ryan, J. P., that an address of welcome be presented to me on the occasion of re-visiting Waterford, their city, and requesting to be informed of the date which will suit my convenience to receive the address in the Town Hall, and allow my numerous Waterford friends an opportunity for expressing their sentiments in regard to me.

"I am heartily thankful for this spontaneous revival of sacred memories and kindly feelings among my friends in the *Urbis Intacta* in anticipation of my expected visit. It intensifies my desire to rest my eyes again, albeit for a brief while, upon the scene of my twenty-two years' priestly labors in behalf of their noble institutions of religion and learning and manifold charity, and to ex-

change with faithful, warm hearts the gladdening assurance of esteem and attachment, unaltered by separation and unchilled by residence amid Canadian snows.

"But since, in coming to Europe, my destination was Rome, and my business related to the diocese of Kingston exclusively, it seems more conformable to usage, and altogether, as I think, more expedient that, if I carry a little with those dear to me in your city and county on my way back to my diocese, I should proceed, as a casual visitor, in a private and personal, rather than public or official character. This preference will, I trust, recommend itself to you and the other most respectable gentlemen whose gracious desire to honor me has been communicated in so handsome a manner by you, as the chairman of this meeting.

"Be so good as to accept and to transmit to them my sincere thankfulness for this unexpected and highly-valued testimony of good will and appreciation with which they and you have desired to welcome me to the grand old Catholic city by the banks of the Suir. I thank you also for the congratulations and hopes with which your letter concludes, and am happy to inform you that I have been blessed with uniformly good health and redoubled vigour since my translation to Kingston, where the sun shines brightly all through the year, and the charming summers and the dry, crisp winters give cheerfulness to life.—I remain, dear Mr. Mayor, yours very sincerely,

"+ JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,
"Bishop of Kingston."

THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON.

His Lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, Canada, who has been the guest of the Archbishop of Cashel since last Monday, preached to the members of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, on Wednesday evening, at the request of Dr. Croke. The sermon of the eloquent prelate, which lasted one hour, was delivered with that fervour of feeling and brilliancy of thought and expression, so characteristic of Dr. Cleary's utterances, and left an impression, most agreeable and lasting, on the minds of the attentive and numerous congregation which filled the beautiful Cathedral of Thurles on the occasion.

BRANTFORD LETTER.

OUR DEAD.

Mrs. Roderick Nerney has passed away, after suffering severely for several years, at the age of 36. For a long time she had been in poor health but remained hopeful and cheerful and always said she was "a little better" when her health was inquired after. Her two infant children had gone before her. The friends have much sympathy.

On Easter Sunday Matthew Mooney seemed in his usual health, though he had been ill a few days before. During the night he complained of suffering and his wife went for a physician a short distance off. When she returned he was dead. Deceased was about 55 years of age and leaves a widow.

John McDonald, an old resident of the city, died on the 16th of inflammation, after a week's illness. Being a strong man he made light of his ailment, and refused to have a doctor until it was too late to aid him. He leaves a widow and large family, mostly grown up.

ST. BASIL'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

The members of this society gave an entertainment in the school house on the evening of the 15th, and their invitations and out an audience of about two hundred who seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Mr. D. Hawkins occupied the chair and conducted the following

PROGRAMME.

Instrumental Selections..... Orchestra Quartet..... Messrs. Zinger, Klunkhammer, Sorbier and Boehler.

President's Address..... Mr. John Ryan Song—"Our Jack's Come Home To-day."

Reading..... Mr. Beeler Song—"The Pipes at Loughswilly." Mr. Song—"The Fish and the Lion." Miss Mary Johnston Debate—Subject, "Canadian Independence."

Instrumental Selections..... Orchestra Song—"Go Home," Miss Maggie Gilmartin Reading..... Mr. Kelleher Instrumental Selections..... Orchestra God Save the Queen.

The subject of debate was "Resolved that Canada would be benefited by Independence." Messrs. James T. O'Brien and James Hurley supported the affirmative, while the negative was looked after by Messrs. P. D. Kelleher and Thos. Brown. The subject was handled ably by both sides and some very nice points made, but on a vote of the audience being taken the negative had it by a large majority. The songs by Misses Johnston and Gilmartin were nicely rendered and well received, both being accorded hearty *encores*, in response to which Miss Johnston sang "You'll Remember Me," and Miss Gilmartin gave "I'll take you home again, Kathleen." The orchestra was made up of organ, flute and violin, by Miss P. Dunn, Messrs. Frank Milligan and E. Dunn, and rendered good service. "Welcome to-night," given by a quartet of male voices, was very fine and made an appropriate opening piece. Mr. Boehler's song was well rendered, Miss Dunne presided at the organ very acceptably. Throughout the entertainment was highly enjoyable, and the members of St. Basil's Literary Society have cause to be gratified with the success of their first public entertainment.

Mr. Fox, a Quaker, is to be received into the Catholic Church at Tottenham, England.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Redpath's Weekly.

True for you, O'Donovan, dear! I confess that I have a little Irish blood in the veins of me as St. Patrick himself had in his veins. (May the rest of the saints forgive me for linking my name with his!) But, although there was not a drop of Irish blood in St. Patrick, yet for all that (Glory be to God), he made a very good Irishman—a better Irishman than you mind me, now, O'Donovan (I than your old friends James Carey and James McDermott, who carried two whole hick-fats of Irish blood beneath their soft-spoken and treacherous lips).

Buffalo Union.

"Germans are fond of pike" quoth the New York Herald. Yes, and there were days when the Irish were quite partial to pikes.

A Baptist paper avers that "the Christian women of to-day are not the sort of women that so great a man as Paul would have kept silent in the churches." It is quite evident that the nineteenth-century women "who have been baptized in the Baptist church" would take no dictation from such a personage as St. Paul.

Now that recent happenings have awakened popular vigilance in behalf of trial by jury, how few know, or care to remember, that this great palladium of personal liberty is entirely Catholic. Let us remind the bigots of to-day, who would fain delude the ignorant by the hideous phantom that the Church is the dread mother of degrading tyranny and enslavement, that this is one of the inalienable rights of *Magna Charta* which English barons, headed by Cardinal Langton—Rome's representative in England— wrested from King John at Runnymede in 1215.

The following mixture of bigotry and ignorance we take from the columns of the Christian (?) Advocate, published in this city: "One of our exact and scrupulous Christian parents will not trust the Old Testament in the hands of their children." There are several millions of professing Christians known as Roman Catholics who will not trust the Old Testament or the New in the hands of their children nor (sic) their own. Perhaps these are the "Christians" referred to. We have yet to see any Protestant who is afraid of the effect of the old Testament upon his children." Well, Brother Morse that's really too bad, is it not? Millions of Catholics afraid of the scriptures! By the way, where did you Protestants get the scriptures? To whom do they belong? Who preserved them during the last eight-hundred years? Certainly the Protestant sects have no claim upon them. They stole the sacred writings from the Catholic Church, they mutilated and distorted so much that the inspired writers could not recognize their own handiwork in the "Revised" editions. You wanted to improve, as it were, upon the work of the Almighty. And still you have the gall to say that Catholics are afraid to take the holy scriptures in their hands. Somebody wake up Bro. Morse. He sleeps.

New York Freeman's Journal.

Speaking of certain Easter cards, a very bigoted Methodist contemporary says: "They preach sweet sermons of faith and hope to a dying world." What does the crucifix preach? What does the pictures of the Holy Child Jesus and His Blessed Mother teach? And yet Protestants—particularly Protestants of the kind of our very religious contemporary—would not have a crucifix or a statue of Her whom the Angel Gabriel called "Blessed among women" in their houses. But they find "sweet sermons" in pictures of angels and lilies! There are some Protestants who keep a crucifix, provided it be battered and old, as an "object of art," but who look with pity on the Catholic who holds it as an object of devotion! This inconsistency is one of the legacies left by the glorious Reformation.

Baltimore Mirror.

It is surprising how Protestants allow themselves to be gulled into the idea that there is any possibility of proselytizing France, Spain and Italy. The utmost they can do in those countries is to furnish Catholics who have lost the faith, but are ashamed to avow themselves downright infidels, with means to cover over their disbelief. Yet at constantly growing accounts are dimmed into Protestant ears of the promise of success in Protestantizing those countries. The latest instance of this kind that we have noticed is that of Dr. Cook, who delighted the Methodist Conference at Saratoga with an account of "the rapid progress of Methodism in France." The report of his address pertinently adds that "a large collection was taken up for the promotion of Dr. Cook's labors." Of course, "the collection" was doubtless part of his labors as a missionary to France, and that part, too, which was most fruitful of results. If any fact be plain it is this "evangelical" Protestantism under any and all its various forms is unable to make any real progress in France. The so-called Protestants in France have been steadily diminishing in numbers for many years, until now they are a mere handful. Some of them have found their way into the Church. Others—and the larger number—have "advanced" downward into open and avowed infidelity. The so-called Protestant Church of France, which claims to be and is the moribund continuation of Calvinism in France, is divided by an invisible line from sheer rationalism, and has no definite creed whatever. Any one who claims to be a "Christian," though unbaptized and an avowed disbeliever in divine revelation

and even in the existence of God, can be a member of this so-called Protestant Church of France. The number of these avowed disbelievers, comprising rationalists and skeptics of every type and school, is increasing so rapidly that Christianity has become the mere shadow of a name among French Protestants.

Boston Pilot.

The Boston clergyman, Rev. Minot J. Savage, who insulted the Blessed Virgin a couple of Sundays ago, showed his impartiality last Sunday by remarking, incidentally to a plea for freedom of divorce, "Jesus was mistaken" on a question of history. We can readily understand how a man of this type would not hesitate to correct the Lord on the question of ethics, but even a Boston preacher, with all the modern improvements, cannot be supposed to know more than God about a fact of ancient history.

Last week the Pilot had to record the words of a Protestant (Unitarian) minister, of Boston, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, who, in a vulgar effort at sensation, preached to his people that "the Virgin Mary was a stigma on all motherhood." The Pilot's words of reproof have been copied by many papers, and Protestants of all denominations have sent us expressions of regret and shame for the words of an unmanly bigot. Fortunately for the good name of our indignant Unitarian friends, we recalled a sermon on the same subject, also preached in Boston by a Unitarian Minister, Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter; and we republish the following beautiful extract—"Of all the idols which men have put up in the public street, and the place of worship, the best and most beautiful is that which greets the eyes of the wayfarer, as he walks through the old Catholic cities of Europe—the image of the Virgin and Child. Above the buttressed gateway, in the niche of the street corner, by the dusty wayside shrine, in the painting of the old master, the symbol meets you everywhere. It speaks to us of love's greatest revelation, of the mightiest social wave that once passed over the earth, and which taught us to speak no longer, according to the old order of man, woman and child, but which throne above the man the woman, and above the woman the child. For this will always remain as one of the richest blessings which the old Catholic Church has conferred upon mankind, in spite of all that may be said against her. She was the nurse of chivalry and religion. And these two are inseparably associated with the worship of woman and the adoration of childhood. Above the ages of rude force that image was still advanced; it was destined to rise, to assert itself, to conquer the world. Strength was to give way to tenderness, tenderness to weakness. Man was to come down and to stand in all his strength a servant of servants, a sentinel at the foot-stool of the throne; woman was to rise to a higher place; but the child was to sit down in the chair of imperial state. I have stood by the highroad while the iron ranks of Prussia have marched by; I have known what it is to feel my heart beat to the pulse of this passing drum; I have shared in the rapture of the bystanders as they looked on the bayonets and helmets and the black eagle of the Baltic that has since risen through the smoke of Gravelotte and Sedan, and, as they passed, I have looked across the road, and there, above that wave of steel, I have seen the shrine, with its painted and gilded figure—the Syrian Mother with her Nazarene Babe on her arm; and I have said 'Above this retinue of war, above this mailed might of man, above all his pageantry of power and the black eagle of the Baltic, that has since risen through the smoke of Gravelotte and Sedan, and, as they passed, I have looked across the road, and there, above that wave of steel, I have seen the shrine, with its painted and gilded figure—the Syrian Mother with her Nazarene Babe on her arm; and I have said 'Above this retinue of war, above this mailed might of man, above all his pageantry of power and the black eagle of the Baltic, that has since risen through the smoke of Gravelotte and Sedan, and, as they passed, I have looked across the road, and there, above that wave of steel, I have seen the shrine, with its painted and gilded figure—the Syrian Mother with her Nazarene Babe on her arm; 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