

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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INSPECTION INVITED.

Ireland to the Sacred Heart.

Ode in commemoration of the universal consecration. *Pasadena, Sunday, 1874. By Denis Florence McCarthy.*

Where'er beneath the Saving Rood
The nation kneels to pray,
A holy bond of brotherhood
Unites us all to-day.

From north to south, from east to west,
From circling sea to sea,
Ireland bares her bleeding breast,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

She bares her breast, which many a wound,
Which many a blow made sore,
What time the fierce and angry swooned
Insensate in her gore.

But, ah, she could not die, no! no!
One germ of life remains,
The love that turned through weal, through
woe,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

She gave her sighs, she gave her tears,
To Thee, O Heart Divine!
She gave her blood for countless years
Like water or like wine.

And now that in her horoscope
A happier fate we see,
She consecrates her name and hope,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

She consecrates her glorious past—
For glorious 'tis, though sad;
Bright, though with many a cloud o'ercast;
Though gloomy, yet how glad!

For though the wilds that round her spread,
So darksome they appear,
One light alone the desert led,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

She consecrates her dark despair,
Though brightened from above—
She consecrates her Father's prayer—
Her Bridegroom's burning love—
Her Bridegroom's burning love—
That none but he should be—
These, and a thousand such as these,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

And even the present, though it be,
Ablest, as wisely said,
Its-loyal philosophy,
Its strained historic page,
Its worship of brute force and strength
That leaves no impulse free—
She hopes to conquer all length,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

But oh! forgive what I have said—
Forgive, O Heart Divine!
'Tis Thou hast suffered thou has bled,
And not this land of mine!
'Tis Thou hast bled for sins untold
That God alone doth see—
The land's done to maintain,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

But still Thy feet I dare embrace
With mingled love and fear—
For Joseph look on me, and Mary
And Mary kneels near.
Thou canst not that sweet look withstand,
And so we consecrate our land,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

For us, but not for us alone,
We consecrate our name in song;
The Holy Spirit's plumed throne
Dethroned our prayers demand;
That soon may rise the royal reign,
And soon the Cross be free,
And Rome, repeat, turn again,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

One valiant band, O Lord, from us
A special prayer should claim—
The Soldiers of Ignatius,
Who bear Thy name:
Still guard them on their glorious track,
Still victors let them be,
In leading the lost nations back,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

Like some tired bird, whose homeward
flight
Receives its distant nest;
Ah! let my soul once more alight
Upon my country's breast;
There let it rest, no more no more,
Awaiting the decree
That fills my soul, its wandering o'er,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

Then break, ye circling seas, in smiles,
And sound, ye winds, in song;
Ye thousand ocean girdled isles,
Ye joyous strain prolong—
In one grand choir, we pray,
With Heaven and Earth and Sea,
To consecrate our name,
O Sacred Heart, to Thee!

MONTH OF JUNE.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, what memories you recall! From the Cross to the Cross, from the Cross to the Altar, from the Altar to the Throne of Glory: Sacred Heart of Jesus, Centre of all devotions, Source of all grace, living fount of healing and purity, Son of our spiritual system, throwing out Your light and life and energy to all surrounding hearts—where shall I begin or where shall I end, when I speak of You?

If I bend over the Babe of Bethlehem, it is the throbbing Heart that I contemplate; the willing, living Challice of the Precious Blood. If I follow the Man of Galilee Who went about doing good, it is *as Corda*, it is from His very Heart's love, that He gathers the little children into His bosom, or mingles His tears with those of the Widow of Naim or the weeping Penitent of Bethania. It is to His Heart I must look for the source of that affliction, and for the fountain of those tears. If He pours forth the prayer of God in the mountain pass at night, or says His weary Head on the stone for a pillow, it is His Heart that pines, loves, and labors for me; His Heart watches while He sleeps.

If I follow Him into the room of the Last Supper, and see the beam of love in that Divine Eye, the flush of affection on that Sacred Face, it is in the Heart that the fires of love are burning, from the Heart the flesh proceeds. His heart throbbed and executed that wondrous project of unbounded love: *Jesus in the Eucharist*. If I enter into Gethsemane's garden, and see the Divine Body writhing in agony, and the uplifted Face bathed in the Sweat of Blood, it is the Heart that has been crushed, and the Heart's Blood that has been pressed through the pores, at the sight of our repeated ingratitude. Our continued sins stare on Him, like demons in the twilight. If I follow in His blood-stained footprints through every stage of His Sacred Passion; if I hear the heavy lash fall fast on His flesh, till more than

five thousand rivulets of Blood are opened, or if I see the thorny Crown pressed down hard on His Brow, it is His Heart that explains the excess of His suffering. What was not required for Redemption, was demanded by Love.

If I stand beneath the Cross, and hear that last outburst of unexpected woe: *My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?* and see Him with a loud cry give up the ghost, it is the great, generous Heart that has broken at the sight of such a waste of Blood and unrequited love, for those who will not love Him in return.

Yes! month of the Sacred Heart, what loving memories you recall, from the Cross to the Cross of Jesus!

What memories, again, from the Cross to the Altar! As I kneel in the solemn quiet of the night before the Altar, with the little lamp pointing by its ray of light to the Tabernacle, that prison of love where Jesus lives and loves, what a flood of loving memories bursts on my soul, from my first Communion to the last!

I have made, so many gifts from the Sacred Heart to me! Oh, that happy first Communion; when the first touch of Jesus' Blood empurpled my tongue, and the first embrace of Jesus' Heart inflamed my young affections! Who will give me back the innocence and the affections of that day? How often, since then, have I bent before the Altar when the Precious Blood was raised, and prayed through that Precious Blood and Sacred Heart to be made as pure and innocent as I was that day! Heart of Jesus on the Altar may You be loved indeed.

But the time will come when I can no longer visit Jesus in His prison of love, nor pour my sorrows and my sins into that well of mercy. Then the Sacred Heart of Jesus will visit me on my bed of death. When the lamp of life is flickering, and the glazed eye falling in its brightness, and the shadows gather around; when perhaps there will be no one near to soothe my last fear or receive my last sigh, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, be with me then!

Quam plus est poteritibus,
Quam bonus est meritis,
sed quia in venimus.

On the verge of Eternity: Teach me "How kind You are to those who pray to You, how good to those who seek You, what a Heaven to those who find You," and possess you for ever on Your Throne of Glory. EDWARD MURPHY, S. J.

BLAINE ON HOME RULE.

GRAND DEMONSTRATION AT PORTLAND, MAINE.

The City Hall, Portland, was thronged on Tuesday evening, June 1, by representative citizens in response to a call for a meeting in support of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill.

The meeting was called to order by Mayor Chapman, who made appropriate and spirited remarks, and a good word for the cause of Ireland in her struggle for Home Rule. The Mayor then introduced Governor Robie as the chairman of the meeting. The Governor delivered an earnest and thoughtful address.

MR. BLAINE'S SPEECH.

YOUR EXCELLENCY:—Directly after the publication of this meeting I received a letter from a venerable citizen in an adjacent county asking me to explain, if I could, just what the Irish question is. I appreciate the question, or, rather, I appreciate his request, for in a question that calls forth so much sympathy and sentiment on the part of the world at large, and evokes so much opposition among those who are directly interested, there is a danger of not giving attention enough to the simple elementary facts of the case. Now, what is Home Rule? Why, it is what every State and territory of the United States enjoys (applause), and it is what Ireland does not enjoy. In a Parliament of 658 members, Great Britain has 653 and Ireland has 105, and, except with the consent of that Parliament, Ireland cannot organize a gas company (laughter), or a horse railroad company, or a ferry over a stream (laughter), or do the slightest thing that implies legislative power. Now suppose we bring that home, and the State of Maine should be linked with the State of New York, relatively as large with the State of Maine as England in numbers is with Ireland, and your beautiful city here could not take a step for its improvement, nor the State of Maine organize any association of any kind, or charter a company of any kind unless the overwhelming galaxy of the New York Legislature gave her consent. How long do you think the people of Maine would stand it? (Applause). That is the simple question between England and Ireland, except that there is a great fact in addition which would not apply to New York and Maine, that there are centuries of wrong which have built up monuments of hatred on the part of those who are the subjects of oppression, and which has aggravated the question between Ireland and Great Britain far beyond the limits that would be found between New York and Maine. I do not stand here simply to say that Mr. Gladstone's is a perfect measure. I do not stand here to say that I even could give you the exact details of that measure. I do not say that I ever took time to examine them, but I say that I am in favor of any bill that shall take the first step toward righting this wrong and of handing over the Government to Ireland. As to the precise statement regarding parliamentary power in Great Britain, I am admitted to be modest, because I well remember that Lord Palmerston, during our war, on a very grave occasion informed the House of Commons that the President of the United States could not alone declare war; that it required the assent of the Senate, when every schoolboy knows that it is the Congress of the United States to whom the war power is given in this country (laughter). But that was not so bad as another member of Parliament

who assured the House on a certain occasion, that no law in the United States was perfect until it had received the assent of two-thirds of the Legislature of the several States (laughter), and a fellow-member corrected him and said: "You are wrong; Congress cannot take up any law to discuss until two-thirds of the Legislatures of the States consented (great laughter). Lord Macaulay on a given occasion, to wit, on a motion made by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons in 1841 to inquire into the condition of Ireland, said: "You served to strengthen the truth of Macaulay's words rather than diminish them" (applause).

LORD SALISBURY EXCITED.

Lord Salisbury says the Irish do not wish to be governed by the British, they should leave. But the Irish have been in Ireland quite as long as Lord Salisbury's ancestors have been in England (laughter), and very likely, for aught I know—for I have not examined his lordship's lineage in Burke's peerage—very likely his ancestry were Danish pirates or peasant Normans, who came over with William the Conqueror, and over the Irish people were known in Ireland (applause). Therefore, we need not be surprised, we who remember Salisbury's course in the Civil War. Therefore we have to say that Lord Salisbury may be called impudent. We would not transgress courtesy if we call him impudent; we would not transgress truth if we called him brutal. We know him in this country. He was the bitterest foe that the Government of the United States had in the British Parliament during the Civil War, and he has transferred all the hatred which he hissed forth in the Parliament of Great Britain during our struggle. Another objection comes, and it comes from a source upon which I am anxious to comment.

AN OBJECTION COMES FROM THE PRESBYTERIANS OF ULSTER, appealing to the Presbyterians of the United States, against granting this bill. Now, I was educated under Presbyterians influences, I have connection with that church by kindred, blood and affinity, that begins with my life, and shall not cease until my life ends, and I would be ashamed of the Presbyterian Church of America if it responded to an appeal of that kind which asks that five millions of Irish people shall be kept from free government because of the remote danger, as they fancy, that a Dublin Parliament would interfere with their liberties as Presbyterians (great applause). Now, Mr. Chairman, if the Home Rule Bill shall pass and a Dublin Parliament be granted, there never was an association of men since human government was instituted who would assume power with a greater responsibility to the public opinion of the world than the men who would compose that Parliament, because if they are allowed to form it, they form it by reason of the pressure of the public opinion of the world (applause), and I know that the Catholics of Ireland and the Presbyterians of Ireland can live and do just as the Catholics of the United States and the Presbyterians of the United States live and do (applause). Citizens of one country, each in his own right, have a perfect right of conscience, each declining to interfere in the remotest manner with the perfect liberty of the other (applause).

Mr. Gladstone in his policy proposes another bill. He proposes to do something to relieve the Irish from the intolerable oppression of the landlords. Let me here quote Lord Macaulay again. Speaking of Ireland, whose territory is slightly less than the territory of the State of Maine, perhaps 30,000 acres less than this State, Lord Macaulay in the same speech says: "In natural fertility, it is superior to any area of equal size in Europe, a country—(now I give you his estimate of what Ireland is toward England)—a country far more important to the prosperity, the strength, the dignity of the British Empire than all our distant dependencies together; more important than the Canadian West, the Indies, South Africa, Australia, Asia, Ceylon and the vast dominions of the Mogul." If an Irishman had said that in America, people would exclaim, "Did you ever hear such extravagant men as they are from the Green Isle" (laughter). Well, reading these statements from this high source, let me come to a practical examination, somewhat minute, if you will pardon it, of the land questions, not in any abstract way, but in a perfectly PRACTICABLE AND FARMERLIKE WAY.

I wanted to test what Lord Macaulay said about the extraordinary fertility of this island, and I took the latest British authority upon which I could lay my hands for statistics. I could get none later than 1880, but I give you the result of my examination for that year and for some years that preceded it. In the year 1880 Ireland produced 4,000,000 bushels of wheat. But wheat is not the crop of Ireland. She produced 8,000,000 bushels of barley. But barley is not one of the great crops of Ireland. Now we begin to strike in the next item something for which she is especially adapted. She produced 70,000,000 bushels of oats. The next item I think every one will recognize, as it is peculiarly adapted to Ireland—potatoes. She produced 110,000,000 bushels (applause); within 60,000,000 of the whole product of the United States. She produced turnips and mangolds, put together, 185,000,000 bushels. She produced of flax 60,000,000 pounds. She produced of cabbage 850,000,000 pounds. She produced of hay 3,800,000 tons. She had on her thousand hills and in her valleys over 4,000,000 head of cattle. In the same pasturage she had 3,500,000 head of sheep. She had 860,000 horses, and 210,000 asses and mules. During the year 1880 she exported to England over 700,000 cattle, over 700,000 sheep, and nearly half a million swine. Now, that out of a territory not quite so large

as the State of Maine, and out of this magnificent abundance, the like of which has scarcely been known since the richness of Goshen, there are men in want of food that appeal to the charity of the stranger. Why should this be in a land that can produce so very abundantly? Why should any man?

But I did not tell the whole story. On this land, as the British authority I quote gives it, 3,750 men own over four fifths, and they take from the tenantry that cultivate the land \$66,000,000 per annum. Now, mark you, I am talking of the little island not so large as Maine, and they pay a rental of \$66,000,000 per annum, and then they pay an imperial tax of \$35,000,000 and a local tax of \$15,000,000 more. There are \$116,000,000 to be wrought out of bone and flesh and the spirit of the Irish peasant, and no wonder he lies crushed and down-trodden (applause). I believe the day hath dawned for his deliverance (great applause). From the experience of Ireland's past it is not wise to too sanguine of a speedy result. I, therefore, for one, shall not be disappointed to see Mr. Gladstone's bill defeated in this Parliament. The English members can do it, but there is one thing which the English members cannot do, they cannot defeat the public opinion of the civilized world (applause), and Lord Hartington when, in a complaining tone, he accused Gladstone of having conceded so much that the Irish would never take less (applause). Well, I do not know the day, whether this year or next year or the year after, that the final settlement shall be made, but I have entire and absolute confidence that it will never be made on as easy terms as Mr. Gladstone now offers if his bills are defeated (applause). They complain sometimes in England of just such meetings as this (laughter). They say we are transcending the just and proper duties of a friendly nation. That is bold talk for us, who remember 1863-64-65 (laughter). Nor until the case of Ireland arose had England herself ever failed in her people or in her government for the last 50 years to extend sympathy, and sometimes the helping hand to struggling nationalities that wanted to get free from tyranny which she could not see she was exercising herself upon Ireland. When Hungary rebelled against Austria, Kossuth was as much of a hero in England as he was in America. When Lombardy broke from Austria on the south side of the Alps, the British Ministry could scarcely be held back, and when Sicily revolted against the reign of the Neapolitan Bourbons the sympathy was so active that Lord Palmerston was accused in Parliament and did not deny that guns from the Woolwich arsenal had been smuggled on the island of Sicily to aid in the insurrection. So, quite apart from any argument of it for that the United States might flippantly make, quite apart from any consideration except the broad one of philanthropy and Christian-ity recognized and encouraged by international law.

THE UNITED STATES STANDS FORTH as the friend of Ireland (great applause). They do not stand forth as Republicans. They do not stand forth as Protestants. They do not stand forth as Catholics. But they stand forth as citizens of a free republic (applause). Now, if I had any word of advice, it would be this: That the time has come, and is coming, that will probably try the patience and the mettle of the Irish people more severely than in any other age in the progress of their long struggle, and my advice is that, by all means and with every moral influence that can be used, all acts of rebellion be withheld (applause). You have earned the consideration of the Christian world that believes in free government. Do not have it divided. Let no act of imprudence produce a reaction. Never has a cause been conducted with a cooler head or with better judgment in its parliamentary relations than that which has been conducted by Farnell, and an answer which I might have made in place of the which I said concerning the plan of the Ulster Presbyterians, when they attempt to make this a sectarian issue, they are met by the fact that their leader is a Protestant; and that has been the singular, and, in some respects, the happy fortune of every Irish trouble, or at least of many of the Irish troubles. Robert Emmet, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Henry Grattan, and I might lengthen the list—I believe were all Protestants. They carried the cause high above and beyond all consideration of sectarian differences and made it one in the sense of which Mr. Jefferson defined the rights of the colonists to be the rights of human nature (applause). And there comes the surgery of the success of this cause. There has never been a test for liberty by any portion of the British Empire, composed of white men, that was not successful. I have only one word more to say, and that word is that the Irishmen of this country should keep this question, as it has been kept thus far, out of our own political struggles (great applause), and mark any man an enemy with their cause who seeks to use it for personal or for partisan advancement (applause); and in that spirit you can, in the lofty language of that most eloquent of Irishmen, Edmund Burke (applause), you can attest the retiring generation, you can attest the advancing generation between whom it stands as a link in the chain of eternal order. You can justify your policy before every tribunal. You can carry it with confidence before the judgment seat of God.

The general of the Jesuits has published the statistics of the order, showing that it now counts 2,500 missionaries, and that it

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union.
A recent number of the London Punch has the following delectable thrust at the impudence and hypocrisy of those Orange blatherskites who style themselves Ulster loyalists:

LET US A NON LICENSÉ.
Loyal, Nay, Ulster, you, for very shame, should cease your long monopoly of that name. Loyal to whom—to what? To power, to place, to privilege, in a word, to self. They who assume, absorb, control, enjoy all, must find it vastly pleasant to be "loyal."

To thoroughly appreciate the above it must be remembered that Punch has about the same tender regard for Irishmen, and especially for Irish Catholics, as our own precious sheet, *Harper's Weekly*—made notorious by the pencil of Nast.

Here is a pen picture of the Orangemen who are going to rise in rebellion to prevent Ireland getting Home Rule. It is drawn by the master hand of John Mitchell, a man who had thoroughly fathomed the dark depths of their cowardly heart.

"When emancipation was proposed the Orangemen became savage, and threatened to revolt and dethrone the faithless House of Hanover. When the municipal reform act was passed admitting Catholics to the corporations of their own cities, those loyalists felt that all was lost. There was a limit to human endurance, and if a papist could be alderman of Derry the end of the world was indeed at hand. They swore dreadfully that they would hold by their Bibles—that is, the Protestant ascendancy—to the last gasp; they would kick the king's crown into the Boyne just as they are threatening now, and so forth. When O'Connell became potent enough to control some of the patronage of the city, and when Waig government began to place Catholic judges on the bench, then, indeed, the crisis was come—the Orangemen felt that the time was at last arrived when they must resist like men, and at last perish, if perchance they must, with their Bibles clasped to their bosoms. Well, they had no notion of resisting like men, nor of perishing; and as for 'their Bibles,' they knew no more about that book than about anything else. All they had been good for is an occasional riot, and even in that they are generally cautious of late, for Papists are numerous and strong, and much disinclined to be walked over."

London Universe.
"Arrant humbugs" and the "most intolerant of men." That was how Mr. O'Connell characterized the 60,000 Orange republicans of Ulster on Tuesday night. He never spoke truer words. They fight indeed! They would be eaten up in four and twenty hours. Mr. Morley promises that the constabulary will take care of them, so that there will be no necessity for Irishmen to come from America to muzzle them, much less from Catholic soldiers in the army to desert in order to teach them a lesson. This rhodomontade about desertion is silliness unparalleled. Officers may throw up their commissions if they choose, but the fools will be few and the army will be the sweeter for the riddance. The *Sunday Times* in its last impression published the following: "The idiotic allegations, so unscrupulously made in certain quarters, and by certain papers, that the Orangemen meant to lead an armed revolt in Ulster have of course been contradicted." The *Sunday Times* belongs to Colonel Fitz-George, son to the Commander-in-Chief.

Boston Republic.
The same Presbyterian assembly which, as was stated last week, after long deliberation, arrived at the tardy conclusion that Adam and Eve were actually the works of his hands and not a freak of nature, before condemning its laborers launched a general condemnation against the running of trains, the publishing and reading of newspapers and the sending or receiving of mails on Sunday. Now, while such practices as the Presbyterian doctors denounce may seem to them an seemly work for the Lord's day, it is very much to be doubted if their condemnation to advance edification, assisted by the good sisters and teachers, in the early morning train, the Sunday newspaper and the Sunday mail are all here to stay. The people demand them, and, as long as that is the case, all the denunciations of church assemblies will not prevent the one nor abolish the other. Isn't it about time that church congresses recognized that the world has not stopped growing yet; and that the slow, old-fashioned methods of the past are unsuited to the present time? The sooner they acquire that knowledge the better it will be for their own reputations, which are not improved by any means now by their silly denunciations of things that are not half as harmful as some of the assemblies which condemn them.

Switzerland has been rather tolerant of religious cranks since the days of Zwingli, and preachers whose heterodoxy caused their expulsion from other European countries generally found freedom, if not welcome, awaiting them on Swiss soil. Even the Salvation Army, which is regarded as a nuisance to be abated everywhere, experience no difficulty in pitching its tents in Switzerland, and making the crags and peaks Tell apostrophized echoes with its war cries and drums. But, tolerant of religious cranks as the Swiss people have always been, the Mormons are proving too much for their amiability, and the discovery that the "saints" are corrupting the morality of their maidens has given rise to a vigorous demand for their expulsion from Switzerland. England appears to be the only European country where the Mormon missionaries are freely allowed to propagate their abominable doctrines, and where their agents are at liberty to practice their pernicious proselytism.

Catholic Columbian.
Rev. Augustus Tolton, the first negro of the United States to be ordained priest, said his first Mass in St. Peter's, Rome, on Easter Sunday. A few days later he died. He was sent to the Propaganda by the late Bishop Baltes several years ago, and

made his course of studies with credit and grew in grace daily until the priesthood crowned his life.

The Orangemen of New York have sent a message to the Loyalists of Ulster, that if Home Rule is granted to Ireland, they will aid them in a civil war. They are simpletons. If there were an uprising, the government could easily stamp it down and the Parnellites would probably be glad of the chance to even up old scores with the "glorious and immortal." If there were a rebellion, the Orangemen would be wiped out of existence in short order. Their bluster is ridiculous.

MONTH'S MIND AT PETERBOROUGH.

On Tuesday, June 8th, took place the sad and solemn commemoration of the Month's Mind of the late lamented and ever-to-be-remembered Bishop Jamot, in St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough.

The following were the bishops and clergy in attendance.

ARCHBISHOP.
Lynch, Most Rev. John Joseph, Toronto.

BISHOPS.
Carbery, Rt. Rev. James Joseph, O. F. Hamilton.
Cleary, Rt. Rev. James Vincent, Kingston.

CLERGY.
Rev. Fathers: Rev. Timothy, Eudocia. Brown, Port Hope. Campbellford. Hudson (S. J.), Montreal. Kelly, Ennismore. Toronto. Laurent, Lindsay. Murray, Cobourg. Murray, Cornwall. McVey, Fenelon Falls. McCloskey, Victoria Road. McGuire, Lindsay. O'Connell, Brighton. O'Connell, Douro. Quirk, Hastings. Rooney, Toronto. Sweeney, Burleigh.

The church was appropriately draped for the occasion, the high altar bearing all the same apparel of mourning that it had borne at the funeral, now more than a month ago. In the front of the altar rested the bier, with the insignia of the episcopal office and authority, sadly calling to mind the pastor that had gone from his people. The Pontifical Mass of Requiem was sung by Right Rev. James Joseph Carbery, O. F. Bishop of Hamilton, with Rev. Father Horton, S. J., Montreal, as assistant priest, Vice general Laurent, Toronto, deacon and Father Murray, Cobourg, sub-deacon. The musical portion of the service was, says the *Examiner*, excellent. As the clergy entered the sacred edifice the organ, played by Miss Morrier, pealed forth the solemn strains of a funeral march, which was followed, while the clergy were taking their positions, by the *Te Deum*, Miss A. Dunn and Miss M. Tierney taking the principal parts. Then followed the service of the Mass, in the music of which George and William Ball and James Coughlin took the solos. At the offertory, Ricci's *Requiem Jesu Pie* was sung by Mrs. J. D. McIntyre. At the Communion Miss Mary Dunn and Messrs. Geo. Ball and L. Lemay took a trio of Verdi, the choir joining in full chorus.

At the end of Mass His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto addressed the congregation, saying that the Church throughout Canada sympathized with the diocese now in mourning for their beloved bishop. He had never seen a people so loyal to the memory of a departed pastor, and especially commended the loyalty of the children. He assured them that as they loved and revered the memory of their departed bishop, so he would love them in heaven. He referred in becoming terms to the piety and zeal of the deceased bishop, with their good results. He had done much to advance education, assisted by the good sisters and teachers. He exhorted the congregation to pray for the repose of the soul of their late beloved bishop, and also for the success of their new bishop. The name of three candidates elected for the vacancy would be sent to the Holy See, and the people should pray that the best selection would be made, and also for a special blessing on the new pastor, for the sake of their own souls, and in glory of God and the Church. The Archbishop suggested that the congregation might erect a beautiful altar, which he was confident would be done, and to make fitting preparations to receive their new Bishop. In conclusion, he asked the divine blessing on the congregation, and again asked his hearers to pray that they might be united as one family in heaven with their departed Bishop.

His Grace's remarks concluded, the choir rendered the *Liber*, the clergy singing the alternate responses. His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton then pronounced the absolution and the sad and solemn services of the day were brought to a conclusion. The people of Peterborough yet mourn with keenest regret their late chief pastor; they miss his stately form, his cheerful and cordial face, his kindly word, and his inspiring presence. Hence, from the very depths of their hearts they pray that God may give him eternal rest and light and refreshment, and grant him a successor worthy his noble name, his successful fame, and his pre-eminent services.

The Rev. Father Anacleto, O. S. F., of the church of St. Anthony of Pades, New York city, has filed plans for a combined church edifice and Franciscan monastery, to be built on a plot of ground 75 feet wide, running through from Sullivan to Thompson street, about 100 feet south of Houston street. The street fronts of the building will be of granite, and the structure will cost \$165,000.