

# 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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**FINE AND MEDIUM WOOLLENS A SPECIALTY.**

**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 ruthless 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, yet how bright,  
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 God but 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-ideal philosophy,  
Its strained historic page,  
Its worship of brute force and strength  
That leaves no impulse free—  
She hopes to conquer all lengths,  
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 plundered throne  
Dethroned will 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 banner true;  
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  
Crib 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  
font 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 moun-  
tain 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 suffer-  
ing. What was not required for Redem-  
ption, 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 Crib  
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 Com-  
munion; 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  
call 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 venientibus.

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 repre-  
sentative 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 said 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 ad-  
dress.

**MR. BLAINE'S SPEECH.**

YOUR EXCELLENCY:—Directly after  
the publication of this meeting I re-  
ceived 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 associa-  
tion of any kind, or charter a company  
of any kind unless the overwhelming  
majority 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 Pa-  
merston, during our war, on a very grave  
occasion informed the House of Com-  
mons 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

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 Legisla-  
ture 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 Mac-  
aulay 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 Salis-  
bury's ancestors have been in England  
(laughter), and very likely, for aught I  
know—for I have not examined his lord-  
ship'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 Salis-  
bury 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 bitter-  
est foe that the Government of the  
United States had in the British Parlia-  
ment 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 com-  
ment.

**AN OBJECTION COMES FROM THE PRESBY-  
TERIANS**

of Ulster, appealing to the Presbyterians  
of the United States, against granting  
this bill. Now, I was educated under  
Presbyterian influences, I have connec-  
tion 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  
the liberties of the 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 gov-  
ernment was instituted who would  
assume power with a greater responsi-  
bility 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 Presbyter-  
ians 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 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 some-  
thing to relieve the Irish from the intol-  
erable 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 Eng-  
land)—a country far more important to  
the prosperity, the strength, the dignity  
of the British Empire than all our dis-  
tant dependencies together; more im-  
portant than the Canadian, the West  
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 some-  
thing 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  
pasture 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 calves, 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 rich-  
ness 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 starve?

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 Ire-  
land's past it is not wise to too soon  
guarantee of a speedy result. I, therefore,  
for one, shall not be disappointed to see  
Mr. Gladstone's bills 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 Fitzington  
made a very remarkable admission  
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 com-  
plain 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 Ire-  
land arose had England herself ever  
failed in her people or in her govern-  
ment 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 her-  
self upon Ireland. When Hungary re-  
volted against Austria, Kossuth was  
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 Bour-  
bons the sympathy was so active that  
Lord Palmerston was accused in Parlia-  
ment and did not deny that guns from  
the Woolwich arsenal had been smuggled  
on the island of Sicily to aid in the in-  
surrection. 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 inter-  
national 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  
violence 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 re-  
action. Never has a cause been con-  
ducted 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 Pres-  
byterians, 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 sin-  
gular, and in some respects, the happy  
fortune of every Irish trouble, or at least  
of many of the Irish troubles. Robert  
Emanuel, Theobald Wolf Tone, Lord Ed-  
ward 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 suc-  
cess 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 coun-  
try 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 I  
stand 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  
Laplanders and hypocrisy of those Orange  
blatherskites who style themselves Ulster  
loyalists:

**LET US A NON LICENSUS.**  
Loyal, Nay, Ulster, you, for very shame,  
should cease your long monopoly of that  
patent.  
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 Irish-  
men, 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 pre-  
vent 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-  
lessness. 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 acce-  
dancy—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 Orange-  
men felt that the time was at last arrived  
when they must resist like men, and at  
least perish, if perchance they must, with  
British clasp 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 in-  
tolerant of men." That was how Mr.  
M. Aubuchere 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 for  
Catholic soldiers in the army to desert in  
order to teach them a lesson. This  
rhetoric 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 swifter 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 British  
Government 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 delib-  
eration, 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 labor-  
ing brethren to 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, has exhortation to  
gather 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 the glory  
of God and the Church. The Archbishop  
suggested that the congregation might  
erect a beautiful altar, which he was con-  
fident would be done, and to make fitting  
preparations to receive their new Bishop.  
In conclusion, he asked the divine bless-  
ing 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 re-  
freshment, and grant him a successful  
worthy his noble name, his unexcelled  
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 struc-  
ture will cost \$165,000.

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  
simpler. 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 PETER-  
BOROUGH.**

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, King-  
ston  
O'Mahony, Rt. Rev. Timothy, Eudocia.  
**CLERGY.**

Rev. Fathers: ..... Port Hope  
Brown ..... Campbellford  
Hudson (S. J.) ..... Montreal  
Kelly ..... Ennismore  
Laurent ..... Toronto  
Lindsay ..... Cobourg  
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 Ham-  
ilton, with Rev. Father Horton, S. J.,  
Montreal, as assistant priest, Vice gen-  
eral 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 tak-  
ing their positions, by the *Te Deum*,  
Miss A. Dunn and Miss M. Tierney tak-  
ing 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  
part 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 de-  
parted 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 con-  
gregation 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  
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