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Our assortment of Tweeds, Serges, etc cannot be beaten, and our prices will compare favorably with any other house in the city.

Also the latest novelties in gentlemen's

towards Home Rule in the near future. The criminal rant of a few extreme Irish (so-called) newspapers in this country, attempting to make heroes and martyrs of assassins and dynamiters, must not be taken as representing the prevailing sentiments of Irishmen in the United States. Still less does it voice the sentiments of the people of Ireland. All the leading newspapers of Ireland are outspoken in their denunciation of those wretches who, under the cloak of patriotism, are doing their utmost to retard and hinder the success of the Irish movement. The criminal rant of a few extreme hinder the success of the Irish movement. In a recent issue the Dublin Freeman says: "No sentence can be too severe for the dynamiter. He is a disgrace to his the dynamiter. He is a disgrace to his country, an enemy to her cause, a danger to the entire community, a person who jeopardizes the lives and property of his own countrymen as well as those whom his act may be intended to in jure or appal. He is one who degrades the character and position of his race at home and abroad. No excuse can palliate his offence. It is monstrous. The law knows no mercy for it. Society must be protected. The spirit which leads men to such enterprises is one that it is the duty of statesmen to seek isone that it is the duty of statesmen to seek the source of with a conscientious desire to purify it. But with the dynamiter there can be no civilized sympathy."

pair of drawers in a store and had it charged to Mr. Hatch. Lord Headly, a member of Parliament, is said to be scandalized, and pays all his own bills. And now the whole gang of tourists are reported to have intruded on the President and his friends and made themselves so obnoxious by their familiarity that the Presidential party had to break camp and strike for a quieter neighborhood. An Englishman on his travels, whether, he he titled swell or "personally conducted" 'Arry, is the most offensive sponge and cad on the face of the earth.

At the meeting of the National League in Dublin, last week, Mr. Parnell made a speech which was in many ways remark-able. He calmly foretold a measure of local self-government to be introduced for Ireland by the Liberals at the next session of Parliament, and advised the National eague to accept the improvement. This good advice. It means: take what you can get; this reform may be a small gain, but every gain enables you to fight with better advantage. Until some form of local self-government is gained, Ireland must fight with her right hand tied behind her. Local self-government means the abolition of alien officialism, at least in some highly important places. According to Gladstone's direct promise, it means, first of all, an equalization of the franchize with that of England. This will give to the people enough power to make them paramount in Ireland, if the net-work of officialism above them be broken. The abolition of the grand jury system, to be replaced by County boards elected by the people; and of ex officio poor-law guardians, appointed by the Government, to be replaced by guardians elected by the ratepayers—these are the two next steps. When these have been taken, the country will stand on a firm and open platform for a determined agitation for national self-government. Mr. Parnell's speech at the close of the session is a proof of his increased power in Parliament. The Tory English papers, astounded at his confidence, instantly raised the cry that he had can be converged with Gladstone. But with the same coolness and temper as he displayed in the speech, Mr. Paruell publicly announces that he has entered into no compromise with the Government or its ministers, but has left them free to offer terms, retaining his own freedom to accept or reject them. Step by step, and it has all been an influence or reject them. or reject them. Step by step, averse to honest republican sentiment, Mr. Parnell has fought his national fight, until, if one might judge from random

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and won. He has proved himself the greatest political leader ever known to Ireland. His latest expression, like all his words, is temperate, far-seeing, and wise, and the Irish people will not swerve from his strong leadership.

Freeman's Journal.

The time has come when the schools open. Fathers and mothers can no longer hesitate. A choice must be made. The most thoughtless father will admit that temptations to be indifferent in matters Also the latest novelties in gentlemen's furnishings.

136 DUNDAS STREET.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Standard.

Mr. Parnell's speech in Dublin, last week, shows sound common sense and practical sagacity. It knocks the wind completely out of the sails of the impracticalles who connect themselves with the Irish movement and who are unwilling to go forward step by step, and are dissatisfied with Mr. Parnell and the people of Ireland, because they will not hazard everything upon a huge leap which would inevitably land them and the cause of Ireland in the ditch. Mr. Parnell is practical and looks at the situation from a practical point of view. Hence he congratulates the people of Ireland on the substantial advantages that have been already obtained by them through Parliamentary legislation, and looks forward to gaining other and greater advantages at the next session of the British Parliament, and which will place the Irish people in a far stronger position from which to demand other important concessions looking towards Home Rule in the near future.

The criminal rant of a few extreme

The Freethinkers have been in convention in Rochester. They have denounced the tyranny of Christianity, and graciously permitted an antiquated Protestant minister to defend the Bible in their conclave. This concession to the weakness of Christianity is considered as a sign of great fairness by the Freethinkers, as they are opposed on principle to having anybody talk but themselves. Christians—if they were allowed to think at all, and we are assured by the Freethinkers and we are assured by the Freethinkers that they are not—might consider it strange that these Freethinkers should denounce any belief as "tyrannical." The "accursed Romanist" is an outcast, a slave, because he will not think as they do. If he would accept Free Thought, whatever that is, he would be emancipated whatever that is, he would be emancipated from a slavery which consists in his having opinions that differ from those held by the Freethinkers. The Freethinkers, who are so charmingly consistent and tolerant, are not persecuted, though they dis claim for hours about the cruelty of priestcraft. Nobody has interfered with their rhapsodies, and nobody calls them "tyrants" because they claim to have some opinions of their own. That this claim is unfounded is plain from the worthless quality of brain that Free Thought, judged by its utterances, develops.

Boston Pilot.

Rufus Hatch, who is conducting a lot of English lords and swells through the Yellowstone region, finds his guests rather inclined to impose on good-nature. He foots all the bills, but winced a little when their wine score ran up to \$23 within ha'f an hour after they had entered his hotel. ence has had much to do with China's hostile attitude. England is intensly jealous of French progress in the East. It threatens her monopoly of trade and im-ports into the East, a new element of dis-turbance. The sight of French warships and French soldiers, the tales of French victories, must produce a marked effect on a people accustomed to consider England the one European nation to be dreaded and respected. Whatever may be thought of the justice of French claims in Tonquin or Madagascar they are at least as defensible as England's pretexts for interference in India, Burmah, South Africa and else-where. It is not for us to concern ourselves about that aspect of the question. but merely to note the fact that the alliance between England and France which has retarded the hopes of Irish liberty for so many years is a thing of the past and that for some time to come, at least, the relations between the two countries will be so strained that war will be among the posibilities of the near future. This would mean Irish Independence if Ireland were in a condition to avail herseif of Ane opportunity. That she will be we have strong hopes. In any event our sympathy must naturally be with France

against England. The New York World cites the indifference shown by the organs of public opinion and by the leading men in the Government of this country for the welfare of the French Republic as an indica-tion of the way in which the sentiment of tion of the way in which the sentiment of a very important class of the people is drifting away from the democratic and popular idea. After pointing out the heavy debt of gratitude America owes to France, the World goes on to say: "But all the current of European news in this country has been colored by monarchic flunkeyism and toadyism. Our legations hasking in the smiles of royalty here for basking in the smiles of royalty have gotten the stern lessons of republican virtue, and have become hot-beds of aristocratic sentiment. The travelling Americans in Europe have courted aristocracy,

observations, America is more interested in the jewels of the crowns of a czar, or in the sale of the bric-a-brac of a royal dead-beat in England, than in the growth and maintenance of that grand Republic of France, arising as it does like a monument of the people's will above the aristocratic, monarchic and despotic government around." We are glad to find an Ameri-can journal speaking out in this fashion can journal speaking out in this fashion. American toadyism is rapidly increasing in strength and influence and shows its ingratitude not alone in "indifference" to France but in positive hostility to Ireland to whom America owes hardly less than to France. These people regard London as their capital and slavishly follow everything English. But, like all imitators, their English accent, their English style, and their English air is spurious. They "botch the job."

The Government were placed in a desperate position by Mr. Molloy's exposure and Mr. Healy's merciless logic and had need of all Gladstone's eloquence and extraordinary faculty of befogging a case to extricate them. Hence his touching appeal which seemed to soften the heart of corre extricate them. Hence his touching appeal which seemed to soften the hearts of some of the Irish Members, but seldom has the Irish case been put so tersely, vigorously and irresistibly as it was in Healy's reply. It is simply ridiculous to talk of its violence. He deserves the thanks of his countrymen the world over for his pluck and ability.

What a lamentable sight for the true well-wisher of what is called the United Kingdom. For close upon half a century Kingdom. For close upon half a century the people of Ireland have been obliged to turn their backs upon their homes—going "with a vengence," as it was said in 1847—and the population of that country has never recovered the effects of the lamentable famine of that year. Eight millions of people have dwindled down to five millions and the cry is still "they go." Eightyone thousand one hundred and four persons left Ireland for America and the English colonies between the beginning of this lett Ireland for America and the English colonies between the beginning of this year and the end of last month. What a reflection upon the Government of the country! People do not, as a rule leave their native land, to find homes in strange countries for the pleasure of the thing. The causes of Irish emigration are well known. Up to within a few years ag,, it was a crime in the sight of the law to publicly speak of those causes; it is still a it was a crime in the sight of the law to publicly speak of those causes; it is still a delicate matter to treat of them in the public press. English editors shirk their duty in this respect. But palpable facts tell their own tales. Ireland is becoming depopulated. Government by England has proved an utter failure. Patchwork legislation will not make things right. O'Connell's remedy is the only one that will ever prove effectual in keeping the three kingdoms harmoniously together—viz., Repeal of the Union!

Redpath's Weekly.

There has been somebody meddling with the cable of late—a new hand seemingly. Amongst other things, he has been giving out rumors of a vague kind for the past two or three weeks with reference to a supposed rivalry like to avise ence to a supposed rivalry like to arise between Mr. Healy and Mr. Parnell. The thing is so absurd that nobody has though it worth noticing. The ide Parnell, especially just now, is one of those things it would be idle to let the mind dwell on. Mr. Healy has splendid talent and does youman service to his country in Parliament; there is nothing the En lish enemy is in more terror of than the trenchant battle-axe Tim Healy wields in that unsparing Swiftian tongue of his: for which he has no heartier admirers in or out of America than we are. But Mr. Healy's efficacy as an Irish patriot consists first in his disciplined obedience to the first in his disciplined obedience to the leader who directs him. Otherwise, with all respect, unless the leader first prove renegade, he is a mere mutineer. Serge-ant Shaw, of the Life Guards, who slew eight men with his single sword at Waterloo, was a brawny soldier and a terror to the Frenchmen he encountered. But he was not General Wellington. Had he tried to be, he would have re-ceived short shift at a courtmartial. But, apart from all this, we know enough of Mr. Healy to be assured that the thought of trying to rival Mr. Parnell is the farthest from his mind. The idea has existence the state of the state istence only in the brain of the cable manipulator. This is manifest from the way he puts his foot in it this week, as Mr. Parneli's advocacy of Local Self-Gov-ernment, he says, will afford Mr. Healy an opportunity to gather the more fiery spirits of the National party round him in denunciation of this compromise. The fact is it was Mr. Healy who drew up this very measure of Local Self-Government for the Irish party in the spring of this year, while he was in Richmond jail, and, in his "County Councils' Bill" embodied the very "compromise" the cableman would pose him as denouncing! What, then, is the cableman after? If he is throwing out a feeler for somebody else in regard to the "rivalry" business, we only wish he would do it in a less seem-ingly idle fashion, until he would see in what a tornado his "rival" would be whirled to glory. It may be interesting to keep an eye on this cableman, anyhow, and to watch his little game.

The cable announces the death of the Most Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan, Archbishop of Sydney, N.S. W., which occurred at Liverpool, August 18. He was horn in 1824 was advented to the course of the course born in 1834, was educated at Downside College, near Bath, and at Rome. He joined the Benedictine Order and succeeded to the Archbishopric of Sydney in 1873. He was the author of "Life and Labors of St. Thomas of Aquin," and a number of other works. He was an eloquent and powerful present. ZENOBIA.

Our readers remember with pleasure the extract we published some time since from Father Dawson's exquisite poem "Zenobia." We are in this issue enabled to favor them with another extract, which will, we trust, serve to make this splendid will, we trust, serve to make this splendid little work still better known. No library of Canadian literature can be complete without it. The Ottawa Free Press says of Zenobia:

says of Zenobia:

The Rev. E. McD. Dawson has chosen Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, as the subject of a poem, which has just been published at this city (Ottawa). The author's correct classical taste and high literary culture will be accepted by the reading public as a guarantee of the excellence of this latest production of his muse. The story of the great Queen is, indeed, a fit subject for epic treatment, and Mr. Dawson has succeeded well in imparting a majestic movement of versification to it. He has also, with scholarly insight into the philosophy ment of versincation to it. He has also, with scholarly insight into the philosophy of history, shown that the subtilities of human questionings into the mysteries of life and the universe were as near solution by metaphysical instruments in the days of ancient Rome as they are now. That part of the third division of the poem which produces the opposite views of part of the third division of the poem which produces the opposite views of ancient schools will not be the least interesting portion to many persons at the present time. But where the poet has displayed his best powers is, we think, in the portrayal of Zenobia's character and policy, her wisdom, valor, constancy under misfortune—all crowned by the superbaseing the product of an ideal womanly spirit. fascination of an ideal womanly spirit. Lack of space alone prevents us giving extracts, which would, however, give but a faint conception of the poem. It must be read as a whole to be properly under-and appreciated. "Zenobia," stood and appreciated. "Zenobia," doubtless, will meet with a ready sale and obtain a wide circle of readers and admirers in Canada, where the reputation of the author has been long established.

We publish in full the ninth and last part of the poem.

IX.

After the war-Aurelian in his tent-A friendly visit to Zenobia-Bilocation-A new and greater Empire foretold-A great City-An Empire destined to outlive immortal Rome-Emperors, descendants of Zenobia, the chief Christians-Idolatry abolished by decree of the Roman Senate-Heathens never more to reign-The Princess Lucia a Christian-Chrysologus addresses the Emperor, warning him against persecution-The evid Genii of Rome cause commotion in the Camp-Zenobia attacked-Rescued by Aurelian-Aurelian harangues the Legions, insisting that Rome must protect and honor ZENOBIA.

All o'er the plain 'twas soft and stilly night. High overhead, in the cloudless sky shone bright The silver moon, as if a tempest's rage Had sudden ceased and wind 'gainst wind to wage.

to wage
An elemental war. The battle o'er,
Calm as the still winds, in fell strife no more
Struggled the legions. Warriors brave
To rest had sank. On peaceful earth's untroubled breast
Each soldier slept, Aurelian's tent around,
Sharing with their Chief, on the battle
ground,

ground,
The tired soldier's sweet repose. One alone
Was wakeful,—Emperor Aurelian that one.
Stretched on his couch as wore away the
night,
Rome's Annals to peruse his sole delight,
Bent were his thoughts on glories of the
nast;

past; Chiefly how best of Emperors surpassed

scheme
He loved so well, and now would realize,
Rome's State renew and to its former size
Restore the lessened Empire, prestige give,
Giory and power. Thus ever-more he'd live.
In men's remembrance, To the Roman
name
New splendour from his deeds would flow,
his fame.

New splendour from his deeds would now, his fame
Rival Antoninus' glory, just meed
Of war's success. Now policy his need,
The conquered Nations of the East to join
In amity with Rome, and so outshine
Each Statesman of the past, excel each sage,
Eclipse the pride of Antoninus' age.
While thus he mused, there stalked into his
tent A stately figure. "Traitor!" On it went Heeding not his word. "Guards, ho! you

A stately ngure. "Trattor:" On it went Heeding not his word. "Guards, ho! your password gooke he? How dare'st thou brave my victor sword?" "No braving of the sword is mine, nor fear, As I in state ethereal appear. Chrysologus of Antioch, a friend, I come, and first, my faithful steps I bend To Queen Zenobia, comfort to impart, "Her sorrow lessen by our christian art." No more he said: but hastened on his way To seek the tent where Queen Zenobia lay. "Twas strongly guarded. Of choice guards the chief at the chief at the chief are the chief the chief are the chief and the chief are the

broach
His plous errand, mild he says: "Not risen
Am I, a ghost from death. By virtue give
To faithful Christians, the great power

of blocation. Oft this power is shown
When need there is to comfort loving
rriends,
No less than to promote all holy ends.
No cause, O friendly Queen, why you should

No cause, O friendly Queen, why you should fear
When I in state Empyrean appear,
And form that Nature gave, my grosser part
At Antioch still by gracious heavenly art.
Mourn not, my bounteous Queen. Though
fallen Thy throne
By vast and whelming numbers overthrown
these Eastern lands, not distant far the date,
Will rise in glory new. A mighty State
Will found a Ruler of thy race, his power
Greater than thine. Aurelian, who could
pour
On famous States war's devastating tide,
An Empire now commands that's great and
wide.

Compared to him that will the sceptre sway Both East and West, whose nobler, brighter

The giorious relations and the state of the

of conquest snew,—drean power can be enabled.
The subject Nations. To the Eastern sky,
As by some charm attracted, he will fly
Malarious Rome, and build a City fair
That long will flourish, its most powerful sway Outliving Rome's, growing from day to day, More than a thousand years. Ne'er could'st

thou gain
Such honor as is destined to attain
Thy favored House, thy Sons the Royal
Crown
To wear unit; thy Cousin is a clown

Of Thee will come the Prince of Heaven deslined
Christians to exalt. To restore mankind
His lofty Mission. Of Christians the chief,
Bright honor will he give to their belief.
His biessed emblem, now so lowly shown,
Glorious will adorn the Imperial Crown.
As time proceeds, yet at no distant date,
There will arise a Ruler of the State,
Sprung of Thy line, who will inaugurate
An order new, senseless idols hurl down,
On each time-worn barbarous usage frown,
Blind heathenism expel from sacred Rome,
So long of thousand demon Gods the home.
Obedient to his will, the Senate grave
No idol God in Rome reformed will spare,
False worship all abolished 'twill declare.
No heathen more, from that auspicious day,
The sceptre of enlightened Rome will sway.
Twelve centuries and more will powerful
reign
Unbroken peace,—the Christians' well won
gain.

"Oft have you been taught the Christian

"Oft have you been taught the Christian way.
No more need'st hear what Christian Sages say.
Your lore derived not from myself alone.
Much by the Mountain hermit has been Much by the Mountain hermit has been shown.
No whow.
No with a teach tenet firmly you believe.
Remains it only faithful you receive
The saving rites and join the holy Fold
At Antioch. This, need will I unfold,
Your choice confirm with plous sacred word
of benediction, your soul in full accord
With all who Christ's Salvation loving own,
And seek through Him a glorious Heavenly
Crown,

"Choice blessings on Zenobia ever shower
The God of Israel! From evil power
Christ shield you both! Now, ere dawns the
new day,
Tis time that I should promptly speed away,
Aurelian's tent I'll seek; thence to my home
When I've addressed the Emperor of Rome."

Calm was the warrior Prince, Imperial schemes
Revolving, now recalling favorite themes,

-The Statesman Antonines, when lo! a

-The Statesman Antonines, when lo! a scene
Unwonted! In the Imperial tent is seen
Chrysologus. "Thee Monarch of these lands
I loyal hail! Power that by law commands
Christians prompt obey. Lovingly we pay
To Thee obedience, glad it is thy way
And policy our People to protect,
And thus a noble monument erect,
Enduring more and brighter than the fame
Of Antonine, who basely stained his name
With cruelty, by persecution sought
Our Faith to crush. Else, vain essayed he
nought
Could dim his glory. His great deeds thine
aim

Could dim his glory. His great decox time aim
To emulate. Success Thou'lt justly claim, Far more than Antonine could ever dare Pretend, in times to come, will be thy share of matchless honor. Liberty thy word, Brighter thy glorious meed than could the sword Achieve; a noble lot; around thy brow, A halo grand—men's praise—will ever flow, Ages will celebrate thy lib'ral sway, Fame of thy rule growing from day to day." So spake the Saint; nor waiting for reply, Swift, as on Eagle's wing, was seen to fly.

The Demon Gods of Rome, that victory won, Ne'er could believe their fiendish task was Ne'er could believe their fleadish task was done of the second of the se

Death to Zenobia?" 'vain she, vanquished, fled.
Her life is forfeit to the Roman Powers.
Her hated blood to shed, we claim, 'tis ours.' The camp in wild commotion rages loud, Madly confused, the savage, vengeful crowd Rushes on the Royal tent. The fierce cries Aurelian hears, and to the rescue flies.
"What means this tumult? who shall rashly dare

My conque ware; but mering sword to meet? Soldiers beh but a cord-you're numbered with the so spake the chief and many a soldier bled. Fear-struck, at length, the murd'rous bands give way.

Daring not longer urge the unequal fray.

With strength and valor policy combined Aurelian—Statesman and warrior joined. Victory to secure, he sternly gave command Each rebel legion in his presence stand. "Soldiers" he thus began, "to Romans dear Zenobia's life. So will it appear, When known, it was her glorious lot our State.

when known, it was her glorious lot ou From foes to rescue, when by adverse fate The good Valerian fell. The Persian brave She with Odenstus met, valiant gave The manes of our heroes hosts of slain, The beaten foe pursued from plain to plain The desert o'er, to Ecbatana's towers, Avenging Rome on cruel Sapor's powers.

Avenging Rome on cruel Sapor's powers.

For service to our land, so nobly done,

The title of Augustri well they won.

So willed the Senate. We the same decree,

Augustra still Zexonta shall be,

At conquering Rome the Imperial purple

wear.

wear,
And highest honors of our Empire share.
They who the Queen insult, our laws offe
True Romans all her precious life defend.

DEATH OF FATHER MCKINNON.

On Monday evening, the 3rd of Sept., the soul of this good priest departed from this world to receive the reward of a well-spent life. About two years ago he left Nova Scotia, where he was laboring in the sacred ministry, and, following the advice of his doctors, he came inland in search of a more congenial climate. He was threata more congenial climate. He was threat-ened with that fatal disease, consumption, and the sea air was considered injurious to his health. Hence it was that, resign-ing his pastoral charge, he came to Dun-das with the hope that in a short time, his health being recruited, he might be en-abled to return with renewed strength to abled to return with renewed strength to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. Though everything was done for him that medical skill could suggest, though he received most unremitting care from the good Sisters of St. Joseph, the disease made steady progress. It soon became evident that notwithstanding all that could be done for him he would fall a victim to this dire disease. He have the reine tim to this dire disease. He bore the pains of his last illness with the most heroic fortitude and resignation to the will of God. His Christian piety and truly ecclesiasti-cal spirit edified al. Until quite recently he acted as Chaplain to the House of Providence, celebrating the holy sacrifice of the mass every morning, and administer ing the last Sacraments to the sick and dying of this Institution. The old and infirm who have found a home in this House soon regarded this devoted priest in the light of a good father ever ready to sympathize with them in their misery, and also the spiritual care of a large to offer them the consolation of our holy settlement in the same neighborh

The sunshine of thy smile could ne'er reLess worthy still to bear the Imperial name."

"For thee, my Princess, who hast always loved
The Christians well, not lessened but improved
Thy destiny. At Rome a glorious fate Awaits Thee, changed to Imperial State Thy present lot. A noble youth Thou'it wed,
Born of the Cæsars; then an Empress made, Of Thee will come the Prince of Heaven destined
Christians to exalt. To restore mankind this lofty Mission. Of Christians the chief, Bright honor will he give to their belief. Its blessed emble m, now so lowly shown, Glorious will adorn the Imperial Crown. As time proceeds, yet at no distant date, There will arise a Ruler of the State, Sprung of Thy line, who will inaugurate An order new, senseless idols hurl down, on each time-worn barbarous usage frown, Blind heathenism expel from sacred Rome, So long of thousand demon Gods the home. Obedient to his will, the Senate grave prepared to meet his God's judgments, prepared to meet his God with the well-founded hope that he would hear pronounced by the supreme Judge these consoling words, which are so applicable to the good priest:—well done good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I shall place thee over many.

taithful over a few things, I shall place thee over many.

Father McKinnon was born in Nova Scotia, in the year 1854, and consequently at the time of his death was only 29 years of age. His parents destined him from an early age for the priesthood and having completed his classical education he entered the Grand Seminary in Quebec to study theology, and to prepage himself entered the Grand Seminary in Quebec to study theology, and to prepare himself more immediately for the priesthood. There he was ordained a priest in the year 1879. He was not the only one of his family who had devoted himself to this sacred calling. His uncle was bishop of Arichat, and the immediate predecessor of the present bishop. Dr. Cameron, an older brother, who has gone to his last reward before him, and who was carried away in the prime of life by the same fatal disease, was also a priest of the same diocese. After his ordination to the priesthood he entered with zeal into the work of the sacred ministry. The parish over of the sacred ministry. The parish over which he was placed was large and scat-tered. It can be easily imagined then the tered. It can be easily imagined then the hardships he was compelled to endure in administering to the spiritual wants of the people entrusted to his care. In the deep snow of a Nova Scotia winter as well as in the heavy rains of the spring and fall the faithful priest was ever at his post, bringing consolation to the sick and fortifying the dying with the last Sacraments of the Church. These great hardships soon broke down a constitution otherwise naturally delicate, and placed in his sysnaturally delicate, and placed in his sys-tem the seeds of a disease that eventually hurried him to an early grave. He came to Dundas thinking that rest and a change of climate would repair his shattered health, but the hope was vain. Though in a strange country he made many friends, for all who knew him were compelled to

disposition.
On Thursday of last week his mortal remains were consigned to their last rest-ing place. Solemn High Mass was cele-brated in St. Augustine's Church, Dundas, for the eternal repose of his soul.

Many of the priests of the diocese of Hamilton and a large concourse of the laity followed the funeral procession from the House of Providence to the Church. After mass the Rev. Father T. J. Dowling, Administrator of the diocese, preached the funeral sermon. He spoke eloquently and pathetically of the life and labors of and pathetically of the He and labors of the deceased priest, of how zealously he had labored for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, of how he edified all by his patience in the midst of great suffer-ing, and finally of his peaceful and happy death, and the reward that God had called him to receive. The March 1992 of the Acceptance of the control of the death, and the reward that God had called him to receive. The Very Rev. Admin-istrator concluded a truly eloquent dis-course by exhorting his hearers to pray for the soul of this good priest, for no matter how perfect he may be, there may be some atonement to be made to God's justice. After the last absolution was pronounced the funeral procession re-formed and proceeded to the Hamilton cemetery, where the body was laid in its last resting place in a lot reserved for the sepulture of priests. Amongst the priests who attended the funeral were Very Rev. who attended the tuneral were Very Rev.
T. J. Dowling, Administrator, Rev.
Father Keough, assistant administrator,
Very Rev. Dean O'Reilly, Father Supple,
of Boston, Fathers P. and J. F. Lennon,
Brantford, Fathers Slaven, Lillis, Craven and Bergman, of Hamilton

admire his virtues, and to love his amiable

Meeting of the Children of Mary.

On Friday afternoon the members of the Children of Mary Society held their usual monthly meeting at the Sacred Heart Convent, His Lordship Bishop Walsh presided, and expressed himself highly pleased with the large attendance, and hoped they would continue to do in the future what they had been so zealously doing in the past, viz., glorifying and honoring God by their own personal vir-tues, and administering to the wants of God's poor and sorrow-stricken creatures by visiting and consoling them in their affliction and distress.

There was one feature of this meeting which is sure to meet with the hearty approval of citizens generally, viz, the establishing of a fund to purchase a grand organ for the new cathedral now in course of erection. No sooner was the suggestion made by His Lordship than the ladies at once very willingly consented to take the matter in hand. It is to be hoped they will meet with the success which their laudable undertaking so well merits. Mrs. Masuret was elected President, Mrs. E. O'Brien Treasurer, and Miss Jennie Wright Secretary of the organ fund.

The Oblate Fathers have a beautiful church, the Immaculate Conception, at Maniwaki, diocese of Ottawa; and have also the spiritual care of a large Indian