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# THE CATHOLIG RECORD.

### Retour.

The long night still and the measured beat On the dark high-road of our horses' feet; But the violet deep of the sky grows pale, And the world is beginning to lift her veil, Let it come snon now, let the day begin-No joy like this in my life before-When the first full light of the sun streams

in, My heart will have come to its home once more. One long light streak flushing faintly air, One pale red line o'cristants the sky; There is such fresh life in the clear sharp air, And i feel that the end of my dream is

And I feel that the end of my dream is nigh. I know each shape of those shadowy hills. Remembered yet out of childhood s years; And each dim vine of the landscape fills My soul with a joy that is hard on tears, For those are the Albad hills; a d there, On the edge of the far horizon-line. Is that Soracte, that stands out clear Where the night hangs yet, and the last stars shine? And there is the arch of an aqueduct. And these are ruins I see. I know The circus walls where I played and plucked The violets thirteen years ago. Do you see how the tall cance gitmmer and shake; Down by that tomb in the dear brown grass?

grass? yould die to have lived for this one day's sake; sake; Night, come back late, so it may not pass! And the light grows strong in the eastern skies:

skies; Why are the walls at our side so high? What do they hide from our waiting eyes? But the road turns round, and we p Da

But the road turns round, and we pay them by, Dim in the mist and morning haze, The towers rise on a battled walt; While the sun comes up in a y-llow blaze And one blue dome looms over them all. Let me not go mad—they have brought m home; This the day-dawn, and here is Rome! London Society.

### FATHER BURKE.

## NERMON ON THE BLESSED SACRA-MENT,

The Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., preached on Sunday evening, March 27, to one of the largest congregations that has assembled in the Church of St. Saviour, Lower Dominick Street, Dublin. The Lower Dominick Street, Dublin. The evening devotions began at half-past seven, but for an hour before that time the church was crowded, many hundreds of people being unable to find sitting room. Father Burke ascended the pulpit after Vespers and preached from the Gos-pel of the Sunday, recording the miracles by which our Divine Lord fed five thous by which our Divine Lord led five thous-and men with five barley loaves and two small fishes. In the course of his elo-quent address, Father Burke said: I ask you now, dearly beloved, to recoilect that this great miracle is a fact recorded in the our Divine Saviour, and never infe of our Divine Saviour, and hever contradicted. We have seen the fact, let us consider the significance of the fact. Every single act of our Lord was not only great in itself, but it also symbolized, or signified, or foreshadowed some wonder ful thing that was to come, and it had a deeper meaning than that which lay upon its surface. What was the deep meaning of the miracle recorded to-day? It was this: He gave them first the food of His Divine law. He taught their souls, He

every young man, is to take the Lord Jesus Christ into his very heart, to take Him into his body, to have Him there so as to be no longer al ne, but to stand side by side with the eternal Son of God. For, dearly beloved, when w come to ask our-selves what does this presence of God upon the Catholic altar mean—why did God establish this mystery?—why did He do this wonderful thing? Oh, the very mind within us shrinka away in terror mind within us shrinks away in terror from the contemplation of so great a mys-

mind within us shrinks away in terror from the co. templation of so great a mys-tery. Think of it, reflect upon it, my brothers, that mv God is ever present upon this earth. We are accustomed to look back to those wonderful thirty-three years that began upon the Christmas mid-night at Bethlehem, and ended upon the Calvary on Good Friday. We are ac-customed to look back upon those days, and to s y, "Oh, if we had only lived when He was on earth; oh, if we had only seen His face, and heard His voice, and felt the touch of His sweet hand." We are accustomed to envy the apostles who dwelt with Him d.y by day, and what Christian maid or mother has ever lived that has not felt a pang of devout envy of Mary the Mother that had the privilege of nursing the child Jesus? And yet, dearly beloved, God has never left the earth since. He became incarnate of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary; He has never left this world for one minute—He has re-mained in the Blessed Eucharist as really and truly as he was present in Mary's womb, as He was present in Mary's arms, as He was present on THAT FRIDAY WORNING WHEN HE WAS as He was present on THAT FRIDAY MORNING WHEN HE WAS

STREIGHED UPON THE CROSS. He is as really and truly present. We are as near to the Son of God as St. John was a' that night of the Last Supper, when he lent upon Jesus' bosom. For He is in there (pointing to the tabernacle), not many feet from us; He is there, and if we many feet from us; He is there, and if we only will, any morning in the year we can go up to those altar rails, and He who is in the tabernacle and sauctuary will find another tabernacle in the bosom of any man amongst us. Is not this a wonderful thing? Oh, my beloved, is not this a won-derful my-terv, that wherever there is a Catholic church—and there are many in this city—there is the Almighty and Eter-nal God present: enthroned and enshined nal God present, enthroned and enshrined upon that altar. No mere house of prayer is this, no mere house for preach-

prayer is this, no mere house for preach-ing the word of God is this--this is none other than the house of God Himself, the palace of the Eternal King, and a heaven upon earth, because the God who makes heaven is here. Why, we m v well ask, why did God perform this highest mys-tery? All that He did for man in the In-carnation is perpetuated in the Divine Presence of the Eucharist; in the Incarna-tion He come down from heaven to earth; in the Eucharist of the Hely Mass he comes down from Heaven to earth; in the Incarnation He concealed His divisity Incarnation He concealed His divinity Incarnation He concealed His divinity and His infinite glory under the form of a little infant born of a woman; in the Holy Eucharist He conceals His di-vinity and His glory under the form of a morsel of bread and a droop of wine; in the Incarnation He put Himself into the hands of men to be treated by them as they would give with heave Divine law, He taught their souls, He filled them with light, He g ve sorrow to those who required sorrow, that they might do penance for their sins; He lighted might do penance for their sins; He lighted up the fire of Divine love in hearts that were cold, and He gave the light of Di-vine knowledge to intellects that were de-prived of the light and darkened in their the hands of men to be treated by them as they would, either with love or with contempt; in the Blessed Euchar-ist He puts Himself in your arms and mine. Some amongst us res ect Him and love Him, and come to Him and find our joy in receiving Him; others amongst us who are here to-night treat Him with that worst of all contempt, the centum of needingence and important prived of the light and darkened in their error and in their sin. When He had thus fed their souls, then He multiplied the bread and fed their bodies. What does all this mean? It prefigured that other-more wonderful still-multiplica-tion of the Divine Bread, which is at once the atomal word of God made flow and

ens the heart of man, and wine that glad-dens it—and He changed those elements of bread and wine into His own most Sacred Body and Blood, and He said to His apostles and to all men, "Unless you eat of my Flesh and drink of my Blood eat of my Flesh and drink of my Blood you shall not have life in you: therefore my Flesh is your food indeed, and my Blood is your drink indeed, and he that eateth my Flesh and drinketh of my Blood abideth in me and I in him; we two shall acident in me and I will run hun, we two soan be one, and I will run hun, we two soan day." Now, dearly beloved, reflect on this. Oh, my dear brothers, reflect on this. It is the grief and sorrow of my heart, as well of men of my profession in reart, as well of men of inv profession in the Church, not merely to see the multi-tudesoutside, who, led away by heresy and error, deny the Presence and will not how to it, not merely to see the wide-spread in-fidelity that is hardening every heart, d rkening every mind and polluting every heart

IN THIS MOST UNHAPPY DAY OF OC.28, but it is our greatest sorrow to see so many Catholic men, and especially young men, educated men, men who ought to here, educated men, men who ought to know and feel better, staving away from year's end to year's end from the holy altar, and thereby declaring to God in heaven, and to their fellow men upon earth, that they can live without Jesus heaven, that they can live without Jesus Christ. Is this proposition true ? If it is true, my beloved, then I have not one word more to say to you. Is this pro-position true, that a man-a Christian man-can live in this world, exercise virtue, keep himself from sin and save his soul from hell without Jesus Christ ? Is that true ? Is there a man in this con-gregation to-night that will have the courage to say to his own heart that proposition to-lift is true that I can live and avoid sin, and escape hell and save my soul without Jesus Christ? No, No, there is not one amongst you would venture to say-the wildest and mest dissolute, the greatest sinner amongst you would the greatest sincer amongst you would not dare to say, "I can live nd die without my Lord Jesus Christ." You You without my Loid Jesus Christ." Fou cannot do it; need I prove to you, need I give you proof of that which your own heart already tells you requires no proof? Oh, my beloved, recall the experience of your life. I care not how young the youngest of you may be, think of those whom you may have known from your ci ildhood

### THINK OF THE FRIENDS AND ACQUAINT-ANCES WITH WHOM YOU HAVE JOUR-

ANCES WITH WHOM YOU HAVEJOUR-NEYED SO FAR THROUGH LIFE recall the experience of your own days and tell me can a man or woman live without Jesus Christ? What is this way of life through which we walk? I have trodden upon it for half a century. I have had my eyes wide open to see those

fatal reason is one, and one only—that men imagine that they can live without the **Pood** of Life—the Lord Jesus Christin the Holy Eucharist. Now, dearly beloved remember this great truth I lay down in clear words before you. I ask you only to remember this, but to remember it practically. The first word that ever God spoke to man or of man, as recorded in the Swinture was this word. He had in the Scripture, was this word. He had made heaven and earth in all their beauty. He had created man, and Adam was there existing in his first innocence, and glory, and strength, and he fell asleep upon a grassy bank in that beautiful Garden of Eden, and the first word that God spoke grassy bank in that beautiful Garden of Eden, and the first word that God spoke to man was thi: "It is not good for man to be alone. We must make him a com-panion like himself." That was the first word that God spoke. Now apply that word in its higher and better sense, in the sense in which I have been speaking to

you this evening. "IT IS NOT GOOD FOR MAN TO BE ALONE. We must make him a companion like to himself." And who is that companion to be? Not the woman that led him into destruction and evil, of whom he said to the Almighty God, "The woman that Thou gavest me to be my companion seduced me, and I eat the fruit and committed the inc, and I eat the fruit and committee the sin " Oh, no, that is not the companion that God in the highest sense meant. It is bad for man to be alone. We must make him a companion like himself. And then down from the highest heaven came the Eternal Word of God, the second the Eternal Word of God, the second person of the Blessed Trinity, the true God of true God, and He was made man, conceived by the Holy Ghost, and of the Virgin Mary, and He was made man, and Virgin Mary, and He was made man, and He was found in habit as a man, and He was made as one of us, a companion like to ourselves. And then, in all the ma-jestic power of His divinity, and in all the sweetness of His humanity, He turns round and says to us, "It is bad for you, my brother, to be alone; I am thy companion —with me you can do nothing; but, if you take me and keep me, you shall live in me and I in you; and I will raise you up from the dead at the last day." This is all accomplished in the Holy Eucharist. Oh, my beloved, see how sublime, see how wonderfully harmonious with the wants of our nature, with the great figures of Scripture is this presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist ! And is all this, a that God in His highest wisdom deviced

the contempt of negligence and ignoring the termal word of God made flesh and the food of man's body and man's soul, and that is the bread that is multiplied upon the Catholic altars throughout the world, whereon thousands are daily fed, namely, the Body and Blood, the Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ present in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist—oh, the Body sacrament of the Eucharist and the the termation and the termation and the termation and termation the termation the termation termation termation termation termation termaticated termaticate termatica An, he is one that was born of virtuous "Cadent a latera tuo naille et decem millia parents and carefully rear-d—one who a dextristuis." "A thousand shall fall at thy received every advantage of a Christian and Catholic education—one who never Who shall save us from this universal rain? received every advantage of a Christian side, and ten thousand shall fall at thy and Catholic education—one who never Who shall save us from this universal ruin? saw an evil example, nor heard an obscene The Lord rises up and says, "I alone can do word at that sacred family hearthstone at so; I can alone feed you with the feed the which he was brought up. And why dow word at that sacred family hearthstone at so; I can alone feed you with the food that which he was brought up. And why does he lie here to day, dead, conquered, trampled upon by the demon of drunken-ness AYE, TRAMPLED DOWN INTO HELL! Why? He made his first Communion, for a year or two he was faithful, and went frequently to the table of the Lord, and he was growing up in innocence and and he was growing up in innocencence and and he was growing up in innocence and and he was gro not wish to send you away hashing—tor, assuredly you will faint and be amongst those victims of the roadside we have seen; but come and feed your souls, espec-ially at this Paschal time of Easter, upon the Flesh and Blood of the Lord, the Lamb

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### "WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS."

It is the prerogative of some, called Catholics, to feel support in a life-long course of malice and all uncharitableness by the consciousness that they are destined to go "right through to Heaven without change of cars." The knowledge which we imbibe from our Cathechisms that "Faith without works is dead" seems not to exist for them. It is sufficient for them that they are Catholica—that they go with much ostentation to Mass, and beat their breats with the regularity of the manipu-lator of a bass drum. They reserve for themselves the privilege of damning their enemies and of sitting in judgment on all that differ from them. They adore the letter and neglect the spirit. They occu y the front pews on Sundays and grind the hearts of their poorer neighbors into dust on the other days of the week. They are stumbling-blocks to many in and outside the Church these see a data the They are stumbling-blocks to many in and outside the Church; they are so dazzled by the gilt crosses on their prayer-books, that

walk in a false light of their own, not in the ight of the Church. The example of a notorious debauchee is bad and it works incalculable evil; but is it not better than that of the " Catholic, when while we averting schere tots in hell who, while pre-empting select lots in hell for the future sojourn of the persons he dislikes, and recting the newest and long-est litanies in his conspicuous pew is known to be the owner of rows of pestilent tenement houses occupied by poor Catholics, who meekly drop their nickles at the church-soor, and who, owing to the ex-actions of their pious landlords, cannot even hope to attain to a "reserved" seat? Happily, a "reserved" seat in church does at church does napping, a "reserved" seat in church does not always mean a "reserved" seat in Hea-ven, in spite of the expectations of the "through ticket" Catholic; and there is no reason to believe that the recording angel registers the number of breastpoundings of these Phariseet as works of merit. These men will put glass windows --with their names in full, of course--into new churches, and cant about the wrongs of the tenant-farmers in Ireland, while the windows of their tenants in this great city windows of their tenants in this great city let in the vilest vapours and their exac-tions and evictions are only limited by the letter of the law. There are too many of us (atholics that believe that we have "through tickets" and the example we give yearly, turns away hundreds of could down to rearise the Church by a drawn towards the Church by a glimpse of some extraordinarily pure life nurtured in her bosom, but pushed back by a view of the mean cant and hypocrisy with which many of us try to soil the spotless ermine of her robes; for Catholics have their cant and their machine religion, res-

embling Protestants—things as much a part of the Church as the coagulated blood of a corpse is part of a living body. If new churches, and operatic organ-gan-loft music, and "ever popular" fairs, and a great deal of talk about the progress of the Church excited water convert the of the Church, could make converts, the United States would soon be an eminently Catholic country; but all these things do not seem to be very efficient in keeping the Faith vital among Catholics, for, in spite of them, mixed marriages are on the increase and indifferentism in religious matters is making heavy inroads among the venues generation, and in small in the younger generation, and, in social in tercourse with Protestants and non-be levers, our young people generally get the worst of it. Instead of sowing the seeds of Faith in alien hearts by their example, they grow cold themselves: "reason, and liberty, and culture" soon weaken their be-lief, already shaken by the inconsistencies of the "through ticket" neode. It is of the "through-ticket" people. It is hard to make our children or men outside the Church believe that we are in earnest value of Catholic education can be judged the grand and holy doctrines we profess. To see a Catholic—and most of us have seen a Catholic—and most of us have from the presence of Our Lord and utter blasphemies, with a consciousness of the integrated by first and make a picture full of hor-rors. The consequences of association with blasphemies, with a consciousness of the virtue of his "through ticket," is not cal-culated to edify youth or to convince unbelievers of the grandeur and holiness of that Faith which is the vital fire of holy living and which without holy living and norm and which without holy norm and good works, is dead. It is not strange that, notwithstanding reiterated explana-tions, men outside the Church persist in believing that Catholies regard the confes-sional as a medium through which they receive license "to sin a little longer;" these "through ticket" Catholics, by their ex-The nervous end that makes the expension of the Adapta Sate of the Management of the When these Catholics learn that their own insincere clamor only drowns the voice of the Church preaching to the world, and that the Way of the Cross is not only a semblance of a vague event in our churches but a living reality, then there will be leas reason to complain of the blindness of those who will not see the glory of the Church. Some of us are forever standing in the light of the Cross, beating back those who would receive it, with the glit backs of our prayer-books, scandalizing has a many with a many with do do at make Himself properties of the model of the work of the model of the wo

come within reach of its influence. By all means, therefore, let us have family prayers.—Catholic Misror. to him whether a parochial school exists in his parish or not, is his name not on a stained glass window of the newest and most kaleidescopeic pattern? The common schools are good enough for his child and for anybody's child, and so he flourishes the collection-box, and spreads his hand-kerchief with much devotion under his broad-cloth knees, an thinks how much more rent he will grind out of his breth-ren in the back pews who have no "through tickets."—Freeman's Journal.

### FATHER RYAN.

The Rev. Mr. Ryan is to-day probably as well and as popularly known as any man in this country. He is known as the poet-priest, a title which he has well and proudly earned, his volume of poems re-cently published by John B. Piet, of this city, ranking with any work of the kind of ancient or modern times. Many, in fact the vast majority of the poems writ-ten by Father Ryan, are sublime in their the bird rate majority of the birds and a the process of the birds of the second state of the second state

Va., is forty one years of age, five feet nine inches in height, and of compact build. He has a high forehead and wears his long, flowing dark brown hair pushed back in a careless manner. His eyes are of a grayish blue cast, and it requires but one glance to see in his face the man of rare talent and brilliant genius which is there so strongly depicted. In manner he is quiet and unobtrusive while being a keen observer of all surroundings, and his

utterances, while few, are well chosen and delivered freely and gracefully. Father Rvan is pastor of St. Mary's church, Mobile, Ala., a small unostentatious editice, near the suburbs of the city, and near where he lives in a coss little house, giving his time to his small and devoted congregation and in literary pursuits. The very modesty of Father Ryan

causes him to decline conversing about his life prior to his entering the priesthood. When spoken to on the subject, he evades it by saying that his life is being written by a brother priest, a dear friend of his and will be published after his (the poet's) death.

During the late war between the North and South, the sympathies of Father Ryan went out strongly for the people of his native section, and this feeling is found to pervade many of his writings. He was at one time editor of the "Banner" of the South, published in Augusta, Ga, and later of the "Morning Star," published in New Orleans. Prior to taking the pa-tor-ate of St. Mark's church, he was stationed

t the Cathedral of Mobile. F ther Ryan has a host of friends not only among his co-religionists, but among all other religious denominations, a Hebrew Rabbi in New Orleans being one of his most intimate friends.

### WORDS OF WARNING.

There is a great heedlessness among some Catholics in appreciating the value of Cath-olic education and Catholic association for their children. If Catholic parents would but think for a moment they would be startled at the condemnation their own connon-Catholics are to be traced in the sorrowful old age of many a Catholic father and mother. We hear tale after tale of these mournful episodes. We could point out one home where the sisters of a good and generous Catholic had been allured into this kind of association. One got married to a person who professed one of the hundred and one forms of American de-nominations, and another and another followed her example. Each and all of these three women are infidels. It is not long since we heard a very excellent father de-



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the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. In the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. In my beloved, think of it! I suppose who are listening to me here to night are Catholics, and, consequently, that all be-lieve what the apostles believed on that Holy Thursday night in Jerusalem, when their Divine Master took the bread and their Divine Master took the bread and wine, changed it into His own most sacred Body and Blood, and gave it to the apos-tles to be their food and their drink. That you all believe with me. What the makes this earth a very heaven, by keep-ing God amongst us; this it is that makes the Catholic ( hurch the holiest place in the whole world, so that every man pass-ing its portals uncovers his head, because Christian world for 1500 years all believed, and no one ever ventured to doubt or to Ing its portais uncovers insidead, because the knows, as if he was passing before the gate of heaven, with the great arch-angel keeping watch, that God is there. This it is that makes the Christian, if he only wills it, the grandest, the most powerful, deny, until

300 YEARS AGO AN APOSTATE MONK WISHED

TO GIVE UP HIS STATE: to forswear his vows; to throw off the yoke of his religious obligations; to assert the holiest being under the heaven of God for, if he wills it, he can take the Lord of glory and keep Him in his heart. Imag-ine for an instant now, dearly beloved, IMAGINE THE WHOLE WORLD HAD TURNED his independence, though he had vowed obedience; to acquire property, though he had vowed poverty and to take a wife although he had vowed chastity; and the first thing that that apostate monk did was to deny that God was present in the Blessed

Eucharist; and that was the first time ever Christendom heard such a denial. came, indeed, from a worthy source, from a perjurer who had sworn to God, and who had broken his oath-from the worst of all sinners, a fallen and apostate priest and monk. From him came, for the first time, the unheard of word that denied the presence of the Son of God, where the son of God Himself had said "This is my Body of God Himself had said "This is my Body and this is my Blod." This, dearly be-loved, this presence of God, of Christ our Lord, in all the fulness of His divinity as the Son of God, in all the integrity and reality of His humanity as the Son of Mary-God of trae God in heaven-true man as ever lived upon this earth-this presence, 1 say, of this Divine Lord with Util the prover, with all His sanctity, with all His power, with all His sanctity, with all His wisdom, with all His greatness, in the adorable Eucharist, in the Holy Com-

ness AYE, TRAMPLED DOWN INTO HELL!

that he could live without Jesus Christ, and he gave up the Communion, he gave up frequenting the screed table, he famished his soul by denying it the Bread of Eternal Life; he thought he could live