

COMBAT OF THE FIRST IGNATIUS

DECLARATION FOR THE SCHOOLS.

'Tis a winter's night in old Smyrna, and the dark dells of the mountain is lighted by the fitful gleam of the Roman camp fire.

Around the blazing fagots a band of brutal soldiers play dice, wrangle and blaspheme.

To one side apart, with eyes uplifted, kneels a venerable man, whose bare head and shackled limbs are mocked by the moaning blasts and the drifting snow.

This is Ignatius, Bishop, third successor of Peter in the See of Antioch. His silvery hair, his massive brow, his strong face, his flowing beard and sweet smile—all define the sage, wise in council, learned in speech, invincible in courage.

It must not be forgotten, however, that Catholics themselves maintain missions here, and that many devoted priests are up in the Sierras and down among the Tabascan, Chiapan and other Indian trying to civilize them; that Jesuit and other missions are held in towns where the poor children are instructed, the faithful stirred to greater zeal, the humblest married to a merely nominal charge, and other good works carried on.

The Jesuit Fathers are active in many parts of the country and what I have seen of their work satisfies me that they are contributing to the improvement of the public morals. They preach, do mission work and educate the young. How these highly cultivated and most charming men can live in dreary Indian towns and carry on their work, and always with perfect serenity of demeanor, puzzles me.

I have before me a cutting from the Boston Herald's report of a conference of the Episcopal Woman's Auxiliary at Pierce Hall, Boston, on a recent date. One paragraph says: "Bishop Whitaker, of Pennsylvania, said people who had never travelled in those southern countries have no conception of the difference between the Roman priesthood in Brazil, Mexico and Cuba and the honorable, upright men of that Church in this country."

Not only is Catholic missionary work going on in southern and interior Mexico, but right here in this city. The big organization does its appointed task; it has little time among every-day humanity for high-flown discussion, and the familiar modern slashing-out of bits of the Bible; it is wrestling with human nature as it is, and doesn't imagine that human nature so much better than it was in Rome when St. Paul arrived there.

The dainty preacher, the curled darling of the congregation, would be completely cut of his element down among the straggling mass of the poor, wanton and ignorant; the raw material of angels, perhaps, but needing centuries of spiritual evolution to get there. Yet among the poor and ignorant are sometimes found quiet, devoted souls, like lovely flowers in a barnyard.

"The treasure of the humble" is theirs, and the pious priest, discovering them, thanks God that something comes into his life to prevent his utter discouragement.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.

It has often been observed that ex-President Cleveland has many admirers among the Catholic clergy; on the other hand, one could quote from memory some very pretty expressions of Mr. Cleveland regarding our priests.

The Saturday Evening Post (August 5) contains an article from the ex-President's pen on "Old-Fashioned Honesty and the Coming Man," in the course of which "a shrewd old priest" is made to read a brief but pointed lecture to college men.

"I have recently read," writes Mr. Cleveland, "of a shrewd old parish priest who, advising his young assistant, said: 'Be up and about and out in the world. Be a man and live like a man!'"

And so it goes. I can not help thinking that these words furnish a clue to human sympathy and interest in the concerns of everyday life which have given the Catholic priesthood such impressive success in influencing the conduct and consciences of the people to whom they minister.

In the light of all I have written, I can do no better, by way of saying a parting word to the entire body of our college men, than to repeat to them the advice of the old priest: 'Be up and about and out in the world. Be a man and live like a man!'"

NOTICE OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE BISHOP OF NORWOOD.

At the close of the retreat for the priests of the Diocese of Peterborough, the venerable and highly venerated pastor of St. Paul's, Norwood, was invited to the parlor of St. Peter's Rectory, where His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor, and the priests of the diocese were assembled.

The special present of His Lordship was a magnificent set of lamps for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

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The special present of His Lordship was a magnificent set of lamps for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

This beautiful display of rich and valuable altar goods artistically arranged on tables, on one side of the parlor presented a very attractive appearance and sufficient to outlive and nerve the otherwise stout heart of the venerable pastor of Norwood.

He chose to make the presentation, and he did so with his accustomed easy, graceful, touching style which lends force and conviction to every word he utters.

He could not, he said, go back to Father Conway's early days as a priest and speak from personal observation of a career so gloriously lived by older men but he would speak of Father Conway as he knew him since his coming to Peterborough, and he believed that five years ago. He then recounted his many labors in the service of the Divine Master from the days of the sainted and beloved Bishop Jamon down to the present time, his unswerving devotion to duty, his kind, warm Irish heart, his gentleness and his love for his flock, which was never ebbing.

He bore testimony of Father Conway's sterling worth as a man and as a priest, and his high regard for him, which was echoed in the hearts of the Bishop and priests assembled, by whom the Rev. Father is held in the highest esteem, not alone for his long years of faithful service in the ministry but also for that uniform kindness and consideration which marks his intercourse with others.

The address of Father Murray, though entirely impromptu, was a polished piece of literary diction. Father Conway was a vividly affected as well by the elaborate display of oratory, and he was so moved that some moments of utter silence elapsed before he could give expression to the fullness of his heart.

He thanked his brother priests for their kind remembrance of him on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, and very modestly declined any right to the many flattering things said of him by his friends and loved ones.

He had only done his simple and plain duty as a priest, and it had pleased Almighty God to bless his feeble efforts. He referred most touchingly to his dear departed friend, Bishop Jamon, with whom he had worked side by side for so many years, and to whose fatherly advice he owed much of his early success in this diocese and that of Toronto.

He thanked the priests of Toronto diocese, most of whom had sent their congratulations, accompanied by suitable tokens of regard. For His Lordship Bishop O'Connor he could not find words fitting to express his thanks. He always found in him a true and faithful friend, a good and kind Father, whose cheering words of consolation and encouragement were gold or silver.

Referring to Father Murray's remarks regarding his spirit of hospitality, he said that he had never met a man who so warmly maintained the same, and that a "Coadjutor" always awaited his friends and associates both past and present.

At the close, His Lordship Bishop O'Connor addressed a few words of congratulation to Father Conway, thanked him for his many years of faithful service in the good work of the diocese, and announced that he had referred to many pleasing incidents in Father Conway's life, and prayed that God might prolong his days of usefulness and grant him the happiness of celebrating his Diamond Jubilee, either here in the land of his adoption or among the friends of his youth in the Green Isle beyond the sea.

THANKS.

The pastor and faithful of St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Little Current, Ont., wish to express their gratitude to the charitable Catholics of Ontario who have answered their appeal for help.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

A gentle light fills all the air: The fields are smiling in the sun, And golden life is everywhere, Proclaiming "Love is God."

Clear, thro' the hours that come and go With silent tread, and wreath Their misty robes, and stand, And this message seems to breathe:

There's love in sun and sky and stars, And all the world is fair: From bright 'n'ink morn to sunset bars, God's love is every where.

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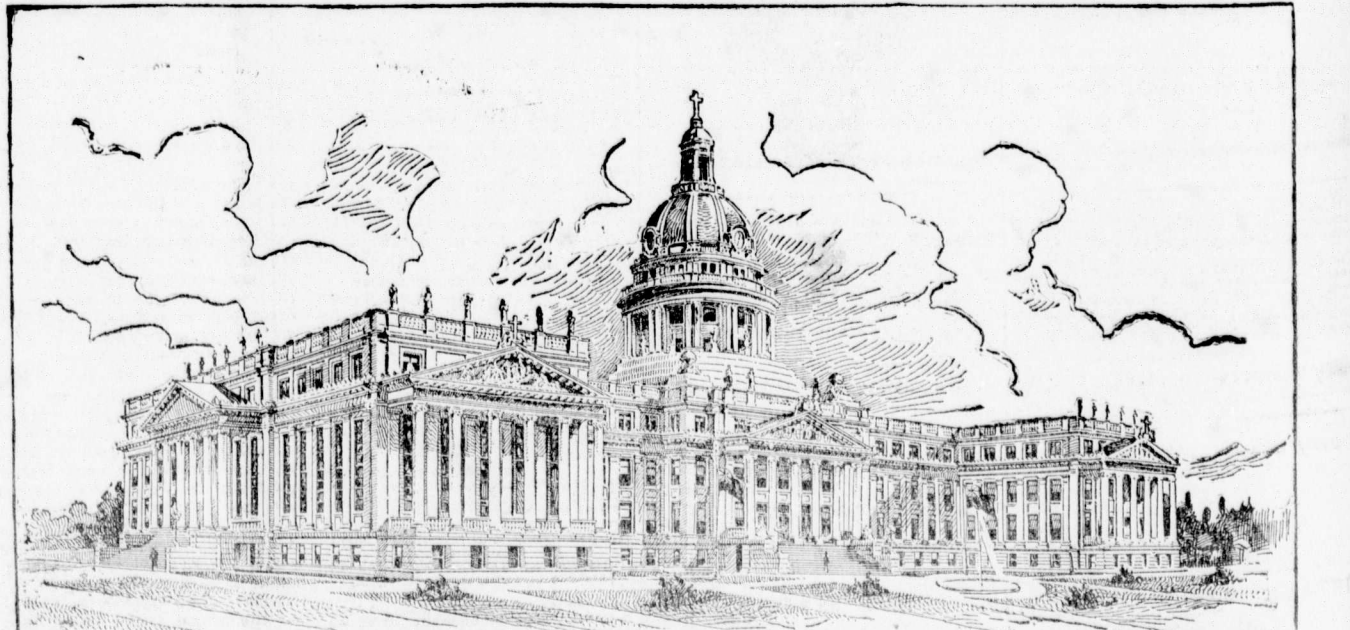
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