

charitable works. I need not enter into any statistics on this point, because these have been published or will be published in the public print, and you yourself have been the witnesses of it. But there are the invisible works which statistics cannot show, the intellects enlightened, the hearts comforted, the prodigals converted, the seeds sown of future great works, and the deep impress for good left on clergy and people. These are works recorded only by angel hands in the archives of Heaven.

What shall I say of his fatherly love for his priests? Bound to them by ties stronger than those of human kindred, knowing the sacrifices they have made of human love and human ambition and all that the world holds dear, his paternal heart has always gone out to them, even as the heart of our divine Lord went out to the young man of the Gospel whom "when He saw, says the Evangelist, 'He loved.'" Hence his priests are now so deeply devoted to him, and rejoice on this day of Jubilee and pray that God may leave him to them for yet many years.

The little children—such as were represented in Music Hall yesterday afternoon—how his fatherly heart went out to them! The old Bishop has no children or grandchildren like a man of the world, but he has a father's heart and the children of those to whom he has ministered for years, the little children become as it were his grandchildren. He loved them as they gather around him. Those assembled together yesterday were of different nations, speaking their own peculiar language, yet united in one language, when by the Catholicity and unity of the Church each heart was stirred and the confusion of Babel seemed in a manner remedied in that Pentecost of children. Though they spoke in divers languages they were united as young Americans, they exemplified a political Catholicity with a unity in the same country, were proud of their country, and were made to feel one by their unity in the Church of God. After his priests he has loved most tenderly the lambs of his flock and shown that love by the best of all criterions, his zeal for youthful Christian education. I remember with gratitude that many years ago when he and I were priests together in St. Louis, I invited him to preach on occasion of the opening of a parochial school which I had erected, and he delivered one of the best and most telling addresses on Catholic education that I have ever listened to. This zeal for the education of the young has characterized him during his entire episcopal career.

But how shall I describe the impression that he has made on you, his beloved people, "his joy and his crown?" You know and feel in your heart of hearts, how deep and salutary is this impression. It takes some time to know genuine, though at first undemonstrative, natures like that of your beloved Bishop. But once found out they grow into the daily life of the people, who express their feelings on great occasions like that of the present jubilee. Such a prelate must also impress most favourably the world outside the Catholic Church, and this is evident from the attendance in this Cathedral to day.

You know him, you love him, and to-day you rejoice to express by your presence here your appreciation of his twenty-five years of devoted interest in you and yours. And the outside world, the honest straightforward men who may misunderstand the Catholic Church, who may be prejudiced against the Catholic Church, but who, when they find a man of self-sacrifice, when they find a man who for twenty-five years has been always the same—ministering to the poor, laboring without human reward and without human ambition except for God, and the sublime motive exalting his actions during a quarter of a century—men of

the world honor such a man. They will know his influence upon society, first his influence on his own people and then indirectly, because if there are a number of good people in any society they must necessarily influence the whole mass.

The names of Bishops Timon and Ryan are inseparably connected with the city of Buffalo and Western New York. Non Catholics feel that their influence, though primarily religious and intended to affect but their own flocks, has not been without great indirect benefit to the whole community. They were broad enough to take in their charity every fellow creature. They were progressive, but with the conservative progress of the old Church a progress which never loses what it has once gained. The human spirit, bold, impetuous and imprudent, too frequently looks not so much at principles as at present results, but the Church, with the accumulated experience of ages, and with a maternal instinct for the preservation of her children, future as well as present, clings above all things to great directing principles of action. Hence her influence and the influence of her present Pontiff and representative ecclesiastics on the thinking men of our age and country. The best thought and the best men of our age will be found in sympathy with Catholic teaching when fully understood, and with Catholic episcopate and clergy. The prophecy shall be fulfilled, "the children of them that afflicted thee shall come bowing down to thee, and they that slandered thee shall worship the steps of thy feet and shall call thee the city of the Lord and the Zion of the holy one of Israel."

And now, Right Reverend Father in God, it remains for me to say but a parting word to you on this memorable, I may say historic, occasion. In the presence here to-day of the Most Eminent Cardinal of the American Church, whom I know to be your friend and admirer, in the presence of the august representative and Apostolic delegate of His Holiness, our most beloved Father Leo XIII., and of your admirable Metropolitan the Archbishop of New York, and of the prelates who have come in such numbers to manifest their love and admiration of your episcopal virtues, in presence of your beloved priests, religious Orders, people and children, I congratulate you from the depth of my heart on the record of a quarter of a century of work in God's holy service in the episcopate of this diocese. Twenty five years ago this morning it was my privilege to address you on occasion of your consecration, and made certain promises as regards your future career, which I rejoice to say to-day have been more than fulfilled. And now, as the evening of both our life-days is upon us, and we cry out with the disciples at Emmaus to the great Bishop of our souls. *Memento nobiscum, quoniam advesperascit* Remain with us, Lord, for the day is nearly past and the night is at hand so your priests and people say to you, *Memento nobiscum*—stay with us that our hearts may continue to beat within us as you speak by the way of life of the things of God. *Memento nobiscum*, that we may continue to know our dear Lord in "the breaking of bread until all shall be accomplished in the kingdom of our Father and our God."

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Gleeson, the venerated Vicar General of the diocese, followed with an address reviewing the self-sacrificing and devoted labors of Bishop Ryan during the last quarter of a century, which had endeared him to the people of his diocese, and closed by presenting to him a purse containing over \$10,000 in money with many good wishes.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop returned thanks in a speech marked by gratitude and that modesty which has always been among his distinguishing

traits. He was overwhelmed with gratitude and quietly remarked that in his humble way he had merely striven to do his duty.

After the services in the church were concluded, the procession left in the same order in which it entered, and all repaired to the Cathedral residence. After a brief respite, the Bishop, his distinguished guests, and nearly all the clergymen who attended the Mass, passed under a canopy from his residence to St. Stephen's Hall, where the banquet of the clergy was held. The hall had been turned into a veritable bower of beauty. The entire ceiling was composed of alternate lengths of white and yellow, and the stage and side walls were literally covered with the American, Papal and Episcopal colors. An orchestra hidden in a bower of palms and ferns on the stage discoursed sweetest strains throughout the dinner. A long table across the front of the stage was occupied by the members of the Hierarchy, and five tables ran side by side down the length of the hall. There was no formal list of toasts, but between the courses calls were made on several of the gentlemen and an informal but delightful programme resulted. Father Cronin was selected as toast-master and in a few appropriate words of greeting and welcome called on Bishop Ryan, who made a brief response, welcoming his brethren of the Hierarchy. To this the Cardinal responded in a charming manner. The toast-master next gave "Our Holy Father Leo XIII.," to which Archbishop Corrigan made feeling reply. At this point the Bishop again rose and spoke touchingly of the generosity of his priests as evidenced by their splendid offering of the day, and their hearty co-operation throughout his episcopal career. He warmly welcomed the priests from other dioceses and closed with a reference to the part the priests of the diocese of Buffalo took in the matter of the fund for procuring a residence for the Apostolic Delegate. This brought the Most Rev. Delegate to his feet. He was greeted with an effusion from Prelates and priests which left no room for doubt as to the place he held in the hearts of everyone present. Mgr. Satolli in the course of his brief remarks paid a glowing tribute to the worth of the diocese of Buffalo and its splendid priesthood. "Our Country and Our Faith" was next given, and who could more eloquently reply to it than the Archbishop of St. Paul? It can be well imagined that he did full justice to the subject. The last toast was "Our Sister Church of Canada," to which the venerable Metropolitan of Toronto replied in fitting terms.

Invitations were issued for public reception in the Music Hall Wednesday evening, when crowds, both Catholic and Protestant, paid their addresses to the Right Rev. Bishop and his eminent guests.

The Apostolic Delegate took a position at Bishop Ryan's right, while Cardinal Gibbons sat at his left. Each was attired in the robe of his high rank. Mayor Bishop sat at the right of Cardinal Gibbons, while Archbishop Ireland occupied a position to the left of Mgr. Satolli. Other members of Bishop Ryan's party were Archbishops Walsh of Toronto, Cleary of Kingston, and Corrigan, of New York, Mgr. Farley, of New York, the Rev. F. R. Rooker, Vice-President of the American College, and Bishops O'Farrell, of Trenton, Foley, of Detroit, Ludden, of Syracuse, McGovern, of Harrisburg, O'Hara, of Scranton, Phelan, of Pittsburgh, McDonnell, of Brooklyn, Conroy, of Curium, and Mullen of Erie.

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Forming an Herbarium.

As is well known, an herbarium is a collection of pressed and dried plants, commonly of more interest to a person engaged in botanical pursuits than to others though it may easily be made so attractive as to give pleasure to every one. Having had a year's experience in the herbarium of a State university, I hope that a few popular suggestions in regard to the method of preparing and mounting such a collection may not come amiss.

The first thing, of course, and the pleasantest, since it involves an outing, is to procure the specimens, and herein will appear one of the many advantages of being a country boy or girl, for such have abundant material close at hand.

To the enthusiastic collector no hill is too steep to climb, no wood too wild or path too tangled to explore, and consciously or unconsciously as he adds new plants to his herbarium he also adds images that, stored in memory, are drawn forth in after time when turning over his treasures of wood and field, so that in looking at them he sees not only a plant as others see it, but the whole setting of earth and air and sky. The deep, swift brook sings again for him, "the unregarding grasses away," the shadows cast by the trees and shrubbery, and pierced with light, move back and forth in leafy patterns, the clouds sail slowly overhead. There is a pleasure in these memories that money cannot purchase. In his excursions the naturalist has learned to look and listen long and closely where nature's ways are wild, and has found one of the keenest and one of the most innocent enjoyments of life.

In the work of collecting, few implements are needed, and those may be readily procured. A tin box in which to place the specimens, a garden trowel, a knife, and a note book will complete the outfit. The note-book is for the reception of such items as may seem of interest or value, and which cannot be trusted to the memory. The details of soil, moisture, and associated species may be recorded, and such notes should be perfectly accurate. Science is always exact. Nothing must be left to conjecture, and no loose methods must creep in.—*Harper's Young People.*

Stocking an Ocean Steamer.

People who cross the Atlantic on one of the palatial steamships rarely appreciate the cost of running one of these boats. For instance, the steward, if stocking his ship, would store away 10,000 pounds of fresh beef, 5,000 pounds of lamb and mutton, 1,000 pounds of corned beef, 200 pounds of smoked hams, 1,500 dressed chicken or hens, 3,000 pounds of fish, and 600 pounds of bacon, besides big sacks of smoked tongues, dried beef, smoked fish, 30,000 pounds of tomatoes, pears, oranges, peaches, watermelons, &c. Then there are always stored away several tons of sardines, potted meats of various kinds, thousands of pounds of tea, coffee, chocolate, 5,000 bottles of ale, 200 bottles of champagne, 1,000 bottles of claret and sour wines, 200 bottles of brandy and whiskey and 4,000 bottles of table water; they would use up, also, three carloads of potatoes and other vegetables, 1,000 dozen eggs, 20 barrels of sugar, two tons of butter, half a ton of lard, and at least two hundred barrels of flour. It is estimated that in a busy season forty pounds of meat are consumed every minute from dock to dock. It costs \$25,000 to propel a steamship across the Atlantic.

Aunt (shocked)—Do you and your sister quarrel over your candy this way when at home?"

Little Johnny—No'm. Mamma always gives us so much we both has plenty." Neighbor—"Does your father rent that house you live in?" Boy—"No, indeed. It's his own house, every bit of it. It's been bought and paid for, insured and mortgaged and everything."