

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.

Sermon by His Grace.

The above named devotions opened at St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday morning last, at High Mass, which was sung by Vicar General McCann with Father Kelly as deacon and Mr. Carbery as sub-deacon. The sermon of His Grace Archbishop Walsh was an eloquent and powerful exhortation to the faithful to seize the opportunity of laying up for themselves spiritual treasures. His text was taken from St. Matthew's description of the Transfiguration of Christ. He said:

In the selection of this day's Gospel the Church brings us in spirit to Mount Tabor, gives us a glimpse of the divinity of Our Saviour, of the joys of Heaven. Our Lord had now been for more than thirty years on earth. He had hidden the glory of His divinity beneath the veil of human nature, had come to us in the form of a servant, as a guest, a pilgrim. He had now begun His mission as the teacher of mankind, as the promised Messiah, yet the world believed in Him not. And the time was coming that would test the faith, even of His Apostles. Therefore Christ prayed to His Heavenly Father to sanctify them in truth and to strengthen them. "I have given them Thy word and the world hath hated them because they are not of the world as I also am not of the world." And the, who had received a foretaste of the things of Heaven said "Lord it is good for us to be here." We are pleased with our lot, we are satisfied to remain here forever. The Church of God, at the beginning of this penitential season unveils this vision before our eyes to stimulate us to an imitation of that course which will lead to glory hereafter. Our Saviour was transfigured before the Apostles and His face did shine as the sun and His garments became white as snow. Even so the Church, in unveiling before us the transfigured Christ, wishes us to suffer with Him here that we may be glorified with Him hereafter in Heaven. It is in order to enable us to reach the joys of Heaven that we begin to day the devotion of the Forty Hours. This devotion consists in the solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for forty hours, together with certain prescribed prayers and spiritual exercises. It is the most solemn devotion of the Church of God, for it is directed to the very person of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He could not have given the earth a richer gift than He did in giving the Blessed Eucharist. St. Augustine tells us that even His infinite wisdom has no gift more precious, nor have His infinite riches anything richer. Of all His gifts of mercy there is none to be compared with this. Many a blessing rich in grace has He given us, but here is grace itself. Here, in the mystery in which Jesus is shrouded, the hand of Jesus is ever uplifted in benediction over the children of the Holy Catholic Church. He has given us means to prepare us for Heaven, but here is Heaven given to us before the time is come. There is nothing in Heaven more precious than the sacred humanity and uncreated divinity found in the Sacrament in which Jesus is. It is in this mystery that God exists, and pours out the treasures of His love. Such is the wondrous gift, the ineffable treasure that we possess in the Church of the living God, in having within it as its soul and life Jesus Christ present under sacramental veils. Our Lord promised this gift almost in the beginning of His public life. When the great crowd which followed Him were with us anything to eat. He made use of the five loaves to feed 5,000 hungry men. On a subsequent occasion, when crowds followed Him, hoping to profit by it in a similar way He taught them saying, "Your fathers did eat manna in the desert, they died. I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever. The bread which I will give is my flesh for the life of the world." Here was the mystery which the plummet line of human reason could never fathom. The Jews began to question the power of Jesus to do this. They were the first doubters, the predecessors of those who put the same questions today. The Jews said, "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" Jesus did not argue. That is not His way, nor is it the way of His Church. Instead He said, "Amen, amen, I say unto you: unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth of me in the Blessed Eucharist liveth also by me." Some of the disciples also began to doubt. They were touched with the sceptic spirit of the age. They could not understand this profound mystery of divine life. They therefore said, "It is a hard saying and who can hear it," and turning away they left Jesus. In like manner now, those who do not believe in the presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist leave Him and His cause and His Church behind them. Then Our Saviour, turning to the twelve said, "Will you also go away?" And Peter, the first Pope, in anticipation of the teaching authority of the Head of the Church, exclaimed, "Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we have believed and have known that thou art Christ the Son of God." There is the faith of the Catholic Church. We base our undying faith on the imperishable word of God, as Peter did on that occa-

sion. We believe and know that Thou art Christ the Son of the living God, who hast come into our world. No further word was said of this divine mystery for many months to come. Jesus kept it treasured up in His sacred heart. Time passed on. Jesus talked, worked miracles, freed sinners, consoled the afflicted. At last the hour of the sacrifice had come, the last supper arrived. His heart was heavy with foreboding of the treason of Judas and the mockeries of His trial, and the undeserved indignities and jibes of an infuriated mob, and the injustice of law and the clamouring of the scribes; and such was the state of the minds of men that one might almost imagine it to have been the nineteenth century. Such was that evening, and yet it was at that moment that He bequeathed unto humanity His precious body and blood. Taking bread and wine into His blessed hands, He fulfilled the promises He had made and in words simple but all powerful, He said: "Take ye and eat; this is my body." And taking the chalice He gave thanks and gave to them saying: "Drink ye all of this, for this is my blood of the new testament which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins." The words of power are always simple. The words of creation were simple and yet they were omnipotent. Even so, these simple words of God. "This is my body," though simple, were omnipotent and creative. Jesus had come to stay amongst us in visible form and He leaves His bread to be our life and to bring forth joy to God. It may be said that all this was two thousand years ago and has no concern for us. The hour of those events is separated from us by thousands and thousands of miles and how can they reach us? Time and space can never destroy His truth. The Son of God battered down all these barriers with the words "Do this in commemoration of me." "I create you priests, I ordain you to this priesthood and I command you to do for all time that which I have done, to take bread and wine and change them into my body and blood." These words were at once a command and a prophecy, a command that has been obeyed and a prophecy that has been fulfilled. The priesthood is perpetual, imperishable and immortal. Its members perpetuate the Blessed Eucharist amongst us. From that day to this, the love and reverence of Catholic hearts have translated them into a music that elevates the mind and soul. In all ages and in all times, wherever men are to be saved and taught to worship God, there Catholic altars are raised and the sacrifice of the Mass is offered up. No other hands have ever consecrated the Blessed Eucharist than those of the priests of the Catholic Church. Others may have some semblance of this rite, but their pretensions are vain and empty as the husks of swine. Outside of the Catholic Church there is no power to change bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ. This is how Our Lord has annihilated space and time, and made perpetual and ever present that which was first consecrated in Jerusalem. In beautiful Cathedrals and in humble structures has the sacrifice been offered and has Jesus dwelt. I have myself had the honor of offering that sacrifice in the stately pile on the banks of the Tiber, the Cathedral of mankind, at the altar of St. Peter's shrine at Rome, which was lately thronged with 60,000 pilgrims, and I have also said Mass and held the body of Jesus in my hands in the log shanties of the backwoods of this Province. It is thus that Jesus has perpetuated the sacrifice. During this week our Lord will be exposed for forty hours in this Cathedral Church that you may pay Him the homage of your adoration. He is your God. He is really present there as He was on Calvary and on the mount where Peter proposed to erect the three tabernacles. Come and pay Him a tribute of love. You owe Him your heart's best affections. You owe Him an offering of reparation. This is a solemn duty for us. Many are the Catholics who pass by this church week after week and never come in, who neglect the duty they should be prompt to fulfill. How many there are who blaspheme and call this a Popish superstition. They say as did the Jews of old, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" As long as the world lasts, this objection will be raised by those who are not the friends of God or His Church. But we owe it as a duty to ourselves to come to the devotions during these days. Have we all the spiritual gifts we require? Have we ever needed God? Are our sins forgiven us yet? Let us remember that we are poor and miserable and needy before God. The gifts which Jesus has given us we should take advantage of. Wherever He went on earth He brought blessings, and should we not approach Him in this hour of grace and mercy? He will appease the troubles and sorrows of life if we only ask Him. Come to him all you that labor, all you that are heavy burdened, all you that are bound down by the weight of your great cares, come to Him and He will refresh you as He has always done in the past to the generations of men and as He will continue to do on the Catholic altar until the day of judgment. Let us, then, receive Him worthily, so that we may finally see Him in all the glory of His divinity, in all the splendour of His majesty and in all the beauty of His perfection.

Death and Funeral of Father Finan.

Want of space prevented us taking proper notice of this sad event—doubly sad by reason of the short illness which preceded the demise of one who was so well and favorably known amongst the clergy of the Diocese. On the 13th of February Father Finan said his last Mass, and before a week he had rendered his soul to God. For some time he used to complain of pain in the head, but nothing serious, until the Monday previous to his death, when the indications were that a tumor had formed upon the brain. He died on Sunday morning, Feb. 19th.

Andrew F. Finan was born on the 20th of September, 1834, in the County of Roscommon, Ireland. After the completion of his classical studies he came to Toronto and entered St. Michael's College. Here he made his philosophy and a portion of his theology which he finished in Montreal. He was ordained priest in St. Michael's Cathedral by the late Archbishop Lynch on November 21st, 1861; and was sent as assistant to Father Braire, then parish priest of Brook. His first parish was Pickering, over which he was placed upon the death of Father P. Cummins. During the last seven years he was chaplain, first at Sunnyside, and latterly at the House of Providence. Of a warm and affectionate nature he always had amongst those who knew him very sincere friends who will remember him with kindness and mourn his loss with sorrow.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, Feb. 21st. The Very Rev. Father McCann, V.G., sang the Mass; while Father Kelly acted as deacon, and Father Redden as sub-deacon, and Father Hand as master of ceremonies. His Grace the Archbishop assisted at the Mass, and imparted the last absolution. The following clergymen were also present: Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, Rev. Fathers Bergin, Brennan, C.S.B., Coyle, Cruise, Duffy, Frachon, C.S.B., Gallagher, Jeffcott, Keane, Krein, C.S.B., Lafontaine, Lamarcho, Murray, C.S.B., McBride, McPhillips, Rohleder, Teffy, C.S.B., Trayling, and J. Walsh.

Before the ceremony closed His Grace said a few words upon the deceased and the lessons which his death contained. Father Finan was a man whose warm heart had won him many friends amongst the laity, and especially the clergy, who will miss him greatly. The poor will also miss him, for his tender sympathy went out to them, and he was always prepared to serve them. The lesson which this death taught was that we should be always prepared, for we know not the day or the hour. His Grace concluded by expressing the hope that the death of all present might be precious in the sight of God; for blessed are they that die in the Lord.

Departure of Rev. Father McMahon.

Thursday, Feb. 16th, the eve of Father McMahon's departure from the parish of Brechin, was an occasion of which the parishioners took advantage to show their esteem for their beloved pastor, and their regret at his removal from their midst. Early in the day the Rev. Father visited the Separate School and addressed the pupils. Heartfelt sorrow was depicted on every countenance, showing that they will long remember the tender care bestowed upon them by Father McMahon. In the evening the parishioners assembled in the spacious hall of the presbytery and presented the Rev. Father with a well filled purse. The following address was also read:

To the Rev. P. McMahon.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—We the parishioners of Brechin have learned with deepest regret that you are about to leave us. Yet, as you do so in obedience to the call of His Grace the Archbishop, we endeavour to fool resigned.

You have, by your energy and zeal, promoted greatly the cause of religion in this parish; and, by your generosity and amiability, endeared yourself to all with whom you came in contact.

We feel that your place in our affections will be hard to fill; that you will ever be held in fondest remembrance by us, who have been under your spiritual guidance for the last five years; and we humbly pray that your labors in the future may be blessed, and that God may grant you many happy years.

We ask you to kindly accept this purse, which is indeed but a small token of our love, esteem and reverence for you. We feel that it is but a small tribute to your worth to you who have always been to us a kind father, instructor and spiritual guide.

Signed on behalf of the congregation:—Jos. Barker, J. J. Bernard, P. McRae, Michael McGrath, Jno. Overend, Mark McConnell, Jno. McKerrill, A. J. O'Boyle, Patrick Mangan, Michael McLean, Jno. McGowan, Jos. McCorkell, Michael O'Donnell, Chas. Holmes, Thos. Murphy, John Malone, R. L. Gaughan.

Father McMahon replied as follows: My dear and esteemed friends, I hardly know how to begin to reply to your beautiful and flattering address. I feel, however, that every word in it is the exponent of your sincere attachment and deep-rooted affection for me, and I feel also that in your goodness

you have drawn a picture of what I should be rather than what I am.

Five years have passed away since I came amongst you. You were then perfect strangers to me, and now on the eve of my departure it is a source of great gratification to me to know that I have made many sterling, and warm-hearted friends. Those five years of my ministry were happy and pleasant. They were happy and pleasant, because peace and good feeling existed between us; and peace and good feeling existed simply because each did what was necessary—you doing your duty as a faithful and loving flock by encouraging and assisting in everything that was undertaken for the good of the parish, and I endeavoring, to the best of my ability, to discharge the sacred obligations which I contracted in becoming your pastor.

You allude in your kind address to the temporal and spiritual progress made in the parish during my sojourn. Well, as I said on a previous occasion, whatever good may have been effected, I take no credit of it to myself, but must attribute it first to the goodness of God, who blessed my humble efforts, and next to your zeal, your generosity, and your hearty co-operation. After all this it would be affectionate on my part to say that I am not grieved to leave you, for I have learned to love and respect you.

I know that there are a great many in the parish who are sorry for my departure; be it my consolation to think that it is their very goodness that has made them grieve, and that the salt of their virtue will be the saving of the whole mass; also that wherever I go I shall have their prayers, as they shall share in mine.

I thought to have parted with you quietly, as parting scenes are never pleasant, and are long afterwards felt. But you had your money and your address before I suspected anything of the matter. The one could be returned; the other could not; so I thought I would gratify you by receiving both. Accept my heartfelt gratitude for this token of your esteem and attachment, as well as for the other acts of kindness received from you.

The beauties of our holy faith are manifested in every phase of life; but perhaps they never come more home to our hearts than at an hour like this, when the pastor is saying good-bye to his flock. You have shown your affection for me, and I who, though unable to show mine for you, still love and respect you as the fruits of five years' labor in the vineyard of Christ. All of us, in parting, feel that our grief has one pang the less from the thought that though a few miles of Canadian ground may separate us, and even though the separation may be for life, still we share in the communion of saints; though apart in body we can be united in spirit, asking God's blessing for one another through life, yes, and even beyond the grave. Do this for me, as I promise to do it for you.

May God bless you, and may He enrich you with His choicest gifts, is the sincere wish of my heart.

The "Western Canada"

Few of the financial institutions of Toronto have had greater success than the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company, of whose operations for 1892, we give a report in another column. President Allen, in his annual message, makes the pleasing announcement that the amount received by the Company from investors in its debentures during the year was \$400,936.82. The amount paid off was \$297,241.08, leaving a total at the end of the year of \$3,539,132.79. The amount of moneys placed on deposit with the Company is \$941,645.01, which, together with the debentures, makes a total entrusted to the Company of \$4,480,777.80. The profits for the year, over all expenses, amounted to \$189,295.89, of which \$152,175 was paid in dividends, and \$37,120.89 carried to contingent account—all of which proves that this old established Company is not only holding its own, but adding steadily to its valuable assets.

The Conference of Our Lady belonging to the parish of St. Michael's Cathedral will make a special appeal to the charity of the faithful next Sunday evening, when Rev. Father Hand, Pastor of St. Paul's, will preach.

The students of the above named Institution will hold their annual public entertainment on the evening of March the 17th. A very interesting play entitled "The White Horse of the Peppers" is to be presented.

On Friday last, St. Mathias' Day, His Grace the Archbishop conferred the four minor orders upon Mr. James C. Carbery in St. John's Chapel, adjoining the Cathedral. His Grace was assisted by Vicar-General McCann, Fathers Rohleder and La Fontaine.

The new Catholic Church at Phepston will be dedicated by His Grace the Archbishop on Tuesday, March 7th, at 10 30 a.m. Father Ryan, of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, will preach the dedication sermon. A special train will leave Barrie at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Phepston about 9.40. Special rates have been secured from Orillia, Collingwood, Penetanguishene, and intermediate stations.