

A BANQUET.

St. Ann's Young Men Wind Up Their Celebration in a Sumptuous Manner—Leading Irishmen Guests at Their Banquet.

The members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society brought the celebration of their tenth anniversary to a fitting close with a sumptuous banquet, given in their hall on Wednesday last.

The hall had been festooned and tastefully decorated for the occasion, and large crayon portraits of the Rev. director, Father Strubbe, and of Father Catulle occupied a place on the wall.

Two large tables with a smaller one across one end found accommodation for the large number of guests.

The chair was occupied by the President of the Society, Mr. Michael O'Brien. Among the distinguished guests present were: The Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor-General; Hon. Judge Doherty, Hon. James McShane, Aid. Nolan, M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., and representatives of the various Irish societies. Among the clergy were the Rev. Father Strubbe, Father O'Meara, of St. Gabriel's, Fathers Schelfaut and McPail.

The tables presented a beautiful appearance, and, as the Hon. J. J. Curran, said in the course of his speech, "the scene, properly represented, would have made a picture fitted to embellish the pages of any illustrated paper in the country." After the excellent dinner had been partaken of the President of the Society rose and delivered an address of welcome that was eloquent and most interesting. He briefly outlined the progress of the society since its foundation, and at the close of his remarks proposed the health of the Rev. Father Strubbe and Father Catulle. When Father Strubbe rose to respond he was greeted with a great burst of applause. On behalf of himself and Father Catulle, who was unable to be present, he said it was just ten years ago since Father Catulle came to him one day and said we must have a young men's society. These words announced the inception of the present society. Continuing, he said he had always loved the young men, and he was pleased to say that they appreciated and reciprocated this love.

The Hon. J. J. Curran, when called upon to respond to the toast of the Solicitor-General made a forcible and eloquent oration, at the close of which he spoke of the value and instruction to be derived from reading. He said that the Scotch were reviving the reading of Sir Walter Scott's works and the Irish should take similar means to revive the interest in the works of Gerald Griffin, Carleton, Banum, and the many other Irish writers who had made a name by their genius. He said that in years to come the excellent works of Mrs. J. Sudler would be re-read and would be appreciated at their true value.

Among the other speakers were the Hon. Judge Doherty and the Hon. James McShane. Judge Doherty made a very humorous speech, in the course of which he propounded a conundrum that no one wished to answer; he then went on to telling anecdotes and was otherwise as delightful as he alone knows how to be.

Mr. James McShane made a good speech and showed that he possessed more oratorical ability than he is generally credited with. At the suggestion of the Hon. J. J. Curran the speech making was interspersed with musical selections; this novelty had an excellent effect and entirely eliminated the monotony that usually attends a continuous succession of after dinner speeches.

Among the toasts were, Mr. Philip Sheridan, who answered with a clever speech; Father O'Meara; The Press, answered by Mr. Laurence Clarke; the President of the society; Alderman Nolan and others.

The music both during and after the supper was excellent, the Irish airs arranged for the orchestra by Professor Shea being quite operatic in their tunefulness. Songs by Mr. Emblem and Mr. M. J. F. Quinn were excellent. The Hon. J. J. Curran also sang a most laughable song which was greeted with almost unbounded enthusiasm. After spending a very enjoyable evening the assemblage broke up at about 12 o'clock with the playing of "God Save Ireland."

A devotion that is spreading with unexampled rapidity in France is that to St. Anthony of Padua as the friend of

the indigent. Each city, each parish is erecting a statue of St. Anthony; and what is known as l'Œuvre du Pain (the society for providing bread for the poor) is effecting great good among those whom the distress of recent years has reduced to a state of actual misery.

THE CARDINAL MEETS THE NEW WOMAN.

The New Woman has visited Cardinal Gibbons, says the N. Y. World, and he gave her permission to print what passed between them. She explains to him who and what the New Woman is, and the glory of her achievements, but she only draws from his conservative eminence the statement that: "The church exalts womanhood in the veneration it accords the Mother of Jesus Christ, but in exalting womanhood, it still has regard for the special nature of her mission in the world, which is equal to man's though not identical with it."

And the query: "Fatal as is the indifference to eternal truths resulting among men from a rejection of this principle, if the women, the mothers of our country, are to divorce religion from their reason, and gauge their excellence by the standard of a secular education, what can we expect of their children?"

Whereupon it is explained to him that in the life of the New Woman children need not be taken into account:

"Wrong, wrong, all wrong, and the greatest menace to our American liberty is the growing disregard of this country for the little child," answered the Cardinal. "Religion reveres and glorifies the little child. It is as a little child that the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity is born into the world. It was the little children that without reserve Christ bade come unto Him, and it was little children He set up as a type of spiritual excellence, by which men attain the kingdom of heaven."

"The human race depends for its existence on the intercourse of the sexes, which Christ Himself has dignified, blessed and made holy in the Church through the Sacrament of Matrimony. The union of man and woman in marriage is natural and noble. It is unnatural and ignoble if such union contemplates the avoidance of the responsibility of its fruits. In this connection, as in every other relation of her life, a woman finds divine light to guide her in the life of the mother of Jesus Christ—'Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done unto me according to Thy Word.'"

"The woman who makes her marriage vows with any reservation concerning the will of God in the number of her children is a worshipper not of God, but of mammon, and is unworthy the love and protection of an honest man."

And asked with what advice he would still the restless discontent of the New Woman, he gently answers: "I would tell her that the cardinal virtues of a woman are chastity and humility. The one attracts God, and through the other God is born into the world. I would tell the New Woman that to be happy she must purify her heart by prayer and humble herself by self denial, remembering that self-denial is actually the denying of one's self, and that herself being the vanity of intellect, she must subject reason to faith, as St. Paul says, and her whole being to religion. For what doth it profit a woman if she gain the whole world and lose her own soul."—Catholic Columbian.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

The American Ecclesiastical Review for January opens with a paper by the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J., on "The Library of a Priest," a topic upon which the writer offers many suggestions quite as valuable to the laity as to the clergy. In a foot-note is a bit of information interesting to Catholics, to whose children Dumas, senior, and Mr. Alexander Dumas are offered as authors to be read in the public school course: "It would be a service to priests in their capacity of directing others and answering questions, if these lists were drawn up, both of authors who are to be universally shunned and of particular books in vogue which ought not to be read. While I was writing the above, a religious teacher inquired whether Dumas should be approved of among the day-schoolers of the convent?—Dumas, whom the Index pillories with this universal condemnation: 'Dumas (Alexander, pater et filius), Scripta omnia romanensia quae sub utriusque nomine in lucem

edita circumferantur quocunque idiomate.' Such a work has just been done in a popular book for the French laity by P. H. Fayolle, de la C. de J., L'Apostolat de la Presse, 1892." M. Fayolle's book should be translated if it have hitherto escaped the vigilance of American Catholic publishers. It would be within bounds to say that not one Catholic in ten knows of the prohibition of the works of MM. Dumas. "The Physiological and Moral Aspect of Hypnotism," by the Rev. R. J. H. Laid, S.J., opens an interesting series of papers, and "The Catholic Clergy in Politics" vigorously attacks a subject on which the American Catholic is condemned to listen to much "that hain't so" from his Protestant fellow citizens. Next month the Review will be devoted chiefly to the discussion of testamentary matters, and the March number will contain many papers on various methods of advocating temperance among Catholics. (Philadelphia, Penn.)

ACERIS LACHRYMAE.

The following tribute to the memory of the late Premier is from the pen of Canada's popular poet, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan:—

I.
But yesterday its heart was joyed,
It whispered love to brook and tree,
And felt in every root and limb
The genial sun so strong and free.

Its pulse was tuned to English oak,
Its heart was true to Northern Star;
It grew in wealth of loyal care
Cheered by a gift of love afar.

It felt no gale that swept the land,
For truth had girt its roots around
And clasped it to a nation's heart,
Deep set within each rood of ground.

Now in its strength of power and love
It feels the wound, it feels the cross,
The grief that bows our Mother Queen,
The sorrow of a Nation's loss.

From out that regal home where dwell
The virtues that make England great
There came a message dark in word
That smote as with the edge of fate.

A message that a Nation's hope
Had fallen from life's throbbing sky,
That he who held a people's trust
Fell softly in God's arms on high.

II.
O maple, dowered with life and joy,
O bleeding tree of bitter pain;
Our chiefest son—our pilot-guide
Falls dead upon the deck in main.

He loved the sunshine of your heart,
A gift from England's queenly rose;
He wrought two nations lasting good,
His soul so great loved even foes.

He built not on the shifting sands
Of plaudits gained in dubious way;
He faced the right, achieved his plan,
In clearest light in fullest day.

The storms that passions rolled on high
Found in his heart no anxious heed;
Within the compass of his love
He knew no tongue nor race nor creed.

The magnet of his noble mind
Found swiftly duty's firm decree;
He served his God in all his works
And loyal to Him was ever free.

His deeds are stars to light our path,
His fame a glory born of heaven;
His life an arc of rounded toll
To God and country freely given.

III.
O maple clad with Christmas cheer,
How sad your dream of life to-morrow,
When Hope had kindled bright her fire,
'Tis quenched by Death's dark plume of sorrow

And thro' our blinding tears is seen
A ship that bears across the deep
The sacred clay of him we loved,
For whom two nations mourn and weep.

O, cruiser dark with shadowy wings,
Whose lips are tuned to battle's dirge,
Bear gently to our mournful shore
Our honored dead through wind and surge.

May every star that crowns the night,
Drop beads of light upon his bier
And angels weave a rosary bright
From grief's dark pall and sorrow's tear.

And O, ye bells whose requiem toll
Speaks to the heart of life and death,
Whose pulsing throbs and deepest tones
Are but a type of human breath,

Ring o'er his bier a chime of prayer,
Strong as a nation's grief and love,
That he who won a wreath below,
May win the greater crown above.

IV.
O, maple, robed in shades of night,
I come from out your shadowy pall;
And leave behind the gift of pain
And break the bonds of sorrow's thrall.

The greater life of him who died
Is vital in our hearts to-day;
For deeds have power and soul to plan,
To shape our lives, to mould our clay.

Whatever things are done for God
Have root in soil beyond our years;
And bud and bloom in beauteous form
Devoid of earthly hope and fears.

This life is but the vestibule,
The altar stairs that lead to heaven;
Around whose feet the nations kneel
And pray that peace and light be given.

And looking through the mists of years,
I see as in a dream a land,
Fashion'd and formed in toil and prayer,
A gift of God divinely planned.

Where 'neath the light of northern star,
With truth and honor for a wall,
A nation dwells secure in peace
With God our Father guiding all?

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Irish News.

Bryan O'Donnell was on Jan. 1 installed Mayor of Limerick for the third year.

District-Inspector Leonard has been transferred from Derrygonnelly to Castle Island, County Kerry.

The Rev. Bernard McKenna, pastor of Drumaroad, Castlewelan, died on Jan. 1. He was in his forty-ninth year.

William Lyman, of Clonmel, an ex-policeman, while eating his dinner on Christmas Day, was choked by a piece of meat sticking in his throat.

On Jan. 1 the Galway and Clifden Railway was opened by the Midland Great Western Company for goods and passenger traffic between Galway and Oughterard, a distance of seventeen miles.

The chairman of the Letterkenny Board of Guardians, William H. Boyd, J. L., of Ballymacool, generously placed at the disposal of the master of the workhouse a sufficient amount of money to provide for a l the inmates a supper on the night of the New Year.

The death is announced of the venerable Archdeacon Ryan, P. P., D. D., at his residence, the Presbytery, Fethard. He had been in delicate health for the past year or so, but of late was forced to take to his bed. He passed peacefully away on December 20, fortified by the last rites of Holy Church. The sad intelligence was everywhere received with the deepest sorrow. Springing from a fine old stock, the deceased cleric was intensely Irish, and he always took a prominent and a practical part in the National movement.

A great demonstration was held on Sunday, December 30, at Newport, County Mayo, which was addressed by Dr. Robert Ambrose, the member for West Mayo; Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P.; Mr. David Sheehy, M.P., and other gentlemen. All those gentlemen in the course of their speeches dealt with Mayo landlordism, and the gloomy outlook for the small farmers. The day was cold, with occasional showers of hail, and the mountain slopes, whitened with snow, which were visible from the place of meeting, sent forcible corroboration to the forecasts of probable suffering through the severity of the winter. The Very Rev. Canon Grealy, P.P., V.F., of Newport, was the presiding officer.

On December 31, an address and testimonial was presented to Alderman Roche, ex-mayor of Cork, by his admirers in the city, on the termination of his two years of office. The address, which was read by Mr. William Murphy, solicitor, averred that during the present generation the office of mayor had never been filled with greater success than by Alderman Roche. It alluded to the mayor's mission to Rome on the occasion of the golden jubilee of Leo XIII., his service with the Trans-Atlantic mail traffic, his co-operation with the Countess of Aberdeen in the Irish Industries movement, the annual summer excursion and Christmas dinner for poor children, and other projects. The address was accompanied by a presentation of silver plate, the centre-piece of solid silver weighing three hundred ounces. The mayor, in returning thanks, said the presentation was one he should value as the dearest thing in his possession. That he had been successful in many ways he attributed to the magnificent support he had received from citizens of all classes—a support which on all occasions far exceeded his expectations. He would try in every future act of his public life to prove that he was worthy of the confidence which the best citizens of Cork placed in him that day.

C. M. B. A. INVITATION.

The members of Branches 132 and 160, Halifax, N.S., beg to intimate to the members of the C.M.B.A., throughout Canada, that any member visiting Halifax will find a welcome in their rooms, Anderson's building, corner Duke and Barrington streets. 27 3

West-End

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