

# EXTRACT FROM DISCOURSE PRO- NOUNCED AT THE FUNERAL OF A CARMELITE NUN.

St. Louis Western Watchman.

On Saturday last Sister Mary Francis, of the Carmelites, was buried from the convent on Victor Street. She was only twenty-eight years of age and had been in the community nine years. The obsequies were performed in the chapter room, where the young nun was laid out in a plain pine coffin, bare-footed and holding in her clasped hands a copy of her vows. There was a large attendance of friends. The priest who presided at the obsequies said: "I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus." (Rom. 8. 38-39)

"In these words St. Paul tells the Romans of the power and efficacy of the love of God. Nothing can check it; nothing can withstand it. From the beginning men have known the tremendous force of electricity. The destructive power of the lightning, the awful force of the thunderbolt, have at all times filled men's minds with terror. It was the emblem of all that was most terrible in nature and the synonym of boundless destruction. The shaft that shot from the clouds, riving mountains and cleaving the granite hills was the visible sign of an anger unthroned on high. But men discovered that there was a double force in electricity, and that this awful energy was only the power of affinity. They discovered two electrical currents and in those currents found that subtle affinity that generated a dynamic force as powerful as it was terrible. These opposite currents would be one; and neither height, nor depth, nor distance, nor time could hold them apart. Though separated by only a few impassable inches they would encircle the earth to effect a union. That was the secret which has developed into electrical science; and that new-born energy, no longer terrible or destructive, has been harnessed to men's uses, and its application in the arts and industries has revolutionized physical life and labors of men.

"From the beginning men have known human love. The history of the race can be summarized in a few words: Men on earth have lived, and loved and died. Begotten of love they grew with their love; and when love ceased they died. This love was a mighty ever-present force. It was the main-spring of all the energies and activities of mankind. It created the hearthstone, built the cities and laid the foundations of empires. Every human life is an epic poem, beginning with the development of thought; then unfolding into desire and ending at last in disappointment and sorrow of the grave. Life was full of loving, hoping hearts; the graves full of dead hearts, killed by disappointment and despair. Human love too has been an awful force in human history, its story told in ruins. The earth is covered with dead Troys, as society is full of Helens, and hell full of loves' victims. But men discovered another love that had affinity to theirs. They discovered a love coming down from beyond the skies, awakening a counter current of love long stored in human hearts; and the discovery was simultaneous with the birth of the mightiest force in the universe of God: divine love; a force that not only binds all creation together in the bonds of charity, but, spanning the chasm that spans time and eternity, makes heaven and earth, and humanity and divinity, twain in one infinite and indivisible love. It is the force that has made our civilization, revolutionized men's thoughts and motives, and absolutely renewed the entire face of the earth. This new force is in the moral world what the harnessed lightning of heaven are in the physical. "I am sure," says the Apostle, "that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, will be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus." This magnetic force was discovered by its power to attract. All smaller objects were by the loadstone drawn to itself. So precisely was the presence of this new force made manifest among men. The pagan world saw the Christians with one heart and one mind, and exclaimed: "how these people love one another!" The love of God in human life has always been a magnet ever known on this earth. Its influence reached all time and embraced the whole earth. "When I shall be lifted up I shall draw all things to myself." And men animated with His spirit, and carrying the Cross after Him, have been centres of a mighty attraction that overcame all obstacles and surmounting all difficulties, to compass a union of hearts and lives. A Saint Anthony and St. Paul and a St. Francis of Assisi might try to hide the pearl they had found; they might seek to bury the jewel by burying themselves in deserts and wildernesses. But men have followed whithersoever they led; and the deserts were peopled and the wildernesses made to blossom as the rose. What was the law that regulated life in the desert? It was the lawless law of limitless love. The whole world loves a lover. The tourist who visits Verona is first brought to the "Home of Juliet." She is the fair creation of love who under the languid skies of the South exemplified the force and witchery of perfect human love. The whole world most loves a divine lover. If you would understand a saint you

must first get at the secret of his life. He is a man of extraordinary deeds. He reveals in self sacrifice. He finds joy in sorrow and ecstasy in bodily torment. He is a lover; and that explains all the unsolvable enigmas of his life. He has a heart. He wants to sacrifice to his love. His life, and hopes and joys and his all, he casts in the furnace of his love, that they may make sweet incense before the face of his beloved. A man can not love God without loving Him inordinately, and to love Him inordinately is to love most extraordinarily. Every religious house in the world is a shrine of love's devotion attended by the lovers of Jesus Christ, the spouse of souls. A convent where the love of God is not the food and drink of its inmates, the very atmosphere they breathe, is like the hearthstone from which conjugal love has fled; it is a white-hot sepulchre as full of the fruits of death, as are hearts glutted with despair in which plighted faith and love have died. This young girl a few years ago entered these walls a visitor. While here she felt the spell of a present devotion never felt before. She returned again and again to the hallowed spot. At last she surrendered to the voice calling her interiorly, and falling on her knees and with outstretched hands, she cried out: "Oh, here let me dwell forever. Make me one of you. Your home shall be my home; your love shall be my love forever." She leaves these sacred scenes to day, a shadow of her former self, consumed physically and spiritually by the love of her heavenly Spouse; this her death song: I go to Him, "quem vidi, quem amavi, in quem credidi, quem dilexi."

The Church requires that these spouses of Christ should leave father and mother and relatives and friends; change their name and bury themselves in these cloisters. But "they speak to us from their urns." Their life is an object lesson for us. We all cannot be priests or nuns. But we all have hearts—loving hearts. Let us give them up unreservedly to the love of God. We all have minds—vast and godlike minds. Let us give them up wholly to the contemplation of the beauty and grandeur of God. Both mind and heart were made for God, and they will never find rest or contentment outside of Him.

The attractiveness of love is beautifully illustrated here this morning. This young girl who a few years ago consecrated her heart and life to God before this altar was personally unknown to most of you. But you come here to look at her bier—the bier of this divine Juliet, without the dross of passion or the stain of sin; and you would like to take from her young grave a sweet flower to bring home with you to remind you in future years of what human hearts can do for the love of heaven. She was an innocent child. I never knew one more innocent. She was a religious, and her bereaved companions will tell you they never knew one more fervent. But let us not dwell on her virtues. The Church bids us on our knees and chants the "Miserere." She who would enter into the presence of God must be pure beyond the power of human intelligence to understand. We have before us the consummation. Looking into her virgin grave let us think of the goal that she has reached, and gather fresh courage for our race that is still on.

## THE MARTYR OF THE CREDO.

How beautiful is the history of St. Peter the Dominican, surnamed the Martyr of the Credo.

It may be proposed to all those who in these times of weakness and of half-heartedness have not the courage to declare themselves Christians.

When Peter was returning home after having been at school, his uncle asked him what he had learned during the day.

"The Credo," answered the child, who was hardly seven years old, and then he recited it with great simplicity.

Now, his uncle belonged to the sect of the Manicheans. He was not content with believing in one sole God, but desired to have two, one good, the other evil. Moreover he was a bitter enemy of the Catholic faith. This opportunity was a very good one for dealing a decisive blow against the pure and righteous soul of the child.

"Do you quite understand," he said to him, "what the Credo means?"

"Certainly I know," replied the boy, and with great delight he explained the Credo. The uncle in his turn wished to teach him his. But no matter in whatever way we put it, the child persisted in saying Credo in unum, I believe in one sole God.

"But your teachers are deceiving you. Do not believe them. What I tell you is the truth."

"Credo in unum," the child repeated with a sweet smile.

At last the uncle drove him away, and this little confessor carried his treasure with him in order to meditate upon it at his ease in the solitude of a convent. He became a Dominican, and all his life was consecrated to the defense of the Credo.

Heretics were so greatly afraid of him that they determined to kill him. One day when he was journeying from Courto to Milan, two villains attacked him, and struck him twice on the head with a hatchet. The saint fell on the ground, bathed in his blood.

"Credo," he explained with his dying voice, whilst his lips murmured for the last time the words of the creed. Soon his strength and voice failed him. But faith continued to increase even more and more in his soul. Gathering together all that remained to him of

energy, he dipped his fingers in the blood, which flowed from his wounds, and wrote on the ground.

Do you wish to know what it was he wrote? It was his Credo, his dear Credo.

His exasperated murderers killed him with their swords, and heaven opened to receive the holy martyr. Happy those who die for the faith!—Pittsburg Catholic.

## AN INTREPID CATHOLIC BISHOP.

The Career of Bishop Gordon, S. J., Of Jamaica—Farmer, Zouave, Schoolastic and Prelate—His Work in The West Indies

Bishop Gordon, of Jamaica, is on a visit to Scotland on his way home from Rome, where he was on an official visit to the Pope. Since the Bishop was sent out to Jamaica, ten years ago, the Catholic population in that island has considerably increased, and the general condition of the people much better. Imbued with Celtic enthusiasm and gifted with indomitable perseverance, His Lordship has done much for the advantage of those under his charge. Since his arrival in the island he has made himself a favorite with all classes of the community, and his opinion on all matters pertaining to the management of the State is considered as very valuable. By all sections he is regarded in the highest esteem, and before leaving for home a few months ago he was made the recipient of a presentation subscribed to by all the islanders.

The Right Rev. Charles Gordon, S. J., belongs to a Catholic and Jacobite family of long standing. He is a descendant of the Gordons of Mimmure, Glenlivet, Banffshire, Scotland, a branch of the old ducal House of Gordon that at one time held feudal suzerainty over the North of Scotland. Glenlivet, as most of our readers know, is a large district the inhabitants of which are mostly Catholics, whose ancestors have ever remained true to the one faith, in spite of the tyranny and cruelty leveled against them at the time of the so-called Reformation.

The Gordons were always loyal to the Stuart line, and the Laird of Mimmure played a distinguished part in 1745 and '46. The Laird before setting forth to join the Prince's men, made a simulated conveyance to another of his property on the understanding that no matter what issue of the rising, the estate was to be restored to himself, or, if he fell, to his family. The friend proved false and treacherous; he retained the property, and, of course, there were no means for the Gordons to recover it. Sir Charles Gordon, of Glenlivet, Argyleshire succeeded his uncle, old Lewis Gordon, solicitor in Aberdeen, as the first secretary of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and was instrumental in starting the Agricultural Society of England, together with that of Ireland. Sir Charles Gordon was the father of Bishop Gordon, who was born in 1831. He was destined for a writership in India, his uncle being a Director of the East India Company. His father's death, however, caused this project to fall through, and after taking an active part in furthering plans and undertakings of a benevolent character, settled down to farm a portion of his paternal estate. As a farmer he built ditches, turned heather hills into fertile fields, reared cattle and farm stock, and sold his own produce in Liverpool. The work of the enterprising farmer was finished, however, for the news came that the French Empire had ceased to defend the Pope, and left it to be a fight for volunteers. The spirit which animated his forefather burned in the heart of the Argyleshire Laird, and like his ancestors, he was ready to do or die in a cause which he considered to be righteous and just. He thought he would raise a force of men, recruited from Ireland and America sufficient to go from one end of Italy to the other. He intended that funds should be drawn from these countries and all the British Colonies. He started at once from Scotland with sixty men and organized a hundred more to follow, putting himself in communication with Lord Denbigh and a Catholic committee in London, of which his uncle was secretary. Before the expedition started news had come of the battle of Mentana, and no active work was left for the Scottish Volunteers. The brave descendant of the gallant Gordons, however, set out with his men to see if there was any turn of affairs. Nothing turned up, and, after a couple of years' service in the zouaves, the young Argyleshire Laird entered upon another stage of an honorable, self-sacrificing career. Having offered his life to God, and not having had it accepted in the manner in which he first gave it to the service of his Creator, he resolved to devote it to Him in another form. And so he entered the Jesuit College at St. Bueno's, in North Wales, to study for the priesthood. After a brilliant career in this seminary he was ordained a priest by Bishop Brown, in the year 1869. He served at various towns in England and Scotland, and about twelve years ago he was stationed at St. Aloysius, Glasgow. On the 15th of August, 1889, Father Gordon was consecrated Bishop of Thetira and Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica. Archbishop Eyre performed the consecration ceremony, there being also present Archbishop Smith and Bishop MacDonald, of Argyle and the Isles, (now Archbishop of Edinburgh) He immediately left for Jamaica after his consecration, and arrived there on the 13th of September. On arrival in Jamaica he was accorded a hearty wel-

come, and was received by the good Catholics as a guide and father. To-day he is admired and looked up to with veneration and respect by all the members of his flock, while retaining the affection and friendship of the other islander. Under his fostering care the Catholic Church has made rapid progress in his diocese, new churches have sprung up, schools have been opened and a Catholic atmosphere is beginning to permeate the whole of Jamaica and to exercise a powerful influence over the lives of all sections of its people. The priests of the Society of Jesus have about twenty churches under their charge, and about the same number of schools. The Catholic population is nearly twenty thousand, but this number is rapidly increasing through the immigration of Irish and Scottish people, as well as by the converts to the Catholic Faith. There are about eighteen priests serving on the mission, and their hard work, kindly manner and charitable disposition have been the means of elevating the influence of the Catholic Church. As has been said, Bishop Gordon takes a keen interest in all that appertains to the benefit of the community. He is a member of several of the public boards, and occupies a prominent place on the board of education.

One of the most useful institutions, the Alpha Cottage Industrial School, was formed through his influence. Although far from the old land, the sons of Scotland resident in Jamaica, never forget the country of their birth, and every year on St. Andrew's Day they gather in a social capacity. Here Bishop Gordon's popularity is manifest, and his stirring addresses to the members of the Caledonian Association, always remain fresh in the memories of his audiences. The Bishop was a member of a Commission appointed recently to inquire into the educational affairs of the island. The other members of the Commission included Dr. Nuttall, the Anglican Archbishop of the West Indies; Mr. Lumb, a Judge of the Supreme Court; and two members of the Legislative Council. As a result of the Commission a very learned report on manual and agricultural training in schools was issued.

## GRATITUDE AND FAITH.

How few Catholics there are who ever thank God for the precious gift of faith which He has conferred upon them by singling them out from the midst of millions of others to be members of the true Church; while many who would, perhaps, make a far better use of His precious graces, are still walking in the paths of heresy and infidelity! It is only those who have perhaps for years, been groping for light, and who at length have been rewarded for their hope in God by the dawning of faith in their souls, who can form an idea of the immense debt of gratitude they owe to God for having guided their tempest-tossed souls into a perfect haven of refuge—His Holy Church.

A striking instance of true gratitude for the light of faith recently occurred in a neighboring colony. A young man, who had spent his childhood and youth in the neighborhood of Mount G—, returned there after some years' absence for a brief visit, only to die. His whole life had been remarkable for little deeds of charity and kindness, and he was always ready to assist his fellow-men, whatever their condition in life, in all their wants, both spiritual and corporal. He endeavored, to the best of his ability, to love God and his neighbor, but the bright young life was cut short, and God called him to Himself on the Feast of his patron—St. Joseph. Being a general favorite in the district, many were the messages and visits of sympathy tendered to his sorrow-stricken young wife on the day of his funeral. Among the crowd was a black, who seemed particularly anxious to see her. Nothing could turn him from his purpose or persuade him to come again, and so persistent was he in his request that at length the young widow consented to see him. His story was soon told. Many years before, the young man who had just been called to his reward had been the means, under God, of bringing him to a knowledge of the Catholic faith. He told of the perseverance with which his instructor had taught him his catechism, snatching the hours devoted by most young men to their own relaxation in teaching him the Christian doctrine. He spoke of the patience and gentleness with which his teacher would repeat the lessons over and over again until he thoroughly understood it; and, when he thought him sufficiently instructed, how he saw that he was prepared for the Sacrament, and that he regularly attended the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on those Sundays on which it was his privilege to hear it. "I was poor then," said the grateful black, "and could not show him how much I thanked him, but now I am rich," and taking from his pocket a well-filled purse, he offered it to the astonished wife, saying: "I could not give it to him while he was alive, but you can take it now instead of him." She gently refused the proffered present, saying she would always remember his gratitude without it, but the poor man was inconsolable. He went outside and mingled with the crowd, but returned again to offer his money anew. The man seemed really pained at her refusal to allow him to show his gratitude in his own way, but at length a bright thought entered his mind. "Since you refuse, then, to take and use my money, I will go and give it all to the priest, and ask him to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the

repose of your husband's soul." And so saying, the man departed on his pious errand, and by this generous act of charity to the dead, proved by deeds more than by words that his gratitude to God for the wondrous gift of faith was undying and true—E. de M. in New World.

## SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

When present at the Holy Sacrifice it is well to follow the Mass as far as one can, and unite one's self to the action of the priest, rather than to occupy one's self with different devotions. Now the priest offers an obligation, recites prayers, and receives Holy Communion, therefore the laity can and ought to do the same. As the priest offers up the Son of God in sacrifice for us, so the Christian ought to make an offering of himself, to adore the Word made flesh, and to receive Blessed Sacrament. As however, it is not possible to communicate sacramentally every time one hears Mass, we can at least communicate spiritually—that is to say, we can awaken in ourselves a desire, a fervent longing, for Holy Communion, and beseech Our Lord, who is present under the sacramental veil, to come and dwell in our hearts by His grace. This spiritual communion will receive its completion at the conclusion of the Mass in the blessing given by the priest.

Spiritual communion can, moreover, be made without any limit as to place. When the bell rung at the consecration is heard the Christian can awaken in his soul the desire to receive his Lord. The laborer in the fields, the artisan in the factory, the sick man on his bed of pain, each and all can say within themselves: "How happy should I be, O my Lord, if I could now adore Thee in Thy temple and receive Thee sacramentally! But do Thou at least come and enter my heart and abide with me, that the darkness may not gather round my soul. Graciously hear me, be merciful unto me! Amen.

## DEGRADING MARRIAGE.

The Poor Food Show in Columbus had two mock weddings among its "attractions" last week, instead of the two real marriages that it had promised.

This way of making a hilarious circus out of matrimony is a sure method of degrading that holy rite not only among those who take part in the ceremony but also among all who simply witness its travesty sympathetically. It is turned into a sort of amusement side show to the great exhibit of cockery. It is made an occasion for suggestive mirth. It is provocative of lewd ideas, loose talk and lascivious actions.

The devil seems set on lowering marriage to the level of amusement. Every Turkish midway, every Elysian fair, every street bazaar, and this pure food show are giving him their aid. And crowds of people pretending to be Christians appear willing to cooperate. Yet is marriage a great sacrament, like the union of Christ and His Church.—Catholic Columbian.

## ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

Ask your physician this question, "What is the one great remedy for consumption?" He will answer, "Cod-liver oil." Nine out of ten will answer the same way.

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