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P. Mungovan, Travelling Agent, East

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1898.

Calcudar for the Week.

5. 4—S Dominic,
5—Our Lady of the Snow,
6—The Transfiguration,
7—10th aft. Pent
8—S. Cyriacus and Cps.
9—S. Oswald
10—S. Laucence,

A Priest's Tribute to the Dead

An awful sorrow has come upon us all, priests and people of Yeronto. Indeed I may say priests and people of Canada; and, gratefully acknowledging the kindly, generous, universal sympathy of the secular press, I might add that the sorrow is shared in by our Canadian people of every class and ereed. And this great sorrow came upon us so suddonly, came with the effect of a fall from our highest, dearest hopes; with the stunning result of a physical blow.

blow. We still stagger, are dazed and reel under the crushing effects of the tremendous sheek. It will take time to fully realite our irreparable loss. Ind.ed it takes time to think about it, to talk

about it, to write about it.
.' Great grief like great love would be silent; and silence is the language of

prior. Yet must we:

"Give sorrow words;
The grief that does not speak
hispers the o'erwrought heart and bids

it break."

But sorrow, even where it is not silect, has a language all its own The loving look of sympathy, the warm clasp of the hand, the mingling tears, the suppressed sigh, the gentle mean; or the wild wait that makes the night wind silent—all tell of sorrow for the loved ones cone.

made his announcement to the prieste at St. Michael s Palace on Sunday night they were stricken absolutely dumb,

e Archbishop dead! The Archbishop dead!
Only a day ago some of them hed
seen him. This very evening his trusted Chancellor had talked with him. He
was looking and felt so well. They
were incredulous, amazed, appalled, But, yes; he was really dead. And

Oh! the thoughts that filled their hearts! He, their loving Father, most devoted and best of friends! He, their noble, brave, glorious captain and leader,

loved I
I saw him mid the princes of his
people, the leaders in Israel, the
Prelates of the Catholic Church gathered together at the Baltimore Centunial. od together at the Baltimore Centennial. How proud; I was of my beloved Cana-dian relate! His splendid figure, his stately micu, his noble bearing—the typical churchman from top to toe. Primus inter pares. First amongst his peers. Aye; and they, his peers, were proud of him too. They knew not indeed all that I knew. The beautiful, seathle, amishe, character; the here. deed all that I knew. The beautiful, suite, amiable character; the brave, use heart that would fight the good let for a noble cause, and die for a tibrul friead; the brilliant intellect, also cared to the heights and sounded as depths of knowledge. And the arvellously faithful memory that preved as long and so well the intellect, it treasures acquired! The man of asserting principle and indomitable trage! But the man too of modern mes and moderate methods, eminently ted to be a leader and ruler of sec.

Net was he above all things and always the model churchman—the Patter Bonus, the good shepherd, the sishholt and prudent servant.

He was a born prelate—nature's necessary and present the service of th genial humor would, made him society a favorise, he felt most at home when with his as; and he said he never felt more was with his priests than the met them in To-

s; and ne said he never felt more mith his pricest. -han the leat we met them in Toronto.

on the leas words he said to his in the cathedral were: "That had a blabfor a bester body of "; and the people must have red in their hearts: "And never body of pricets a better Arch."

But the best panegyrie of prelate or priest is the grantinde, love and blessing of the poor

The morning after his death I was taking Hely Communen to a sich per son and was met at the door by a good old lady of the household who always had a warm welcome for me. Her usual greeting was.—"God bless you Father!" This morning her greeting was chaped. With tears in her voice and Irish faith and love in her heart, she cried:—"Oh! Father dear, Cod help us all, sure our darling mau is gone."

help us all, sure our darling mau is gone."

The illustrious prelate, who had gone to his well-carned roward, always held in highest eateem the loyalty of his faithful priests; but still dearer, I am sure, to the heart of this Asogarat. I toom was the love of his devoted people.

A report appeared lately in our local press intinating that the next Red Hat was to come to Toronto. I have great respect for our newspaper reporters, and though I do not thick they are always infallible, I have the very best reasons to know that this time at least they were right. But the ways of God are not the ways of men Better than a Cardinal's Hat from the illustrious L o XIII. is a well-merited crown from Leo's Master.

FRANK RYAN.

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Although we naturally look upon the death of an Archbishop as apublic calamity, we must not forget that there are family ties which are snapped by his removal. In the death of the Archbishop, while we mourn ourselves we are not so solids as not to extend our heartfelt suppathy to his afflicted sister, Mrs. McMahon, and to his nephew, flev. James Walsh, the esteemed pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, whose loss by the death of his illustrious relative will be all the more severe because he lived with him ever since his ordination as a priest and his arrival in this country.

Archbissop Walsh

Archbis 10 Walsh.

The dread Harvester of souls has indeed been busy of late within the princely ranks of the Canadian Cathoic
Ohurch. But little did we think that
the Reaper would sweep down with
swift, unwarning tread and anatch away
our own beloved Father in Christ, John
Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto. Archbishop Walsh dead! We cannot realize
it, though in our anguished soul
we know it is only too true. The nows in
last Monday ruorning's papers that the
illustrious prelate had died auddenly in
the night of heart failure sent a thrill
of terror from one and of the country
to the other. No wonder! His life
had been a beacon light upon these
shores for nigh forty years. And notwithstanding the accident to his knee
shores for nigh forty years. And notwithstanding the accident to his knee
three wocks ago, none knew—not even
his skillful physiciau or his carciul nurse,
—none knew that he was seriously ill,
much less sick u.to death. Truly the
thought of death is bitter. He was not
old—sixty-cight last May—nor was he
feeble. Who that saw his strong, handsome form on the street a month ago
would have prophesied his approaching
end? Other hopes had filled the breasts
of his intimate admirers—and their name
is legion. But all is over. The erozior
has dropped from his nerveless grasp,
the mirre reats upon a lifeless head—
Toronto Church is widowed; its high
priest is dead His eloquent voice is
hushed in the silence of death and his
kindly, paternal heart forever stilled in
the hush of the grave.

This is no place or time to chronicle
his deeds or sketch his character. Has
deeds are those of a true priest and
zealous biahop. Ordained in eighteen
hundred and fifty-four, and consecrated
hundred and fifty-four, and consecrated
hundred and fifty-four, and consecrated

his decils or aketch his character. His decils are knose of a true priest and zealous bishop. Ordained in eighteen hundred and fifty-four, and consecrated thirt-en years later, Archbishop Walsh's life includes the history of religion in the western portion of Ontario for close upon half a century. Enumerate through these many years the works of meroy, charity and learning—institutions founded and administrated; churches, chapels and administrated; churches, chapels and cathedrals buil or improved; orphanages and hospital —parishes organized and developed— and we form some faint idea of the wor. generation can hardly think of him ever being a pricet. Yet pricet he was, and in one only sou of. Autonat's cathedral hors, were the icones of his sacredotal labors, the schools wherein his carness eloquence and his cart for souls were first trained, the gymnasiums where his spiritual power for good and his capacity for administration were strengthened, and power for good and his capacity for administration were strengthened, and which aftewards enabled him to enter so intimately into the lives and trials of his pricets. But his life must be written by other hands. His character should be portrayed hereafter. No man's character can be written over his open grave, before the echoes of his words and deeds have died away. Feeling is too strong. Certainly it is in our case, and we are not sehamed to avow it. Knowing our lost Father as we do, loving him as we over did, and cherishing his memory as we sver hope to do, how can we fulfil a judicial task in the estimate of those qualities whole go to form a man's char-

And of the an another part of the day of the companion of highest sons of the term a great churchman. The Church of God was first, last and always in his mind, his heart, has work. For it he lived, in it he moved and had his boing. Its jays were his and its sorrows were griet to him. His priests and people were his chief concern. With the former he was most happy in all the sacred and hospitable relations that bind a bishop to his clergy. With the latter he was digulfied, fatherly and charitable. Intellectually he was broad rather than deep, his mind laking a practical rather than theoretical turn. cwing largely to the very active life he had always been obliged to leady Missionaries have not the leisure to be studients. Still Archbishop Watsh had a powerful intellect, a sound judgment and a remarkable memory. Had he devoted himself to the severer studies how will alway stone as milliantly amongst the ranks of learned men as he actually did shine in the practical administration of his very exalted, long continued and most sacred trust As a speaker he will always rank amongst the chief of Caudian pulpit orators. In style crunto, in treatment practical, in thought logical, rich in imagery and choice of language. Dr. Walsh was mover commonplace, always impressive and many a time brilliantly elequent. We express the hope that his sermons, pastorals and lectures will be by some kind hand saved from the fate which too often befalls such documents. We have already trangressed our limits. Let others tell of the simple faith, the spirit of ploty and prayer, the love of the poor and the zeal for God's house so evident in the sentiment, the life and the w. ks of our venerable departed Archbishop. He was a man of charity but never at the price of principle. Throughout his life he carried with him gentle peace. True to his God he was also true to his fellow-man, and he was slive true to his fellow-man, and he was slive a branche while his gener. with a love far brought, while his gener-ous heart thrilled with a true patriotism and genial love for his adopted country and its free institutions. In Ireland and in Canada, within the church and out-side of its pale, lovers of what is best and noblack will aide of its pale, lovers of what is best and noblest will mourn the loss of a great leader and standard bearer in Archbishop Walsh. For us, his own flook and children, the loss is too keen to be expressed; sorrow-stricken

o be expressed; sorrow-serioacu

We weep at the bler of our Father.

Well may we grieve who laid him
there,
Where ahall we find bis equal—where?

Nought can avait him now but prayer.

Miserce Dominel
J. R. T

OUR BELOVED ARCHBISHOP, DIED JULY 81sr, 1898

Blsr, 1898 |
Augel of God sublime, that cleavest
the infinite space,
Angel whose fire-touched wings outshimmer the white sun's taco,
What be thy message to man?—what
gift to our failen Race?"

'diffs I bring without price, rich gifts of the Saviour's love: Sorrow and burning tears the souls of His own to prove, Azdel, Augel of Duath, I am called in the realms above.'

'Azriol, Angel of Death; incessant I wait His nod
[The montains shake to His thunder, the seas His mercy land]
At His word I up-bear the soul of a Prelate and Prince to God."

Azriel, Augel of Death, that standest before the throne before the throne
Spare him amongst us yet, give ear
to his People's moau,
See in the furrows of God, the farspringing seed he hath sown "

Spare to us yet our Prince, be the respite ever so brief; Spare us the Pricets' best Friend, and the People's Guardian Chief— Azriel, Augel of Death 1 Oh, yield to our wordless grief!

Spare unto us the Man whose heart was a heaving sea Panting with love for all in its Christ-like charity Yearning for rausomed souls and the golden harvest to be."

How shall the Flook be led that hears not the Shepherd a word? Rugged the path and lone, and the Fastor's voice unheard! Slient the Fastier's tones that deepest soul-depths stirred!"

Answered the sweet-faced Augel, smil-ing my tears away: "Who shall the latront glean if the sower sow alway? How shall the teller rest that toils in the field for aye?"

'Great is the wisdom of God, He abowers His gifts on all, See like dews to earth His multifold mercies fall,
Servants-whose works are full to their crowning He doth call."

So to the blost reward do I 'So to the bloot reward do I bear his soul away—
Peal the eternal hymns—He heareth and would not stay.

Joy! Oa his raptured vision dawns Everlasting Day!"
Rev. J B Dollarn, Sliav-na-mon. Coronto, Aug 2ud, '98

MGR. MERRY DEL VAL

Mgr. Raphael Merry del Val, Pri-te Chamberlain Partecipanti to His oliness, and Father Lawrence

Sudden Death of the

rdship was unity instance. The rail of Sandwich.

3muary, 1868, Bishop Walsh rethe episcopal residence from ich to London, to which city the sagain transferred by a decrebe Propaganda dated November

moved ine "Sandwich to London, ... See was again transferred by a See was again transferred by a from the Propaganda dated November 18th, 1889.

In this large field of Christ's vine-yard his Lordship immediately applied with extraordinary resolution and still the control of the second of the control of the second of the control of the control of the control of the control of the diocese, he found the outlook very unpromising, and requiring all his courage and spirit of sacrifice. A large and pressing debt of about 3'5, large and pressing debt of about 3'5, large and pressing debt of about 3'5, large and of the liquidated, the reorganization of the diocese, and missions was leaded of the control of the contr

tablished.

All this, if any good was to be done, required arduous and constant labour, required arduous and constant labour, and Bishop Welsh was equal to the occasion. Nothing dounted by the difficulties which are under the work of the work of

draws from the department of traffic or not the few flex; setting before they adon the writer or pictore the reads. Bishop Waten has afforded his setting in the numerous paretones, which he has issued in the course of his ions precopare. As compose ions these pare