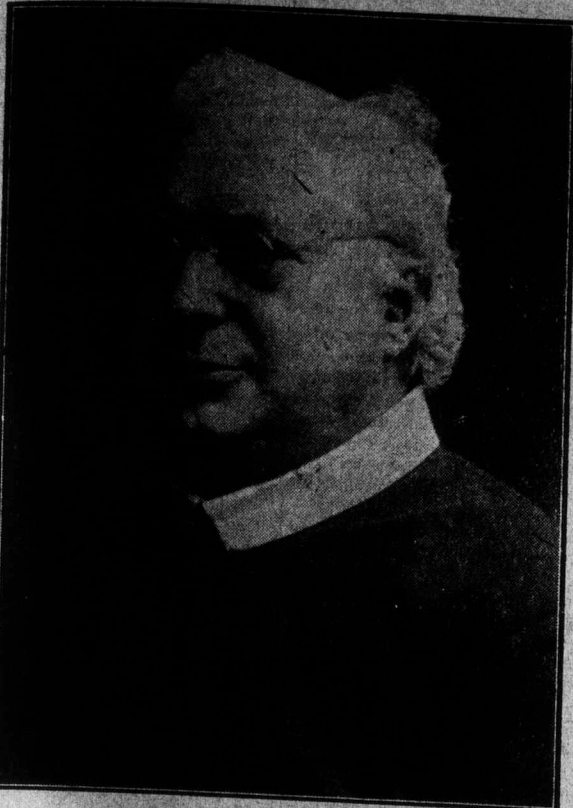


MEMORABLE DAY IN ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, QUEBEC.



REV. JOSEPH HENNING, C.S.S.R.

The Irish Catholics of Quebec had cause for much rejoicing last Sunday, for the Rev. Joseph Henning, C.S.S.R., rector of St. Patrick's Church, in that city, celebrated his golden jubilee, the occasion being marked by a grand religious feast. Upwards of two hundred Redemptorists were present from several cities of Canada and the United States. High Mass was celebrated by the jubilarian, assisted by the Very Rev. Father Ferle, C.S.S.R., provincial of the order for the Province of St. Louis, in the capacity of arch-priest. Rev. Father Barret, C.S.S.R., rector of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, as deacon; Rev. Father White, C.S.S.R., rector of St. John's, N.B., as sub-deacon, and Rev. Father S. Briolot, C.S.S.R., of New York, master of ceremonies, in the sanctuary were Rev. Father Rosbach, C.S.S.R., rector of St. Michael's Church, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. Father Meyer, C.S.S.R., Michigan; Rev. Father Doll, C.S.S.R., New York; Rev. Father Vane, C.S.S.R., Boston, Mass.; Rev. Father Lometz, C.S.S.R., Saratoga; Rev. Fathers Witteballe, Dufresne, Dumont, C.S.S.R., Ste. Anne de Beaupre; Rev. Fathers Delargy, German, Hickey, Mulhern and Kalkreuth, C.S.S.R., St. Patrick's Church, Quebec.

life, on the 10th of December, fifty years ago, to the service of God's Church as an humble and devoted follower of St. Alphonsus, was in itself a heroic act which heralded the dawn of your future conduct. Then that spirit of self-denial, self-sacrifice and self-sacrifice was truly commenced which the revolving years only served to develop and perfect in your career as student, priest and missionary in many lands, and notably as rector in this our own beloved Church of St. Patrick's, of Quebec. Here particularly, we are at liberty to pause and briefly review the fruition of your fondest hopes, and of your administrative abilities.

thick and thin during these many years, I owe it to the Immaculate Mother of God. It was on the day that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed to the world, on the 8th of December, 1854, that I received the religious habit. If I have persevered until now through all the vicissitudes through which a Redemptorist has to pass, I can say I owe it to the Immaculate Mother of God on whose great day I received the religious habit. If my career has been in any way successful, I attribute that to the intercession of St. Alphonsus and Blessed Gerard. These two saints watch over Redemptorist Fathers.

What could I have done if you had not been generous but the generosity the willingness, and self-sacrifice of the people of St. Patrick's is proverbial. Never has an appeal been made to you, but you have responded to it with full-hearted generosity. Therefore on this occasion of my golden jubilee, I must thank the Fathers of St. Patrick's Church, and also the people of St. Patrick's Church for their assistance, their help, their large hearted generosity, in promoting the welfare of this parish, and I pray to God and His Immaculate Mother, that God may give His grace to each and every member of the parish, and inspire them to continue in their path of righteousness until the end.

THE APOSTOLIC RACE. The other day, at the erection in Leytonstone cemetery, England, of a beautiful Celtic cross to the memory of the late Dean Dooley, an Irish priest, who, since his ordination, had labored in England, the Hon. Charles Russell, who made the address, said:

"With whatever feelings each one of us may view the history of Ireland during the past hundred years, all must agree that there is one great role which her ordained sons have gloriously fulfilled. They have become the missionaries of the Catholic faith, not to their own nation only, but to all English-speaking nations of the world. Without the devotion and self-sacrifice of thousands of Irish priests, the Catholics of England, the United States, Australia and Africa, now numbering tens of millions, might be to-day without faith. Who can say that perhaps, in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, the famished immigration and other manifold sufferings and humiliations which Ireland has endured may not have been permitted in order that this great fact may be better accomplished?"

Pains, Like the Poor, Are Always With Us.—That portion of man's life which is not made up of pleasures is largely composed of pain, and to be free from pain is a pleasure. Simple remedies are always the best in treating bodily pain, and the safe, sure and simple remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. You cannot do wrong in giving it a trial when required.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.

ARE YOU A MASON?

(By C. R. Devlin, M.P.)

Members of Parliament carry among other honors that of receiving suggestions, advice, lectures, pamphlets, representations on almost every subject, and from almost every quarter. Members of Parliament, as a rule, consign to the waste-basket much of the wonderful matter which they receive daily; but I confess that I did—even cursorily—glance through a pamphlet which was written, I think, by a Scotch minister, and which practically told us that the light of the Gospel was spreading in France—of course the notions of the Gospel as understood by the respected minister. My impression, and I have spent some time in France, is that the light of the Gospel, far from spreading or expanding, seems in truth to be flickering in many quarters in France. Doubtless the bitter persecution which the Catholic Church endures just now may bring some joy to her enemies; but still the Catholic faith lives in France. The deplorable scenes witnessed in different sections of the country are due to many causes. We know that Voltaire, Rousseau, and many other French writers laid the basis of the fiendish conflagration now raging; they wrote against the Catholic Church; they were helped by others in every walk of life. And although it must be admitted that thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, have lost their faith, it cannot be contended that Protestantism has benefited, or that those who are no longer Catholics have become Protestants. The close observer of current events is struck at once by the little headway made in France by Protestantism, although one would imagine that if ever a field seemed to offer prospects in that direction, France did. Then, I may be asked, what of the thousands and hundreds of thousands who no longer can be called Catholics? Are they not Protestants? No; they even call themselves Catholics, and I have not the slightest doubt would resent being called anything else. They don't attend church; they don't ask for the Sacraments, except, perhaps, when they are dying; the business of the soul seems to be no business of theirs; they tell you that life is short, and that every opportunity of enjoyment must be employed—and there they are; drifting, drifting. In the spiritual sense, their life is aimless. It is neither Catholic nor Protestant. And yet how strange are they! I asked one of them a short time ago—what is, one of those who would never bother his head about religious matters—what he thought of all that was being done against the Catholic Church. "To be candid, he seemed astonished, as he did not follow the events. "But," I said, "the Congregations are being banished and the convents closed." "Oh! bother the Congregations and the convents," was his reply. Then I asked him what was the use of keeping the parish priest since he had no further use for the Church? His face was a study of light and animation as he answered: "Banish the Cure! No, sir; that cannot, that must not be done. Would you have me die like a dog? Is there to be no priest near me at the last moment? Must I not, then, go to confession, receive the last Sacraments, die in the Church in which I was born, enjoy Christian burial. Banish the priest! But what about my children? Who will give them baptism, who will prepare them for first Communion? What do you take me for? Do you think I am a Protestant because I don't go to church? No, sir; I am a Catholic and a Frenchman." And there he is—and there are thousands of such. A priest told me that the number was countless who made their first Communion—and did not appear again. We know that the number is countless of those who in their last moments call for the priest, although they may have spent life away from the Church, perhaps in violent opposition. Changes are being wrought in the name of humanity, reason, liberty, equality, fraternity, and a whole lot of other such things—but nothing is being done in the name of Protestantism. The Catholic faith is not yet dead in France, nor is

THE COMING CONSISTORY

Rome, Dec. 9.

It is announced in a Catholic journal of Rome that the Consistories for the creation and publishing of new Cardinals will be held during the first half of December. In Vatican circles it is said that the Secret Consistory will take place on Monday, December 11th, and the Public Consistory on the Thursday following, 14th December. According to the same source of information the following prelates will be made Cardinals: Monsignor Cagiano de Azavedo, at present Major-domo of His Holiness. Monsignor Arcoverde de Albuquerque Cavalcanti, Archbishop of Rio Janeiro. Monsignor Giuseppe Samassa, Archbishop of Seville. Monsignor Giuseppe Samassa, Archbishop of Agria in Hungary. To these is to be added a fifth, whose name has not yet been made known. There is, however, a rumor to the effect that in all probability this will turn out to be Monsignor Francis Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. Since Cardinal Wiseman was raised to the Sacred College, fifty-five years ago, by Pius IX., this See has been regarded as one that should be occupied by a Cardinal. What the Pope will do and will say when the French Government will have accomplished its sinister purpose and actually achieved the separation of the Church from the State has been a theme of fruitful conjecture to the non-Catholic and anti-clerical journals of Italy and France. They have all more or less agreed that he would do something extraordinary in such a contingency; and they invented for him the very terms of the denunciations they said he would utter against the Government of France. All these conjectures were the outcome of a strong but ill-regulated imagination. Now it has been deemed fitting to call attention to the baseless character of such reports, concerning what the Pope will do when the French Senate has voted the separation of Church from State. The Osservatore Romano announces that the Holy See not having yet taken any deliberation regarding the matter, whatsoever information concerning possible acceptations and acquiescences on the part of the Holy See is not forward can only be as misleading as it is fantastic.

EXTRACT FROM "HOCKEY"

By Farrell.

The skate that has found more favor among hockey players than any other, is one manufactured by G. J. Lunn & Co., Montreal. It has more good points and is altogether more satisfactory, than any skate yet introduced for the game. Built at the heel as at the toe, it affords equal facility for backward, as well as for forward skating, an excellent point, and being forged and hammered, it is stronger and more reliable than the ordinary skate that is only cast. Unfortunately for players living outside of Montreal, many inferior skates built almost in the shape of the Lunn's Skates, have been foisted upon them in their ignorance of the genuine article.

FATHER McCARTHY, C.S.S.R., GONE TO HIS REWARD.

(Quebec Telegraph.)

The death of Rev. Father McCarthy, C.S.S.R., was announced in St. Patrick's Church on Sunday night, and the sad intelligence was received with feelings of the most profound regret by the priests and laity of St. Patrick's Church congregation. The beloved Soggarth Aroon, who enjoyed the love, esteem and respect of every English-speaking Catholic of the Ancient Capital, and likewise the esteem and respect of every citizen of the Ancient Capital who knew him in life, passed away to his eternal reward on Sunday at the Convent of the Redemptorist Fathers, Annapolis, Md. Father McCarthy came to Quebec shortly after his ordination and remained here connected with St. Patrick's Church nearly a quarter of a century. He was the chaplain of Diamond Harbor Church for twenty-two years, and was greatly beloved by residents of that section of the city. They not only looked up to him with respect and love, as their spiritual adviser, but as their counsellor and priest, and went to him in their joys as well as sorrows. He won their hearts by the simplicity of his virtue, and the earnest sympathy towards one and all of them, consequently when he was seized with the illness, two years ago, that incapacitated him from his duties towards them and the little church in Diamond Harbor, entrusted to his care, and which he loved with his whole heart, they became inconsolable. His health rapidly grew worse and finally he was obliged to give up his active duties, which preyed deeply on his mind, and finally he was sent away with the hope that a change of air and scene would bring him relief, but, alas, the Angel of Death had set his seal on him with the result that he passed away in all the child-like simplicity in which he lived, to meet his eternal reward, regretted by all who knew him, especially by the people of Diamond Harbor and intimates connected with St. Patrick's Church. He was a true priest in every sense of the word. No duty, no matter how fatiguing or humiliating in connection with his office, gave him displeasure. On the contrary, the more difficult the duty the more cheerful his performance. He was over the good kind friend to those in distress and wherever he went he carried joy and consolation.

EMINENT PRIEST DIES SUDDENLY.

The Right Rev. Patrick Cronin, managing editor of the Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo, was found dead at Ascension Church Parsonage early on Tuesday. His physician stated that the dead priest had consulted him recently about an irregularity of the heart. He did not regard the condition of his patient as serious, however, and thought that he had entirely recovered. Father Cronin was 71 years of age.

I never can make out why those wretched people who always say what they think have such unpleasant thoughts.—Sarah Grand.