The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—*St. Pacian, 4th Century.*

VOL. 4. LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1882. NO. 180

CLERICAL.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN LONDON.

Eloquent Sermon by Rev. Father Walsh.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated in London with quiet but unmistakable religious earnestness highly creditable to the Irishmen of this city. At eight o'clock mass was celebrated in the Cathedral by Mgr. Bruyere in the presence of a large congregation, a great number approaching the Holy Table. At 10.30 High Mass, *coram pontifici*, was celebrated by Rev. Father Tiernan, Chancellor of the Diocese, with Father Cornyn, pastor of St Mary's church, as Deacon, and Father Coffey as sub-deacon. His Lordship was assisted at the throne by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bruyere, V. G., and Rev. Father Feron of Strathroy. After the gospel Rev. Father Walsh ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent and impressive discourse, which throughout commanded the closest attention. We have much pleasure in being enabled to give the rev. gentleman's effort a full report. Father Walsh spoke as follows:

Come and behold ye the works of the Lord what wonders he hath done upon earth. Psal. XLV, 9.

Everything coming from the hands of God proclaims His glory. Emanating from omnipotent wisdom, each created thing bears upon it the Divine impress, which imparts to it a beauty impossible to be communicated by any but a God. Thus are the divine characters brought within the reach of our mind, not so much by our knowledge of the Divine Source itself from which they spring, but rather from the stamp which they have left on all that has been created. Let a stamp be prepared, no matter by what hands, no matter by what skill, you will not see its form accurately, you will not judge its worth fairly, until you see the impression of it transferred upon some other substance which will form its accurate counterpart. Its object is to transform matter, however foreign and diversified, into its own likeness—to reproduce itself in bold and vividly defined characters on everything subjected to its impress. And it is the cast and medal which truly interpret to you the intention of the artist and clearly point out his design. Press into that shape any elements capable of receiving an impression, and on all, widely though they differ in shape and kind, will be imprinted the tenderest and the rudest lines, the finest points, and the most rugged edges; in a word, the entire figure, or shape, or whatever else was meant to be admired or understood.

Our Holy Mother the Church is a mighty seal designed to stamp on man's soul the mark of predestination. That mark is nothing less than the communication to generations of her very self—her life, her soul, and never should we have seen, have understood, what may be the perfection of an instrument fashioned by Almighty hands, had it not been given us to contemplate the impress left by the church on the ages which have flourished and perished since she came into existence. Born amid the ripeness of pagan civilization when love of art had been pushed on to licentiousness and literature had reached enervation, it was not long until the now familiar traces of her impress began to stand out in prominent relief and beauty amid the repugnant elements around; the sublime virtues of faith, hope and love appear streaks of lights in the foul corruption in which all was sunk; and slave and soldier, high-born lady and captive, emancipated from the vicious traditions which held them bound to the fetid carcase of a blasted civilization, purifying themselves with eagerness from all that could remind them of their past contaminations, blend into one to form that thing of superior grace and beauty we call the primitive church, the first grand cast which truly interpreted the design of the heavenly artist in fashioning the great mould of which we have spoken.

Another age succeeds. Europe, long entombed in an effete civilization, quickened by contact with the virgin energy of the turbulent races which for centuries had inhabited the rude and inhospitable regions of the north, starts from her grave, heaving up the accumulated ruins and soil of the past, all is jar, recoil and collission. But into God's great mould flow these elements, and there they settle, and there they coalesce, and on them vividly and distinctly, as on the period that preceded, is stamped that marvellous impress on which, while we gaze and ponder, we exclaim, oh God! how art thou wonderful in thy church! And so it has been in each succeeding age. Mankind is the material on which the church has to act, and on mankind has she ever continued faithfully to impress the likeness of her own life independently of the conditions and adjuncts of the period. Nay, she avails herself of these very adjuncts to heighten, though in various ways, unique reproductions.

In accordance with this character and mission of the church is to be found at least in broader outlines the character and mission of the the apostle.

What is an Apostle? He is a man destined to stamp on the heart of his fellow man the image and likeness of Jesus. He is a man who, having hearkened to the loving appeal of our divine Lord, "Place me as a seal on thy heart," goes forth to reproduce that divine impression on hearts hitherto strangers to it. Hear St. Paul: "Those whom He foreknew and predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son, the same he called and justified and glorified." Yes, to be called by God to go forth as His envoy to the nations, to be justified in the abundance of the justification He will shed around—to be glorified in the abiding glory of our ever youthful faith of which His fostering care had been the cradle. This is alone proper to the man whose heart has become a seal of which the archetype is the Son of God and of which the impress has been stamped broad and deep on the hearts of his fellow-man. And, oh! my brethren, all this is being realized to-day on this feast. To-day a nation which is but a great cast taken from a heart on which was engraved the image of the Son of God, rises in the vigour of its faith, in the devotedness of love, to bless the Almighty for that pledge of tenderest predilection, her great apostle, to place on the brow of that apostle a crown which, though woven on earth, will not be disdained by one who dwells in the heaven of heavens.

You know that nation, you know that apostle. It is our pride to be children of the one, it is our cherished privilege to revere a loving Father in the other. Let us not, then, though far away, be unmindful of the pulse of gratitude which throbs in the bosom of our motherland to-day. Let us, too, offer a tribute of filial piety to him to whom we owe our dearer and better life. And since I have spoken of our apostle as a mould, of which we should bear the impress, let us endeavour to take a few moments' consideration of the principal features in the legend of that seal, to engrave a record in our hearts which will make it an offering not unworthy of the great Saint.

Every man as he issues from the hand of his Creator, as well in the natural, as in the supernatural order, has his own proper individuality, a special characteristic of soul that distinguishes him from the masses by which he is surrounded. In most men this spiritual individuality is found painted in colors faint and confused, but in the saints it appears magnificently bold and splendid. Nor does a common likeness to their Supreme Model impair the distinctiveness of individual character. Our Lord Jesus Christ possessed all virtues and perfections in a supreme degree—for in him dwells the fulness of the Godhead corporally. He was the image of his Father, and as an adequate reproduction of this glorious type must be for human nature impossible, hence we find in the multiplex images of our Divine Lord which have illustrated the church, that, without dimming the lustre of other virtues, some have been seen to shine forth more resplendently, as if to mark the special character of sanctity of the saints. Now what was the virtue particularly distinctive to St. Patrick—the virtue which he made specially his own and which enabled him to impress so vividly, so indelibly, on a race the luminous mark of predestination? Now of that virtue I shall say a few words, where and by whom first practised, and at what cost taught to man.

Man had fallen, and inevitable seemed the doom; he rebelled against his Creator, and hence destined to eternal pains and exterior darkness, until the turn of time should snatch him from the jaws of everlasting death. No created power could save him, he must meet his awful destiny. But lo, already has love unthought of for immortal souls, and yearning for their salvation, found a home in the bosom of the ever blessed Son of the Most High. The Eternal Son of the living God left the bosom of his heavenly Father, as it were divested himself of his divinity, took upon himself the infirmities of our nature in order that he might rescue lost man and save him from the awful abyss of hell.

See the birth of the Messiah of Christian charity, behold the sublime virtue of zeal for the salvation of souls. Heaven saw it first practised. God himself was the first to do it homage, and who does not know with what pangs was the virtue born into the world. What a scene do we behold, what a mystery and lesson are represented to us in the sufferings, passion and death of Jesus Christ. Commencing with his birth, we see Bethlehem and Egypt, then come the forty days spent in the desert and Olivet, on which the long nights were passed in prayer, and Jerusalem, over which the tears were shed, and the garden where our sins wreaked their wild fury upon him and the first acts dyed in a deeper colouring. He meekly listened to false accusations of a brutal mob and perfidious tribunal, the scourging at the pillar, the crowning with thorns and the dolorous way, with Calvary's bloody scene in the background. He suffered through fervent love of us, He suffered with meekness and silence, which he only interrupted to pray for his persecutors. Father forgive them for they know not what they do. Such were the pangs mid which zeal for the salvation of souls was born among men. Glorious in truth is he of whom it can be said that he has become conformable to the image of the Son of God. Glorious is he of whom it can be said that the predominant point of resemblance is the possession of that virtue of which the second person of the most adorable Trinity, both before and after his incarnation, may be considered the special personification. That his glory hallows the brow of our great Saint a cursory glance at his career will both to our consolation and instruction evince.

Rome scorned with pitiless scorn all that of her own were not. Rome, haughty, all conquering, as the worm that is crushed beneath the heel, despised and abhorred the barbarian. The very serfs of Rome were a noble cast in comparison with the peoples over which the eagle had never flown victorious, and the hatred and contempt for the alien were shared in by the races which in course of time became Roman subjects fully as largely as by the proudest of the patricians. Solve now if you can the paradox presented by the youth disowning forever the cultured and refined atmosphere in which his first breath had been drawn, turning his back on the land of his birth, of his fondest attachments, turning himself from the arms of those loved ones who should no more mean aught for him on earth, and bending his steps towards the hated and despised barbarians, leaves the land which had been the place of his early happiness to bear back the current of earliest and most rooted prepossessions, to these divine love from its most sacred stronghold, for these trample under foot the most resistless and indomitable passions of the human heart. Such was never achieved at the bidding of any motive which seemed but of earth. No; to accomplish this we must look for something born in heaven, and thence descended into the heart of Patrick that powerful virtue to which even conquests such as his are easy—quenchless zeal for the salvation of souls. The voice of the Irish, pleading for the bread of God's Word, for the light of God's faith pierced the ears of Patrick and in answer to that cry all the powers which panic stricken nature can bring to operate on the will are resolutely borne down and forth goes that noble soul to toil, to struggle, to spend himself until the arm becomes palsied and the eye grows dim, and all to save from eternal woe the abhorred barbarians of his early training.

Is it not, therefore, true that zeal for souls specifies the sanctity of our great apostle, and burning zeal moved him to despise all earthly goods and pursuits and seek for nothing more than the greater honor and glory of him at whose command he went forth.

But perhaps the sublimest spectacle which history affords us is the picture of St. Paul within the precincts of the Areopagus. It is sublime not only because the two principles which have held widest sway over the human heart, are here personified and confronted. Not only because a new era of sublime characteristics here may be considered inaugurated, but also, and perhaps chiefly, it is sublime because it exhibits to us the champion of truth, penetrating into the very centre of error, and striking at it in the midst of its supremacy. Four hundred years roll away, and behold the same scene marked with the same note of sublimity re-enacted. The place is now Erin's royal court, the time the solemnization of an odious rite in which paganism invoked all the aid which could maintain its long-established supremacy. Into the midst of that convention of druids, peers and kings, advances a man of remarkable mien, preceded by companions bearing symbols hitherto unknown in the Island, but none the less hostile to all held sacred by that august assemblage. That man is Patrick. But what prompts such boldness? Ah, in his face you may read the contending emotions which indicate the reason of his undaunted presence. He stands on the imperial hill and gazes on the lovely country which slopes away from beneath his feet. He sees the country teaming with such abundance as became the just law of the high king. He marks the humble dwellings of the peasant amid the opening of the distant woodland, and he notes the evidence of assiduous industry which surrounded the lonely cot. But the feeling of admiration which the charming prospect awakened is but short-lived, and emotions of a very different character soon take its place. Well Patrick knew that over that smiling scene broods the pent-up wrath of centuries of iniquities, well he knew that the people, despite all their natural virtues, are slaves of a vile superstition. Should such things longer be?

No, he would hurl down the throne of the demon who had here so long held sway—he would emancipate a people so helplessly enslaved in the thraldom of hell—he would snatch from the jaws of an everlasting death and gain to the great God a nation in which until then his sacred name had been unknown. In a word, he would accomplish the oracle of the Apostle of Jesus Christ, that the greater has been the malice the greater the bounty of God—that the abyss of iniquity is swallowed up in an abyss of mercy and that the abundance of sin and mercy is followed by the superabundance of grace: "Where sin abounded grace has abounded more."

Moved by this great thought, Patrick shrank not before the awe-inspiring array that confronted him. He tells the king his gods are a lie and a delusion, and defies the druids to disprove his words. He explains the sacred truths of Christianity to the assembled multitude, awestruck by his holiness and authority, and two princes of the royal blood, with the chief of the druids, are the first great fruits of Patrick's burning zeal for the salvation of souls. How beautiful and inspiring is it to trace the workings of the guiding spirit in the prosecution of the great work, the great enterprise happily inaugurated in Tara. The invading ocean to which the banks have at last given way scarcely more swiftly makes a conquest of country beyond, than did Patrick win to God the isle of our fathers. The groves' heavy and dark shades which had so long witnessed the black rites of Druidical worship, now enclose shrines sacred to God, His blessed mother, the angels and saints. The vales' verdant bosom, until then the resort but of the red-deer and wild ox, is now peopled by consecrated virgins, the first and most precious trophies of the elevating doctrines of our holy faith, while from the black mountain top rise the friars' matin hymn and vesper prayers, simple, acceptable incense from the altar of those hearts which God designed to purify and make worthy of himself. The land throughout its extent was entirely Catholic, not only in name, not only in profession, but in its patriotism, in its inmost feelings and instincts, while in the heart of its people was engraved deeply and as it proved indelibly, the image of our Lord Jesus Christ, in devout adherence to the faith he came to teach, in unswerving love for the virtues of which he has left us the example.

But what is singular about all this is, it is and has been the work of one sole man. Patrick landed on our shores and he found the land in undisputed possession of Paganism, rooted in the traditions and usages of ages. There were no gilded cabins, no smiling courtiers in the humble ship that bore the poor simple swineherd to the shores of our native land. His only ensigns were simple enough. With a pastoral staff for a sceptre and his law the sacred word of God, he laid the foundations of the church on the ruins of Pagan superstitions. He left that church with foundations so broad and deep that neither invasion with all its horrors, nor persecution as fiendish as ever put in motion by the powers of earth and hell, had been able to prevail against her. In the history of the universal church, there is not on record a more fierce or bloody persecution than that to which the Irish church was subjected from the time when the first reformer landed on her shores down to the present day. Everything that the human intellect could invent and physical force put into execution was employed in order to force from her that pure and unsullied faith planted by our great Apostle. Scarcely had she recovered from the horrible shock of the Danish invasion, when the reformation burst upon her with all its fury. The ancient monasteries and churches that decked the land were plundered of their rich possessions, torn down and destroyed; the peasantry, poor, crushed and downtrodden people, deprived of all rights and privileges, were driven from the homes of their fathers to die of starvation by the roadside, or amid sufferings, hardships and privations, seek a living on foreign shores. Religion was a crime punishable by torture and death. The priest, the messenger of light and hope, interdicted and hunted down like the red deer and wolf. The administration of Sacraments was deemed a sorcery and fire and sword, rack and gibbet were employed to torture the faithful, until the soil was purple with the blood of its martyrs. Any one who has read the story of the wars of Elizabeth must remember that awful picture which deputy Mountjoy presented to his royal mistress, when he wrote to her that she had nothing to reign over in Ireland but "carcasses and ashes." Forty years elapsed and the devastating sword of Cromwell followed that of Elizabeth in the work of pillage and sacrilege. Neither sex nor age was spared by Puritan soldiers, but long after Cromwell had done his worst, and long after the just judgment of God had overtaken him there still existed the unconquerable Irish faith. Such were the persecutions which tried the fidelity of the Irish. There was nothing left them but their faith, and to this they clung with renewed vigor in the midst of the tempest. Patrick therefore is the only conqueror of the Irish race, and hence the only invader whose dominion has never been questioned since the cross of Christanity had been planted on many a highland valley and many a lonely glen. The conquest of Patrick and the survival to the present day of the spirit of Irish faith, of Irish nationality, prove that the moral power of truth and religion is stronger than the natural force of persecution. In a few short months Patrick accomplished what missionaries like Luther and Calvin, Knox and Cranmer have been vainly endeavouring to achieve for centuries, and which they are as far from achieving as when the first of their followers landed on Irish soil. Truly, in Patrick has been fullfilled the promise spoken of old, "And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and magnify thy name. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth; if any man will be able to number the dust of the earth, he will be able to number thy seed also. I will deliver to you every place that the sole of thy foot shall tread upon, and no man shall be able to resist thee all the days of thy life." No, no man hath been able to resist Patrick, because in his mission of salvation no difficulties had retarded his progress, no danger affrighted him, no labor or sacrifice held him back, because that figure, with drooping head and dimmed eyes, and blood-stained countenance, was ever before his sight, and the memorable words uttered with dying gasp, "I thirst," yes, for souls, were ever ringing in his ears. Therefore was his youth ever renewed like the eagle, and never did he cease to spend all the powers of his body and mind in the fulfillment of his glorious task, until the wearied arm sank and the pulse beat no more, until the whole heart was at length at rest. Ah! well might we cry out in amazement with the Psalmist, "Come and behold ye the works of the Lord, what wonders he hath done upon earth." Oh yes, Patrick was conformable to the image of his Saviour, and around him shone that brilliant virtue which announces him forever the saint of zeal for the salvation of souls. But whilst we thus proclaim the glory of our saint, shall the words of our encomium fall hollow and meaningless on our own ears, shall they strike no chord, appeal to no sympathy within us? It cannot be! Let us bless the Almighty to-day for having given us such a father and model. Let us bless His infinite mercy to which we are indebted for not being actually numbered at this moment with the dammed. Let us imitate the example of our apostle. Let us search our hearts and see if the impress which he has been destined to imprint is stamped upon them. And thou, oh glorious Saint Patrick, deign to pray for thy children before the throne of the Most High. Be a guide to parents in their difficult charge, that by a neglect of discipline, unmistaken life, or bad example, they lay not the seeds of damnation in those whom they have brought into the world. Obtain for children a docile spirit, that by steady attention to their parents' instruction they may be delivered not only from the snare of a corrupt world, but from their own vicious inclinations and passions. Obtain for all a burning zeal and love for that holy faith which thou hast planted in Ireland. Ask of Jesus the model, to open the eyes of those who are blindly straying away from the faith of salvation, and conduct them into the right way that leads to life everlasting. Let us save those souls, priceless treasures, for which Patrick labored and agonized and died. This should be our interest to-day, and without accomplishing this the greatest sacrifice will avail us naught. It is true, we must meet with crosses, afflictions, repugnance and obstacles in this great work, but courage, for He who has overcame the world has promised to be with us, and if we but persevere to the end, the days shall come when, the battle fought, the victory won, we shall appear all radiant in the sight of our glorious Apostle to enjoy with him forever the glory of those who followed the footsteps of our Divine Model.

BISHOP CRINNON IN BRANTFORD.

(From the Brantford Telegram.)

St. Basil's (R. C.) Church is one of the most commodious and imposing of the numerous sacred edifices which grace the city of Brantford, and externally is a model of architectural taste and beauty. Though the inside is not finished, yet the church is used for the sacred purposes for which it is designed and consecrated.

His Lordship, the Right Reverend P. F. Crinnon, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, arrived in the city on Saturday and was duly welcomed by the resident priests of the parish and some of the most prominent members of the R. C. Church here.

On Sunday His Lordship presided at the different services in St. Basil's. At an early hour His Lordship said mass. The Rev. J. M. Cleary was the celebrant at the High Mass. During this service His Lordship, in full pontifical robes, occupied the throne, and was assisted by the Rev. Fathers Doherty and Lennon. The throne, erected for the occasion, was tastefully and elegantly decorated by the sisters of St. Joseph. The attendance at the morning services was very large, the church being crowded to its utmost capacity. His Lordship, after making some preliminary and appropriate remarks with regard to the recent change, and the future administration of this very important mission, delivered a most eloquent, logical and impressive discourse on the Feast of the Annunciation. The sermon was a masterpiece of theological learning, profound reasoning, and at the same time a gem of pulpit oratory. It seemed to produce a deep impression on the large audience there assembled. The choir, under the very able leadership of Prof. Zinger, rendered the solemn chants of the church with grand effect; and Miss Nolan, distinguished throughout the Dominion as the peerless contralto, again, after a protracted retirement from the choir, took her place and contributed greatly to the pleasing and enchanting effect of the music.

At half-past three in the afternoon His Lordship addressed the ladies of the Sodality on their duties and obligations as members of that society, and exhorted them with words of deepest pathos and burning eloquence, to be watchful over themselves and to set a pure example to those whom they were called upon to instruct, in all womanly and christian virtues.

The Vesper services were commenced at 7 o'clock in the evening. The congregation was larger even than in the morning, and many were unable to find admission into the church, every available space inside the sacred edifice having been occupied before the services commenced. There were quite a number of the leading Protestants and prominent members of other Brantford churches in attendance, and they all appeared to take a deep interest in the proceedings. His Lordship preached on the Holy Eucharist. His sermon on the Real Presence was a happy blending of learning and oratory, combining logic with great simplicity and grace of expression, and was a complete and effective argument, from a Roman Catholic stand-point in favor of the dogma of the Presence in the bread and wine used in this most solemn and sacred rite of the Catholic Church. All present listened to the discourse with more than ordinary interest, and could not but be deeply impressed with the eloquent fervor and solemn character of the sermon.

During his Lordship's sojourn in the city he was called upon by a number of the leading citizens of Brantford and vicinity, both Protestant and Catholic. All received a gracious and cordial welcome, and all were highly pleased with their reception. His Lordship's visit to this city must have been a most gratifying one to himself, as he everywhere met with the most marked respect and the kindest attentions. It cannot be doubted that his visit will be productive of great good to St. Basil's Church, and to the cause of which his Lordship is so distinguished an exemplar and representative.

LOCAL NEWS.

Operations will commence shortly laying down the cedar block pavement on Richmond Street.

On Saturday morning about four o'clock a fire broke out in Roland's pork packing house, in London East, which was burned to the ground, together with the residence of Mr. J. Eakins adjoining.

The residence of Mrs. Service on Wellington Street, took fire from the stove pipes on Saturday morning last, and was only rescued by the timely arrival of some men and an abundance of water.

On Thursday night the residence of Mr. J. Evans, letter carrier, took fire and was completely destroyed, together with its contents. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp while the family was absent.

Mr. Charles Hutchinson, County Crown Attorney, on Tuesday last intimated that the trial of the Feeheley brothers for the murder of the Donnelly family, will not take place at the coming assizes. Mr. Hugh Macmahon, of Winnipeg, counsel for the prisoners, was telegraphed to that effect.

Philosophical Seance at the University College of Ottawa.

Yesterday being the feast of St. Thomas it was appropriately celebrated by the students of philosophy.

Mr. Edward O'Sullivan, of Lawrence, Mass., delivered the first essay, entitled, The Philosophy of the Holy Fathers. The speaker developed this comparatively difficult essay in a manner which evinced a serious study of the principles of the history of philosophy and of the philosophy of history. These principles he applied by demonstrating his thesis with all the precision and profoundness of an ardent student of philosophy, by showing the origin, progress and glorious triumph of scholastic philosophy in the doctrines of St. Thomas Aquinas. Mr. Ed. O'Sullivan proved by his able management of his subject that beauty is but the splendor of truth; for the graceful charms of his style were but the natural accompaniment of the solidity of the doctrines by him laid down throughout the course of his lecture.

Mr. Constantineau, of Ottawa, then pronounced an able discourse in the beautiful language of Bossuet and Fenelon. His subject was "Progress." He asks what is progress, and answers that true progress of man consists essentially in the right culture of his intellectual faculties, and the proper direction of his will. He proves that man was not created in a savage state that he did not lose his natural knowledge by the fall of Adam, but that evil passions and the habits of a nomadic life were the cause of this great loss which man was obliged to repair by making serious efforts towards the acquisition of a necessary knowledge. Then taking a historical view of his subject, by comparing the different stages of society, the essayist clearly demonstrated that society has ever been progressing in the various branches of scientific knowledge and in the attainments of art. Speculative science attains its highest points during that period of history called the Middle Ages. Art rises to its culminating point towards the end of the same epoch. Natural sciences have come forth in the bright effulgence of their glory during our own age. The young orator succeeded in establishing three different parts of his essay, and, while he proved his thesis, he at the same time kept aloof from all exaggerated ideas in treating his subject.

Mr. Farrell McGovern, of Almonte, next came forward in an essay on the Eye and Ear. The worthy representative of the first year's course of Mental Philosophy produced an elaborate amplification of the thesis—sensitive knowledge. What he said of the eye and the ear could be proved of the other senses with the same evidence, did the establishing of such proofs fall within the scope of his essay. A thorough knowledge of physiology, an extraordinary familiarity with the theories of light and sound; also a correct idea of the thesis of sensitive knowledge were shown forth by Mr. McGovern in the course of this essay, which was treated in a masterly manner by the youthful student.

With this essay—which was a striking proof of the usefulness and necessity of a serious study of the natural sciences, in order to attain any degree of high perfection and marked distinction in the acquisition of the queen of them all, mental philosophy—this interesting seance closed its proceedings.

Leaving aside as unworthy their efforts, the superficial study of the natural sciences, these students have seriously profited of the boon of a complete curriculum of studies, embracing all the different branches of sciences which prepare the Christian youth to take his stand in the world at the end of his course in a manner which can but reflect the highest credit and honor on the cause of Christian education.—Ottawa Free Press, March 9.

IMPORTANT MEETING IN SARNIA.

Editor of Catholic Record.

Dear Sir—At a mass meeting of the Roman Catholic Irishmen of Sarnia, held under the auspices of St. Michael's C. L. and B. association in their hall on the evening of March 17th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted. Moved by Ralph Slattery, Esq., seconded by Thomas Burns, Esq., That the Irish people of Canada sympathize with the people of Ireland in their struggle for freedom and justice, and that they consider that it would be in the interest of the Empire that Home Rule should be granted to Ireland and that the political prisoners be immediately released. Moved by Patrick Martin and sec. by T. K. Sullivan, that John Costigan, M. P., be requested to move a resolution in the House of Commons at Ottawa to the effect that such are the opinions and wishes of the people of Canada. Moved by Thomas Burns, Esq., and sec. by Timothy Gleason, Esq., That copies of the above resolution be sent to the Hon. Alex. McKenzie, M. P., and Mr. David Mills, M. P., requesting them to give their support to Mr. Costigan in the passing of any such resolutions in the House of Commons. Moved by Mr. Hayden, and sec. by Mr. Forkin, that copies of the above resolutions be sent to the Catholic Record, London, and Irish Canadian, Toronto, for publication.

JAS. K. FAULKNER, Secretary.
HUGH REILLY, President.

Sarnia, March 17th, 1882.

CONCERT IN STRATHROY.

On Monday evening last there took place in Strathroy a musical entertainment of that high order at which it is a particular pleasure to assist. The entertainment was devised and brought to a successful issue by the zealous and popular pastor of Strathroy, Rev. Father Feron. The attendance was very large, and the programme of choice and admirably varied selections artistically executed.

Amongst those who took part in the programme were Miss Reidy, soprano; Miss Nolan, contralto; Miss Lenora Clench, the celebrated little violinist; and Messrs. Cousins and Skinner. We have so frequently made reference to most of these ladies and gentlemen that it will suffice now to say that on this occasion they fully sustained their justly-earned reputation. For the first time, on Monday last, we had the pleasure of listening to Miss Nolan, of Brantford, whose voice is so rich, sweet and powerful, and musical culture of so finished an order, that it is a veritable privilege to assist at a concert in which she takes part. Father Feron may well feel proud of his first concert in Strathroy. We must in justice say that much of its success is due to Miss Feron, whose piano accompaniments as well as those of Miss Clench, were above praise, while the duets in which they in turn appeared with Miss Lenora Clench were characterized by a brilliancy of execution very rarely equalled.