

Funeral of the Late Abbe Colin.

Never in the life or in the death of a man, with the accompanying evidences of a greatness that were universally appreciated, have the words of the Psalmist, "Et Exaltavit humiles," been more touchingly applicable, than in the career on earth of the late lamented Superior of St. Sulpice—Rev. Abbe Colin. It has been promised by the Son of God, Himself, that the humble shall be exalted; and apart from the blessed and unending exaltation in heaven, even on this earth, does the recognition of virtues and sanctity mark the departure of the elect. In

him! He died without making a will. Why should he make a will, since he was possessed of no worldly goods? His rosary and his crucifix were all the objects that he could claim as his own. The very vestments in which he was buried were not his; they belong to the community. Yet that man had built churches, schools, academies, colleges, seminaries, a university, and even in the Eternal City an institution that will stand as long as Rome stands, a monument to his zeal and his wonderful administrative talents. There is no grander, no more inspiring tem-

ed towards the people and his back towards the sanctuary. As it was, Abbe Colin was almost directly under the pulpit; one would think that his gaze was turned towards that sacred spot, from which he so often preached the Truth of Christ, defended the Church, glorified the saints, inculcated Christian morals, and performed his gigantic work of evangelization. After the recitation of the prayers for the dead, hundreds passed around the catafalque and touched the hands or vestments of the dead with objects of piety—evermore to be sacred to their possessors.

On Tuesday morning, from an early hour, the same scene was repeated. It would be difficult to estimate the number of those who went to take a last loving look at the features of the departed benefactor. No extra ornamentation or decoration of the great Church was visible. Apart from the altar, draped in black and purple, as it would be for an ordinary Requiem Mass, there was nothing to suggest either pomp or exceptional ceremonial. Not even in death could the Superior of St. Sulpice have the use of the Church's resources in funeral wealth and display. He was poor! He died penniless—as far as this world's riches are concerned. And he was to be buried in poverty. But happily, not all his humility, nor all the self-sacrificing rules of his community, nor all the poverty of his surroundings, could prevent the spontaneous outburst of genuine sympathy, of unbounded sorrow, of universal appreciation.

There was no rule that could check the influx of fully twelve thousand mourners; there was no canon of self-denial that could keep away the mitred hierarchy, the representatives of every order in religion, of every profession in the world, of every office in the State, of every grade in the social structure, of every institution in the city, of every home that had known or felt the influence of the departed. Oh! Great, indeed, was Abbe Colin! And the evidence of that greatness was tangible on all sides! and the more towering was that greatness, because it was based on the solid foundations of a profound humility! And, we repeated again, in presence of the dead, the promise of the Psalmist: "Et Exaltavit Humiles."

Archbishop Begin, of Quebec, acted as celebrant, assisted by Abbe Davaeu, with Abbe Leprohon, as deacon, and Abbe Labrosse, sub-deacon. Mr. Hebert, and Mr. Desrosiers acted as deacon and sub-deacon of office.

No less than sixteen Archbishops and Bishops were in the sanctuary, some of them coming from the neighboring Republic.

Every parish priest of the archdiocese was present, while the assistant priests and curates were there by hundreds. Priests from distant places, former pupils of the Mont-real Seminary, and who had known Abbe Colin during lifetime, were here, too, so that every local presbytery was taxed to accommodate the many visitors.

The church was not alone represented by its dignitaries, those of the laity were there also and included men of every profession and walk of life. The history of the Sulpicians in Canada is best told in the history of the country itself, and for this reason the presence of representatives of the Governments, both Federal and Provincial, was accounted for. The Governor-General was represented by Major Maude, who occupied a priedieu at the head of the middle aisle of the church. Behind him sat Lieutenant-Governor Jette, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Major Shepherd.

The faculty of Laval University, for which the deceased had done so much during his life time, was present and occupied a line of seats in the body of the church immediately outside the communion rails. Those who were present in this party were: Canon Archambault, vice-rector; Abbe Bourassa, secretary; Hon. J. G. Laviolette, president of the Board of Governors; Dr. J. P. Rottot, dean of the faculty of medicine; Mr. Justice Mathieu, dean of the faculty of law; Sir William Hingston, Sir Alexander Lacoste, Dr. Desjardins, Dr. A. Lamarche, Dr. Severin Lachapelle, Dr. E. F. Lachapelle, Dr. Mignault, A. Gagnon, Senator de Bourville, L. O. Taillon, Hon. A. Desjardins, Mr. Justice Pagnuelo, N. E. Archambault, Mr. Justice Taschereau, J. Grenier, Rev. I. Lecocq.

THOSE PRESENT.

The archbishops and bishops present were:—

His Grace Mgr. Duhamel, Ottawa; His Grace Mgr. Gauthier, Kingston; His Lordship Mgr. O'Dea, of Newquell, Wash., U.S.A.; His Lordship

Mgr. Michaud, Burlington, Vt.; His Lordship Mgr. Emard, of Valleyfield; His Lordship Bishop Beavan, Springfield, Mass.; His Lordship Mgr. Lorrain, Pembroke, Ont.; His Lordship Mgr. Blais, Rimouski; His Lordship Mgr. Gravel, Nicolet; His Lordship Bishop McDonald, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; His Lordship Mgr. Decelles, St. Hyacinthe; Mgr. Racicot, V.G.; representing the Archbishop of Montreal; His Lordship Mgr. Larocque, of Sherbrooke, was represented by his Vicar-General, Mgr. Chailfoux; Right Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Archbishop of Portland, was represented by Vicar-General Mgr. Hurley; Rev. F. F. Lohde, Chancellor of St. Michael's Cathedral, represented His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and Father Alyward, represented the Bishop of London.

The various governments, the different professions, the religious communities, and all the institutions of the city were fully represented; in a word, no section of the people of Canada was absent from the church.

THE SERMON.

Immediately after the last Gospel, and before the "Liberia" was chanted, Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield—one of the late Abbe Colin's pupils, and a life-long friend and admirer of the deceased—appeared in the pulpit. On account of the general rule that no funeral oration shall be pronounced over a Sulpician, the presence of the Bishop in the pulpit was somewhat of a surprise to the vast throng that crowded the sacred edifice. To say that Mgr. Emard was surpassingly eloquent during the half hour of his address, would be to mildly appreciate the fervor of his tribute to the dead priest. Both as to form and as to matter the oration was simply a masterpiece; and what gave it an additional power and beauty was the emotion with which it was delivered, and what lent it an additional value was the sincerity of the preacher, and the unqualified merit of the departed.

After referring to the fact that on account of the wish of Abbe Colin, and constant tradition of the Sulpician community, no funeral oration would be given, the Bishop said:—"Still it would be neither proper, nor even just to keep silence in presence of the mortal remains of the one who had given us forty years of his life, the half of which number was spent as head of the community that has flooded with benefactions this land. It would be difficult to convey in a few phrases the universal sorrow so spontaneously manifested by the presence here of the prelates of the Church, the priests of whom he was a glorious example, the people and the youth of the country that were ever the objects of his most tender solicitude." Not only to an invitation, but also to the voice of his own heart did Mgr. Emard respond, in thus coming to recapitulate all that Abbe Colin had done in his lifetime. He spoke of the ardent soul and natural talents of the boy; the home education that laid the basis of his future success and greatness; the years of study at Saint Sulpice, in Paris; his ordination to the priesthood; the consecration of his entire future to the cause of God, of the Church, and of souls. One of the most touching passages in that moving tribute was the reference to Abbe Colin's humility. It was deep, it was broad; he labored not for himself, nor for his community alone, but for the glory of God. He vainly sought "to hide his light," but it shone forth in spite of himself, and it flashes out to-day with a splendor that words cannot depict.

He then pictured the lowly Abbe going on his missions of charity, carrying the bread of life to the poor and to those too far away from Church and priest. He told of his work as teacher in the Seminary, and of his pupils and disciples scattered over the continent to-day. But it was in his preaching that Abbe Colin involuntarily exhibited the secrets of his soul. From that very pulpit his eloquence was a miracle of power for conviction and conversion. He recalled the two memorable masterpieces—the eulogy of Pius IX. in the Pontiff's jubilee year and the funeral oration of the late Mgr. Bourget.

His eloquence, his zeal, his knowledge will never be forgotten. Even in the councils of the Episcopacy, Abbe Colin was selected as adviser on all great questions of dogma, morals, and discipline. He was great in his works. These works embrace everything; works of charity, hospitals, asylums, institutions of education, schools, seminaries, a university—in fact, the enumeration would alone be a catalogue.

A child of old France he loved his fatherland with alial devotion; and Canada, the land of his adoption and the scene of his labors he loved as warmly as he did his native land; the constituted authority under

which he lived he loved and respected with an unflinching loyalty; but high over all these he loved the Church of Christ. When the supreme hour of death approached, the scene was one that no words can explain. Mgr. Emard was then present, and he gave, in his sermon, the exact expressions—the last words—that fell from the lips of Abbe Colin. "Dear friends," he said, "you have come to see a priest die. I am going to die, I wish it, I await it, and I am happy. I worked as long as I could for God, in the peace, in the tranquility of my conscience, and I am happy to die to-night." Then, he added: "I'll die with all my affections in my heart—love for God, the Church, the Pope and Canada." He then passed into a state of apparent unconsciousness having, like Our Lord on the cross, deliberately rendered his life, his soul, into the hands of God. He was great in death, as he had been great in life. "I have spoken," concluded Bishop Emard, "to bear testimony of my gratitude towards Abbe Colin and Saint Sulpice; but all that does not mean that he is not in need of our prayers. Let us all pray for him, as a mark of our gratitude; let us all pray for him, because he has prayed for us all."

At the conclusion of the Mass the body was taken from the church, and followed by prelates, priests, students and citizens and conveyed to the Grand Seminary, where the interment took place.

Catholic Public Spirit In England.

Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebury Avenue, London, says the London "Universe," was on Wednesday night, Nov. 19, the scene of one of the largest, most representative, and enthusiastic Catholic gatherings held in the metropolis for many years. The occasion was the holding of the first meeting of the newly-formed Catholic Democratic League, which, if numbers and enthusiasm count for anything, should have a long and useful existence. Priests and laity came from all parts of London and its suburbs, and testified by their presence in such large numbers that no longer will Catholics, as far as London is concerned, be reproached with apathy on matters of general public interest.

On the motion of Mr. George Cooke, seconded by Mr. M. Kelleher, the Very Rev. Prior Higgins, C.R.L., was unanimously chosen to preside, and amongst those present were the Very Rev. Dean Clements, the Rev. T. J. Ring, Andrew Dooley, Melly, G. Graham, M. Fitzpatrick, G. Curtis (in whose parish the meeting was held), Messrs. T. Clarke (member of the Penge School Board), J. A. Cunningham, E. J. Coleman, E. Austin Hurson, P. B. Malone, J. P. (vice-chairman Tottenham School Board), F. Randall, McHale, Stoddart, and W. Smith.

The Very Rev. Chairman, after thanking the audience for their cordial reception, read the following telegram, which it was agreed to send to the Holy Father:

Secretary of State.

Vatican, Rome.

"That the Catholic Democratic League at its inaugural meeting in London to-night humbly offers homage to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. and craves the Apostolic benediction."

"REV. DOM. G. HIGGINS,

Chairman.

"Finsbury Town Hall, London, E. C."

Letters from the Cardinal and Bishops of Southwark, Middlesbrough, Newport, Birmingham, Emmaus, Liverpool, Galloway, and Longford were then read, also letters of regret for absence from the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, the Very Rev. Father Alphonsus, O.S.F.C., the Rev. Dr. Coote, the Rev. Fathers Carey, J. Nicholson, Eskrigg, B. Laws, O.P., Ostendi, Bane, B. St. Lawrence, Moynihan, O'Hagan, Beckley, White, Thompson, and Amigo.

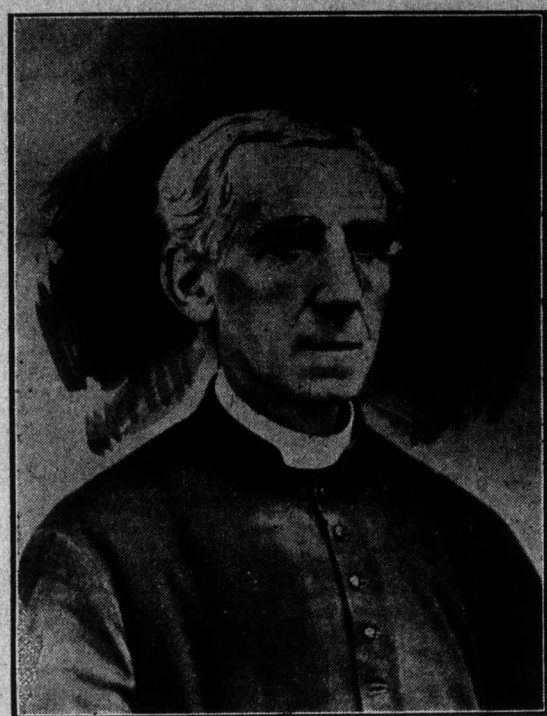
The Very Rev. Father Higgins, C.R.L. (who was received with loud cheers) then delivered the inaugural address. He said he had been asked to say a few words to them on the subject of the Catholic Democratic League. Catholics they were, and if

Catholics, Christians. If they were Christians, then, they must bring every problem within the range of Christian influence (cheers). The religion of Jesus Christ, which Catholicism alone adequately presents to the world, was intended to take possession of every heart, to influence all the actions of men, and to be the grand ruler and arbiter of all the world's concerns, whether public or private; whether social, commercial, or political (cheers). These were not his (the speaker's) words, but those of two men who had a perfect acquaintance with the burning questions of the hour, the Bishop of Newport and Father Alphonsus, O.S.F.C. It was clear that without interfering in the government of the Church or in the doctrinal matters which were the special province of the priesthood instituted by Jesus Christ there was an abundance of work for the laity in the field of the Church. If this were true at all times how much more was it, said the Bishop of Colombo (Ceylon), in those days of mental and physical activity? Democratic influence must be brought to bear upon the mass of the world's population. They need not be afraid of the term democratic, whom the Church on Good Friday styled so expressively "the holy people of God." St. Peter had called the Catholics of his day "a purchased people," and the power of the blood with which they were bought it was the duty of Catholics, both individually and as a people, to manifest unto the world. Placed among the various peoples of the world, a people apart while not apart, they were chosen to be the salt of the earth and the light of the world.

This divine mission they could not perfectly fulfil until they recognized the growing power of popular control. They must put themselves in touch with the Democratic elements permeating society. They must accept that which was good in the principles and methods of the Democratic movement and then use the moral forces of Christianity to keep the impetuous torrent of democracy within the banks of liberty and justice (loud cheers). Christian democracy had the blessing of His Holiness Leo XIII., and, as the "Tablet" of November 8, 1902, put it, "the Holy See continues to advocate warmly the principles of Christian democracy." Not desiring to be more Roman than the Pope, they accepted the word democratic in connection with an association intended to receive members from every class of citizens in that great empire, and to secure the sympathy and support of every rank in English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish society (loud cheers).

There was work for all, work which was at once a privilege, a right, and a duty. Catholics could not afford to remain any longer as the saying is "in the sacristy." There was, the Bishop of Emmaus had recently told them, something worse than the mass of misrepresentation and downright lies which they had to contend with and that was "Oblivion." Catholics were not being noted and spoken of. They were not in the run. Nothing was more fatal to Catholic interests in this country than oblivion. It was, Dr. Patterson declared, the duty of Catholics of all grades of society to take part in public life, so far as was compatible with their condition. Catholics who neglected any opportunity of influencing public life were, according to Father Alphonsus, O.S.F.C., really injuring the Church, and ultimately their own position in the State. They were refusing to use their rights—nay, to perform their duties as Christian citizens, and each in his own sphere would be held individually responsible some day. They must be insistent in declaring their rights as citizens. They must be prepared to fight for their rights, or they would deserve to have them trampled upon and disregarded (cheers). And the words of that distinguished son of St. Francis were only an echo of a warning note from the Vatican. The Pope said that the condition of things at present proclaimed, and proclaimed vehemently, that there was need of a union of brave minds with all the resources they could command, League, unite, combine, organize, were their watchwords and instruction.

(Continued on Page Eight.)



THE LATE REV. L. COLIN.

our last issue we had barely time and space to announce the death of the regretted and beloved priest, whom all so deeply mourn, and to add a few biographical notes to our brief statement of that sorrowful event. Since then the city has witnessed a spectacle that, in all its details, must long remain engraven upon the minds and hearts of the people.

During Sunday afternoon, and all day Monday, the remains of the dead priest were exposed in the little private chapel of the old Seminary building. Thousands upon thousands entered that historic edifice, paused before the familiar form of the great departed, knelt in brief and fervent prayer, and went out filled with emotions that no language can translate.

As we stood beneath the low ceiling, and between the ancient walls of those small apartments, so like the olden shrines of primitive ages, so dark, so lowly, so devoid of all ornament, all signs of comfort, of all that belongs to this world or to this world's life, we figured to ourselves the intense self-sacrifice, the unqualified self-abasement, the rigid poverty of the one whose mighty works were planned therein and executed therefrom. That little chapel with its bare oaken floor, its unadorned altar, its pictureless walls, its cushionless seats; and that adjoining room, wherein the Superior of that great and wonderful community, spent his days and his nights, in mortification, prayer, and labor, brought forcibly to our mind the immortal lines of poor Gerald Griffin's to "Sister of Charity."

"Her down-bed a pallet, her trinket a bead;
Her lustre, one taper that serves her to read;
The delicate lady lives mortified there;
And feasts are forgotten for fasting and prayer."

So much greatness to be hidden away in such silent and unknown privation! Yet what glorious thoughts were entertained, what gigantic plans were formed, what deeds of charity and of mercy were inspired, within these old walls, and along those sombre and antique corridors! What precious hours of meditations, of communion with God and His Mother, and the whole celestial array, were spent, far from the gaze of the world, in that cell-like chamber!

He was poor, that great Abbe Co-

ple on this continent than the Church of Notre Dame. From its pulpit, times out of mind did Abbe Colin pour forth the tide of his eloquence and erudition; into its shadows, when twilight was passing into night, used he to silently glide, to enjoy a solitary hour in a heart to heart communion with the Divine Tenant of its tabernacle. But from that pulpit, and from that splendid shrine he went back to the humble, the colorless, the uninviting, the miserable, tiny, square room that he dignified with the title of the "Superior's apartments," to there continue his labors, his vigils, his studies, his worries, his cares, his solicitudes for the good of souls, for the propagation of the faith, for the glory of God.

Ah! they build magnificent churches these great communities! But they build them for the people, not for themselves. They erect grand educational institutions; but they are for the rising generation, not for either their own profit or glory. Profit they have none—not any more than had the Superior whose poverty was deeper than indigence; glory they know not, for like him they live in the atmosphere of self-denial. Even the rule of the community forbids the pronouncing of any eulogy over a departed member—no matter how conspicuous his talents or how manifold his triumphs in the cause of religion. He who was so prodigal of his praises and his tributes to the memories of others, shrank from the idea of any similar honor or justice being done himself. It would seem as if he feared that the faintest breath of human praise would be allowed to dim the polished mirror of a soul that reflected, in its humility, the glory of God. But gratitude, in the hearts of the living, rose above all the dictates of self-denial that governed the dead and that away the community of which he was a member, and, as we shall see, the vibrating voice of episcopal veneration, remembrance, and love, awakened anew the echoes of Notre Dame, with a tribute such as Abbe Colin would have loved to pronounce for another or would have been delighted to have heard were he not, himself, the object of its laudation.

On Monday evening the remains were transferred to the Church, and there placed, according to canonical rule, upon a raised catafalque, in the centre aisle, below the High Altar, the face of the dead being turn-

Ireland

Montreal Irishmen selves with renewed meeting which they Windsor Hall on T listen to the appeal ward Blake, M.P., Devlin, M.P., on be of the United Irish support of the Iris and the United S of every land in w descendants have abode since they Isle.

"We have beaten Toronto," Mr. M



HON. EDWARD

president of the M the United Irish L after subscriptions up and counted... gave \$800. The sub we have just receiv \$1,700; and when have been promised be a total of \$2,000 ment was received ing, as was also t read, showing that who subscribed wer ent French-Canadi

Mayor Cochrane accompanying him or addition to the ord ing were Messrs. 'bon, president o branch of the Unit Robert Bickerdike, Madore, K.C., M.P. in, Ald. Gallery, M durand, K.C., Sena M.P., P. J. Coyle, Hutchinson, K.C., E. J. C. Kennedy, lande, Rev. Father McShane, ex-Ald. C Walsh, Patrick W. W. E. Doran, F. J. Costigan, C. Cough in, J. I. Tarte, M. Namee, M. J. T. Q anagh, Michael Bu ers, H. J. Cloran, John Birmingham, Cyril Walsh, W. P. Hart, M. Donovan Kennedy, John O' and Rev. J. E. I Scott (Ottawa), (Quebec), Ald. Mad Clarke.

Mayor Cochrane, proceedings, said t great pleasure to p ing held to advan Ireland. As patrie cts, Canadians w the welfare of ever Empire, because w It was unhappy y acted as an impedi members of that v tions. Ireland, as has for generations and distressed; and dians took an inte tion and in her cl He thought that t Ireland was becom much as it seemed t was personally int her behalf, and tha truly royal purpos an ample measure c ed that this w poor, old, down which had given soldiers and so mar men to the empire joy peace and co plause).

MR. DEVLIN, w with prolonged ap his first duty was earnest apology to meeting of sympat