

A PRISON CHAPEL.

Its Consecration Yesterday by His Lordship Bishop Cleary.

RELIGION IN THE KINGSTON PENITENTIARY.—AN APPROPRIATE SERMON—SINGING BY A CONVICT CHOIR—INTERESTING CEREMONY.

The consecration of the renewed Catholic Chapel in the Kingston Penitentiary took place yesterday with special interesting ceremonies. About the beginning of March it was decided to make a number of improvements, and by then there has been a wonderful transformation in the appearance of this place of worship. The work has been entirely done by convicts, whose skill and artistic taste are strikingly apparent. Greatest of the changes has been the elevation of the ceiling about six feet. It has been frescoed in a manner which has not been surpassed in this city. In the corners of the square or centre piece are the figures, the Lamb of God, the sacred heart bleeding for the sins of the world, the chalice and the monogram "M." The colors, which have blended harmoniously, are attractive but not flashy. The walls, formerly simply whitewashed, have been painted in oil, and around them are hung the stations of the cross. The altar is not new but it has been freshly painted, gilded and decorated. It has, too, a complete outfit of silver, the candlesticks being especially bright and pretty. On each side of the altar were the mottoes, (marking the Bishop's visit): "Blessed is He that Cometh in the Name of the Lord," and "I was in Prison and Ye came to me." Below them to right and left, are statues of St. Joseph and of the Virgin Mary bearing the infant Jesus. The furnishing is in keeping with the general effects. The Chaplain has been given a room where the library was formerly located. The opposite corner will still be used by the female convicts, who, in their enclosure, panels on the side partition being opened a certain distance and on an incline—are enabled to see the officiating clergyman, but not those occupying the body of the chapel. The wood work of both side rooms is excellently finished, the carving and the scroll ornaments (prepared but not yet placed in position) being especially noticeable. The entrance to the chapel has been remodeled and enlarged, and the choir given a gallery, under which the library is now placed. On the front of the gallery was the line (painted neatly upon white paper) "We Welcome Our Blessed Bishop."

THE CONSECRATION SERVICE.

The ceremonies in connection with the consecration commenced at 9 o'clock, a procession composed of Father Brennan, of Baltimore, as cross-bearer; Fathers Kelly and Hartigan, deacons, Father Twohey, high priest; and the Bishop as celebrant, making a circuit of the chapel, which was blessed, and St. Martin, pope and martyr, named as its patron saint. Afterwards the Bishop celebrated mass and administered the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist to 52 convicts.

The new gold and silver sacramental vessels were used for the first time.

In the afternoon there was the usual service on such occasions. The Bishop was received at the door by the chaplains, who took part in the morning exercises, with the addition of Rev. Father Spratt, of Wolfe Island, who acted as a deacon. As the procession proceeded up the carpeted aisle the *Te Deum* was sung, and then the veneration prayer was said by the Chaplain, followed by the recitation of the prayer of St. Martin and a sermon by the Bishop.

The Bishop read a few verses from Luke IV., and then, addressing the convicts, said he had come to speak to them in the name of Jesus Christ, in the spirit of Him by whom he had been anointed to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that were bound. When ever he went into a prison he was profoundly impressed with the power of justice. Justice itself was a hard virtue. It demanded injury of every wrong, the restoration of every right destroyed, blood for blood and life for life. Nevertheless justice was a virtue and it was an infinite attribute of God. He referred to its hardness as manifested in the story of the man who covered the earth and drowned the whole human race save one pious man and his family; in the pouring down upon Sodom and Gomorrah of fire and brimstone, which destroyed the cities and all that they contained, all but one good man, his wife and family. Here was justice in an extreme degree, justice with vengeance, justice without pity. Justice was a virtue which belonged to God; it was an essential attribute of His nature. The justice of this world to be justice had to accord with the justice of God. Every virtue proposed by man to be a virtue had to be in conformity with those of God. Therefore the justice of this world, taken apart from mercy, was indeed a hard virtue, an exacting virtue. Justice was represented as having a bondage across her eyes, as being blind, as being unable to see or feel, but to act impartially in dealing between man and man, between the criminal and society. But justice had been tempered with mercy, that attribute which was willing to give forgiveness when it was asked for with humility. When one went into a prison and saw men committed for various periods, excluded from their families and society, in bondage and consequently separated from everything that tended to make life tolerable, away from wife and children and home, placed under keepers and forced to labour, he was deeply impressed. All that he saw was

THE EXEMPLIFICATION OF JUSTICE, but justice tempered with mercy. It was impossible for a kind hearted man, a Christian man, a merciful man not to have sympathies with a prisoner. What made some men love virtue and others follow vice? What made the distinction between man and man, between even brothers? "Twas the mercy of God, and the same God who made the distinction between Jacob and Esau. Those, there-

fore, who were not in the chains of this world, not under penal servitude and condemnation, and to thank the mercy of God for it. He (the Bishop) came to speak to them in the name of mercy. While under this bondage the eyes of a merciful God were still upon them. His heart beat sympathetically for them. God's mercy was first displayed in the incarnation of His son, who was sent into the world to save it. The prisoner under this world's justice in former years suffered fearfully. Justice was then administered by men more wicked than the prisoners, and the latter were condemned to chains and bondage; and oh what chains to bear and what bondage to endure! He had gone into some of the dungeons of pagan Rome, the centre of the Empire which had conquered the world by the power of its arms, its policy and legislation. He had seen the prison to which St. Paul had been led captive. It was under ground, deep, deep down, was reached by a scaling ladder, and had neither light nor air. Such was the dungeon before Christ came and tempered justice with mercy. With the spread of Christianity the spirit of mercy had passed into the world's legislation, into the penal code, into the dungeon and the prison, and while justice now was satisfied the convict was looked upon as a fellow man, as having been created by the same heavenly Father and redeemed by the same Saviour. Christianity has sanctified the prison, and that holy man St. John, who preached that the Kingdom of God was at hand and that all men should repent, who was decapitated to gratify the whim of a favourite at the King's banquet.

SANCTIFIED THE DUNGEON, and not him only but St. Peter, St. Paul, and all the martyrs of the Church, even the one in whose name he had blessed that chapel, that pope, that holy man, that vicar of Christ, who had been dragged to a dungeon in Constantinople added in it. Those to whom he (the Bishop) spoke were clearly, well fed, and enjoyed many comforts of which some outside the prison were not possessed; they had wholesome air, wholesome food, had good bedding, and sufficient clothing, while the pope who had become the patron saint of the chapel, had lain in a dungeon for four months without a change of linen, without water to wash himself, and little bread to eat. These were like, he said in his letters, acted more like leopards than men. What a wonderful change Christianity had wrought! Though men were sent to prison for a violation of the laws of society they were treated like human beings, as fellow men, sons of the same Father, redeemed by the same blood, heirs of the glory which awaits the pious in heaven. He could not but burst into tears when he thought of the bonds which contracted their physical freedom, but in the name of Jesus Christ he came to break the harder bonds, the bonds of iniquity which bound the soul. He came to grant deliverance from the tyranny of the soul, which was far worse than the tyranny of the world. Sin had laid man under the wrath of God; it was the greatest curse which fell upon the world. Some men thought poverty an evil, while in reality it was a great blessing. Some thought riches a blessing, while the possession of them sometimes proved a great misfortune. A man might be happy with a sufficiency who went to ruin with an abundance. Many a one committed wrong because of the strength of their muscles, who would be saved were they left in weakness.

THE THINGS ESTEEMED EVILS might only be such when evil was made out of them. They should not regard their confinement as the greatest evil, because they could sanctify it and make it a blessing, could leave the prison renewed men, restored to the peace of their heavenly father, lovers of virtue, worthy to be called the children of God. It would be a blessed thing to turn to good account their allotted time in prison. He commented upon the benefit to be derived from the teaching of the Catholic faith, which will turn out in full force on the occasion, and contribute liberally to make the affair a grand success. The energetic work of the good pastor in church affairs calls for the united and earnest cooperation of the laity.

A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL.

During the past year Belleville Separate Schools have passed nine pupils at the high school entrance examination, heading the list of successful candidates from the city schools on two occasions. At the high school entrance examination, Mary Durand took 100 marks out of a possible 100, took 392 marks out of a possible 560. Two pupils took third class certificates last summer, and five wrote for second class at the last examination, three of them being only fourteen years of age.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Tecumseh Base Ball Club of this city beat Guelph on Wednesday by a score of 6 to 0.

Lieut. Col. Walker has returned from his trip to the seaside looking as hale and hearty as ever.

The amount asked for the city for the Separate Schools this year is \$2,250. The remainder of the \$36,069 goes to the common schools.

Considerable improvement have been made in the Park this year, the latest being the raising of the roof of the band stand, so that the music can be heard to better advantage.

A man named Arthur Watson, of London East, attempted to commit suicide by hanging himself on Wednesday last, and was only prevented by the timely interference of his wife. He was under the influence of liquor.

One of the most enterprising grocery houses in Canada is that of Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co., London. In addition to keeping always on hand a choice and large stock of staple articles in the grocery and liquor trade, they are always up to the times and procure every new article of commerce as soon as it is manufactured. They have now on sale the celebrated summer drink called "Zeodone." There is in it not a particle of alcohol, and it yet contains stimulating and health-giving ingredients which will tend to make it the most popular beverage of the day. Try Zeodone, by all means, in this oppressive weather.

be an atonement, and their punishment by imprisonment a blessing.

To the sermon of which we have given but a summary, the convicts listened attentively, and some appeared to be affected especially when references were made to the fond recollections of home. At the close of his lordship's remarks there was the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

CHORAL PERFORMANCE.

The singing of the choir (all males) was very creditable indeed, some of the vocalists having voices of good quality and compass, and under fair cultivation. The organist was the most remarkable of those in the gallery. He is a splendid musician, but until a year ago did not perform upon an organ. Within a few months he became so expert as to be able to play all that is required in a church service. He has become such a favorite that he will be much missed. Yesterday was his last Sunday in the prison. He was personally spoken to in a kind and encouraging manner by the bishop.

About three o'clock the bishop and his guests took their departure, the convicts standing as they passed out, shortly afterwards leaving themselves very orderly and quietly, for their cells.

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

The chapel is not yet wholly finished but with what has been done the utmost satisfaction has been expressed.

In an adjoining shop we saw the painting (8 x 5 ft.) which is to be hung over the altar in the chapel. It represents the resurrection of Christ, being an enlarged copy of a steel engraving, and has been much admired. The painter is a true artist, as the work will show when it leaves the easel and is placed in the elegant frame which has been made for it. A glance at it suffices to satisfy any one that it is the production of a talented man.

In the chaplain's room off the chapel, are many photographs of the late Bishop O'Brien and his successors. The frames, made by a convict, are elaborately carved.

New vestments have been procured, the scarlet and white copes being very rich in material and appearance.

Two services take place on Sundays, high mass at 9 a. m., and vespers with sermon at 3.30 p. m., all of which are performed with the same solemnity as those in any church.

The chapel is capable of seating over 300.—*Kingston Whig, Aug. 8.*

LAWN PARTY.

A most successful and pleasing lawn party was held at Mount Hope under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, on Monday evening. The beautiful grounds were splendidly illuminated for the occasion, and rendered doubly joyous by the presence of the 7th Batt. Band. Over 1,500 people availed themselves of an opportunity of spending a pleasant evening. The idea originated altogether with Rev. Father O'Mahony, who, together with the following able committee, is to be complimented on the complete success of the affair: Arch. McNeill, Chairman, Joseph Cook, Sec.-Treas.; Messrs. C. Hevey, M. Mulrooney, J. Minors, J. Thompson, J. Conick, H. Delargy, J. Morrison, L. O. Laughlin, T. Fitzgerald, T. Gould, J. Gibbon and J. Ranaiah.

The Committee also waited on the tables, and disposed of all and sundry at remunerative prices, all of which, together with the proceeds at the gate, went for a most laudable purpose, viz., to the Orphan Fund at Mount Hope.

PICNIC AT INGERSOLL.

On the 23rd instant, a grand picnic will be held by the Catholic people of Ingersoll, on the agricultural grounds. One of the chief features of the day will be a contest for a gold-headed cane between two of the prominent men of the locality. We hope the good people of Ingersoll will turn out in full force on the occasion, and contribute liberally to make the affair a grand success. The energetic work of the good pastor in church affairs calls for the united and earnest cooperation of the laity.

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LAND MEETING IN DUBLIN.

Grand Speech by Mr. Sexton, M. P.

Sunday's demonstration in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, was most successful, notwithstanding that the elements were somewhat unfriendly. The members of the trades of the city and the members of the numerous city branches of the Land League turned out in thousands, accompanied by bands and banners, although the display of these was not so extensive as on occasions of some past popular demonstrations. This was largely due, doubtless, to the statement of Mr. Sexton at the meeting that the trades would not be expected to bring their banners. The difficult task of marshalling the crowd having been accomplished, the procession started very nearly, if not quite, in the order originally laid down. That order was as follows: Trades with their bands—Coal porters, coachmakers, North City carmen, chandlers, basket makers, horseshoers, butchers, brushmakers, engineers, the men of '48, National Foresters, &c., &c., the Land League branches.

The thoroughfare along the line of route through which the procession passed in London. Nothing daunted, however, the immense crowd stood their ground, and by-and-by their courage was rewarded by the appearance of a break in the clouds, quickly followed by a cessation of the rain, and then by a brilliant sunshine. However, everything passed off in the most peaceable and orderly manner. At a quarter past two o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. Sexton, M. P.

The Chairman said: Fellow-citizens—My first duty is to thank you for the honour you have done the commercial branch of the Land League in asking me, as its president, to take the chair at this magnificent gathering (cheers). My next is to pay a tribute to the trades of Dublin—these noble guilds which are connected by many principle, and kept in the vanguard of public life in Ireland by honest love of country (cheers). We feared for a little time that the weather, which has so often stood the friend of the British Government (hisses), would disperse our meeting to-day (cries of "no no"). But the spirit of the people has triumphed over that obstacle. You are here in your thousands, and even if not one word has been spoken upon this day, the demonstration which you have made in the streets of Dublin, where a hundred thousand citizens came forth to raise the cry of "The Land for the People," would have proved beyond denial that

EVEN UNDER THE SHADOW OF DUBLIN CASTLE.

(groans), and even in the citadel of class domination, the cause of the Irish people lives and thrives (cheers). The movement of the Land League has this day been crowned by the adhesion of the citizens of Dublin, and this demonstration, in which the branches of the Land League and the trades of Dublin have been joined by thousands of the people, has set the seal to the national declaration that we never will pause or falter in this movement until the rights of the people shall be won (cheers). In spite of all the obstacles that have been placed before us, in spite of all the difficulties that have been put in our way, we can claim that never before in our history was there any movement which won so rapid and complete success as ours has done. We have brought the mass of the landlords to recognise that they must take their tenants into counsel with them, and must recognise the force of the popular will in the rents that they impose upon their tenants (cheers). Fifteen months ago I stood upon this site in company with many of the men who are now in prison. My friend, Andrew Kettle, (cheers) occupied on that occasion the chair which I occupy to-day. I ask you if all that has been done within that fifteen months has interfered with the strength or prevented the progress of this movement? (Cries of "no no.")

OUR BEST MEN HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

They are lying to-day in the cells of British prisons. (A voice—"They will soon be out.") But their principles and their maxims are lying deep in our hearts. Those principles and maxims are known and felt not only in the cities and towns of Ireland, but in the humblest village, in the lowliest cottage, in the wastes of the moorland, in the home of the cottier on the bleak mountain side, the law of the Land League is understood and obeyed (cheers); and if there were not to be another platform put up in Ireland or another speech made in advocacy of the principles of the Land League, I declare with the most perfect confidence that the movement of the Land League would go on without platform meetings or speeches. It would go on as steadily, as surely, and as certainly tending towards completion and success, as the growth of the leaf upon the tree (cheers). I have said that every effort has been made to impede our movement. WE HAVE NOT ONLY HAD TO FACE THE CALUMNIATOR AND THE LIAR,

BUT WE HAD TO FACE THE COERCION OF THE LAW AND THE DISPLAY AND THE EXERCISE OF BRUTE FORCE (groans).

A voice: The Lord have mercy on them.

Mr. Sexton: And so thorough is the confidence of our people in their own organization that they await with perfect tranquility the decision of their lordships (groans). We feel a sort of lazy curiosity on the subject, just as if we saw a spider creeping on the side of a wall, and wondered whether he would ever reach the ceiling. We are curious to see whether that starling the House of Lords will attempt to stop Niagara, or whether Niagara will have to sweep away the starling (hear, hear). I say, in conclusion, that our movement has practically succeeded. The cause of Ireland, in the social sense, has been the rack-renting landlord; and let me tell you that, though some races have won their freedom in a wild and frenzied burst of rage, circumstances as we are, the way for us to win freedom is, first to plant our people upon the solid foundation of social independence, and then to march on unitedly and steadily to our political goal (cheers). I say that the three-headed Cerberus, the rack-rented landlord, has been already disposed of by the organization of the people. Why do I

what, I ask, are they? The rights of public meeting and of free speech (hear, hear). And I repeat that though our most ardent speakers, our most trusted guides, are lying to-day in dungeons, and through THE GAG OF THE COERCION ACT IS BRAND-

ISHED IN OUR FACES, we are assembled here, and we solemnly declare that until the rights of humanity are recognized in Ireland—until the tiller is permitted to enjoy the fruits of his labor—(cheers)—we, to the last man, so long as individual freedom remains to us, will be found upon these platforms declaring the rights of the people, and daring those who exercise the power of domination in this country to take away from us our liberty of making that declaration, which we conceive to be our sacred duty (cheers). You understand that this is not merely a movement for the farmer and the laborer (hear, hear). You know that a rack-rented farm is a cause an empty till. You know that the towns must live by the country and the country by the towns. You know that the struggling farmer and the starving laborer must mean the bankrupt shopkeeper and the idle artisan (cheers). Let none of you deceive yourselves by the idea that the trade of a country is a subject upon the hollow luxury of a class (hear, hear). No; there is no safe foundation for the prosperity of trade except the prosperity of the general body of the people (hear, hear). False ideas on this subject have gone abroad in the city of Dublin; but if you want to see a country where trade as well as agriculture prospers, you must go to a country where the capital accumulated by labor is not swept into the pockets of one class of men, but is wisely and equally distributed over the whole body of the people. If you want to find that, you will have to go to France (cheers), where the land is not owned by twenty dukes and a hundred marquises, and five thousand magnates (hisses); but is owned and tilled

WITHOUT ANY SUPERIOR, EXCEPT THE ALMIGHTY, by millions of farmers—aye, and the laborers of the country. In that great land you will find the cities flourishing as well as the villages, and prosperity diffused through the whole body of the people (cheers). Therefore, fellow-citizens, you have cause to stand with us and you will have reason to rejoice when this great movement wins. And, believe me, it is about to win (cheers). The worst of the struggle is over (cheers). The hour of victory is close at hand. The moral revolution is practically accomplished (cheers). We have learned to be familiar with the devices that have been resorted to against us. What have we not seen? The highest court of the realm with its monster indictment (laughter). The courts of assize with judges, some of whom are also landlords, venting sneers and sarcasms at us, and not sufficiently pliant to their will. The courts of petty sessions, where the local dogberies sit (laughter).

A VOICE—A GROAN FOR LLOYD (groans).

Chairman—Aye, in the back parlour the village tyrant sits by the grace of Dublin Castle upon his throne (laughter and cheers).

A VOICE—The privileged "disolute ruffian."

Chairman—And takes away by the stroke of his quill the liberties of honest men than himself. We know these devices. They are of no avail with us. We know that our guides who are in prison went cheerfully there. We know that they are as tranquilly suffering the loss of the glorious gift of freedom because they feel that when the day comes that will send them back to liberty and labor, they will find from the progress we have made that they have labored for a people's worthy of them, and that nothing has happened while they were in prison. They are ashamed.

The electric spirit which fills this meeting spreads on every side to the four corners of Ireland (hear, hear). How is that spirit proved? If a man is arrested, he goes cheerfully to gaol. His place is filled in a very day, if he be an official of the Land League (cheers), and if there be any contention as to who shall fill that place, I believe it exists between the laymen and the priests. We know that fifty men in the King's County the other day, who felt that they had committed no crime, on being asked to give bail, said, "We will give no bail," and walked off to gaol (cheers).

THIS IS A LAW THAT NO GOVERNMENT CAN STAND AGAINST.

—that no spirit and no Parliament can defy; for it is the spirit of a passive, law-abiding, and at the same time, irresistible social revolution. (cheers). One of the greatest boasts in connection with this movement is that we have exercised from the soil of Ireland that fell spirit of religious bigotry, (cheers)—that we have banded together Orangemen and Catholics (cheers)—that we have put outside evil memories and historic feuds, because we know that irresponsible and arbitrary power is had for any man, no matter what his religion is (cheers)—that the Catholic landlord can be a tyrant as well as the Protestant; and if I may put it in a homely way, that a Protestant stomach can be as hungry as a Catholic by reason of a rack rent. Now the Land Bill is about to pass into the House of Lords (groans).

A VOICE: The Lord have mercy on them.

Mr. Sexton: And so thorough is the confidence of our people in their own organization that they await with perfect tranquility the decision of their lordships (groans). We feel a sort of lazy curiosity on the subject, just as if we saw a spider creeping on the side of a wall, and wondered whether he would ever reach the ceiling. We are curious to see whether that starling the House of Lords will attempt to stop Niagara, or whether Niagara will have to sweep away the starling (hear, hear). I say, in conclusion, that our movement has practically succeeded. The cause of Ireland, in the social sense, has been the rack-renting landlord; and let me tell you that, though some races have won their freedom in a wild and frenzied burst of rage, circumstances as we are, the way for us to win freedom is, first to plant our people upon the solid foundation of social independence, and then to march on unitedly and steadily to our political goal (cheers). I say that the three-headed Cerberus, the rack-rented landlord, has been already disposed of by the organization of the people. Why do I

call him a three-headed Cerberus? Because he has been a lawyer, a black-matter, and a burglar all in one (hear, hear). And I say that, no matter what law may pass, or what the House of Lords may or may not do, the intelligence of the Irish people—the laborer, the farmer, the merchant, the artisan, Protestant and Catholic, gather beneath the banner of the Irish National Land League—has taught them the secret of success, and has taught them the knowledge which no magic can ever cause them to forget, that the rack-renting landlord can never again, no matter what may come to pass, lift up his hideous head in Ireland (cheers).

MORE LOVE OF MARY.

By Father Fisher.

Time goes differently with different people; and differently in different years with the same person. Sometimes we live slowly; sometimes we live quietly. But the years are always speeding a quiet speed, but an incessant one. Are we speeding on the way to heaven? Speeding! Yes! we are speeding on the way to heaven! It is a road on which nothing is safe but speed; nothing is prudent but impetuosity; nothing is cautious but bravery. What is age (middle or old) in the Christian's eye? only this—more work, and less time to do it in.

Oh! Christians, how we dream! It was thus that I reproached myself the other day, and I awake with a start, as if from sleep or from forgetfulness. More work and less time to do it in. This must be looked to; life must be put in order; I must be converted again, and at once, not to-morrow, but to-day, this very hour. Here is another year running round, the days are beginning to shorten again, we must quicken our speed both onward and upward. I thought I was getting hourly into God's debt; I sat to teach myself a lesson, to preach myself a sermon, to reason with my own laziness and cowardice; and somehow it all went the other way, all my thoughts went into love. This was how it was; let us think the train of thoughts over again together.

I. The weight of our obligations to Jesus: what a delightfully hopeless debt it is. 1. All He has suffered and done, let Him stand before us and show us His wounds. 2. All His sweet patience during life and at the present hour. 3. All the secret love He has shown each of us, and which we alone know. 4. The intolerable misery of the little love we have for Him, and which we feel most when we love Him most. 5. We get lost; we rouse ourselves; we are determined to love Him more, and to go and do some great thing for Him immediately. Worldly things are best done coolly, things for God are best done in a heat.

II. What is our great thing to be? We must do Him some immense service—how? 1. He is God; we must adore His Divine person; our adoration must grow more prostrate and more exulting every day. 2. But we want something special; just as His Incarnation was specially for us. 3. We must worship and love His created nature, which He so intensely loves Himself, and which we must when we love Him most. 5. We get lost; we rouse ourselves; we are determined to love Him more, and to go and do some great thing for Him immediately. Worldly things are best done coolly, things for God are best done in a heat.

III. Measures of the love of Mary. 1. Is it our own greatest love, or all our love together? No! 2. Is it all the saint's love of her—Joseph, Peter, John, and her particular friendship with St. James? No! 3. Is it her own beauty, goodness, and manifold dear offices? No! Is it her own love of me? No! not even that. 5. Is it the love of Jesus for her? Yes, that, precisely that, only that. 6. Alas! it is not enough; for, we have more grounds for loving her than Jesus had, but we must be content with this measure. IV. But I said to myself, it is impossible. Impossible! what does impossible mean? Does grace know of any such work? Impossible! Then I said, I will spend my life, and oh, what a happy life it will be, in trying to accomplish this dear impossibility!

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN AWFUL VISITATION OF ALMIGHTY GOD.

The Paris *Univers* of Monday quotes from *La Croix* an account of the instance of the sudden visitation of the outraged majesty of Almighty God upon ten unfortunate wretches. The journal in question states that Good Friday thirteen Free-thinkers of Boulogne assembled at a Masonic lodge for the atrocious purpose of enacting a parody of the Last Supper. Nine of these wretches, men having within a few days, been carried off by death, a tenth participant, who had enacted the part of our Divine Saviour, was, within a fortnight of the perpetration of the horrible sacrifice, seized with a frightful malady, and swept to his dark account in the course of twenty-four hours. The first attack was he who had enacted the part of Judas. On Holy Saturday (the following day) he was attacked by a disease producing almost instantaneous decomposition, and on Easter Sunday he was a mass of dead putrefaction.

We direct attention to the advertisement of Mr. James Borgen, 4 Adelaide street, Toronto, who has work for any number of smart agents to sell Catholic publications, prayer books, &c.