

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen." — "Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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## Catholic Record

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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOME weeks ago a Protestant clergyman, with the ornamental appendage of D. D. tacked to his name, made a furious onslaught against Catholicism. Objection after objection was hurled by our doughty friend against the Romish Church, as he was pleased to term it. One of his principal charges was that the Catholic Church had deviated from the purity of its primitive institution, and hence could no longer claim to be vivified by the spirit of truth. "Where," he cried, "do we find mention of Bulls and Encyclicals—of temporal power—among the early Christians?" and all the while his countenance glowed with that kind of dignity which Artemus Ward says is just as much the sign of wisdom as a shirt collar is of a shirt. "St. Peter," he continued, "was crucified; his successors during these centuries had the independence of martyrdom only. Why then does our century no longer contemplate the same example of evangelical poverty?" To such an objection we may reply with a celebrated Capuchin: "In your infancy your only nourishment was milk, and your chin was as bare as a piece of pumiced marble. Why, then, do you now clamor for breakfast, even on Fridays, and carry a beard that would shame a goat?" It would be just as logical to say that the wealth and civilization of our century, which man did not possess in his primitive state, must be denounced. Such a conclusion would not meet with the approval of our separated brethren. It surely then betokens a very narrow mind or want of good faith to use it against Catholics. It is well known that nations, in the beginning of their existence, are never what they are when years of sound civilization have enriched them with their dower of refinement and social blessings. The same thing may be said of the Catholic Church. In the commencement she possessed, indeed, no other wealth save her faith in her Crucified Founder. Must we, however, conclude from this that she should have always continued to wear the garments of pauperism? Would it be in accordance with the prophecies which shadow forth the Church—sometimes as the most powerful monarchy that ever existed; at others, as a mountain to which run all nations; sometimes as a city destined to be seen by all men; and, again, through the glass of inspiration we contemplate peoples and sovereigns paying homage to her as to a powerful queen. Do not all the brilliant allegories of the prophets indicate a Church ever increasing in power and even in exterior beauty?

This doctrine of reducing the Church to its primitive state has not even the poor qualification of novelty. It was first circulated by Arnold of Brescia, a zealous follower of the rationalistic theories of Peter Abelard. This monk of Brescia, ignoring all laws of progress, wished to replace the church in the swathing bands of infancy. He fulminated against the riches of clerics, wished to see the Bishops reduced to indigence, and the Pope bereft of his temporal sovereignty. This theory flourished for a time and produced frightful disorders. God, indeed, could have enthroned His Church in majesty and splendor. He wished, however, that the ordeal of persecution might demonstrate her divinity. Besides, it would not have been in accordance with the general laws of His providence, God having seen fit, in His general providence, to act by natural means even for the accomplishment of supernatural ends. But now, when the doctrines of the Church are preached on every strand, in humble missionary chapels as well as in splendid basilicas, one cannot reasonably wish that the days of Nero and Domitian might again overshadow all with their darkness of torture and torment. If, however, our adversaries desire to re-establish Catholicism in its primitive state they should first strive to understand the homely Saxon proverb that "charity begins at home." Let them, perfection-smitten theorists, sell their property and give the proceeds to the Pope, as was, as St. Luke informs us, the practice of the early Christians. Let the charity of the early Church temper their language, and slanderous tracts and insipid platitudes will not figure in the controversial arena. But it is far easier to dilate on the austerity of the first followers of Christ than to put it into practice. "In the early Church bulls and encyclicals were unknown," "I suppose," says Freppel, "that the couriers of the Empire, that the secretaries of Nero and Domitian, that the messengers of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, should have been charged to distribute the despatches of the Mamertine prison

and of the catacombs." Truly this is too cruel a mockery of those who have merited, by their heroism in the midst of suffering, the legitimate admiration of all ages.

PRINCE BISMARCK has declared his intention of devoting the remainder of his life to domestic pursuits. The young Emperor has thrown off the shackles of the man of blood and iron, and Caprivi, who is no stranger to diplomatic tactics, and withal a strong admirer of the Bismarckian policy, has donned the insignia of Chancellor of Germany. However, it is hinted that Bismarck intends visiting Rome at an early date. Observers there are who declare that the old man's heart is favorably inclined towards the successor of St. Peter, whose very name he has striven to obliterate from the Germanic mind, and that his visit will be to "Canossa." Perhaps the beauty of the true religion may, as in Hurter's case, give peace to a soul long ruffled by the cares and intrigues of state. The future alone will reveal the sequel. For the present we content ourselves with the knowledge that the heart of man is in the hands of God, who turns it as He wills. He has turned many hearts since the beginning of the century. Numbers there are who have deserted the Protestant ranks, and given their talents to the Catholic cause. Many, disgusted with the prevailing schemes of religion, and frightened by the moral and intellectual corruption too thinly veiled by our pretended civilization, have sought refuge in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Many, also, having as watchwords the meaningless utterances, liberty and progress, and doctored out in all the panoply of modern infidelity, and who, despising Catholics for adhering to the inflexible doctrine of the Roman Pontiff, yet hung upon every word of some literary or political charlatan, have been made sons of Mother Church.

For some time past the statement has been extensively circulated, that having cast aside the rule of the Pope, and the salutary restraints of religion, all was well with the people of Italy and its capital. The *Christian Guardian* of last week, in the following terms, puts an entirely new complexion on the condition of that country; and if more proof were needed, the people of Canada have but at cast a glance about them and consider what causes must have led to the presence of the swarms of Italian people in all the towns and cities of America:

"The financial situation in Italy is critical, and the government is driven to extremities for means to support the troops and the public officials. The unemployed in Rome and Naples are assuming a menacing attitude, and frequent arrests do not avail to intimidate the people as formerly. In Naples some excitement has been caused by a rumor that the United States Government purposes to stop a step to emigration. Peasants are selling out their belongings, and flocking in throngs to the nearest ports where passage may be obtained to America before the prohibitive measures shall be put into force. The main causes of discontent among the peasantry are the marked increase in the burden of taxation and the strict enforcement of the conscription law."

LAST Thursday we had the pleasure of a visit from Prof. O'Brien, of Hamilton, the distinguished musician, and organist of St. Mary's Cathedral, and James F. Egan, Esq., of the same city, the celebrated vocalist. Both gentlemen took part in the grand sacred concert in St. Peter's Cathedral.

The Presbyterian General Assembly at Stratford have resolved unanimously to revise the Confession of Faith, but that in no way is the integrity of the "Reformed or Calvinistic system of doctrine taught" therein to be impaired. The Calvinistic theories of foreordination and preterition have therefore a respite—but sooner or later they will have to go. A motion was also passed in favor of preparing a consensus creed, to be styled a "consensus creed," which will contain only those doctrines in which all the Reformed Churches agree. It is expected that this will form a basis for future union of different sects; but it will be supplementary to, and not a substitute for the Westminster Confession. Thus one creed will declare the preterition doctrine a part of God's truth, and the other will leave Christians free to reject it. A clever compromise truly. The consensus creed, as far as we can see, will have to exclude all positive teaching except the existence of God, to include the Reformed Churches. Thus Mahometans, Jews and Deists will be recognized as good Christians.

THE *Mail* having been beaten on the plea that the Jesuits, being an illegal corporation, could not prosecute for libel, has now put in the second plea for the defence; first, that the article in question was not intended to refer to the Jesuits

at all; secondly, that the *Mail* is not responsible for it, as it was copied from *Le Semaine Franco-Americaine*, of California; thirdly, that the Jesuits have incurred no damage by the publication; fourthly, that the same matter has been before published; fifthly, that the doctrine of the Jesuits are substantially the same with those implied in the oath, and sixthly, that the article is substantially true. We presume that this new plea will soon be settled, and the case will then be tried on its merits.

THE Rev. Dr. Shaw, a member of the Protestant Council of Public Instruction for the Province of Quebec, lectured on education in the Methodist Church at Waterloo, Quebec, on Sunday the 25th ult. He stated that

"The traditional policy of Methodism is that religion and education should go hand in hand. He believed in that principle himself, holding that religious and moral training should be the foundation of all education and culture. I know that this idea is not everywhere popular in these days. In another Province a political party is striving with noisy demonstration to abolish the Separate schools, founded under the direction of Dr. Ryerson and afterwards guaranteed by the constitution. Let them beware lest in asking for bread they receive a stone. Banish the Bible from the public schools and its place may be taken by infidelity. There is another thing to be considered. If the Separate schools are abolished in Ontario they must be abolished in this Province. And the Protestant minority in Quebec desires the preservation of the Separate schools. That is no doubt the case, but their existence is threatened by the noisy propaganda against the Separate schools in the sister Province, first begun by the Equal Rights and afterwards taken up by the Meredith Tories in the hope of riding into power on the top wave of race and religious prejudice. The Protestants of Quebec have nothing to gain and everything to lose by the new Tory policy in Ontario. The self-styled champions of Protestantism in the west are taking course directly opposed not only to the best interests of the country at large, but to the interests of the Protestants themselves. But we shall never believe that the Ontario Conservatives can win on such a platform till they have actually won. On the contrary, we fancy that Mr. Mowat will be sustained by a larger majority than ever."

It is clear enough that the objection which fanatics in Ontario have against Separate schools does not arise from any conviction that religious teaching in the schools is an evil, but from pure opposition to the Catholic religion. They would be willing enough to have religious teaching in the schools, if they could introduce the anti-Catholic cantinates, which are so common, as its basis, but as they cannot do this, like the dog in the manger, they wish to deprive Catholics of the liberty of teaching their own children according to their conscientious convictions.

THE Holy Father, Leo XIII. shows the same vigorous front in dealing with the Emperor William II., and demanding the full liberty of the Church, as his predecessors showed in days of old when all the powers of a Napoleon, a Henry VIII., a John or a Lothaire did not justify them from pursuing the path of justice. The *Osservatore Romano*, the organ of the Vatican, states that the Papal Nuncio at Berlin as well as the Prince Bishop of Breslau have been instructed to act vigorously in unison with the Catholic party in Germany and to claim "an indispensable for the salutary action of the Church, first, the return of the religious orders; secondly, religious education in the schools; and, thirdly, the removal of the discretionary and revocable character from all the concessions hitherto accorded to the Catholic party."

A BOSTON paper makes a strong protest against the startling announcements which are made on the bulletin boards of many of the city churches, and the absurd titles to sermons, for the purposes of gathering crowds. It asks whether the object of church-going is merely for entertainment, or for instruction. It continues:

"The headlines in the most sensational newspapers do not surpass the vulgarity, freedom, and irreverence of these announcements, and the non-church-going part of the community are simply amazed that persons calling themselves teachers of Christianity are willing to announce themselves as given over to claptrap or buffoonery in the pulpit. We have had some painful instances in well known churches in this city where the pulpit has been disgraced by the irreverence and sensationalism which have been manifested in order to draw a crowd to religious services."

Disgraceful as all this is to the kind of Christianity these people profess, we may well doubt whether the Boston preachers have fallen to so low an ebb as some we could name in Canada. It will not readily be forgotten that one of the most admired Toronto parsons from time to time so disgraced himself and religion as even from his pulpit to recommend murder. But it is only

Catholics who are to be murdered, and therefore his language is deemed quite correct.

A SUIT by the Mormons against the United States authorities has been finally decided by the Supreme Court in favor of the authorities. The case arises from the Edmunds anti polygamy law. Under that law the corporation of the Mormon Church is dissolved, and all real estate in excess of \$50,000 is escheated to the United States, except what is held for actual worship and burial purposes. Under this Act \$750,000 worth of property was seized, and the Mormons entered suit to have the law declared unconstitutional. This is the suit which has been decided adversely to them. The law had been already sustained by the Supreme Court of Utah, but was brought on appeal before the Supreme Court of the United States, which affirms the previous judgment. This will, without doubt, be a death blow to the Mormon political power, and, in time, to the whole system.

UP to the present time, Chicago has had the pre-eminence for the rapid granting of divorces, but Nebraska City, by a recent divorce granted by the court within twenty minutes has beaten the record. A petition was filed at 2 o'clock, the defendant answered at 2:15, and the case was brought before the court at 3:20. The decree of divorce was granted by the court at 3:40.

HAVING exhausted modern, the *Mail* is now introducing ancient history to prove that everyone is wrong-minded who happens not to be of the same way of thinking as itself. Old fables of the *Globe* are once more gone over to prove that the Liberals of forty years ago were very much opposed to Separate schools, and some of Mr. Mowat's sayings in those days are printed to show that he was at that time an enemy of the system. Did Mr. Mowat, however, think it worth while to retort, he would need to go back but a very short time to find the *Mail* people ardent admirers of Catholic Bishops, priests and people, and enthusiastic in praise of the good French Canadians, for whom it has now nothing but sneers and ridicule.

A PROTESTANT gentleman of Toronto lately said of the *Catholic Record*: "I am an ultra-Protestant, and must confess to having commenced scanning the *Record* with a view to scoff, but lo! from its pages I have imbibed a true respect for the faith and its true adherents."

THE Hon. S. H. Blake delivered an address last week in Stratford, and in the course of his remarks referred as follows to the French-Canadians:

"He made a magnificent plea for toleration, declaring himself to be a staunch Protestant, but one who did not believe that the Roman Catholics were all bigotry and the Protestants all conscience. He had known Protestants as bigoted as— but he had to pause at a loss for a simile, while the audience laughed as they exactly appreciated his feelings. On the other hand, he renewed the candid words of respect and regard which he spoke in Toronto regarding the French-Canadians as he found them in a summer resident among them for many years. In that great County of Charlevoix, containing only eleven Protestant parishes, the jail is nearly always empty. There must be something good in a religion that gives to us such results as that."

The *Mail*, however, terms this state of things "medievalism," and is battling strenuously with the object of bringing the French people into line with that portion of our Dominion where the jails are nearly always full.

### DEATH OF REV. JOHN HEITMAN.

Another of our priests has been removed from the field of his earthly labors by the summer heat of Death. Rev. John Heitman succumbed at length to the fatal renewal of an attack of grippe, which he struggled against valiantly for over three months. In the beginning of March this worthy priest was called away to Cincinnati to assist at the burial of his good and venerable father. He had then just recovered from an attack of influenza and felt quite able to undertake the journey. It was more than his feeble strength could bear, however. On his return to Listowel he was just able to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of Mass once, and no more. On the first Sunday of Lent he appeared for the last time on the altar. Since then his mission has been attended to by the neighboring priests from the diocese of Hamilton. Especially are the people of Listowel, Carleton Place, and vicinity indebted to the kind offices and unremitting labors of Rev. Father Galt, of St. Clement, and Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Macdon. On Thursday, the 31st, Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy and Rev. P. Brennan, of St. Mary's, paid a visit to Rev. Father Heitman and found him sinking very fast. Rev. Father Brennan heard his confession and administered to him the rites of the Church. On Monday morning he breathed his last, and died a peaceful and happy death. His body was conveyed for interment to Stratford, where Rev. Father Heitman, of Streeton, Ill.,

brother of the deceased priest, had just arrived. Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy officiated. Rev. Father Flannery sang the *Litania* and gave the last absolution. A very pathetic sermon was preached by Rev. Father Brennan, from the text: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works follow them." Rev. Fathers West, McGee and Cook were present in the sanctuary. Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy also addressed the congregation in feeling language on the merits of the deceased priest and the many hardships he had to contend with in the newly-formed mission of Listowel. Father Heitman had just erected the first priestly home in the mission, had it fully furnished, and had had all arrangements made for a comfortable home for himself and successors in the parish when sickness intervened and death cut him off in the middle of his arduous though very successful and useful career.

Rev. Father Heitman was born in Cincinnati of God-fearing German Catholic parents and was but thirty-eight years of age when death overtook him. He was educated at St. Francis Gymnasium, Bremen street, Cincinnati, and attached himself to the Order of St. Francis, of which he became a professed member. He was for some time coadjutor to Rev. Father William in Chatham, and many, we are sure, and deep will be the regrets of the people of that flourishing parish when they learn of the early and unexpected demise of the late Father Heitman. The *Record* unites with them and the afflicted people of Listowel in offering a fervent Requiem for the late Father Heitman's soul.

LOUIS VEULLIOT.  
Ottawa, May 23rd, 1890.

To the Editor of *Catholic Record*:  
DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find another letter respecting the Louis Veulliot matter. It is another proof of the high esteem in which the great Catholic champion is rightly held, and well worthy of publication. Yours truly,

VATICAN.  
Quebec, May 24th, 1890.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You conferred, I assure you, a particular favor by sending me some late numbers of the *Catholic Record*, published in London, Ontario. I look upon this very ably-edited hebdomad as one amongst the very best of Catholic newspapers issued in this "Canada of ours."

The article to which you so kindly directed my attention was first published in *The Month*, an English magazine, some seven years since, upon the decease of M. Louis Veulliot, the great and justly-celebrated French lay publicist. And it gave a very nice synopsis of the life and literary career of this writer, whose fame as a defender of the faith "once delivered to the saints" extended to the utmost limits of the habitable world—*id est*, wherever Catholicity is preached. It was a great treat to me indeed, and I enjoyed the intellectual pabulum very much, for one reason, namely, that I have not had the good fortune to enjoy the reading of *The Month* since I ceased to reside in Ottawa, and, as I learn from your note, was republished in the *Catholic Record*, in the course of a mere scholar's adverse comments upon the work done in his day by that Cabbett of French writers, the immortal Louis Veulliot; whose philosophical essays in defence of the faith, like those of the English writer to whom I venture to liken him (though the former was less happy than the latter), was not blessed with the invaluable gift of faith. Yet, both men were honest, fearless and gifted with the brightest of intellectual endowments. And the writings of both will be read by lovers of truth who delight in its being delivered in beautiful, forcible language, as long as the tongue of Shakespeare endures, as will also the writings of Mons. Veulliot be read and appreciated just so long as Messrs. our friends Dalton McCarthy (*pro quibus* to the inheritor of a name so odorous of Irish Catholicity), *et id genus omnes*, yelped Equal Rights permit the mellancholic tongue of Catholic being caltivated and spoken in this Dominion.

I notice in the last number of the *Catholic Record* a letter addressed to the editor and signed "Vatican," in which, if I mistake not, I trace the fine Roman hand of a former able writer in the journalistic field, one of whom we poor Irish Catholics, in union with the See of Rome, may well feel proud. He did his duty in his day, and, as Walter Scott makes the archer say, in "Ivanhoe," in the contest with his rival, Lockley, "that he draw as good a long bow as his ancestor did at Hastings." Long may he continue to wield the grey goose quill, for it is mightier than the sword in defence of the faith. Can there be a greater exemplar of this fact than the fall of the man "of blood and iron," Bismarck, overthrown by the little backback, Windthorst, that trenchant defender of the faith in the German empire? I recollect saying to a friend, lately, in command of a noted (at least for their gorgeous uniform) regiment of our Canadian militia, upon his remarking "that Roman Catholicity was now extinct," something about "twenty golden years ago" when the Sardinians, backed by Bismarck, invaded and took possession of Rome—that if he lived it now he would see how dead or extinct it was! And I venture now to prophesy that if he lives twenty years longer—aye, probably a much longer period of time, which I hope and trust that he may, for "he is not half a bad fellow"—he will see the Sardinians humbled and travelling back to Canossa, as Bismarck has done before them. For I do not believe that I dream when I assert:

"That the winter will then be past,  
And the rain over, and the flowers appear,  
And we shall see in God's own light at last  
All we have sought for, in the darkness  
Of not persécution here."  
The dawn of a brighter day for Holy Church is breaking over the European

continent, and though the morning, to a superficial observer, may seem dark and ominous of even bitter persecution—aye, even to the shedding of blood—yet we are the sons of the Cross, the humble followers of Him who died thereon; and Almighty God aiding us, we fear not, and our holy faith makes us believe that the darkest hour of the night precedes the glories of the dawn. For we are

"Waiting and watching till the day breaks clear  
Over the brow of the Eternal Hills."  
And this happy commemoration, so hoped, prayed and sighed for by the immortal Louis Veulliot, and other writers, faithful children of Holy Church in every land and in every language spoken by man, have aided in bringing to pass, *Sanctus Veulliot, et sic confers!*

I remain, as ever, your friend,  
H. A. M.

### LECTURE AT SIMCOE.

The pretty little church of Simcoe could scarcely contain the large congregation that gathered last Sunday evening to hear the promised lecture of the Rev. Father Corcoran of La Salette. The rev. gentleman is no stranger to Simcoe, and the more we hear him the more impressed we are that he is one of the most pleasing and eloquent preachers in the diocese of London. His voice rang out clear and distinct on the listening congregation and evoked a response in many a heart. The subject of the reverend lecturer was "The Bible," which afforded a wide, and splendid scope to his great reasoning powers. No point was lost, and the climax was reached when the rev. gentleman gave a very amusing and happy illustration of the varied interpretations of the Bible adopted by the different sects which have sprung from the Reformation. Father Corcoran may well be congratulated on the success of his lecture, and if there is anything in a name he has all the rich flow of eloquence and humor so rare of the sons of St. Patrick, and well does he employ them in spreading that faith in a foreign land so firmly planted by the great Apostle in the Emerald Isle.

The music on the occasion was remarkably fine. It is rarely indeed we in the country enjoy such a treat. Simcoe may well be proud of its native talent. The solos would not have disgraced any of our fashionable city churches. The chorus in Lambillotte's "Lauda Sicut" and Berger's "Tantum Ergo" exquisitely blended, the obligatos adding no little to their harmony. It shows what energy, determination and good will can achieve. The organist, Mrs. Cowen, deserves well-merited praise for her unflinching courtesy and devotion. No effort seems too great, and certainly the wonderful success of Sunday evening is a splendid criterion of her work.

### SACRED CONCERT.

About seven hundred persons attended the grand sacred concert given in St. Peter's Cathedral on the 29th May, and it is safe to say that all were thoroughly satisfied with the feast of music presented. A temporary gallery was erected on each side of the large organ for the accommodation of the orchestra, brass and string, which did its portion of the work in a very creditable manner, the members of "D" school band composing the brass and reeds, and Messrs. Russell, Poesche, Bark, Chadwick and J. Johnston first violins, and twenty violas, and tested the capacity of the organ left to the last square inch. The singing of the large chorus was certainly a great feature, Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* being curried through with spirit and precision. But this was excelled by the rendering of the "Gloria" from Farmer's Mass in B flat, the volume of voices, coupled with full organ and orchestral accompaniment, having a grand effect and making the large edifice fairly vibrate with the sound. Dr. Verrinder, who was the conductor of the evening, deserves much credit for the excellent standard to which he has brought this large chorus, their work being the result of patient and constant rehearsal. Mr. D. J. O'Brien, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, presided at the organ, and proved himself a master musician of the first rank. His orchestration was very effective, and the accompaniments to the solos brilliant, yet in full sympathy with the voice.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Egan, of Hamilton, rendered Lambillotte's beautiful "Justus at Palma" in a most creditable manner. The solo "Les Rameaux" (Faure), by Mrs. Egan, was given in splendid voice with care and confidence. Mrs. Ellis sang "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" from "Theodora," giving a conscientious and careful rendition of that beautiful selection in such excellent voice as to prove even a surprise to her greatest admirers. Miss Mulligan's solo, "Quoniam," from "Farmer's," was very creditable, being rendered with spirit and correctness. Mr. W. Miller sang "When Thou Tookest Upon Thee," in the "Te Deum." He is a young and promising tenor robust and is rapidly showing many signs of improvement in voice cultivation. Mr. E. J. Watt sang in good voice and assisted in the quartet, as also did Misses McCarthy and Mulligan and Messrs. Miller and Egan.

As a whole the concert was undoubtedly a success, both financially and from a musical standpoint. Dr. Verrinder intends taking up the "Creation" at once and giving it as soon as efficiency was reached by the large chorus. Such efforts are deserving of the greatest encouragement from the music-loving people.

**Go to Baltimore.**

O, 'tis merrily the pipes play,  
And there's dancing on the moonlit shore,  
But how can I be glad without my Irish lad?  
For he's gone away to Baltimore.

Does he think of me, I wonder, in the far-off  
foreign town,  
With the pretty lassies round him and the  
starlight shining down?  
Does he think of what he's missed me by the  
old Killarney shore?  
When I told him that I loved him forever,  
evermore?

O, 'tis merrily the pipes play,  
And there's dancing on the moonlit shore,  
But how can I be glad without my Irish lad?  
For he's gone away to Baltimore.

Ab, then, Thady, darling, list to me and  
never mind the gold,  
It's only you I'm wanting in the home you  
loved of old.  
Do you think I want a palace? ah, the  
smallest hut will do,  
If you only love me, Thady, and will take  
me there with you.

O, 'tis merrily the pipes play,  
And there's dancing on the moonlit shore,  
But how can I be glad without my Irish lad?  
For he's gone away to Baltimore.

So, if fortune fall you, Thady, and the gold  
you never find,  
Come back to dear old Ireland, and the girl  
who's waiting for you, darling, as she's  
wishes evermore,  
She's waiting for you, darling, as she's  
wishes evermore.

And 'tis merrily the pipes shall play,  
And we'll dance upon the happy shore,  
When you sail across the sea, with all your  
heart for me,  
And you come again from Baltimore!

**KNOCKNAGOW  
OR,  
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.**

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

**CHAPTER XXXIX.—CONTINUED.**

"Bogor, I did, sir," he answered, "but when you weren't in I thought you were dead—my own boy's such a bad character I was afraid to have anything to do with you."

"Nice people to live among," muttered Barford.

"What does he mean?" Mr. Lowe asked, turning to Maurice Kearney, who had just come up panting for breath, and wiping his face with his pocket handkerchief.

"He means," was the reply, "that if Pender was killed he might swing for it. And as it is, he may be thankful that you and I saw it all. Many a man was transported for less."

The stable from the chimneys of Knocknagow attracted Mr. Lowe's attention—for dinner hour was approaching—and from the pointed gables of Pelt Laby's old house he turned to a pointed gable in the trees, a little to the right, and thought it would be pleasant to spend the afternoon in that quiet quarter than riding with Mr. Barford Pender up among those wild hills.

"Of course you won't venture to ride that horse again?" he said.

"No, I'll lead him," replied Mr. Pender.

"Oh, we'll go back," said Mr. Lowe. "I couldn't think of asking you to walk."

"But I'd like you to come as far as that place of my own."

"How far is it?"

"About a mile. There's a house where you see the three poplar trees."

"Oh, it's very far," returned Mr. Lowe. "I'd much prefer returning."

Mr. Barford Pender ground his teeth, and commenced to kick "Waterloo" in the ribs.

"And I leave him here?" he asked, "and would you send one of these men for my servant?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Kearney, not very graciously, "put him under the shed in the yard, and I'll tell Waterloo to run up for your man. As you're going back," he added, turning to Mr. Lowe, "I'll go with you."

"Oh, don't leave your business on my account."

"I have no more business here; Mat will see everything right. Mat," he called out, "when you have that seal scattered, bring your own plough-iron to the forge, as I'm going to break the kiln field."

"Go to break the kiln field!" exclaimed Mat in amazement; "begob it is a shame for you!"

Mat Donovan seemed so thunder-struck by this intelligence, that Mr. Lowe thought breaking the kiln field must be a hard and an altogether unprofitable proceeding—something like turning out a widow and nine young children to perish on the roadside.

"An' there is the whole wather gone now," continued Mat, looking at Mr. Lowe, as much as to say, "Was the like ever known before in any civilised country under the sun?"

"Why so?" his master asked.

"An' not a field about the place that a goal could be hurled in wud any satisfaction. We couldn't finish the match between the two sides up the river in Doran's moon than on account of the disputes about the fall. An' there was the kiln-field, that I put a stop to all bother, gain' or nothin'." An' you never let us know you wud go to break it."

"I didn't make up my mind about it till last night," replied Maurice Kearney, as if he were really ashamed of himself; for when a large field is intended to be broken it is customary to give it for building matches and even horse races during the winter months.

"There's no help for it now," rejoined Mat Donovan, with resignation. "But I'll send word to Tom Cuddiehy this evening," he continued musingly, "an' we'll have wud Sunday out wud at any rate."

He filled the long, narrow straw basket out of the bag, which now stood on the ground beside the little blue cart, and commenced scattering the seed before the two ploughs. Jim Donn and Tom Maher both remarked that Mat stopped very often to gaze towards the three poplar trees on the hill, for which Barney Bradberick was now making at the top of his speed—muttering curses on Mr. Barford Pender and his hooked nose charger for being the cause of sending him upon a journey, that would be sure to entail, "Ballyhooley" upon his devoted head when he got home, for being away so long.

"If ever I marry, I solemnly vow I'll marry young Rodgers that fancies the plough,"

Tom Maher chanted, as he passed by Mat

In order to attract his attention. But Mat gave no heed to him.

He was thinking how, one summer evening some years before, he was standing upon the little bridge upon which Ned Brophy's heart was wont to fall to pieces, and seeing the bright face beside him become pensive, he inquired the cause. "I always feel sad," she replied, "when I look at the Three Trees. I love that old place better than any place else in the world." And ever since that summer evening, so rarely as he looked at the three poplar trees, so surely would Mat Donovan commence to build a castle in the air.

"God save all here where is Darby?" exclaimed Barney in a breath, as he burst into Mr. Barford Pender's farm house. "Wishin, is that Barney I returned the old woman who acted as a house-keeper?"

"An' Barney, what way are you? An' have you any strange news? An' is it three ye're goin' to have a wedding at the cottage? An' what sort is the young man? I always said that Miss Mary was a lady, an' Barney, lemmy words goin' to come true in earnest, an' no mistake!"

This torrent of questions bewildered Barney considerably; but he grappled with one of them, and answered,

"Very well, I thank you, Poll."

"An' 'tis yours? It is lookin' brave an' hearty, sure enough," returned Poll. "Is often your mother could me you wor the very moral av your poor father, God be good to him. Poll, sez she, 'look at Barney runnin' up the road. I can hardly believe the sight av my eyes that I don't see his father in it.'"

A striking proof, it may be remarked, of the truth of the proverb, "Every eye forms a beauty"—bearing in mind the clerk's daughter of Ballyporeen.

"Where is Darby?" Barney asked again.

"Maurice Kearney's daughter is a fine girl, Poll, sez Mr. Barford. 'Tis a pity she hasn't a fortune.' 'Ezra an' Ezra' he sez that will have the fortune, and the fine fortune, sez I; 'for isn't her father wud the richest men in the parish?' sez I. 'The devil a silver she'll get,' sez Mr. Barford, 'she's too extravagant, an' he lays out too much on his place drainin' an' plantin' sez he, 'an' more do—' a fool Kearney is,' sez Mr. Barford."

"Do you think a Kearney would marry one of his own?" exclaimed Barney indignantly. "Till me where is Darby, and don't keep me here all day, an' all I have to do."

"Is it Darby? Well, Darby kem in that doore a while ago an' tucked down the gun off av the rack. 'Darby,' sez I, 'where are you goin'?' 'Ax the devil,' sez Darby. But it might be better for Darby if he kept a civil tongue in his head. I do have my eyes an' my ears, but I don't think I don't. An' maybe I could tell some things that 'ud give some people into a nice heat if I liked. So 'twould be better for Darby to keep a civil tongue in his head."

"Ezra an' Ezra, Poll, tell me where he is an' let me go."

"Well, I see him loadin' the gun in the stable," the old woman answered. "An' maybe I did it, but I was a bad bit, an' I did it," she muttered, "though 'twas little Darby suspected I had my eye on him. An' maybe 'twould be better for Darby if he kept a civil tongue in his head."

This speech, except the first few words, was a soliloquy, for by the time it was concluded Barney was running from one side of the other of the out-houses in search of Darby, Rashd—or Darby the "Rid-hal-d."

"Bogor," Barney soliloquised, as he ran from one empty and raised out-house to another, looking up at the sky through the broken roof, and at the patches of green growing through the floor—"begob, this is a queer sort av a place. The devil a cow or a calf, or a sheep or a goat, put a foot in this five year. Nor a pig, nor a sally, nor a bonnie," he added, running in and out of two or three other cellars in the same condition as the cowhouse. "Nor a goose, nor a gossin, nor a duck, nor a cock, nor a chicken—nor a wranzen, nor anything!" he shouted, as he stopped short after finishing his round, and gazed in amazement on the rained concern, from the thatched dwelling house to the roofless pig-sty. "This is no the sort av place it was afore poor Dick Morris was turned out, an' Pender on'y keeps grazin' stock in the summer and nothin' at all in the winter. Oa! be the hoky! he has a big windy broke out here! exclaimed Barney, as he turned the corner of the house and found himself face to face with a large widow, which certainly was not in keeping with the old thatched house, in which, according to Mr. Barford Pender's notions, had the advantage of proclaiming to all passers by that the place was in possession of a "gentleman."

"I'll run over to the double ditch," continued Barney, "an' if he's about the place I can see him—bad luck to him for briglatin' me up here."

Not a living thing did he see from the double ditch, but two carbon crows on a little island in the middle of a field covered with water. He felt a sense of desolation as he looked all round the dreary spot. And observing a single magpie—which all the world knows is a sign of bad luck—pitching upon one of the rafters of the tumbled-down barn, Barney resolved to get away from the ill-omened place as fast as his legs could carry him. He made for a pile of stones at a point of the road, where the engineer had to turn short at a right angle to avoid a level stretch of country, and carry his road over the sharpest point of the hill—by which ingenious manœuvre the engineer added considerably to the length of his road, besides avoiding three miles of a dead level.

But as Barney approached the landmark by which he steered his course, it suddenly occurred to him that it marked the spot where "Black Humphrey" was found one winter's morning with his skull broken—and Barney immediately wheeled to one side, so as to avoid the pile of stones at the turn of the road. For, thought it was the middle of the noonday, and not the witching hour of night when churchyards yawn, Barney Bradberick felt by no means comfortable, and had a secret misgiving that, in a back of God-speed spot like that, Black Humphrey might be met with, looking for the fragments of his cranium, any hour of the twenty-four. He faced now to an old sandpit near the

road a little lower down, and was climbing up the embankment on the brink of it when he suddenly started back and fell down upon his hands and knees.

"The Lord bless us an' all harm!" he muttered through his chattering teeth, while big drops of perspiration ran down his face. "That fags all! 'Twas well Billy Hoffman said there was somethin' bad about the old sandpit since the night the male got into a cowlid sweat an' the male's in." But in the middle of the noonday to think he'd be out in his warm grave is a show entirely! For Barney was quite sure he had just caught a glimpse of Black Humphrey himself, with his head all bloody, lying in the old sandpit.

"If I could get round to th' other side," he muttered, "maybe I might be able to cut off his head, he could see me."

He crept round the embankment till he came to a gap in it, by which he saw he could not pass without exposing himself to the object of his terror. Glancing round furtively, he discovered, greatly to his relief, that Mat Donovan and the ploughmen were within view, though too far off to hear his cry for help if the owner of the bloody head should lay violent hands upon him. He took courage, however, to peep over the embankment again; and to his utter horror the bloody head started up at the same moment, and seemed to be looking along the road, attracted, no doubt, by the sound of horses' hoofs, which Barney could now hear approaching at a brisk trot. This last-mentioned circumstance gave him further courage, and he looked more steadily than before at the figure in the sand pit.

"Be the hoky!" exclaimed Barney, "it's Darby Rashed!"

And sure enough, there was Darby Rashed's red head pith to be seen, as he peered stealthily through a brake of briars over the ravine that divided his hiding-place from the road. A stream gurgled down the hill at the bottom of the ravine; and to its lower course, Barney discovered, was added the cawing of a flock of crows, that whirled round and round overhead, sometimes swooping down as if they would precipitate themselves into the pit, but suddenly stopping short in their headlong descent, and after a moment's silence and confused clapping of wings, shooting upwards again, till their angry voices were softened and almost lost in the distance.

"I'd must be a fox that's about here," Barney thought, "or else they smell powder. An' begob, Darby has a gun. I wonder is it rabbits he's wathelin'?"

The horseman came nearer and nearer; and Barney opened his eyes in astonishment and terror, when he saw Darby Rashed drop upon one knee and thrust the muzzle of his gun through the briars, resting his hand on the brink of the sandpit, evidently with the intention of taking steady aim.

"Be crisp!" Barney mentally ejaculated, "be's gun to let the daylight through some wud!"

Oa came the horseman, nearer and nearer. But just as he had the gun to his shoulder, Darby Rashed drew back, as if something had struck him, and he had put it to his eye, and he had let the horseman pass. And, as they got higher up the hill, Barney could see by their sibilant accoutrements and clanking sabres that they were two mounted policemen—probably bearing a despatch to the nearest military barracks for a troop or company of soldiers to protect the sheriff while leaving a town of his human inhabitants.

When Barney looked again into the sandpit, Darby was sitting in an easy position, quietly filling his pipe, with his gun on the ground beside him.

"I'd must be rabbits," thought Barney, "though the devil a hole I can see. Bless your work," he added aloud.

"I'm man in the pit wud startied that his pipe filled with his mouth, as he strained to his feet at the risk of cutting himself with the open knife he held in his hand.

"In the devil's name what brought you here?" he growled on seeing who it was had spoken to him.

"Your own blessed mather," Barney answered, "an' his old broken-down horse that fell off her hind legs, an' was staid up to you to carry her home. He's below under the shed in Rashed."

"Aren't they comin' up this way?" Darby asked.

"The devil a up," returned Barney. "He's gone home on shanks' mare."

"Sweet bad luck to him! after all my trouble," growled Darby Rashed. "I must leave this gun at the house," he added, as he walked on without condescending to his pipe further notice of Barney, who set off for home muttering that he'd want to be able to change himself into a crow, the way he was ordered from one place to another and expected to be back again "while a cat 'd be lickin' his ear"—and, what was worse, that backsgard Tom Maher would be sure to steal his black-torn out of the ass's ear, where in an evil hour he had staid it.

It had a little while that Darby Rashed washed "sweet bad luck." And wud, wud, have reason to be indignant with that unlucky quadruped. Had he but kept upon his legs till he reached the sand pit, even he, "Waterloo," might have been the mark of our wud. We'd have something to talk that would make the reader's breath come and go. The scene of our story would have been impossible to our head; half-a-dozen "spedals" would have done it. For, had that ill-favored and in ovary wud disreputable brute not fallen with his rider, Mr. Barford Pender's horse would have been shot under him—or, what would have answered as well, the horse would have been shot when the rider had dismounted and moved to a safe distance; and Mr. Barford Pender, after discharging all his pistols, would have pursued the intended assassin into the box cover in the glen—and heaven only knows what would have happened after.

It is a comfort to know that the old "legacy" was "bound for a tanyard;" and for before that day week his ribs were well polished by old Smeeth's beagles; and for many a day after his in-bone might be seen under a little boy's arm at the gate-end of the school house, behind the quarry, as the little boy glanced over his shoulder at the passing traveller—while another little boy was thrusting out his head, impatiently, at the door, and dancing upon his heels.

**CHAPTER XL  
THE DRAGON'S PRESENT—THE BEAUTY RACE**

During all this time Bessy Morris's tongue and fingers were very busy. She talked and plied her needle incessantly; but ever and anon she would pause for a little while and take to thinking. During those moments of abstraction, Grace remarked that Bessy invariably slipped her hand into her pocket; and in the little circumstances Grace saw a "mystery" which she resolved forthwith to set about unravelling. And as a pocket naturally suggests money, Grace concluded that it was of money Bessy Morris was thinking every time she stopped working and slipped her hand into her pocket. So, by way of a beginning, Grace said:

"Just before you came in Miss Kearney was lecturing me because I allowed my mind to dwell sometimes on a vulgar subject as wealth. Now don't you agree with me that poverty must be a very disagreeable thing?"

"Indeed I do," Bessy answered, looking surprised. "I was always wishing to be rich."

"Did you ever think it would be pleasant to get a rich husband?"

"Well, I believe that it would cross my mind sometimes," replied Bessy with a sad sort of smile. "But what I most desired was to be able to do something for myself."

"I suppose it was that made you learn dressmaking?" Mary observed.

"It was, miss," she replied. "Though I pretended to my grandfather that it was an account of my aunt's health I was obliged to stay so long in Dublin. Only for that he would not consent to have me away so long."

"And were you able to get money?"

"Well, I was able to lay by a little during the last year. But 'tis very hard to make a fortune, and only that I was stopping with my aunt I'd find it hard enough to live. My ambition was to earn as much as would make me independent."

Grace thought that this was a higher ambition than her own.

"But you seem to have enjoyed the attractions of the city very much, and I wonder how you could come back to the country," she observed, musingly.

"Well, I could not leave the old man alone," Bessy replied. "And there were other reasons to induce me to come home."

"And used you not ever wish to be back in the country?" Mary asked. "If I had I'd pine away and die longing for the green fields if I were shut up in a city."

"Well, an odd time I would," Bessy replied. "When I'd be alone of an evening I'd find myself wishing for the old place and the old friends. But I like excitement, and I think it very dull and lonesome now, having no one hardly to converse with, and no change, but the same thing over and over every day."

"I can understand that feeling very well," said Grace. "I am dying to plunge into the gaieties and excitement of Dublin. I am to go next winter, and it puts me in a fever to think of it."

"I never could be tired of the country," said Mary.

Bessy Morris made no reply. Her hand was in her pocket again, and her tongue and her needle at rest.

"Here is a letter that Waterloo had in his hat, and he forgot it," said Willie as he opened the room door.

Mary started in a way that was unusual with her, and scanned the letter eagerly from her brother. Was she thinking of another letter which Barney had put in his hat and forgotten?

"It is for you," she remarked, handing the letter to Bessy Morris, who took it without evincing any surprise, and was putting it in her pocket with a quiet smile when Grace said:

"Oh, you need not stand upon ceremony. Read it."

Bessy cut open the envelope with her scissors, and read the letter.

"Not a love letter at all events," thought Grace, who was watching the expression of her countenance. "Oh, it is only a habit she has," she added, as Bessy's hand glided into her pocket the moment she had finished reading the letter.

Grace was wrong in both conjectures. "It is a love-letter!" Mary asked.

"It is, miss," replied Bessy, laughing.

Both Mary and Grace looked at her in surprise, for neither expected such a reply.

"Maybe you'd like to read it, miss," she said, turning to Grace, who eagerly accepted the offer, remarking that it was the first love letter she had ever seen except in a novel.

"DEAR MISS MORRIS—Oh! that's a shockingly bad beginning. I am quite disappointed—I take the present favourable opportunity of writing these few lines to you, hoping that you are in the enjoyment of good health, and free from all the ills that flesh is heir to, as Byron says. Dear and best-beloved—Ah! that is something! Grace observed, with an approving nod—"words are inadequate to convey an idea of the state of my mind since that fatal Sunday afternoon, when I called at your highly respectable female relative's at twenty minutes past one p. m., according to appointment, for the purpose of escorting you to the Zoological Gardens, and the narrow intelligence fell upon my soul like the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds—as Byron says, 'that you had vanished like a star from the horizon when the storm-lashed barque of the mariner is tossed upon the foaming breakers, and he paces the deck alone, and mourns the hopes that leave him, while his life is a wilderness unblest by fortune's gale, and his fevered lips are parched on Africa's burning sands, and no one near to whisper hopes of happiness and tales of distant lands—as Byron says. It was then, for the first time in the course of a chequered existence, that I fully realized the truth of the sentiment that absence makes the heart grow fonder, as the sunflower that turns on its god when he sets the same look that it turned when he rose—as Byron says. But, dear Miss Morris, I cannot by any possibility endure my present state of mind, which sleeping or waking I all just the same, so I have applied for leave of absence for a few days, and borne on the pinnacles of affection, I hope to steer my barque to your native locality, the situation of which I have learned from your highly respectable female relative,

who has on several occasions poured the balms of hope into my scorched bosom, and give me all necessary information for finding the whereabouts of the object of my pilgrimage through the valley of the shadow. For truly may I say that the kiss, dear maid, thy lips have left shall never part from mine till happier hours restore the gift unaltered back to thee—as Byron says. Till then farewell, and give a thought to one who never can cease to think of thee."

"What do you think of it, miss?" Bessy asked, as Grace was trying to make out the signature, which was washed off in a manner betokening the distracted state of the writer's mind.

"Oh, 'tis very fine indeed," she replied, with a wise look.

"But I don't know what to think of that kissing! Mary observed. "Was there really anything of that sort, Bessy?"

"Well, not much, miss," returned Bessy, laughing.

"Take care, Bessy. If he is not a person you really care for there may be something not quite right in it. It is quite possible he feels as he says he does; and if so, what would you do?"

Bessy looked grave, but said nothing.

"Don't mind her praching," said Grace. "For my part, I'm determined to 'break hearts like china-ware'—as Byron says," she added with her ringing laugh.

Bessy Morris continued to look grave, and slipped her hand into her pocket, as she had so often done during the day. But this time she drew out the little box Billy Hoffman had given her, when Grace thought he was only shaking hands with her over his creed. She would have opened it at once, but seeing Mat Donovan approaching she thrust it hurriedly into her pocket, looking so frightened for a moment, and so very innocent and unconscious immediately after, that Billy Hoffman shook his head as he drove on after the usual "Yo-up, Kit!" to his male, and mentally came to the conclusion that Bessy had "two ways in her."

"But where is the wud av 'em that hasn't?" Billy Hoffman philosophically observed, as he uttered his whip, and gave Kit—who was deliberately bent upon bringing the wheel of his cart into contact with that of an approaching dray—a touch upon the shoulder that made her wince, and kept her own side of the road.

Mat Donovan escorted Bessy to the house, and she had no opportunity to examine the dragon's gift alone afterwards, though her curiosity was sufficiently strong every time her thoughts recurred to it.

Removing the paper in which it was wrapped, she hastily took off the lid of the little box. She started on seeing what it contained, and after looking at it for nearly a minute with her eyes wide open, handed it to Miss Kearney.

"They are very handsome," she observed.

"Oh, they are just the same as Eva's," exclaimed Grace, snatching the box from Mary's hand, "just the same."

"Do you think are they gold, miss?" Bessy asked.

"Oh, yes, I am quite sure they are gold," returned Mary.

Bessy Morris seized the box, quite agitated with pleasure, and taking from it one of a handsome pair of earrings, fixed it with a tremulous hand in her ear.

TO BE CONTINUED.

**A NOBLE BEGGAR.**

He was once fiercely abused—when begging for the new church as Aikin Hall—and as the reviler had come to a full stop in his forward speech, Father Ignatius quietly retorted: "Well, as you have been so generous to myself personally, perhaps you would be so kind as to give me something now for my community." This had a remarkable effect. It procured him a handsome offering then, as well as many others ever since.

Another day he knocked at a door, and was admitted by a very amputously attired footman. Father Ignatius told the servant the object of his visit, his religious name, and asked if he could see the lady or gentleman of the house. The servant strode off to see, and in a few seconds returned to say that the gentleman was out, and the lady was engaged and could not receive him, neither could she afford to help him. He then remarked that perhaps she was not aware that he was the Honourable Mr. Spencer. The servant looked at him, bowed politely, and retired. In a minute or two Father Ignatius hears a rustling of silks and a tripping of steps on the stairs. In came my lady, and what with blushing and bowings, and excuses and apologies she scarcely knew where she was until she found herself and him alone. She really did not know it was he, and there were so many imposters, "But what will you take, my dear sir?" And before he could say yes or nay she rang for his friend the footman. Father Ignatius only said that he did not stand in need of anything to eat, and that he never took wine; but that he did stand in need of money for a good purpose, and if she could give him anything in that way he should be very glad to accept it. She handed him a five-pound note at once, expressing many regrets that something or other prevented its being more. Father Ignatius took the note, folded it carefully, and then being safely lodged in his pocket, and thus made the following words: "Now I am very sorry to have to tell that the alms you have given me will do you very little good. If I had not been born of a noble family you would have turned me away with coldness and contempt. I take the money, because it will be as useful to me as if it were given with a good motive; but I would advise you for the future, if you have any regard for your soul, to let the love of God, and not human respect, prompt your almsgiving." So saying, he took his hat and made his benefactress a good morning.

Many were the anecdotes he told us about his begging adventures, but it is next to impossible to remember them. In every case, however, we could see the saint through the veil his humility tried to cast over himself. Whether he was received well or ill he always tried to turn his reception to the spiritual benefit of those who received him. He made more friends than any person living, perhaps, and never was known to make an enemy; his very simplicity and holiness disarmed malice. He says in a letter, upon getting his first commission to go, and quest: "I am to be a great beggar." His preoccupation began to be verified. Strange fact! the Honourable George Spencer, a beggar! And happler, under all the trials and crosses incident to such a life, than if he had lived in the luxury of Aikin Hall. Religion is carrying out to-day what its Founder began eighteen hundred years ago. He left the kingdom of heaven to live on the earth of his own creatures. —Life of Father Ignatius of St. Paul, Passionist.

**A CATHOLIC REPUBLIC.**

A month ago the tiny Republic of San Marino, which contains barely eight thousand people, had to perform its solemn annual function, the election of its *Capitani Reggenti*, or twin Presidents for the new year—for, like Rome, with her two annual Consuls, San Marino is ruled by a double authority. On the day fixed the resting magistrates marched in solemn procession, headed by the band of the Republic, escorted by sixteen of the Mobile Guard belonging to the plebeian class, and followed by the authorities, the *Pieve* or chief church. Here they were received by the clergy and led to the throne. Then the *Venti Creator* was solemnly sung, after which the election (if we can so term it) began in the church itself. One of the priests read out the names of the citizens who were eligible, each written on a ticket which is placed upon a sallyer, and the latter emptied into a large silver vase. A child is called upon to draw two tickets out of the vase, and the names as drawn are the elected rulers. The priest reads out the names in a loud voice, the band strikes up a hymn, the organ intones a strattella, all the bells of the town and *borgo* are set ringing, and San Marino has got her two *Capitani Reggenti* for the next twelve months. The two magistrates who entered their office on this April 1st were Pietro Trazzi and Francesco Moruccei.

The vocal organs are strengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, lawyers, singers, actors, and public speakers find this preparation the most effective remedy for irritation and weakness of the throat and lungs, and for all affections of the vocal organs.

**What It Will Do.**

1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Head-ache.

1 to 2 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Biliousness.

1 to 4 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Constipation.

1 to 4 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Dyspepsia.

1 to 6 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Bad Blood.

1 to 6 bottles of B. B. B. will cure Scrofula.

In any case relief will be had from the first few doses.

Joseph Rans, Percy, writes: I was induced to try Dr. T. J. Mearns' Electric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

**Tender Corns,**  
Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

**Moses had Asthma.**  
My husband had asthma for eight years with severe cough, and his lungs also were affected. He could neither rest, work nor get relief from any medicine he tried. Some time ago we got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and after taking six or eight bottles his cough is entirely cured, his asthma greatly relieved, and his lungs greatly benefited.

Mrs. Moses Coover, Apsley, Ont.

**ENRICH THE BLOOD** by the use of Millburn's Beef, Iron and Wine, which supplies the necessary blood-building material.

**Minard's Liniment** Lumberman's Friend

A Lost Friend.

BY RICHARD M'HALE.
A time piece was the gift a cherished friend
Once gave me, saying, when I ceased to care...

THE PASSION PLAY.

DECENNIAL PERFORMANCE OF THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU THIS MONTH.

Berlin, May 15.—The "Passion Play" at Oberammergau promises to be a great success. In the dress rehearsal the tableaux were excellent. Mayer was marvelous as Christ, and the other actors were skilful, with the exception of the impersonator of Judas, who overacted his part.

fail to call your attention to the fact that this vow was no sooner made than the great visitor disappeared, and all who lay in recovered their health.
Scapular people, who are never satisfied when religious motives are alleged as causes of such important events as the Oberammergau performances have become, contend that the Passion Play had its origin in certain pagan rites which the ancient Teutons were wont to observe...

representation, which were twelve in number, were given only on Sundays, each exhibition consisting of eight hours.
This year, however, a new arrangement is to be tried, by virtue of which there will be twenty-five performances, the first on Whit-Monday, May 26, and the last on September 25. Joseph Meyer, whose previous personifications of Christ have been highly praised, will again enact the leading role, with a new Mary in the person of Rose Lang; a different Magdalen in Anna Fischer, and several changes in the minor characters.
It may be added that, so sacred does the Passion Play appear in the eyes of the Oberammergauers, all who participate in the performances are required to prepare themselves for their parts by religious exercises and retreats, and to hear Mass on the morning of each representation, in order that they may be better qualified to enter into the spirit of Him whose life story they undertake to illustrate.

Save Your Hair

By a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.
This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

Thick and Strong.
It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature.

ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS.
PUBIC & PRIVATE BUILDING
Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all.

MAT PATTERNS
Hand Mat Hooks, Novelty Rug Machines, etc. Sold at eight Catalogues.

Dr. Morse's INDIAN ROOT PILLS.
Thousands testify to their being the best Family Pill in use. They purify the system, regulate the bowels, thereby cleansing the blood.

W. H. CONSTOCK,
Manufacturing Undertakers
Wholesale and Retail, Outside the city.

DEFENCE OF THE JESUITS.
CALUMNIES
Fascial, Pietro Serpi and Rev. E. F. Austin TRUMPANTLY REFUTED.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY
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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., June 7th, 1890.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

CONCLUDED.

In answer to our esteemed correspondent, Anglican, we showed in our previous article on Transubstantiation that the Catholic doctrine, and not Impanation, or Consubstantiation, is implied in the words of Christ: "This is My body: this is My blood."

As Anglican maintains that the doctrine was first made a dogma at the Council of Lateran in 1215, and that no private individual ever formulated it until the middle of the ninth century, we propose now to show its antiquity, and that Transubstantiation, not Impanation or Consubstantiation, was always the teaching of the Church. It will be borne in mind by our readers that Anglican acknowledges that it is "beyond dispute" that "the whole Primitive Church believed in an actual presence of Christ in the Eucharist."

It remains, therefore, for us to show that this primitive belief was in the conversion of bread into Christ's body, and of wine into His blood, and not in the presence of bread and wine, along with Christ's body, as Anglican holds with the Lutherans.

First, we may call attention to the fact that whoever among the early Fathers of the Church refer to the change which takes place, say constantly of the Blessed Eucharist that it is the body and blood of Christ. There are, undoubtedly, many passages written by the Fathers, which speak of the body and blood as being present, without indicating the manner of the presence, to the exclusion of the substances of bread and wine; but it is not to be expected that in casual references to a well-known doctrine every writer on the subject should state all the details and consequences of the dogma every time he may refer to it.

In the fourth century patristic testimonies are especially numerous, as it was at this period that the Christian religion could be openly professed and taught; yet even of an earlier date than this there are testimonies to the truth of Transubstantiation. Thus St. Hilary says: (Book 8, on the Trinity.)

"If the Word was truly made flesh, we also truly in the divine food receive that Word flesh; why, therefore, should we not believe that it remains in us in its nature? There is left no room for doubt of the reality of the flesh and blood, for both by our Lord's declaration and by our faith, it is now truly flesh and truly blood."

Still more clearly does St. Cyril of Jerusalem speak. He teaches that "the bread and wine are changed into Christ's body and blood, and that after this change, only the appearances of the original substance remain." (Catechism 4.)

This illustrious doctor says: "By His will only, at another time, in Cana of Galilee, He changed water into wine, which resembles blood, is He not worthy of belief, that He has changed wine into blood? Wherefore with all certainty let us receive the body and blood of Christ; for His body is given to us under the appearance of bread, and His blood under the appearance of wine."

It will be observed that St. Cyril describes the change in both cases to be of the same character; and as there was a transubstantiation at Cana of Galilee, so was there at the last supper of Jesus. St. Cyril uses as regards both changes the word *metemorphosis*, which signifies a complete change.

To the same effect, the same Father says: "Look not upon it as empty bread and empty wine; for it is the body and blood of Christ, according to the words of our Lord Himself. For although the sense would lead you to this opinion, faith enables you not to judge the thing by the taste . . . knowing this as most certain, that this bread which we see is not bread, though the taste would lead us to believe it to be bread, but is the body of Christ, and the wine which we see, though it seems to be the sense of taste to be wine, is not wine, but the blood of Christ."

It will be remarked that Cyril does not say here that the senses deceive us inasmuch as they do not lead us to discern Christ's body under the appearance of bread. If he had said no more than this

It might be said that the consubstantiation or the impanation theory could have been in his mind; but he expressly states that they judge the thing, that is the substance present, to be bread and wine, which it is not. He has, therefore, transubstantiated in his mind as the acknowledged doctrine of the Church.

St. Ambrose, treating of this sacrament, (B. iv. c. 4) says: "Perhaps you say my bread is of the ordinary kind; but this bread was bread before the sacramental words; when consecration is applied, from bread it is made the flesh of Christ." And again:

"You may perhaps say, I see something else than what you say, that I receive the body of Christ. . . . What great examples do we use to prove that it is not what nature made it, but what the blessing consecrated it? that the force of the blessing is greater than that of nature, for by the blessing nature itself is changed?"

He then gives the examples of Moses and Elias, who, by the power of God, wrought miracles, and he adds: "If the blessings of men thus changed nature, what are we to say of the divine consecration wherein the very words of our Lord and Saviour operate? . . . If the word of Elias could bring fire from heaven, will not the words of Christ avail to change the species of the elements? You have read of the works of the whole world, 'He said and they were made, He commanded, and they were created.' Therefore, the word of Christ, which could make that which was not, out of nothing, could it not change the things that are into that which it was not? It is not less to create new things than to change their nature."

St. Gregory of Nyssa says: "We rightly believe that the bread, sanctified by the word of God, is changed into the body of the word of God."

These passages answer sufficiently the argument of our esteemed correspondent, Anglican: "To say that anything is not in any sense what all our senses declare it to be is to destroy the very basis of all knowledge, and ultimately of all faith too . . . and so the ground of faith, for faith cometh by hearing."

The senses do not attest to us the nature of substance, for this is a mystery which no human philosophy has yet solved. As St. Ambrose tells us, the God who can create out of nothing can certainly change one substance into another. Whether He has done this is a proper subject for faith, and from the word of God, whether announced to us by Holy Scripture, or by the dogmatic teaching of the Church, we acquire the knowledge of the truth which thus "cometh by hearing."

If we are to subject the word of God to the test of being provable by deductive argument, as Anglican has done, faith will not come by hearing, but by reasoning or argument. We see therefore that it is Anglican's method of subjecting the Word of God to a rigorous cross-examination before accepting it, that destroys the very ground of faith, and not the Catholic mode which accepts Revelation simply because it has been revealed by God. God's revelation may be above reason, as the doctrine of Transubstantiation is, but because it is the revealed truth, we know that it cannot be, and is not against reason. This is a sufficient motive why we should believe in it.

From what we have here shown, as well as from our previous article, it will be seen that the doctrine is not founded upon any philosophical system, which, according to Anglican, is "probably false." It is based upon the clear words of Christ, and the constant belief of the Church, which is the "pillar and ground of Truth," and against which the "gates of hell shall not prevail."

Catholic theologians, indeed, commonly receive the philosophy of St. Thomas, which is so admirably adapted to convey the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist, and which gives God absolute control over matter and its accidents, and which acknowledges His power over time and space. But it is the doctrine of change of substance, and not the peculiar philosophical theory by which an explanation of the doctrine is made somewhat intelligible, that is defined by the Catholic Church. Instead of this doctrine being founded on the philosophical theory, the case stands, that the theory is favored rather because it is so consistent with the revealed doctrine. But as we are engaged in showing that transubstantiation is a revealed Truth we need not enter upon the discussion of the non-revealed theories by which it is shown to be within the power of the Almighty.

We might here quote numerous other patristic testimonies as to the universality of the belief in Transubstantiation from the earliest ages of the Church's existence. It is clearly taught by Justin, Irenaeus, Tertullian, Gaudentius, Augustine, Cyril of Alexandria, John Damascene, and universally by later Fathers of the Church. We shall here content ourselves with citing the words of three more authorities.

St. Cyprian says: "This bread which the Lord gave to His disciples, being changed in nature, not in appearance, by the Omnipotence of the Word, was made flesh." (On the Lord's supper.)

St. John Chrysostom says: "As the wax when set on fire, becomes identified therewith, and none of its substance re-

mains, so believe that here the mysteries (of bread and wine) are consumed by the substance of the body."

Lastly, The Venerable Bede, who should be an authority decisive for Anglicans, says: "The creature of bread and wine, by the unspokeable sanctification of the spirit, is changed (transfetur) into the sacrament of the flesh and blood."

It is therefore clear that not only did the Church teach the Real Presence in primitive times but she taught Transubstantiation.

POLITICS IN CHURCHES.

An amusing scene occurred in the Parliament street Baptist Church, Toronto, which is quite a commentary on the Mail's assertion that the Catholics of Ontario are being driven to the polls, by the clergy, because they have the manliness to resent the insults which Mr. Meredith and the Conservative candidates generally through the Province have heaped upon the Catholic body during the present political campaign.

A Mrs. Degeer obtained permission to deliver a temperance lecture in the church we have indicated, and very soon after commencing her lecture she began an appeal to those present to support Alderman Moses, the Third Party candidate in the city for the Legislature. The Globe thus describes what followed:

"She appealed directly to the voters present, saying the matter rested in their hands, and went on to state that the candidate was a good and excellent man and worthy of their support. She further said that she had promised the secretary of the Third Party, Mr. W. Munns, that she would recommend the Third Party candidate at all her lectures in this city. The Third Party had at its head, she said, an excellent man, a doctor of divinity, Dr. Sutherland. Before closing her lecture Mrs. Degeer produced several slips of paper perforated in the centre. One of the slips was printed in conspicuous type, 'Canada's New Party.' Underneath was the Canadian flag, on which were stamped the words 'For God and Our Country.' Then followed the platform of the Third Party. The other half of the slips contained the following words:

"If you approve, sign this slip, detach it from platform, and enclose to W. Munns, Secretary, Parkdale, Ont."

To the Secretary: I am in accord with the leading principles and objects of the NEW PARTY, and set forth in its PLATFORM, and will co-operate by vote and influence to promote them.

Name..... Post Office..... Province of.....

"Mrs. Degeer made another strong appeal to the voters present to come and obtain a slip, to sign it, and send it to Mr. Munns."

The Rev. James Grant, pastor of the church, was chairman of the meeting, and to him Mrs. Degeer appealed to set an example to his congregation by signing the document, which he refused to do; and when the lecturer took her seat, Mr. Grant in warm language protested against what had been advertised as a purely temperance meeting being turned into a political gathering. A political meeting had no place in a church, and the sanctity of the place made it unfit for such a purpose. It was a manifest breach of faith to use the church for such a purpose, especially as his large congregation held their own views as to how they should act and for whom they should vote. He had no desire to mention the name of Rev. Dr. Sutherland, but inasmuch as Mrs. Degeer had done so he would. For Dr. Sutherland as a minister and a private citizen he entertained the highest respect, but as a politician he thought he was a tremendous failure.

Mrs. Degeer essayed a reply to Rev. Mr. Grant, but the audience expressed its indignation with her action by rising to their feet and leaving the church in a body.

Rev. Mr. Grant is evidently not one of the meddling persons who are endeavoring without success to drive the Protestant voters to the polls to vote no-Popery, and who then proclaim from the house-tops that the "Roman clergy" are endeavoring to drive the Catholic voters like a herd of sheep. Notwithstanding their oft-repeated lies, and those of the Mail and Empire on this subject, it does not appear that a single priest has endeavored to use any ecclesiastical influence in the present contest, though such meddlers as Rev. Professor Anstett, Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Rev. ex-Bishop Carman and others are affected with the *crisis* for making themselves ridiculous by perambulating the country, delivering anti-Catholic political speeches. But the good sense of the Protestant community is being manifested by the contempt with which the candidates in whose interest these people are stamping the country are regarded.

The Rev. Mr. Grant did wisely to snub the Yankee female agitator who attempted to abuse the privilege accorded to her; but if the ministers of the various Protestant denominations were not so ready to lend their churches to every description of itinerant lecturers, such unseemly occurrences would not take place. The lecturer on this occasion, Mrs. Degeer, professes to be a barrister practising in the Supreme Court of the State of Kansas.

FALSE PRETENCES.

"In mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promiser-breaker, the owner of no one good quality."—All's well that ends well.

From the Toronto Mail, the unscrupulous maligner of the Jesuits, the betrayer of Canada's best interests, the would-be wholesale briber of members of the Legislature, it is useless to look for justice, honor, or truth. As well might we expect to gather figs from thistles as to find truth in the columns of that journal while speaking of the Catholic Church or its adherents.

A characteristic article on the Separate school question appears in the Mail of the 28th inst. We can scarcely say that this article is much, if any more untruthful than many which have appeared in the columns of that journal during the last four years; but for brazen falsehood it exceeds anything we have read in any journal in Ontario, except, perhaps, the Lindsay *Ward*, for thirty years. We find in the article in question the following surprisingly candid statement in reference to Separate schools:

"By whom are they maintained? This is the crucial question. If the schools were maintained at the expense of the Catholic Church, or of the Catholic parent, the Equal Rights Party, of course, would not be justified in objecting either to their existence or to their exclusive management by the hierarchy. But this is not the case."

Not the case that the taxpayers are the people who really pay? This is certainly a new and startling doctrine in political economy. Such baldness needs no serious refutation. The Separate schools are supported solely by taxation on their Catholic supporters, and every one knows this to be the case. It is therefore a necessary consequence of this concession of the Mail, the chief organ of the so-called Equal Rights, that the Equal Rights Party are meddling in matters which are none of their business, when they object to the existence and management of Catholic Separate schools.

Let us, for example's sake, take the sources of revenue of the Catholic Separate schools of this city. During the year 1889 the trustees received \$3,601.35 from taxes from the Catholic supporters of the schools, and \$128 were received from the Government grant for public school purposes. This last sum, which is, after all, but a small percentage of the revenue, is from the general fund of the Province; yet it is only the Catholic share of what is appropriated from the indirect taxation levied by the Government upon Catholics and Protestants alike.

Throughout Ontario the Government grant given for the support of schools bears a similar proportion to the amount derived from direct taxation, and in proportion to attendance, it is, or is supposed to be, fairly distributed between all schools, Public and Separate. Thus we find that to the Separate schools of the Province the total grant given by Government amounted to \$16,807.90 in 1887. But from the taxes levied on Catholic ratepayers, and voluntary subscriptions of Catholic supporters of the schools, the amount contributed in the same year was \$213,040.51. The Government grant, therefore, amounts to less than 7% per cent. of the entire expenditure; and of this sum the Catholics pay their due proportion, since it comes from Government imposts levied on the whole population.

Yet the Mail has the brazen-facedness to say:

"The Catholic parent contributes to them, but in the main they are State institutions, supported by Protestant as well as by Catholic taxes."

This statement is a willful falsification. But the Government grant, though made up out of moneys which have been contributed by Catholics and Protestants equally, flows from a fund of which it is impossible to say exactly how much comes from the pockets of Catholics, and how much from Protestants. No doubt the Mail will pretend that, in proportion to population, Protestants contribute more toward it than Catholics do, and that in this respect, at least, some miserable pittance comes out of the pockets of Protestants towards the support of Separate schools. It cannot readily be proved that this is the case, but, even if it be so, it must be remembered that the Ontario School Acts are of such a character that Catholic ratepayers are frequently made to pay their taxes to the support of Public schools, through the difficulties thrown in their way to prevent them from becoming Catholic school supporters. In this way, by far a larger sum is taken from Catholic school supporters for the education of Protestant children than can possibly be contributed by Protestants towards Catholic education through the Government grant. There are, besides, Catholic children, within the three-mile limit, for whom no Government grant is given, and there are numbers of Protestant children attending the Separate schools, whose parents would wish to pay their taxes to these schools, but who are not allowed to do

so, though when Catholic children attend the Public schools their parents are always taxed for the Public schools. Further: when Protestant children attend Catholic schools there is no grant given to the Catholic School Boards for educating them. Putting all these things together, it is absolutely certain that when the balance is struck it will be found not that Protestants are paying for the education of Catholic children, but that Catholics are by unjust discrimination compelled to pay for the education of Protestant children while paying out of their own pockets for the education of their own.

But let us suppose, what is not the fact, that through the Government grant Protestants pay a small pittance towards supporting Catholic schools. If it were the case, it would be because the State supposes it to be its duty to assist in the work of educating. If this be the duty of the State, it is self-evident that this assistance should be extended to the poor rather than the rich. It is only on this principle that a free Public school system can be defended at all, and if this be the case, payment by results, which is the mode now adopted in apportioning the Government grant, is the most rational method of encouraging the poorer portion of the community to educate their children; and it would be simply an absurdity to say that poor Protestants should be encouraged, whereas difficulties should be thrown in the way of poor Catholics. If this mode of encouraging the poorer portion of the population is intended to be a benefit to them, it would be a mockery to say that it is a valid reason why the Government should prohibit them from teaching religion to their children. We would sooner do without the grant than be subjected to such a tyranny.

Let it be well understood, Catholics do not desire, they have not asked, and they will not ask, that Protestants be taxed for the education of their children, for we are willing and able to bear this burden ourselves; but we do demand that we shall have full liberty to educate our Catholic children in accordance with what conscience demands of us. We shall lose nothing if the law be changed so that precisely the taxes and imposts levied on Catholics be used for Catholic education; but as yet the generous Protestant majority of Ontario has not allowed us this much. Generous? Well, only a few days ago Mr. Meredith declared that the Catholics of Ontario are treated with unexampled generosity by the Protestant majority. Over and over again it has been proved by comparative statistics that the Protestants of Quebec are far more generously treated than are the Ontario Catholics; but we do not ask for generosity. We ask for justice—that justice of which the generous Mr. Meredith and his equally generous followers, the Mail included, propose to deprive us at the same time that they are asking us to bawl ourselves hoarse in praise and admiration at their generosity.

The Mail continues: "Not many years ago, he (the Irish Catholic) was taxed in Ireland for the propagation of a certain form of the Protestant religion. He declared that it was unfair, and in course of time the Establishment was abolished, and a crying grievance removed. But what is the difference in principle between tithing an Irish peasant for the benefit of the pulpits of the Church of England in Ireland, and taxing a Protestant for the benefit of the schools of the Church of Rome in Canada?"

We reply: The difference is simply this: the first was a grinding oppression which was a reality; the second is an imaginary grievance which has existence only in the imagination of the Mail's editor.

It is a poor cause which requires to be propped up with falsehoods such as the Mail is every day furnishing to its fanatical readers.

THE VERITE AND THE WEEKLY REVIEW.

A letter dated Angers, France, May 4th, was received at our office yesterday. It is surprising what interest is taken by the orthodox Catholics of France in the progress of the Church in Canada and other countries, especially where the French language is spoken. They have, in France, perhaps more than in any other portion of the globe, experienced the fatal results of erroneous doctrines put forward by so-called Catholic journals, and defended against even formal decisions of the Church as expressed in Papal encyclicals. French Liberalism, Jansenism and Gallicanism, against which Louis Veuillot contended during the whole course of his eventful life, were the prolific seeds of the bold infidelity which now directs the councils of that unhappy, because unfaithful, nation. Mr. Tardivel, in the Quebec *Verite*, has been warning his fellow-countrymen against the insidious encroachments of these evils in the New France. The *Weekly Review*, of Toronto, which derives all its knowledge of true faith from some doubtful and condemned propositions of *Brownson's Review*, has been attacking Mr.

Tardivel in language most unguarded, calling him an obscurantist, and declaring him to be a worse enemy of Catholicity than the Toronto *Mail* or the Montreal *Witness*.

We wrote a short article on the subject a few weeks ago, in which we predicted the probability of the Toronto *Weekly's* coming repentance, knowing as we did at the time that it did not understand the meaning of the condemned articles of the Syllabus, or had not read the encyclicals accompanying the publication of that celebrated compendium of condemned propositions. The Toronto *Weekly*, however, knows too much for us, for Mr. Tardivel or for Pope Pius IX., and still continues its lofty tone of dictation to the learned and truly orthodox defender of Catholic faith in Quebec. We now append the letter we received yesterday from a distinguished champion of Catholicity in France, Mons. F. C. Uzureau, a la Jumiliere, Maine et Loir. It is written in French, and may be translated verbatim as follows:

GENTLEMEN.—I have the honor to present the homage of my deep respect to Rev. Fathers Northgraves and Flannery, who devote so much talent to the editing of the CATHOLIC RECORD at London. I have heard especially of your number dated 13th March, in which you treat with so much justice and as they deserve the absolutely erroneous theories of the *Weekly Review*—theories which in Europe would elicit a cry of alarm among Catholics. You have on this occasion assumed the role of the *Univers*, which, up to the Vatican Council, contended so victoriously against the Gallicans and the Liberal school. One should really be desirous of realizing the saying of Horace, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, to attack, as the *Review* has done, a journal which Bishop Freppel quite recently, on a most solemn occasion, declared, "has ever been on the side of orthodoxy and of the Holy See." The testimony of this peerless prelate, it must be allowed, ought to prevail against the abortive speculations of the *Weekly Review*.

Have the kindness to send me one or more specimen numbers of your interesting and truly Catholic paper. Please, with thanks beforehand, accept the assurance *de mon entier devouement*.

F. C. UZUREAU.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.

The lovely month of June, with its many vari-colored flowers and buds and blossoms, all laden with delicious fragrance and promises of fruit in abundance and in due season, has been chosen as the particular month in which to cultivate loving admiration for God in His works. St. Francis of Assisium went into raptures at the sight of a rose in full bloom, exclaiming, "Oh, how beautiful is God in His works!" The Church adapts her festivals and days of devotion to the varying seasons and the lessons which consideration of them may convey; thus in gloomy November we commemorate and pray for the dead. In dread December and Advent we are invited to meditate on the coming judgment. May, harbinger of summer, is the Month of Mary, proclaimed as the bright dawn or aurora that precedes the sun of justice. Mid winter is cheered with Christmas joys, and the summer heats and ripening fruits and expanding flowers all speak to us of God's infinite bounty and exceeding love. So the Church has ordained that we celebrate the grand joyous feast of Corpus Christi in sacred hymns and where possible in solemn procession, that we may mark our appreciation and gratefulness of the best and most adorable of all God's gifts to man—His own most precious Body and Blood, His own Soul and Divinity, the heavenly product and inestimable fruit of His infinite love for us. Here truly in the Eucharistic presence does He prove Himself to be "what was promised to the patriarchs, an 'Emmanuel,' God with us, a God in the midst of His people. And here do we recognize the most perfect expression, the full unfolding of God's love for us, as St. Bernard distinguishes this gift of God's love, above all other heavenly favors, when He styles it "the love of loves." Devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament leads naturally to devotion to the Sacred Heart; they follow each other so closely as to form but one and the same feast.

The object of the devotion to the Sacred Heart is, indeed, the human and maternal, of our Lord, worthy, by reason of the hypostatic union, of our greatest adoration. To the question, why does the Church propose to us this worship and adoration of the Son of God under the form of the Sacred Heart apart from His divine humanity as set forth in her scriptural doctrine? the *American Ecclesiastical Record* replies:

Because in the devotion to the Sacred Heart we are led to concentrate our minds and hearts, so to say, upon the spirit of exceeding love which animated the Divine Saviour when He assumed the form and character of man. It is, if we may interpret the mind of the Church, to draw us to a fuller realization of the love in God, of which in man the heart is the seat and symbol. The Holy Eucharist and the Sacred Heart are one and the same (cause and effect), like flame and fire penetrating each other, both immeasurable love. Thus the feast of the Sacred Heart may be considered as the continuation, the grand finale of the feast of Corpus Christi, when love speaks as it spoke before, the same accents, but more emphatic, in the last assurance of affection. Thus while the feast of the Heart Divine ends the octave of

Corpus Christi, it does so with a burst of grateful affection unequalled by the joy of any other octave—a joy full on the eighth day and overflowing into the following feast of the sweetest love on earth and in Heaven.

THE BALLOT AND THE PENDING BATTLE.

In the same article on which we comment elsewhere, and in which the Mail is convicted of deliberate falsehood, that journal has the following statements in reference to the ballot for Separate schools. After stating that "Roman Catholic champions of Liberalism" maintain that Mr. Mowat did right to withhold the ballot from Catholic ratepayers in school elections because "they had not asked for it, and it would be an insult to force it upon them," it adds that "it is scarcely correct to say that the ballot was not asked for. The lay element on the Toronto Board fought for it until they were extinguished at the polls last winter by sheer weight of clerical intimidation."

This is but an impudent assertion without truth. In the first place, the clergymen upon the Board represent as truly the "lay element" as do the laymen. They are elected by lay votes because the laity believe they have at heart the true interests of the schools. In the second place, though the lay element is strongest on the Board, there was never a vote of the Board in favor of the ballot. If the "lay element" desired it, there certainly would have been. In the third place, this question was not the one on which the School Board of 1889 was elected, and a catch vote of the Board of that year would not have represented the voice of the Catholic people of Toronto, even if such a vote had been taken. When the question was really before the people, that is to say in January, 1889, they decided against the ballot candidates by such an overwhelming vote that the Mail itself acknowledges that they were "extinguished." It was a vote so decisive that the like of it was rarely cast in the city. How is it, then, that the enemies of Catholic schools insist so strongly that Catholics are pining for the ballot? It is because they hope that in some unforeseen way the ballot will result ultimately in the injuring of the cause of Catholic education, and as it is an impudent thing to ask a boon for Catholics which they do not want, they pretend to give it. Mr. Mowat and Messrs. Meredith and Clancy that Catholics are very anxious for it.

Over and over again these people have told us that Mr. Mowat "refused" the ballot to Catholics. Alderman Bell said at the nomination in Toronto: "As Separate schools exist, they should have the ballot just as in the Public schools." Being interrupted by a Catholic with, "We do not want it," Mr. Bell said: "Yes you do. You have asked for it on several occasions. There is a demand for it all over the Province, and the reason you do not get it is because of the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy."

It is likely that Catholics would make their declared enemies their mouthpiece? If it were a favor we would scarcely take it from such people. They are sinister motives in taking such extraordinary interest in our welfare, and we do not want their interference in our favor. A pretended friend, a Judas, is the worst enemy we could find, and we do not want the Catholic Separate school law to be tinkered at by such people. Alderman Bell, Mr. Meredith and the Mail, would all like to get a chance to do the tinkering; but their object is what Alderman Bell openly declared: "If I am elected, I and my confere, Mr. Armour, will introduce into the House a resolution for the abolition of Separate schools."

It is scarcely necessary for us to repeat that the alderman's words were deliberately false. He was perfectly aware that there has been absolutely no demand for the ballot, except from a few individuals in Toronto who represented only an infinitesimal part of the Catholics of the city. The Catholics of Ontario do not want the ballot, for they do not need it. The pretense that they are intimidated at the trustee elections has no foundation whatsoever in fact. It is a falsehood invented by the Mail, and adopted by all the enemies of Catholic education. If there were no other reason—and there are many—why we should reject their proffered interest in our affairs, it is reason enough that the plea on which they wish to force the ballot on us that we are intimidated at the elections. The assertion is an insult which Catholics should, as one man, resent. By repudiating their proffered favors we show that we resent their insults, convict them publicly of their numerous falsehoods, and defeat their miserable tactics to unsettle the school question, in the hope that in some way or other the Catholic schools may be injured in the melee.

But since the Public schools have the ballot Mr. Bell says Catholics should have it also in their school elections. In the first place the Protestant schools have the ballot, except in a few municipalities where it is made optional, and votes by ballot or open polling, and even where the ballot is optional, only

91 municipalities out of about 700 in the Province make use of it. But even if the Public schools employ it, it is no reason why Catholics should desire it. Those Public schools which used the ballot did so because they wished for it, but there is not a particle of foundation for the belief that a single Catholic school section in the Province is desirous of having the ballot introduced. Only seldom, indeed, is there even a contest at the Catholic school election, so satisfied are the people generally with the management of the schools. Why then should they agitate for the ballot, from which the schools will derive no benefit whatsoever?

Have we not been frequently told by Mr. Meredith's supporters during the pending contest, that the amendments should not have been added to the Separate School Act, because the Act of 1863 was a finality? If it was a finality, we suppose it should have been a finality on the part of the Legislature which passed it as well as at least on the part of the Catholic body who did not pass it. Why then do the enemies of Separate schools seek to upset the pretended finality by introducing the ballot now, and even by agitating for the abolition of the Separate school system against our expressed wish? The truth is, our enemies are both relentless and unscrupulous, and they must be met with strong determination. During the contest of the 5th inst. all the friends of good Government will vote for Mr. Mowat's candidates, because his Government have been impartial and fair to all, and have ruled the Province economically and honestly. We hope that the Catholic body will show that they too appreciate an honest Government, and that they will with one accord aid in retaining such a Government in power by recording their votes for the Reform candidates in every constituency.

Before this issue of the Record shall have reached the majority of our readers the pending contest will have been decided. We have such confidence in the honest sentiments of the Protestants of the Province, as well as in those of the Catholics, that we venture to predict a glorious victory for Mr. Mowat's Government.

THE SONS OF ENGLAND.

Under the above heading and title a new secret society has been formed that threatens to equal if not surpass Orangeism in its one-sided, bigoted and unpatriotic constitution and practices. The chief reason laid down why it should be incorporated according to the law of this Province is that its objects are of a purely benevolent character. In fact it is known in law now, since its incorporation, as the "Sons of England Benevolent Society." On the surface every feature of its existence appears commendable, and if its work were confined to its published programme, that of aiding and assisting English immigrants or Englishmen out of employment, no one could object to it as a truly philanthropic society. Very probably such were the intentions of the original framers of the laws and regulations. But it now appears that it is nothing else than a political machine of the most objectionable character—that its policy is bigotry and opposition to everything Irish Canadian or Catholic where imperial interests or private business matters are concerned. An ex-member, who was president of a lodge in Toronto, was lately expelled from the society without any form of trial because he dared to publish a resolution of criticism on the action of the Supreme Grand Executive. The expelled member, whose name is Allen, a straightforward, independent Briton, has lately given to the press the secret of his expulsion from the society, and made known the resolutions that brought upon him the wrath and vengeance of the Executive. The resolutions were:

"That whereas a certain prospectus was distributed purporting to afford correct information as to the objects, aims and benefits of the order, but which grossly misrepresents the same, in that all reference to the maintenance of British connection, . . . and the secret work of the society and the system of payment of dues are falsely described, resolved that Lodge Richmond emphatically protests against the further circulation of an official document which misrepresents the objects and practices of the society, thereby deceiving the public and misleading intending candidates."

It appears that not only intending candidates were deceived and thereby entrapped, but that the objects and arguments stated in the petition for incorporation were fraudulent and made to deceive the Government officials. Allen asked leave to lay information in the name of the Attorney General for two breaches of the Ontario Insurance Act. But the Inspector of Insurance, to whom the matter was referred for investigation, decided that no public exposition should be made, but that a new form of beneficiary be substituted, and a new declaration of the objects of the society filed under clause 19 of the Benevolent Societies Act. The Irish Canadian has done well in drawing public attention to the unpatriotic and dishonest character of this new secret society, especially when it cannot be denied that its mem-

bers bind themselves by oath to use their votes and influence to place none but Englishmen in office. Such, at least appears very evident from the oath administered to the members, as disclosed to the Inspector of Insurance, and which appears on page 22 of his report: "I likewise further promise and swear to give my loyal support to the British Constitution and to endeavor to uphold the British Empire, whenever and where ever I can; and to this end I shall by my vote and influence strive to place Englishmen in official positions (when practicable) wherever I may reside; and I shall at all times consider myself bound to protect the best interests of the Society and its members, and to live an honorable and upright life among my fellows."

The society had long been suspected of the selfish and narrow-minded exclusiveness expressed in the above oath; but when accused of such its members always denied the existence of any such intolerance. Now, however, it has been brought to light, and the difficulty of finding positions or lucrative situations for any but Englishmen in many workshops is sufficiently explained. In manufacturing establishments and railway machine shops where an English foreman has had a footing no Canadian need apply. It is very noticeable in Toronto, Stratford and St. Thomas that where hundreds of Englishmen, members of the above named society, are found earning from \$2 to \$5 per day, men of Scotch or Irish origin are few and far between. If any such are found they must be above reproach, for, on the discovery of the slightest mistake made, they are at once dismissed to make room for some new arrival of a Son of England out of employment. Even Canadians in the manor born, who have grown up in the country, stand no chance of position or preferment before a "Son of England" who but yesterday landed on our shores. This dangerous secret society is gaining in strength and numbers every day, and it is well that the public should be informed of its aims and tendencies.

At the annual church picnic held in Toronto last week Rev. Dr. Thomas, who preached the sermon in the Pavilion, said that, whereas in 1881 the Sons of England society in Toronto numbered only 912, at the present date they reckon a membership of 7374. The intolerant and persecuting spirit of its members were clearly and vigorously portrayed in the same eloquent sermon by Rev. Dr. Thomas, who said:

"He was proud to be a Canadian, but he warned his hearers that they must be vigilant. Their best heritage was menaced by the enemy. The three great evils of the day were Romish aggression, intolerance and the secularization and degradation of the Sabbath; and it was the bounden duty of every true citizen to fight against these as much as possible. Continuing he said that he was proud to be privileged to speak to such an audience, and especially so when he considered that they were Protestant to the last drop of blood in their veins. Again he warned his hearers to resist the aggressive march of Rome, after which he proceeded with a brief history of the Sons of England Society since 1881."

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. On May 29th His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, accompanied by Vice-Chancellor F. P. Rooney, visited the parish of Penetanguishene, of which the respected and worthy priest, Father Labrosse, is pastor. It was expected that His Grace would arrive early in the day and extensive preparations were made for giving him a grand reception. He did not arrive until eleven at night, through an unavoidable delay, and the people were consequently deprived of the opportunity of manifesting the high regard in which they held their chief pastor.

On Wednesday, 21st, His Grace gave confirmation to two hundred and fifty candidates, after the celebration of High Mass (Canon Episcopalis). The church was thronged in every part, and had the ceremony taken place on Sunday, half the people would not be able to find room in the sacred edifice. The Archbishop preached to the people in both the English and French languages, and a profound impression was made on the minds and hearts of the auditors by his powerful and cogent arguments and fatherly admonitions. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the people gathered on the grounds of the Presbytery. They took place an address to the Archbishop in French, from the people of that nationality, testifying their generation, loyalty and devotion to the Church of which he was the chief pastor in the archdiocese and to himself personally. An English address, as follows, was also presented.

To His Grace the Most Reverend Dr. Walsh, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—The English-speaking portion of the parish of Penetanguishene avail themselves of this happy opportunity to bid your Grace a hearty welcome to our historic town and still more historic mission, and to assure you of the reverence and esteem in which we hold you. To all of us, but more particularly to those whose happiness it was to know Your Grace personally, your elevation to the Archbishop's chair was a source of deep joy and thankfulness, for to all you are known as a just and wise ruler, and as having, before you came to our Archdiocese, well earned that title that includes so many virtues—a good Bishop.

We would also in greeting Your Grace express our loyalty and submission to

you as the representative of authority and assure you of the deep interest we take in what concerns the affairs of our Church.

We would recall to Your Grace's memory your visit to Penetanguishene many years ago, when you blessed this small church and lodged in the log house adjacent, the only place our then pastor, the late lamented Father Kennedy, could welcome you to; and we would ask Your Grace to bear witness that the parish of Penetanguishene has, through the indefatigable exertions of our respected, zealous and much-loved pastor, advanced since then in material prosperity, commensurate with the advance the old town has made.

Imbued as Penetanguishene is with memories of the first planting of the gospel in the wilds of Canada, watered as the soil of this section was with the blood of martyrs, it becomes a sacred trust to those who now worship here in peace and safety to show their gratitude for such mercies, and to perpetuate in pious remembrance to God's glory, the memory of the martyrs and the planting of the cross. And it is with pride we point out to Your Grace the noble monument now in course of erection, which our pastor, with a self-denying zeal that shows him a worthy successor to those to whose memory it is erected, has taken upon himself as a life work.

That it may be the lot of Your Grace to bless this great work when fully completed we hope and pray, and we also ask Your Grace to extend to him, who has set himself the task of worthy commemoration of the birthplace of our Church in Upper Canada, your sympathy in his labor.

In conclusion we cordially wish Your Grace a long and happy life to administer the important duties of this Archdiocese, and begging Your Grace's blessings for ourselves and our families, most respectfully we remain,

Your devoted humble servants, the English-speaking portion of the congregation of Penetanguishene.

WILLIAM MOORE KELLY, Chairman.

Penetanguishene, May 20th, 1890.

His Grace replied to both in feeling and appropriate terms.

The members of the C. M. B. A. also presented a neatly worded address to the Archbishop, as follows, to which he likewise replied in fitting language: To the Most Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE: It is with heartfelt joy and pleasure that the Martyrs' Memorial Branch, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, whom we represent, greet you, their spiritual ruler, and bid you a loyal and loving welcome on this your first visit to their town as Archbishop of the Diocese. As members of the C. M. B. A., we feel would bear witness to the untiring efforts you have made for the advancement of our society and how much we owe it to Your Grace that it is now in its prosperous state, and whilst joining with our fellow-Catholics of Penetanguishene in the welcome that all are extending to you as our Archbishop, we feel with pride and gratitude, that we have another strong tie between you and ourselves in claiming you as the honored Grand Spiritual Adviser of our Association. It is our earnest wish that we may be a worthy Branch of that Association and be true to the principles it inculcates of leading together in love and charity the members of our Church. For our Branch we have taken a name that should bring memories of self-denial and self-sacrificing love for others' benefit to make us emulous to be something more than mere nominal members of a benevolent union. We know how earnestly Your Grace would wish it so, and we ask your prayers that we may individually and as a Branch be worthy of the name we bear, and that you will bless us and our families. Our Branch will have the pride of being able to point to the noble building, now rising on the banks of the harbor of Penetanguishene, as the emblem and memorial of the deeds from which we have taken our name, and will also have the further pride that that grand monument has been raised mainly through the zealous and untiring labor of our Spiritual Adviser, the present pastor of this parish. As loyal Catholics we rejoice that the erection of that monument is an international tribute to Catholic worth and self-sacrifice, and that our town was the scene of a page in the history of our land of which France, Canada and our Church may well be proud. With all love and loyalty we ask God to bless you with His choicest blessings, and uphold you in your work as the head of this diocese; to spare you to us, and as you blessed this old church in which we now stand, to let you bless the nobler building now being erected to His glory alongside of it, and to give you long and happy years to preside over this diocese and our Association, guiding and directing us with an ever-increasing spirit of brotherly love and charity.

Signed on behalf of the Branch, Thos. Harford, President; Jno. O'Quigley, 1st Vice; Jno. Dasome, 2nd Vice; A. J. Chaine, Senior Chancellor; D. J. Shanahan, Chancellor; Chas. E. O'Reilly, Rec. Sec.; Louis Gignac, Fin. Sec.; Edmund Gordon, Treasurer.

The immense gathering then dispersed, loud and hearty cheers having been given for His Grace. The Archbishop left on the 2:45 train for Barris.

INFORMATION WANTED.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record:

DEAR SIR—I notice in several papers the announcement that "the Rev. Father Ignatius, O. S. B." will be a passenger by the *Trans*, leaving Southampton on June 12th, that he has been ordered abroad by his medical advisers for entire rest; but that, nevertheless, he contemplates preaching and holding Missions throughout the United States, etc.

Now, will you kindly inform your readers who "Father (Brother?) Ignatius, O. S. B." really is? Who is the Superior or Provincial of his Benedictine Order? What Catholic diocese in England and under what Catholic Bishop does he minister? I'm afraid somebody has been caught, but I won't say anything more till I hear what

you can tell me about "Father (?) Ignatius." There may be something, after all, "in a name." Yours, 1st June, 1890. ENQUIRER.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

THE FEAST OF PENTECOST. At St. Mary's Cathedral the services were of an interesting character. At the 8:30 o'clock Mass the children of the parish, numbering about one hundred and fifty, took their first Communion and were addressed by Rev. Father Coty, who had charge of them during their time of preparation, in a short and eloquent sermon in which he advised them to lead pure and upright lives. The High Mass was celebrated by Bishop Dowling, assisted by Rev. Father Brady as deacon and Rev. Father Coty as sub-deacon, with Rev. Fathers O'Sullivan and Kehoe as deacons of honor. At the conclusion of the Mass Bishop Dowling preached an appropriate sermon on the descent of the Holy Ghost. In the evening the choir, assisted by an orchestra, rendered musical Vespers.

THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.

In the afternoon over 2,000 people, many of them ladies, witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of St. Lawrence church, the Catholic church in course of construction at the corner of Mary and Picton streets. The ceremony, which was very impressive, was performed by Bishop Dowling, assisted by Vice-Chancellor Heenan and Vicar-General Keough, Fathers Slaven (Oakville), O'Leary (Freelton), Carro (Galedonia), Kelly, Helm, McEray, O'Sullivan, Brady, Coty and Hinchee. His Lordship wore the ordinary episcopal vestments; he was crowned with the mitre and carried the crozier. The priests wore cassocks and surplices. After the blessing of the church Bishop Dowling, with Vice-Chancellor Heenan and Keough on either side, and followed by the clergy, marched along the platform to the north-east of the building, where a short service was held. Several psalms were sung, J. F. Egan assisting in the singing. Returning to where the corner-stone was, His Lordship blessed it, after which the Litany of the Saints was chanted. Being handed a small gold trowel, Bishop Dowling took some mortar from a gold mortar and placed it under the stone. Then he handed the trowel to Vice-Chancellor Heenan, who performed the same duty.

After the stone was lowered into position His Lordship read the following formula: "In the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ we lay this first stone in this foundation in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and pray that here may flourish true faith, the fear of God and brotherly love, that this place may be devoted to prayer and to the praise of the holy name of our Lord Jesus Christ, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth."

Under the stone was placed a tin box containing copies of the city papers, *Catholic Record*, *CATHOLIC RECORD*, a number of copies and the following document, which was signed by the clergy present: "On Sunday the feast of Pentecost, in the year of our Lord 1890, the corner-stone of this church (erected by the faithful of Hamilton to the honor and glory of Almighty God under the patronage of St. Lawrence, martyr) was laid with all the ceremonies of the Roman pontifical by the Most Rev. Thomas Joseph Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. gloriously ruling the Church, Her Majesty Queen Victoria being sovereign of the British Empire, His Excellency Lord Stanley Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, Sir Alexander Gampbell, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Ontario, David McEellan, Mayor of the City of Hamilton, and Robert Colclough, architect of the building. Among others who devoutly assisted at the solemn ceremony were the diocesan priests, together with a large concourse of people."

BISHOP DOWLING'S ADDRESS.

Bishop Dowling then addressed the people. He said: "My dear friends, this church edifice, the corner stone of which has just been laid with all the ceremonies of the honor and worship of Almighty God, under the patronage of St. Lawrence, martyr. The multiplication of places for Christian worship is creditable to our citizens, and calculated to promote true faith and morality in our midst. The erection of this particular church supplies a want long felt, for, after taking a careful census of the cathedral parish, I find there are no less than three hundred and seventy Catholic families in what is known as the lake district, that is, between the line of railway and the bay. My illustrious predecessors have prepared the way for this work—as one of them, some years ago, secured the lot on which we now stand and another left a handsome donation for the future church. It has fallen to my lot to lay the corner stone, and I hope, with the generous assistance of the parishioners and other friends who appreciate the work, that the building may be soon finished and occupied by a large and flourishing congregation. Its doors shall be opened to all men, rich and poor, young and old, and Christians of all denominations shall be at all times welcome to enter and to hear from authorized sources the true doctrines of our Church explained, and not misrepresented, as they often are, by those worldly interest it is to vilify and misrepresent us. Times were when Christians, the world over, recognized but one God in heaven and one Church on earth, one faith, one Lord, one baptism. Unhappily divisions have crept into Christianity; but you and I are not the authors of this division. Amid all the changes the Catholic Church remains the same to-day, yesterday and forever. Surely it is worth while to examine into her doctrines and the proper places to learn them is in her own temple and from the lips of her own teachers. The Church is sacred to the Catholic, and endeared to him by many holy associations. Here to the font of baptism the mother brings her child to be born again to Christ and to register his name in the book of life; here little ones come for instruction; here the penitent comes for forgiveness; here the holy ones come for the bread of eternal life; here the youthful couple come for a blessing on

their nuptials; and here, when the soul has been summoned to judgment, the bodies of the faithful will be brought and the prayers shall ascend for a happy resurrection. As Bishop of Hamilton, I bless the citizens of all denominations and pray that the spirit of truth, the spirit of peace, the spirit of brotherly love may prevail more and more in our midst. May God bless you all, and may we all be spared to witness the growth and prosperity of this new church of St. Lawrence."

After the singing of the Te Deum His Lordship dismissed the people with the Benediction. The priest's vestments were the crowd and received liberal contributions.

A PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENT.

The League of the Cross has always had a reputation of furnishing first-class entertainments, and the one last week was no exception to the rule. The Palace rink was comfortably filled by an appreciative audience, who seemed well pleased with the programme provided for the occasion. The musical programme was as follows: Overture, duet, "Marche Militaire," Misses Walsh and Maddigan; song, "I am a Merry Zingari," Miss Mary Dolorme; song, "Roses of Killarney," Mr. Frank Dwyer; accordion solo, Mr. Kershaw; solo, "The Song that Reached My Heart," Miss Maggie Kelly; solo, "Oce Hundred Fathoms Deep," Mr. Cass. Marks; specialty, witty sayings and song, Messrs. Williams and Dore. The overture given by Misses Maddigan and Walsh was very well rendered, as also was the solo, "The Song that Reached My Heart," by Miss Maggie Kelly. Mr. Charles Marks greatly pleased with his solo, and was encored, but did not respond. Miss Dolorme sang in her usual pleasing manner. The musical part of the programme closed with a specialty given by Messrs. Williams and Dore, in characters which brought forth loud applause. The second part of the programme consisted of a comedy in three acts, entitled "Geronte, the Miser." The acting of those who represented the various characters deserves great praise. The cast was as follows: Signor Geronte, the miser, Wm. J. Ryan; Signor Argante, J. P. Hennessy; Octavio, son of Argante, Richard Wynn; Leander, son of Geronte, Hugh C. Sweeney; Scapin, valet of Leander, Frank J. Dermody; Sylvester, valet of Octavio, John J. Cauley; Arnolph, valet of Geronte, John J. Williams; Carl, friend to Scapin, Thomas Roach. The accompaniments were very acceptably played by Messrs J. Maddigan, M. Deiorne and S. Walsh. Mr. Hugh C. Sweeney acted as Master of Ceremonies. The evening's enjoyment was brought to a close by the singing of the national anthem. The success of the entertainment is in large measure due to the chaplain, Rev. Father Hinchee.

ORDINATION OF PRIESTS.

Some twenty-six years ago His Lordship Bishop Dowling was ordained priest in St. Mary's Cathedral by the Right Rev. Dr. Farrell, first Bishop of Hamilton, and this morning His Lordship for the first time performed the ceremony of ordination by raising to the dignity of priesthood Rev. Mr. Halsey and Rev. Mr. Donnelly. His Lordship was assisted by Rev. Chancellor Craven, assistant priest, Rev. Father Klopfer, C. R. of Berlin, master of ceremonies and the following priests: Rev. Father Slaven, of Oakville; Rev. Father Moloney, of Arthur; and Rev. Fathers Kelly, McEray, Helm, Brady, Hinchee, O'Sullivan, Coty, of the city. After Mass the newly-ordained priests gave the blessing to the assembled faithful. In the large congregation assembled to witness the solemn act of ordination were conspicuous the parents and relatives of the newly-ordained priests. Father Halsey's parents from Arthur, and Father Donnelly's from Chepquoit.

CLERICAL CHANGES AND APPOINTMENTS.

It is officially announced that His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, has been pleased to make the following changes and appointments: Rev. Father Slaven, lately of Oakville, has been appointed pastor of Galt and Hespeler; Rev. Father Kelly, of St. Patrick's in this city, pastor of Oakville; Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Macton, pastor of Galedonia; Rev. Father Burke, of Galt, pastor of Macton; Rev. Father Feeny, of Riceville, assistant pastor at Brantford; Rev. Father Moloney, of Arthur, pastor of Riceville; Rev. Father Halsey, assistant at St. Patrick's in this city, and Rev. Father Donnelly, assistant at Arthur. The above mentioned changes and appointments will take effect on the first Saturday in July.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

On May, 22nd ult., octave of the Ascension, the Most Reverend Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, drove out to St. Joseph's, Duron, and dined with Father Kelly. His Lordship was accompanied by Vice-Chancellor Browne, Chancellor Radkins and the Rev. Fathers Klerman, Gaerlin and Moyns, from the Archdiocese of Toronto. On Ascension day fifty years ago the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated for the first time in St. Joseph's, Duron.

FIRST FRIDAY OF THE MONTH.

On every first Friday of the month the Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart may be celebrated in churches and chapels where special devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart are held in the morning. The Mass is that of *In festo S. S. cordis Jezu*, as found in the *proprium sanctuarum* at the end of May. The two *Alleluia* at the Introit are omitted, except in Paschal time. The Votive Mass may be said on the first Friday of the month, which is not a feast of our Lord nor a Duplex, classis non one of the privileged Feriis, Vigils or Octaves. The color is white. The Mass hath both *Gloria* and *Credo*, since it enjoys the privileges of what is called, in Liturgy, a *missa Solemnis Festiva*, as is evident from the fact that it may be said on all days except doubles of the first class. This Mass has ordinarily but one prayer, but if any feast or feast occur on the same day they are to be commemorated, whether it be a Low Mass or a Missa Cantata. The Preface is *De Nativitate*, except from Septuagesima to Pentecost, when it is *De Cruce*—*American Eccl. Record*.





