

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 8.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.

NO. 398.

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO.
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THE PRIESTHOOD.

SACERDOTAL CONSECRATIONS—ITS INSTITUTIONS AND ITS OPERATIONS—DISCOURSE BY PERE MONSABRE, O. F. M.

The recurrence of the penitential season of Lent in France brings into relief annually the consoling fact that, however dilatory and negligent and indifferent they may be politically, the French people are sterling Catholics at heart. On Sunday morning last, every church in the capital was thronged with devout worshippers who went to listen to the word of truth and salvation uttered by men divinely appointed to preach it, and specially endowed with talents and gifts to expound clearly and forcibly its significance, to show how completely it corresponds to the needs of man, to recall his mind to a sense of his spiritual condition, and to help him to a ready apprehension of the only means by which his supernatural requirements can be satisfied. As in previous years, the Metropolitan Church of Notre Dame was the central point of attraction, crowds being unable to obtain admission. The interior of the venerable building presented a spectacle which can never be forgotten by those who were present. Prelates and humble religious, princes and peasants, cultured scholars and illiterate rag-pickers, statesmen and shopkeepers—these made up an assembly unique of its kind, and symbolizing, in the diversity of its constituents and in the unity of its faith, the order which reigns through the Kingdom of God upon earth. A solemn preacher had finished his noble oration and theologian Pere Monsabre, ascended the pulpit—a silence which was only broken by the murmur of admiration and stifled applause which rose from the lips of the multitudes when the preacher had finished his eloquent discourse. The subject of his Lenten conferences this year is the Sacrament of Holy Orders. On Sunday he treated of "Sacerdotal Consecration," on each Sunday in Lent he will deal successively with "The Dignity of the Priest," "The Duties of the Priest," "The Rights of the Priest," "The Bishop," and the "Ecclesies of the Priesthood."

Pere Monsabre began his conference by quoting the words of the Council of Trent: "Sacrament and the priesthood are so united in the designs of God that we encounter them in every land." The hearth stone, where the father, the head of the household, offered up sacrifice for his children and his servants, the profane altars of the different nations, the figurative altars of the Jewish people led us to the foot of the blood-stained tree where we contemplated, in the same person, the universal victim and the supreme priest. Mankind needs a sacrifice which is offered to God, the obligations required by His infinite perfection, and propitiated Him for the offences committed against his most exalted majesty by the crimes of every people and every age. But the immolation of the blood-offering which crimsoned the altar of antiquity were but feeble and ineffective attempts at the performance of the religious act which a Man God alone could accomplish. Christ the Word incarnate, was the only victim worthy of being offered to the God of Whom He is the equal in greatness, and Whom He is possessing His special authority could offer up this Victim. Christ the victim is a priest, God said to him: "Thou who sittest on My right hand, thou whom I have begotten from eternity, thou art a priest forever—Tu es sacerdos in aeternum. Everything proclaimed the excellence of his priesthood; the choice, the union, the simplicity, the efficacy of His functions. In the sole obligations that He had made of Himself, Jesus, the Priest and the Victim, had concentrated everything which was precious and holy to God and to humanity, and had consummated for eternity the sanctity of those whom He had received: *Unus sanctus consummatus in aeternum sacrificatus*. The Rev. Father, having dwelt upon the history of the priesthood, and shown how its position had never been marked out in the traditional precepts of Church, went on to speak of the mystery of the sacerdotal consecration, in what it consists and what it effects. This consecration, he said, the administration of which is so solemn as that of Holy Orders. The consecration of a priest is a feast at which the Church brings into requisition all the rich splendor of her liturgy. The grand act which transforms a man into a priest qualified to preside at the holy mysteries and to dispense to the Christian people the things of Heaven, with the Eucharistic sacrifice. The altar is ready, The Bishop, the depository of the sacerdotal power, calls to him the elect of God. Behold them! To give expression to the humble and courageous manner in which they relinquish them-

selves to the operations of grace they fall prostrate on the floor of the temple, and at the sound of their prostration the Bishop and choir intone a long series of invocations to the whole Heavenly host—Our Lord, Holy Mary Mother of God, Angels and Archangels, Celestial Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins and Saints of Paradise, come and see the great mystery of the creation of a priest! Assist by your prayers the venerable prelate whose second virtue is about to be prayed this wonder. With us poor sinners, pray to God that He may deign to bless, to sanctify, and to consecrate these elect! The heavenly host supplicates, earth is silent, and the Bishop enters the avenues of the sacrament, adorning and instructing. He desires to cast aside the unworthy, those who would enter the sanctuary hiding their irregularities and sins. He explains to those worthy of the grace and the power of the priesthood and the various duties which attach to their state. To offer sacrifice, to impart blessings, to preside over the assembly of the faithful, to make known the word of God and to diffuse the Divine grace—these are the functions of the priest, and it is with fear and trembling that so lofty an office ought to be approached; for it requires nothing less than a knowledge of the things of Heaven, manners and conduct above reproach, and a continual practice of the virtue of justice, to prepare for it—nothing less than the perfect integrity of a chaste and holy life to fill the office with credit and honor. Elect of God, accepted by the people, instructed as to your dignity and your duties, bow beneath the hand which stretches out between heaven and earth to call down upon you the blessings of the Holy Ghost and the grace of the priesthood. This sacrament which you more than the rest of mankind to the service of God, it gives you the right and the power to handle holy things, to touch God, to generate sacramentally—put out your hands that they may be consecrated and sanctified by the union and benediction of God. It makes you officers of sacrifice, receive which will be placed the Body, in which will course the blood of the Divine Victim, Christ immolated. It confers upon you the power to judge and purify souls. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, let them be forgiven." Future masters in the assembly of the faithful, pastors of the flock of Jesus Christ, bow down and receive the yoke of your noble servitude, promise obedience to the spiritual father who preceded you, and who begot you in the blessed hierarchy. If I consider, brethren, in their entirety, the sacred and august mystery of the Ordination, as a simple ceremony of investiture, I can see nothing anywhere more solemn or more worthy of reverence, or more calculated to produce a sentiment of awe—neither the imposing authority of gigantic plebeians, nor the pomp of royalty, nor even the liturgical majesty with which the priests of the Old Law were introduced into the temple and dedicated to the service of Jehovah. The voices of a whole people, the oil which runs over the brows of kings, gives to the powers of the earth but a superficial consecration which associates them to the government of God without in any way altering or transforming their nature. In the interior of their being, they are the same manner of men, and if misfortune overtakes them, there remains to them but an exterior prestige which appeals to our respect. In a high order, although they had bent their heads under the hand of a consecrating Pontiff, and heard the Lord say: "Take care; the soil of the holy unction is upon you." The priests of the Mosaic Law themselves were not changed and sanctified interiorly by the sensible sign and the symbolic act which consecrated them. It is not thus in the priestly consecration of the New Law. The penetrating virtue of the sacrament traverses the fleshly covering where the sensible sign stops, and takes possession of the elect of God in the innermost recesses of his being. Under the action of this virtue he is no longer the same man, God has marked his soul with a mystic sign by which he will be forever recognizable, is a supernatural power which accompanies the configuration of the Christian to the Trinitarian type, and the participation of the Christian in the priesthood of Jesus Christ. The priest is marked: "Thou art a priest forever." No matter what he does, he cannot efface that which is "inextinguishable, everlasting, and incorruptible, as the spirit on which it is imprinted. "This character clings ever to him; eternal honour to him if he reverences it; eternal dishonor if he is unfaithful to his consecration. In vain he regrets that he has been given to God, and protests against his condition; in vain he flees from the altar, and destroys the vestments which distinguish him from the men of the world; in vain he throws his consecrated life into the turmoil of earthly affairs; in vain he engages in business or gives himself up to pleasure; in vain, weary of his loneliness, he seeks a companion and opens his heart to the enjoyment of a sacrilegious love; in vain endeavors to change his priestly character by changing his dress, his habits, his mode of life, he cannot deceive those who have known him. People feel uneasy in his presence; and the indignant soul murmurs: "Thou art a priest forever." Death itself will not take away the effects of his priestly consecration. The impenitent priest will carry with him to hell the inscription of the declaration of God; and the dimmed reflex of a glory betrayed will earn him the jeers of the damned, and will point their fingers at him, crying: "Look at him! O accursed wretch, thou art a

priest forever!" Pere Monsabre then entered into lucid exposition of the six Orders which precede and lead gradually up to that of the priesthood, by which the virtue of the Sacrament is poured upon the soul of the ordinand. "What a beautiful and holy hierarchy," he exclaimed in conclusion. "The entrance to it is open only to those who, by an act of separation, become the ministers of God, receiving the Orders step by step until their sanctity is crowned by the Sacrament of the Priesthood, which gives them a wondrous power that, emanating from the natural Body of Christ spreads all over His Mystical Body—the generating episcopate of Holy Orders entrusted by the Holy Ghost with the government of the Church. How sublime the harmony of that Hierarchical system! Behold on our poor little earth, the choir of the celestial Jerusalem! On high the attributes and perfections increase, from Angels to Archangels, from Archangels to Principallities, from Principallities to Powers, from Powers to Virtues, from Virtues to Dominations, from Dominations to Thrones, from Thrones to Cherubims, from Cherubims to Seraphims; below, the Offices mount up in the order of nobility, from cross bearers to lecturers, from lecturers to exorcists, from exorcists to acolytes, from acolytes to the Sub-Diaconate from the Sub-Diaconate to the Diaconate, from the Diaconate to the Priesthood, from the Priesthood to the Episcopate. On high, in the variety of attributes and perfections, all are angels; below, in the variety of offices and grades, all are clerics. On high, all are eternally fixed, because all are immortal; below, the choir is mortal and ascends, one after the other, in the scale of time, to the summit of hierarchy. On high, below, the choir of the angelic world and of the clergy revolve by a concentric movement around the same God, adoring and serving the same God, receiving from the same God greatness and glory according to the rank which they occupy. On high, below, it is the noblest, the most splendid harmony which God has created. It is written that the Queen of Sheba, observing the wonders of Solomon's temple, and, above all, the order of his attendants, lost her habitual reserve, and said to the King, "Why were I not among them, that I might see the effect of one of those things which you call the sacraments. The priesthood deserves well the name which the Church has given it—the venerable sacrament of Order—*generandum sacramentum ordinis*."

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

GRAND TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO DR. BURNS FROM THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF HAMILTON.

A deputation from the Hamilton branch of the Irish National League—consisting of Messrs. P. Harte, President; W. McDonald, Treasurer; J. O'Neil, Secretary; Alderman J. O'Brien, Chairman of Committees, and the following members: Messrs. R. Ryan, P. Ryan, M. Malone, C. Leyden, H. Arland, J. Casey, T. O'Brien, P. Crotty, J. O'Reilly and W. Lyons—waited on Rev. Dr. Burns at the Wesleyan Ladies' College a few days ago. The President introduced the members, and briefly explained the reasons for taking him by surprise, which he said, was for the purpose of tendering him the gratitude of the League for his eloquent lecture on Home Rule, delivered under their auspices in the Grand Opera House on the 26th ult. He said their feelings were partially expressed in an address, which the Secretary read. Mr. O'Neil then read the following address, which was presented a splendid colored crayon portrait of the Honorable W. E. Gladstone.

ADDRESS.

To the Rev. A. Burns, D. D., LL. D., Governor Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton:

REV. SIR,—The members of the Hamilton Branch of the Irish National League beg to tender you their heartfelt gratitude for your able, eloquent, and enlightening lecture on the important question of the day, "Home Rule for Ireland," delivered by you on the 26th ult., in the Grand Opera House. We admire the true spirit of patriotism and religion which animated you as one of Ireland's truest and noblest sons to raise your voice in behalf of our long-suffering country, also the lucid and intelligent manner in which you clearly established, from unquestionable authority, the wrongs inflicted on her for centuries, and your brilliant advocacy of the just and right of Irishmen to frame the laws which govern them. We fervently pray that God will spare you, your estimable wife and family in the enjoyment of good health until you have the happiness of seeing your noble aspirations fulfilled—Home Rule for Ireland, with a Parliament in College Green; her people prosperous and happy, with all rancorous feelings of the past buried in oblivion. We respectfully request that you will accept the accompanying portrait of the world's leading statesman, the Honorable W. E. Gladstone, as a slight tribute of respect, and in appreciation of the invaluable services you have rendered to the Irish cause.—Signed on behalf of the League.

JOHN O'NEIL, PATRICK HARTE, Secretary, President. JAMES O'BRIEN, Chairman of Committee. Hamilton, May 20th, 1886. The address was beautifully illuminated in various colors, green being conspicuous, with a golden harp surrounded by a wreath of shamrock at the top, with the motto, "Erin go Bragh." Both were set in magnificent gilt frames.

Dr. Burns, in reply, said—Gentlemen, I have done nothing to deserve these flattering and valuable testimonials, with which you have presented me, but it is just like Irishmen—always warm-hearted and generous for any tribute paid to their country. What little I have done or said to merit it was because I am Irish. I was born there. It is my country, and therefore I consider it my duty to raise my voice in her behalf. Had I the eloquence of a Demosthenes, a Burke or an O'Connell, I would use it to her behalf. Whatever I said was the truth, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth when I fail to speak it. What a pity that England would not trust Ireland instead of throttling her. If she would raise the cry that if the Irish Church was disestablished the Protestants would be exterminated. Of course he only meant Protestants belonging to the English Church. All others were considered by him as bad as the Roman Catholics. Well, this rampant crank was crummed into jail, where his valor soon found an outlet. The Irish Church question was calmly debated and quietly settled in the House of Commons under the leadership of the present Grand Old Man. The Church was disestablished, and who suffered by it? Nobody. It was never more prosperous than at this present. It could not wonder to see this proud arrogant man, when he would soon cool down. In your address you allude to the religious spirit that animated me. I believe that religion and patriotism should go hand in hand. There is no more religious people in the world than the Irish. I never yet knew an Irishman to be an infidel. The Irish people cling to the Church in which they were brought up, and it surprises me why Englishmen, who profess to be exceptionally religious and boast so much of their love of the Bible, should crumple Ireland as they have so long done. I reverse the Bible as much as any man living, but I am confident God never meant it as an instrument of oppression. There is not one sentence in it stating that one nation should treat another harshly. The doctor again returned thanks on behalf of himself and Mrs. Burns for the magnificent and beautiful picture of Gladstone more than anything they could offer him. He then invited them into the parlor to introduce them to Mrs. Burns and his children, saying that Mrs. Burns, although English by birth, was a greater Irishman than himself.

Mrs. Burns expressed herself as highly pleased both with the address and the picture, and said she would have them placed in a conspicuous place. She hospitably entertained the deputation, and after spending an enjoyable hour in social conversation they withdrew, all more fully impressed than ever with the noble qualities of the doctor and his estimable wife. A curious incident took place at the deputation. A large number of ladies and gentlemen, headed by Mr. W. E. Stanford, accompanied by the 13th Battalion Band, entered the large hall, serenaded the doctor and the young ladies, and then proceeded to the Grand Opera House to the honor previously conferred on the learned doctor.

The address was engraved by Mr. W. Bruce and the frames were made by Messrs. Marsden & Son.

Father Dowd's Forty-Ninth Anniversary.

As Father J. O'Callaghan announced last evening at the month of May sermons, Father Dowd sang Mass at 6 o'clock this morning and the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Before mass a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the sacristy and presented Father Dowd with choice bouquets of flowers, the occasion being the forty-ninth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. During the past year he suffered much from an illness which confined him to his bed for nearly two months, and which cast a gloom over the whole parish, but now, thanks to the prayers of not only his parishioners but also of a large circle of friends outside of the parish, he is almost his former self. Father Dowd has been performing his priestly functions forty years in Montreal and should he live until the 20th of May next, which it is sincerely hoped he will, his parishioners will have the happiness of celebrating his golden jubilee. Montreal, May 20, 1886. A. Z.

Missionary Life in the Northwest.

In northwest Canada the perils and sufferings of the Catholic missionaries this winter have been greater than usual. Bishop Grandin, of St. Albert, says that two of his priests were killed by the Indians because they would not favor the rebellion. Two priests were drowned by the breaking of the ice while they were trying to save an Indian boy. Three priests were frozen to death in a blizzard. Four who were confined in Poundmaker's camp were badly frozen that their lives were with difficulty saved. Bishop Grandin now

has a force of thirty-eight priests, with twenty-two lay brother assistants. There are eight establishments, with forty Sisters of Charity, who take care of orphans and teach school. The Bishop has been in his present work for over twenty years, and has had on the whole a very hard time of it. He says there are about fifteen thousand Catholic Indians in his young Indians, for he finds that the older ones are so feeble that they cannot be depended upon.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN FROM ROME.

ARRIVAL OF HIS GRACE AT HALIFAX—A ROYAL RECEPTION—ADDRESSES OF WELCOME AND DEMONSTRATIONS OF JOY.

Halifax, May 20.—The reception tendered His Grace Archbishop O'Brien last night, on his return from the eternal city, must have been highly gratifying to the distinguished prelate. His Grace and Rev. Father Ellis, by whom he was accompanied on his visit, arrived at Halifax on the evening train, at about ten o'clock in the morning. During the day Archbishop O'Brien celebrated Mass and in the evening favored the Catholic congregation with a sermon. His Grace was the recipient while at Truro of an address of welcome, signed by W. J. Prendergast, Thomas O'Regan, Collin McGillivray, Alex. McEneaney, Thomas McCannell, Jeremiah Nolan, Frank J. Laris, J. T. Hallisey, John Leonard, T. B. Ryan. The city for a delegation left the city for Truro by the early train, among those going being Very Rev. Monsignor Power, Fathers Carmody, Murphy, Danahy, Biggs, Desmond, Underwood and Madden, Rev. Dr. Walsh, Hon. James Butler, M. J. Power, M. P., Aldermen Keefe, Lyons and O'Brien, Messrs. M. Murphy, John Murphy, John M. Lough, E. J. Power, J. C. O'Mullin, John Morrissey, M. Neville, Thomas Lynch, P. Doyle, M. Scallan, E. A. Donohoe, J. L. Berry, P. Dillon, T. M. Power, Dennis Lyneal, John Burns, Thomas Muleady, M. Kavanagh, J. W. Kenny, Dr. Farrell, Dr. Cattell, Messrs. H. H. Fuller, M. Dwyer, E. J. Dearys, H. W. Johnston, W. W. Kenna, Thomas O'Malley, Col. Coates, and others.

Arriving at Truro the delegation waited upon the Archbishop at the residence of Rev. Father Cummins, the resident priest there, where His Grace was sojourning. At twenty minutes to six the archbishop and party arrived here by special train for Halifax, arriving here at half-past seven. At Mount St. Vincent the pupils and sisters lined the balconies and tendered His Grace quite an ovation. The weather was beautifully fresh and balmy, and at the North street railway depot an immense concourse of people had assembled, and as the party alighted they were warmly cheered. Dense crowds lined the causeway traversed by the procession.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.

The archbishop, who is looking remarkably well after his long journey, seemed much pleased with the spontaneous demonstrations accorded him during the entire drive from the railway station. At the cathedral door his Grace was met by the thruster-bearer, cross bearer, candle bearers, and acolytes, and by them preceded to the altar. He was attended by several priests. The altar and chancel were most artistically arranged with lilies and other plants. In the chancel the cathedral was packed to overflowing. After his Grace had engaged in prayer, the choir, under the leadership of Prof. Carrie, rendered in a most finished manner the *Te Deum*. Archbishop O'Brien gave an impressive benediction. Alderman O'Brien then stepped forward and read in a clear tone the following

ADDRESS.

To the Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D. D., Archbishop of Halifax:

WE gladly avail ourselves of your return from your first visit to the eternal city since your elevation to the episcopate to extend to you an earnest and hearty welcome, and to give an expression to our joy at having you once more amongst us. We congratulate you on your safe return after paying your tribute of respect and devotion to the distinguished head of our holy church. Your visit to a place so full of tender interest to every Roman Catholic has been especially gratifying to your grace, affording you as it did the opportunity of assuring the Holy Father of the loyalty and deep filial affection of His children in Canada, and of their earnest prayers for his health and welfare and for the speedy restoration of the cathedral and privileges of which he and the church have recently been deprived. We are confident that many blessings and advantages will accrue to the diocese from your visit and your labors while away.

A few years on your archbishop, and we cheerfully bear testimony to the fact that the high anticipations we then formed of your piety, your learning, your devotion to the interests of the church, and your zeal for the moral well being and spiritual advancement of those committed to your care have been more than realized.

We need only point to the completion of that beautiful edifice, St. Patrick's church, and the St. Patrick's home for boys, and the work being done there, and to your earnest and well directed labors in the cause of temperance, education and religion to prove how energetic, how practical and fatherly your care for your people has been.

Upon your arrival here to assume the duties of the sacred office, which the Holy Father so fittingly bestowed upon you, you found your people in peace and harmony with the various other religious denominations of the city, and we are

glad to be able to congratulate you on the continuance of the same happy relations. Your praiseworthy exertion on behalf of constitutional reform in Ireland has filled the hearts of those who claim that country as "their fatherland" with pride and gratitude, and they trust that you will be enabled in the future to give to that cause the benefit of your energy and your great abilities.

We cannot conclude without testifying to the unceasing care and ability with which Very Rev. Monsignor Power, the administrator of the diocese, aided by our beloved clergy, attended to the spiritual wants of our people and administered the affairs of the diocese during your absence.

Signed on behalf of the Roman Catholic laity,

JAMES BUTLER, Chairman, JAMES J. O'BRIEN, Secretary.

The address was beautifully illuminated, the work of Mr. Wm. H. Larkin, and expensively framed. When the reading of the address had been concluded, Archbishop O'Brien ascended the pulpit, and spoke to those assembled for some forty minutes. He wished from the bottom of his heart to return thanks for all the respect and devotion which he had witnessed. He said he might possess a great deal of vanity, but he did not for one moment suppose the demonstration was for him personally. He knew it was faith and an devotion to the Church which prompted it. He was much gratified and touched, however. For himself, had his personal wishes in the matter been consulted, he would have preferred to come to the city, quietly, as he would were he returning from an ordinary visit in the diocese, but on this his first visit to the Holy See he felt pleasure at the interest in his return.

His Grace had been able to tell the Pope of the loyalty to Rome existing in this Dominion, and nowhere was there more sympathy and loyalty than in the diocese of Halifax. He had been able to tell him of the pleasant relations existing between the different denominations here, each of which were firm in their own convictions and principles, but harmonious. He had been able to tell him of the spread and growth of Catholicism in this great and free country. Drawing to a close the archbishop referred to the manner in which Rev. Monsignor Power had performed the labors devolving upon him during his (the archbishop's) absence, and he wished to publicly testify to the successful and satisfactory work done by the rev. gentleman. His Grace urged unity in the church as the only way its influence could be destroyed by dissension. He hoped the pleasant relations existing between the clergy and people would continue in the future as in the past. He again offered his sincere thanks for the demonstration, and assured his people that he would pray to God to bless and prosper them, and closed by announcing that in some future occasion which due notice would be given, he would bestow on them the Apostolic Benediction, which he had been commissioned to confer.

His Grace handed to the reception committee to be made public the annexed.

REPLY TO THE ADDRESS:

Hon. James Butler, Chairman, James J. O'Brien, Esq., Secretary.

GENTLEMEN,—The words of cordial welcome and the expressions of esteem with which, on the part of the Catholic laity of Halifax, you meet me on my return from my first visit as Archbishop of Rome, and above all, the Catholic sentiments of loyalty and devotion to our Holy Father the Pope are most gratifying to me as evidence of the abiding faith and religious feelings of the Catholics of this city.

It was indeed to me a happy privilege as well as a pleasing duty to be able to assure the Supreme Pontiff of the filial love and deep affection of his children in Canada, and especially in this diocese—a love and affection which I could sincerely tell him was unsurpassed in other countries. He enquired minutely about the spiritual state of the diocese and listened with delight to what I had to tell him of the faith and piety of the people, and of the progress of religion in our midst. He was likewise to know something of our civil and political life, and was much pleased to hear of our well ordered liberty and of the happy relations existing in social life among all classes and creeds. His large mind and keen intellect grasped more fully than other European our great possibilities as a nation and sympathized with our aspirations. His most fervent good wishes and blessings were bestowed upon his diocese, and all its good works both in general and in particular.

I cheerfully bear witness that much has been done to promote religion, morality and temperance during the past few years, but by your generosity and to the unwearied labors of my priests in the city these results are due, and not to the catalogue of imaginary virtues you ascribe to me. I can only lay claim to a sincere desire to work for your spiritual and temporal good.

The happy relations existing in this community, where men know how to reconcile earnest devotion to their own principles, with a respect for the rights of others is a pleasing characteristic of Halifax which I trust may ever continue. As a Bishop of that church which has deep and broad foundations of civil liberty and ever sided with the unjustly oppressed, I could do no less than encourage all legitimate exertions looking to the civil freedom of a country dear to the hearts of so many.

Your graceful recognition of the untiring labors of the Very Rev. Monsignor Power, administrator of the diocese, and of the zealous work of your beloved clergy is well merited by him and them, as I am glad to be able to publicly testify, and its expression does honor to their worth and to your feeling of gratitude.

C O'BRIEN, Archbishop of Halifax.

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invited to send for
superior wine for

Women and Women.

BY CLARE BEATRICE COPPEY. Some women cannot build the bones of their hearts up straight. Their weak hands are unskilful in the work of the needle that perdy has made.

THE MARTYR'S ROSARY.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart. It was near midnight on March 9, 1615. Through the frosty air the moonlight fell, clear and cold, upon the high-pitched roofs of ancient Glasgow.

After this he arose and returned whence he had come. The woman was very ignorant, a Protestant, and not knowing a word of Latin, but the scene, and the words which she heard distinctly, so impressed her that she never forgot them.

Father Ogilvie, who came of a noble and warlike race, had the frank and fearless bearing of a soldier, as well as the zeal of a devoted priest.

When brought before the false Archbishop, the latter struck him on the face, asking how he dared come and say his Masses in a "reformed" city?

Night being come, the Father was put into the prison called the T. L. booth, and Spottiswood wrote in all haste to King James, boasting of the prize he had taken in this Jesuit Father, together with "fourteen of the townspersons, convicted of having heard Mass."

Next day, Father Ogilvie, ill from the violence he had received, as well as from cold and hunger, for it was twenty six hours since he had tasted food, was brought before his judges, examined at great length, and then sent back to prison.

As he steadily refused to acknowledge the King as the Head of the Church, or to betray any of his people, he was put to the torture of "the boots"; horrible instruments made of bars of iron, in which the legs were tightly screwed until, sometimes even the bone was crushed and broken.

Early in December an order came for the prisoner to appear before the Privy Council of Scotland at Edinburgh. Spottiswood had given out that, while under torture, the Jesuit had betrayed his acquaintances. When, therefore, he appeared outside the prison, guarded by the Archbishop's men-at-arms, he was assailed not only by a storm of maledictions, but by showers of mud, stones, and snowballs, from a crowd of the poorer people, who believed that he had played them false.

After riding more than forty miles through the snow the Father reached Edinburgh on December 8, 1614. He was at first imprisoned in the Archbishop's palace, but after three days was removed to one of the castle dungeons.

To this day "the priest's dungeons" are shown in Edinburgh Castle, and very horrible they are, dark and foul, and in one there is no opening whatever for air when the door is shut.

At length Father Ogilvie was brought before the Council. In answer to their questions he related his conversion, and gave his reasons for it, to the great confusion of the ministers, but not a word could be extorted from him which might imperil any other person.

"When you arrived in Edinburgh, where did you lodge?" "I answer, that I am not bound to tell you. Judges have the right to know my crime, if I have committed one, but not to know where I lodged."

"Ask me what the King has a right to ask, and I will obey." "The King forbids you to say Mass, and yet you say it."

"Well; and whether I ought to obey Christ or the King in this, judge for yourselves. The King, you say, forbids me to say Mass; and Christ, in the twenty second chapter of St. Luke testifies, instituted the Holy Mass, and commands me to 'Do this.' I will prove it to you when you like."

"My decision is made as I have already said."

The Father being remanded to his dungeon, his judges deliberated as to the kind of torture most likely to reduce him to a state in which he would say anything they wished him to say; and finally decided on a forced vigil.

The object of the Government being to deprive him not of life, but of his self-command; he was allowed a few hours of sleep in the hope that when suddenly awakened and dragged before his judges, all exhausted and bewildered, he might make some avowal to their advantage.

But the news of this forced vigil had flown throughout Scotland, arousing indignation against the persecutors. Many of the nobles who had apostatized came to see the Father, entreating him to do the King's pleasure and save himself from further torments, but Father Ogilvie's answers soon put them to shame.

One day many great people came to see him in his prison, and one gentleman loudly said that they had more things in store for him; that they would end by sticking his head on the West Port, to make an example of his obstinacy.

"Really," said the Father, "you are worthy to be made hangman; but I do not mind you in the least. By God's help I am ready to suffer for the truth more than you can do frighten women with. I mind them no more than the cackle of geese."

When again placed before the Lords of the Council they bade him consider how merciful (!) they had been to him, in not putting him afresh to the torture of the "boots."

"To this the Father made answer: 'To serve Christ and His Church I need not my legs so much as my head. The forced vigil which they made me bear robbed me of my senses, and so robbed me of all. To convert a reasonable man by first driving him out of his mind, and turning a Jesuit into a simpleton; truly it is a conversion worthy of Protestant ministers!'"

"If you will not obey the King," they said, "you shall see harder things to suffer yet."

"Oh," the Father answered, "bring your boots, then; and I will show you by God's grace that I do not set such show on my legs as you do on your boots. My destiny is too noble to yield to force; though my trust is not in my own strength, but in God's aid."

As Father Ogilvie, worn out with long standing before the Council, was being conducted back to his cell, a certain lord—a sheriff of one of the districts of Glasgow—furiously upbraided him, that he, a Scot, should thus refuse to obey the King.

"If I will not obey the King," he said, "I would have you boiled in wax!" The Father smiled. "Ah, but my good friend," he said, "if God had meant you to be King he would have given you more sense!"

The Royal Commissioners, despairing of getting one compromising word from this strange man, who ridiculed even their tortures, at length sent him back to Glasgow, to Spottiswood, the Archbishop.

"I returned to Glasgow," he wrote, "on Christmas Eve, and was chained by both feet to an iron ring in the wall; but they feared I might fall sick, and I am now fastened by a double chain to one foot only."

Early in March arrived a letter from the King to the Archbishop, commanding that since the Jesuit persisted in his denial of the Royal Supremacy, the Privy Council should proceed to judgment and execution.

The rumour of the arrival of the letter spread through the town, and soon reached Father Ogilvie in his prison. "What news?" he one evening asked his keeper.

The martyr spent the night in prayer. Being disturbed by the rude carousals of the guards, and finding the gates ill watched, he went out, as we have related, into the square, and prayed for some time at the gallows' foot.

Next morning, when the magistrate arrived at the prison, he found the prisoner still in prayer. Asking the Father if he were ready, he answered that for a long time past he had been waiting for this moment.

When they led him forth he was scarcely clothed; his dress was in rags: the Archbishop's house-steward had appropriated his mantle. A dense crowd filled the streets. There were no mockings and curses now. All knew now how true and strong he had been, and that no tortures had been able to wring from him a single name. On all sides arose words of encouragement, blessing, and prayer.

Father Ogilvie was first conducted to the Town Hall, which formed part of the Tolbooth, to receive his sentence, which was that he should be hung, drawn and quartered, and his head stuck on a pike over one of the gates. Sentence was pronounced at ten o'clock; an hour after mid-day it was put in execution; meanwhile the Archbishop and other personages went to dine.

The whole city was assembled in the squares and neighbouring streets, while from many a hat in the highlands men had come to catch a last word or look.

On his way to the scaffold Father Ogilvie was beset by one of the heretical ministers. "My dear Ogilvie," he said, "how I deplore this obstinacy, which is leading you to an infamous death!"

The Father assumed an air, as it were, of one in fear. "As if," he said, "could help dying, after they have condemned me to death for high treason!"

"Treason! Nothing of the kind, as I am to tell you. Only abjure Popery and the Pope and you shall be loaded with honours."

"And will you venture," said Ogilvie, as if he doubted him, "to repeat aloud so that all may hear, what you have just said to me?"

"That is just what I desire to do!" returned the minister, eagerly. Father Ogilvie raised his voice. "Listen, good people," he said, "to what the minister is going to say to us."

Then the minister proclaimed aloud: "I am authorized to promise Master Ogilvie his life, the Archbishop's daughter to wife, and a rich living, if he consents to join us."

"Yes, yes," we all hear! Come down, Master Ogilvie; come down from the scaffold!"

"Then I am here only for my faith? My religion is my only crime?"

"Yes your religion—nothing but that."

"Very well," exclaimed Ogilvie. "This is more than I had hoped for. It is for my religion that I die; and if I had a hundred lives I would give them joyfully for my religion. I have but one; take it then, and with all the speed you may!"

The minister was furious with rage; he savagely interrupted the Father and bid the hangman hurry him up the ladder. It was past three in the afternoon, and the martyr had neither eaten nor slept since the previous day, and could scarcely climb the scaffold. The minister again proclaimed that he died, not for his faith, but for treason. The Father was not allowed to speak, but he shook his head, while his friend John Abercrombie, who was probably also a priest, said to him: "Don't mind their lies, John; the more wrong they do you, the better for you," a word which has passed into a proverb in the Highlands.

When the executioner, humbly begging the Father's pardon, proceeded to tie his hands behind his back; but, before they were bound, the martyr threw his Rosary into the crowd—the only largesse he had to give.

Then, bending the prayers of all the Catholics, that he might be forgiven as he forgave all, he repeated that all his trust was in the merits of Christ his Saviour. He invoked our Lady and the Saints, not only as an outpouring of his piety, but as a protestation of his faith; for, even on the gallows, a minister demanded if he still believed in the worship of the saints. "I believe all that the Church believes," said Ogilvie, and at once began to recite the Litany of the Saints, first in Latin, then in Scotch, that all might understand him.

Now, on all sides, arose groans, sobs, and murmurs, with prayers that God would visit this innocent blood upon the people, but only on the authors of that undeserved death.

And the martyr's Rosary? The Rosary, in falling, struck the breast of a stranger, Baron Johann von Ekersdorf, a young Hungarian noble, who afterwards became Governor of Treves, and, in his old age, gave the following account to Father Balbins, S. J.

"I was then," he writes, "travelling in England and Scotland, as it is the custom for young men of the Hungarian nobility to do. I was quite young and had not the faith. I chanced to find myself at Glasgow the day when Father Ogilvie was led to the scaffold, and I cannot express with what a noble and lofty air he walked to his death. At his last farewell to the Catholics who surrounded the scaffold, he threw them his rosary, just before he mounted the gallows. This Rosary, thrown at random, hit me straight on the breast, so that I had but to lay my hand on it to keep it. But the Catholics flung themselves upon it with such impetuosity that I was forced to let it go, or be crushed myself. Nothing was then further from my thoughts than religion. My mind was a hundred leagues away; and yet, from that moment, I never had an instant of repose. This rosary had left a wound in my heart. No matter where I went, I had no peace. My conscience was troubled, and the thought was always with me, 'Why did the martyr's Rosary strike me, and not another?'"

"For several years this question pursued me, until at last conscience triumphed. I abjured Calvinism and became a Catholic. I attribute this blessed conversion to the Rosary, which, if I possessed it, I would not exchange for anything else in the world, and for which could I purchase it; I should think no price too great."

BLESSED PETER CLAVER, S. J. The Rev. F. X. Weninger, the famous Jesuit missionary, writes as follows of the miraculous cures effected by the Blessed Peter Claver, S. J.:

After the beatification of the venerable servant of God I was continually engaged in giving missions, and at the end of every mission I was in the habit of applying the relics of Peter Claver to the sick. Numberless cures followed, among them several cases which seemed to be distinguished by the characteristics of real miracles. The occurrence of the e striking cases induced me to ask Rome what course I should pursue; for I knew that if new miracles occur after the beatification of a servant of God it is usual to prepare for the further step of canonization.

The answer received from Rome was, that two or three cases should be referred to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and that I should wait for the order and directions of the congregation, which would probably be that a court be convened by the diocesan bishop, with authority from Rome to examine the cases according to the string ent laws provided for such occasions, and that all the questions sent by the congregation be strictly answered, and the replies returned to Rome.

In consequence of this answer, I sent five cases to the congregation, of which three were selected for examination. It may be remarked that for beatification, four miracles are to be proposed and proved; while for canonization of a saint two are required—namely, even only one miracle of the first class may suffice, if examined and found conclusive.

The following are the cases above referred to: 1. In the year 1861 there was an old woman, eighty years of age, in Milwaukee, who had a cancer in the face, from which she had been suffering for twelve years. On the Feast of St. Peter she came to me, and I applied the relic of Peter Claver to her cancer-eaten cheek, and the cancer disappeared instantaneously.

2. In the year 1863 there was in St. Louis, Mo., a man whose breast-bone, with some of his ribs, was in a state of decay, in consequence of the disease called cancer. His throat was affected by bronchitis and laryngitis; besides, he had the two forms of consumption called by the doctors pulmonary and pituitous. I applied the relic, and he exclaimed: "I am cured! I could dance!" In fact, he was at the same instant perfectly cured of all the above mentioned infirmities, and returned to his work in the bakery where he was formerly employed.

3. In the congregation at Valley Nipponese, in Pennsylvania, there was a girl of about twenty years of age, who had broken her collar-bone. In spite of the repeated efforts of the surgeons of Williamsport, this bone could not be made to join, and the poor girl's case was given up. Coming to confession at the mission, she explained to me her sad condition. The mother, dressing her arm that very morning had said to her: "My dear daughter, you have only one consolation—that is, that you can be saved with one arm as well as with two." But I encouraged her to have confidence in the intercession of Peter Claver, and taking her to the assembly, I applied the relic over the bandage on the arm. The same moment she was entirely cured. During the whole time that the processes were being carried on, I did not permit any mention to be made of them in the papers; for, as you are aware, it is against the spirit of the Church to speak of seemingly supernatural favors as miracles before the eyes are examined by ecclesiastical authority, assisted by the advice of professional men.

Frem's reports of miracles, before they have been duly authenticated, only expose the cause of religion to the suspicion of tolerating and encouraging credulity and superstition. But when the examination has been duly made, and the occurrences have stood the severe test of a Roman investigation, then the truth of a real miracle shines forth with dazzling brilliancy, whereas the false character of pretended miracles is at once made manifest.

FALSE LOVE OF PARENTS. Catholic Columbian. Some say the first child of the family; others say the last is spoiled for all agree that the ruin is in the work of the parents. Let us look in to the matter.

The world says a "good beginning makes a bad ending." It is false. God says a good tree will not produce bad fruit. An enemy sows cockle among the good seed. Who this enemy is we all know it is the devil. He makes use of man to accomplish his ends. False love is one of his most powerful means for the destruction of souls. We know how great is the love of parents for their own children. All of us would revert back to our own days of childhood for an affable evidence of this fact. We have seen the father distracted at the sight of his child's agony, and heard him while bent over this child, his face suffused with tears, cry out from the depth of his fatherly heart: "Oh, my son, would you were dead! I would suffer the pains for you, I could suffer for you as prophet David and his wail over the death of his son Absalom. It is hard to find fault with love. There is so little of it in the world. Self destroys it. Indeed, parents, we love you the more for the love you exercise towards your children. This is your warm hearts comes from God, therefore it could be governed by Him. Parents, could you bear the criticisms of others concerning your children and their home government, without getting angry, it would open your eyes to many faults.

The worst fault of parents is that they never correct the anger of infants. They say wait until the child has more sense; it is not big enough to correct. Even while at its mother's breast it knows enough to get angry and gratify its desire of revenge by slapping its own mother. Mothers generally pacify them by making all kinds of rash promises, which they never intend to fulfill. They blame the anger of the babe on a chair, table, or anything to hand; sometimes on the other children, and at last the child grows up while calling the attention of people thus quiet it. That baby is master of the whole house. What wonder! When it wants anything its little face is red with anger at a refusal and screams go forth to conquer. The end is gained. The infant knows its power and begins to use it. When such a child goes from home it wants all it sees. Its parents promise it everything, but not just now. "After a while you shall have it." "Now be quiet." "Be a good child." "God bless it!"

When such a child begins to talk it always says the correct things. It is a prodigy. Parents tell its sayings before the child to every visitor of the house. The little child listens and as it grows older grows more, not in wisdom, but in assurance to demand things and when to the side of its family say that child has an ugly disposition and will bring grief to its parents unless corrected. Parents cannot see their folly yet. But they are finally awakened, and then begins the warfare. They scarcely ever blot out of their mind all the evil planted in it by them. They grow impatient, and scold from morning till night, but this effects nothing. The child has been taught that these words mean nothing.

A mother once promised her child something belonging to the other child, and it cried for it. We corrected the mother and told the child it could not have it. It looked at both of us and seemed surprised. Again, we were present when an infant slapped its mother, and insisted on the mother then and there punishing it. She said: "A mother or father should never permit a child to raise its hand against them, much less strike them, without punishment. We are not in favor of a continual use of the rod, but there are times when to spare it means the ruin of the child."

When a father corrects, the mother should be silent, and vice versa. One parent should never free a child from the punishment inflicted by the other. Nor should one parent find fault before the child with the correction of the other. We were once over the correction of the other. We were once over the correction of the other. We were once over the correction of the other.

How could such children be otherwise than obedient? They heard lessons of obedience from their pastor, and their parents taught them to practice it at home. As a disobedient child is the shame of an obedient child is the glory of its parents. Parents, remember, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

S. S. M. For the Year 1866 No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as "just as good" as the great only sarsaparilla—Putnam's Painless Corn Extract. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

Worth Remembering. There is probably no better relaxing remedy for stiff joints, contracted cords, and painful congestion, than Hagar's Yellow Oil. It cured Mrs. John Sidden, of Orono, Ont., who was afflicted for years with contraction of the bronchial pipes and tightness of the chest. It is the great remedy for internal or external pain.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

Written for The Closing an Old Account— A hymn that gathers on its wings, the sound, Our dear old Deum grand arouns:

For this we thank you, you alone! You drove the Irish race, de zones And now from every zone sends back the Irish race, de zones Responds that shakes the world, On its track! Our triumphs in the world, it so; And this stands first among the signs

A debt we fairly pay in kind Whenever on this globe an ill befall, Or Irish pen can write, this is on its track! "You England's clearest heart to light our path, you are due— For this the world, with us, to you!" A debt we fairly pay in kind, this is on its track! "You England's clearest heart to light our path, you are due— For this the world, with us, to you!"

We thank you England, that you alone! From Irish souls but sank deeper there, And, carried to an exiled breast, Took root in every soil that grows its leafless Tompkins lift to-dog signs

O'er lands where but for you raised a shrine in Heaven's bow, for this on its track! For this the world, with us, to you!" A debt we fairly pay in kind, this is on its track! "You England's clearest heart to light our path, you are due— For this the world, with us, to you!"

Will you, till you yourself once more! We thank you for the sons of land's soil To drive her own to alien soil! Your blood is in your child's veins this hour, and you are due— You've sharply learned that it is on their name, the proud title their claims! Is that Irishman, so close have grown— To here, the dearest mother their own! A debt we fairly pay in kind, this is on its track! "You England's clearest heart to light our path, you are due— For this the world, with us, to you!"

But, England, for the hard profit now No thanks to you we pay— No, in the name of generous and strong, Who stand erect what's wrong! No, in the name of Ireland whose dust Throbs (neath her forests, faithful hand and just, She moves before the world's applause! And tears bedew and victor's monograph! No, in the name of God, who is the gift, Our sin's delayed, no grates we give!

To friends that help, to dear God who from heaven descends! Our hands we raise, our hearts we bend, And, kneeling, now—in justice give! Yet, for the Past's blessing, The Present's joy that bleeds, The future's promise, rising sun! Far off the Channel and the Irish race holds out its hand and arm, Your own to clasp, with mutual friendship firm, while Ireland implores, "God's blessing, day by day!"

A PROTESTANT DUCTORION. [The following communication, Dr. Sterling, of Sag Harbor, cent convert to the Church, late issue to the Catholic reply to a letter of a ministerial seat—a Jesuit—on the subject of jurisdiction and non-jurisdiction, in which the son of a regular communicant of Episcopal Church, for many years with the vestry, and his "defection" from the Church of Sag Harbor, could be a step. After describing the state of the parish at the time, Dr. Sterling goes on to say that he is a member of the union of faith, unity of work of authority are to be found in the Catholic Church. He declares the practice of his profession—the benign influence of religion—that he judges the fruits. The well chosen concluding paragraph admirably sums up the present position. . . . But respect of the and, in some respects, a mel in fine, so far as the Episcop concerned, I became quite and thoroughly discour attempts that were being made, so you must not wonder if I am a member of that one organization organized by is possible for a conscientious pastor to be hampered and dictated to in matters of his sacred calling, by a self-selves the vestry, and liable posed of men of all shades belief, or of no religion at all. I have known them to do, any truths of Christianity, should be gratified, and I wish the same.

"Is it not somewhat hum degrading, to your ideas of your calling that, as the date in the next vacant pastoral merits, social, spiritual should be calmly discussed, not female members of tion, duly assembled at the ted sewing circle or tea party not your fate as the next actually upon the favora you may have made upon senior warden? Should it your lot to be a vicar's other qualifications might divine calling more accept mate of his household. E daughters might wish to us as to your capabilities or inquire as to other v muscular Christianity. A why should this not be so minister, not the Lord's fee that it is Parliament for your credentials, an foot the bill. But be a ple, and direct our attention

Written for The Pilot. Closing an Old Account—April 9, 1886.

A hymn that gathers on its way the glow of song. Out deep the Dawn grandly creeps earth around: For this we thank you, England, you, and you alone. You drove the Irish race, despised, to every shore. And now from every zone the Irish race sends back Response that makes the lightning's anger on its track! Our triumph is the world's; dispersion made us one. And this stands first among the British debts we owe: A debt we fairly pay in kind: Wherever on this globe an Irish tongue can roll. Or Irish pen can write, this praise for aye shall swell. "You England nearest heads were leagued to fight our wrong; Her noblest hearts to give our psalm echoes long!" We thank you, England, that the Faith you strove to lose From Irish souls but sank each year the deeper. And, carried in an exiled nation's patient breast, Took root in every soil that gave those exiles rest. Its lofty Temples lift to-day their sacred sign. O'er lands where but for you it scarce had risen. In Heaven's face, for this our holiest thanks are due. For this the world, with us, a debtor stands to you! A debt we fairly pay in kind: That Faith your British Isles, your Australian shore Will prize, till you yourself grow Catholic once more! We thank you for the sons you sent to Ireland's soil To drive her own to alien home and subject toll: Your blood is in your children's children's veins. But beats with Ireland's truest pulse against your foe. You've sharply learned that tho' your stamp is on their names, The proudest title their ambition sternly claims. In that of Irishmen, so close their hearts they have grown. To hers, the dearest mother you have made their own! A debt we fairly pay in kind: Since Ireland sent her sons, in lines that knew no parting, To lead your laws, adorn your letters, make your laws! But, England, for the hard-won boon you proffer now No thanks to you we pay—no pledge to you we vow. No, in the name of generous nations, great and strong, Who sided us to wrest what you had grasped so long! No, in the name of Ireland's patriot dead, whose dust Thro' Irish earth your footstep, white, with faith, faith hand and just, She made before the world to write their epitaph: And tears bedew and victory lights each monument. No, in the name of Truth and Right; No, in the name of God, who sends Himself the gift. Our sins delayed, no grateful voice to you we lift! To friends that help, to dead that teach, to God who leads us on, our thanks we pour. On hands that kneel: But, England, in—justice, none—to you we give! Yet, for the Past's bequests that in our memory lie, The Present's joy that blends a million hearts in one, The future's promise, rising with this April sun, Far o'er the Channel and far across the sea, The Irish race holds out its warm right hand and says: Your own to elapse, with mutual debt, In friendship firm, while Ireland's benediction true Implores, "God's blessing, England, this day on you!"

A PROTESTANT DOCTOR'S CONVERSION.

The following communication from Dr. Sterling, of Sag Harbor, N. Y., a recent convert to the Church, appeared in a late issue of the Catholic Review. It is in reply to a letter of a minister of the Episcopal sect—a letter "full of ignorance, prejudice, and denunciation of the Church," in which the writer expresses astonishment that the son of a clergyman, a regular communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for many years connected with the vestry, and at the time of his "defection" senior warden of the parish of Sag Harbor, could have taken such a step. After describing the unhappy state of the parish at the time of his conversion, Dr. Sterling goes on to show that unity of faith, unity of worship, and unity of authority are to be found only in the Catholic Church. He declares it was in the practice of his profession that he beheld the benign influence of the true religion—that he judges the tree by its fruit. The well chosen metaphor of the concluding paragraph admirably illustrates the convert's present position: "But enough of this—it is a long and, in some respects, a melancholy story; and, as I became quite sick at heart, and thoroughly discouraged in the attempts that were being made to 'run it,' so you must not wonder at my desire to be a member of that one which runs itself. If you choose to belong to a religious organization organized by man, where it is possible for a conscientious and God-fearing pastor to be hampered, harassed, and dictated to in matters connected with his sacred calling, by a body styling themselves the vestry, and liable to be composed of men of all shades of opinion, and in the next vacant parish, your various merits, social, spiritual and otherwise, will be calmly discussed by the prominent female members of your congregation, duly assembled at their next appointed sewing circle or tea party, and may not your fate as the next rector hang critically upon the favorable impression you may have made upon the wife of the senior warden? Should it happily fall to your lot to be a vicar's curate, certain other qualifications might make your divine calling more acceptable to the inmates of his household. Even the vicar's daughters might wish to inform themselves as to your capabilities in law-tennis, or inquire as to other evidences of your muscular Christianity. And, I ask you, why should this not be so? You are their minister, not the Lord's. You must confess that it is Parliament that has given you your credentials, and England will foot the bill. But let us leave the people, and direct our attention to the minis-

ters of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this our own country.

"Is there any unity of faith or harmony of action among them? How many grades of churchmen have we to-day, and how diverse are their tenets? One tells me (I am speaking from practical experience and observation) that he considers the altar in the church as no more sacred than the umbrella stand in the vestibule. Our next rector will hardly allow one of the Committee on Church Decorations to approach the holy spot to perform the duties of her office; for he is a High Churchman, and would guard, even with the vigilance of a beadle, the sanctity of its surroundings. One minister will devoutly elevate the offering of the church during the Offertory, and the next, not doing so, will answer, with a contemptuous smile, I have no regard for the eighteen inches which I might decrease from the money and my Maker." But more painful still: what reverence can a 'priest' in the Episcopal Church have for his office, when he descends to the advertising columns of a religious newspaper to secure for himself a position wherein he can practice his profession? And, as if to recommend himself more highly as a sensational performer, he announces, with no uncertain sound that he is High. "A priest (High), unmarried, and rector of a growing and prosperous city parish, desires a parish in the South, Kentucky, Georgia, or Louisiana preferred. Best recommendation from bishop, clergy, and laity. Address, 'Rector,' Office of 'The Living Church.'—Living Church," Jan 13, 1886. "And shall we now turn to the bishops of the Church at this period of its history? God knows they have a heavy burden to bear, and this I know from personal experience. Having no centre of authority, at variance as regards their doctrine and discipline, showing no headship, often at loggerheads among themselves, the Senior Bishop (See of Delaware) crossing lanes with his Junior (Potter, of New York) as regards the formation of a Christian Brotherhood—a hydra-headed monster of confusion you please; for order is Heaven's first law in nature, and should be in the Church of the Almighty—if He has a Church. The latter fact was a very doubtful reality in my mind some months ago. I tremble now when I realize how nearly I stood on the brink of infidelity; for this is what all schism and sectarianism leads to. "I will gladly tell you with a rejoicing heart, what by the grace of God, and through His holy gift of faith, I do believe. I believe in the Divine Trinity—in the Father, and in the Son, and in the Holy Ghost. That the Scriptures are the Inspired Word of God, and that God manifested Himself to His creatures and redeemed them through and by the Blood of His Son Jesus Christ. I find in St. Matthew (16, xviii), that this same Jesus promised to found a church; that this is the first time the word was ever used in the same Scripture; that, moreover, He said that it should be His Church, rather His Church—and this is the only instance in which I can find the personal pronoun used in this connection in His Word. That for the divine gift of faith which St. Peter received in this acknowledgment of the mystery of His Incarnation, and His name Apostles, he would build His Church; that He would be with it till His consummation of the world, and would give to him as his credentials 'the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.' "In looking around me over the religious world to-day, I find one hundred and sixty-six sects—broken, scattered, and mutilated Christian bodies denying this fact. I am pained to say that counting in the Episcopal Church the number is one hundred and sixty seven. Alas! that body repeats the Catholic Creed of centuries ago, as if I have done for forty years, without realizing either its origin or significance. Is there any one Church of Our Lord Jesus Christ, here among this heterogeneous mass of conglomerated Christians? Is there any visible unity among them? Yes; but, alas! in one respect alone—in ignorant and vindictive prejudice, in hatred intense against the One Church, founded by Jesus Christ—His Holy, Catholic and Apostolic body. "My vision obscured as to unity elsewhere? Does the light of the Sun of Righteousness shine singly and alone for any other Christian body? Has the glorious promise of Our Blessed Redeemer proved to be of no effect? Who acknowledges this faith once delivered to the saints? 'I thank God: a noble body—two hundred and fifty millions of them on earth to-day, bearing a faithful witness to the faith and doctrine, the discipline and worship of the Universal, the Catholic Church. Find them where you may, whether in the distant islands of the Pacific or in our own cultivated centres of refinement and learning, clustered with G.ordon at Khartoum or falling as martyrs amid the primeval forests of America, their faith is one—without variableness, neither shadow of turning. "This, by the grace of Jesus Christ, is the Church I have found—rejoicing in the acceptance of her Seven Sacraments; taught and trusting by the divine all instrumental in them, that I may become partaker of a blessed immortality hereafter. In this unchanged and unchangeable faith it will be my greatest happiness to live and to die; and for I am willing, if necessary, to sacrifice all social ties, all worldly ambition and earthly hope; and writing you as I do in this manner because I feel it my glad duty to testify to my firm belief in it is the 'Faith of our Fathers.' Even in this late day of my life and religious experience, I feel like crying out with St. Augustine: 'Too late have I known Thee, O Beauty, ever ancient and ever new! too late have I loved Thee!' "You warn me of my surroundings, and bid me beware of Jesuitical influence; but let me say that my only guide in my reformation has been my faith, my Bible, and my American Cyclopedia. I have neither approached nor been approached by any member of this faith in regard to my religious convictions, and it would be impossible for them to make it any stronger or more sincere. The only Catholic publication that ever came into my hands, previous to my conversion, was that delightful and convincing work of our Cardi-

nalet, Archbishop Gibbon, 'The Faith of our Fathers,' which did much to confirm and strengthen my faith, and the perusal of which I can earnestly recommend to all honest and conscientiously minded Protestants.

"I believe like the former were certainly brought to bear upon me; but do you ask for more practical evidences wherewith I can establish my belief? Happily, in the practice of my profession I am furnished with many. It is a life and weak religion that will not bear the criticism and contact of everyday life, and, as a physician, my opportunities in these respects are not wanting. If a tree is known by its fruit, I have much to testify to, as regards the inner life of those professing the Catholic faith. Without waiting to dwell upon the impressive death scenes which I have often witnessed among members of this religion, where its last consolations are never neglected, I have yet to be approached for the first time by either a Catholic woman or wife seeking the destruction of unborn life. Never have I been called upon, in a practice of over twenty years, to usher into existence the illegitimate child of a member of this fold, which, alas! in both respects, a matter of common occurrence among those who do not acknowledge and partake of the sacramental grace, and who deny the faith of this holy religion. During my experience as a physician, I have only in two instances been called upon to treat Catholic young men suffering from the effects of illicit intercourse. My same record will stand as a melancholy evidence as regards those over whom the restraining influences of a living religion have no effect. And may I ask you to answer me—why is this? Does it come from the power of a faith over men and women that is full of error and superstition? Then I say, God bless and fortify that religion, and may my sons and daughters grow up and be developed under its benign influence! "It may be that we are 'bound for the same port,' if not sailing on the same course. Yet my ark of safety I shall liken to a ship that is well equipped, well officered, and well manned. The discipline of her crew was never questioned, and they are as anxious for the safety of her cargo as those to whom it is consigned. Her compass never varies—no gross metal ever causes its needle to deviate. Her chart was traced by the hand of the Chief Captain of our navy, and the one who controls its pillar is never weary or unrevolved. Her pathway over the long and tempestuous voyage of life is lit from beginning to end by her seven sacramental lights. Her dying child on board, and during any period of her passage, even when akick deep in that icy stream, is sustained and comforted with an impartial and fatherly hand. The discipline of her crew was never questioned, and they are as anxious for the safety of her cargo as those to whom it is consigned. Her compass never varies—no gross metal ever causes its needle to deviate. 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MAY 29 1886

early converts persevered in the doctrine of the Apostles, in prayer and in breaking of bread, viz, the Eucharistic sacrifice...

The Holy Mass was celebrated in the centuries in the first, second and third centuries. And when the Church came out of the catacombs with the glorious marks of the resurrection...

Thus, my brethren, from the very first days of Christianity, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been celebrated, and from that time down to the present day it has continued, and we have to day had the very inexpressible happiness of seeing another altar consecrated to renew it, then totter and gradually disappear...

What is the Mass? Draw near to this burning bush and observe the priest offers bread and wine—consecrated and transubstantiated into the Body and Blood of Christ. Look deeply in and realize what interior value these elements possess...

And in reality thus has this prophecy been ever interpreted, thus have its words been ever understood by the most ancient Fathers, and thus has the church herself in her councils understood them, especially in the Council of Trent...

How wondrously does Christianity provide for this great mortal and human soul! And how beautifully does the site of our altars unfold itself before us in this regard! The Mass, considered in its intrinsic value, is a "miraculum in miraculis"...

3rd. Again, we behold God, an Infinite Being, infinitely offended by the sin of man. Whilst He requires a satisfaction infinite in its turn, he receives it in the sacrifice of the mass, which is offered by

Jesus Christ, who infinite and one with the Father, could not make adequate satisfaction. He who makes it is God—the mass therefore is an absolute proprietary sacrifice.

4th. Finally, we know that if it is from God that we must obtain every good and perfect gift, every grace and benediction, it is in the sacrifice of the mass that we are most becomingly sought for, in that sacrifice in which the Son of the Eternal Father pleads for us and asks in the voice of His Atoning Blood and through the merits of His accomplished redemption...

Since the sacrifice of the altar is the reality and the complement of all the ancient sacrifices, and in their place substituted by Jesus Christ, this sacrifice is offered for the same ends for which they were offered, and thus with far much more reason, with much more efficacy, and spirit, by reason of its excellence, that it is infinitely greater, and because of its greater perfection...

What we deplore the unhappy lot of those Christians who shut their eyes to this visible sign, to this sublime miracle, to this transcending glory of Christianity, let us turn our thoughts to ourselves. I say, then, that a Sacrament so great, so august, so important imposes special duties on those who offer it, and on those for whom it is offered...

Yes, my brethren, these are the grand ideas, these the sublime thoughts which should occupy our mind while present at the Holy Mass. Oh, how the divine immolation becomes then a sublime act, perfect and beyond measure useful and efficacious to maintain, ever living in us the ideas and sentiments of religion, to confirm us in the service of God, and to serve as a pledge and as a means of acquiring eternal salvation!

With the transport of grateful souls let us endeavour to correspond with so grand a gift, with so great a love. Let us, like Moses, humble ourselves and be filled with awe and reverence before this fire of our Lord's love is ever burning and never consumed. Let us ever turning to the voice which proceeds from the midst of this altar, that the place whereon we stand is holy, yes, holy with the living, awful, real presence of holiness itself...

In a word, the sacrifice of the mass is not another sacrifice from that of the cross. It is not a complement of it as is in any part or manner. It is the self-same sacrifice of the cross, the same priest, the same Victim, only the mode of the offering is different.

Jesus Christ are seldom remembered. Having set aside the dogma, they certainly do not form the subject of their daily thoughts and meditations of real presence, they have at sight of heavenly things, and devoted themselves to the worship of the world and of material things. In fact, among those who have abolished the Eucharistic Sacrifice there is no longer any properly so called worship, because worship is epitomized in sacrifice—worship derives all its dignity, its efficiency from sacrifice...

In every Catholic Church the altar is the prominent feature, and sacrifice has been the highest mode of worship in the Church of God from the beginning. For in that church, where prophets preached, and patriarchs prayed, where David wept and Samuel heard the voice of the Lord, there was an altar and a sacrifice.

Here, no matter what corner of the earth, a Catholic may come; he will be united with his brethren through out the world, in the bonds of charity, and in the sacrament of faith. It is this striking feature of the Catholic Church, her unity, to which I wish to direct your attention this evening.

Wherefore, says St. Paul to the Cor., I. v. 4, "we beseech you, that you all speak the same thing, that you be of the same mind and the same judgment." Now, the Church, as the kingdom of Christ, or a society of men joined together by Jesus Christ, believing the same truths, submitting to the same authority, must have a bond by which it will be held together. It is only thus that it can continue united, only thus that its doctrine, the sanctity of its worship maintained. Without a central authority, unity would be a dream. Human wisdom has recognized this necessity, the divine wisdom could not have overlooked it.

The English papers should not overlook the lawless conduct of a fellow countryman, one Charles Gorman, who thrashed a peaceable citizen, named Charles Miller, because the latter professed Socialist views and said he would uphold the red flag. Upon being arraigned for the assault, Gorman said he had forgotten himself in knocking down the Socialist, but in extenuation of his fault, he pointed to the stars and stripes, and I couldn't stand it."

Herr Most, the Anarchist, does not approve of the prison system of the United States. He finds the cells too small. He seems to have deluded himself into the belief that prisons are intended as places of rest and recreation. And the talk of some reformers who make pots of criminals has probably strengthened this delusion, and taught Anarchists not to fear a punishment which would, in an era of "sweetness and light," give all the honors of martyrdom without any of its pangs.

A Mary McCarty last week petitioned in our circuit court for the dissolution of the bonds that united her in marriage with Patrick McCarty, alleging as her principal ground of her application for divorce the hostility of her husband to her religion, she being Catholic and her husband a Protestant. Patrick McCarty is a Protestant! Here is a chance for some enterprising dime-museum manager.

"I will show you the bride and the spouse of the Lamb." Rev. 21 ch. 10 v. 2. Beloved brethren, the beautiful ceremony you witnessed to day, the consecration of an altar, associates this church still more closely with all those sacred places dedicated by the Catholic Church to the special service of God, puts it in harmony with that Church which was spread over the world, and stretches back in the unbroken line of its pastors to the days of the apostles, with that Church which rejoices in an altar and a sacrifice. With St. Paul it can be said "We have an altar."

Here, no matter what corner of the earth, a Catholic may come; he will be united with his brethren through out the world, in the bonds of charity, and in the sacrament of faith. It is this striking feature of the Catholic Church, her unity, to which I wish to direct your attention this evening.

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Ruskin has faith in the Bible, especially the Vulgate, and has no patience with the learning that would destroy its respect. Of the great work of St. Jerome he says: "It is the grandest group of writings existent in the rational world, put into the grandest language of the rational world in the first strength of the Christian faith by an entirely wise and kind saint, St. Jerome; trans-

lated afterwards with beauty and felicity into every language of the Christian world; and the guide, since so translated, of all the arts and acts of that world which have been noble, fortunate, and happy."

His Grace the Archbishop also addressed the congregation a few words expressive of his heartfelt pleasure to be in attendance on that day. He had been much edified by all he had seen of the piety and fervor of the Catholics of London. He well remembered when they worshipped in the old church—considered in its time a very fine piece of ecclesiastical architecture. This old church had now, owing to their generous cooperation with their holy and learned bishop, disappeared to make way for their present glorious cathedral. The progress here of Holy Church delighted him. It was alike unto the progress made elsewhere on this continent by the Church of God. One hundred years ago there was but one bishop in all the country now included in the Republic of America and the Dominion of Canada.

The priests were then but a handful, the people comparatively few and scattered, while present laws in many parts of free America forbade the church's growth. Now the bishops in the two countries were more than one hundred, the priests were numbered by thousands and the religious by the ten thousand. This was a glorious spectacle indeed in the sight of God and man.

His Grace then pointed out the duty of all Catholics to God and to Church, let them hear and follow both, and they would be a glorious service to Heaven and to their fellow man. It was, he pointed out, incalculable the evil that bad Catholics inflicted on society, and to what an extent they hampered the action of the church. He counselled his hearers to be one with their venerable bishop in acting in all things first the Kingdom of God.

His Grace then gave Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Walsh and Dunphy. The attendance both morning and evening was simply immense and the collection exceedingly liberal.

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FROM PEMBROKE.

Pembroke, May 18, 1886.

At a meeting of St. Patrick's Literary Association, of Pembroke, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas we, the St. Patrick's Literary Association of Pembroke, assembled in our hall, on this special occasion, at this late day make known that we are interested in all that concerns the future happiness and welfare of Ireland.

And whereas, we sympathize deeply with the Irish people in their peaceful efforts to obtain local self government, which alone will secure happiness and prosperity to Ireland.

Resolved, That the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell we extend our earnest assurance of confidence in their patriotism, and our approval of their wise and noble efforts.

That we congratulate the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone on his utter self-forgetfulness and undaunted courage in bringing before the English House of Commons the Home Rule Bill.

That we congratulate Mr. Parnell and his colleagues and the Irish people in general on the Home Rule Bill now under discussion in the Imperial House of Commons.

That copies of these resolutions, endorsed by the president and secretary be sent to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, the CATHOLIC RECORD, the Montreal Post, the Boston Post and Pembroke Observer.

W. J. LONG, JAS. P. SARGENT, Secretary, President.

Pembroke, May 18, 1886.

At a meeting of St. Patrick's Literary Association of Pembroke, held in their hall on Tuesday, 13th of May, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

That the thanks of the St. Patrick's Literary Association be tendered to the Hon. Edward Blake for the noble and generous manner in which he brought forward the Irish Home R. l. resolutions in the House of Commons of Canada.

That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Honorable Edward Blake, the Globe, the CATHOLIC RECORD, the Montreal Post and Pembroke Observer.

W. J. LONG, JAS. P. SARGENT, Secretary, President.

TRIBUTE TO A WORTHY PRIEST.

At a special meeting of the Separate School Board, Kingston, convened in the Board Rooms for the purpose of receiving the resignation of the Rev. P. A. Twomey, for many years Chairman of the Board, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"Moved by Mr. A. Hanley, seconded by Mr. P. Smith, and resolved: That this Board, in accepting the resignation of the Rev. P. A. Twomey, desire to express their sincere regret (and have it placed on record in the minutes of this meeting) at the removal of our Rev. Chairman (Father Twomey), who has so ably filled that position for nine years, both with credit to himself and to the board, and the great loss they sustain by the removal of one who has endeared himself to all by his kind and courteous disposition, as well as on account of the very great interest he has at all times taken in the cause of Catholic education; and they view his withdrawal from the Chair of this Board as a most serious loss to our educational interests, knowing full well the valuable time he has cheerfully given, and the many sacrifices he has made for the advancement of the various Separate Schools in the city and suburbs."

The proposer expressed his own personal regret at the removal of the Rev. Father Twomey, whose uniform kindness won the respect of all classes of citizens, and his absence would be deeply felt for many years in Kingston.

Father Kelly, who occupied the Chair, spoke of Father Twomey's priestly conduct and the sorrow with which his fellow-priests in the Palace viewed his departure from amongst them, and paid a just tribute to the zeal and active labor of the retiring chairman.—Freeman, May 19.

A Cherished Institution Attacked.

Thomas G. Shearman, the lawyer of tearful memory in the Beecher trial, in a lecture on socialism, delivered before the association of Congregational churches in Brooklyn recently, deliberately attacked some of the cherished institutions of the country as being too communistic. He said of free public education that it was distinctly socialistic. He advised that parents and guardians should do their duty in this matter. "You say it can't be done?" he continued. "Why every Roman Catholic in this city is living contradiction of this statement. You first tax him for the public schools, and then he sends his children to the parish schools and generally pays something for the privilege of doing it too."

BENZIGER BROS., the great Catholic publishers of New York, have issued the Baltimore Catechism in the English, French, Spanish and German languages.

Written for The Pilot. The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of crying and tolling in the crowded lives of men; Heart-sore of building and polluting, And spilling and building again, And I long for the dear old river, Where I dreamt my life away; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MORNINGS

By the Faithful Fathers. Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York.

It has often been noticed, my dear brethren, and we every day come across examples of it, that when things are going well men think very little about God and about the practice of their religious duties.

Now, this shows that the service of God is felt by a great many to be a heavy burden and yoke. And I am sorry to say that this feeling is not confined to those whose passions and low propensities are so strong as to hold them down for a great part of their lives in slavery and subjection to sin and vice.

This is the teaching of the Holy Scripture, and especially of the great Apostle our patron, St. Paul. The text is but a sample of similar injunctions which might be found in every one of his Epistles.

Well there are ten thousand reasons why the service of God should be delightful and satisfactory; but I can refer to one only this morning—one, however, of which I think that we can all feel the force.

As a rule, the man who is carrying on a profitable and successful business, is so long as everything goes well, tolerably happy. You don't see him in the morning, which might be found in every one of his Epistles.

It may be useful for the reader to know that the popular preparation known as Hayward's Yellow Oil has proved a sovereign remedy for deafness, many certified cures being on record.

"Intended for the Protestant World."

The small volume to which an unknown American editor gives the misleading title "Hymns," by John Henry Newman, D. D., is substantially an appropriation of the "Verses on Various Occasions," published by Dr. Newman himself, except that the editor has left out pieces not in harmony with his religious opinions.

BROTHER GREEN ADMONISHED.

"I should like to speak a few words to Brother Amaz-n Green," said the president of the Lime Kiln Club, as the meeting opened and the hall grew quiet.

"Brother Green, who is a young man with a mellow look and a hitch in his gait, advised to the platform in a hesitating manner and the president continued:

LAND PIRATES.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS CONSIDERS SOCIALISTS AND ANARCHISTS AS SUCH. Last Sunday upon the occasion of the dedication of the Church of the Holy Cross, (German Catholic) in Baltimore, Archbishop Gibbons referred to the recent disturbances in Chicago.

It is of good service in the troubles arising from alcoholism, and gives satisfaction in my practice. A useful hint.

large body of men to lead lives of enforced idleness. Our strongest force consisted in the law of the land judiciously executed, and to a large extent.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS

I will send a valuable Treatise, Free, to any person desiring the same, that has been the means of curing many cases of Drunkenness, Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, Habits, etc.

W. J. THOMPSON'S CARRIAGES.

King Street, Opposite Revere House, Has now on sale one of the most magnificent stocks of CARRIAGES & BUGGIES IN THE DOMINION.

FREE MAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own preservative. Do a safe cure, and effective. Destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

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NATIONAL PILLS are sugar coated, mild but thorough, and are the best Stomach and Liver Pills in use.

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The Studies embrace the Classical and Commercial Courses. Terms (including all ordinary expenses) Canada money, \$50 per annum.

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STRICTLY PURE, POSITIVELY SATISFACTORY,

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180 DUNDAS STREET. (From London England.)

W. HINTON, UNDERTAKER, & CO.

The only house in the city having a Children's Mourning Carriage.

C. M. B. A.

The members of Branch No. 39 at... The members of Branch No. 39 at...

At a regular meeting of this Branch... At a regular meeting of this Branch...

Resolved, That the members of Branch... Resolved, That the members of Branch...

Catholic associations cannot be too... Catholic associations cannot be too...

I hereby tender my sincere thanks to... I hereby tender my sincere thanks to...

IRELAND THANKS IRISH-AMERICA

(From United Ireland, Mr. Parnell's organ)... (From United Ireland, Mr. Parnell's organ)...

The anti-Irish demons fixed their... The anti-Irish demons fixed their...

Mr. Gladstone has in one day softened... Mr. Gladstone has in one day softened...

that, if prompt to reverse their country's... that, if prompt to reverse their country's...

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S LETTER.

LONDON, May 23.—Justin M. McCarthy's... LONDON, May 23.—Justin M. McCarthy's...

With touching magnanimity Sir... With touching magnanimity Sir...

It has been properly discussed in... It has been properly discussed in...

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

FROM QUEBEC.

The Diamond Glee Club, of this city... The Diamond Glee Club, of this city...

The performance commenced by an... The performance commenced by an...

Next followed a side-splitting stump... Next followed a side-splitting stump...

Mr. Gladstone has in one day softened... Mr. Gladstone has in one day softened...

Chronicle and Hayden, Redemptorists, and... Chronicle and Hayden, Redemptorists, and...

HOME RULE.

MORE GOOD WORK IN DUBLIN, ONT... MORE GOOD WORK IN DUBLIN, ONT...

It does not pretend to make children... It does not pretend to make children...

Nothing, worse than all, the boy has... Nothing, worse than all, the boy has...

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

FROM WOODSLEE.

The Church in Woodslee parish lately... The Church in Woodslee parish lately...

Immediately after the church was... Immediately after the church was...

The Rev. Father McBrady, of Assumption... The Rev. Father McBrady, of Assumption...

The late poet priest of the South... The late poet priest of the South...

OBITUARY.

Died May 11th, of apoplexy, at his... Died May 11th, of apoplexy, at his...

A miser having lost £100, promised... A miser having lost £100, promised...

LOCAL NOTICES.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Summer... Ladies' and Gentlemen's Summer...

For the best photos made in the city... For the best photos made in the city...

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure. The powder is... Absolutely Pure. The powder is...

To Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, ADDRESSED TO... SEALED TENDERS, ADDRESSED TO...

TEACHER WANTED. With a first or... TEACHER WANTED. With a first or...

\$500,000 TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT. YEARLY... \$500,000 TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT. YEARLY...

Wicks for Sanctuary Lamps. F. MEAGHER'S... Wicks for Sanctuary Lamps. F. MEAGHER'S...

DOMINION SAVINGS AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY

Having a large amount of money on hand... Having a large amount of money on hand...

TO THE CLERGY.

The Clergy of Western Ontario will... The Clergy of Western Ontario will...

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN THRESHERS.

"ADVANCE" MANUFACTURED, as adapted for... "ADVANCE" MANUFACTURED, as adapted for...

MACPHERSON & CO.

WEBSTER.

IT IS THE STANDARD. Authority with... IT IS THE STANDARD. Authority with...

JUST ADDED

GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. Containing... GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. Containing...

TENDERS FOR COAL FOR THE PUBLIC

INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO. The... INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO. The...

TEACHER WANTED

With a first or at least second-class... With a first or at least second-class...

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