

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 1.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1879.

NO. 49

N. WILSON & CO.

TWO CASES

SCOTCH TWEEDS

RECEIVED TO-DAY.

Our Prices for these are the Lowest we have quoted.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

September, 1879.
Sunday, 21—Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost; St. Matthew, apost. and evang. Double.
Monday, 22—St. Thomas a Villanova, bishop and confessor. Double.
Tuesday, 23—St. Linus, Pope and martyr. Semi-double.
Wednesday, 24—Feast of Our Lady de Mercede. Double-major.
Thursday, 25—Holy Name of Mary. Double-major.
Friday, 26—St. Cyprian and Justina, martyrs. Simple.
Saturday, 27—St. Nicholas of Tolentina, confessor. Double.

REQUIEM MASS.

SERVICE OF THE MONTH'S MIND OF THE LATE BISHOP O'BRIEN.

BEAUTIFUL SERMON BY BISHOP WALSH.

On the 12th, Pontifical requiem mass, for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop O'Brien of Kingston, was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, the service being as imposing as that which took place at the funeral of the deceased prelate. The Month's Mind is of ancient origin, and its object is to cause an assembly of the faithful on the expiry of the first month from the occurrence of death, that the event may be fixed upon the mind, that the inevitable end which awaits all members of the human family. The sanctuary and altar were still fragrant in memory of the catafalque, the place in the usual position, the tapers were burning, the mitre, crozier, and the vestments of the Bishop were placed on top of the bier.

The congregation was large, and embraced a goodly representation of the parishes of the diocese. The Mass was commenced at 9 o'clock, Bishop Jamet acting as Celebrant; Vicar General Farrelly as High Priest; Rev. J. Sweeney as Deacon; Rev. M. Roussel as Sub-deacon; and Rev. F. X. Kelly as master of Ceremonies. The side seats in the sanctuary were occupied by the clergy of the diocese, and in the center, facing the catafalque, the Bishops of London, Hamilton and Oshesburgh were placed, attended by their chaplains. The following is a complete list of the clergy present:

Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, London; Rev. P. Brennan, Rev. M. Stanton, Ficton; Rev. Dr. Williams, Oshesburgh; Rev. P. Sherry and Rev. Florence McCarty; Rt. Rev. Dr. Crimmon, Hamilton; Rev. D. Mackey, and Rev. P. Lennon; Rev. J. Dean Proulx, Toronto; Rev. P. McGrath, Boston; Rev. Dr. Bergin, Laval University; Rev. J. H. O'Donoghue, Innesville; Rev. Paul Desautels, Brewer; Rev. C. McWilliams, Bailton; Rev. Larkin, Grafton; Rev. D. Farrelly, Belleville; Rev. B. Murphy, Prescott; Rev. G. Corbett, St. Andrews; Rev. Edw. Walsh, Toledo; Rev. M. McDonald, Perth; Rev. W. Fox, Chazy; Rev. M. O'Donoghue, Innesville; Rev. Paul Desautels, Brewer; Rev. J. T. Spratt, Wolfe Island; Rev. B. Higgins, Rev. P. A. Twooley, and Rev. J. T. Hogan, Kingston; Rev. J. H. McDonagh, Prescott; Rev. Thos. Davis, Hungerford; Rev. John Twomey, Centreville; Rev. John Donnelly, Prescott.

Near the close of the Mass Bishop Walsh ascended a temporary pulpit and preached a beautiful sermon, of which we give a full report. He was very tender in his references to the late bishop, and not a few were heard to audibly sob during the delivery of the discourse. His text was:

Martha therefore said to Jesus: "My brother had not died, but now also I know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee."

Martha said to him: "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Jesus said to her: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live. And every one that liveth, and believeth in Me, shall not die forever." **Dearly Beloved Brothers.**—One of the most touching incidents in the life of our Blessed Lord is that recorded in the words just read to you. It speaks to our hearts with a sympathetic power which human language is impotent to command. A beloved brother, the guardian, the prop and pride of two orphan sisters, is torn from the family circle by the cruel hand of death; he is taken away in the prime of manhood, in the full possession of those mental and physical powers that promise and ensure success in his sphere of duty; he is carried off in the midst of his usefulness and at a time when his presence appeared essential to the well-being and comfort of his sisters, and he is now four days dead, he is buried away in the dark silent tomb, his place is vacant at the family hearth, there is a sad void in the household; there is a beloved presence wanting, and grief, bitter and overpowering, and sorrow, speechless and inexpressible, because too great for utterance, have filled the souls of the bereaved and broken-hearted sisters. Our Blessed Lord came to console them in their agony and heart-

anguish, and Martha, hearing of his approach, rushed out to meet him, and exclaimed: "O Lord if thou hadst been here my brother would not have died." Our Lord replied: "My brother shall rise again." I knew, was the answer, that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. "I am the resurrection and the life; every one that believeth in me, even though he be dead, shall live, and every one that believeth in me shall not taste death forever."

And, dearly beloved, have we not a parallel to this scene in the sad bereavement that, like a thunder clap in a clear sky, has fallen on this diocese so suddenly and unexpectedly. A beloved bishop, a more than a brother, a sincere and affectionate father, in whose large and loving heart each member of this diocese had a place, has been stricken down by death and torn from amongst you in a manner the most distressing and appalling. In the full possession of his great intellectual faculties, in the prime of a vigorous manhood, with all the promise of many years of labor and of usefulness before him in the episcopate of God's church, your late distinguished and beloved bishop was stricken down as by a lightning flash in a place not his own, and that had left you full of life and vigor and hope to enjoy a few weeks of relaxation, is brought back a lifeless corpse amid the tears of his bereaved children and the grief unutterable of his widowed and sorrow-stricken diocese. Oh surely, this is a mystery of sorrow calculated to smite the strongest heart with awe and to overshadow the whole diocese with gloom and mourning; surely it is not to be wondered at that the children of the diocese, the laity and priesthood, should have been plunged in grief; that their cry of heart-broken agony should have been heard all over the land, and that the widowed church, like another Rachel, should have wept bitter tears because her good and devoted bishop was no more, because death, with the cruelty and savage ferocity of a wild beast, suddenly and stealthily sprang upon him and destroyed him in the midst of strangers and away from friends and home. He who consoled the sisters of Lazarus and dried their tears—God alone could soothe such a sorrow or bring a ray of hope and comfort into the darkness of such a sad bereavement, of such a profound grief. The poor human heart, in the midst of such a trial, naturally exclaims, "O Lord if thou hadst been here our Father and Bishop would not have died." And the holy church of God, on the day of the funeral and on this day of the month's mind, says to you in words similar to those addressed by our Lord to the sisters of Lazarus, "My children, why weep you, your bishop will rise again." Christ is the resurrection and the life; he has destroyed the empire of death, and your bishop, though dead as to the life of the body, is living with the immortal life of the soul, and he, with soul and body, will one day rise into glory and happiness unending.

This is your hope and the solid foundation of your consolation in the midst of your grief and affliction. The lessons taught by the death of Lazarus and his resurrection are taught us all by the death of your bishop; first, that death is certain, inevitable, and for the most part that it comes unexpectedly; and secondly, that it is not without hope; that although the side it presents to our temporal vision is dark and menacing and terrible, the eye of faith pierces its darkness and awful gloom and beholds the joys and glories and happiness of an eternal life shining beyond it for those who loved and served God here.

Death is certain and inevitable; he struck down Lazarus, he has taken away your bishop, and he will come upon us all. He is not, alas, an unusual visitor and yet he always comes upon us with a surprise. He is indeed a great preacher, and yet his preachings and his warnings too often fall on heedless and inattentive ears. An occasion like this, however, when he strikes down a distinguished minister, when he who falls before his unerring dart is a bishop of God's Church, an occasion like this, I say, is doubtless meant by our Blessed Lord to be one of special grace for us, one from which we should not neglect to derive great spiritual profit.

"Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return" is the sentence passed upon all mankind by an offended God at the very gates of Paradise. "This decree has been executed down through the ages with an impartiality which admitted no favors and with a universality which suffered no exception. Before this divine decree put forth and promulgated and executed by offended omnipotence, the generations of men have fallen like swarms of green hay before the mower. Wave after wave of humanity has rolled on the shore of eternity. Cities, towns, nations and dynasties, as well as individuals, have gone down and disappeared before it, and were as if they had never been. "Their places were not found." All human glory, all mortal greatness it blights and withers with its icy breath, and an Alexander the Great and a Julius Caesar and a Napoleon were as feeble and powerless in its presence as the weakest child. Priests, bishops and popes and kings and emperors are pulled down by its strong arm to one common level, and that level is the silence, the neglect, the nothingness of the tomb. The wise, the great, the good, the strong, the holy, all must bow down before this all-embracing decree of death. Hence St. Paul says "it is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death judgment."

Solomon was the wisest of men, and yet he could not invent a means of escape from his grasp; Sampson was the strongest of men, and yet when in his recovered strength, he shook down the pillars of the temple, he was simply executing on himself the decree of death. Our Blessed

Lady was the holiest of pure creatures, and she slept in death; yea, even the God man died on the cross. The very sepulchres, said Seneca, perish and crumble into ashes. Thus human life vanishes before death like a dream of the night, is swept away by it like leaves by the blasts of winter, disappears before it like a dry stubble before the consuming flames. And this life which we prize so much and which is given to us for the noblest and sublimest of objects is too often perverted to false purposes, to foolish if not wicked ends. This life is short and fleeting and uncertain. "All flesh is grass and all the glory thereof like the flower of the field, the grass is withered and the flower is fallen." Every action of life admits of a pause, but not that of death which is ever active and unceasing. For sleep, there is a respite from every labor of life, but the flight of years sweeps by on tireless wing like a hurricane and never ceases. Men may repose from the various pursuits and business of life but the current of our lives flows on forever with the certainty of fate towards the eternal Ocean. For all men there is a Christian sabbath, but death observes no sabbath or day of rest until he brings his victims to rest during the long slings of the tomb. We are like candles that are consumed in burning, and that burn in being consumed. Hence, life, says St. Jerome, is but a vapor which appears for a little while and then vanishes; it is a bubble which appears for a moment on the stream of time and is seen no more. Life is but the threshold to the eternal world. When compared to eternity it is as a drop of water compared to the shoreless ocean, "a thousand years are in thy sight, O Lord," says the Psalmist, "like yesterday which is past away."

And the end of this short, uncertain, fleeting life is death, and after death judgment, and after judgment an eternity of happiness or of inscrutable suffering according as we shall have done good or evil in the flesh. These are the important lessons which the death of your bishop should teach you and which should influence your actions and shape your lives to the high purpose and holy resolve of loving and serving God in holiness and sanctity all the days of your earthly existence. But the death of the good Christian and the good bishop is something holy and most precious in the sight of God. Our divine Redeemer has broken the power of death and destroyed the empire of the grave. For He who died and descended into the tomb, breaking into pieces his iron sceptre. His death destroyed death. He descended into the tomb and made it a holy place, and on the resurrection morning He lighted up its darkness and comforted its gloom, and in His presence, thus fulfilling the prophecy uttered of Him in the ancient days, "O death, I will be thy death, O grave I will be thy life." He descended into the tomb in the dark of evening, and rose from it in the fresh radiance of the morning, and since that death is but the messenger sent by God to the just, to summon them home to their Father's house, and the grave is but the furrow into which the seeds of immortality must needs be cast, the sleeping place where those who die in the peace of Christ, will one day awaken into a glorious and immortal life, and fasten down in corruption, it shall rise in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it shall rise in glory; it is sown in weakness, it shall rise in power, (1 Cor. xv, 30-42).

"For we know," says the same apostle, "if our earthly house of this habitation be dissolved, we shall be clothed with a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." (2 Cor. v, 16.) As in winter all nature dies and for months lies wrapped in the winding sheet of death and in the silence of the tomb, but in the spring time it awakens again to a new life, and the trees bud forth and blossom, and the flowers scent the air with their fragrance, and the woods are vocal with the sweet music of singing birds, and all nature with a million tongues hymn the praises of its Creator because He hath given it also a resurrection; so the dead will awaken in the spring time of the resurrection, and putting on the robes of a happy and glorious immortality will praise and glorify God for His eternal mercies, for having imparted to them immortality, for having called them into the happiness of His own blessed kingdom, where He shall wipe all tears from their eyes, and where death shall be no more, nor sorrow nor mourning shall be no more, because these conditions of a fallen and mortal state shall have passed away forever. Hence the heavenly balm to staunch the wounds inflicted upon our hearts by the sudden death of your lamented bishop, such is the hope that you have laid up, indestructible in your bosom. Your good bishop shall rise again in the resurrection on the last day; he will rise again in the power and glory and incorruption of the risen life, and the trees bud forth and blossom, and the flowers scent the air with their fragrance in the eternal kingdom of God in the great day of eternity. "This hope is laid up in our bosom," and it is a just and well-founded hope. The life of your bishop was studded with bright virtues, and marked with great services rendered to the sacred cause of religion. As a man he was distinguished for many noble qualities of head and heart. He combined the kindness and affectionateness of a woman's nature with the power and force of a vigorous manhood. Endowed with

great intellectual faculties, he cultivated them to a very high degree of perfection; he was, in fact, a widely read, and accomplished scholar. In these days of vulgar ostentation, and cheap publicity, when men of superficial talents flaunt in literary rags and reputations for letters are manufactured by newspaper paragraphs, your bishop, like all men of merit shrank from publicity, and if he erred at all in this direction it was in this: That he was too indifferent to his literary reputation. As a priest of God his life was most usefully devoted to the performance of his sublime duties. Whether as professor in Regopolis College, or parish priest of Brockville, his career was characterized by the greatest disinterestedness of purpose, by lofty motives, by steadfast fidelity to duty and efficiency in its discharge. For several years he taught as professor of Regopolis College with the greatest success and most beneficial results. It is impossible to estimate the merit of his work in this capacity. "What's greater," asks St. John Chrysostom, "than to train the mind and to form the character and mould the morals of youth? More excellent certainly than the greatest painter, than the most finished sculptor and than all others of this sort do, I esteem him who knows how to form the minds of youth and to mould them into the shape of beauty." How true are these words of the great saint and orator. For, when the greatest painting that ever lived by the breath of genius shall be covered with the mildew of neglect, or destroyed by all-consuming time, and the statues of an Apelles or a Michael Angelo shall have melted from marble into dust; the immortal mind, quickened into intellectual life by the wand of genius and moulded to virtue and holiness by the pious and holy priest, will live on forever a thing of immortal beauty and an imperishable joy, a blessing to earth and a sister to the angels of heaven.

For many years he lived and toiled as parish priest of Brockville, with what blessed results to religion and morality it is needless to describe.

The fish was released from a heavy debt, its beautiful church was brought to completion and the schools were raised to a high state of efficiency.

With a rare power and eloquence he announced God's holy word, he instructed the ignorant, relieved the poor, visited and comforted the sick, consoled the sorrow-stricken, and with lavish hand broke the bread of life to hungry souls. Simple in his manner, frank and genial in his nature, he was accessible to every member of his flock, so that his name became a household word in his parishes, and his image and shining in every heart. He was indeed the good pastor, for he fed the flock of God, taking care of it, not by constraint, but willingly according to God, not for filthy lucre's sake, but voluntarily being found a pattern of the flock from the heart (St. Peter's 1st epistle, v, 2). It was thus that he toiled quietly, and unostentatiously, laboring in season and out of season in the midst of his people and casting the seed of a blessed immortality in good and very good hearts. The seed cast into the earth by the hand of the husbandman remains hidden for a time and buried away out of sight; but gradually it fructifies, and under the influence of sunshine and shower it grows up and matures into a golden harvest, enriching the husbandman and abundantly rewarding his labor. And so the work done quietly and humbly by the good pastor of St. Brockville, at this period of his life, blessed by the sunshine of God's approval, and fructified by heaven's grace, must have produced for himself a hundred-fold of merit, and for the Church of God a rich harvest of sanctified souls. It was here, whilst engaged in the midst of his work, that the nitre sought and found him. No man living was more averse to honors and dignities than he was. Reluctantly and tremblingly he obeyed the summons of the Sovereign Pontiff to assume the episcopal charge of this large and important diocese.

He was consecrated to the episcopal office in this Cathedral before a vast congregation, and to the delight of both clergy and laity. The ordinary responsibilities of the episcopate have at all times been considered as almost too weighty for human shoulders. To these responsibilities there were superadded in his case grave and exceptional difficulties. What wonder if his tender conscience was smitten with awe at beholding them, and if his heart failed him in their contemplation. Nevertheless, he went courageously to work to solve the difficulties that lay around him, and in doing so he was nobly and right heartily assisted by his devoted priests and generous people. Wherever he went throughout the diocese he received a royal welcome. Crowds of the faithful, and numbers of intelligent not-estants, thronged to hear his splendid sermons and his able lectures in vindication of Catholic doctrines. The Catholics of the diocese opened their hearts and their pockets to their beloved bishop and enabled him in a short time to liquidate the greater part of the diocesan debt. This Cathedral in which we are assembled shows in the elastic beauty of its ornamentation his exquisite and aesthetic taste and his love for the beauty of God's house and of the place where his glory dwelleth. But why dwell on these topics now, or why particularize the good works that like bright stars studded the short career of your late beloved bishop. The empty episcopal throne, the altar and Cathedral draped in mourning, the solemn service of month's mind, tell us that your good bishop is dead, that his dove-like voice is hushed forever in the silence of the tomb, that his episcopal hand so oft raised to bless is now mouldering away into dust and ashes, that the nitre has forever fallen from his brow, and that the crozier awaits

another hand to wield it with episcopal authority over this sovery tried and widowed diocese. And we are here to-day to pray for the repose of his immortal soul. There is no rose without a thorn, the brightest gold is seldom found without an alloy, and even good men and good ecclesiastics are not, alas, without their imperfections and sinfulness before the eternal and infinitely just God. There are heights of goodness and spiritual perfection to which their sublime vocation calls. Catholic ecclesiastics and which sometimes they have not the courage of self-sacrifice to ascend, and for this they are responsible to God. The man of God, says the apostle, should be perfect, furnished to every good work. In the language of the prophet, the bishop "should walk in justice and speak truth, should shake his hands from all bribes, and shut his eyes that he might see no evil, he should dwell on high; the fortifications of rocks should be his highness." (Is. chap. 33rd). How difficult it is to reach the height of such perfection. In the fierce light which breaks against the episcopal throne things appear grievous imperfections which in other men would scarcely seem moral defects. On such failings we should be slow to pass harsh judgments, for we humbly hope that they may be regarded with divine pity and merciful forgiveness by Him who alone fully understands all the springs of human action, who knoweth the day of which we are made, and who can compassionate our infirmities, having been tempted in all things like as we are without sin. Only two sinless ones—Jesus and his blessed Mother blessed this fallen world by their presence. All other children of men have been stained by sins of origin or action. And as nothing defiled can ever enter heaven, and as by the appointment of God and through the merits of Christ the church is mighty to save, and to bring refreshment and comfort to her suffering children in purgatory, so we are assembled here to-day to pray for the eternal repose of your departed bishop and to beseech the great God in His infinite mercy, and through the merits of Jesus Christ to have compassion on his soul, to wash away its imperfections before the sacred title of the precious blood, and to admit it into the happiness and joys of his eternal kingdom. And the Holy Church offers up the holy sacrifice of the Mass to the throne of infinite mercy for the soul of her departed prelate, and in her fervent prayers, she beseeches her God to grant the deceased bishop the "seat of refreshment, the happiness of rest, and the brightness of light." "O God, who amongst thy apostolic priests didst raise up thy servant, grant that he may also be admitted to heaven, and that he may be fellowship through Jesus Christ our Lord."

O may this prayer be heard, and O may His in His infinite mercy grant us also the grace of a virtuous life, the mercy of a happy death and the happiness of his eternal kingdom, that there seeing Him in all his glory we may be able to say, "I have loved and adore Him forever and ever. Amen."

OUR SARNIA LETTER.

FATHER WATERS' ANNUAL PICNIC.

The annual picnic of the Coruna and Moortown parishes of Rev. Father Waters' Mission, came off yesterday, 11th, in Ahermarty's Grove, one mile from Moortown. The day was an exceptionally fine one, the beautiful St. Clair, sparkling in the sunshine, and dotted here and there with vessels of every description, on their way up or down the magnificent river, was a sight that would make glad the eyes of those whose misfortune compels them to live in such an unromantic place as London, with its shallow little creek. Every such gathering, under the Rev. Father's auspices, has become so deservedly popular, that not only did his own parishioners turn out en masse, but many of his Protestant neighbors also. A number from Sarnia and Port Lambton came to have a day's real enjoyment. Among the visitors from Port Lambton were P. Gilroy, Esq., president of the Y. M. Catholic Association, and wife, Miss Cain, and Mr. Murphy. Those from Sarnia were too many to particularize. I will only mention the names of Hugh Reilly, Esq., president of the Y. M. C. and B. Association, Sarnia, and wife. It would be hard to find a finer gathering of people and priests than those assembled on this occasion. Rev. Father Bayard, P. P., Sarnia, Rev. Father Moly, of Stratford, Rev. Father Richelack, of St. Clair, Michigan, Rev. Father McGovern, the venerable uncle of Father Waters, and his amiable young curate, Rev. Father O'Connor, were also present. I will not attempt to describe the tables, or what was on them, but will merely say that the ladies of both Coruna and Moortown deserve the greatest praise for the beautiful and hospitable provision made by them to satisfy the carnal wants of the hundreds of picnickers present on the grounds. The arrival of a travelling photographer, with his instruments, was a rather new feature in the amusements of such occasions. His services were immediately brought into requisition by them to secure the immortal portraits of the people were taken as souvenirs of the picnic. The most exciting event of the day was the contest for popularity between Robert Fleck, Esq., of Coruna, and Charles Reilly, Esq., of Moortown, both being practical farmers, the prize of popu-

larity being one of J. Lowries', of Sarnia, celebrated plow; after one hour's spirited open voting for the candidates, a half hour of close balloting gave the prize to Mr. Reilly, the handsome sum realized by the contest being sufficient to make the broad, good-natured face of the maker grow broader and more good-natured, if he could be certain of the same amount for all his plows. It did me good to watch the smiling face of Father Waters, and hear the pleasant comments, as the silver and crumpled pieces of paper were eagerly stuffed into the ballot-boxes of the candidates. One could easily imagine that such "stuffing" would be at all times a very profitable branch of the law. The young people had an opportunity of exercising the light fantastic to the music of M. B. Duncan's string band. Everything that the kind forethought of priest and people could suggest was brought into requisition to make the time pass agreeably, and the most perfect harmony and good feeling prevailed.

After a day of most unalloyed pleasure, well and innocently spent, the large gathering, with evident reluctance, left the grounds for their several homes. I do not know the exact amount realized from the picnic, but am certain, that, as it was in other things, it could not be other than a success financially.

Yours,
CATHOLICUS.

Sarnia, Sept. 17, 1879.

HAMILTON LETTER.

DEPARTURE OF FATHER CANTLIN, O.P.—

SAD ACCIDENT—NEW STATUE.

The Rev. Father Cantlin, O.P., will leave to-day for Louisville, Kentucky, to join his order. The Rev. Father preached a most eloquent sermon at High Mass, in St. Mary's Cathedral, yesterday, on "True Happiness." He showed that true happiness was not found in the pleasures or goods of this world, but is only to be found in God, who alone can satisfy the human heart. The reverend gentleman's discourse was replete with the choicest imagery, his language well chosen, his reasoning cogent and to the point, and it was evident that he had made a profound impression on the congregation. During his short stay he has made a great many friends in Hamilton, and all who listened to his sermon will remember it for many years to come.

Last Wednesday, about 4 o'clock, a very sad accident occurred at the building of the Baptist church on James street; the scaffolding on which the men were working gave way, and all who were on it fell to the ground, but the timber used was defective and should not have been placed there. John Langdon and John Sullivan, two industrious, hardworking men, lost their lives by the disaster. John Langdon was killed instantly and Sullivan lived but five weeks. The following is the verdict of the jury and it is to be hoped that contractors and builders will take a lesson from this accident—"The death of John Langdon and John Sullivan was caused by the breaking of a pullock used in the scaffolding, the same being defective, cross-grained and brittle, and not suitable for the purpose for which it was used. That sufficient care was not exercised in the selection of the timber for the scaffolding, and we would recommend that a competent building inspector be appointed by the city to examine all buildings and scaffolding hereafter in the city."

The statue of the Blessed Virgin, which has been brought from Rome by his Lordship, is now placed over the Blessed Virgin's altar in St. Mary's Cathedral, where it is intended, if the sanction of his Lordship, the Bishop, can be obtained, to erect a new altar suitable for this splendid statue, in place of the old one. I understand that several ladies offered their influence and means for the furthering of this laudable undertaking.

Hamilton, Sept. 17th. CHERUBINI.

OUR CHATHAM LETTER.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES OF THE VARIOUS SOCIETIES.

Last Sunday, (second Sunday of the month), being as usual set apart for the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, it was duly observed by the young ladies of this society by approaching holy communion in a body. Various hymns to the Blessed Virgin were rendered by some of the members of the society.

An Ave Maria, by Cherubini, was very excellently rendered by Miss M. Beerhurst. At 9 o'clock Mass the members of the Young Men's Catholic Union also formed in a body to receive the Blessed Sacrament. It is with feelings of joy we congratulate the members of these Christian in fostering this great virtue—Christian piety.

Great credit is due to the Franciscan Fathers in organizing these societies, and working with such remarkable zeal to keep alive the interest in them.

We hope the blessing of God will assist them in continuing this great work.

Chatham, Sept. 15, 1879.

AN OBSERVER.

OUR AGENTS.

Mr. Thomas Payne, of Guelph, Mr. M. Redmond and Mr. W. Walsh, are fully authorized to do business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

PORT ALBERT.—W. McBride, Esq., is authorized to take subscribers and receive money for the RECORD office in Port Albert and vicinity. All business entrusted to this gentleman on our account will be promptly attended to.

The Waves Were Weary.

BY FATHER RYAN.

The waves were weary, and they went to sleep; The winds were hushed, The starlight flushed, The furrowed face of all the mighty deep.

THE TWO BRIDES.

BY REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, L.D.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE LOVERS' LEAF."

"With the pictures that their eyes had seen, As still from point to point that history passed, And round their thoughts its painted veil was cast,

"Here, then, is the touching tale that was told me in childhood. The first Europeans who visited the secluded valleys and river banks were Spaniards, who had come with Columbus on his second voyage to the New World, and who, in a small but compact body of explorers, struck inland from the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, following the course of the Chattahoochee, forming friendly alliances with the then powerful native tribes, and seeking for gold mines till they were led to stonop the western side of the Blue Ridge. There they found, in more than one place, the traces of precious ore, and settled down to form a permanent mining colony. Indeed, the fragments of pure gold picked up at the surface by the adventures of such a size as to fill their imaginations with prospects of unbounded wealth.

"You, my friend, have often visited with me the stupendous shafts which still remain as the silent but eloquent witnesses of the energy and enterprise of these early Spaniards. It is a lovely country wherever they planted their numbers and attempt to work mines, in several places wide apart along the foothills of the eastern range. Thus scattered, and surrounded by powerful and warlike tribes, they were liable at any moment to be annihilated.

and all over the southwestern portion of the continent a bitter hostility toward the white man.

"The settlements on the Appalachian plateau were destroyed in a single day. The few who escaped from the massacre, at first two young people—lovers, some call them, husband and wife, according to others, brother and sister, according to the most trustworthy tradition—were saved for a time by the friendly hand of a half-Christian family.

"They had been enticed from their father's home by the kind artifice of their protectors, and taught the way to the Swannanoa Gap, and thence to the most favorable point of the Blue Ridge, where they should find themselves among peaceful Indians, and have a chance of reaching the coast in safety. They had disguised themselves as Indians; but as their road lay amid a labyrinth of mountains, valleys, and rivers, where every man, woman, and child was their deadly foe, their only chance of escape lay in avoiding every human habitation, and seeking the widest, the most unfrequented and dangerous paths through the forest and the hills.

"With infinite precautions, and after having endured superhuman privations and terrors worse than death, they had arrived on the banks of the Tselica, and, from the precise information given them by their protectors, they knew that in had only to trace the river to its course in the eastern hills, or to follow it down to its conjunction with the Swannanoa, and then trace this stream to the spot where it breaks through its mountain, and they should be out of all immediate peril.

"Near the foot of Mount Pisgah they stumbled on a band of hunters, who led them to their villages, after discovering who they were. An old warrior in the band, who had formerly received more than one kindness from the Spanish colonists, freed them during the night. They succeeded in eluding for several days the pursuit of their foes, and had reached their neighborly village, when their pursuers found their trail. Upwards of two hundred warriors, divided into bands, had set out after them.

"The brave-hearted young Spaniard had spared for his sister the prepared food with which they had set out. The fire-arms which he carried he did not dare to take up and repeat like an infernal chorus. Bearing his exhausted and wearied sister in his arms, the undaunted youth scaled this very height, scanning, as he threaded his way through the forest, every tree and rock and clump of undergrowth, for the concealed form of a foe. At length he stood on his rock, with the broad river beneath, and the momentary but friendly shelter of these trees and brushwood to conceal his half-insensible companion and himself from the bloodhounds that were closing in upon them.

"On they came. Crouching behind a lofty rock, which then formed the topmost portion of the cliff, with the swift current hurrying on at its very foot, the Spaniard deposited his sister in a crevice between two fragments of granite, and with his finger on the trigger, watched for the appearance of the hunters. One after another fell, mortally wounded, from his unerring aim. At last night fell on the unusual contest. The report was answered by the warlike brother, it is said, when the friendly darkness had come, seized his loved companion in his arms, and sprang into the deep waters below. The Indians, thus cheated of their prey, heard the plunge and searched in vain, both during the night and the next day, for the unaccountable disappearance of the Spaniard and his sister. The report of the Spaniard's death, and every eddy along the banks of the Tselica for the bodies of the supposed lovers. But the stream, more merciful than the men who dwelt on its shores, gave an inviolable asylum to the heroic pair, the martyrs, it may be, of their baptismal faith, the martyrs, certainly, of the love that binds devoted brother to angelic sister."

"I am really sorry to distress Miss Hutchinson," Hiawasse said with evident concern. "She bears a brave heart and a great soul in a feeble frame. But I have known the weak and sickly sapling to grow up into the robust and stately tree."

"I will, with our dear young friend," Mr. Montgomery replied. "We may yet live long enough to see her become in her turn the support and comfort of our dear Rose."

"I hope you are a true prophet, Uncle Richard," said the latter young lady, as she bent down to kiss the pale face that hid his eyes. "I know how longingly my Lucy would return with interest all the comfort I may have given her."

from making another lover's leap," added Gaston. "Come, Viva; come, Rose!" he continued, "do you know it is five o'clock? We have forgotten the flight of time as we listened to Hiawasse's musical voice and fascinating tale."

"I am ready," said Rose, springing to her feet. "Only let me take one look at the glorious landscape, and from as near the brink as possible. I may never see all this again."

"That shall you, Cousin Rose!" exclaimed Duncan, who now came forward, hat in hand, and presented the fair girl with a fragrant nosegay of wild flowers he had been picking up before Hiawasse had begun his narrative.

"Is this for Viva, Cousin Duncan," she said, as she took the nosegay from him, "to remind her that earth is too sweet to be parted with yet? Or is it destined for Lucy? For here are forget-me-nots from the brook yonder, and that is the flower sacred to St. Lucy."

"That is for you to determine," Duncan replied, with a bow.

Thus passed the afternoon of that day for the old men, who looked upon the forms and faces of the innocent young folks, so dear to them—as they looked with prophetic eyes on the glorious nature spread out before them, and tried also to peer into the darkening horizon of the future, over which the war-cloud was fast gathering.

CHAPTER VII. FATAL MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN LUCY AND MARY.

"Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher bliss Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of And love of peace that was full of wrongs Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told: And all once more to the banner of battle!"

Our light-hearted mountaineers returned in good season to Fairy Dell, Gaston and his uncle having escorted Lucy and the family at the Manor House during supper. It was a delightful meal. For, as there were no strangers present, and Mr. Bingham being looked up to by all with a deep feeling of filial affection, he was considered to belong to the household.

So, hearts being in ease, and love loosening every tongue, the talk became a scene of innocent merriment unstrained. Francis D'Arcy would not have the thought of the approaching separation cloud, for a moment, this almost sacred reunion of his dear ones, rendered still more precious by the presence of his best friend, and so he poured forth all the stores of his native wit, which the first stores of D'Arcy had brought with him from the land of the Gael. Mr. Bingham, who was born there, had a rich fancy that was racy of the soil, and contributed a large share to the flow of soul and the play of jest. Louis D'Arcy and his wife, in truth all Francis D'Arcy's children and grandchildren, had imbibed from infancy the genuine love of the Green Isle, a no less genuine disposition to drolery and play. And so, a stranger who should have chanced to enter, unobserved, that dining-room, and listened to the incessant exchange of joke and fun and laughable anecdote, might have fancied himself some privileged guest on the banks of the Shannon. The peals of laughter might be heard all over the grounds. Nor, when supper ended and the family passed into the drawing-room, did Mrs. D'Arcy allow this joyous spirit to calm down. The merriest songs in the family repertory were sung and encored, the good lady herself accompanying her husband, who always led on such occasions—and the Major with his mother, Mrs. Montgomery, and Rose accompanying the younger gentlemen of the family. No one was allowed to remain voiceless in the general hilarity. Genevieve and Maud, and even little Mary, played and sang, and added not a little to the merriment and delight of their parents.

Mr. D'Arcy and Mr. Bingham withdrew quietly just at the moment when the mirth was loudest; little Mary singing, in the most amusing serio-comic tones, "Axos to Grid." The two friends had a very serious business to settle, which must be concluded that evening, and would not brook noise or interruption of any kind. So they withdrew to the chapel.

Scarcely, however, had they disappeared from the happy circle, when old Rodrigo whispered in Mrs. D'Arcy's ear that Mr. Alexander, with two strange gentlemen, were in the reception-room, and requested to see Mr. Francis D'Arcy.

"Oh, Louis," she said to her husband, "is this another visitation of politicians?" "I fear it is, my dear," he answered. "We must give them welcome. But they shall have to wait for some time. Father cannot now be interrupted for any visitor, except the President of the United States."

"Then go at once to them, dear Louis," she said, "and we shall do our best to entertain them till father is ready to receive them."

"Must I leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?"

Neither Mr. Alexander, however, nor Messrs. Pickney and Waldron, the South Carolina statesmen, could guess that the noble lady, whose courtesy grace, warm smile, and interesting conversation added such a charm to her hospitality, felt so sore at heart. For she was to go from home, and away to far-off Andalusia, without her idolized husband! But she was a brave woman, who thought life did everything she deemed a duty with a fervent and almost joyous submission to the Divine Will.

Mr. Alexander, who knew a good deal about the intimate relations that bind a Catholic priest to the souls of those he guides in spiritual life, divined what kept Mr. D'Arcy so long in the chapel. He would fain have let off a few unacceptably private remarks, but Mrs. D'Arcy's presence at the head of the speaker, forced him to reserve his wit for other company.

At length their host, thinking that he might without danger of intrusion inform his father of this new visit, went off to the chapel, while the gentlemen accompanied Mrs. D'Arcy to the dining-room, and the ladies to the parlour.

There they should enjoy absolute privacy, and there they begged to await patiently the old man's arrival.

The room itself was one to which few strangers had ever been admitted. But the weighty and urgent import of the matter to be discussed, and decided, made it necessary that the meeting and the discussion should be most private. It was not a spacious room, and its spare and quaint furniture was in striking contrast with the elegance, costliness, and exquisite taste of that which adorned every other part of the Manor House. Over Mr. Pickney's work-table, with its small collection of rare old books, hung a duplicate or most admirable copy of Christ at the Pillar, by Velasquez. This, indeed, together with a most beautiful old crucifix in ivory on a prie-dieu, was the only ornament in the room. Ornament enough it was, however; for it arrested and charmed the spectator's eye with an overpowering fascination. But there was none. A hard wooden couch opposite to this painting was covered with a bearskin, and a log of wood, with a slight hollow in the middle, served as a pillow. Ever since his wife's death, many years before, Francis D'Arcy had known no other.

"My father does not allow us either question or remonstrance," Louis D'Arcy said, on entering the room, to Mr. Pickney, who was examining with wonder and curiosity the objects around him, "on this matter of personal austerity. He had imitated in this the example of his father, Charles Waterton, the great naturalist, who had borrowed the practice from my father. For his room in Walton Hall is the counterpart of this. And when, on his last visit to America, Waterton came out here to see us, the two old gentlemen would have the same sleeping accommodations, rose together at midnight, were up and in the chapel before the earliest bird was astir in the wood."

"I remember Charles Waterton," Mr. Alexander said; "a noble specimen of the full English gentleman, learned, practical, full of anecdote and jest, and an ardent admirer of the United States. He was as sound as a piece of old English oak; and so, for that matter, is your father."

"Yes, indeed," replied Louis D'Arcy, "one would think in seeing these two men sit down with so hearty an appetite, and so bright and childlike a humor to their morning meal, that they had been specially exempted from the common law of bodily infirmity. After breakfast they were off to the woods, Waterton climbing with prodigious agility every tree in which a bird nested, and ferreting out with unerring instinct the retreats of our wild beasts and the haunts of our water-fowl. The afternoon was spent in the factories and workshops, where both gentlemen were warmly welcomed, knowing, as they did both, how to appreciate every sort of good work, and how to praise judiciously the workman."

"Is not Mr. Waterton still living?" Mr. Pickney asked.

"He is, and celebrates his seventy-ninth birthday in June. My father hopes to be at Walton Hall on that occasion."

"Well," said Mr. Pickney, "we regret our venerable friend's determination to be absent abroad just at this moment. It is the advice and co-operation of such men as Mr. Francis D'Arcy, and the sympathy of Englishmen like Charles Waterton, that we look forward to in the struggle about to commence."

"Charles Waterton is no admirer of slavery," Louis D'Arcy answered. "As to my father, here he is to speak for himself."

"Gentlemen, I have the honor to present to you my revered friend, Mr. Bingham," Francis D'Arcy said, as he introduced the clergyman. "He is too well accustomed to keep other men's secrets than to reveal his own. I must, therefore, to keep our counsel on our meeting here to-night; although I fear he is, like myself, too much a man of peace to favor your purpose, Mr. Pickney, and too little of the man of the world to appreciate your maxims of state policy. Mr. Alexander, or even to bear with my compromising temper."

"I hope Mr. Bingham is not a sympathizer with the Northern fanatics," put in Mr. Waldron.

ity, you should all of you—men of the South, the North, the East, and the West—consider calmly and conscientiously not so much the wrongs, real or imaginary, alleged by one State or section of States as against the others, as the best way of righting them without angry recrimination or quarrelling.

"I have watched the working of our Constitution," Mr. Bingham went on to say, "from its very infancy to the present hour, and have known, loved, and lived with the men who framed it. A constitution for a federation of States such as ours, is like one of those stupendous pieces of machinery to be seen at our great modern exhibitions. The tower aloft in industrial exhibitions, and one of these masterpieces of human skill sets in motion the ten thousand machines that perform on every side, each one a work entirely different from its neighbor and from all the others. Ask the man who invented the central motor on gigantic and wonderful central motor on which principle reposes its working so smoothly, so surely, so constantly? He will tell you that it is on a system of compromises and adaptations. Local wrongs or local rights, to be redressed, must not be urged with passionateness. For passionateness, in any system of household or political economy, is like a hard body thrown suddenly between the wheels of a machine. It produces a jar and tends to cause a disruption of the whole. Conciliation, on the other hand, and timely concession are like the oil introduced to soften friction and secure the quiet and effective working of the whole."

"My dear sir," Mr. Alexander said, "that the extreme pretensions of both the slave-holding and the free States are now clashing so violently and so openly, that no one dares to speak any more of conciliation, concession, or compromise."

"Besides," Mr. Waldron added, "the religion, which might have stepped in with success and acted in an emergency such as the present part of conciliator, has been the foremost promoter of strife."

"Some ministers of religion, I grant you," Mr. Bingham replied, "and some religious denominations, have been prominent in fanning the excitement about slavery. Not all, however, and not especially the Church to which I have the honor to belong, can be accused of raising or helping to raise the present storm. Not that we approve of slavery, or the property of man in man, as founded on any natural inferiority of race; quite otherwise. But we would have the sweet doctrine of Christian brotherhood and the charities which it begets in practice, to be free to here as it has worked in the Old World, by making the master treat his servant as a brother redeemed in the same divine blood, called to stand with him at the same judgment-seat, and destined to the same eternal inheritance."

"And that is precisely what we can never admit," Mr. Waldron answered. "We must assert the natural inferiority and subjection of one race as a cardinal social doctrine, and the necessary and perpetual servitude of that same race as the fundamental condition of our political existence."

"The brotherhood of all men, and their equality in Christ as a social state, toward which I have a natural and ardent belief in Christendom," rejoined Mr. Bingham. "To make slavery your cornerstone, is to attempt to rear a political edifice which will as surely bring down on the builders the wrath of heaven, as it fell on the architects of Babel! I cannot believe you mean to renew this old historical blunder."

"We mean," said Mr. Waldron, "that the relations which exist between our slaves and us shall never again be subject to be disturbed within our own borders, and we mean to protect, from the agitations and aggressions of all outside fanatics, the rights which the present Constitution is powerless to protect."

"Oh, that is a quite different thing," replied the clergyman. "All law-abiding men would support you if you confined yourself to the defence of acknowledged rights; and religion would use her whole influence to prevent agitation or revolution, urging, meanwhile, the Christian conscience and the law of charity to go on silently and imperceptibly working out the freedom of the world."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CARLING & CO.'S BREWERY.

Perhaps one of the largest enterprises in Canada carried on by one firm is that of the brewery of Messrs. Carling & Co. The quality of the articles they manufacture, and their straight forward mode of doing business, has been the means of extending the reputation of Carling's Dominion. The brewery is now in full operation, nearly all the damage done by fire having been repaired. In dealing with this firm our friends may rely on it that they are getting an article second to none made in Canada, and also that they will be dealt with in the most liberal manner. To show what outsiders think of this brewery, we append an article recently published in the Toronto Globe.

Six months ago the news was flashed over the wires to all parts of the country that the great brewery of Messrs. Carling & Company, of London, Ontario, had been almost completely destroyed by fire. The disaster, though scarcely so great as was at first feared—for by the almost superhuman exertions of the firemen and employees, one side of the building escaped—was yet extensive enough to paralyze for a time the operations of the firm. But the delay was very brief. Not a day was lost before the restoring and rebuilding was commenced, and in less than three months the working department of the brewery was in full operation. Since then the labor of construction has been going on, and to-day the building is all but completed. The brewery now forms a very handsome pile, and persons coming into London from the west or north-west have their attention immediately arrested by it. There seems to be no doubt about its being the largest and most complete building of the kind in Canada. The brewery stands on a piece of ground about three acres in extent, bounded on three sides by streets and on the fourth by the river Thames. It is built in the Norman style of architecture, the material used being white brick and stone. The

building has five main stories, increased to seven in the malting range. On the roof are two neat cupolas and a row of dormer windows, which add not a little to the appearance of the structure. The basement, which is very strongly built, is occupied by the stock cellar, the working cellar, the bottle cellar, and the stock aisle vaults—seven in number—each sixty-five feet long, sixteen feet broad, and twelve feet high. The floors in the basement are of stone and brick, laid in concrete. A complete system of ventilation and drainage has been provided, so that these underground apartments are always kept fresh and sweet. The upper floors are supported on heavy iron columns, which spring from substantial stone foundations. It is not necessary here to take the reader through the several floors of the building and describe the various processes by which ale and porter are made; suffice it to say that the apparatus in Carling & Co.'s establishment will produce, or over 10,000 barrels. In some weeks they brewed as often as ten times. One of the reasons why Carling & Co. are able to turn out such superior ale and porter is that they have an unlimited supply of pure spring water, sufficient in fact to run two such breweries as theirs is. The springs are in a pond opposite the brewery, and not more than sixty yards from it. This supply can be depended on summer and winter.

So far we have confined ourselves to that part of the building devoted to the manufacture of ale and porter; we now purpose saying something about lager beer and its manufacture by Carling & Co. Until within the last four years very little of this beverage was consumed in Canada, but lately the demand has been enormous. All over the country it is getting as popular as it has been in the United States for the past eight or ten years. Lager beer seems to be the least intoxicating of any liquor, and as it forms a refreshing drink, especially during the hot weather, it has superseded to a very great extent the use of strong beer and ardent spirits. The lager beer brewing is carried on under the same roof with the ale and porter department, but it is entirely distinct from the latter. The building, as it has to support a burden of about 800 tons of ice besides its own weight, is very substantially built of stone and brick. Inside the walls is a space of six inches which is filled with a double casing of wood filled with shavings, the whole reaching a thickness of four feet. The doors are double, and there are four pairs of sash in each window. The great essential in the manufacture of this drink is coolness, and especially during the hot weather, it has superseded to a very great extent the use of strong beer and ardent spirits. The lager beer brewing is carried on under the same roof with the ale and porter department, but it is entirely distinct from the latter. The building, as it has to support a burden of about 800 tons of ice besides its own weight, is very substantially built of stone and brick. Inside the walls is a space of six inches which is filled with a double casing of wood filled with shavings, the whole reaching a thickness of four feet. The doors are double, and there are four pairs of sash in each window. 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My Treasures.

CECILIA KIRWAN, IN THE PILGRIM. Three moss-roses, scentless, withered, yet the gems I prize most...

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LOUGH DERG.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.

Archbishop Lynch has been so kind as to send us a copy of another letter, to Very Rev. Father Rooney, regarding the holy exercises at Lough Derg.

wash their feet and head in the lake and are permitted to taste a little of the water in the hollow of their hands. They require this little refreshment as the heat of the sun and the watching all night...

Many never enter them; but, when they are overpowered, they snatch a little sleep whenever they can, often on the rocks and grassy mounds of the Island...

by Dollard of Dublin, and can be obtained from any bookseller. I am bringing, as an offering to Our Holy Father, four sovereigns of Lough Derg...

FRUITS OF GODLESS EDUCATION.

The Sydney Catholic Times contains the following notice of the public schools in the colony and the results of their system:

female education think with Cowper, who believed that children were better off at home than at the public school.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

LEMON SYRUP.—We find perfect lemon syrup made by squeezing lemons and adding as much granulated sugar as the juice will dissolve.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

"A church without schools," says Newman, "is like a bird without wings." There are one hundred and seventy thousand Irish in the city of Liverpool, England.

first two things were of course not to be found; as to the last, the answer was that perhaps a crucifix might be found about the house.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

The most unhappy people are those who have no faith in a life to come. Without eternity death would have nothing terrible about it.

stores, increased in range. On the as and a row of and not a little structure. The strongly built, is clear, and the working and the stock are—each sixty-five or more, and twelve in the basement laid in concrete. ventilation and provided, so that apartments are not necessary here rough the several of beer and port- ale and porter are that the apparatus is to any other in States. And the with which the idea of the manu- establishment can following.—At the burned the Com- course, therefore, as border again an effort their rapidly ac- the 29th of April the firm manufactur- ing in fact to re- in some weeks as ten times. One and Co. are able rling & Co. and porter unlimited supply of sufficient in fact to as their is. The opposite the brew- 60 yards from it, depended on summer confined ourselves to and porter; we now thing about lager beer by Carling & Co. four years very little consumed in Canada, has been enormous. is getting so popu- in the United States for years. Lager beer intoxicating of any as a refreshing drink, it hot weather, it has great excited the use out of under the ale and porter depart- 30 tons of ice besides very substantially built and these igni- which is filled with a d filled in with shav- of thickness of of ash in each win- ential in the order to temperature, large stowed in the floor room. The stock-cel- liately under the fer- so kept very cool by ad above the water. The establishment out from 50,000 to large. This depart- not only had the benefit port, but has a large of the more extensive of Co's brewery as now ed institution of its former building was t, but in preparing the structure many ents have been added as four year's experience. feature is to be seen in the portion of the building, which they use coal—they heat by means of the this contrivance is economical. the refuse of petroleum is scattered in the portion of the building, which they use coal—they heat by means of the this contrivance is economical. the refuse of petroleum is scattered in the portion of the building, which they use coal—they heat by means of the this contrivance is economical.

The Catholic Record
Published every Friday morning at 432 Richmond Street, over McCallum's Drug Store, and nearly opposite the Post Office.
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ADVERTISING RATES.
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Contract advertisements for three, six or twelve months, special terms. All advertisements should be handed in not later than Thursday morning.
THOS. COFFEY,
CATHOLIC RECORD,
London, Ont.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.
London, Ont., May 23, 1879.
DEAR MR. COFFEY.—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its tone and principles; that it will remain, what it has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and the promotion of Catholic interests. I am confident that under your experienced management the RECORD will improve in usefulness and efficiency; and I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clergy and laity of the diocese.
Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
+ JOHN WALSH,
Bishop of London.

MR. THOMAS COFFEY,
Office of the "Catholic Record."

Catholic Record.
LONDON, FRIDAY, SEPT. 19, 1879.

STRATFORD.
Mr. Wm. Walsh will call upon our Stratford friends next week, when we hope those in arrears will kindly settle with him. Mr. Walsh is a reliable man, and he has full authority to grant receipts for money and transact all other business for this office.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It is now nearly a year since the RECORD came into existence. An earnest effort has been made to supply a want long felt in Canada, namely, the publication of a thoroughly Catholic paper, having for its object the furtherance of the cause of religion. While doing this it has not been overlooked to supply also the news of the world in a condensed and readable form.
It is our purpose in the course of the coming year to make the RECORD still more attractive as a family newspaper. To enable us to do this we earnestly request our subscribers who are in arrears to send us the amount of their indebtedness as soon as possible. Some may think that their individual subscription is not much, but when the sum due by each is counted it foots up a large amount. If our friends will make an effort to send us this money it will enable us to make many improvements in the RECORD. We therefore hope they will not delay any longer in fulfilling their obligations in this regard. Place the amount in a letter, your name and post office written distinctly, put a three cent stamp and a two-cent registration stamp on the envelope, get a receipt from the postmaster, and direct it to "Thomas Coffey, RECORD office, London, Ont." It will then come at our risk. If you do not see credit given for the amount the following week on the printed slip on your paper, write us and we will investigate the matter.

We are glad to welcome Father Tiernan back again to London, in renewed health and vigor, after a short visit to the other side.

REV. J. F. MALO, missionary to the Indians of Dakota Territory, has lately written a letter in which he states that arrangements have been concluded by which the good Sisters of the Presentation B. V. M., from the county of Kerry, Ireland, will soon start for the Indian Sioux missions there.

The same parties that decry the efficiency of Catholic schools, the ability of Catholic preachers, their comfortableness in all seasons of the year; the quality of Catholic choirs, etc., are the same sort of "liberal" easy-going Catholics that say the Catholic press is not interesting. The reception of the sacraments, too, is not sensational enough for that class. So says the Catholic Columbian.

MCGEE'S WEEKLY SAYS.—The cable informs us that the Jesuits have "submitted" to the Holy Father; and now the whole Catholic world breathes freely! Not long ago, it was understood by the calceistic purveyors of Roman news that the Jesuits were, in reality, rulers of the Pope—that, if it were not for their

machinations, he would have crowned Humbert and given up Rome. It seems that this was a mistake. The Pope and Jules Ferry are enemies of the Jesuits, but the Jesuits have at last "submitted." We wait anxiously for further advices. What will the Pope do now? What will the Jesuits do now? It is intensely provoking for the sibilic cable to remain silent!

A MEETING of the Home Rule League was held in Dublin on the 12th, at which Power, Parnell and O'Leary were present. It arranged for the calling of a popularly-elected convention of three hundred members—the same number as composed the former Irish Parliament—to discuss the Irish questions before the next session of Parliament.

The True Witness of this week publishes the Orange passwords and secret signs. We would reproduce them, but we would have to crowd out more useful matter. Besides, we do not understand them, and we do not think they would be of any interest to our readers. We may find occasion to publish them some time hence, when we are writing an obituary notice of that very unnecessary and mischievous society.

"Rome offered the kiss of peace to Luther and his disciples. They hated the olive-branch that betokened a dishonorable truce . . . Luther and Christ finally conquered."—Christian Journal.
This is going pretty far. Catholics are accused of paying divine honor to the Mother of our Lord, by persons who would couple the names of Luther and Christ, even giving the precedence to the former.

The True Witness of Montreal, calls the Witness, of the same city, a "saint in print." Now, this is true journalistic country, and we would like to see more of our cotemporaries use the same mode of addressing each other. During the late election campaign, how refreshing this would sound if made use of by certain of our Toronto cotemporaries. We would like to see the editor of the Witness canonized; at least we think it would be well for the peace of Montreal if he himself took a step in that direction. When Chiniquy comes from Australia, and Widdows from Scotland, perhaps they will have gathered money enough to take some steps in this matter.

The "midnight dreamer" of the Express, in commenting upon Parnell, the Irish Home Ruler, having permitted the toast to "The Queen" to be passed without protest at a recent banquet, says: "Even the bad manners of an Irish mob can now be got over with an apology." In the very next paragraph, he himself speaking of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, remarks: "However, there is no doubt the old creature will prove one of the most troublesome and mischievous mothers-in-law." Bad manners are not the exclusive prerogative of an "Irish mob," but are sometimes shared by bigoted and stupid penny-a-liners.—Buffalo Union.

We have "midnight" dreamers in Canada too, who are always seeking for something uncomplimentary to publish about Ireland and Irishmen. We call it "Irishphobia" here.

The Jesuit Fathers have a new witness to character whom they oppose to the charges which M. Paul Bert and others have raked out of books which were for the most part not even written by members of their society. This is no other than Voltaire himself, who, apropos of Pascal's denunciations, wrote as follows: "During seven years which I passed in a Jesuit house, what did I see there? A life the most laborious and frugal, all the hours divided between the care of us and the exercises of their austere profession. I appeal to the testimony of thousands of men educated as I was; and, therefore, my astonishment never ceases that any one can accuse them (the Jesuits) of teaching a corrupting morality." The quotation has been published in a little pamphlet entitled Chassez les Jesuites, and it is going the round of the French papers.

The Catholic Columbian says:—"The Memphis correspondent of a Louisville daily newspaper devotes a third a column to a eulogy of four Protestant ministers who remain in the stricken city, and they deserve every word of the praise bestowed upon them. The same writer disposes of the conduct of priests in two lines. 'The Catholic clergy are all here, he

it said to their credit. I believe they never flinch.' Seventeen words tell the whole story of their behaviour in face of the plague, and that story is always the same. In the white light thrown on them by the epidemic, the self-sacrificing devotedness of our pastors stands out in bold relief. In the quiet of every-day life it is ignored when it is not unperceived. Who has not heard some thoughtless Catholic exclaim: 'What an easy time priests have. They have plenty to eat, a comfortable residence, good clothes to wear, no drudgery to earn a living, numbers of friends, books, and opportunities for exercise and diversion. They certainly have soft seats!' Is it true that priests have an easy life? No, it is far from true. The life of a priest is a slow martyrdom. It is full of self-denial, of sacrifices, of resistance to nature, of mortification, of heroism."

THERE is a just cause for complaint at the unnecessary amount of studies put before children in some of the schools of the present day. We frequently come into contact with boys who will tell you a good deal about astronomy, chemistry, and such like, (which studies are all very well in their way,) but who are far from proficient in the absolute requirements of every-day life, such as spelling, arithmetic, reading, writing, &c. It is proposed to introduce the art of dancing into some of the American schools. One of our exchanges says:—"We do not know how proficient our Public School teachers may be in tripping the light fantastic toe, but then of course the patient people will not object to employing special teachers of dancing if the regular teachers are incompetent for the purpose. By all means let us have all the arts and sciences, except the science of God and the art of a Christian life."

TWO MEMBERS of a secret, oath-bound society of kidnappers, calling themselves "The Canadian League," have been arrested in Montreal. They gave their names as John and Thomas Deal. There was found on their persons a book which went to show that a regular set of rules was enforced on the members with the most horrible oaths. Their operations were to be carried on in all our western towns and cities. The object of the gang seemed to be to carry off some of our most prominent men and demand a sum of money as a ransom. They made an attempt in Toronto some time since, but they started on the wrong person. George Brown was the most unlikely man in Canada to be Charlie Rossed. Foolish fellows, suppose they did take him, where could they hide his, his—boots?

THE New York Catholic Herald regrets to learn that an American publisher has seen fit to print the grossly indecent pamphlet of Mrs. Besant, on "The Law of Population." This shameless woman has been adjudged by the English Master of Rolls unworthy to have the custody of her daughter, a child eight years old, and yet she assumes to teach her own sex. About two months ago a low-class bookseller of London was convicted of selling obscene publications with which Mrs. Besant's name was connected, and was sent to prison for four months, and was also fined \$250 for the offense. But, besides her indecent authorship, Mrs. Besant has entered into partnership with the obscene Socialist, Bradlaugh, for the production of these publications, and has gone about the country with him delivering Atheistical and Socialist lectures. Mr. Comstock, government detective, will do society great service by looking after the American publisher of Mrs. Besant's coarse and obscene book."

We were once struck with the architectural appearance of a building, says the Buffalo Union, making some pretensions to an ecclesiastical character, in a certain city. Not seeing the sign of the cross, which invariably surmounts every edifice dedicated to Catholic worship, we accosted a passer-by and inquired to what denomination it belonged. His eyes had a humorous twinkle as he replied: "Well, we call 'em the United Splits. You see, some 'Piscopaplians had a row with their pre-

cher and left his Church; then there was some Baptists that got the kick-out from their place; then some Methodists had a split-up in their Church,—these all joined together and built this here place, and any Presbyterians, or Quakers, or Shakers or Unitarians that likes, just comes along; so we call 'em the United Splits."

"TWO THOUSAND school-teachers of New York city have petitioned the Board of Education to retain Mr. Kiddle in the position of Superintendent. Mr. Kiddle is the gentleman who published a crazy book on Spiritualism, containing a quantity of sweet-singer-of-Michigan poetry purporting to come from deceased bards through the medium of 'mediums.' We should be loth to call Mr. Kiddle a fool, remembering the Scripture injunction, but we have a decided opinion about the wisdom of the two thousand teachers of New York city." So says the Boston Pilot. We wish for the credit of the public schools these two thousand gentlemen would form themselves into two regiments and volunteer for the seat of war in Zulu. It makes one shudder to consider what a class of men will be trained up from the boys under the tuition of such unworthy teachers. Our Canadian Board of Education requires that school teachers possess good moral characters. We suppose our American friends demand the same qualification. In both countries it would be well were this very essential point looked into more minutely by the Boards before granting certificates. As a rule our Canadian school teachers are men of honor and good sense, and possessed of excellent moral characters. But occasionally we find an exception to the rule. Some time since, two of them in this city were seen going arm in arm to an entertainment, which no person possessed of moral character would attend.

THE New York correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal has the following paragraph in one of his recent letters:—"The membership, wealth and power of the Catholic Church in this city are increasing much more rapidly than those of any other denomination. Several new churches have been built this year, and money is being continually raised to push forward to completion the towers of the cathedral. No Catholic pulpit is vacant, and no Catholic priest is without his daily work to do in the army of the faithful; while some dozens of Protestant churches are without a pastor, and half a dozen others involved either in local quarrels or in personal scandals which are a reproach to the cause of Christ. Our brethren of the Roman hierarchy are governed by a hand which is generally strong enough to suppress and settle its quarrels, and to keep the scandals from becoming the property of the public. I recently called the attention of a prominent secular journalist, who is a Roman Catholic, to the autocratic character of his Church, and asked him if it would not be better to give more power into the hands of the congregation, American style. His reply was: "Onderdonk! Killoch! Talmage! Beecher! Murray! Vosburg! Holden! fugh! I told him he was taking a good deal for granted, but he declined to discuss the subject."

REV. N. A. HYDE, D. D., a Protestant clergyman, of Indiana, shows the difference between Catholics and Protestants in the attendance upon public worship in the city of Indianapolis. We quote the extract verbatim: "Another noticeable revelation is that attendance in Roman Catholic churches is much larger, in proportion to membership, than in Protestant churches. In Indianapolis the five Roman Catholic churches had at the services at which mass is celebrated, a total of 7,535 worshippers. The seventy-four Protestant churches of all kinds, including Sunday schools, had scarcely 18,000—not twice and a half as many as attended Roman Catholic services; yet the Protestant population is, probably, four or five times as large as the Roman Catholic. In this city the Roman Catholics stand at the head in their regard for religious worship and church services. No

doubt the same thing is true of that community throughout the country." Speaking of the progress of German ideas in the social life of this country, the reverend gentleman quotes from a recent popular volume, "German Home Life": "There is no difference between a German Catholic and a German Protestant Sunday except this: The Protestant rarely puts foot inside a church, while the Catholic begins the day with some show of respect for his religion. The Protestant systematically ignores it, and simply regards the day with favor because it allows a wider margin for more beer and more skittles."

MORMONISM.

Some of our American cotemporaries are getting lively in their denunciations of Mormonism. The New York Catholic Herald says it is at once the disgrace and shame of the United States. In regard to their standing before the law our cotemporary says:—"Religious belief is free in this country; social action is not free. A man may erect an altar and pray all day to Baal or the White Elephant of Siam in his backyard if he chooses, and no authority or department of the Government can interfere with him; but let him lay a finger on his wife or his neighbor to injure them, and he falls under the power of the law. The Mormons are not prosecuted from any spirit of religious intolerance, because they made a Bible of Joe Smith's plates or a demigod of Brigham Young, but as a colony of polygamists who debase irreparably the social and political condition of many women and children. If we keep this one fact in mind, we shall understand their present status with relation to the Government."

We have often wished to say a word regarding the brethren of this city who receive inspiration from the book found by Mr. J. Smith, in Palmyra, New York. We do not know how far they are Mormons of the Brigham style, but we rather suspect they have trimmed up their doctrines to suit the more exacting pressure of Canadian laws. We have a horror of getting into a controversy with these Mormons. It would be something terrible. We would rather peddle stencil plate, or take a report of a political meeting during an exciting election contest, or serve as an anelderman for twelve months, or—well, we would rather do most anything else. We once saw a London Mormon talk at a poor fellow from one of our back townships for twenty minutes, without using a full stop or a comma. When he finished our rural friend could not say what concession he lived on. If some one will get up a talking match between a London Mormon and Francis George Widdows or George Francis Train, we will bet a small amount on the Mormon.

IRISH REVOLUTIONARY CRIES.

Mr. Parnell, M. P., delivered at Limerick, on the 20th of August, a violent speech, which is much canvassed in Dublin. He was interrupted frequently by revolutionary cries and cheers from the Fenians. With reference to the suggestion it was made to give them an ounce of lead, and there were cries for physical force. This Mr. Parnell deprecated. They should, he said, work by constitutional means; but, he added, the system of land tenure in Ireland, evil as has been its history, has been a baneful one, and it is bound to be altered sooner or later. A reduction of rents has been demanded, but supposing the landlords are not going to give that reduction, what are the tenants going to do? (A voice—"Shoot the landlords.") Mr. Parnell—I do not wish to run down the landlords of Ireland. Many, I hope the majority of them, are as good as they could be expected to be, but just where the greatest need exists the greatest difficulty will be found in obtaining a reduction. The tenants have to face these difficulties, and I think the sooner the State steps in with some plan to put an end to the difficulties the better it will be both for the landlord and for the State. If the farmers combined; if they stood together and kept a firm grip of their homesteads, paying no rent until they got a reduction, I can tell them that no power on earth could prevail against the hundreds of thousands of the tenant farmers of this country. You are not to be exterminated as you were exterminated in 1847. I say it is necessary for you to maintain a firm and determined attitude. (Cheers. A voice—"Give them an ounce of lead, Mr. Parnell.") If you maintained that attitude victory must be yours. You will find after one or two seasons like this that the landlord class will be glad to say, "For God's sake give us the value of our land and let us go in peace." When we have the people of this country prosperous, self-reliant and confident of the future, we will have an Irish nation which will be able to hold its own among the nations of the world. By all means give the landlords fair valuation. We can very well afford to do it, because the land of

this country is not half cultivated. I do not wish to assume the attitude of a prophet, but if I did I would venture to predict that the offer now made to the landlords and the English Government will never be made again. (Cries of "Never!") If delay goes on the landlords cannot possibly obtain the terms you are willing to give them to-day. Let them make the bargain while they may, for the market is falling. (Cheers.)

The above article appeared in the Free Press a few days since. We do not know what paper it was clipped from. Our cotemporary evidently forgot to give the usual credit. The probability is it comes from some English paper having a correspondent in Ireland possessed of the necessary qualification to belittle the good, and magnify the objectionable traits of Irish character. Not long since, the editor of the Free Press characterized the leaders of the Home Rule movement as "full-blooded rowdies." The above report of Mr. Parnell's speech, even though taken from a source which might cast a doubt upon its reliability, does not prove Mr. Parnell to be the "full-blooded rowdy" our neighbor would have us believe him to be. There is a certain class of writers who cannot for the life of them open their eyes to look impartially at the condition of Ireland. Speak to them on any other subject, and they will most probably give a common-sense expression to their views, but just strike on the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland—speak of the injustice of legislation—and they will at once close their ears against argument, and you will find it impossible to persuade them they are immoderate in their views. It is the old story: "Convince a—against his will, and he'll be of the same opinion still." Our cotemporary is a firm believer in the doctrine that "might makes right," until some one steps on his corns. When this happens look out for beautifully-rounded sentences and broad generalities. It makes an immensity of difference with our neighbor whose ox is injured.

OUR INDIANS.

From time to time during the past season the country has been afflicted by crises of distress from the famishing redmen of our western plains. The disappearance of the buffalo has reduced many tribes to starvation. It has been even our painful duty to notice one case of cannibalism surrounded by circumstances atrocious in the extreme. Now, we may with some purpose, as citizens ask what steps have been taken by government to render anything like permanent assistance to these afflicted peoples, whose ranks have been so frequently decimated by hunger and by disease. Will the annual presentation of a few blankets and gew-gaws relieve their sufferings? Will even the granting of a small amount of money alleviate their misery? Our Indian system has been vaunted to the skies. We have been told on the hustings, and the cry has been taken up in every sheet which undertakes the reprinting of the vulgar diatribes of Toronto dailies, for the benefit and enlightenment of village politicians throughout Ontario, that our Indians are the happiest of peoples. Why, to attach credence to the outpourings of these humanitarian solons would be to believe that the aboriginal populations of the North-West are blessed with a happiness unequalled by even the most favored of Caucasians. According to these oracular automatons, with every want foreseen and provided for by government, with all the blessings of civilization, without its responsibilities, its struggles and its hardships, no people could be so happy as our Canadian redmen. But, when we, settling ourselves down to a plain matter-of-fact consideration of the subject, see nothing for the thousands annually voted by the people's representatives to aid, foster and protect the aborigines, but Lieut. Governors of sepulchral prayerfulness, agents of the most skilled rapacity, and a mounted police force too weak to hold the Indians in awe, but strong enough to excite their jealousy, and ferment their natural irritability, are we not forced to the conclusion that our Indian policy is not what expediency suggests, or justice demands. The annual distribution of a few trinkets, or even money gifts to the Indians, as at

