

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890.

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## Catholic Record

London, Sat., July 5th, 1890.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

HIS GRACE the Archbishop of Toronto paid a visit to London last Thursday and the ladies of the Sacred Heart Academy were honored with his presence at the annual closing exercises. A large number of the reverend clergy were also present on this interesting occasion, made doubly so by the presence in their midst of their former chief pastor. All were delighted to note that His Grace was in the enjoyment of excellent health, and many a heartfelt prayer ascended to the throne of all grace that length of years would be granted him to continue his sacred mission amongst the good people of the archdiocese.

The last number of *Bystander* exhibits Prof. Smith in a towering passion. It is a dreadful spectacle to see a Professor in a rage. The result of the Ontario elections is not to his liking. "Mr. Mowat," he says, "may yet have to find, as others have found, who have played the same game, that in politics the name of priest is perfidy." Further on Professor Smith assures us that "at the Dominion election the sheep will be all driven into the other pen, and the Grits, in requital for their surrender, will poll not a single Roman Catholic vote." Canada being a very free country, Professor Smith may go on in this wise as long as the inclination holds out. Well it is for him, however, that there is no law on our statute books whereby falsehood and impertinence may be punished. Every Catholic who reads these lines of the angry professor will at once conclude that he is a man of soured disposition, a man of narrow mind, and one whose mission bores no good to the community in which he lives. Every thoughtful Protestant, too, will, we feel assured, give him small credit for writing this uncalculated for venom concerning their Catholic neighbors. They will know that he is as unjust as he is peevish and spiteful, and his poisoned arrows will fall harmlessly to mother earth. The Catholic people, like all other people in the country, are free agents in our political contests. They are as intelligent and as good citizens in every regard as all others, not even excepting emigrant professors who are seeking new worlds to ferment. As to the bishops and priests, their business is to create peace and harmony amongst all classes of the people—that of the Professor is to set them by the ears—and if ever they trouble themselves about Professor Goldwin Smith and other literary anarchists, it is merely to offer up a prayer that God may change their ways and animate them with a spirit of justice and truth. We do not know anyone who is more sorely in need of such kind remembrance as Professor Goldwin Smith, the man who changes his opinions as easily and as often as a play-actor changes his role.

"An Orthodox Jew," writing to the *Montreal Gazette* on the 21st, said:

"I find in your edition of yesterday that at the session of the Synod in Ottawa it was unanimously resolved to promote Christianity amongst the Jews. Very likely the gentlemen moving in this matter think the object a duty incumbent upon them, but they represent only a sect of Christians, and how do they expect the Jew to prefer their special sect, when other sects, much more to the oriental taste, have a prior claim. If the Jew has to be Christianized, if, as a Jew, were commanded by a vision to become a Christian, I would certainly take the first train to Quebec and place myself at the feet of the noble Cardinal."

The Year-Book of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York city shows that the number of infant baptisms during the year past was only twelve, whereas the membership of the Church was two thousand five hundred and forty-eight. In this the measure of respect which Presbyterians have for what the Confession of Faith tells us is "ordained by Jesus Christ," to contempt or neglect, which is "a great sin?" In view of the present liberty of action of the Presbyterians generally, might it not be a good thought either to revise this clause out of the Confession, or to revise the practice of those who are so neglectful?

Last week we were honored with a visit from Dr. LeBel, of Quebec, cousin of John D. LeBel, Esq., lumber merchant, of this city. He was on his way to Saginaw, Michigan, where he intends to practice his profession. We trust every success will attend him in his new field of labor. Needless to say that, having made a brilliant course in one of our Canadian medical universities, he is thoroughly equipped for the career before him.

We direct special attention to the timely sermon of His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, which appears in this issue of the *Catholic Record*. His admonition will, we firmly believe and hope, sink deeply into the hearts of the Catholic people of Ontario. We might indeed claim that the serious consideration of Protestants should be given the broad and admirable pronouncement of this distinguished churchman, for they, as well as Catholics, should take to heart the inestimable advantage to be derived from the moral training of the youth attending the Public schools of the country. Our Catholic people will, we feel assured, now take an increased interest in their schools. New ones should be established wherever it is possible, and all should be thoroughly equipped for the work and made in every way most efficient.

JUDGE MCGLOIN, of New Orleans, answers powerfully, in the *Freeman's Journal*, of New York, the attacks of several Jewish organs against Catholics, made on the hypothesis that Catholics wish to overthrow the Public school system. It is a fact worth noting that these Jewish papers, equally with other rabid anti-Catholic papers, view it as an evidence of Catholic hostility to the system, in localities where Catholics preponderate overwhelmingly, Catholic teachers are selected for the schools. But why should not the overwhelming majority decide who should be teacher, if the Public schools are fit for the whole population? It is not true, however that in such cases, either in the United States or Ontario, the schools are turned into Catholic schools. The following remarks of Judge McGloin are as applicable to Ontario as to the United States:

"The question is not at all one of aggressive warfare on the part of Catholics, or upon the right of others to educate their children as pleasure or conscience may dictate. The war is purely defensive, to maintain the right which God gives every parent, and the duty he lays on them of directing the education of the offspring confided to such parent's particular care, to secure for our Catholic children that they shall not be reared under strong and ever-present influences tending to alienate them from the faith of their fathers, and in fact, we may say, to deprive them of all Christian faith."

THERE are in the New England States many churches, especially among the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, which have fallen into disuse, as the congregations have died out in the course of time. In Maine, especially, church buildings which are thus deserted may be counted by hundreds, and there are many others which are attended by women, but which number among their adherents scarcely any men at all, and it is said that, in the particular case in point, the men do not go to church. Under these circumstances the women made application to the local Presbytery to be admitted as a regular body of Presbyterians. The Presbytery submitted the case to the General Assembly, as it was bound to do, the rules of the Church requiring that there must be a session of elders to assist the minister. Two elders would be sufficient, but in the case in point the elders would need to be women. It was pointed out by some of the clergymen of the Assembly that to admit the application would be the introduction of a principle which might lead to the admission of women to the ministry, and the Assembly rejected the application until two men can be found who may constitute the church session. The decision of the Presbytery would, of course, be very proper if the church were conducted so as to exclude men from membership, but it seems to be a harsh treatment of women to exclude them from the Church simply because there are no men who desire to go to heaven with them.

C. M. B. A. men have noted with pleasure that one of their number has been elected a member of the Ontario Legislature. We extend our congratulations to Brother Laughrin, of Mattawa, on this mark of esteem from his fellow-countrymen. We feel assured that he will reflect credit on his constituency and prove one of the most useful as well as one of the ablest members of the House. The reflection, too, that he has a reputation above reproach, is a pleasant one, for it is of paramount importance that a public man should be an honorable one in every sense of the word. Such we believe Brother Laughrin to be, and we sincerely wish him many years of usefulness as a member of Toronto's parliamentary party.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Mermillod, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, is to be made a Cardinal. Bishop Mermillod was an exile from Switzerland, under the persecuting laws enacted by the Government, but was permitted to return to his country in 1884.

## ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. J. WALSH, ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO, AT LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO, ON THE OCCASION OF THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE ACADEMY.

Special to the *Catholic Record*.

Thursday, 19th of June, was a gala day at Loretto. The numerous patrons and friends among clergy and laity that are yearly attracted to the closing exercises of the Academy on account of their high classical character had the unusual pleasure of assisting at the reception given to His Grace, the Most Rev. J. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, on his first official visit to this beautiful portion of the Archdiocese.

It would be rather difficult to imagine a more charming combination of features, all seemingly arrayed to welcome a beloved prelate. The morning beauty of a clear, bright sunshiny day, the sublime surroundings, the majestic Falls with their dazzling clouds of spray and their booming thunders, the stately buildings of Loretto, the beautiful grounds with their well kept lawns and blooming flower-beds, the happy faces of pupils who looked forward to the visit of their venerated Father with joy in their hearts and on their countenances, the magnificent hall, the classic programme of music and song, the large throng of patrons and friends—all these combined to make the occasion one of extraordinary interest and pleasure to the invited visitors. His Grace the Archbishop, accompanied by His Lordship Bishop O'Mahoney and the Very Rev. Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, had left Toronto early in the morning on one of the beautiful palace steamers plying between Toronto and Niagara-on-the-Lake. After a most delightful trip across the lake His Grace was met at the wharf by a deputation of gentlemen from Clifton, who escorted him to St. Patrick's Church at that place, where His Grace was expected to administer the sacrament of confirmation. The Archbishop, after examining the children, complimented them and their teachers on the remarkable predilection with which they had answered all questions, and called them little theologians. Then in a most hearty and eloquent address he spoke words of wisdom to the children and the assembled congregation. His exhortations to the parents were especially warm. He called their attention to the necessity of professing their faith by their Catholic lives, not only on account of these innocent children about to be strengthened by the gifts of the Holy Ghost to wage war successfully against the enemies of their salvation, but also on account of so many outsiders who never read a Catholic book or hear a Catholic sermon and who can only judge of the Church by the lives of its members. After administering the sacrament of confirmation to about seventy children and a few adults His Grace was presented with an address by the gentlemen of the congregation. His Grace replied to their words of affectionate welcome by referring in a most felicitous manner to his recollections of them in former years—and complimented them on the achievements of their Separate school, under the direction of the Ladies of Loretto, and on the beautiful presbytery which they would soon erect. At the Separate school another charming reception was tendered His Grace by the children. Then after tea dinner at the pastoral residence His Grace the Archbishop, His Lordship Bishop O'Mahoney, Very Rev. Dean Harris, the Rev. Fathers Allain, Daminio, O. C. C., and A. J. Kreidt, Prior of the Loretto Convent, and were most warmly welcomed at the door by the Lady Superior and the other Ladies of the Convent. The Rev. Fathers McGloin and Sheehan, of Buffalo, F. Brehony, of Philadelphia, E. Allier, of the College of the Angels, V. Lannan, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and other clergymen had arrived before, and were present to welcome His Grace. On entering the hall, already filled with the invited visitors, His Grace was escorted to the place of honor and was welcomed by a chorus from all the pupils of the Academy. It was a most exquisite musical composition by Lentini, on the subject of the "Eve of the Antiphon sung at the visitation of the 'Eve Sacrosanctus magus,' etc. The hall was splendidly decorated with trees and shrubs and flowers. A large inscription—golden letters on red letters on a red ground—across the centre of the stage bore the legend, "Gloria et honore connecti enim" another one to the right bore the words "Bone Pastor," and a similar one on the left, "Salve Pater." The "Eve Sacrosanctus" for the first and second soprano and a contralto was faultlessly sung. A remarkable feature which struck all the hearers was that all the pupils of the school sang without exception. The voices were good, but the contralto was especially rich and powerful and was noticed by His Grace. The remarkable training of a whole school to such a high point of excellence was chiefly due to Miss Hubbard, a pupil of the famous Viardot of Paris, who is employed by the Ladies of Loretto as professor of music.

One of the graduates, Miss Regina Loughrey, of Philadelphia, then advanced to read an address to His Grace. The Archbishop has received many a congratulatory and welcome from his new flock since his arrival in their midst, but we doubt if anything more beautiful and sentiment or more exquisitely artistic in its illuminated copy was ever presented to him. It closed with a hearty invitation to imitate our divine Lord, who chose retreats for solitude and prayer from time to time, and to come to repose His

mind and body, whenever in need of it, in this sublime solitude of Loretto of the Falls.

"Auld Lang Syne" was next performed in brilliant variations upon two harps by Misses L. Muldoon and M. Higgins. Then followed a soul-stirring trio, "His Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded," by six of the young ladies. How we could trace the rich contralto to its owner, Miss M. Higgins, who sang this voice part with Miss N. McKenna. Two two sopranos were Misses L. Cronin and M. O'Rourke, and second soprano parts, Misses Blanche Peabody and M. Flynn. A delightful piece, "Come Dorothy Come," was also sung by the same trio. As a recitation, "The Bugle Song," by Tennyson, accompanied by music, was next admired. The instrumental piece of music, "Rigoletto," by Prudent, which followed, was a proof of the excellent grade of perfection in music, for which Loretto Academy is so justly noted. The whole school then sang a weirdly beautiful chorus "The Lycopodium," by Brahms. This composition is rather difficult and pretentious, but the faultless training showed itself to perfection in the spirited manner in which it was rendered. After the conferring of medals and honors, Miss Blanche Peabody recited for us, with deep feeling, "The Bell of Lyaona." One of the graduates, Miss N. McKenna, treated the audience to a specimen of piano playing as it is taught at Loretto. She played the "Scherzo" of Chopin, and played it as only one can play that fully enters into the very soul of music. Then the little ones, the Angels' School of Loretto, came forward to sing a song of welcome to their loved father. Every one sings at Loretto. All the little ones sang, and showed the same skillful training. Miss Una Ford, one of these little ones, recited "The Queen's Gift" with a pathos which brought tears to the eyes of many. The child must have gifts far beyond her years. Another pretty song and the little ones retired, having gained the hearts of all by their graceful manner and unaffected simplicity. The Marche Militaire, by Schubert, filled the hall with its volume of sound. Four pianos, two harps and five violins were used to produce these military strains. The opening piece, however, that served to the last, it was a chorus sung by the whole school, the Ave Maria, by Marchetti, in Italian. There was no sign of fatigue or weariness in the clear voices, and the prayerful composition was sung with so much feeling and soul that it elevated all hearts and was listened to with rapt devotion. No wonder, then, that His Grace the Archbishop, rising to address them, thanked them for the address of the classic entertainment they had given us. He complimented them on their good fortune in receiving their education at such a glorious and renowned place. The fame of Niagara Falls was world-wide. He humorously illustrated this truth by mentioning his experience in Europe, particularly in Rome. When he told his questioners that he was Bishop of London, they were at a loss to locate his diocese until he stated that it was about a hundred miles west of Niagara Falls; then they knew at once. Thus, if the pupils of Loretto should be asked in the future where they had received their education, no one would fail to understand the site of their alma mater—Niagara Falls. He then dwelt most eloquently on the care of the Catholic Church, for the education of her daughters, on the noble position which was assigned to woman by the Catholic Church, which places the Mother of the Saviour on her altars. He contrasted the high position of womanhood at the present day, due to the influence of Catholicism, with the degraded lot of woman in Pagan times, and even to-day in non-Christian countries, and called the attention of the young ladies to the duties of gratitude which they owed their mother the Church for all these advantages. His Grace then expressed his delight at seeing so many United States children at Loretto. He hoped their number would increase from year to year. Although he might be accused of being prompted by a selfish motive, he had realized the advantage of having United States children educated in Canadian convents. When during the famous blizzard which struck New York some years ago he had the further misfortune of being laid up with a disabled limb at St. Vincent's hospital, New York, to his great surprise and joy, many ladies came to call upon him, having heard that he was a Canadian Bishop, and wishing to give him some alleviation in his pain. They had received their education in Canadian convents and wished to show their love for Canada by converting the sick room of a Canadian Bishop into a veritable conservatory of fruits and flowers.

After giving the young ladies some practical advice about the good use of their holidays, he concluded by stating that he did not wish to add any more of his prose to the beautiful poetry which they had recited and played and sung. He then blessed them, thanking them most touching and interestingly for their most touching and interesting episode in the annals of Loretto, Niagara Falls, came to a close. A VISITOR.

Medal for the best Essay—Miss Cronin.  
Medal for Music—Augusta Pierce.  
For Fine Arts—silver flower epergne—Miss Wallace.  
Medal for Painting—Miss Mooney.  
Medal for Drawing—Miss Loretto Muldoon.  
Medal for Mathematics—Miss McNulty.  
Medal for Arithmetic—Miss McCerthy.  
Medal for Arithmetic in 3rd class—Miss Bamfield.  
Silver Thimble for Plain Sewing—Miss McCann.  
Silver Thimble for Plain Sewing—Miss Schneider.  
Silver Thimble for Darning—Miss Ford.  
Medal for Fidelity to Duty—Miss Freeborn.

Medal in first, second, third, fourth and fifth English classes—Miss Fanning, Miss Peabody, Miss Kean, Miss Maggie Freeborn and Miss Marion, respectively.  
Medal in first and second French classes—Miss Annis Duffy and Miss McNally, respectively.  
Special Prizes for Music in fifth class—Miss Ford.  
Special Prize for Painting—Miss L. Cronin.  
Special Prizes for Fancy Work—Miss A. Wirtensson.

JUNIOR DIVISION.  
Medal for Fidelity to Duty—Miss Una Ford.  
Prize for Christian Doctrine—Miss Sheehan.  
Crown for Good Conduct—Misses U. Ford, Pansy Ford, C. Bamfield, Cora Lyon, Gertie Nagle, Mamie Sheehan, Mamie Holmes, Blanche Clark and Eleanor Flynn.  
Prizes for Fidelity to Rules—Miss Mamie Holmes.  
Prize for Personal Neatness—Eleanor Flynn.  
Prize for Promptitude in Rising—Miss C. Bamfield.  
Prize in first and second English classes—Miss Genevieve Boland and Miss Mabel Kean, respectively.  
Prize in Preparatory Class—Misses Clarke, Flynn, O'Brien and Brohman.  
Prize for Writing—Miss C. Lyon.  
Prize for Arithmetic—Miss Nagle.  
A tragic recitation by Miss Peabody, was ably rendered, as was a piano solo, Chopin's "Scherzo," by Miss Nana McKenna. Schubert's "Marche Militaire" was well played by an orchestra, composed of Misses Cronin, Marion, Clark, Smith, Ford, O'Brien, Clapp and Kean. The exercises closed with a chorus from Marchetti, "Ave Maria," given by the school.

At the conclusion of the programme His Grace the Rev. J. Walsh made an address commending the graduates and the school upon the excellency of the programme and upon the charming way in which it was carried out.

CONFIRMATION AT PORT COLBORNE.  
Telegraph.

The confirmation services at the R. C. Church last Friday morning were largely attended, and the solemn rite was administered to seventy candidates. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the altar was laden with a profusion of choice natural flowers and plants, many being kindly loaned by non-Catholic friends. The artistic skill displayed in the altar decorations was a testimonial to the good tastes of the young ladies who had charge of them. The absence of His Grace Archbishop Walsh, who was expected, was a disappointment to clergy, candidates and congregation, as many preparations had been made to extend to him a fitting reception. Mass for the children was said at 7 a. m. by Rev. Father Cronin, of Dunnville, after which they received Holy Communion. At 9:30 High Mass was said by Rev. Father Trayling, of Fort Erie, Bishop O'Mahony, of Toronto, occupying the episcopal throne, assisted by Very Rev. Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, and Rev. Father Cronin, of Dunnville. Rev. Father McEntee acting as master of ceremonies. Previous to administering the rite of confirmation, His Lordship briefly addressed the candidates, impressing upon them the responsibility attached to the step they were taking. The music by the choir was of a high order, and Peter's Mass was most powerfully and perfectly rendered. Miss Twobey presided at the organ, and the Welland choir rendered assistance in the services. In anticipation of the Archbishop's visit addresses had been prepared by the congregation and the C. M. B. A., which will be forwarded to His Grace through Dean Harris. The confirmation costumes of the young ladies were beautiful, and their long veils and wreaths harmonized most admirably with the flowers and other surrounding decorations.

CONFIRMATION AT WELLAND.  
Welland Tribune.

At half-past four Friday afternoon the Catholic church of this town was filled to overflowing the occasion being the administering of the sacred sacrament of confirmation, for which a class of seventy-five persons had been prepared. The altar and surroundings were decorated by a wealth of flowers, contributed by members of the church and others. The class to be confirmed comprised persons of all ages and both sexes, including a large number of girls, who were dressed in spotless white, with veils and floral wreaths, the procession on entering the church presenting a beautiful sight. His Grace Archbishop Walsh, who was expected to conduct the service, was unavoidably detained elsewhere to the great disappointment of all. However, his place was ably and acceptably filled by Bishop O'Mahony, who administered the impressive rite, assisted by Rev. Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, and Fathers Sullivan, of Thorold, Trayling of Fort Erie, Cronin, of Dunnville, and McIntee, P. P. The Bishop complimented the class on the efficient preparation made, as evinced by the ready

answers given to the test questions, and made an excellent and practical address to congregation and class, dwelling especially on the new sphere and duties assumed by those now admitted to full membership in the church. A pledge was also taken by the boys of the class, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. After Confirmation Rev. Father Sullivan gave the Benediction of the most Holy Sacrament, in which the choir, ably assisted by Miss Twobey and choir of Port Colborne, sang "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo."

The clergy during their stay in town were the guests of T. F. Brown, Esq. The following addresses from the Welland congregation and local branch of C. M. B. A. were prepared in anticipation of the Archbishop's presence, and were given in charge of Dean Harris to be forwarded to the Most Rev. John Walsh, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—We, the Catholics of the town of Welland, on this your first visit to us as our Archbishop, desire to extend to Your Grace a most hearty welcome; also to express our gratitude to Holy Father the Pope, for the appointment of such a worthy successor to our late lamented Archbishop.

We feel that you have made great sacrifices, when, in obedience to the will of God and appointment of the Holy See, you left behind old friends, to respond to the call of duty.

With an appreciation of your high attainments and great ability, we have every confidence in your mature judgment. We therefore submit ourselves to your ecclesiastical rule, and feel assured that through your guidance, and by your good example, you will direct and assist us in our efforts for the salvation of our souls.

We pray that Your Grace will remember us in your Masses; that you will offer our prayers to the Almighty, for the happiness of ourselves and families, in this life and in the next.

With sincerest love and veneration, we remain your faithful children in Christ.

Signed on behalf of the congregation,  
JAS. SMITH, T. F. BROWN,  
Secretary. Chairman.

To the Most Rev. John Walsh, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—It is with mingled feelings of joy and pleasure that Branch No. 119, of the C. M. B. A., of the town of Welland, whom we humbly represent, greet you, their spiritual ruler, and bids you a loyal and loving welcome on this your first visit to the town as Archbishop of the diocese.

We, as members of the C. M. B. A., would bear witness to the untiring efforts you have made for the advancement of our society, and how much we owe Your Grace that it is now in such a prosperous state, and whilst we are glad to see you, fellow Catholics of the archdiocese in the welcome that we have extended you as our Archbishop feel with pride and joy to have another link of friendship between you and ourselves in claiming you as the honored Grand Spiritual Adviser of our association.

Our earnest wish is that we may prove a worthy Branch of that society, and stand true to the principles it seeks to inculcate by binding together with love and charity the members of said association.

With all love and loyalty we ask God to bestow on you His choicest blessings and uphold you in your work as the head of this diocese, and give you long and happy years to preside over it and our people, guiding, directing and assisting them and with an ever-increasing spirit of brotherly love and charity.

Signed on behalf of Branch No. 119,  
PRESIDENT, REC. SECRETARY,  
CHAS. McLELLAN, THOMAS BURN,  
FIN. SECRETARY.

The large additions to the Port Colborne and Welland churches and the harmony attending the work are a praise to Father McEntee, who has charge, and a prediction of a useful and successful career for him in this field of labor.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN DIGNAN.

Another of our oldest residents has gone to his reward, and one, too, who had gained the esteem of all who knew him. Mr. John Dignan, of London Township, died at the old homestead he loved so dearly on Monday last. He was in the 63th year of his age. Some time since he received a paralytic stroke, but succeeded in regaining his accustomed health after a few weeks' suffering. On last Friday a relapse took place and on the day named he peacefully resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker. He was ever a steadfast Catholic, and had the consolation of receiving the rites of the Church before he died. An honest, frugal and industrious man was John Dignan, admired and respected for an admirable rectitude of character which he possessed to a remarkable degree throughout his life. He had amassed a handsome fortune which will be inherited by his family, three sons, all young men who are highly respected. One of his sons is Herbert Dignan, Esq., Barrister. His second oldest son, John, will reside in the homestead.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning to St. Peter's Cathedral. High Mass of Requiem was offered up for the repose of his soul, after which the large cortege proceeded to St. Peter's cemetery where all that was mortal of a good and kind father and a fervent Catholic were placed in the tomb to await a glorious resurrection. May his soul rest in peace.

PRISON STATISTICS.

To the *Catholic Record*:

Sir—Now that I understand that the Ontario Government are about to appoint a commission to investigate and report upon the subject of Prison Reform, it may be a suitable time to suggest a "reform" also in the preparation of "Statistics." Those statistics, so far as I know, simply give the numbers of those of different religions, nationalities, etc., incarcerated. I would suggest additional headings showing the numbers of each religion and nationality imprisoned for the various crimes. For instance, the number of each confined for "murder," "forgery," etc., and also the simple "drunks," and also a heading showing the number of times each prisoner has been in prison for each class of offence. This may involve some extra trouble, it is true, but the result will make up for that.

The foregoing applies to the other Provinces as well as Ontario, and the greater part of it to the Penitentiaries which are under Federal control.

Might I further suggest that the *CATHOLIC RECORD* should take the matter up?

Yours truly,  
CANADIENSIS.

June, 28th, 1890.

answers given to the test questions, and made an excellent and practical address to congregation and class, dwelling especially on the new sphere and duties assumed by those now admitted to full membership in the church. A pledge was also taken by the boys of the class, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. After Confirmation Rev. Father Sullivan gave the Benediction of the most Holy Sacrament, in which the choir, ably assisted by Miss Twobey and choir of Port Colborne, sang "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo."

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We pray that Your Grace will remember us in your Masses; that you will offer our prayers to the Almighty, for the happiness of ourselves and families, in this life and in the next.

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The large additions to the Port Colborne and Welland churches and the harmony attending the work are a praise to Father McEntee, who has charge, and a prediction of a useful and successful career for him in this field of labor.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN DIGNAN.

Another of our oldest residents has gone to his reward, and one, too, who had gained the esteem of all who knew him. Mr. John Dignan, of London Township, died at the old homestead he loved so dearly on Monday last. He was in the 63th year of his age. Some time since he received a paralytic stroke, but succeeded in regaining his accustomed health after a few weeks' suffering. On last Friday a relapse took place and on the day named he peacefully resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker. He was ever a steadfast Catholic, and had the consolation of receiving the rites of the Church before he died. An honest, frugal and industrious man was John Dignan, admired and respected for an admirable rectitude of character which he possessed to a remarkable degree throughout his life. He had amassed a handsome fortune which will be inherited by his family, three sons, all young men who are highly respected. One of his sons is Herbert Dignan, Esq., Barrister. His second oldest son, John, will reside in the homestead.

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning to St. Peter's Cathedral. High Mass of Requiem was offered up for the repose of his soul, after which the large cortege proceeded to St. Peter's cemetery where all that was mortal of a good and kind father and a fervent Catholic were placed in the tomb to await a glorious resurrection. May his soul rest in peace.

PRISON STATISTICS.

To the *Catholic Record*:

Sir—Now that I understand that the Ontario Government are about to appoint a commission to investigate and report upon the subject of Prison Reform, it may be a suitable time to suggest a "reform" also in the preparation of "Statistics." Those statistics, so far as I know, simply give the numbers of those of different religions, nationalities, etc., incarcerated. I would suggest additional headings showing the numbers of each religion and nationality imprisoned for the various crimes. For instance, the number of each confined for "murder," "forgery," etc., and also the simple "drunks," and also a heading showing the number of times each prisoner has been in prison for each class of offence. This may involve some extra trouble, it is true, but the result will make up for that.

The foregoing applies to the other Provinces as well as Ontario, and the greater part of it to the Penitentiaries which are under Federal control.

Might I further suggest that the *CATHOLIC RECORD* should take the matter up?

Yours truly,  
CANADIENSIS.

June, 28th, 1890.

What is it All When All is Told!

Wealth and glory, peace and power,
What are they worth to me or you?
For the leaves of life run out in an hour,
And death stands ready to claim his due.

KNOCKNAGOW

OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XLV.

TOM CUDDHY BIDS HIS OLD SWHETHERART GOOD BYE.

Bessy Morris, too, had her reflections as she walked round and round the little garden. But she had not much time to indulge in them when Miss Kearney's return brought her back to the little room, into which the sun was now shining so brightly, that Mary seemed in its rosy light a being too ethereally beautiful for a mere mortal.

"Now I wonder what that girl on the car is thinking of," said Grace. "And why has she stopped there?"

"It was a farmer's cart, well stuffed with straw, over which were protruding blue-woolen quilts. The young woman who sat on the quilt, with the skirt of a rather showy gown spread over the greater part of it, had turned quickly round, and, laying her hand on the shoulder of the driver, desired him to stop. It was just at the part of the road nearest to the house, and Grace was able to see the young woman so distinctly, that the expression of her face suggested the remark she had just made.

"Really," she continued, "there is something awfully sullen about her. She certainly has about as unprepossessing a face as ever I saw."

"I know her, miss," said Bessy Morris. "She was at the wedding, and she's to be married to one of the richest men at the mountainside foot."

"I can't approve of his taste," returned Grace.

"But she has four hundred pounds fortune, miss."

"I suppose this is the intended," Grace remarked, pointing to a man who was just walking by the Bush, with his horse's bridle hanging over his arm. "He is a rather good looking fellow."

"That's not the man, miss," returned Bessy.

"I saw him pass with her father a few minutes ago," she exclaimed. "Did you ever see such a metamorphosis? She is positively beautiful now."

"It was really so. The face that seemed a minute before so dull and sullen was now radiant and all-glow with smiles."

"I never thought Judy Laughlin was so handsome a girl," said Bessy Morris, wondering. "Look at her teeth, miss, and her eyes! I never saw such a change all in a minute."

"That's all Tom Cuddy's doing; though he had not the least notion as to the case. He walked on with the bride on his arm, and his eyes bent on the ground. He was just conscious that there was a car on the road before him, and on looking carelessly up, was startled, and did not know whether to be glad or sorry when he saw Judy Laughlin holding out her hand to him, laughing and blushing, and on the very brink of crying. Well, why should he not look handsome with her? Why should they not be friends? Of course there was no reason in life why they should not. No Tom Cuddy stepped up close to the tall-board and shook hands very warmly with his old sweetheart. And it was such a long, long time since he had done the same thing before—though they were near neighbours. But she of them were forbidden to speak to him; and her father was heard to say that Tom Cuddy was no match for his daughter; and Tom Cuddy was not the sort of person to put himself in the way of being insulted by any purse-proud old biddagh. And so the meadow between his house and old Paddy Laughlin's might as well have been the Great Sahara as far as his old sweetheart were concerned. And now as she was going to be married, why should he not look handsome with her?—the thought crossed his mind that she'd be driving in her jaunty car the next time again he'd see her—she wanted, he supposed, to get friends with him. And, like a manly fellow that he was, he shook hands with her in a manly and friendly way.

"I know him now, miss," Bessy Morris remarked. "He is the leader of the hurrers at the other side of the river, the same as Mat Donovan is at this side. But he got so stout since I saw him last I did not know him till he smiled." He waited, expecting that Judy Laughlin would speak; but she only smiled and blushed, and kept back the tears as well as she could. "Oh, go on!" said she at last to the man who drove the car, as if she were really surprised, and could not by any means understand why he should have supposed and remained standing there in such a ridiculous manner for nothing at all! And then she said, "Good evening," with another smile to Tom Cuddy,

and turned her head round very quickly, as if she feared the horse was going to run away. And while she watched every step the horse made, she was all the time feeling in her pocket for her handkerchief, and, drawing it out in a slow, stealthy way, Judy Laughlin bent her head and had a good cry. Tom Cuddy did not see this, as she was too far off. He only saw the smile; and as he caught hold of his horse's mane, and placed his foot in the stirrup, Tom Cuddy muttered to himself, "God be wad o'ud times."

A hand was laid on his shoulder, and on turning round he saw Mat Donovan at his side.

"I'm glad I met you," said Mat. "We can get the kiln field for the match on Sunday."

"All right Mat. I'll give notice to the boys to-morrow."

"I was thinkin' you might be at the fair to-morrow."

"No, I'm not goin'. You may depend on me for Sunday."

He rode off, and Mat Donovan turned into the back gate.

"I should not have thought that he was a leader, as you say, like Mat," Mary observed, in reference to Bessy Morris's last remark. "He's not a powerful-looking man like him."

"Oh, he has the name of being the best hurler in the country; but Mat was never beaten at throwing the sledge and things of that kind; though I'm told some people are saying that Captain French will beat him. There is a great deal of talk about it; and you'd think it was a great battle that is to be fought if you heard my grandfather talking about it."

"If Mat were beaten," said Mary, "Tom Maher would surely die of a broken heart."

"And Billy Heffernan," returned Bessy.

"As for that," Mary observed, "he is quite an idol with them all. His defeat would be looked on as a dreadful calamity. But I have not the least fear but that Mat will be victorious in this instance, as he has always been."

CHAPTER XLVI.

"MAT DONOVAN IS KILLED!"

The whole family were assembled in the parlour; and Bessy Morris, with her pretty bonnet and cloak on, and her little basket on her arm, was talking to Miss Kearney near one of the windows. The sun was just setting, and the shadows of the trees on the grass were beginning to disappear, when a flash of light through the branches of a large elm tree out in the lawn made Mary start.

"Was it lightning?" she asked.

"I thought so, miss," Bessy replied.

But, on looking in the direction from which the flash seemed to have come, they glanced at each other and smiled. They saw Mat Donovan near the top of what remained of a large hay-rick in the lawn. The rick had been cut away till it looked like a rectangular tower, and had quite a picturesque effect, its brown hue contrasting agreeably with the fir grove behind. "Old hay is laid in the grove behind," said Bessy Morris, "and a stereotyped phrase with Maurice Kearney's visitors when they stood at the hall-door and looked around the handsome lawn. Mat Donovan was about commencing to cut away another slice of this old gold, and it was the hay-knife he held in his hand, flashing in the last rays of the sinking sun, that Mary and Bessy Morris had mistaken for lightning. As he brushed the sharp, broad blade in the hay, and, bending over it, commenced to cut away vigorously, Bessy Morris almost laughed outright; for she caught a snatch of a well-remembered air, which rolled down from the rick in the same old, mellow voice as the often-lostened to listen to on her way from the school beyond the quarry long ago. Even then, child as she was, she used to fancy it was of her Mat Donovan was thinking whenever he sang—

"Hill for it, hill for it, hill for it still,
And hill for the little house under the hill!"

And what a world of drollery was in Mat's face while he sang these words, and tossed the cherries over the hedge to her! The recollection of this came back so vividly now that Bessy could not help laughing. She knew he could see her laughing; his house from the hayrick; and the consciousness that he was thinking of herself now, as of old, may have had something to do with the laugh that leaped up to her eyes as she turned to say "Good evening!" to Mary Kearney. She intended to run away without speaking to any one else, as the window at which they were standing was near the door; and Mary was just in the act of shaking hands with her, when a cry from outside caused every one in the room to start. It was the cry of a woman, and was followed by the words, "Mat Donovan is killed!"

But, to her utter amazement, he was gone! There was the elm tree; and the grove beyond; and the blue mountains; and the sky. But the tower-like remnant of the hayrick, upon which his short minute before, she saw Mat Donovan standing, had vanished like a vision!

Everything without seemed calm and still; and the last thing she noticed, as she sank almost fainting into a chair, was that the sheen were quietly creeping the grass.

"Oh! Mat Donovan is killed!"

The cry was not very loud; but the words were strangely distinct, and no one could say from what particular direction they had come, or whether the person who uttered them was near or far off.

Hugh leaped through the window, and Mary saw that he and Tom Maher rushed against each other near the elm tree and fell. In an instant they were on their feet again, and wildly flinging the hay about in armfuls. They were soon joined by others; and immediately the whole place was alive with men, women, and children, who seemed to have sprung up as if by magic from the ground. They were climbing over the gate, and over the fences, and running wildly through the lawn. Mrs. Kearney, who stood trembling at the window, burst into tears; not because she had, at the moment, any distinct idea of what had occurred—but there was that in the eager anxious faces of the crowd that might well have moved a harder heart than hers. Yet Bessy Morris stood still, without moving a muscle, her lips apart, and her eyes fixed upon the mass of hay that now lay flung along the field. The constant falling of a drop of water will wear away a rock, and the constant nibbling of a flock of sheep will undermine a haystack.

Hugh Kearney and a few others con-

tinued to fling the hay from the place where he flung Mat must have fallen; and his voice was heard shouting to the people to keep back.

After a while the hay was seen to move, and the tall form of the Thrasher rose out of it as from a heaving sea. There was a moment of breathless silence, and then with a wild cheer the crowd pressed upon him and threatened to smother him a second time. His sister Nelly flung her arms about him, and with her face pressed against his bosom, sobbed violently. But his mother, pushing her way back till she got outside the crowd, sat down under the elm tree and rested her head upon her knees. Phil Lahy came close to Hugh Kearney's side and solemnly suggested a "little mournfulament." And Billy Heffernan was seen running faster than he ever was known to run before, to bring the joyful news to Noraah Lahy that Mat Donovan was alive and well.

But, notwithstanding that wild cheer, there were many faces there as pale as Mat Donovan's own, and several women were seen wiping the tears from their eyes.

"I know something was to happen," said Phil Lahy—who, on the strength of picking up Hugh Kearney's hat that had fallen off, and saying to Barney Brodberick, "Barney, you are in the way," was pretty well satisfied that Mat the Thrasher owed his life principally to his Phil Lahy's individual exertions to save him.

"I knew something was to happen," said Phil Lahy, wiping imaginary drops of sweat from his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief. "A man bull himself and night over ditches and hedges; till I thought my heart was broke." And Phil bent down his head and finished off the wiping with the skirt of his coat.

"And didn't I know something was to happen," exclaimed Kilt Cummins. "That robber next door to me to make off wad my fine new cloak while I was gone!" to the well-known "my wadher." And Kilt Cummins put his arms round the neck of a neighbor for stealing her "fine new cloak." "Twas only a dream to be sure, and the cloak was at the time hanging safely over the wash-bud where she had flung it before going to bed, with the hood in the suds; but that made no difference in life to Kilt Cummins, and, with arms akimbo, she continued her harangue till her lungs were worn out with her shouting. She was exhausted at the same moment, and she stopped short. Then from the outskirts of the crowd came the shrill response, "Glor-r-r-r-out, you big-gard!" and Kilt Cummins turned round with a bounce, and was beginning again, when she was struck dumb with surprise on hearing a voice from the clouds right over her head.

"Mat," said the voice, "will I throw down your coat?"

All eyes were turned upwards; and Honor Lahy was seen to raise her hands as if imploring Providence to take pity on her; for there was our friend Tommy on such as his case on one of the highest boughs of the elm tree as if he lived in the old magpie's nest, into which he was just after peeping, and had run out merely to throw Mat Donovan's coat, which he had hung upon a branch of the tree before he commenced cutting the hay.

This little episode seemed to some extent to remove the gloom that hung over the crowd. And when Barney Brodberick walked round and round the Thrasher, surveying him from his shoes to the crown of his head, and from every possible point of view, with a look of the profoundest wonder; and putting back his hat on his poll, exclaimed solemnly—"If the miracle he had just witnessed was too great for his comprehension—"Begob, Donovan! you'll never be killed!—be a cork uv hay!" there was a shout of laughter, in which Mat himself joined; and all was gladness and congratulation as the people dispersed and moved toward home—some returning as they had come through the fields, and other going out by the gate near the Bush and on by the road to the hamlet.

"Did you remark Bessy Morris?" Grace asked.

"Yes; and it has occurred to me she must be cold-hearted," replied Mary.

"She was not in the least moved."

"That was because she was stunned," returned Grace.

"I don't think so. She said 'Good evening' quite calmly."

"I don't know," I say, said Grace, with a knowing nod of the head. "I was watching her. She can control her feelings. And you see she has forgotten her basket."

To some extent Grace was right. When the flash of the hay-knife called her attention to Mat Donovan, and she caught the words of the well-remembered song, Bessy's thoughts flew back to the old happy times. He was the hero of the district. Wherever she turned she heard him mentioned with praise. The old people who smoked their pipes and her grandfather's fire, and the boys and girls at school, were equally proud of him. And when he had accepted the challenge of some renowned champion from another parish, or even another county—for Mat Donovan's fame had gone far beyond the boundaries of his native district—with what nervous anxiety the result of the contest was looked for! And with what a thrill of joy the news of their hero's victory was welcomed! And then he was such a warm-hearted, good-natured fellow—so gentle and so strong—without an atom of the bully or the braggart in him. Yes, Bessy Morris remembered the time when she was very proud and happy to think that she was one of Mat Donovan's first favourites. And how soon she came to regret that she was a greater favourite than anybody else. Though she had arrived at this conclusion she would have found it difficult to explain. He never spoke of love to her, except in jest; just as he was accustomed to do with every lively girl who was willing to carry on the joke. But somehow Bessy Morris was satisfied that in her case Mat Donovan's paltering was "half j'king and whole earnest." He certainly said single words out at the dance, and scooped her from Mat's arms, and dropped in with his "God save us here!" to the little house under the hill rarely often. But her winning ways, and their mutual relationship to Ned Brophy, and her grandfather's stories of '98, ought to have been enough to account for this, without jumping to the conclusion that Mat Donovan was "gone" about her. To this condition, however, Bessy Morris did jump; and she was certainly very proud of Mat Donovan's regard for her.

But she was not slow in discovering the power of her attractions elsewhere; and when one or two young farmers began to show decided symptoms of being smitten, the thought began to occur to her that Mat Donovan, in spite of all his good qualities, and notwithstanding the esteem in which he was held, was only a poor laborer. But at the time rolled on, and even the most ardent of her wealthy admirers dropped off one by one, and took unto themselves wives, the unpleasant conviction forced itself upon her that, however easy she found it to catch a rich admirer, catching a rich husband was a different affair altogether. And at the time she left the country to reside with her aunt in Dublin she was beginning unconsciously to lean more and more upon the affection of her old love—as she believed him to be—than she had done since her girlhood. But the novelty of the change, when she found herself in the midst of the city, with all its wonders and attractions, and the different sort of people with whom she came in contact, all but completely obliterated her rustic admiration for her thought. For a while she was quite intoxicated by the pleasures of the city. She was brought to the theatre, and the different places of Sunday and holiday resort, and flattered and courted, till the simple, but at the same time keen-witted and ambitious peasant girl had her head turned by the brilliancy of this new world. The value of money, too, became more apparent than ever; and she felt a strong desire, not only to scratch, but to draw, and to be beyond the danger of want—to be independent. But sad experience soon taught her that making a fortune in the city was just as difficult as catching a rich husband in the country. And an "odd time," as she told Mary Kearney, when left alone with her own thoughts, she would think of her native place and the friends of her childhood. And, on returning to her old home after an absence of two years, and seeing Mat Donovan again, she was, manly, honest face revived in a great degree the admiration she used to regard him with when she was little more than a child; and her heart did warm to him that "night at Mrs. Murphy's," as she reminded him of the time he used to throw the cherries over the hedge to her—though well she knew he did not require to be reminded of it! There was another consideration which helped to raise him in her esteem. She had seen some instances of misery and suffering in houses where there were more of the comforts and luxuries that money can procure than ever she herself dared to hope for. In fact, Bessy Morris was beginning to see that a poor man's wife might be very happy, and a rich man's very wretched.

The soldier's visit had greatly disturbed her; and she washed, though she only knew why, that Mat Donovan should never know it. No light matter, she was sure, could weaken his love for her. He would go on loving, without a hope that his love would ever be returned. But if he once thought her unworthy, she felt she would tear her from his heart for ever. And when she returned from Dublin the feeling that she could not afford to lose his regard was daily growing stronger. Like a man she cried, "Mat Donovan is killed!" struck upon her heart, and for some minutes she thought his was still for ever, a sense of desolation fell upon her, and she felt as if she were alone in the world. She was really stunned, as Grace said. And when that wild cheer announced to her that he was safe, she thought like one just returned from drowning, and too exhausted to experience the full sense of joy and gratitude which one ought naturally to feel on being snatched, and sent from the dark grave back to the bright world, with all its life and sunshine—never to be bright, never as full of life, and light, and gladness, as when it is on the point of being lost to us for ever. Grace, then, was mistaken in supposing that only self-control had anything to do with Bessy Morris's calmness when she mechanically bade them "Good evening," and left the parlour to go home.

He was thinking of her while he sang the old refrain—"When was it he was not thinking of her?—and when he felt the rick coming down with him, and expected in another second to be flung lifeless on the ground below, the last thought that swelled his heart was a "God be wad o'ud times," to Bessy Morris. He then became insensible. Condemned, however, soon returned, and he felt that he was being snatched to death. Then he thought of his grey-haired mother and his sister, and how desolate their little home would be when he was gone; and, feeling that he was relapsing into unconsciousness, he prayed fervently that God would have mercy on his soul. At this moment he fancied that the weight that was crushing him became lighter, and, exerting all his strength, he resumed his position on his hands and knees; and pulling the hay from about his mouth he found that he could breathe. But the weight of those who were pulling away the hay, when they happened to stand directly over him threatened to crush him down again; and seizing a moment when they had stepped aside, and the pressure was lightest, he made a vigorous effort, and emerged into the light like a lusty swimmer through the breakers.

Bessy Morris's first impulse was to get home without meeting Mat Donovan. She was hurrying through the kitchen in order to get out to the road by the back gate, when she almost knocked against Nelly Donovan who was running into the house for a drink of water for her brother. Their eyes met, and the looks of surprise and inquiry with which they regarded each other seemed to have a mingling of distrust or suspicion in it. Their looks were not alike, however, for while Nelly's expressed reproach, Bessy's seemed to indicate a dread of being detected. If Nelly Donovan had spoken what she thought, she would have said, "I'll that all you care about him, you heartless thing?" And if Bessy Morris gave utterance to her thoughts she would have said, "I wonder how you found out how much I care for him!"

Bessy, however, recovered quickly from her surprise, and at once added upon making the best of the situation.

"I saw all from the window, Nelly," said she. "Thank God he is safe. It must be a great shock to your poor mother."

"What reason are you running away?" inquired Nelly, who was the soul of candour.

"Well," replied Bessy—who was not quite so candid—"I thought it would be only troublesome to you and your mother if I went to talk to him. I knew you'd rather have him all to yourself. And, besides, poor Mat himself might rather be left quiet after such a shock. So I said to myself I'd slip out by the back gate and run home when I saw he was safe."

This seemed natural enough to Nelly Donovan, and she was satisfied.

"Well, maybe you're right," said she. "But, for all that, I believe he'd be glad to see you, no matter what way he'd be."

"Well, Nelly," returned Bessy, after some hesitation, "I'd rather meet him when there would not be so many people about him."

"Call in when you're passing," rejoined Nelly, "and my mother and all of us will be glad to see you. Though they say," she added, shaking her head, "you're too proud now for your old friends."

"That's not true, Nelly."

"Well, I don't say it is. But I must run out wad the drink of water to him; and as you don't like to get into the crowd, I hope I'll find you sitting in the little chair you was in long ago."

The allusion to long ago had a decidedly softening effect upon Bessy's heart; which, perhaps, wanted softening a little. But Mat Donovan's heart—which did not want softening at all, but rather the contrary—felt very heavy indeed, when he caught a glimpse of her as she tripped lightly by the gate, seeming not to give a thought to himself.

He raised the cup of water to his lips, and as he looked into his sister's face, and glanced at his mother sitting at the foot of the tree, the pain which the thought of Bessy's indifference had caused left his heart; and the old smile came back into Mat Donovan's face, as he looked from one to another of the friends who still lingered about him. There was Phil Lahy, holding the coat which Tommy had dropped from the tree with an expression of countenance suggestive of woolpacks, and benches of bishops, and colleges of cardinals, and holy fathers, and martyrs and confessors in general, all rolled into one. And there was Honor, such a picture of hearty, homely good nature, that it did him good to look at her, thinking, in her own mind, whether she could by any means take forcible possession of him, and bring him home with her to rouse him, after his smothering, with a cup of tea of fabulous strength, out of the little black tea-pot. And there was Mary Kearney, as beautiful as an angel, coming from the house, and giving him her hand, with such a heavenly smile, and telling him how glad she was he had escaped unharmed. And there was Grace following her example in her own way; and, strange to say, Mat held Grace's hand as lightly and so long, that she at first felt pained and amused, and then looked up in surprise, and almost snatched away her hand; for there was something about Grace that reminded Mat of throwing cherries over a hedge, and other little incidents of by-gone days—and so, unconsciously, he held her hand and squeezed it; and Grace laughingly submitted. Perhaps Grace would have frowned and thought it no compliment at all if she knew he was thinking all the time of Bessy Morris. And yet to Mat's mind the greatest compliment a human being could be paid was to be thought like Bessy Morris.

Then Mrs. Kearney herself came out, and, wiping the tears from her eyes, declared that her heart she thought had broken, the shock she got was so great—particularly as it reminded her of the day the horse ran away with her uncle Dan and broke his collar-bone—and insisted that Mat should come in and take some thing; a request which Maurice Kearney seconded by seizing Mat by the collar, which he was induced to let go when Mat requested permission to put on his coat. And as Mat Donovan put on his coat, he looked round him again, and wondered that there was one particular face which he could not see anywhere. He looked again and again, and tried to think of a plausible reason for the absence of this particular face as he walked toward the house. And turning round on reaching the door step, he took another look all round, and rubbing his poll with his open hand, Mat Donovan called out:

"Do any uv ye know where is Billy Heffernan?"

No one could tell where Billy Heffernan was. And as he had been seen watering his mule at the "lough" half an hour before, everyone wondered what had become of him. And, in spite of all the kindness and congratulations showered upon him, Mat Donovan felt as if a screw were loose somewhere, when Billy Heffernan's face was nowhere visible.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WOULDN'T DO IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. John Deasy, Irish Nationalist member of Parliament for East Mayo, who has been in Australia recently with John Dillon, made a speech at Cork, on Sunday, May 25, in which, referring to the attempt to suppress Mr. Dillon's reception on the same day at Tipperary, he said:

"In Adelaide (Australia), instead of being dogged by detectives, Mr. Cox, M. P., and himself (Mr. Deasy) were escorted through the streets by the police, who kept order amongst fifteen or sixteen thousand processionists, while their meeting was attended by the officers of the Crown and the Governor-General of the colony, and almost all the colonies placed free passes at the disposal of the delegates, enabling them to travel free over the railways. If a minister attempted to suppress free speech there he would be evicted in forty-eight hours."

Until the blood is cleansed of impurities, it is useless to attempt the cure of any disease. Rheumatism, which is traceable to an acid in the blood, has been cured, in numerous cases, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, external treatment being of no avail.

What Say They?

In popularity increasing. In reliability the best remedy for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, etc., is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All medicine dealers sell it.

Milard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Milard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

THE OFFENCE OF AN ARCHBISHOP.

Leavenworth (Kansas) Times.

For a good many years the name of John Ireland has been a household word in Minnesota and a power for good throughout the North west. He holds a place in the popular esteem and affection of the people under his direct episcopal charge as well as outside of it, second only to that occupied by his episcopal neighbor, Henry B. Whipple, the remarkable apostle of the Indians.

Well, this good man the other day preached by invitation in St. Augustine's Church, Washington, District of Columbia, to a congregation of "colored Roman" Catholics. In the course of the sermon Archbishop Ireland urged his hearers to be orderly and law-abiding citizens, to be temperate and industrious, to own and love and beautify their homes, to educate their children, and to steadily insist upon their rights. He said the existing prejudice against men because of their color made him ashamed as a man, a citizen, and a Christian. He said further:

"Every prejudice entertained, every breach of justice and charity against a fellow-citizen because of color is a stain flung on the banner of our liberty that is worthy of existence where a man is excluded or driven to a corner because of his color. No church is a fit temple of God where a man, because of his color, is excluded or made to occupy a corner. Religion teaches us that we cannot be pleasing to God unless we look upon all mankind as the children of the Father in Heaven, and they who order and compel a man, because he is colored, to betake himself to a corner market, that is, to a place of inferiority, contradict the principles of justice and equal rights established by the God of mercy, who lives on the altar. This prejudice and exclusion in the Church is a scandal and a shame. Let Christians act out their religion and then there is no more race prejudice. The color line must go, and soon, too. The line will be drawn at personal merit. The shame and scandal of putting colored people in corners and lofts in Catholic churches, must be wiped out. The doors of all Catholic institutions must be opened to colored Catholics."

It is the public utterance of these sentiments that has made the Archbishop of St. Paul a dangerous man and a pulpit firebrand in the eyes of our Southern contemporaries. A prominent Southern newspaper, the New Orleans Times-Democrat, a journal which, by the way, has been most active in urging the Legislature of its State to accept the huge bribe offered to it by the Louisiana Lottery Company, holds him up to public reprobation in solemn leading editorials as a holder of dangerous opinions and a mischief maker. It replies to him on the subject of the color line as follows:

"With us in the South there has always been recognized, and will to the end of time be recognized, a line which divides the Caucasian from the negro in social condition as impossible as the gulf which separates Father Abraham's abode in bliss from Diva's home in Hades in the Scriptural narrative. Southern Catholic and southern Protestant and southern agnostic are alike agreed on that point, as are southern laymen and southern ecclesiastics. The color line in the matter of social relations is as impassable as the gulf which separates Father Abraham's abode in bliss from Diva's home in Hades in the Scriptural narrative. It is a law of nature."

Here are two conflicting theories of the proper and rightful attitude of white men and Christians towards their fellowmen. Which of the two shall ultimately prevail? That which is born of the love that Christ teaches, or that which is stained with prejudice and hatred?

CARDINAL NEWMAN AT NINETY.

From the London Daily News.

Cardinal Newman, who is now in his ninetieth year, was at Watlington Monday to attend Mass at the Oratory, Brompton, the occasion being the Feast of St. Philip Neri. By St. Philip Neri the first Oratory was established, and the society known as the Congregation of the Oratory was organized under the permission of a Bull dated July 15, 1575. The English house was founded in 1847, and owes its celebrity to its being the place selected by Cardinal Newman for his abode after his submission to the Roman Catholic Church. The crowded attendance at the Oratory on Watlington Monday is in part attributed to the keen desire to see the venerable Cardinal. Relics of the patron saint are in the possession of the community at Edgubaston, and it is stated in a local account of Monday's service that these were "exposed for veneration at the bottom of the chancel steps, and were surrounded by choice flowers and candles." Banners of yellow and white satin bearing the words "St. Philip, servant of God, pray for us!" were suspended from the roof of the church. Cardinal Newman had to be supported by two of the clergy, and required several minutes to walk a few yards. His genuflection at the altar was accomplished with great difficulty; but, notwithstanding these painfully manifest infirmities of age, it was observed that the Cardinal looked well. At the close of the service he was led to the centre of the chancel, from which he imparted his blessing to the congregation. "When descending the altar steps, says the account from which we quote, 'he was compelled to halt several times, and without the assistance of the accompanying priests it would have been a physical impossibility for His Eminence to have got to or from the church. At the bottom of the sanctuary steps those present had an excellent view of the Cardinal's thoughtful face, upon which time and care have plowed so many furrows; and here he lifted up his trembling hand once again in benediction."

Strictly True

In every respect and attested by the testimony of thousands that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns. The claim that it is just as good made by those endeavoring to palm off imitations for the genuine only proves the superiority of Putnam's. Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.











Branch No. 4, London, Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month...

C. M. B. A.

A very neat C. M. B. A. directory of the city of Montreal has been compiled and published by Brother Finn...

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 7, Paris, Ont., the President appointed the following Resolutions...

DIocese of Antigonish.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. North Sydney, June 20th. His Lordship Bishop Cameron, on his confirmation tour through this diocese...

IRISH AFFAIRS.

LONDON, June 30.—The Chronicle says the recasting of the Ministry is not a distant event. It thinks the raising to the peerage of W. H. Smith, Government leader in the House of Commons...

TRAINING OF NURSES.

Last December, 1889, a training school for nurses was commenced at St. Mary's General Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. The formal opening took place on the 24th of March...

and schools that they possessed the virtues of faith, hope and charity, and these had been accompanied by sacrifices...

DEATH OF FATHER LAPIERRE.

Died at Hotel Dieu, Windsor, on Wednesday, June 25th, Father Lapierre, of Walkerville, aged forty years. Father Lapierre was a native of St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., and at the famous college of his native city he received his early education...

ST. WILLIAM'S DAY.

The children attending the R. C. Separate school assembled this morning in the church of the Holy Angels to celebrate the feast of St. William. Some appropriate hymns were sung by the favorite choir during the service...

TRADING OF NURSES.

Last December, 1889, a training school for nurses was commenced at St. Mary's General Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. The formal opening took place on the 24th of March...

times of sickness, for a compensation which places such assistance within their means. It is also the intention of those in charge of the training school to have some pupils who will work among the poor...

THE HOTEL DIEU, WINDSOR.

Windsor, Ont., June 16, 1890. DEAR SIR—A public hospital, under the management of the Sisters Hospitaliers of St. Joseph, and open to the sick of all creeds and colors, has recently been erected in Windsor, Ont., at a cost of a little over \$40,000.

DIocese of London.

FIRST COMMUNION. The children, to the number of one hundred and four, who have for some time past been preparing to receive their first Communion, received that holy sacrament in St. Peter's Cathedral on last Sunday morning...

SOCIETY PARADE.

The members of the Emerald Beneficial Association, to the number of one hundred and eighty, marched in procession to the Cathedral on last Sunday morning, to attend the half-past eight o'clock Mass...

NEW DRY GOODS STORE.

The excitement at the New Bargain Dry Goods Store continues unabated. They are selling the finest quality of dress goods there at fully one-third less than regular value...

SITUATION WANTED.

A YOUNG MAN who has had ten years' experience in the grocery business as to character and ability. Best of references on demand. Apply at this office.

containing the name and address of the donor. We confidently hope that, in view of the charitable object to be attained, you will kindly prepare a piece of work for this department...

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C. C. RICHARDS & Co. GENTS.—I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied MINARD'S LINIMENT freely and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever.

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For Infants and Invalids. IS A COMPOUND OF MILK, WHEAT AND SUGAR. Chemically so combined as to resemble most closely the Mother's Milk.

SCOTT'S EMULSION. Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda. Scott's Emulsion is a perfect Emulsion. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

WINDSOR'S LITHIUM. A NATURAL REMEDY FOR Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

ELECTRICITY, MOLLER'S BATHS & Sulphur Saline Baths. CURE OF ALL NERVOUS DISEASES. J. G. WILSON, LEONTOPOATHIST.

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