

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS ERIT NOMEN MEUM, CATHOLICUS VERO COSMOPOLITANUS."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Paulin, 4th Century.

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(Written for the Catholic Record.)
A REMINISCENCE OF ST.
RAPHAEL'S

Some few years ago I had occasion to visit the parish of St. Raphael in the County of Glengarry. In those days to arrive at the fragment of Canada dedicated to "Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide," you took the Grand Trunk train which leaves Bonaventure Station, Montreal, at nine o'clock every morning, and travelled eastward for about two hours and a half, when you would arrive at Lancaster, the county town of Glengarry, where a stage coach would be in waiting to convey you into the wilds of the interior. The short journey from Montreal is through a charming country and it is interesting to observe the different nationalities of the inhabitants, easily distinguishable by the appearance of their houses and farms. From Montreal to Lachine everything speaks of city life, and not in its most attractive aspect. At Lachine the eye rejoices in the sight of the glorious river, upon which steamers and small craft are beginning to be astir—calmly surveyed by rows of pleid "suburban villas" in which the city people play at country life for the summer months. Opposite—and gaining enchantment by distance—is the Iroquois village of Canehswaga, one of the most interesting spots in the Dominion. Leaving Lachine, we come to St. Anne-Au-Bout de l'Île—the St. Ann's of Moore's boat song, where there is real country. Pure air, fresh milk, new laid eggs, mosquitoes and all other rustic allurements abound at St. Ann's. The view from the railway bridges connecting the island of Montreal to Ile Perrot, and Ile Perrot to the Seigneurie of Vaudreuil in the mainland, is very beautiful. The water here is dotted with wild and lovely little islets all covered with verdure. Shady nooks under the foliage of the graceful trees, that grow right down to the river's brink, seem to invite the dusty traveller to come and rest in their serene depths. Beyond the further bridge are some foamy rapids, murmuring never ceasing complaints of their rocky bed, and lashing the abutments of the bridge in their impotent wrath. Here the Ottawa and St. Lawrence meet but do not mingle. The different colored waters are plainly discernable for many miles below the confluence.

The vast expanse of water formed by Lake St. Louis and the Lake of Two Mountains is divided only by the slender bridge and the verdant flats of Ile Perrot. The trees on this island are of a very low size, but exceedingly luxuriant in foliage. The graceful shimmering branches of "les trembles," as the habitants call a species of poplar, almost touch the water's edge. In this district the peasantry are French, and their bright garments add to the picturesque aspect of the scenery amid which they live. The women delight in alpine and stockings of gay colors, and they and the men both wear gaily trimmed hats peculiar to this part of the province. Straw woven into a sugar loaf shape, generally rising to a height of from sixteen to twenty inches, with a drooping rim of proportionate breadth. Leaving grand old Vaudreuil we pass through the county of Soulanges, skirting Coteau Landing, the new avenue for commerce between Canada and the United States, still finding on all sides the tin covered roof, curved verandah, and farms, more picturesque than fruitful, which distinguish the Province of Quebec. Suddenly the scene changes—houses assume a grave and decorous aspect, barns become more numerous and larger, buck boards disappear, and give place to highly varnished bugles, hat crowns shorten, the faces under them lengthen—we are in the province of Ontario and in the county of Glengarry, one of the adopted homes of a *chlanah nan Gael*.

To me the stage coach business was altogether a new experience. I had driven in almost every other conveyance from a buck board to a barouche, but never in a shiny, shabby, creaking, top-heavy looking "Black Maria." I mounted its rather inaccessible steps, and took my place inside with some qualms, for my only fellow traveller was a typical Yankee, and, alas! he had been indulging in some or many of the intoxicating drinks for the concocting of which men of his type are supposed to have a genius. The many mail bags were thrown in, the driver came out of

the inn door, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, climbed to his seat, blew a horn and off we went. I do not remember much of the roads through which we passed—one sign indeed impressed itself indelibly in my memory—it ran thus: "A large supply of elegant coffins always on hand." But the reflections which that sign might have inspired were rudely broken in upon by my fellow passenger, who, leaning over, pointedly addressed my quaking self with—"Was you raised at Sandfield's Corner?" On my replying in the negative he leaped into silence and after a while ejaculated: "I guess you're goin' to stop a spell with the Miss Browns on Vanhook hill." This I also negatived. He then enquired: "Hav you folks tow Alexandria?" I shook my head. My Vermont friend was silent for a short time, then suddenly drawing out a battered watch of the warming pan size and shape, he held it open before my eyes, exclaiming: "Contradict that if you dare, its a quarter to one!" Not wishing to be considered contradictory I drew out my own watch, and showed him that it agreed with his. Soon after this interchange of amenities, John blew his horn, rained up his steeds, and turning round to me with: "This here is where you get off, just follow the mail carrier," tossed one of his many canvass bags into the centre of the dusty road. I alighted, and the stage creaked away towards Alexandria. The last words which I heard from my Vermont friend were: "I wish, if I knew what she wants her Sandfield's Corner!" In the middle of an expanse of dust and clay, where four roads fork, with no shelter but an uninviting wayside hostelry, I stood and awaited the coming of the mail boy. He came, as all things do, if we wait long enough. He was small, bare legged, and almost bare headed; he grasped the bag, which, although the property of her gracious majesty, lay prone in the dust, and throwing it over one shoulder, set off at an ambling canter for St. Raphael's.

I followed for a little while, and then the boy gained upon me—hill and dale, sunlight and shadow were all one to him, but not to me. And had I not with me the most inviting of luncheons wrapped in snowy napery tucked into a little basket by the fair hands of the sweetest of Montreal farmers, herself a pearl of Glengarry, and a novel, such a tempting tale woven of Mr. Howell's grave and graceful thoughts—down I climbed a sturdy fence and lay me down under the shade of a friendly elm to partake of egg sandwiches and to read "the undiscovered country." The title was not inappropriate to the reader. It was my very first venture, and I aimed high. I was going to Glengarry at the suggestion of a New York editor to search out matter for magazine articles, concerning the immigration and establishment of a large portion of the great Clan Donald in Glengarry. I knew nobody in the county and I spoke no Gaelic. I had been preceded by a letter from a lady friend to the parish priest of St. Raphael's, and upon his courtesy or indifference depended the success of my undertaking. Have you ever read "A Undiscovered Country?" It is a pretty book, and I think a good one. As I read it to that May afternoon with the sweet air of God's country blowing around me and the music of birds and insects making melody in the branches overhead, I chanced upon a death-bed scene where in an old man speaks of a priest as "the helpful elder brother of the helpless human race." The truth of that sentence quelled my fears—I arose and went on with confidence and faith. Over the hill-top of the roadside, past hedgerows in which spring flowers were blooming, under elms such as artists love to paint, and the village came in sight. Only a few cottages, with broad garden acres, and away beyond the brow of the hill the church and venerable presbytery. On the verandah of the post-office I saw the flutter of a soutane, the priest and the postmaster were having a friendly game of checkers. Using my umbrella as a screen I steered past these gentlemen and climbed the hill, then crossed the road and entered a quaint old gate round which rose bushes clustered and which guarded the entrance to the presbytery of St. Raphael's and the College of Iona of former days. Private hospitality is sacred, yet it is admissible to tell in general terms of the kind welcome given to the weary stranger. When the good father, summoned from his recreation, came bustling in with a hearty, "my poor child, you are welcome"—all fear was dispelled. I knew I had found a friend, and so it proved. All that could be done to make a visit pleasant was done by Father M.—and his two charming sisters; under their guidance I interviewed the oldest inhabitants and gathered facts

and anecdotes without number, and proved by experience the wonderful expansiveness of Highland hospitality. Small wonder that it is proverbial! Why let any body to test it drive up to the house of a well-to-do farmer in Glengarry (or a poor one, if such exist, but I saw none) and he is absolutely certain to be invited to enter and partake of whatever meal may be in course of preparation; indeed in all probability he will be coaxed to "untackle his beast and stop a week." What pleasant recollections I have of tea and Highland cakes, partaken of at more than one hospitable board where the host between mouthfuls of "bannock" discoursed of the old days in which "Father John" ruled in Glengarry. The friendly feeling of those good people to their clansmen in Prince Edward Island and in Cape Breton is very striking. Over and over was I asked for news of some relative or friend in the "gem of the gulf," or by the shores of the broad Bras d'Or. Alas! in those days my knowledge in such subjects had not been acquired. I knew a little of the Prince Edward Island Highlander, but he of Cape Breton was always associated in my mind with that mythical personage of questionable charms, "MacDonald, of Bras d'Or." To be sure there was also the celebrated "Ronald MacDonald, Horse and Wagon Maker, Why cogamale, Cape Breton, over." But of the real and grand population of farmers and fishermen, who on the hills and in the valleys of Antigonish County, and throughout the length and breadth of old Ile Royal, cherish the traditions of their forefathers and speak the language of Caledonia, the brave episcopal flock of the saintly Bishop Cameron, I then was ignorant.

After these evenings of "interviewing" came the pleasant rest in the presbytery—where the parish priest would with respect and affection speak of Father John whose curate he had been so long—and would show the picture of the pioneer Bishop, the history of whose career has lately been so graphically told in the "Record," and point out the landmarks of the old, old settlement, the blue chapel, and the college of Iona, those tabernacles erected in the desert for the service of the Lord of Hosts, and then the talk would turn on poor bleeding Ireland and mine host, a County Cavan man, would read aloud some portion of the story of her wrongs, "Shamus O'Brien" or "Fontenoy," and read with such effect, such pathos, that tears of sympathy would pour down the cheeks of his little audience of three. But even happy visits come to an end—and there came to me a last day in Glengarry—when I wandered through the old garden and mused on the history of the heroic dead who had once paced up and down those shaded avenues and counted their hours by the old sundial, that overgrown with roses still shows the letters of Father John's name. And then came farewells and a drive over the road that had seemed so long only one week before, and lo! the stage coach at "Sandfield Corner," and the journey home to weave all the facts gleaned into a prosy article for the CATHOLIC RECORD. That was all in the good old days. Now the iron horse of civilization rushes through Glengarry—and mails are dispensed by means of jaunty mail clerks in regulation postal cars. Mine host has been promoted to a more stirring parish and a rumour once reached me that a fine new house with "modern improvements" had been built to supersede the old Presbytery of St. Raphael's. I have never tried to learn if this be true—better leave it in doubt, and fondly picture St. Raphael's as I last saw it, with the setting sun throwing long shadows on the moss grown dial, where the roses clustered in sweet rebellion against relentless time, and the lads and lassies flocking to tell their beads in the old, old College of Iona, with the glory of the bright May evening turning their ruddy looks to gold; and the solemn old house standing hard by, with its shaded gallery and its quaint pictures and many pious memories, a monument of the energy of the grand old Bishop of Kingston, Alexander M. Donnell, who

"Though dead still lives
In the hearts of his countrymen."
A. M. P.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANT READER.—There are many Religious Communities both in Canada and the United States. For the Franciscans you can apply to Rev. William Gauspohl, Chatham, Ont.; for the Jesuits, apply to Rev. F. Doherty, Guelph, Ont.
F. S. C.—The country of St. Patrick's birth is a controverted point. Himself states that he was borne at Bonaven Tabernie. The difficulty lies in deciding what modern place was then called by this name. We consider that the weight of authority locates it at Boulogne-sur-Mer in France.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.
THE LATE BISHOP CARBERRY.

The month's mind was celebrated this morning by a solemn requiem mass in St. Mary's cathedral for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop Carberry. There was a very large congregation present, and the church and altar were heavily draped with crape. The following clergy were present: Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, attended by Father Doherty, superior of the Jesuits of Guelph, and Father Smiley, of Niagara Falls; Bishop Dowling, of Peterboro, attended by Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford, and Chancellor Keough, of Hamilton; Vicar-General Heenan, Fathers Bardou (Cayuga), Spetz (Berlin), Cushing (Toronto), Doherty (Guelph), Owens (Ayton), O'Donohue (Owens Sound), P. Lennon (Brampton), J. Lennon (Galt), Brennan (Dumerton), Congrove (Elora), O'Connor (Arthur), O'Leary (Freeton), O'Connor (Paris), Feeny (Pricewille), Corcoran (Teewater), Slaven (Oakville), Carre, Halm, Murphy, and Craven (Hamilton).

Vicar-General Heenan celebrated the mass, assisted by Father Bardou of Cayuga, and Father Spetz of Berlin, after which Bishop Dowling preached a memorial sermon on the death of the late bishop, taking as his text the words, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." He said: "May it Please Your Grace, Rev. Fathers and Dear Friends,

On a sad occasion of this kind it seems to me that our sorrowful silence is far more significant than speech. But it has been deemed proper that some words should be spoken and some consolation be given to the hearts of the bereaved. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." We have met to day to mourn the loss of a great and good prelate, to pray for his soul and to do honor to his memory. The diocese of Hamilton is again in mourning, and as a former priest of the diocese I am here to express my sympathy with the clergy and people and to share as I might in the general sorrow. For it is well known that your late Bishop was a very dear friend of mine and that between him and me there existed from the first the most friendly and intimate relations. It fell to my happy lot to be the first priest of his diocese to welcome him to the shores of America and to be the last priest and bishop on the occasion of his departure to bid him an affectionate farewell. Little did I think that that farewell would be a final one, and that I should never again have the privilege of looking on his genial, friendly face until, please God, we shall all meet in a better and brighter world. Happily for me his panegyric has already been pronounced by His Grace. That eminent dignitary, with his accustomed charity, with the zeal of an apostle, he went around preaching divine truths, reconciling sinners to God, visiting the poor and friendless and afflicted, establishing confraternities for the young men and conducting retreats for communities and for clergy. Who can tell but God alone, who is now his reward exceeding great, how much good effected, how many souls he enlightened, how many sinners he reconciled, how many young men he saved from shipwreck, how many vocations he found, how many abuses he corrected, how many graces he was instrumental in distributing for the honor and glory of God! And when he came amongst us we all remember how earnestly he longed to go out on his pastoral visitations! We recall the activity and alacrity with which he hastened to the several parishes, how ever distant and difficult of access, until in a short time he had visited every mission and parish in his extensive diocese? And where is the pastor amongst us that cannot recall some pleasing and profitable reminiscence of those visits? Some happy thought suggested, some good work inaugurated, some sound instruction imparted, some holy zeal kindled? Yes, the labors he sustained, the good works he accomplished, the good example he imparted, the students he adopted, the clergy he ordained, the conferences and confraternities he established and the wise and beneficial laws he enacted—these and many other good works will remain as so many proofs of his zeal and devotion to duty and of his successful and happy administration of the diocese of Hamilton. The Holy Father greatly honored us in sending us such a Bishop, so wise, so gentle and so good. And in return no bishop was ever more devoted to the Chair of Peter—to Rome he went in his early youth to make his first sacrifice, in Rome he was educated under the shadow of the successor of St. Peter, to Rome he went for his Episcopal consecration and to Rome he was hastening with his gifts for the Golden Jubilee when the Angel of Death met him on the way and summoned him to a more glorious jubilee in the heavens. He died in his native land in holy Ireland, in the monastery that he loved, attended by his confreres, consoled and comforted by his early friends, sustained and strengthened by the sacraments and blessed with the special benediction of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Honored in life, honored in death, who shall say that he is not even now greatly honored and exalted in the heavens? May we all learn to profit from the lessons of so holy a life and be found worthy to merit so happy and edifying a death. Eternal rest grant him, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine on him.

The usual contradictory statements of the Pope's position in regard to Ireland have been sent over the cable. At one time we are told virtually that the Holy Father is encouraging the Coercion party and discouraging the Nationalists, but at last we have the undoubtedly true version that he has no intention to interfere to discourage the patriotic movement.

spirit of self sacrifice, his zeal for souls, his devotion to duty, his obedience and reverence for authority and especially his profound reverence for and devotion to the Holy See. Twice in his life he gave striking and admirable instances of self-sacrifice. First when a mere boy, by a supernatural impulse he left home, kindred and country to consecrate himself to God by the three solemn vows of charity, poverty and obedience. And secondly, when in his old age, at the call of the Holy Father, he overcame the ties that bound him to the order he loved, and with all the disadvantages of age, climate and want of experience with the customs of this country, through a spirit of obedience, assumed all the cares, anxieties and responsibilities of the Bishopric. Who is there that does not admire the heroic action of the holy youth in the very morning of life, in all the lovelessness of his boyhood, at an age when the world has charms so tender and so attractive, forsaking all that was so dear to him on earth and hastening across the continent to the holy city among strangers, to devote himself henceforth and forever to the service of God and His church in the illustrious order of St. Dominic? And who would have surmised that the humble novice from Ireland who sought only the obscurity of the cloister, would one day rapidly rise to the highest honors in the order, become in succession prior, provincial and associate general in Italy, and afterwards a brilliant bishop of the church of God in our own far off land of Canada. But it is written that God gives His grace to the humble, and no doubt it was because God saw in the heart of the novice the virtue of true humility that he determined to exalt him. There, in his novitiate, for seven years, devoted to study, to piety and to discipline, he advanced in years, and grace, and wisdom before God and men, and there it was that by his devotion to duty he merited therein graces that sanctified and beautified his heart, and afterwards adorned his priestly character. Two motives led him to make this sacrifice. First, the love of God and His Church which he inherited from an Irish Catholic mother, a love which continued to burn in his soul brightly to the last. That love he longed to communicate to others. He came to cast fire on the earth, and what willed he but that it should be unkindled. Hence his secret motive, his burning zeal for souls, a zeal first manifested in the Irish missions and afterwards exercised to our edification throughout the length and breadth of the diocese of Hamilton. The first mission was in his native land, where, for nearly thirty years, he went around like his divine Lord, doing good, and where his goodly deeds are still remembered. Here, in the vigor of his manhood, with the zeal of an apostle, he went around preaching divine truths, reconciling sinners to God, visiting the poor and friendless and afflicted, establishing confraternities for the young men and conducting retreats for communities and for clergy. Who can tell but God alone, who is now his reward exceeding great, how much good effected, how many souls he enlightened, how many sinners he reconciled, how many young men he saved from shipwreck, how many vocations he found, how many abuses he corrected, how many graces he was instrumental in distributing for the honor and glory of God! And when he came amongst us we all remember how earnestly he longed to go out on his pastoral visitations! 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LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

Lord Salisbury threatens that if the Ministry be defeated, an appeal to the country will be taken. The Liberals warmly welcome the intimation, as they claim that they want nothing better.

A new half penny evening daily, the *Star*, has been started in London under the editorial management of Mr. Thos. O'Connor. It will be addressed to Liberals and to the working classes and it will greatly strengthen the Irish cause which it will warmly advocate. The first issue was 142,600 copies.

As usual the Government supporters are reporting dissentions in the Nationalist ranks. They will, undoubtedly, prove to be as baseless as former similar reports. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre has declared in a letter to the *Times* that if one of the 750 tenants who are threatened with eviction on Lord Clarke's estate be evicted, he will go to Ireland to hold an indignation meeting on the estate. Such a meeting will be, as usual, proclaimed, and this will probably end in his arrest. Owing to his important position in the Liberal ranks, this challenge to the Government will probably precipitate a crisis. At all events important results may be expected.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist clergy held their session for the sale of Clwd Presbytery at Phyl, the Moderator, Rev. Thos. Hughes presiding. There were present more than one hundred ministers and representatives. At the close of the session the ministers signed a protest against the coercion policy of the Government. In the protest they say that "by interference with personal liberty, with the rights of public meeting, and with the freedom of the Press, the Government is pursuing a course that increasingly tends to the degradation of law and the subversion of order." Their object in making this protest, they declare to be "to free themselves from complicity with a spirit and method of Government that are utterly unworthy of a professedly Christian nation." Stronger terms than these have not been used by Nationalists in Ireland.

Twenty three Protestant ministers of Cardiff have signed a protest similar to that of the Welsh Calvinists of the Vale of Clwd. These include Church of England, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and others. Besides protesting against the suppression of free speech and free press they say: "We also protest against the cruelty with which evictions have been carried out in the sister country, and likewise against the harsh and unjust sentences which have been inflicted upon some of her most patriotic sons."

Father Matthew Ryan having completed his term of one month's imprisonment, has been released. Ten thousand persons, including the Mayor of Limerick, the sheriff, Municipal Council and many clergy received him with loud cheers, and with every demonstration in his honor.

United Ireland has a cartoon representing Mr. Blunt caught in the steel trap, "Coercion Court," while John Bull, close by, has Secretary Balfour by the ear, being about to castigate him with a scourge labelled "Irish Indignation." John Bull says: "You sneaking cur, you have caught one of my noblest sons in that cruel un-English machine on the Queen's open highway." Balfour answers: "Bo o o! I'm sorry I caught him. I set the trap for Irish patriots. I did not think any Englishmen were coming this way." On the highway free speech and free press are placed to be trodden underfoot.

The Irish Prison Board on New Year's Day sent a message to Limerick jail stating that according to Act of Parliament Father Ryan is entitled to wear whatever clothes he likes. Yet these are the men who have such love for law and justice as to descend to midnight theft and other acts of violence in order to force prisoners to more guilty than Father Ryan to wear the prison garb! Even in Father Ryan's case the discovery was not made till he related the endeavor to force him to do the same. We shall soon hear Lord Salisbury repeat once more that the laws are the same in Ireland as in England.

Mr. O'Brien said in his speech at Tallmore, that he believed that "Balfour's boast that he would sink us to the level of criminals was a piece of calculated brutality—part of a deliberate policy of defamation which unscrupulous men are carrying on against us in England—a new and more truculent form of the 'Parnellism and crime' policy of the London *Times*, and it would have been base in us if we had lain down submissively under an infamy of that sort." He claimed, not in the spirit of boasting that "the protest we have maintained, and the voice of English opinion and of English discussion have already broken the neck of Balfour's prison list scheme." He confirmed Mr. Blunt's story of Balfour's murderous intentions, and left his hearers thoroughly convinced that his denial of it is but an addition to his long list of downright falsehoods.

The Dublin Freeman issues a cartoon representing Secretary Balfour as Robinson Crusoe on the desert island with his hatchet dripping blood, his umbrella made of the Union Jack supported by a bloody bayonet, and himself in the moment of terror when he beheld footprints in the sand. The footprints are those of the Marquis of Ripon and Mr. Morley. He has just been slung "I'm Monarch of all I survey," when he beholds the footprints—feeling that more alarming ones will follow. The ship Coercion is seen not far off, dismantled and useless.

Father McFadden has been arrested at Armagh on the charge of holding anti-landlord and anti-police meetings. On the arrival at Londonderry the police escorting him were stoned by an excited mob. Mr. Blaine, M. P., was arrested at the same time and committed for trial on charge of inciting the tenants to resist the authorities.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Jan. 28th, 1888.

The Mail's London "Gossip" is once more dealing in astonishing "news" regarding the Home Rule movement.

We have already seen that when the Salisbury Government endeavored to secure from the Pope a condemnation of the patriotic action of the Irish clergy, the mission suddenly collapsed because the Pope would be neither bullied, cajoled, nor bribed into the unworthy position of being a confidant at a Government's tyranny.

The story carries on its face the brand of its true character, "a hoax."

As to the recommendation of "moderate Home Rule," we are not aware that "immoderate Home Rule" has ever been asked by the Nationalists.

We have another specimen of the ludicrous character of the news coming from this source, in the ominous announcement of "Parnellite feeling toward Mr. Blunt."

Joosefery rather than ill-natured our-rikeness. However, we let it pass for all it is worth. Is this churlishness a reason why the Liberals of England should degrade themselves into blood-hounds for Balfour to scot out the steps of the Maggie Lalors of Ireland to have them tortured to death in Balfour's dungeons?

The Mail correspondent's trash winds up thus: "It is clear that among the rank and file of the Parnellite party there is in reality a strong feeling of gratification that an Englishman should have been sent to an Irish gaol under such circumstances."

The shouts and cheers of the thousands who greeted Mr. Blunt at Birr at the reading of Father Sheehan's address express the actual sentiment of the Irish populace, and stamps the Mail correspondent's slanders with the contempt they deserve.

In connection with these changes, it is remarkable that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made a speech at Bristol on the 17th inst., in which he advocated "the extension of local government in Ireland after order has been established."

All this, coming from a member of the Salisbury Cabinet, is very remarkable language, considering that we have been so lately told by Lord Salisbury that Local Government or Home Rule cannot be granted, and whereas all the Ministerial speakers have declared that to do so would destroy the Empire, and bring the people of Ulster under the merciless domination of a tyrannical Catholic majority.

"Sir Michael Hicks-Beach takes an independent line which may lead him towards Gladstone's policy, and which has already taken him far beyond the helpless obstinacy of mere coercion."

At a meeting of the Sarsfield branch of the National League, one Molloy, speaking on the question of a vote of thanks to Mr. Blunt, confessed he was not very much inclined to put himself about in the matter, for the English favored coercion, and if they now thought proper to come over to Ireland it was only fair that they should get a taste of the fruits of coercion."

just and right, that people attending a public meeting were shot down in cold blood, with the approval of the Government.

But Sir Michael says these concessions should be made only "after order has been established." The absence of crime and disorder from Ireland is a well known and admitted fact, except such crimes as manufactured by the Coercion Act or is committed with the sanction of the Government.

Following close upon these rumored changes comes another rumor through the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, that Lord Randolph Churchill's friends aver that he is disposed to set himself against the manner in which coercion is now carried out.

The Jesuits are about to build on Seventeenth street, New York, a magnificent college, which with the new church recently completed, will occupy the entire block.

MR. O'BRIEN'S RELEASE.

Mr. Wm O'Brien, M. P., was released from Tullamore prison on the 20th inst. His confinement dates from 30th Oct. He proceeded to the priest's house, followed by a large crowd cheering him repeatedly.

At the railway station in Dublin Mr. O'Brien was greeted by an immense concourse of people, including many priests and members of Parliament.

At a meeting in Tullamore Mr. O'Brien said "he had the greatest difficulty to find adequate words with which to express his gratitude for the kindness of his countrymen, Messrs. Moorhead and Egan, without whose assistance in his lonely day with the jail authorities, they would likely have had a much different event to celebrate to day."

would be one of the victims. It was with this knowledge in mind that he had told Messrs. Moorhead and Egan in the beginning, that he had been brought to prison to be murdered, for he knew that Mr. Blunt would let his hand wither in the fire before he would tell a lie.

MR. JUSTICE MAOMAHON.

The last issue of the Bruce Herald (Walkerton), gives a full account of the case of McLeay vs the County of Bruce, tried at the Hamilton Assizes before Mr. Justice MacMahon.

SOME RESULTS OF THE COERCION POLICY.

The strongest argument by which United States journals endeavor to injure Mr. Cleveland's prospects for the Presidency, is that his policy set forth in his Free Trade Message is favorable to England.

ENGLAND'S FIRST CHOICE.—Mr. Cleveland remains the first choice of the English manufacturers and Canadian traders.

THE KIND OF SCARE ENGLAND LIKES.—According to the New York Times England is dreadfully scared over the threatened adoption of a Free Trade policy by the United States.

Can anything be done?

we think the issue would be hailed by the business people as a move in the right direction.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE METHODIST PREACHERS OF Baltimore are indignant because President Cleveland sent a copy of the Constitution of the United States to the Pope.

BY private advice from Battleford, Saskatchewan, we are pleased to be able to state that our holy faith is making rapid strides in that far off region.

AN INCIDENT at Florence caused a very serious feeling, and led to such a strained situation between France and Italy that the bourse was very much affected.

THE terrible blizzard which swept over the North-West, lasting three days from the 14th inst., has been very destructive of human life and of stock, through Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Montana, Nebraska and Kansas.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

The Conference of our Lady of London has during the past year performed much good work amongst the poor of this city.

Special Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

Special to the Catholic Record. DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

The zeal manifested by His Lordship Bishop Dowling not only in pure ecclesiastical affairs of the diocese, but in tribu-tary matters, is producing excellent fruit.

It is to be hoped that so the richer classes of our Catholics, whose sons may feel their duty called to the holy ministry, will be without a rival in the Catholic world, for the advantage of young clerics, to obtain ecclesiastical education of the order attainable in God's Church.

GRAND BAZAAR AT WOODSTOCK.

We would remind our readers that the grand Bazaar in Woodstock in aid of the building fund of the beautiful new Church erected under the supervision of Rev. M. J. Brady, P. P., will begin on Tuesday, 31st January.

On the following morning, ship celebrated mass, by special invitation, in the chapel of the great Ursula of the Propaganda, at which a number of the great prelates of the Bishop from Canada, received communion at his hands.

Archbishop Croke, writing to Mr. M. Walsh, the editor of the Sunday Democrat, says: "We are, as you know, in the midst of a social war here. May God defend the right."

LETTER FROM ROME.

POPE LEU'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

Rome, 29th December, 1887. MY DEAR RECORD.—Rome just presents a spectacle probably but dom before witnessed in the annals of the Catholic Church.

I might mention incidentally the college proper is not yet open, actually in course of erection, and be completed and ready for opening about the 1st September, 1888.

Our Catholic Canadian "public form unto itself an idea of the tons and magnificence of these buildings when told that they are erected at the cost of not less than 1,000,000 francs.

Next to the college, just the street, stands an antique formerly the property of the Alban. This was purchased some ago by Father Caplier, the Superior of the Sulpician Convent, and has been turned into a library, where young priests, from France, are quartered under the care of these grand educators of the young men of the University course.

It is here Bishop Walsh and his companions have enjoyed, for the weeks, a truly Canadian hospital have experienced at the hands of good fathers of St. Sulpicus, from the young priests under charge, all the kindness and attention that any one could expect from polished and big-cast Christian gentlemen.

On the following morning, ship celebrated mass, by special invitation, in the chapel of the great Ursula of the Propaganda, at which a number of the great prelates of the Bishop from Canada, received communion at his hands.

Remittance in payment for tickets should be sent by money order, or registered letter, and they will be in time for the prize drawing if they reach Father Brady by noon, Friday, 3rd February.

Archbishop Croke, writing to Mr. M. Walsh, the editor of the Sunday Democrat, says: "We are, as you know, in the midst of a social war here. May God defend the right."

JAN 28, 1888.

LETTER FROM ROME. POPE LEU'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Rome, 29th December, 1887. My DEAR RECORD:—Rome just now presents a spectacle probably but seldom before witnessed in the annals of the Catholic Church. The all absorbing topic of conversation here is, of course, the Papal Jubilee. During the last few weeks, especially during these few days past, crowds of visitors and pilgrims, from all the nations under the sun, have been pouring into the Eternal City, with a view to do honor to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, on the occasion of the great and glorious event of his Sacrodotial Jubilee. All the hotels are filled to repletion, and fabulous prices are asked for rooms and beds in the private boarding houses.

Bishop Walsh and his two companions are comfortably installed in the Canadian College, under the charge of the venerable Fathers of St. Sulpice, which is situated in a most healthy and beautiful location, on the Via della Gastro Fontane.

I might mention incidentally that the college proper is not yet open, but is actually in course of erection, and will be completed and ready for operation about the 1st September, 1888. It will be one of the finest and most commodious among the many foreign colleges in Rome, and will afford accommodations for one hundred theological students. However, the course of theology will not be given at the college itself. The students will have to follow the classes of the best masters of theology in the Roman Universities, whilst the good Sulpician Fathers will devote themselves more especially to their training in the sacerdotal spirit and the virtues proper to their high and sublime calling.

Our Catholic Canadian public may form unto itself an idea of the proportions and magnificence of these college buildings when told that they are being erected at the cost of not less than 1,000,000 francs.

It is to be hoped that some of the richer classes of our Catholic citizens, whose sons may feel themselves called to the holy ministry, will make a point to patronize an institution which will be without a rival in the whole Catholic world, for the advantages it offers to young clerics, to obtain an ecclesiastical education of the highest order attainable in God's Church.

Next to the college, just over the street, stands an antique palace, formerly the property of Cardinal Albani. This was purchased some years ago by Father Caprier, the present Superior of the Sulpician Colony in Rome, and has been turned into a Seminary, where young priests, from Canada and France, are quartered under the care of these grand educators of priests, and from thence they go every day to attend the University courses of the Appolusar and the Minerva, with a view to prepare themselves for their degrees. The number of these young priests presently in the house is twenty.

It is here Bishop Walsh and his companions have enjoyed, for the last five weeks, a truly Canadian hospitality, and have experienced at the hands of the good fathers of St. Sulpice, as well as from the young priests under their charge, all the kindness and polite attention that any one could possibly expect from polished and highly educated Christian gentlemen. To confirm this statement of mine it will suffice to relate what has transpired here on the feast of St. John the Evangelist. Every Canadian Catholic knows that St. John is Bishop Walsh's Patron Saint. Now, the good fathers of St. Sulpice and the young seminarian Priests wished, on this occasion, to testify to the Bishop of London the esteem and high appreciation which they had conceived for his Lordship during his stay among them. On the eve of St. John's day, after supper, they required the Bishop's presence in the great parlor, when one of the young men stepped forth, made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, and then all knelt down and kissed the Bishop's ring and asked his Benediction. The Bishop, who was deeply moved by this unexpected mark of esteem and veneration, answered in French, and the balance of the time allowed by the rule for recreation was spent in a most agreeable and interesting conversation.

On the following morning, His Lordship celebrated mass, by special request, in the chapel of the great Urban College of the Propaganda, at which all the Students, to do honor to the venerable Bishop from Canada, received holy Communion at his hands. Meanwhile the Rev. Mr. Vacher, the economi of the Seminary, and well known to hundreds of Canadian and American priests, as the former economi of the grand Seminary of Montreal, had a grand dinner prepared in honor of St. John's day, to which Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, and a number of other distinguished ecclesiastics were invited. During the dessert, one of the young priests, Rev. Father Mahoney, a

clever young man, who is now preparing for his degree, stood up and addressed the Bishop as follows: FATHER MAHONEY'S ADDRESS TO BISHOP WALSH.

RIGHT REV. AND DEAR BISHOP WALSH,—Honored as we are by your sojourn amongst us, we are three honored by your presence to-day, on this your names' day, and as we cannot allow this happy occasion to slip by without in some manner expressing to you our deep appreciation of the honor you do us, I have been chosen by my rev. conferees to express to your Lordship the congratulations of your little community on this happy occasion. Allow me therefore, my Lord, on behalf of the gentlemen of the Procure to extend to you our heartfelt felicitations on the recurrence of your patron feast. As to-day's sun breaks upon the snow-clad fields of Canada, many a warm and heartfelt prayer will ascend to the throne of mercy from the lips and the hearts of the faithful flock for their shepherd and guide beyond the seas. Hearty and sincere would be the congratulations of which your Lordship were the recipient, did Providence cast your lot this day among the homes of your cherished people. In lieu of these, I beg you to accept ours. We too wish you God speed to-day. That the hand of the master which has kept you during long years of heavy toil, may continue to protect you, to re-live this happy day, during long years of the future as in the past, a beloved shepherd amongst a beloved flock. That your gems of immortality, already rich in gems of purest ray, may be magnified a hundred fold, to grace for eternity the brow of one worthy of his brothers and his predecessors and his angelic patron, St. John, and to you, my lords, allow me on the part of our Rev. Superior and the community, to address a word of thanks for your gracious presence to-day, for, in honoring our high guest, you necessarily honor us. Allow me to wish you a pleasant sojourn in Rome, a prosperous voyage to the Holy Land, and a safe return to your native country to direct the course of God's Church in America and shape the destinies of as worthy a people as ever held one God, one faith, one baptism.

And to you all, gentlemen, Right Rev. and dear Bishops, and very rev. friends, with sentiments of sincerest pleasure and satisfaction, we wish you from the bottom of our hearts a merry Christmas and happy New Year.

His Lordship, in reply, spoke substantially as follows: MY LORDS, REV. FATHER SUPERIOR AND REV. GENTLEMEN:—I am deeply sensible of the honor you do me on this occasion, and am most grateful for your kindness. Though not being able in truth or justice to appropriate the too flattering compliments paid me by Rev. Father Mahoney, I highly value the kindly sentiments to which he has given such eloquent expression, and earnestly wish that on an occasion like this, the heart of a father loves to be with his children, and memory is busy in recalling to mind the thousand kindly attentions of absent friends on past anniversaries of this feast; but you, Rev. Fathers, have made me feel at home; you have made me feel as though I were not a stranger, but a long familiar friend.

It is true that in the Catholic Church we are not strangers, but brothers, he is the Holy Church—and she is the Spouse of Christ and the mother of His people. As a Canadian Bishop, proud of the church of Canada, and deeply interested in its honor and prosperity, I am glad to be here, to see the grand college which St. Sulpice of Montreal is building in this capital city of Catholicity, at enormous cost, and which is destined for the higher education of Canadian priests. Now under the benign rule of St. Sulpice, some of our young ecclesiastics will be trained in sacerdotal virtue and holiness of life, whilst in the great Roman Universities they may drink at the very fountain of sacred Catholic teaching, and may so become proficient in the science of theology and in scriptural lore. The church needs now more than ever, priests, learned in the divine law and animated by the spirit of their holy calling, which is the spirit of self-sacrifice and earnest desire for their own sanctification, and tireless zeal for the salvation of souls. Nor is Canada a stranger to men of that stamp; it has always been blessed with good, earnest and holy priests. Our Canadian church is the heir of great examples and glorious traditions. It was founded by apostolic men, worthy of the best ages of the church, and watered and fertilized by the blood of martyrs. The earlier missionaries of Canada are the theme of poets and historians. Those heroic men paddled their frail canoes up unknown rivers and solitary streams, in quest of souls. They plunged into dark and tangled forests, to search out the fierce savages, and to make them children of God and heirs of the kingdom of Heaven. Hunger and cold, toils, privations and sufferings innumerable, sadness of solitude and the perils of the wilderness were nothing to them, if only they could bring the light, and hope, and graces of the Gospel of Christ to the neglected children of the forest, and prepare them for the citizenship of Heaven. They baptized the lakes and rivers, the islands, capes and bays of the country, with the names of saints, thus stamping on its very physical features the seal and impress of the church; and so

"Their memory liveth on our hills, Their baptism on our shores, Our evening prayers speak, Their diadem of glory."

Among these great priests and missionaries were Sulpician fathers, and their congregation has ever since labored untiringly to create and foster a holy priesthood for the Canadian Church. I trust and pray that the Canadian College in Rome may be the privileged mother of learned and holy priests, that it may flourish and prosper in its great and holy work, and that it may mark a new epoch of the progress and

of the spiritual growth and extension of the Kingdom of Christ in our beloved country.

Again I beg to thank you for your very great kindness to me on this occasion, and to assure you that the recollection of this day will be one of the happiest memories of my visit to the Eternal City.

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, being called upon, spoke somewhat to the following effect: He always considered it an honor to be among the Sulpician Fathers. He was glad to see that magnificent structure, the Canadian Seminary, soon to be completed. He was glad to know it would be under the direction of the Priests of St. Sulpice, those great formers of the clergy, who, always true to their vocation, have built up a noble clergy in France, and were doing likewise in America; who teach young levites every sacerdotal virtue, especially that spirit of order and regularity which is so important in the formation of the character of the individual priest. He was sure their efforts in founding a great seminary in Rome to provide for the higher education of priests destined to labor in the Canadian Church, would prove successful and realize the best hopes of that great church.

The Rev. Superior, Father Caprier, then arose, and expressing his regret that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the Anglo-Saxon to follow His Grace word for word, could nevertheless, he said, seize the drift of that as well as of the preceding discourse. He then thanked the eminent Prelates for their eulogistic expressions in reference to the Society of St. Sulpice, and all the distinguished Right Rev. and very Rev. gentlemen present for having come to do honor to his illustrious guest on his names' day.

Before the conclusion of the proceedings, Bishop Ryan of Buffalo also arose and agreeably surprised the company by leading off in French, speaking that language with an ease and fluency quite surprising in an American. He spoke in very eulogistic terms of the Sulpicians and their work, and tendered his congratulations and best wishes to Bishop Walsh, not only on his own behalf, but also in the name of those present who did not understand the same when offered in an English dress.

The day's festivities ended with the solemn Benediction of the Most Sacred Sacrament in the chapel of the Seminary, Bishop Walsh being celebrant. The principal part of the ceremony, which was in the hands of the younger priests, consisted of several masterpieces rendered in masterly style.

I was going to forget to mention that, before the Benediction, the Bishop of Buffalo delivered a beautiful discourse, in which he presented St. John the Evangelist as a great model for good priests to imitate. J. T.

Rome, 2nd January, 1888. MY DEAR RECORD:—The great feast is over. The grand Jubilee Mass was celebrated yesterday morning, in St. Peter's, at 9:35 by the Holy Father in the presence of forty-two cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, thirteen inferior prelates and six thousand and about fifty thousand lay pilgrims who had congregated in the Eternal City from all parts of the globe, to testify their loyalty and to do honor to the great father of the faithful on this auspicious occasion. The admission was by ticket, thus preventing persons not recommended by the Pope from entering the sacred edifice. Moreover, the Italian Government had sent out early in the morning, before St. Peter's was opened, two regiments of soldiers of the line, which formed a double cordon all around the front entrances of St. Peter's, there being only one passage about eight feet wide left open in the range, through which the crowd was allowed to pass. There were also numerous bodies of gendarmes and policemen stationed at the various other avenues of the Basilica and of the great sacristy. Many thousand pilgrims who had come the evening before from France, Spain, Piedmont, Lombardy, Tuscany and the immediate neighborhood of Rome, had spent the night under the grand colonnade and the portico of St. Peter's, being either too poor to pay for a lodging in the hotels, or unable to obtain any. The Mass had been announced for 9 a. m., but, as on all like occasions, there was a little delay. When finally the procession began to move out of the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Holy Father, carried on the traditional sedia gestatoria, appeared in view of the assembled multitude, cheer after cheer went forth from fifty thousand throats, which were re-echoed by the lofty arches of the great Duomo; and, these were continued for fully ten minutes, until the Holy Father reached the foot of the great altar at the confession of St. Peter's.

Tears of joy and happiness filled every eye in that immense crowd. Cardinals, Bishops, priests and people gave vent to the feelings which filled their hearts. The Holy Father himself was powerfully moved by this immense, enthusiastic and spontaneous outburst of Catholic loyalty and devotedness to his sacred person, and tears rolled down his pallid cheeks fast and thick. However, by the time he was vested for his usual composure, and amid the silent recollection of the assembled multitude with perfect calmness and most fervid piety; appearing, as he stood at the altar, like one almost transfixed. The writer of this was so placed that, though at a distance of some fifty yards from the altar, he was able to watch every movement of the great Pontiff, during the offering up of the divine mysteries, and if he may judge others by himself, how fervent must have been the prayers offered up by the assembled multitude, in union with the great father of the faithful, during the celebration of the august sacrifice.

After Mass the Holy Father intoned the Te Deum, which was chanted with indescribable entrain, the vast majority of those present joining in, and chanting every alternate verse of the grand hymn of praise. Never before was there such a Te Deum heard, neither in St. Peter's nor anywhere else, in the world. It is left to the imagination of the reader to

fancy the effect of this grand chorus of so many voices, which went forth like the sound of so many waters. The pen refuses to describe it.

After the Te Deum was concluded, the Holy Father again ascended the Sedia gestatoria, and was carried in front of the confession of St. Peter, from whence he solemnly imparted the Papal Benediction, which, in better times, was usually given on great occasions, from the grand loggia, to the people assembled in the Piazza di San Pietro.

No sooner had the procession again begun to move, than shouts of viva viva il papa re, went forth once more, and continued without interruption amid the waving of a sea of handkerchiefs, until the Holy Father had finally disappeared behind the curtains of the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. After this all the doors of St. Peter's were thrown open, and though the egress was made perfectly easy, yet it took fully one hour before the great Basilica was emptied. Many thousands before leaving the church went to kiss the altar on which the Holy Father had just celebrated the divine mysteries, and the writer of this is happy to say that he was one of the number.

The 1st of January, 1888, will most undoubtedly be, to all who had the good fortune to be present at these extraordinary festivities, a day never to be forgotten.

On the day of the Epiphany—January 6th—the Vatican Exhibition will be inaugurated with great pomp by the Pope in person.

A throne has been erected for the occasion in the great Hall of Honour of the Exhibition, facing the Braccio Nuovo of the Chiaramonti Museum. This hall contains the most precious gifts sent by the nobility and the crowned heads of the world.

The access to the Exhibition is very difficult at present, not to say impossible. The representatives of the leading Italian and foreign newspapers have been unable to penetrate in the Exhibition, as Count Vespianti, the architect, who is at the head of the works, has issued very strict orders against intruders and especially press reporters; and in some cases even recommendations from high quarters have proved ineffectual.

The temporary buildings which will contain the presents sent from all parts of the world have been erected in the famous court of the Pigna, and have been built after designs by Count Vespianti, the able architect, who deserves great credit for his skill and intelligence.

Facing the Braccio Nuovo of the Chiaramonti Museum is the Hall of Honour, formed by 32 columns in Corinthian style. Two staircases at the sides of the throne lead to a gallery where the musicians and singers of the Sistine Chapel will be located, and will sing the sublime hymns and divine melodies of the Christian epopee.

The innumerable gifts are disposed in two side galleries flanking the commemorative monument of the Ecumenical Council of 1870. Six other large halls, and another temporary building added at the last moment, owing to the insufficiency of room, contain the objects of minor importance. To give a description of all the presents sent to Leo XIII. on the occasion of his Sacrodotial Jubilee, would be more like relating a fable of the Arabian Nights, than an account of articles presented, on a solemn event, to a high personage living in the 19th century. The thousands of chalices, mitres, and other religious articles presented to the Pope would require, to describe them minutely, several goodly-sized volumes. I shall not therefore attempt to give a full description of these innumerable gifts, but will simply give a sketch of the principal ones.

The Committee of the Exhibition have offered to His Holiness a magnificent altar in Gothic Italian style executed by the architect Gaetano Moretti. It is admirable for the beauty of the inlaid work and for the life-like figures on it; as well as for the purity of design. To complete the gift, the Committee have added a Missal-book, the anaphora for the Mass, the lavabo, and the candlesticks for the taper; the whole being of solid silver.

Among the sixteen thousand chalices presented to the Pope from all quarters of the globe, there is one worthy of special attention. It is of solid gold and covered by precious stones. It is the work of the artist, Giovanni Battista, and of great value has been presented, one by Mrs. Campbell Smith and the other by the Roman Patriarch.

M. Grevy, ex President of the French Republic, as soon as the Jubilee was announced, sent a splendid Sevres vase of great classical beauty. It is of a milk white color with two large Canadian vine branches across it. It is about five feet high and nine feet in circumference.

The Emperor of Germany has contributed a valuable mirror of Roman design of the 15th century. It is of the finest silver and of very rich workmanship; all of these are seventy-two gems set in it, all of great value for size and quality, of these: twelve very large diamonds of the purest water, seven rubies, four emeralds, three oriental sapphires and two amethysts. On the bangles, besides two large rubies, there are two emeralds and two sapphires set in gold, surrounded by a rich wreath of small brilliants.

Her Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain has given a Patroal ring having in the centre a gem surrounded by twelve large brilliants. Two other brilliants, also very large, adorn the sides. The setting is splendid both as regards taste and richness.

The Sultan of Turkey has sent to the Pope a ring formed of a magnificent solitaire set in gold so as to represent a small regal crown. The Sultan was very much attached to this gem, as he himself informed the Patriarch of Cilicia who brought it to Rome. Another splendid gift of His Majesty is a beautiful red silk velvet carpet, twelve feet wide, embroidered with gold arabesques and designs, interwoven with inscriptions from the Koran. This carpet has been valued at 40,000 dollars.

A Bible presented by the King of Saxony is a real wonder. Its dimensions are about 1ft. 9 in by 1ft. The binding

consists of two solid gold covers with divisions formed by a gold filagree cross in relief. In the centre of the cross in the figure of a lamb with the symbolical banner in mother-of-pearl. Two pearls of a large size adorn the extremities of the cross, which is furthermore ornamented with twenty six very large brilliant rubies, pearls, and other precious stones. On the four corners of the book there are four little winged heads of angels in oxidized silver. The leaves of the volume are of parchment and exquisitely illuminated; and the whole is of such weight as to require two men to lift it.

The King of Belgium has also sent some valuable presents, among which, beautiful pictures representing sacred subjects.

The officers of the late Papal Army have offered to His Holiness a magnificent writing desk of the style of the 15th century. It is of gold and silver, and is studded with precious stones. In the centre is a statue of St. Michael and in front are the armorial bearings of the Pope in enamel. The whole is the work of Signor L. Pierret, of St. Piazza di Spagna, the well known jeweller, who deserves great credit for the magnificent workmanship of his production.

Among the objects which are most worthy of attention we may mention the following:— A magnificent antique Arabian cabinet with inlaid ornaments, a real marvel of marquetrie.

A real boat for sailing on the Tiber presented to the Pontiff by the boatmen of the Italian lakes.

A mitre of Oriental workmanship adorned on both sides by four thousand precious stones, rather clumsy on the whole, but very valuable for the profusion of precious gems.

A stole, the gift of the Primate of Cilicia, of the value of five thousand dollars.

The Emperor of Austria has presented to the Pope a Crucifix in solid gold, studded with rubies and sapphires; with the aureola around the head formed of Oriental pearls. The Arch-dukes of Austria have sent a reliquary of the fifteenth century arranged as a calendar, and containing three hundred and sixty miniature reliefs of saints.

H. M. Queen Victoria has sent a beautifully mounted Bible, and a golden Ewer and plate, a copy of the same kind of objects extant at Windsor Castle. The Ewer is in the English style of the 15th century.

Signor Mancini, the antiquarian, has offered a collection of Etruscan Vases of the 7th century B. C. found in the Etruscan tombs of Vulturno.

A Missal, offered by the diocese of Cuenca, Spain, a real work of art and very valuable. Over the cover of the book is a cross having in the centre the Sacred Heart, surrounded by a crown of thorns, and by twelve golden stars symbolical of the twelve Apostles. Five medallions (rings) of precious stones represent the Catholic religion, spread over the five parts of the globe. The case is of tortoise shell, and in the centre, engraved on a precious lamina, is the dedication.

The Italian residents of the island of Sira, Greece, have sent exquisite wines in bottles; among them some dating from the year 1810 and 1837, the year when the Pontiff said his first Mass.

A great quantity of antique and modern lace from Spain, Venice and Flanders.

Among the works of art sent to His Holiness on the occasion of the Jubilee, we have noticed a colossal bust of Leo XIII. by the sculptor Sordini, commissioned by the Archbishop of Noto.

This picture is remarkable for its perfect finish. In the distance under the solemn sky we perceive the white tents of the encampments of the Assyrians, the earth around appears, as if it had been moistened by the morning dew; and the brave maid of Israel is represented standing on a plinth in front of the temple of Jehovah. The ministers, warriors and people of Bethulia are looking at the heroic maiden in wonder, and appear to be saying to her: "All hail! O chaste Sion! All hail! Holy deliverer of the people elect!"

The expression of the countenance, the appearance of natural movements, and the perfect harmony of the ensemble make this picture one of the most remarkable productions of modern Italian art.

The present that President Cleveland has sent to His Holiness, consists in a paperweight elegantly studded with precious stones upon a base covered with plush, which is embroidered most exquisitely. In his autograph letter the President of the United States mentions that the embroidery was executed by Mrs. Cleveland.

News from Vienna announces that the famous Rabbi of Sadagara who is commonly known as the Pope of orthodox Jews, has sent to the Pope as Jubilee gift, an ancient Bible of great value, ornamented with precious stones.

Were I to go on giving the full list of all the precious gifts offered to the Holy Father, it would take up all the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD for six months. I will however mention one more, viz: the grand Tiara, presented by the Archbishop of Paris, which during his stay in Rome lodged also at the Canadian college, had the kindness to show us before having it taken to the Vatican.

This Tiara cost the magnificent sum of 180,000 francs, and is the very one the Holy Father wore on the occasion of his golden Jubilee.

The number of tiaras actually existing is very small; there are at least three of them, all the old ones having been destroyed in the beginning of this century. Of these three the first was given to the Pope by Napoleon I., the second by Queen Isabella of Spain, and the third, as just said, by the diocese of Paris. The first two are very heavy, weighing from six to seven pounds, the last one weighs only four pounds. It consists of a white pointed cap of silver cloth, magnificently studded with not less than five hundred of the finest pearls. The three crowns which surround the cap are of solid gold, and are beautifully ornamented with rubies, sapphires, emeralds and diamonds. In the centre of the cross, also of solid gold, which surmounts the Tiara, is inserted a very large and brilliant diamond of great value. On

each of the two laps, which fall down from the tiara in the rear, is embroidered the papal crest, surrounded with precious stones. The tiara is kept in a box, covered with white morocco and studded with nails of gold and enamel, and made after the fashion of the cassette of St. Louis, which is to be seen in the museum of the Louvre.

Trusting your readers will not consider this communication too lengthy, because of the interest of the subject.

I remain yours truly, J. T.

OBITUARY.

Mr. W. Harris, Hamilton. In the death of Mr. W. Harris, whose Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral on Tuesday, December 3rd, the Diocese of Hamilton has lost a devoted Catholic and the Cathedral parish of St. Mary's one of its earliest and most exemplary members.

Born in England of Catholic parents, he came to this country with his father when a mere lad and after travelling all over Canada finally settled in Niagara, where he married in 1834, and after a few years moved to Hamilton, where, during a residence of nearly half a century, he won the esteem and respect of the entire community, Protestant and Catholic alike, by his thorough integrity and uprightiness and genuine kindness of heart. In him the orphans of St. Joseph's Asylum found, from their first establishment in the city nearly forty years ago, a sympathetic friend and benefactor, and to the last of his life he manifested the warmest interest in their welfare, and gave them generous proofs of his regard. A man of liberal education and enlightened views, he early saw the necessity of securing for the growing population of Hamilton a sound Catholic education, and, side by side with the late lamented Bishop Farrell, whose trusted friend and counsellor he always was, he laboured to secure the government grant and establish Separate Schools on a sound financial basis, and, if the Catholic youth of Hamilton to-day enjoy exceptional advantages, they owe them in a great measure to his judicious management and generous efforts. To these qualities of the mind which won for him the regard of all with whom he came in contact, he added the gentler and more loving qualities of the heart. He was the most affectionate of husbands, the most loving of fathers and the most upright and generous of masters, as those who grew old and prospered in his service could testify.

About three years ago Mr. Harris celebrated his golden wedding, children and friends coming from far and near to rejoice with him, Bishop Carbery, Vicar-General Heenan and other priests honoring the occasion by their presence, but, alas! in a few short months he lost the beloved companion of his life, a shock from which he never fully rallied, though he kept about till stricken with his last fatal sickness, when, strengthened and sustained by all the graces and blessings which our holy Mother the Church has in store for her faithful children, he calmly passed away, surrounded by his devoted and affectionate children, leaving them the memory of a noble and useful life. "Mark the upright man, and behold his way," for the end of that man's peace.

Mr. Harris was in comfortable circumstances and left handsome legacies to the Loretto Convent, of which his daughters are devoted members. The balance of his estate was divided among his children.

Mrs. Hawkins, Sen., Brantford.

She died on Sunday, the 8th, at Mitchell, in her 76th year, at her daughter's residence, Mrs. M. Whitty, and was brought home on Monday, the 9th, dead, after a short visit of one month. This well known and highly respected old lady had been a resident of Brantford for nearly sixty years, and leaves but half a dozen of the then settlers behind her. She came from Kingston, Ontario, where she was born with her husband, the late John Hawkins of the County of Cork, Ireland. She was a daughter of the late Mr. McDougall of the Commissary Department, Kingston, and of her family known to be alive, three sisters are left, one of whom is Sister McDougall of the Hotel Dieu Convent, Kingston.

In the long past, when Catholics were forbidden to promote the interests of religion, she and her good husband were ever active in the good work, he having the contract of the first church. In 1862 she was left a widow with a family of about a dozen children to battle for, and having only moderate means to do so, but through the great kindness and assistance of her brother-in-law, the late Wm. Hawkins, provincial land surveyor of Toronto, she succeeded in raising her large and helpless family to respectable positions in society and to see them hold fast to the old faith of their forefathers. Of her large family only six survive here, three daughters, Mrs. Ryan, Toronto; Mrs. Whitty, Mitchell; and Sister M. Patricia, of Loretto Convent, Lindsay; and three sons, John Joseph, Ex M. E. for Botwell; Arthur, an ex-alderman and member of the free library; and Denis Hawkins, merchant, all of the city of Brantford.

The funeral took place Wednesday morning at nine o'clock from the residence of her son, Denis Hawkins, Brant avenue, to St. Basil's church, where solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. P. Lennon. The pall bearers were Mayor Henry H. McK. Wilson, Q. C., Henry Lennon, of the Courier, James Llan, James Feeney and Michael Feeney, and among others present from a distance were Mr. P. M. Keogh of Kingston, W. Whitty and family, of Mitchell; Mrs. Wm. Ryan and family, of Toronto and Miss Emily Ryan, Port Huron. Between forty and fifty grand children of all ages and sexes were present to pay their respects and part with their dear and beloved old grandmother. The immediate cause of death was heart disease. She having enjoyed good health up to the last few months, her family having the very best hopes of her recovery, the blow was all the more sudden and unexpected to them, who will miss her kind countenance among them and love the tender advice of a good mother whose holy and blameless life was the admiration of all who knew her. May God have mercy upon her and may her soul rest in peace.

