

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 9.

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NO. 455.

**NICHOLAS WILSON & CO**  
126 Dundas Street,  
Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

**FINE AND MEDIUM WOOLLENS A SPECIALTY.**

**INSPECTION INVITED.**

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WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANT,  
152 Dundas Street, London.

The choicest goods in this line kept constantly in stock at prices to suit the prevailing competition.

To His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Peterboro.

From the halls of the Vatican blessing and cheering  
O'er the mighty Atlantic resounded a voice,  
And to hearts that had mourned, through a long night of sorrow,  
Was whispered the message; arise and rejoice,  
Thou' 'ere, tried and imprisoned, the guide o'  
The faithful  
Members his children who sorrow and weep,  
O'er a cold marble slab in the dim lighted  
chance,  
Where sleeps their loved father called and  
and away,  
To assure deep grief, to support and to  
solace,  
To be to us, father, counselor and guide  
As by children to-night, honored Lord  
fondly greet thee,  
To love to the home of our love and our  
pride,  
Thou' our fond hearts will cling to the saintly  
departed,  
Yet still will they bring all the warmth of  
their love,  
To those who had heard in the plaint of the  
orphan,  
The voice of thy Master who reigneth above,  
All forgetful of self thou hast come at the  
summon,  
Which called thee to leave all most cher-  
ished and dear  
From the beloved home of sweet  
peace and contentment  
Unto one where but troubles and crosses  
appear,  
But thy generous heart hath embraced all  
these trials  
Thou hast come to thy flock, with that ardor  
which  
Which thinks only of God and the souls  
whom he loveth  
And spends all its strength for their safety  
and weal.

May the prayer which we offer, O heavenly  
Father,  
Like sweetest of incense ascend in thy sight,  
O send in profusion a shower of rich graces,  
On the Father and Guide whom we welcome  
to-night,  
And when angels' pure hands thy jewels most  
precious  
Place them on the crown of thy jewels most  
precious  
Once more may Loretto's loved children  
in their  
In his unending story forever to share.  
Loretto Convent, Lindsay, 1887.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.  
**DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.**

A respected correspondent sends us the following account of the first visit of Bishop Dowling to the parish of Ennismore. Last week but a reference was made to this visit. We are sure our readers will peruse the following extended account with pleasure and profit:

Sunday, June 5th, was a great day for Ennismore. On that day the famous bell of Ennismore was blessed. We say famous because it is the first bell blessed by the people's idol, the recently consecrated Bishop of Peterborough. It was indeed a great day for Ennismore, and the parishioners were fully entitled to be jubilant, as theirs was the first parish apart from the Episcopal City visited by the young and gifted prelate. His Lordship, accompanied by the parish priest, Rev. Father Kelly, arrived in Ennismore on the evening of Saturday, June 4th. As soon as he found himself within the parish he was heartily welcomed by the Reeve and Councillors, who requested His Lordship to bless them and the large gathering who had come out to meet and greet their Bishop. The request was fully honored, when Bishop, priest and people set out for the parish church. The procession had just started when the Reeve, a fine Tipperary man, who rejoices in the immortal name of Croke, called for "three cheers for our new Bishop." Needless to say that the response made the welkin ring. The priest's house was soon reached, and a magnificent house it is. On the parterre, midway between house and street, stood an arch rejoicing in the loveliness of evergreens and flowers, amid which appeared in large letters: "The pride of a parish has become the pride of a Diocese." The Bishop entered the priest's house, and in a short time made his appearance again, vested in the robes of his high and holy office. Accompanied by Father Kelly, and preceded by the altar boys, he went immediately to the church. Here was another beautiful arch spanning the main entrance, and conspicuous amid its wealth of green and floral wreaths were the words: "Hamilton's loss is Peterboro's gain." The Bishop entered the church in the usual canonical way, blessing himself with holy water, and being incensed by the priest. The choir in the meantime had sung: "Priest and Pontiff, master workman in the field of virtue, good shepherd among the people, thus hast thou pleased the Lord." While the Bishop was proceeding to the altar organ and choir pealed forth with the glorious strains of *Te Deum*: "We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord." The Ennismore choir is worthy of all praise. It is under the skillful management of Miss McDonald, a young graduate of Mount St. Mary's, Montreal. The usual prayers were then proceeded with, and the Bishop addressed the people in a few kindly words and dismissed them

with his blessing. After his Lordship had retired we lingered a few moments to admire Ennismore's manifestation of love and loyalty to the new Bishop.

We admired the beautiful throne improvised for the occasion and surmounted by the glorious symbol of man's redemption. It filled us with joy born of enthusiasm in a good cause to see the green flag of Erin suspended from the ceiling. Its presence there spoke eloquently of the love of the old land that must well up perennially in the island parish of Ennismore. The sanctuary, gallery and aisles were draped with a profusion of evergreens brought hither from a grand old woods in the neighborhood, and placed in position by loving hands and loyal hearts in honor of Peterboro's revered and beloved prelate. The mottoes were in our opinion exceedingly appropriate. Here are some of them: "Charitoteer of Israel, welcome." "Behold the High Priest." "Our chief Pastor, thrice welcome." "Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord." "Caed mille falithe to our patriotic Prelate," and many others equally well chosen.

On Sunday from early morn the people began to pour into the church from the parish, from the neighboring parishes and from the city of Peterboro'. By 10 a. m. an immense congregation had assembled, and solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Kelly in presence of the Bishop. After Mass he assumed his pontifical robes, and seated before the grand Altar, was pleased to receive a congratulatory address from the people. The address was read, and well read, by Mr. Malony, teacher, a native of the parish and a graduate of the Normal School, Ottawa. (The address appeared in last week's Record.)

At the conclusion of the address the Bishop made a very eloquent reply, graphically portraying the position of a Bishop in the Church of God. He did not judge to himself, he said, any of the compliments contained in the address but referred them to the office which he, however unworthy, had been called upon to assume. The Reeve, Councillors and other leading parishioners were then presented to His Lordship, who had for each one of them a kind word and the blessing which fruitifies.

Afterwards the bell was blessed. It occupied a conspicuous position near the main entrance to the Church, and was robed in a beautiful garment of white muslin on a field of pink and profusely bedecked with pretty red roses. It was a gift to priest and people from the Ladies of the Congregation de Notre Dame de Peterboro. Coming from ladies of such refined taste it was, we may well imagine, a thing of beauty, and as a memory shall be a joy forever in the annals of this parish. Father Kelly now requested the sponsors to come forward and take up the position assigned them near the bell.

The sponsors were Messrs. Murphy, McCarthy, O'Reilly, Scollard, Wm. and M. Croke, Harrington, Leonard, Gerrit P. Galvin, Sullivan, Jno. K. Galvin and Young. All men and Irishmen whose names deserve to be embalmed in the public press. How solemn and interesting is the blessing of a bell! The Bishop began by reciting psalms 45, 53, 56, 67, 85 and 129. He then blessed salt and water and when they were mixed together the priest washed every portion of the bell inside and outside. While this was being done the Bishop recited psalms 145, 146, 147, 148, 149 and 150. He then sanctified the bell on the outside with holy oil and recited an appropriate prayer. Afterwards he recited the 67th Psalm and with holy oil made seven crosses on the outside and four on the inside of the bell. Here also he mentioned the Saints in whose honor the bell was named. At the request of priest and people this bell was named "Thomas Joseph in honor of the Bishop's holy patrons." They followed another appropriate prayer, after which he blessed the incense, and the smoking turibule was placed immediately under the bell. He then recited the 76th Psalm and the concluding prayer. Finally he recited the holy Gospel according to St. Luke x. 28, 39, 40, 41 and 42, and reverently kissed the book of the Gospels. The bell of Ennismore was now well and truly blessed and by request the bishop was the first to make it speak with most miraculous organ, then came the priest and after him the sponsors and all others who had contributed towards its purchase. A pleasing incident occurred here: Father Kelly announced that a kind gentleman and a Protestant had enclosed him a cheque for \$75. We afterwards learned that the generous donor was James Stevenson, Esq., Mayor of Peterborough and M. P. for the county.

The Bishop now betook himself to the priest's house to seek a much-needed repose, in fact everybody felt for his lordship as the day was so sultry, but his governing principle seems to be: to do and if necessary to die in the discharge of duty. In the afternoon he was waited upon by many friends of Father Kelly from the city, Catholics and Protestants desirous of forming His Lordship's acquaintance. In the evening he assisted at solemn Vespers and Benediction. There was a large attendance once more and the Bishop in choicest language discoursed upon the presence of our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist.

The singing morning and evening was most recherche. Mr. M. Tierney and other well known amateurs going out from Peterboro to reinforce the really splendid choir of Ennismore. On Monday morning at 10 o'clock a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Conolly of Downsville, for the repose of the souls of the departed ones of the parish, so that, let us hope, the dead as well as the living rejoiced in the visit of the Bishop. On Tuesday at 10 o'clock High Mass was

celebrated by Father O'Connell, of Brighton, for the benefactors of the parish. On both occasions the Bishop was present on his throne, and a very large number received holy communion. On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday His Lordship offered up the Holy sacrifice at eight o'clock. Besides the priest already mentioned there were present Fathers Murray of Cobourg, Larkin of Grafton, and McEvoy of Fenelon Falls.

An interesting feature in connection with the bishop's visit was a concert in the Town Hall, given by the children of the parish under the supervision of the organist and teachers. The vocal and instrumental portion of the entertainment was very creditable indeed. Many of Moore's melodies were beautifully sung and there were some very fine recitations, among others the "Dream of Gerontius" by Cardinal Newman. Something very impressive indeed was the rendering in unison by twenty boys and girls of "God save Ireland." A very nice address to the bishop was read on behalf of the children by one of their number and His Lordship made a very touching and beautiful reply. Indeed so well pleased was the Bishop with the children of Ennismore that he requested Fathers Murray and Larkin, two accomplished violinists, to entertain them on the king of instruments. They kindly consented to do so amid the rapturous applause of the little ones. All their lives those little ones will have a lively recollection of the kindness of their Bishop and priests.

On leaving the hall we noticed the church, priest's house and surroundings all lit up as with the splendor of the electric light. This was caused by an immense *feu de joie* gotten up by the young men of the parish in honor of their Bishop.

The Bishop left on Tuesday afternoon for Peterborough accompanied by Father Kelly and several other priests. Before his lordship left the priest's house a venerable parishioner, Mr. Patrick Gallivan, knelt before him and asked him for the bishop's blessing which he had asked sixty years ago from the Hon. and Right Rev. Bishop McDonnell, the first bishop of Kingston. The people were now in large numbers waiting to convey the bishop out of their Parish. They accompanied him three miles when he insisted that they must return home. But prior to obeying they gave vent more to their enthusiasm by hearty cheers for the new Bishop. They then asked for the last time during this visit his blessing which he lovingly bestowed. Thereupon they returned home thanking God for sending them so great and good a prelate. Thus terminated the first visit to Ennismore of him who is master and a lover of his art. One who may not go there to worship, he has opened up a new art, and shown in the graceful supports of the interior the effective stenciling, the singular combination of colours, the quaintness of patterns, that strong contrasts in colour can be used without offending the eye and not be gaudy. The interior of the building is a model of good taste and well matured architectural thought. As at present constituted the exterior is a plain limestone edifice, within a perfect blaze of decorative work. Its interior dimensions are within the walls in length 110 feet by 36 in breadth. In general outline it assumes the form of a cross having a nave, two transepts and a sanctuary, the last mentioned portion having a depth of feet. The ground floor has seating accommodation for six hundred, while the main galleries can accommodate four hundred more. Space for an organ is also provided, but no instrument is yet put in or provided for. The pews are all open, constructed of pine finished in walnut, producing a very good effect. There are at present three altars in the place all of which were consecrated yesterday. There will be subsequently seven. The three consecrated yesterday are situated one in the sanctuary, the other two in the right and left transepts. The first is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the other two

to Mary Immaculate and St. Joseph. The main altar is a magnificent work of art. The reredos is copied from the Mosque of Cordova, and the six candlesticks which adorn the altar were imported from Paris. The general decoration is gilt enamelled. In all three altars Canadian marbles enter largely into their composition and were furnished by the Canadian Granite Company, many of the pieces being splendid specimens of stone, the green serpentine, white marble and granite being all the products of the Ottawa Valley, with the exception of some few pieces of imported marble.

Of the ceremony of the dedication of the College Chapel the *Free Press* speaks: "Since the establishment of St. Joseph's college in 1848, by two of Canada's most distinguished educators, the late Bishop Guigue and the late Dr. Tabaret, there never assembled such a brilliant gathering of ecclesiastical dignitaries at that institution as assembled at the dedication of the new College chapel this morning."

The interior of the new chapel which is without an equal in grandeur in the Dominion, and perhaps in America, was formally opened this morning, and was dedicated to the honor and worship of God by His Grace Archbishop Tache, and His Grace Archbishop Duhamel who were assisted by over fifty priests from the city and vicinity. The new chapel which is built on the site of the old Basilica glittered this morning from one end to the other. It has seating capacity for about two thousand persons and the main altar is of bronze. The holy oil in the goblet which hangs from the ceiling was lit this morning and will continue to burn to the end of time.

Archbishop Duhamel celebrated high mass, and such a gathering of distinguished artists as those who rendered the mass are seldom met with in the Capital. St. Joseph's choir had secured the services of several noted singers, who were a great acquisition to their choir this morning.

REV. FATHER KELLY, of Boston, formerly of the college, delivered the oration in English. He is although a young man a very promising pulpit orator. He said the magnificent temple which they assembled there to dedicate to the honor and service of God was one which did credit to those who guided the destinies of that great institution. It was a temple not like that of Solomon. They had among them Almighty God really and truly. He said, he said, to see if any of his old superiors or plebeians were still in the College of Ottawa, where he spent three of the happiest years of his life. He was sorry to learn after eight years absence that not one of his classmates were still there and he regretted to find that some of his teachers were no more in this world and were called before the Almighty to receive the rewards which await the faithful and just. He said the training which the young men received in the College of Ottawa would inspire their minds to do right no matter what their callings might be in life.

Rev. Father Saue of Grenville spoke in French. He referred to the progress the college had made and hoped it would continue to prosper in the future as it had in the past.

Several former students of the college from different parts of the States and the Dominion met to day for the first time for many years, and reviewed the scenes of their boyhood where they passed many pleasant hours away. Memories of the past were revived and the reunion was one of general rejoicing. In the evening of the same day took place the distribution in the Academic Hall of the college the distribution of collegiate and scholastic honors. The following is a list of graduates matriculants, medalists, etc.

GRADUATES—59 86.  
Master of Arts, Hon. Edward F. O'Sullivan, Lawrence, Mass. Bachelors of Arts, James J. Farrell, Webster, Mass.; Eugene A. Dorgan, Lawrence, Mass.; Bachelors of Literature, Alexander Metard, Ottawa, Ont.; Charles F. Kennedy, Springfield, Mass.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.  
The following students passed the intermediate examination:—David V. Phalen, North Sydney, Cape Breton; Eugene Grant, Ottawa; John Donovan, Eganville, Ont.; Michael F. Fallon, Kingston, Ont.; Ernest Leonard, Sweetsburg, Quebec; Michael Dineen, Eatonville, N. Y.; Donald R. McDonald, Alexandria, Ont.; Emile M. Lambert, Ottawa.

The undermentioned candidates have been admitted to matriculation: J. C. Moriarty, Orillia, Ont.; C. J. Mahoney, Boston, Mass.; James H. Coleman, Lowell, Mass.; Alexander Lajeunesse, St. Marguerite, Quebec; Joseph Landry, Villamasiel, Quebec; D. D. McMillan, Alexandria, Ont.; Francis L. French, Felix M. Devine, Renfrew, Ont.; Wm. V. Kavanagh, Glen Nevis, Ont.; P. C. O'Brien, Railton, Ont.; Duncan McDonald, Glenora, Ont.; John H. Paradis, St. Johns, Quebec; Thomas W. Stuart, Alfred, Ont.

COMMERCIAL DIPLOMAS.  
The following have received commercial diplomas: William J. Leonard, Lowell, Mass.; Patrick Graham, Ottawa, Ont.; Bernard J. Dunn, Nepean, Ont.; Archibald J. McDougall, Ottawa, Ont.; Alde L. Gosselin, St. Alexandre, Quebec; Louis J. Kehoe, Ottawa, Ont.; Frank L. Graves, Winooski, Vt.; John M. McMahon, Ottawa, Ont.; Joseph Ernest Gaudet, St. Hyacinthe, Quebec; Michael J. O'Farrell, Ottawa, Ont.; Joseph A. Connelly, Barrington, R. I.; Alphonse A. Robert, Ottawa, Ont.; Thomas J. Maher, Albany, N. Y.

MEDALISTS.  
English Course—Silver medal presented by His Grace the R. R. Thomas, Joseph Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa, awarded to Michael J. Fallon, Kingston, Ont.  
French Course—Silver medal, presented by Rev. Father A. Paillet, O. M. I., awarded to Alexander Motard, Ottawa.  
Classical Course—Silver medal, present-

ed by His Eminence Cardinal Zigliara, awarded to Thomas Murphy, Marysville, Ont., student of the sixth form; first of his class in mental philosophy, philosophical essays, political economy, second of his class in physics, astronomy.

Silver Medal, presented by Professor J. A. MacCabe, M. A., awarded to Eugene Groulx, of Ottawa, first of his class in French, general history, mathematics; 2nd in Greek, physical geography, geology; 3rd in Latin.

Silver Medal, presented by Rev. O. Boucher, P. P. of Middleboro, Mass., awarded to James Grant, Moncton, N. B., first in Greek, English history, physical geography, mathematics; 2nd in Latin and mineralogy.  
Silver Medal, presented by Rev. M. Whelan, P. P. of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, awarded to Jas. Collins, Malboro, Mass., 1st in Greek, English ancient history; 2nd in zoology; 3rd in Latin and geometry.

Silver Medal, presented by Very Rev. McGath, O. M. I., Provincial, Lowell, Mass., awarded to Michael Dowd, Springfield, Mass., 1st in Latin, algebra, and botany; 2nd in Greek, English and French.

Silver Medal for excellence in elocution, presented by F. O'Hagan, M. A., of Pembroke, awarded to Frederic Mudgat, New York.

Silver Medal for mineralogy, presented by Rev. J. J. Griffin, M. A., of Cambridge Port, awarded to Jobson Paradis, St. Johns, P. Q.

Silver Medal presented to the Mineralogical Society of Ottawa College by Hon. P. S. Poirier, awarded to James Grant, Moncton, N. B.; next in merit—Jobson Paradis, St. Johns, P. Q.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.  
Silver Medal, presented by P. A. Egleston, of Ottawa, awarded to James Hanley, Port, Ont., student of the fourth grade, first of his class in reading, grammar, composition, physical geography, commercial arithmetic, algebra, geometry, physics, book keeping, commercial correspondence, neatest set of books; second of his class in practical business.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.  
FROM ARISAIG, N. S.

The village of Arisaig, N. S., is situated on the sea shore, in the County of Antigonish. Although the village is not large, it is very old, and at one time contained the only Catholic church in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. Here resided that heroic, zealous and God-fearing priest, the Rev. Alexander McDonald, who in his day had spiritual charge of the above section of country that is now governed by two bishops and about one hundred priests. We can imagine the many privations, trials and difficulties this pioneer of Christianity had to encounter in those early days in attending to the spiritual wants of his vast parish. Not only did he administer to the people, but he was their magistrate, counselor and governor and by his good management he governed both wisely and well, endearing himself to his people, who loved and respected him with the love and respect that Catholics have for their priests, combined with the love that a grateful people would have for one who looked over their temporal affairs with all the solicitude of a father. The remains of this great and good man lie buried in the graveyard here. A substantial monument marks his resting place. His death occurred at Halifax, April 16th, 1818. When the people of the parish heard of his death, a deputation went to that city to bring home his remains, a distance of 140 miles. The governor and admiral offered to send them and the remains of their beloved pastor back on a man of war, but they refused the offer with thanks, and on their shoulders took the precious remains and began their tedious march through an almost pathless forest. The utilitarians of the present day may sneer at what they might consider the folly of those devoted men in refusing what was really a noble and generous offer, an offer which implied both naval and military honors to the remains, and considerable convenience to themselves, but when we take into consideration the motives that actuated them in refusing the offer we must admit that nothing but love and gratitude of the highest and holiest order only, would have animated the hearts of those noble and devoted people.

And now, for over seventy years, the sea has mourned its requiem over the remains of this great and good priest. Those good men also who thus expressed their respect and gratitude have long gone to their reward, and lie near him in the graveyard, and their descendants look back with pride, as well they may, to the days that produced such men, and that those noble souls were their ancestors. Surely Father McDonald's labors have borne abundant fruit, for in the section he labored so long and arduous may be found the staunchest Catholics in the Dominion. The present church in Arisaig has been recently erected. It is a substantial frame structure with a solid stone foundation. The interior is finely finished in the Gothic style, and a beautiful stained glass window over the altar is erected to the memory of a former pastor, Rev. Alex. McLeod. The cost of the Church was over \$15,000. The present pastor is the Rev. Ronald McGillivray.

There is a separate school at the church. We are indebted to Councillor R. H. McAdams, merchant, for favors shown us during our visit.  
L. K.

ESSEX CENTRE BAZAAR.  
Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the Catholic Church building committee of Essex Centre are obliged to postpone the drawing for their bazaar, announced for July 1st, until September 1st, when it will come off without fail. The committee crave the indulgence of their patrons until then.

ENCOURAGE IRISH MANUFACTURES

DANIEL O'CONNELL.—"You enrich the manufacturer of England and Scotland, and leave your own workers idle, and then you talk about your patriotism!"

IRISH SHIRTS, LINEN FITTINGS, \$1.25. \$1.50, \$1.75 each. Post free. ANDREW MAQUIRE, BELFAST.

IRISH COLLARS, GENTS' NEWEST SHIRTS, and Finest Linen, \$1.62 per doz. Post free. ANDREW MAQUIRE, BELFAST.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS. Ladies' \$1, and Gents' \$1.25 per doz. Initial hand worked, 8 cents extra each. Coloured handkerchiefs, colored borders and embroidered, 7 cents, and \$1 doz. Post free. ANDREW MAQUIRE, BELFAST.

IRISH SILK HANDKERCHIEFS (24 inches square) with Likeness of Mr. Parnell, white, \$1, and Green, \$1.25 each. In white or cream, plain or brocaded, \$1.12 each.

Coloured Silk Handkerchiefs, beautiful brocaded, exquisite designs. Shamrocks, Birds, Fossils and Flowers all in the richest colors, including cardinal, old gold, dark and light blue, morone, peacock, emerald green with black border, and white brocaded center with green border (size, 25 inches square), \$1.25 each.

GENTS' SILK MUFFLETS, IN WHITE or brocaded, \$1.12, \$1.25, \$2.25; white, very large, \$2.00; Prime, \$1.75 each. ALL SENT POST FREE.

When ordering please give nearest post town. ANDREW MAQUIRE, Belfast, Ireland.

OBITUARY.

Michael Murphy.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Michael Murphy, Ottawa, which sad event took place in that city on Friday, June 17th. The deceased young man, a son of the late Mr. Cornelius Murphy, had just passed his thirty-first year. He was a painter by trade, industrious, kindly and affectionate by nature, devoted in a special manner to his widowed mother, who will long mourn his loss. His fellow workmen held him in such high esteem that they attended his funeral, which took place on Sunday the 19th, in a body. The pall-bearers were the following: Messrs. John Kinsella, John Murphy, Michael Minchin, Isaac Randall, Hugh Lunney and Patrick Hennigan. The funeral cortege was unusually large. May he rest in peace.

Mr. Jas. Donaghy.

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. Jas. Donaghy of Pembroke, who died at his father's residence, Pembroke street, on Wednesday evening of this week, at the early age of twenty-six years. Deceased was a young man of more than ordinary talents, and studied for many years for the priesthood. He commenced his studies in Ottawa College, from which place he graduated, and went to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, to study theology. After having gone through the necessary preliminaries for the priesthood, and was about to be ordained, he took sick and had to be removed home. He recovered partly from his illness and taught school for a short time at Portage du Fort, which occupation he had to resign, as he was again troubled with the malady which at last has brought him to his long resting place. As a young man he was respected by all, and will be long remembered by those who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance. We join with sorrowing friends in hoping that he will enjoy in heaven what he has labored for on earth, and which he has richly deserved by his well spent life.—Pembroke Observer, June 21.

WHITE BRONZE MONUMENTS.

We are pleased to be able to heartily recommend to our readers' notice the advertisement of the St. Thomas White Bronze Monument Co., which will be found in another column. We are able to speak of what we know in regard to this company's work, as we have investigated its claims to public attention, and purchased a nice monument last month, which is erected in St. Peter's Cemetery, in this city, and is really a very handsome piece of work. One satisfaction to a customer in making a purchase of White Bronze lies in the fact that only one class of it is made and that no danger exists of getting an inferior metal. Any other metal would not take the finish, and consequently it is an impossibility to give a customer other than the best. All scientists speak out boldly in its favor, and we can fully endorse what is said as to the beauty of the work. We would advise our readers to investigate the claims of White Bronze before purchasing monumental material.

Toronto, June 23, 1887.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record:  
DEAR SIR:—I have been appointed house surgeon at the Toronto General Hospital, where I will reside until further notice. Will you kindly address my paper to above mentioned institution instead of my former address at 295 Berkeley St. I consider the RECORD the best Catholic paper in the Dominion and look eagerly for its arrival every week. What I admire as much as anything about it is the free and independent stand it takes as regards politics. It is truly a Catholic paper in every sense of the word and should receive the support and encouragement of every person who desires a really good non-political Catholic journal. Very truly yours,  
W. A. SHANNON, M. D., General Hospital, Toronto.

No injurious effects can follow the use of Ayer's Ague Cure in malarial diseases. It contains a specific and unfailing antidote for miasmatic poisons, with remedial agents which expel the poisonous humors, purify the system, and leave it healthy and reinvigorated.

BEN HUR; OR, THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH.

BOOK EIGHTH. CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Your coming is timely, O Son of Hur," she said in a voice sharply distinct. "I wish to thank you for hospitality; after to-morrow I may not have the opportunity to do so."

Ben-Hur bowed slightly without taking his eyes from her.

"I have heard of a custom which the dice-players observe, with good results among themselves," she continued.

"When the game is over, they refer to their tablets and cast up their accounts; then they libate the gods and put a crown upon the happy winner. We have had a game—it has lasted through many days and nights. Why, now that it is at an end, shall we not see to whom the chaplet belongs?"

Yet very watchful, Ben-Hur answered lightly, "A man may not balk a woman bent on having her way."

"Tell me," she continued, inclining her head, and permitting the prince to become positive—"tell me, O prince of Jerusalem, where is He, that Son of the carpenter of Nazareth, and Son not less of God, from whom so lately such mighty things were expected?"

He raised his hand impatiently, and replied, "I am not His keeper."

The beautiful head sunk forward yet lower.

"Has he broken Rome to pieces?" Again, but with anger, Ben-Hur raised his hand in deprecation.

"Where has he hidden His capital?" she proceeded. "Canst I go see His throne and His lions of bronze? And His palace—He raised the dead; and to such a One, what is it to raise a golden house? He has but to stamp His foot and say the word, and the house is, pillared like Karnak, and wanting nothing."

"There was by this time slight ground left to believe her playing; the questions were offensive, and her manner pointed with unfriendliness; seeing which, he on his side became more wary, and said with good humor, "O Egypt, let us wait another day, even another week, for Him, the lions, and the palace."

She went on without noticing the suggestion.

"And how is it you in that garb? Such is not the habit of governors of India or vice-kings elsewhere. I saw the satrap of Teheran once, and he wore a turban of silk and a cloak of cloth of gold, and the hills and seaboard of his sword made me dizzy with the splendor of precious stones. I thought Oeiris had lent him a glory from the sun. I fear you have not entered upon your kingdom—the kingdom I was to share with you."

"The daughter of my wise guest is kinder than she imagines herself; she is teaching me that Isis may kiss a heart without making it better."

Ben-Hur spoke with cold courtesy, and Ira, after playing with the pendant solitaire of her necklace of coins, rejoined, "For a Jew, the son of Hur is clever. I saw your dreaming Cesar make His entry into Jerusalem. You told us He would that day proclaim Himself King of the Jews from the steps of the Temple. I beheld the procession descend the mountain bringing Him. I heard their singing. They were beautiful with palms in motion. I looked everywhere among them for a figure with a promise of royalty—a horseman in purple, a chariot with a driver in shining brass, a stately warrior behind an orb and shield, rivaling his spear in stature. I looked for His guard. It would have been pleasant to have seen a prince of Jerusalem and a cohort of the legions of Galilee."

She flung her listener a glance of provoking disdain, then laughed heartily, as if the ludicrousness of the picture in her mind were too strong for contempt.

"Instead of a Sesostris returning in triumph or a Cosar helmeted and sworded—ha, ha, ha—I saw a man with a woman's face and hair, riding an ass's colt, and in tears. The King! the Son of God! the Redeemer of the world! Ha, ha, ha!"

In spite of himself, Ben-Hur winced.

"I did not quit my place, O prince of Jerusalem," she said before he could recover. "I did not laugh. I said to myself, 'Wait. In the Temple He will glorify Himself as become a hero about to take possession of the world.' I saw Him enter the Gate of Shebana and the Court of the Women. I saw Him stop and stand before the Gate Beautiful. There were people with me on the porch and in the courts, and on the cloisters and on the steps of the three sides of the Temple there were other people—I will say a million of people, all waiting breathlessly to hear His proclamation. The pillars were not more still than we. Ha, ha, ha! I fancied I heard the axles of the mighty Roman machine begin to crack. Ha, ha, ha! O prince, by the soul of Solomon, your King of the World made no proclamation of His Royal Power, though the Temple murmured with the halcyon and children's voices; the Roman machine is running yet!"

In simple homage to a hope that instant lost—a hope which, as it began to fall and while it was falling, he unconsciously followed with a parting look down to its disappearance—Ben-Hur lowered his eyes.

"At no previous time, whether when Balthezar was playing him with arguments, or when miracles were being done before his face, had the disputed nature of the Nazarene been so plainly set before him."

"The best way, after all, to reach an understanding of the divine is by study of the human. In the things superior to men we may always look to find God. So with the picture given by the Egyptian entered the Temple; its central theme was an act utterly beyond performance by a man under control of merely human inspirations. A parable to a parable-loving people, it taught what the Christ had so often asserted—that His mission was not political. That was not much more time for thought of all this than that allowed for a common respiration; yet the idea took fast hold of Ben-Hur, and in the same instant he followed his

hope of vengeance out of sight, and the man with the woman's face and hair, and in tears, came near to him—near enough to leave something of His spirit behind.

"Daughter of Balthezar," he said with dignity, "if this be the game of which you speak to me, take the chaplet—I accord it yours. Only let us make an end of words. That you have a purpose I am sure. To it, I pray, and I will answer you; then let us go our several ways and forget we ever met. Say so; I will listen, but not to more of that which you have given me."

She regarded him intently for a moment, as if determining what to do—possibly she might have been measuring his will—then she said coldly, "You have my leave—go."

"Peace to you," he responded, and walked away.

As he was about passing out of the door, she called to him.

"A word."

He stopped where he was and looked back.

"Consider all I know about you."

"O most fair Egyptian," he said, returning what she knew about me, "I know you better than you know about me."

"You are more of a Roman, son of Hur, than any of your Hebrew brethren."

"Am I so unlike my countrymen?" he asked indifferently.

"The demigods are all Roman now," she rejoined.

"And therefore you will tell me what move you know about me?"

"The likeness is not lost upon me. It might induce me to save you."

"Save me?"

The pink-stained fingers toyed daintily with the lustrous pendant at the throat, and her voice was exceedingly low and soft; only a little tapping on the floor with her silken sandals admonished him to have a care.

"There was a Jew, an escaped galley-slave, who killed a man in the Palace of Idemea," she began slowly.

Ben-Hur started.

"The same Jew slew a Roman soldier before the market-place here in Jerusalem; the same Jew has three trained legions from Galilee to seize the Roman governor to-night; the same Jew has alliances perfected for war upon Rome, and Ilderim the Sheik is one of his partners."

Drawing nearer him, she almost whispered in his ear.

"You have lived in Rome. Suppose these things repeated in ears we know of. Ah! you change colour."

He drew back from her with somewhat of the look which may be imagined upon the face of a man who, thinking to play with a kitten, has run upon a tiger; and she proceeded to quainted in the antechamber, and know the Lord Sejanus. Suppose it were told him with the proofs in hand—or without the proofs—that the same Jew is the richest man in the East—nay, in all the empire. The fishes of the Tiber would have fattened other than that they dig out of its coars, would they remember thinking them that Esther had Jordan him and thinking so now, he said calmly as he could:

"To give you pleasure, daughter of Egypt, I acknowledge your cunning, and that I am at your mercy. It may also please you to hear me acknowledge I have no hope of your favour. I could kill you, but you are a woman. The desert is one thing; the city is another. Rome is a good hunter of men, and though I would follow long and far before she caught me, for in his heart there are wildernesses of sand, and it is not unlovely to the unconquered Parthian. In the toils of an an—Tups that I have been—yet there is one thing my due; who told you all you know about me? In flight of captivity, dying even, there will be consolation in leaving the traitor the curse of a man who has lived knowing nothing but wretchedness. Who told you all you know about me?"

"No, it is not enough," Ben-Hur said, unmoved by the play—"it is not enough. To-morrow you will determine what to do with me. I may die."

"True," she rejoined quickly and with emphasis, "I had something from Sheik Ilderim as he lay with my father in a grove out in the desert. The night was still, very still, and the walls of the tent, sooth to say, were poor ward against ears outside listening to—birds and beetles flying through the air."

She smiled at the conceit, but proceeded:

"Some other things—bits of shell for the picture—I had from—"

"Whom?"

"The son of Hur himself."

"Was there no other who contributed?"

"No, not one."

Hur drew a breath of relief, and said lightly, "Thanka. It were not well to

keep the Lord Sejanus waiting for you. The desert is not so sensitive. Again, O Egypt, peace!"

To this time he had been standing uncov'ered; now he took the handkerchief from his arm where it had been hanging, and adjusting it upon his head, turned to depart. But she arrested him; in her eagerness, she even reached a hand to him.

"Stay," she said.

He looked back at her, but without taking the hand, though it was very noticeable for its sparkling jewels; and he knew by her manner that the reserved point of the scene which was so surprising to him was now to come.

"Stay, and do not distrust me, O son of Hur, if I declare I know why the noble Atrius look you for his heir. And, by Isis! by all the gods of Egypt! I swear I tremble to think of you, so brave and generous, under the hand of the remorseless minister. You have left a portion of your youth in the atria of the great capital; consider, as I do, what the desert will be to you in contrast of life. Oh, I give you pity—pity! and if you but will, I will save you."

"That, also, I swear, by our holy Isis!"

Words of entreaty and prayer, these, poured forth volubly and with earnestness, and the mighty sanction of beauty.

"Almost—almost I believe you," Ben-Hur said, yet hesitatingly, and in a voice low and indistinct; for a doubt remained with him protesting against the yielding tendency of the man—a good sturdy doubt, such a one as has saved many a life and fortune.

"The perfect life for a woman is to live in love; the greatest happiness for a man is the conquest of himself; and that, O prince, is what I have to ask of you."

She spoke rapidly and with animation; indeed, she had never appeared to him so fascinating.

"You had once a friend," she continued. "It was in your boyhood. There was a quarrel, and you and he became enemies. He did you wrong. After many years you met him again in the Circus at Antioch."

"Yes, Messala. You are his creditor. Forgive the past; admit him to friendship again; restore the fortune he lost in the great war; rescue him; and you will be as good as a bud lost upon a tree already in full leaf; but to him—Ah, he must go about with a broken body; wherever you meet him, he must look up to you from the ground. O Ben-Hur, noble prince to a Roman descended as he is, beggary is the other most odious name for—"

If the rapidly with which she spoke was a cunning invention to keep him from thinking, either she never knew or else had forgotten that there are convictions which derive nothing from thought, but drop into place without leave or notice. It seemed to him, when at last she paused to have his answer, that he could see Messala himself peering at him over her shoulder; and in his expression the countenance of the Roman was not that of a mendicant or a friend; the meek was as patrician as ever, and the fine edge of the hauteur as flawless and irritating.

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She threw his hand off and stepped back into the full light, with all the eyes of her nature collected in her eyes and voice.

"Thou drinker of lees, feeder upon haunts! To think I could love thee, having seen Messala! Such as thou were born to serve him. He would have been satisfied with release of the six talents; but I say to thee, thou shalt add twenty talents; dost thou hear? The six talents of my little finger which thou hast taken from him, though with my consent, shall be paid for; and that I have followed thee with affection of sympathy, and endured these so long, enter into the account not less because I was serving him. The merchant here is the keeper of money. If by to-morrow at noon he has not thy order acted upon in favour of my Messala for six and twenty talents—mark the sum!—thou shalt settle with the Lord Sejanus. Be wise and—farewell."

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my love. . . . She is a daughter of Judah, and beautiful, and so unlike the Egyptian, for there it is all vanity, here all truth; there ambition, here duty; there selfishness, here self-sacrifice. . . . Nay, the question is not do I love her, but does she love me? She was my friend from the beginning. The night on the terrace at Antioch, how coldlike she begged me not to make Rome my enemy, and bade me tell her of the villa by Misenum, and of the life there! That she should not see I saw her cunning drift I kissed her. Can she have forgotten the kiss? I have not. I love her. . . . They do not know in the city that I have back my people. I abrank from telling it to the Egyptian; but this little one will rejoice with me over their restoration, and welcome them with love and sweet services of hand and heart. She will be to my mother another daughter; in Thrash she will find her other self. I would wake her and tell her these things, but—out on the sorceress of Egypt! Of that folly I could not command myself to speak. I will go away, and wait another and a better day to tell her. For my father, dutiful child, daughter of Judah!"

He retired silently as he came.

NO BE CONTINUED.

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Forasmuch as it is easy after a calamity has befallen to look back and see the proofs of its coming strewn along the way, the thought that he did not even suspect the Egyptian as in Messala's interest, but had gone blindly on through whole years putting himself and his friends more and more at her mercy, was a sore wound to the young man's vanity.

"Remember," he said to himself, "I had no word of indignation for the perfidious Roman at the Fontaine de Gattalla! I remember she extolled him at the board on the lake in the Orchard of Palmes! And, ah!—he stopped and beat his left hand violently with his right—'ah! that mystery about the appointment she made with me at the Palace of Idemea is no mystery now!'"

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A STRANGE CONFESSOR OF THE FAITH.

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Monsieur Paul de Casanagac has long been a prominent figure in the world of Paris, and one of the fiercest combatants in her stormy political arena. His pen and his tongue are two such trenchant weapons, that there is no one, who does not get up a more serious man in the morning, if he remembers that yesterday he had offended M. Paul de Casanagac.

When the Prince Napoleon, in the latter days of the Empire, degraded his high station by his conspicuous impiety, nothing would at last content him, but to hold a great banquet on Good Friday itself, in order the more to dishonor Him, who on that day had shed His blood for him and the Cross. The obscene origin of that dinner, which degraded a nation still Catholic, are too revolting to tell; and as rumors of them were whispered about afterwards, all France sickened with disgust.

The Prince had been at the steps of Sebastopol; and while there had not gained the highest reputation for personal courage; M. Paul de Casanagac had not forgotten this.

In Easter week there appeared an article in his newspaper (for M. de Casanagac is a journalist as well as a politician) entitled: *Les deux France*. There are in it, said two nations, both most truly French. *Il y a une France qui prie; il y a une France qui se bat.*—"There is a France which prays; there is a France which fights." But we have in the midst of us an object which neither fights nor prays; a thing which has only courage to throw the bones from its plate in the face of Christ crucified. In there room for such a thing as this in France!

Alas, since that time, France has made room not only for one such thing, but has brought up generation after generation to emulate the horrible and cowardly courage of the Prince Napoleon.

There was at that period no room for doubt as to which of the two France of de Casanagac himself belonged to; for he was the most notorious duellist in France. One day he had been pitted against an unusually skilful swordsman, whom he wounded very severely. He naively expressed his regret afterwards, saying, that he had felt so ill, and found his hand so unsteady, that he really had feared, he should be obliged to kill the gentleman!

When it was heard that M. de Casanagac was going to be married, there was great curiosity in the French journals, as to whether or not he would go to confession.

It showed the same disposition, which all felt, that he might some day see "the France which fights" in the streets of France, which he should be obliged to kill the gentleman!

We are not certain depicting this strange man as a model, nor as a saint. He is a son of the Church, who has cost his mother many tears. What, then, may perhaps be asked, is there to account for his appearance in the pages of the *Messenger*?

Well, our readers must think that the *Messenger* does not address itself to saints alone, which might be a serious thing for its circulation; but, especially, that the Apostleship of Prayer has the ambition to form men who, being in the world, proclaim with no uncertain voice their attachment to the Church. Such men must ever command its admiration and its praise.

It is but lately that, on the death of one of the members of the French Chamber of Deputies—an atheist who had died in his sins—the Chamber wished to nominate one of its body to officiate at the funeral. The funeral, it must be understood, was to be without priest and without religion. The choice fell upon Paul de Casanagac.

This was his answer: "Gentlemen, I had a father whom I loved, I believe, as devotedly as son can love; I love my children as dearly as father can love his child; but, if father or child of mine should die denying his faith, or renouncing God, I would not see a foot of his grave. I would not see a foot of his grave against religion; our faith is inviolable, our priests proscribed and robbed; the atheism of the State dishonors our churches, and smiles upon those who plunder them; it is then a day when the true Catholic must display without flinching his unwavering steadfastness of the days of faith. Were all Catholics thus resolved to come to no terms with the unbelieving world, and

SALISBURY'S PET RABBITS.

United Ireland. The Orangemen and rack-renters are the pet rabbits of Lord Salisbury's famous metaphor, the National League is the boaster.

Orange lodge throughout the country, if it be shown that these men were Orangemen, will in like manner disown and repudiate every bond of union between the Orange Association and these miscreants.

LORD DENBIGH ON IRELAND AND THE POPE.

Catholic Review. It is to be hoped that the Earl of Denbigh is not to be accepted as the representative of English Catholic opinion on Irish affairs.

that the Crimes Act, which he is defending, is in itself the very quintessence and repetition of all these crimes against the Irish people.

The Irish Catholics now need the voice of the Shepherd," says Lord Denbigh; of course, as expressed through the mouths of the Goschen and the Chamberlains.

The Holy Father will, doubtless, thank the English people for our good opinion of him. The Irish people will thank him in kind.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS—BLESSSED ALEXANDER BRIANT, S. J.

London Tablet. A foreign writer, in describing the hardships of the English persecution, lays stress on the fact that in one respect our forefathers in the faith were more severely tried than were the Roman Catholics who suffered through the Irish people.

Some uncertainty prevails regarding the birthplace of our martyr. Challoner, quoting a contemporary account, says he was born in Dorsetshire; the author of his life, in the English Previews, S. J., inclines to the belief that he was a native of Somersetshire; while the Donal Diaries invariably enter him as a native of the diocese of Exeter.

On the appointed day, December 1st, 1581, he was led down to the gateway of the Tower, the heavy chains and iron fetters with which he was loaded were removed, and he was strapped on a hurdle by the side of Blessed Ralph Sherwin and dragged through the miry streets to Tyburn.

External punishment must be accommodated to the manners and customs of the times. But although laws framed by men are liable to change, the laws of penance are founded on the Gospel, and can never change.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best, most prompt and safest cure for cholera morbus, dysentery, sick stomach, cramps, cholera and cholera infantum that has yet been discovered. Its popularity is undimmed by age. All medicine dealers sell it.

support of Divine grace and for the comfort which he felt after he had taken a vow to enter into the Society of Jesus, he would in all probability have never survived to take his place beside Campion and Sherwin on the gibbet of Tyburn.

The character of the man showed itself in his bearing during his examination and after his sentence. To silence the heretics he was ordered to kneel with his hands joined in prayer, and he was ordered to kneel with his hands joined in prayer.

A MODERN SAVONAROLA.

DAY AFTER DAY, says the St. James's Gazette, through the greater part of Lent and down to Easter Tuesday, the Duomo of Florence has presented a striking spectacle.

There is a class of men which has gone through remarkable phases; now held in esteem, now despised; now regarded with affection, now hated; at one time the pledge of safety to their country, at another time a grave peril; a principle of life, and an element of disorganization.

What a Penitent is. "A penitent," says a writer, "is one who every hour calls to mind in the bitterness of his soul the sins of his past life—who takes part with a justice of God against himself, and gives up innocent pleasures in order to atone for the sins which he formerly committed."

Consumption Surely Cured. To THE EDITOR. Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease.

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are parasites, usurpers. Is it not you who make the plough that tills the soil, the ship that sails the seas, the engine that runs from city to city?

No, working man, you are not sufficient for yourself. You must live the life of the body, and so you need a doctor. You must live the life of the soul, and so you need a priest.

The working man turns to see that this is true. But he turns upon me and says: "Where is my consolation, my dignity?" And I reply, You have seen the working man curse his lot, the working man without religion.

You have but to raise your eyes from your work to the heavens, and there you see your prototype; you are a workman, like God. And not only a workman, like God, but a workman with God.

Or look at God in redemption. You knew your lot that you are born to labor. How did the Redeemer begin the work of redemption? By a life of labor for thirty years.

But what, then, you ask, gives consolation? Again, religion. Religion comes to you and says: "You may so labor for the meat that perishes as to gain that which lasts forever."

There the sermon ends. Amid applause, which sounds strange to an English ear, but is full of that self-restrained emphasis which saves it from being irrelevant, the preacher is placed in his sedan chair and carried forth.

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We sincerely regret to chronicle the death of the Right Rev. Mgr. Power, V. G., of the diocese of Halifax, which took place in that city on the 22nd inst. The distinguished and lamented prelate had been for some months suffering from heart disease. Still his death was sudden and unexpected. He rose at six on the morning of his death, celebrated mass at seven, breakfasted, went down town, and returning to the Glebe House, lay down and in a few minutes died. He was in his last moments surrounded by His Grace Archbishop O'Brien and his priests. Mgr. Power, who had attained his fifty-ninth year, was one of the best known of the priests in the Maritime Provinces, and was beloved of clergy and people. No sooner was his death announced than telegrams of condolence began to pour in upon His Grace from all quarters. In this good priest, who several times filled the trying position of administrator of the diocese, His Grace loses a valued friend and coadjutor. We sincerely condole with him in his loss and affliction, and humbly pray the God of mercy, whom the deceased so long and so faithfully served, to grant the departed soul light, peace and refreshment.

TORONTO MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Toronto Ministerial Association, composed of Ministers of various denominations, have been making themselves peculiarly ridiculous within the last few days. Christians, of course, are obliged to keep holy the Lord's day or Sunday. The Catholic Church prescribes the manner in which the day must be sanctified, as the day itself is of ecclesiastical appointment as a holy day. Under the old law, the Sabbath was ordered to be kept holy, that is, the twenty-four hours from sunset on Friday till sunset on Saturday. There is evidence in the Sacred volume, that the obligation of keeping the seventh day holy ceased with the establishment of Christianity, and the writings of the early Fathers of the Church make it clear that at a very early period, probably by the Apostles themselves, the first day of the week, or Sunday, was observed by Christian assemblies for the purpose of adoration of God. But there is no evidence that the day was appointed to be kept as a holy day in place of the Sabbath except by the authority of the Catholic Church for this is not stated either by the Fathers or by Holy Scripture. Hence the absurdity of the resolution passed unanimously by the Ministerial Association will be seen. It was moved by Reverend Mr. Milligan, and seconded by Rev. Mr. Burton, that the observance of the "Sabbath," meaning thereby the Sunday, rests on no "other basis than the Divine command to keep the day holy. Sabbath observance occupying place in the decalogue proves it not part of those temporary institutions peculiar to Judaism, but that it is of perpetual obligation, and therefore vital to the life and power of true religion in all ages and under all circumstances." After all the loud protestations of the sects, that the scripture alone is to be appealed to in proof of Christian doctrine and practice, we find an important body of Ministers of nearly the Protestant denominations unanimously resting their case in "vital matter of true religion," upon the usage of the Catholic Church. And this resolution is moved in intellect, because he regarded as a duty, as manifested by patriotic writing, "as the great exponent of the doctrine of Christianity." The evidence of Mr. Milligan's weakness of intellect does lie in the appeal to Church authority but in the attempt to maintain opposite and contradictory doctrines at the same time.

But the Ministerial Association could not let the occasion pass without manifesting their intolerance and bigotry. We not long since had occasion to recall the glorious record of the Jesuits in every country where they located themselves, in advancing the interests of religion and the welfare of society general, we need not repeat here what that order has done in Mexico in cause of education and national advancement. We desire only to point out hypocrisy of the Ministerial Association who proclaim themselves on other occasions "Friends of Religious Liberty" whereas they take occasion to reject unanimously when religious liberty is violated in Mexico. They declare resolution that they especially rejoice the expulsion of the Jesuits from country.

"Hath God need of your lie that should speak deceitfully for Him? Hypocrite shall come before His presence."

PICNIC AT PARKHILL.—Those who wish to spend a pleasant day should attend the Catholic picnic in Parkhill on Dominion Day.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat. July 2nd, 1887.

REV. G. MILLIGAN ON CARDINAL NEWMAN.

In our last issue we showed the puerility of Rev. G. M. Milligan's animadversions on his Eminence Cardinal Newman. We shall now have something to say of the doctrinal part of his paper. He says:

"In February 1843... he (the Cardinal) retracted all he said against Mariology and other Romish doctrines. He accepted all the doctrines of Rome not found in Primitive Christianity on the principle of development."

"The Cardinal is all astray in his conception alike of the function and character of the Church of Christ. The Church's function is not to manufacture Divine Truth, but to declare the faith once delivered to the Saints. The Church does not make believers, but believers constitute the Church."

The Rev. Mr. Milligan certainly knows that his statements in these paragraphs are absolutely false. The deliberate falsehoods contained therein so overshadow the indelicacy of calling the "Catholic Church" by the nickname "Romish" that we shall pass over his presumption in order to make some remarks on his willful and deliberate lies. Mariology is not a Catholic doctrine. Cardinal Newman, therefore, had no need of retracting any condemnation of Mariology, and he never did so retract. Catholics do not believe that it is the Church's function to manufacture Divine truth; hence the Cardinal does not conceive such to be the office of Christ's Church; and Mr. Milligan is "all astray" in his impertinent remarks on this subject.

What is Mariology? The word is not derived from the technical language of Catholic theology, for the simple reason that the thing thereby expressed has no existence either among Catholics or any others that we are aware of. The word is a pure invention of modern fanatics who pretend that Catholics pay divine honors to Mary the Mother of God, i.e. being the technical term for supreme or divine honor which is due to God alone. The merest child who has learned the little Catholic catechism knows that this honor is not paid by Catholics either to the Blessed Virgin Mary or to any saint. Mariology is, therefore, a fiction. The catechism which is most generally used by English-speaking Catholics thus explains the honor paid to saints. We simply put the words in narrative form:

"It is forbidden by the first commandment to give to any creature the honor due to God alone. We are not forbidden to honor the saints if we only honor them as God's special friends and faithful servants, and if we do not give them supreme or divine honor which belongs to God alone. Of God alone Catholics beg grace and mercy, and of the saints, they only ask the assistance of their prayers." Lesson 16.

We might adduce passages innumerable from Catholic theologians which attest the same, but it would be a work of supererogation. It is well known that Catholics hold no such doctrine as is attributed to them by dishonest controversialists like Rev. Mr. Milligan. We shall therefore quote only the words of the Council of Trent, which declare with authority the Catholic belief on this subject:

"The Holy Council decrees... that... We adore Christ, and honor the Saints." Session 25.

The Protestant Leibnitz, the rival of Newton in learning and in discoveries, declares that they who think it idolatry to honor the Saints "open the way to subvert all Christianity." The reason he gives for this is that the Saints were honored in the Christian Church from the very beginning. If therefore after the liberal promises of grace which Christ made to his Church, she fell immediately into idolatry, it would appear that his promises were of little avail. He further states that the honor paid to Saints is authorized by the words of Sacred Scripture: "Thy friends, O God, are honored," and "praise the Lord in his Saints."

Next we are told by the Rev. Mr. Milligan that the Catholic Church claims the power of "manufacturing truth." Such a charge is so absurd to require refutation; nevertheless, as it is frequently made by Protestant polemical writers, and as some might in ignorance imagine that this is a claim of the Church, included in the claim of infallibility, we shall give an explanation of the true function

of the Church when defining doctrine. We believe that the Church is infallible, that is, that she cannot teach error, because Christ has promised to remain with His Church all days even to the end of the world, she, in the mean time teaching "all things whatsoever He has commanded." (St. Matt. xxviii, 20.) For this belief we have also Christ's authority when he declares that against the Church "the gates of hell shall not prevail." (xvi, 18); and when He declares that whosoever "will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." (St. Matt. xviii, 17.) And when He tells His Apostles: "he that heareth you, heareth me, and he that despises me, despise him that sent me." (St. Luke x, 16, etc.)

It follows, then, that the Church can never teach error; and that her teaching shall be always true. But does it follow that she may teach a false doctrine as true, and that we must then believe it? By no means. It merely follows that she will be preserved by the power and grace of Christ, from teaching false doctrine. She has no commission to teach falsehood under the guise of truth, or to "manufacture truth," as Mr. Milligan expresses it. Christ's commission is to teach "all things whatsoever He has commanded," and when the Church defines a doctrine as being part of the deposit of Revealed Truth, we have the assurance from Christ's promises that it is really so. We might as well say that God could teach error, and oblige us to believe it, as that the Church could do so while she is guided by the spirit of Truth to teach all truth.

The function of the Church is, therefore, to teach what Christ has revealed, and when she teaches a doctrine as part of that Revelation, we are certain that it is so. This is precisely what the Rev. Mr. Milligan acknowledges to be the Church's function: "to declare the faith once delivered to the Saints." But does his Presbyterian Church do this? Let the Westminster confession of faith answer this question:

"Particular Churches are more or less pure according as the doctrine of the Gospel is taught and embraced, ordinances administered, and public worship performed more or less purely in them. The purest Churches under heaven are subject both to mixture and error." (Ch. xxv.) Here then is a plain avowal that the Presbyterian Church does not teach all truth. Yet that same Church has the presumption to decree that this "Confession and Form of Religion" is "God's undoubted truth and verity, grounded only upon His written word." And it is added "therefore we abhor and detest all contrary religion and doctrine; but chiefly all kind of Popery in general and particular heads, even as they are now damned and confuted by the word of God and Kirk of Scotland." (National Covenant of 1580 and 1651.)

Religious truth is as pretty a specimen of holy truth manufactured to order as it is possible to conceive. The Rev. Mr. Milligan should take care when he makes random charges that his shots may not recoil upon himself. It is unnecessary for us to follow this redoubtable champion of Presbyterian orthodoxy through his other proofs that Cardinal Newman has become weak in intellect. They are summed up in one word: "He believes in Transubstantiation, and other doctrines of the Catholic Church." According to Mr. Milligan's standard of intellectual capacity, we should swallow such absurdities as we have quoted above from the Westminster Confession before intellectual excellence can be attained. We should make God the author of sin, as Presbyterianism makes Him. It will suffice to say in answer to all this, that if intellectual capacity is to be judged by the doctrines of the church to which we adhere, we are quite satisfied that the Church which has nurtured a Cardinal Newman, a Bossuet, a Fénelon, a Bellarmine, a St. Augustine, a St. Ambrose, and a St. John of the Golden Speech, will compare very favorably with the Church that could produce the little mind of Rev. Mr. Milligan.

THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

The ceremony of the dedication of the new chapel of the College of Ottawa, which took place on Wednesday, June 22nd, was certainly one of the most imposing occasions of the kind ever witnessed in Canada. Every ecclesiastical province from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of St. Lawrence was thereat represented. St. Basil, Ottawa and Quebec, while not a few of the dioceses of the American continent were also represented by distinguished members of their clergy. The College of Ottawa has often welcomed within its walls men of national and ecclesiastical walk of civil, political, and literary fame, but never before was so august a gathering since there within its pinnacles as that such an illustrious assembly, the 22nd, which filled the new chapel on the Bishop of Kingston, whose rare scholarly and experience, and long as well as valuable services as a leading educationist are everywhere recognized, was especially and gratefully noticed. On that memorable day the College may justly be said to

have taken another step in advance. Its progress and its prosperity interest every friend of Catholic education in Canada, who will gladly join its alumni in their dutiful salutation to their Alma Mater: *esto perpetua.*

HIS EXCELLENCY AND HER MAJESTY.

His Excellency Grover Cleveland has had presented, through Minister Paelps, a letter of congratulation to Her Majesty on her attainment of the golden jubilee of sovereignty. We can find no fault whatever with the despatch of such a letter in itself, but the form and matter of such a document are certainly open to discussion and to criticism. It were indeed a very graceful act on the part of the Chief Magistrate of republican America to extend an expression of congratulation to a sovereign who, whatever the defects of British administration during the past fifty years, and they have been many—is head of a system of constitutional government admirable in its form, and the representative in the highest sense of a great and illustrious race. But by the most ardent admirers of British rule, by even those whom prejudice blinds to its failures and to its defects, it will be readily acknowledged that any such document should be most carefully and judiciously worded. Does Mr. Cleveland's congratulatory message meet this condition, fulfil this requirement? Let our readers judge for themselves:

Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America, to Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India:

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND—In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States, I present their sincere felicitations upon the arrival of the fiftieth anniversary of Your Majesty's accession to the Crown of Great Britain. I but utter the general voice of my fellow countrymen in wishing for your people the prolongation of a reign so marked with advance in popular well-being, physical, moral and intellectual. It is justice and not adulation to acknowledge the debt of gratitude and respect due to your personal virtues for their important influence in producing and causing this prosperous and well-ordered condition of affairs now generally prevailing throughout your dominions. May your life be prolonged and peace, honor and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule. May liberty flourish throughout your Empire under just and equal laws, and your Government be strong in the affections of all who live under it. And I pray God to have Your Majesty in His holy keeping.

Done at Washington this 27th day of May, A. D. 1887.

GROVER CLEVELAND, President.

The American people are no doubt unanimous in feelings of personal regard and esteem for Her Majesty, but they are not certainly unanimous in the feeling that a "prosperous and well-ordered" condition of affairs generally prevails throughout your dominions. May your life be prolonged and peace, honor and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule. May liberty flourish throughout your Empire under just and equal laws, and your Government be strong in the affections of all who live under it. And I pray God to have Your Majesty in His holy keeping.

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or in all 3,668,000 persons cast upon the roadside to starve and die. Is this, we ask, proof of a prosperous and well-ordered condition. We say that the history of the world offers no parallel for this brutal and inhuman extermination of a Christian people—a loyal, grateful and affectionate race. We say, too, that it is proof of a condition of things crying to heaven for speedy, unsparring and overwhelming vengeance.

CHURCH PROGRESS.

We are pleased this week to insert from the Pembroke Observer a report of His Grace Archbishop Duhamel's visit to the parishes of Osoceles and Douglas, in the Vicariate of Pontiac. His Grace was right gladly received by the pastors and people of both missions. The Catholics of the Upper Ottawa, though no longer under his spiritual jurisdiction, have a lively and grateful recollection of his rule over them. They recall with satisfaction and with edification his tireless zeal on their behalf and did not fail, therefore, to give expression to their feelings on the occasion of His Grace's visit. We cannot omit to congratulate the Rev. Father Marion on the progress made by his parish since first he was put in his pastoral charge. The magnificent new church now in course of erection at Douglas speaks volumes for his zeal. It tells of the blessings that God ever vouchsafes a self-sacrificing pastor, and will, when completed, prove a lasting as well as splendid monument of the faith of his people. An enduring testimony will it be of the union of priest and people, one of the Church's chief joys and blessings in Canada.

LET'S ANNEX THE EARTH.

Under the above heading Truth (N. Y.) sharply takes to task papers and people in the United States, who never permit, it alleges, a day to pass without talking of annexing "somebody or something." To this talk Truth attributes what it considers a prevailing opinion among the American people that Cuba, Mexico and Canada are pining to be a portion of the great republic. The editor of Truth then truthfully goes on to extract from the supposed feeling amongst his fellow-countrymen, and a very natural one it is, having prevailed amongst all peoples from the beginnings of human society, in favor of territorial extension, a motive for a brutal and utterly indefensible assault on the Irish race. He writes after this fashion:

"Indeed, I read somewhere lately, I suppose it must have been in the Herald, that Australia was getting anxious to be part of the United States. I cannot, of course, tell how wild or rabid may be the form of the disease on the part of a country seven thousand miles away from us, but I can vouch for it from personal knowledge that Mexico hates us, that Cuba would like to be free, but has no desire to change masters, and that no Canadian I ever met, either French or English, wanted to form part of a country which they firmly, and naturally, believe to be ruled by Irishmen. Their present quasi-religious hatred us, their disposition to return to political fellowship with them."

It were, we say, quite natural for the American people to desire further territorial extension as well to widen their commercial as to consolidate their political empire, but we can state that after extensive travels in the United States and Canada, after meeting leading men in the commercial, industrial and political ranks of both countries, we have found, if anything, a stronger feeling in favor of the annexation of Canada to the United States in the former than in the latter country. True, there is not any enthusiastic feeling in the Dominion in favor of political, though there certainly is in favor of commercial, union with the American republic. We feel safe in predicting that if our farming population, three-fourths of the whole, be much longer wronged by a perpetuation of exclusion from American markets, a political union between the two countries, but this is not the point upon which we specially desire to advert. The editor of Truth speaks of the Irish in the United States as an obstacle in the minds of Canadians to annexation. We have never before heard this objection mentioned. The Irish in Canada are nearly one fourth of the total population, and wield a greater influence in Canadian politics than do their fellow-countrymen across the line. From the very dawn of representative government in Canada till the present moment, Irishmen have been pre-eminent in securing its successful operation. They have shone in the vice-regal chair, in the administrative and the legislative departments of state. As to their giving trouble here, we need only mention that if such were their disposition or desire the Canadian confederation could not have come into being, or, having come into being, could not have survived a troubled infancy.

No man at all acquainted with Canadian affairs, much less any Canadian statesman or publicist of merit or influence, has ever spoken of the Cana-

dian Irish in other than terms of eulogy. The Irish in America need no defence at our hands. If they have acquired a large share of political influence, if they know how in their own and the country's interests to exercise that influence, surely none but a bigot can condemn them. If they increase and multiply—if their children are rapidly filling the places that once belonged to an emasculated and dying race—surely no blame to them attaches. The Irish are not indeed free from faults. Many of them on this side of the Atlantic are no credit to their country, but the very same may be said of every other race that has contributed to people the new world. Men such as the editor of Truth, who will never speak but as prejudice dictates, are worse enemies of the country in which they profess to glory as citizens, than the most criminal and degraded of the abandoned and impoverished classes of America's great cities.

A REMARKABLE PAPAL UTTERANCE.

The allocation of the Holy Father, delivered in the consistory of May 23rd, deserves more than passing attention. Nay, it calls for careful and even for profound study. His Holiness begins by drawing the attention of the Sacred College to the religious pacification of Prussia. The Holy Father gives God thanks, in that after long and protracted negotiations this grave affair has at length been brought to a happy term. His whole heart had been set on this result, to secure which he had, passing by all secondary considerations, made the salvation of souls his supreme law and sole guide. The Supreme Pontiff recalls to the minds of his illustrious hearers the state of religion in Prussia before this pacification had been secured—dioceses without bishops, parishes without pastors, seminaries without students, multitudes of Catholics without the consoling and comforting ministrations of religion. Anguish had filled his paternal heart at the sight of such spiritual misery and destitution. Hence, as Supreme Pastor of the faithful, he gave every thought and solicitude to its removal. Aided by the Bishops and by the leading Catholic public men, encouraged by the kindly disposition of the Emperor of Germany and his government, the Holy Father was at length enabled to suggest remedies for the evils complained of. The suggestions proffered by His Holiness formed the basis of the negotiations, which, after slow progress and most mature consideration, led to the happy settlement already arrived at—a settlement that will, no doubt, be followed by the complete removal of every grievance whatsoever complained of by German Catholics. His Holiness will spare no effort to bring about a result so desirable alike from the Catholic and the German standpoint. The Holy Father adds that the spectacle presented by the other states of Germany is not less consoling—instancing especially the grand-duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, whose sovereign has despatched an envoy to the Vatican to treat of measures looking to the free exercise of the Catholic religion. The Holy Father continues: But our thoughts are not bounded by the limits of Germany. Wheresoever the authority of the Roman Pontiff is recognised—there to extend our solicitude, our activity, and our vigilance, while without distinction of race or country our charity embraces, as it should, with equal love, all those united by the bonds of the Catholic faith. Impelled by this charity, we are striving to better the condition of Catholics in other countries, besides those we have named. We must pray God with fervor, that in the matters now in hand which we have enumerated, He may vouchsafe to grant a crowning success. His Holiness then comes to his relations with the Italian kingdom, and his words on this subject are especially significant. He says: May this ardent desire for pacification which animates us in regard of all peoples profit Italy to the extent we should desire; this country which God has so closely bound up with the Roman Pontificate, and which the very dictates of nature make so dear to our heart. For our part, as we have more than once declared we have long entertained the ardent desire that throughout all Italy the public mind should be set at rest, and that the pernicious antagonism towards the Roman Pontificate should finally disappear, without prejudice, however, to justice and to the dignity of the Holy See, outraged not so much by the hostility of the nation as by the conspiracy of the sects. A peaceful solution of the difficulty must be sought in a condition of things wherein the sovereign Pontiff would be subject to no power and enjoy liberty the fullest, liberty truly worthy the name, as every sense of right demands. This condition of things, if calmly judged, will not only cause no damage to the interests of Italy, but prove a powerful aid for its security and prosperity.

PERSONAL.

We are gratified to learn that Mr. M. J. Gorman, formerly of Pembroke, has been called to the bar of Cook Co., Illinois, and has opened his office in Room 20, No. 95 Dearborn St., Chicago. We can safely recommend Mr. Gorman to our numerous friends in that great city, as a gentleman of industry, research and erudition. He had in a short time achieved at the Canadian bar a remarkable success. Seeking, however, a wider field for his talents, he decided on removing to Chicago, where, we have no doubt, his success will be commensurate with his talents. He brings to the legal profession in that vast and ever-growing metropolis every qualification to win him a wide and extensive practice as well as the confidence of the public generally. Mr. Gorman's great natural ability, his scholarly attainments and his amiability of character, are certain to secure for him even in Chicago, where competition for distinction is so keen, a very high place in the profession to which he was an honor in Canada.

We are much pleased to hear of the appointment of ex-ald. Roogue, of Ottawa, as one of the three Factory Inspectors for the Province of Ontario. Mr. Roogue is in all respects fully qualified for the discharge of the duties of this responsible position. We congratulate the government and the appointee upon a nomination which will prove satisfactory to the colored at large.

Catholic Colored Mission of Windsor, Ontario.

As Dean Wagner, who has in hands the work of the Catholic Colored Mission of Windsor, wishes to begin the erection of a suitable school-house and church at the earliest possible date, all persons who have received his appeal for help are kindly requested to fill their lists as soon as convenient, and send the proceeds, together with the benefactors' lists, to the reverend gentleman. All moneys received will be immediately acknowledged. Persons not receiving in due time such acknowledgment, will be pleased to notify Dean Wagner by postal card.

Le Moniteur de Rome, referring editor.

ally to the allocation, says that even according to the liberal press itself it is an utterance which under actual circumstances must be looked on as possessing an exceptional importance. The passage relating to the settlement of the Roman question must mark a decisive period in the contemporary history of Italy. Leo XIII., vicegerent of the God of Peace, has in every country inaugurated a policy of pacification. Everywhere that his generous efforts have been fairly met, he has hastened to close religious troubles, to put a term to conflicts between the two powers, and to securing for them the blessings of a fruitful and enduring harmony. Could he, the first among Italians, adopt any other attitude toward this country, which is his own, this privileged law of Italy which God has predestined to be the seat of the Papacy, united to that country by heaven itself in bonds strong as they are grateful. If his enemies themselves hail Leo XIII. as the Prince of Peace, must he not feel specially happy to propose and introduce that peace to the country which, from its particular situation, must feel a livelier and more pressing want thereof than any other? The Popes have been in every age the great benefactors of Italy. So long as this country remained faithful in its alliance with the Roman Pontificate she derived therefrom glory and profit.

In inviting the Italian nation to establish this ancient covenant Leo XIII. strives to guide it in the true path, to cause it to resume its historical and providential mission, from which a nefarious and shortsighted policy has temporarily alienated the Italians. This is in fact the purpose that the Holy Father has had in view from the very commencement of his Pontificate. It is now about eight years since Leo XIII. began to repeat to Italy, each time addressing himself with more and more insistence to that country, that his supreme interest commanded him to put an end to the detestable and dolorous conflict which divides and weakens the nation, that the independence of the Holy See fully and effectually guaranteed is not only not incompatible with national greatness and independence, but would be thereof the crowning glory. What will be the result of this appeal for peace and reconciliation? The necessities and the dangers of the situation, as well internal as external, impose its acceptance as an imperative patriotic duty. Italy has besides to deal in this work of pacification with a Pontiff who is by excellence a man of peace and wisdom, before whom all Europe bows with admiration and respect.

The will of the true Italian people is now beginning to manifest itself, day by day, in more unmistakable terms, proving the existence of a general desire for peace. Never was there a more propitious occasion than the present. Will the actual rulers of Italy persevere in their criminal blindness and obstinacy? Will they in the face of history assume the terrible responsibility of having failed to render their country the greatest and most signal service?

PERSONAL.

We are gratified to learn that Mr. M. J. Gorman, formerly of Pembroke, has been called to the bar of Cook Co., Illinois, and has opened his office in Room 20, No. 95 Dearborn St., Chicago. We can safely recommend Mr. Gorman to our numerous friends in that great city, as a gentleman of industry, research and erudition. He had in a short time achieved at the Canadian bar a remarkable success. Seeking, however, a wider field for his talents, he decided on removing to Chicago, where, we have no doubt, his success will be commensurate with his talents. He brings to the legal profession in that vast and ever-growing metropolis every qualification to win him a wide and extensive practice as well as the confidence of the public generally. Mr. Gorman's great natural ability, his scholarly attainments and his amiability of character, are certain to secure for him even in Chicago, where competition for distinction is so keen, a very high place in the profession to which he was an honor in Canada.

We are much pleased to hear of the appointment of ex-ald. Roogue, of Ottawa, as one of the three Factory Inspectors for the Province of Ontario. Mr. Roogue is in all respects fully qualified for the discharge of the duties of this responsible position. We congratulate the government and the appointee upon a nomination which will prove satisfactory to the colored at large.

Catholic Colored Mission of Windsor, Ontario.

As Dean Wagner, who has in hands the work of the Catholic Colored Mission of Windsor, wishes to begin the erection of a suitable school-house and church at the earliest possible date, all persons who have received his appeal for help are kindly requested to fill their lists as soon as convenient, and send the proceeds, together with the benefactors' lists, to the reverend gentleman. All moneys received will be immediately acknowledged. Persons not receiving in due time such acknowledgment, will be pleased to notify Dean Wagner by postal card.

Le Moniteur de Rome, referring editor.

JULY 2, 1887.

DEATH OF MGR. POWER.

We sincerely regret to chronicle the death of the Right Rev. Mgr. Power, V. G., of the diocese of Halifax, which took place in that city on the 22nd inst. The distinguished and lamented prelate had been for some months suffering from heart disease. Still his death was sudden and unexpected. He rose at six on the morning of his death, celebrated mass at seven, breakfasted, went down town, and returning to the Glebe House, lay down and in a few minutes died. He was in his last moments surrounded by His Grace Archbishop O'Brien and his priests. Mgr. Power, who had attained his fifty-ninth year, was one of the best known of the priests in the Maritime Provinces, and was beloved of clergy and people. No sooner was his death announced than telegrams of condolence began to pour in upon His Grace from all quarters. In this good priest, who several times filled the trying position of administrator of the diocese, His Grace loses a valued friend and coadjutor. We sincerely condole with him in his loss and affliction, and humbly pray the God of mercy, whom the deceased so long and so faithfully served, to grant the departed soul light, peace and refreshment.

TORONTO MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Toronto Ministerial Association, composed of Ministers of various denominations, have been making themselves peculiarly ridiculous within the last few days. Christians, of course, are obliged to keep holy the Lord's day or Sunday. The Catholic church prescribes the manner in which the day must be sanctified, as the day itself is of ecclesiastical appointment as a holy day. Under the old law, the Sabbath was ordered to be kept holy, that is, the twenty-four hours from sunset on Friday till sunset on Saturday. There is evidence in the Sacred volume, that the obligation of keeping the seventh day holy ceased with the establishment of Christianity, and the writings of the early Fathers of the Church make it clear that at a very early period, probably by the Apostles themselves, the first day of the week, or Sunday, was observed by Christian assemblies for the purpose of adoration of God. But there is no evidence that the day was appointed to be kept as a holy day in place of the Sabbath except by the authority of the Catholic Church; for this is not stated either by the Fathers or by Holy Scripture. Hence the absurdity of the resolution passed unanimously by the Ministerial Association will be seen. It was moved by Reverend Mr. Milligan, and seconded by Rev. Mr. Burton, that the observance of the "Sabbath," meaning thereby the Sunday, rests on no other basis than the Divine command to keep the day holy. Sabbath observance occupying a place in the decalogue proves it is not part of those temporary institutions peculiar to Judaism, but that it is of perpetual obligation, and therefore vital to the life and power of true religion in all ages and under all circumstances. After all the loud protestations of the sects, that the scripture alone is to be appealed to in proof of Christian doctrine and practice, we find an important body of Ministers of nearly all the Protestant denominations unanimously resting their case in a "vital matter of true religion," upon the usage of the Catholic Church! And this resolution is moved by one who but lately endeavored to prove a Catholic cardinal to be weak in intellect, because he regarded antiquity, as manifested by patristic writings, "as the great exponent of the doctrine of Christianity." The evidence of Mr. Milligan's weakness of intellect does not lie in the appeal to Church authority, but in the attempt to maintain opposite and contradictory doctrines at the same time.

But the Ministerial Association could not let the occasion pass without manifesting their intolerance and bigotry. As we not long since had occasion to recall the glorious record of the Jesuits in every country where they located themselves, in advancing the interests of religion and the welfare of society in general, we need not repeat here what that order has done in Mexico in the cause of education and national advancement. We desire only to point out the hypocrisy of the Ministerial Association who proclaim themselves on other occasions "Friends of Religious Liberty," whereas they take occasion to rejoice unanimously when religious liberty is violated in Mexico. They declare by resolution that they especially rejoice in the expulsion of the Jesuits from that country.

"Hath God need of your lie that you should speak deceitfully for Him? No hypocrite shall come before His presence."

PICNIC AT PARKHILL.—Those who wish to spend a pleasant day should attend the Catholic picnic in Parkhill on Dominion Day.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record. DIOCESE OF LONDON.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH IN EXCESS—CONFIRMATION IN WINDSOR. Last Sunday, 19th June, the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh administered the Holy Sacrament of confirmation in St. Alphonsus' Church of Windsor, Ont. The confirmation service began at 8 a.m. His Lordship, before proceeding with the administration of the sacrament of confirmation, subjected the children to a searching examination on the Christian doctrine, at which they all gave a satisfactory account of themselves. The number of persons confirmed was one hundred and twenty-two, among them fifteen adults, nine of whom are converts. After the administration of the sacrament of Confirmation His Lordship made a lengthy and powerful address to the assembled congregation, principally on the reciprocal duties of parents and children, which, it is to be hoped, will be long remembered by those who had the advantage of being present on the occasion. His Lordship insisted particularly on the necessity of what he termed the Christian home education. The children, he said, may be sent to colleges and convents and Catholic schools generally, but if the parents themselves neglect to co-operate with their teachers in the great work of the Christian education of their children, not endeavoring both by word and example to inculcate the practices of true Christian practice, all other efforts in that direction will, in many cases, prove futile, and fathers and mothers who are guilty of such neglect incur before God a most terrible responsibility.

Let parents, therefore, realize and fully understand that their children are a sacred trust which God has left to their care; and let them remember that if their children are lost through their own carelessness and neglect on this most important point, the Almighty God will require their souls at their hands. His Lordship Bishop Walsh administered also the holy sacrament of confirmation to one hundred and sixty candidates at Belle River, on Wednesday, 15th inst., and was highly pleased with the admirable manner in which the children had been drilled for the occasion by the good and zealous pastor, Rev. Father Gerard. On the following day His Lordship gave confirmation to thirty-six candidates at Woodlee. To the credit of the pastor, Rev. Father McManus, it may be said, that in no other parish of the diocese were the children found better up in the knowledge of the Christian doctrine.

ECCLIASTICAL CONFERENCE AT WINDSOR. On Monday, 20th inst., the ecclesiastical conference of the clergy of the Diocese of Windsor was held at the residence of Dean Wagner, under the presidency of the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh. Many important questions and cases of conscience were discussed, and no doubt the conclusions reached will facilitate the all important duty of pastors in the direction of souls entrusted to their care. ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT AT THE ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH. On Tuesday, 21st June, at 9:30 a.m., took place the annual commencement in the spacious hall of the Assumption College of Sandwich, in the presence of a large number of members of the clergy, parents and friends of the institution. The usual, everything passed off in a manner most creditable to both the students and professors of the college. His Lordship Bishop Walsh concluded the proceedings with some most happy remarks on the advantages of a college education for Catholic young men, who are expected to be in years hence the pillars of Church and society.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record. LETTER FROM ALMONTE.

THOU ART A PRIEST FOREVER. The Rev. Farrell J. McGovern, an Almonte boy, who went from the Ottawa College to the Propaganda in Rome about two and a half years ago, where he pursued his studies and was ordained priest on Holy Saturday, returned here on Saturday evening last. He was met at the station by a large concourse of his friends, including the Citizen's Brass Band, and amidst the strains of sweetest music was conveyed in Mr. Trainor's carriage to the residence of his mother, where he was afterwards again serenaded by the band. On Sunday the rev. gentleman officiated at Grand Mass in St. Mary's Church. At the gospel the Rev. Father Foley, P. P., preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon on the priesthood, taking for his text St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, iv. chap. 11th to 13th verses. Beginning his brilliant discourse, Rev. Father Foley said that the young priest had returned and we could have to-day in the words of the prophet, "thou art a priest forever." There was joy in the household of the young priest; there was joy in the parish, which beheld one of her sons promoted to the priesthood; there was joy in fact throughout the Archdiocese, which welcomed a new laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. The rev. gentleman spoke of the priesthood under the Old Law and New Law, and the functions and duties exercised by the priesthood to-day. He referred to the long preparation and various degrees received before reaching the dignity of a minister of God. He congratulated the new priest on the dignity he had received, and trusted that, as he had on his side youth and talent and piety, his years in the ministry would be long, happy, fruitful and blessed for the salvation of souls and glory of God.

In the evening the Rev. Father McGovern again officiated at Vespers, to the joy of his relatives, with whom he had become re-united, the happiness of his friends and the pleasure of all with whom he had had the smallest acquaintance. It seemed strange that the companion of your childhood joys and sorrows, who had attended the same school, the same classes, and frolicked about on the same green, should return to us, after a few years' absence, clad in the vestments of the Holy Priesthood, one of God's anointed, chosen to work in the vineyard of Christ. Rev. Father McGovern will be stationed at the Rectory in Ottawa, and the prayer of his numberless friends is that he may long live to shed lustre upon his holy calling.

CENTENARY CELEBRATION AT ST. RAPHAELS.

RIGHT REV. DR. CLEARY'S SERMON ON THE GROWTH OF RELIGION IN TORONTO. (From the Geographical.) We have been favoured by the Rev. Father Duffus with the following summary of the sermon preached by His Lordship, the Bishop of Kingston, at his late visitation in St. Raphael's. It recounts a series of events that cannot fail to interest Geographers, especially the Scotch Catholics. This being the centenary year of the settlement of the first Scotch colony in Glengarry, who crossed the Atlantic in 1784 and took up their abode on the virgin soil of St. Raphael's the following year, His Lordship sketched the history of the Church in Ontario from its small beginning in this secluded spot a hundred years ago to its grand dimensions in the present day. It was the Saviour's parable of the mustard seed realized before our eyes. He traced the work of the successive pastors of St. Raphael's from "Scotchness" McDonald, the pioneer priest that led the first colonists from the old country into Canadian Glengarry in 1787, to Rev. Alexander McDonald (subsequently the first Bishop of Kingston), who guided the second exodus of his countrymen of this place in 1804, and built this stately church and dwelt as a father among his children here for upwards of twenty years; thence to good Father John, whose simplicity and rigid rules of life are well remembered by the young and the old; thence to their late pastor the Rev. John Masterson who preserved faithfully the traditions of his predecessors; and finally to their present pastor, who would hand down to his successor the sacred trust in all its fullness and purity of faith and piety. Looking at Glengarry alone, the Bishop called attention to the strides religion had made and is actually making. There are now in this county five parishes, seven priests, ten churches, two convents and many other Catholic schools, and notwithstanding the too ready spirit of the young Scotch folk to abandon the home of their fathers and run to the terrible risks of Westward emigration, Glengarry has a Catholic population of 11,000 souls. Within the last six years one of those five parishes has been created, and its magnificent church of St. Margaret has been erected with a presbytery attached. No priest ever resided there before; and now it has two resident priests. The people could hear Mass only once every fortnight or three weeks heretofore; now Mass is celebrated in Glenrieve and also in Glen Robertson every Sunday; and those who reside near St. Margaret's may assist at the Holy Sacrifice every morning in the year; and the children and the sick find safety and consolation in the constant presence and vigilant care of their priest.

In the parish of Williamsburg, likewise a church has been erected in Martintown, and was blessed last year, for the celebration of Holy Mass and the preaching of God's Word to a people who had no church near them and had no teams to take them any Sunday of the year to the place where their pastor officiated. Three new churches, two of which would adorn any city, have been built in this county since 1881; and it may be confidently asserted that no county in the Province can boast of three sacred edifices anywhere comparable to St. Raphael's, St. Margaret's and St. Finnan's in grandeur of proportions, solidity of structure and elegance of architectural design.

If we extend our view beyond Glengarry and survey the whole Province of Ontario from this to Detroit, and from Ottawa to Port Arthur, we are filled with thankfulness to God for the work His right hand has done. When the second pastor of St. Raphael's was consecrated Bishop in 1819, and the entire territory of Upper Canada was committed to his administration, how only to priests to aid him in the ministry of salvation, and these were stationed 800 miles apart from one another, as he mournfully relates in the official record of those days. Toronto, then called Little York, had no resident priest; Ottawa, then called Bytown, had neither priest nor church; and Kingston, which was destined to become seven years later the Episcopal See of the diocese that extended from St. Raphael's to the further shore of Lake Superior and northward to the Height of Land, was in a like state of spiritual destitution.

It is related that still more recently your pastor, Father John, having got a sick call to Kingston, proceeding straightway on horse-back and made all possible haste to overtake the dying man before the final moment; but on his arrival he found that death had forestalled him and the corpse had already been committed to the grave. Compare that condition of things with the present, when we behold seven flourishing dioceses in Ontario, governed by seven Bishops of whom two are Archbishops, with missionary districts definitely formed everywhere under the care of resident priests, numbering almost four hundred. Churches have sprung up, as if by magic, in all the towns and villages, on the hill sides and in the lonely dells; convents and schools and hospitals and homes for the aged, poor and the infirm and the orphan exist in all our cities and towns; and still the glorious work progresses as if nothing had yet been done.

What constitutes our chief ground of thankfulness to God and of holy pride in our progressiveness is not, however, the development of Catholicity in those outland forms but the vigor of the old country faith and the spirit of religious sacrifice maintained and cherished everywhere. This is the root from which the life of the Church is derived. The healthful growth of the branches bears witness to the soundness of the stock. Our people are not the wealthiest section of the population; but they are rich in faith, a lively faith, a generous faith, inherited from their forefathers who sleep the sleep of the just on the Highland slopes of Scotland and in the green valleys of Ireland. For this let us rejoice and give thanks. The examination of your children, said the Bishop, has given me complete assurance that you are determined on transmitting to future

generations the rich treasures of Catholic faith and piety you received from the hardy colonists that crossed the sea under the guidance of "Scotchness" McDonald and Alexander McDonnell. The boys and the girls have answered well in their prayers and the catechism of Christian Doctrine. For this I thank the pastor who has been carefully preparing them for many weeks and whose attention to the class of catechism every Sunday in the churches is the security for your children's thorough acquaintance with the doctrines and rules of our religion. I thank also the parents for their fidelity in co-operating with the priest by sending their little ones to him regularly for instruction.

On conclusion His Lordship exhorted our beloved bishop, to take immediate steps towards the erection of a new presbytery in connection with the Church, where alone the Blessed Sacrament should be kept under the priest's custody. He declared the old presbytery too much decayed by age and too cold in winter and otherwise unfit in its arrangement. Money expended on its general repair would be thrown away, as the house would still be unsatisfactory. The greater part of the money required for the work of building is already on hand. He instanced the readiness of the people all over the diocese of Kingston to provide suitable and commodious presbyteries for their pastors and the clergy who come to them from time to time to aid in ministering to their congregations. Ten such presbyteries have been built in the diocese within the last five years and His Lordship hoped St. Raphael's would speedily supply the eleventh, and for this purpose he invited the Church Committee to a conference with himself the same day.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record. ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL'S, AT DOUGLAS, IN THE CO. OF RENFREW.

His Grace J. T. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa, was pleased, in the absence of his beloved bishop, to bless and lay on Wednesday, June 15th, the corner stone of the new St. Michael's church of Douglas. His Grace was met at Colby by the pastor, Rev. H. S. Marlon, and through the politeness of Rev. Father Divine he remained over night at Osceola.

The following morning the parishes of Osceola and Douglas accompanied the archbishop to the place of the ceremony. The procession of carriages was fully a mile and a half long. Several of the neighboring priests and a large concourse of people were present to welcome His Grace on his arrival. The following address was then read and presented by Mr. John McEachern, on behalf of the parish:

To His Grace the Rt. Rev. J. T. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa. MOST REVEREND AND DEAR ARCHBISHOP.—Right heartily do we, the parishioners of Douglas, welcome Your Grace to-day. Glad as we were in the past to gather around you on the occasion of your pastoral visits to our dear old church we are gladder than ever in your presence this happy day. For what child does not rejoice in his father's honor! And the Word of Jesus Christ has done you great honor: that honor is our delight, for no geographical line can limit the extension of filial love. Permit us, then, Your Grace, in the fulness of our heart's joy, to congratulate you a thousand times on your august elevation in the Church's hierarchy. Permit us, too, while deeply regretting the unavoidable absence of our beloved Bishop on his mission of zeal and love, to gratefully express our knowledge of the high honor you do dear Father Marlon and ourselves in deigning to preside at the blessing of the foundation-stone of our new St. Michael's church.

We rejoice exceedingly for our pastor's sake, for it is not meet that the consecrated hands that anointed him in holy priesthood and blessed the first fruits of his sacerdotal zeal should bless to-day a work on which he has brought to bear the manifold energies of his mind and heart and bodily strength.

We rejoice for our own sake, for, thanks be to God, we are able to reveal to Your Grace that the words of hope and encouragement and comfort you spoke to us in our transition from pioneer days, are embodied in every stone of the temple we are raising for God's worship in these days of the fulness of His blessing.

We rejoice, too, permit us to say, for Your Grace's sake. For when we behold the Archdiocese of Ottawa, marvelous in its vigorous growth, and our own dear vicariate of Pontiac, promising in their every parish, Your Grace's zeal for the extension of God's kingdom on earth, we feel that you share paternally our sentiments of jubilation and thanksgiving in witnessing and blessing the beginning of a fitting monument of our faith and our love for Holy Church.

Right heartily then we welcome Your Grace. May the day be not far distant when our relations to the past that have been severed by your desire for God's greater glory will be renewed by a higher though less intimate order. When that happy relationship shall be formed, no part of the vicariate united to the grand archdiocese of Ottawa will be more lovingly or gratefully attached to Your Grace's person than the parish of Douglas.

As your episcopal cares has inaugurated and directed many of the forces which impel the Church's progress in this country; so may your archiepiscopal career witness and control their vigorous, steady and continuous development unto the supreme realization of Your Grace's lofty and holy desire in the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate heart of Mary—*Træhe te Virgo Immaculata multos annos*.

Signed by the trustees, in behalf of the congregation, JOHN McEACHERN, JOHN BREEN, STEPHEN WHELAN, PATRICK CULLIGAN.

His Grace warmly thanked the people for the grand reception and demonstration, praised their zeal and generosity and bestowed much praise on the handsome appearance of the new Church. He referred in feeling terms to the hardships and fatigue our beloved Bishop is exposed to endure on his mission of love to the Indians in the most distant part of the Vicariate. He spoke of the marvelous progress of Catholicity in his diocese and

the Vicariate of Pontiac, stating that he had blessed thirty-one Catholic churches since he became Bishop.

Immediately after dinner, having vested in his Pontifical robes, he proceeded with the solemn ceremony, beginning at the spot where the altar shall hereafter be.

Here His Grace and the clergy recited the prescribed prayers and then moved in procession around, and blessed the foundations of the partly built walls, chanting all the while the psalms selected for the occasion.

He then formally blessed the corner stone, which was a piece of marble four inches square and placed it with the names of all the priests who had charge of the mission, a copy of the Record and extracts from the local papers which took notice of the event, in a massive block of polished marble weighing about a thousand pounds.

After sealing the stone the Archbishop delivered an eloquent and instructive sermon, taking for his text: "And the work man but for God." He showed why the privilege and honor of building a temple to the glory of God was transferred from David to his son Solomon, and asked the congregation to consider how great was the honor that Providence conferred on the members of the parish in allowing them to participate in the erection of this beautiful church.

He contrasted the temple of God with the temple of the soul. He pointed out how the Jews appressed the anger of God by the law of sacrifice, and exhorted the congregation to make a sacrifice to-day by subscribing generously.

After the sermon, which was listened to with rapt attention for nearly an hour, His Grace the clergy and congregation proceeded to deposit their offerings.

The clergy present were Rev. F. Ducet, Administrator; Rev. Z. Gendreau of the Ottawa College; Rev. J. Byrne, Eganville; Rev. F. Chaine, Arnprior; Rev. F. Brunet, Portage du Fort; Rev. F. Lavin, Pakenham; Rev. F. McCarthy, Wakefield; Rev. Father Leduc, Altonville; Rev. Father Ferrar, Vinton; Rev. J. Lemoine, Lapsse, and Rev. F. Devine of Osceola. The happy event, which will be long remembered by the parish, will contribute seven hundred dollars to the building fund of the church.

Correspondence of the Record. CATHOLIC COLORED MISSION OF WINDSOR, ONT.

Last Saturday was a bright and glorious day for the infant Catholic colored mission of Windsor. For the past two weeks the children of the mission school have been making extensive preparations for the promised visit of the bishop, and at last that anxiously looked for event took place, as just said, on Saturday morning. The school room had been decorated with appropriate mottoes and evergreens, but the brightest ornaments of the room were the children themselves, who looked pleased and happy as His Lordship Bishop entered their humble school. It is unnecessary to say that music and song formed a large part of the programme. Every one knows that the colored race are exceedingly fond of music, and hence that accomplishment forms one of the principal items of the education imparted to the children of the mission school. But the chief and most important parts of the entertainment were the address, which was delivered in excellent style by a smart and clever little fellow, Wm. B. Butler, and the bishop's response, which was listened to with palpating hearts by the children, most of whom had never before seen a Catholic Bishop nor heard his voice. The following is the text of the address:

Right Rev. J. Walsh, D. D., Bishop of London. MY LORD:—Our little hearts are bounding with joy at your Lordship's kind condescension in coming to visit this, your infant school. Certainly we are little deserving of so great a favor from you, my Lord, therefore do we feel all the more happy and grateful, seeing that you did not pass us by unheeded.

Sincerely do we trust that we will correspond in some measure to the many favors that are daily showering upon us, and thereby merit a continuance of your Lordship's fatherly interest, of our pastor's most willing attention, and of our kind teacher's untiring devotedness. For all this, my Lord, we can but feebly thank you, but receive the assurance that often our grateful hearts will turn to our good God with the petition that He Himself would amply reward you, my Lord, your most devoted priests and religious, also all those who lend a charitable hand to the humble but noble work of instructing and saving our souls.

THE CHILDREN OF THE CATHOLIC COLORED SCHOOL.

Windsor, June 18th, 1887. Regretting not to be able to give the words of His Lordship's response in full, I will give the substance of his remarks as near as possible. He was very much pleased to find himself for the first time among his Catholic colored children. He congratulated them upon their happiness in being the first of their race, called by Almighty God, to the Holy Catholic faith. He hoped they would duly appreciate this wonderful manifestation of God's mercy towards them, by endeavoring whilst giving due attention to their secular duties, to become day by day more proficient in the knowledge of the Christian doctrine; by so doing they would become, as it were, the corner stone of a great Catholic colored parish, which Almighty God, no doubt, designed to create in this your town of Windsor. He would now impart to them his Episcopal blessing, which he hoped would be the means of multiplying their numbers and obtaining for every one of them the grace of being good, solid and fervent members of God's holy church. After the Bishop's response, which seemed to make a deep impression upon the youthful minds of these good children, Master Wm. R. Butler, performed "Home Sweet Home," in admirable style on the mouth organ, accompanied on the piano by Miss Louise Montreuil, the talented organist of St. Alphonsus Church, who had kindly offered her services for the occasion. A chorus in which all the children joined most heartily terminated the proceedings.

Dean Wagner has received ever so many letters of congratulation and encouragement in the work he has undertaken, some from bishops and priests, some from lay people. Not a few even from the men of the colored race who one and all express their gratification and their high appreciation of this great charity. The following original and well thought-out epistle was lately received at the Record office and may be said to express the opinion on this subject of many well-thinking people among the colored race. To the Editor of the Catholic Record. DEAR SIR—I have the honor to notify you that I have been identified for many years in religious work among the race I represent in the Dominion. I wish to put my opinion on record through your valuable paper relative to the Catholic Colored Mission of Windsor, Ont., under the care of Father Wagner. I publish the British Lion, the only free educational journal in the Dominion, and I wish Father Wagner success in his work among my race. It will educate them in sound religious doctrine and it will help them to be good sound loyal citizens to her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria and Empress of India. I trust Father Wagner will not waste time to notice the objections offered that the negro race ought not to be Catholics. I say let them be Catholics. I believe in the Catholic Church. Relating to the opposition to this Church, no man with common sense can deny that the condition of the negro race in Windsor and vicinity needs improving, and now that there is a chance, for goodness sake let the good and true come to the help of Father Wagner. I wish to see kings, priests, business men, bankers, merchants, etc., rise up from the midst of my race in this country, and the Catholic Church will see to that too. We trust that the good and the true in this country will rally to once to the aid of these people in Windsor and help Father Wagner's mission. In the United States beautiful churches are to be found in Baltimore, New York and other cities among the colored Catholics, and why cannot we have one in this glorious free Canada of ours. God bless Father Wagner, God bless His Holiness Pope Leo at Rome, for we know that the Holy Father will take kindly to the Windsor mission. Never mind the grumblers, Father Wagner; your cause is right. Push it independent of every foe and victory will come. G. A. JOHNSON. Hamilton, Ont.

The benefactors, whose number already exceeds 15000 (fifteen thousand) will be pleased to hear that Dean Wagner has been able with the proceeds of the 10 cent subscription, to procure a suitable piece of ground whereon to build the church and school, for which the sum of \$1500 (fifteen hundred dollars) has been paid. Of course after this purchase but little is left in the treasury towards the construction of the school and church. However, Dean Wagner hopes that during the summer and fall every one whom his appeal in favor of the colored mission has reached will endeavor to fill their blank list. This work is in such a fair way to success that it would be a real pity to see its progress frustrated by the want of necessary funds, which, as His Lordship Bishop Walsh says in his letter of commendation, can only come from a charitable public.

It may also be suggested here, that even persons who have not received the blank lists from Dean Wagner might start at once a list of contributors at ten cents each and send the same with proceeds to Dean Wagner, so as to enable the rev. gentleman to begin the construction of the Catholic colored school and church as soon as possible. Of course nothing can be done in this direction until the necessary funds are on hand, otherwise there might be danger of financial embarrassment which would very seriously interfere with the success of the mission. All contributions should be sent by registered letter and addressed to Very Rev. J. T. Wagner, Windsor. COMMUNICATED.

Written for the Catholic Record. A Jubilee Ode (Modified by Irish Circumstances.)

I dedicate this ode to—

"Our race—the Celtic race remains Limbs of a life once so gigantic Proscribed upon their native plains Far parted by the deep Atlantic."

Dear, gracious Queen, we're loyal too And full of love and Irish pride. Our tears have trickled to the ground When famine reigned and watch its plans, We every land we build a cairn In its deeds of fame, its brilliant glory, And love you true—as England's Queen—But not in Erin's tear-cast story!

On every field, where valor led Our swords have leapt, our hearts have panted, To smite the foe with deadly blow, To rout the foe with hearts undaunted; On Africa's coast, thimble in your sands, We every land we build a cairn, Nor dared to meet the waves so wild That hush'd our round Ireland's brave devotion.

Dear, gracious Queen, we're loyal too— And faithful to the land that bore us; Through weal and woe, through smiles and tears, Our hearts have sung an Irish chorus: Across the years that bind your reign, We catch a glimpse of England's glory, And love you true—as England's Queen—But not through Erin's tear-cast story!

The arts have flourished in your reign— What art so dear as Irish freedom? Than wealth of Ind a little love Will better cheer our hearts and lend them, We every land we build a cairn With pebbles stained with heart-bled sorrow.

That you, our Queen, we love to-day— And hail not Ireland's peace to morrow! Dear, gracious Queen, we're loyal too— But not to power that strikes our kinsmen; For justice loves a kindly deed, And through the heart she always wins men!

Look to the land of ivied towers— Of ruined castles old and heavy, And say, great Queen, what Irish realm, True you a pride, Ireland's story?

O mighty voices of the past, Long hushed in death in Ireland's pleading, O'Connell, Davis, Mitchell, Butt, Join ye now with those who now are leading!

And tell us what have fifty years brought to our land, needs cruel oppression? From every mound and patriot grave Come forth one heavy sweep procession!

Dear, gracious Queen, we're loyal too— In calm, cool, sober, earnest nation, And love you true—as England's Queen— Your wealth of power and cash expiation; But blame us not if in our cot, We mourn because the crowbar stings us, And crying for bread you reach a stone The gift each tyrant landlord brings us.

Dear, gracious Queen, we're loyal too— And faithful to the land that bore us; Though darkest hour beest our way, Our hearts will sing an Irish chorus, For in fifty years have we Kneel at the shrine of Ireland's glory— We love you true—as England's Queen— But not through Erin's tear-cast story!

THOMAS O'HAGAN.



FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES By the Paulist Fathers.

Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-first Street and Ninth Avenue, New York City.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

"Castig all your solitudine upon Him, for He hath care of you."—From the Epistle of the Sunday.

The theological virtue of Hope, my brethren, is what St. Peter would have us practise when he uses the words, I have just read, a virtue, I think, too little practised among Christians. Indeed, there are many of us who do not so much as know, clearly at least, what it is to hope in God. What, then, is it? The best answer is one coupling the definition with Faith. Now, as Faith communicates to our reason a supernatural power of understanding God, the infused virtue of Hope endows our will with a supernatural power of confiding in God. Hope makes us conscious of a divine power within us, so that we feel able to actively pursue and securely attain to eternal life. Hope strengthens us with the divine might, raises our courage far above its natural level; we feel and act in the spiritual life with a decision and vigor far above nature's powers, despising the obstacles between us and God. We set about overcoming them, full of the highest confidence in ultimate victory. Hope is an elevating sentiment; it fills the soul with a joyous pride in its power, it nerves the timid to noble deeds for God's love; but its greatest practical good is that it braces us up with confidence in our final perseverance.

St. Paul gives us our reason for hope in his Epistle to the Romans: "If God be for us, who is against us? He that spared not even His own Son, but delivered Him up for us, how shall He not also with Him give us all things?" If, brethren, you believe these words; that is to say, if you have Faith, then you will enter upon a good life without hesitation, and assume its responsibilities without fear. If experience teaches you your weakness, supernatural Hope says, if God is with me I am stronger than sin and the devil. If past failures fill you with solicitude, Hope says, Cast all your solitudine upon Him, for He hath care of you. If the power of passion alarms me, Hope says there's no passion can stand against God. If in former times the fooleries of the world hath deceived me, now I despise them: I possess Him who said, "I have conquered the world."

Even that deadly wavering of the mind itself, that feebleness of mental grasp which we call doubt, is cured by Hope; for what we have a solid and practical calculation to possess we feel near to us, and we perceive that it is a weakness of mind to doubt about it. The promise of eternity, when firmly accepted by the virtue of hope, have a wonderful effect on our belief in the truths of faith. Once, when somebody brought up the doctrine of eternal punishment as very difficult to believe, an enlightened man, full of the virtue of Hope, answered: "What do I see how difficult and terrible the doctrine of hell may be. I'm not going there; that's certain. My interest in the question is, therefore, not personal." His confidence in the Divine goodness was such that the terror of Divine justice did not have a disturbing effect on him.

And, indeed, brethren, it is a small compliment to any one to consider him a tyrant, and especially is this so in God's case. God is our Creator and Lord, to be sure; but is there anything in that to cause us to serve Him with unmingled fear? And He has made us His children by holy Baptism; we are united to His only begotten Son by every tie of kinship we can be made capable of, and shall we creep along with downcast head and weeping eye, remembering our miserable sins, to the forgetfulness of the Divine love of our Heavenly Father? Tell me, are you truly sorry for your sins, ready to confess them, determined, with God's help, to amend your life? Then take courage. Stand up like a man no way so much as you please God in child-like confidence in His affection, and calculating as upon a certain thing that you will enjoy Him forever in Paradise. Let us ask God, in the words of St. Paul, to "enlighten the eyes of our heart, that we may know what is the hope of His calling, and what are the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints."

Statesman's Love for the Mother of God. A service of plate and a purse of sovereigns would be of no use to a man like Windthorst, who, though by no means rich, is perfectly content to support himself on what little he has during the rest of his natural life. The "gift of honor," for which 300 and odd of our German contemporaries have opened a subscription, is to be appropriated towards the building of a second Catholic Church in Hanover, Windthorst's native place. As yet there is but one small Catholic place of worship in the city which has nearly 150,000 inhabitants, a large and growing proportion of whom are Catholic. Dr. Windthorst declares that the dearest wish he has is not to leave this earth without seeing this temple reared, which at his express desire is to be placed under the protection of the Blessed Virgin and be called Marienkirche.

Whooping, gasping sufferers from Asthma receive quick and permanent relief by using Southern Asthma Cure. Sold by druggists or by mail on receipt of price.

THE PROPER CHANNEL for the escape from the system of impurities which would, if they remained, poison the blood, is through the bowels. When this outlet is obstructed it may be disencumbered with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, a remedy which regulates the system, invigorates digestion, and is pure and safe as well as effective. It cures all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.

AGONY OF THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

AN INFALIBILE DECISION FROM AN OBSCURE NEW JERSEY VILLAGE.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"Real palms are a real humberg!" So says the Editor of the Pastor in the April number of that "Monthly Journal for Priests." He attempts to prove his assertion by quoting Missal rubric for Palm Sunday. "After Terce and the usual Asperges, the priest, clad in violet cope, etc., proceeds to the blessing of branches of palm trees, or olive trees, or other trees," etc.

He starts out with the admission that palms are without branches, which is perfectly true of all species of palms. But, wishing to reconcile the Scriptural and rubrical expression Ramos, he says that the palm leaves, which are pinnated or feather shaped, may properly be designated as branches.

This is not true. No writer on palms at the present time ever uses the word branch; it is always leaves. The leaves are supported on petioles, or leaf-stalks. Their structure may be summed up in a few words; they are simple and furnished with a mid-rib, from which parallel veins branch off. This structure is common to all palms, but assumes in different species different forms, a fact acknowledged by all accomplished botanists.

The mid-rib in pinnate, pinnatisect or bipinnatisect leaves extends throughout the whole length of the leaves. This is the case in the majority of palms. When the mid-rib is less developed, palmate, or fan-shaped leaves, are the result. Thirty years ago there were one hundred known species of palms having fan-shaped leaves.

The learned author whose article I am criticizing says there are a few, and "only a few, species of this description." He calls it a "Lusus," although in the above quotation he admits it is a species!

But this is only one of the contradictions in his article. If the majority of mankind are Mongolians, does it follow that one born in the city of Cors, London or Paris is not of the human species? I am sure a Mongolian would admit that our learned author was a homogeneous.

Let me inform him that all palms of high or low degree, with pinnate or palmate leaves, whether grown in Palestine or elsewhere, are an order by themselves, and represent the grand province of the Endogens.

The editor of the Pastor appears to have such a grudge against the noble order that he is bold enough not only to doubt that some of them are real palms, but even at the expense of making himself ridiculous he selects a few to show that it is nonsense to consider them at all. He has found somewhere that the rattan grows to the length of 250 or more feet, and that the leaves are only at the end; that it would be ridiculous to take a yard or two of the cane and call it real palm.

I am quite sure that any sensible person will agree with him. The leaves on the rattan grow at the end, or top, as in all palms. To take a yard or two of the cane and call it a palm reminds one of the fool who had a house for sale, and carried around a brick as a sample!

The whole article on palms in this Monthly Journal for Priests is so full of absurdities (that is, when one has to answer what appears original) that this letter is longer than it would otherwise be. Of course one cannot blame our Editor for singling out the rattan as an object of ridicule. It was probably the first palm he became acquainted with, and first impressions are lasting. But he might have remembered that palms are as exclusive as princes, forming close alliances among themselves, and acknowledging no immediate relationship with any of the numerous families of the great natural division among which they are classed. They seem to glory in isolation, proudly waving their graceful foliage among those with whom they are thrown together. Yet, as is often the case in everyday life, they have, like many noble families, low connections and poor relations. So let us leave the creeping rattan in its peaceful, sombre habitat. If we want a few yards of it we will order it for the school-room where our author first saw it, and where it will be useful and salutary, although certainly not ornamental. Nobody wants it for Palm Sunday. It would bring up too many recollections.

For genuine bits of rustic simplicity and pedagogic ignorance I commend my readers to the following extracts: "The so-called real palms of our enterprising traders are neither more nor less than the big leaf of the cabbage tree." "The cabbage tree of the South ought not to be called the real palm." "The priest can't take leaves to bless." "And it is only the cabbage tree's fan-shaped leaves were pounded into a few of our churches recently."

How a man can write so recklessly and in such utter ignorance of his subject in a "Monthly Journal for Priests" surpasses all understanding. It is not possible that any priest will be misled by the article in question.

Well, it requires some patience to lead our pedagogue away from his diabolical and aid him to digest it with a little palm oil. It must be done, however, not on account of the evidently intended harm the article in question may do anybody, objectively, but for the fun of the thing and to show what one "notional priest" is at least of it.

Now, how does our author come to apply the term "cabbage tree of the south" to what he calls the "Chamomere palm-etto"? Has he invented a new species? Shades of Linnaeus defend us! Perhaps the word chamomere would suggest cabbage! Not much. It is a compound word, and is derived from *Chama*, dwarf, and *rope*, a twig. The cabbage palm is the *arcata olivacea*, a native of the West Indies, and one of the most beautiful and stately of the palm tribe. The full sized tree is seven feet in circumference, and 150 feet high. In some of the tropical islands it is called the royal palm. It is called the cabbage palm from the fact that high up in its summit between its leaves it bears a vegetable which some have called a cabbage.

This fruit or vegetable is about two feet long, cylindrical, and about the thickness of a man's arm. To obtain this fruit, which is considered a great delicacy, the noble tree must be destroyed.

The cabbage palm would not grow in this country, unless in a young state in some of our large conservatories. Only one afflicted with strabismus would apply the term to the Sabal palmetto. Besides, the cabbage palm, like all the *arcata*, has pinnate leaves, and is as much like the fan shaped palmetto "as nice new milk is to Limburg cheese." I need not say that this elegant comparison is borrowed from the Pastor, but differently applied.

The palm which the editor of the Pastor objects to is the Sabal palmetto, the most northern species of all the palms and distinctly American, a real native of the United States and a very valuable tree.

The timber of the Sabal is used in ship building and in the construction of wharfs, being practically indestructible in salt water and not liable to attack from worms. The leaves are used in the manufacture of palm-leaf hats, baskets and mats, etc.

The negroes eat the young unexpanded leaves and call their delicious dish cabbage. That is why our learned friend thinks it should not be called a palm in the strict sense of the word; for it is evidently too much pre-judiced against cabbage! But let him take heart. None of those tender, undeveloped, unexpanded leaves are ever brought into Church. The negroes eat them all up and consider them quite digestible. The leaves which we receive for Palm Sunday are too tough even for a negro's stomach, and are not cabbage at all. It is indeed, very funny that we must go into all these details for the information of our author, who should know that when he writes in a Monthly Journal for Priests he should talk by the book.

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order to send me the same quantity of palms every year—I never had any anxiety about getting them in time, and never had any fault to find with the quality of palms he sent me. I believe this is the experience of all priests who ordered their palms through the Catholic Agency.

I hold that the editor of the Pastor has made a reckless and an unjust assertion, totally devoid of truth, and he should have informed himself. His article was calculated to injure a legitimate and necessary business, and the interests of one who deserves well of the Church in this country for his strenuous efforts to place within our reach "real palms for Palm Sunday."

Let any priest who takes the Pastor read the article in the April number carefully, and he will agree with me that it is full of contradictions. Let the editor himself read it over, and he will be ashamed of it. I leave it to my readers, to at least forty bishops, nearly all the archbishops and the rectors of nearly a thousand churches, whom the editor of the Pastor calls "Notional," to decide whether he or I have carried off the palm.

"A NOTIONAL PRIEST."

Catarra, Catarrhal Deafness, and Hay Fever.

NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, and that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are cured from one to three simple applications made at home. Out of two thousand patients treated during the past six months fully ninety per cent. have been cured. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. In fact this is the only treatment which can possibly effect a permanent cure, and suffers from catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever should at once correspond with Messrs. A. H. Dixon & Co., 308 West King Street, Toronto, Canada, who have the sole control of this new remedy, and who send a pamphlet explaining this new treatment, free on receipt of stamp.—Scientific American.

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