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CONSECRATED.

REV. JAMES E. QUIGLEY CONSECRATED BISHOP OF BUFFALO.

Imposing Ceremony Performed by Archbishop Corrigan, assisted by Bishop McQuaid and Bishop McDonnell

In the presence of an audience that thronged St. Joseph's cathedral the Rev. James Edward Quigley was Wednesday morning consecrated bishop of the diocese of Buffalo, to succeed the late Bishop Ryan.

The edifice was packed to the doors at 9 o'clock, although the ceremonies were not to begin until an hour later. The cathedral was magnificently draped and decorated. From the walls hung the papal colors. Over the throne was fastened the papal coat of arms. From the nave, from the galleries and the organ loft stretched the colors of the papacy, with here and there the bright colorings of the flag of the republic, while the royal purple robes betokening the rank of the episcopate added to the splender of the colorings. On the altar the candles were burning, fully 200 in all, and twined about the great altar were the lilies of St. Joseph, deep pink and white roses, the whole framed in with a wreathing of smilax and accross the auditorium proper were stretched nine banners in the yellow and white, symbolical of Catholicity, and inscribed with dates and incidents calling attention to the most important events in the life of the new bishop.

The organ prelude by Bach announced the arrival of the officers of the mass, together with the bishop-elect, who was to be consecrated. The officers were the Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, archbishop of New York, who was to act as chief consecrator; the senior assistant bishop, the Rt. Rev. B. J. McQuaid of Rochester, assistant bishop, the Rt. Rev. Charles H. McDonnell, bishop of Brooklyn; assistant priest, the Very Rev. James A. Lanigan, administrator of the diocese; deacons of honor, Very Rev. Dean Pitass of Buffalo and Very Rev. Dean Cannon of Lockport; deacon of the mass, the Rev. J. Bloomer of Elmira; notary, the Rev. John Baudinelli of Hoboken; masters of ceremonies, Rev. John J. Sheehan and the Rev. James F. McGlion of Buffalo. Immediately upon entering the consecrator knelt in front of the altar and the bishop-elect, bowing low, passed on to his own chapel, where he was vested by his chaplains in the episcopal robes. Then Bishop McQuaid, as senior bishop, arose and addressed the consecrator: "Most Rev. Father, our Holy Mother, the Catholic Church, asks that you promote this priest here present to the burden of the episcopate."

The consecrator asked: "Have you the apostolic mandate?

The notary came forward and read the parchment to which was affixed the signature of Pope Leo XIII. When it was finished the consecrator said simply: "Thanks be to God."

The bishop-elect knelt before the consecrator and in a voice clear and strong and yet betraying traces of emotion, repeated slowly the oath required by the mandates of the church.

The archbishop then began the examination, which is so important a part of the ceremony, and in which the bishop is made to profess his belief in the faith. At its conclusion the bishop-elect advanced to the consecrator and reverently kissed his hand.

Then came the confession in which all the officers of the mass joined, and following that the celebration of the pontifical high mass of consecration. The musical service was the most magnificent ever held in Buffalo.

When the ceremonies were at an end the priests sat down to a banquet which was served in St. Stephen's hall.

Made Auxiliary Bishop.

Philadelphia, Feb. 24.—Right Rev. Edmond F. Prendergast, vicar-general, who was named by Pope Leo XIII. to be auxiliary bishop of Philadelphia, was consecrated with the title of Bishop of Scilio in the cathedral here this morning.

St. Mary's Hospital to Publish a Journal.

St. Mary's hospital has begun the publication of the "Hospital News," a monthly eight page paper devoted to the interests of the institution. The first number has just been issued. One of the features is an article descriptive of the hospital, detailing the general work, the ambulance service and the nurse's training school. The "News" says that the chief want of the hospital at present is a maternity ward.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

The thirteenth annual convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters was recently held in Columbus, O., Chief Ranger Thomas H. Cannon presiding. There were ninety-four delegates present, representing nearly every state in the Union and Canada. Bishop John A. Watterson delivered an address of welcome.

In his annual address High Chief Ranger Cannon said that the membership is now 44,485, a gain of 12,004 members for the year. New courts were organized in the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Washington, California, and Montana. During the year 264 deaths occurred in the order, representing a demand of $267,000 on the endowment and. Reference was made to the regulation of the order requiring registration of all new orders under the laws of the state in which they are organized, with the desire to show that by this method members are protected from fradulent fraternaties which spring up from time to time.

High Secretary Theodore B. Thieles' report shows that in the past year there was paid to High Court $304,-726.45, of which a goodly portion remains in the treasury. The report of High Treasurer Thomas J. Callen and High Medical Examiner T. F. O'Malley were also received.

IVORY WANTS $250,000.

To Sue the British Government for Damages.

Ivory, the New York Irishman who has just escaped from the clutches of Scotland Yard, will not give John F. McIntyre, the lawyer who saved him, the supreme command when he begins his suit for damages against the British government.

Ivory has gone to lawyer Lyman W. Reddington, of 71 Broadway, a very old friend, and said: "Reddington, as a personal favor I want you to take charge of my case against the British government." Ivory said he had everything ready to go ahead and that his demand would be for $250,-000. This was to cover the loss to his business and breaking down in health because of the four months in an English prison.

Reddington told him if his action was against an individual it would be a very simple manner, but against the British government it was somewhat difficult. They would have to fight through the State Department at Washington and the United States Ambassabor. It was agreed not to move in the case until after the 4th of March, as it would be useless to trouble the Cleveland administration with the matter.

ARCHBISHOP GROSS

Gift of a Handsome Residence for the Oregon Prelate.

In commeration of the episcopal silver jubilee of Archbishop Gross, of Oregon, the Catholic clergy and laity of Portland will give him a handsome residence in that city. The Jubilee will occurr in April of next year.

Archbishop Gross was born in Baltimore sixty years ago, and after studying in St. Charles college, near Ellicott City, Md., entered the novitiate of the Redemptorist Order in 1857 and was ordained a priest in 1863.

After attending wounded soldiers in the hospital around Annapolis during the civil war and preaching to the colored people, he was assigned to missionary duty. Subsequently he was attached to St. Alphonsus' Church in New York, for five years and then became superior at the Redemptorist Church in Boston.

He was consecrated Bishop of Savannah April 27, 1873, and in 1884 he became Archbishop of Oregon. Archbishop Gross has done much for the education of colored people. A number of his relatives reside in Baltimore.

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THE AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST.

AN ADMIRABLE RESUME BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A Book for All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

When a Prince of the Church writes a book, he is at a great disadvantage. He is sure to meet with unadulterated flattery or unintelligent censure. The first goes out to him from that kind of people who pretend—in print—that a cardinal can do no literary wrong and that a false quantity is impossible to a pope. The second is sent out by the critics who expect that a bishop or a cardinal shall float about the heights of theology and scholasticism, and who hold that anything below the exaltations of a Bellarmine or a de Lugo, is unworthy of the royal purple.

"O, wonderfull" cries the one of the first, who is a courtier—in public—after the manner of the train that followed Louis XIV. "O wonderfull! Monseigneur has written some words upon paper. Because Monseigneur has written them they are the best ever written!" "Nonsense!" says he of the second class, "there is no new subtlety here; this prelate writes like a man,—like a mere man!"

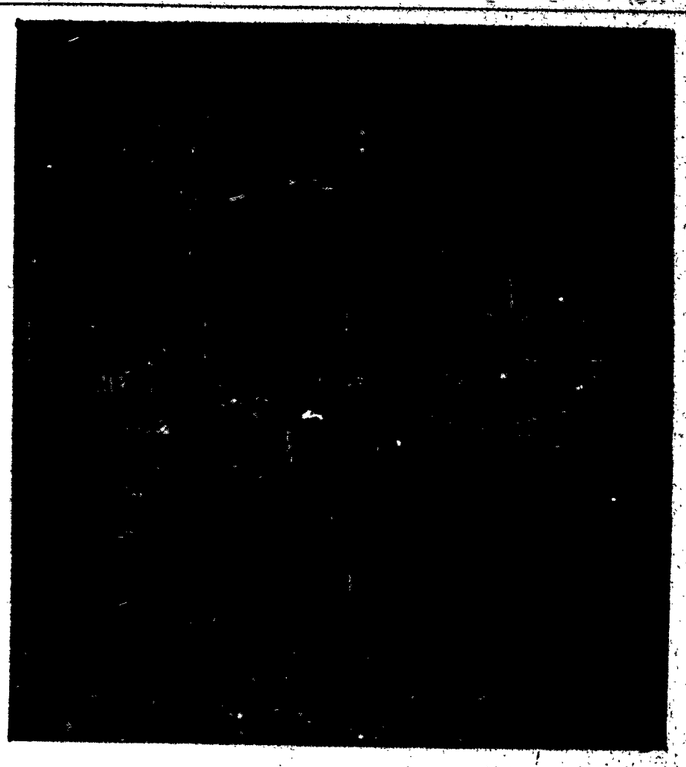
To paraphrase Pascal, the second critic is shocked because he expected to find a prelate—and he finds a man!

The fine quality in Cardinal Gibbons' new book, "The Ambassador of Christ," is its manliness. And this quality makes it not only valuable to the priest, but to the layman. There are books written for priests that are for priests only, and it is a pity that some of them—especially those in French—ever fall into the hands of any other class, because they give to the uninitiated the impression that the priest is a creature set apart from his birth from really human things, and that if he be not a Manichean or a Gnostic, he ought to be. These books are bad; anything that misrepresents the priest to the people is bad. When the priest comes to be looked on as a god, inhuman and unhuman, curtained with incense from his flock, evil has sway. When artificial reverence casts out reverential and filial love, a part of his mission as the Ambassador of Christ must fail.

The chief value of this volume to the people of the United States is that it shows them in simple, frank words, what a priest among them is expected to be. A pastor—chief among pastors—speaks from his heart. The precepts that he lays down, the counsels that he gives are precious to all men, "if the priest is to be more of a layman and the layman more of a priest." And this has become axiomatic in the minds of those who understand the real condition of our country. There is much coldness where there should be warmth, much callousness where there should be enthusiasm, because the layman does not enter into the life of the priest. And for this reason,—the reason that busy fathers know so little of the meaning of the priestly life,—vocations in America are not so numerous as they will be when filial love,—to be shown in every day life, is made to glow by such books as "The Ambassador of Christ." Let it be put on the home book shelf; let it be read aloud. In every page there is a thought, a suggestion, an anecdote which is the seed of precious heart-flowers that may bloom for life.

The cardinal's assumption that the priest is susceptible to the temptations besetting other men may, in the opinion of some of the ultra-conservative, make it objectionable as a book for general reading. It is hardly necessary to point out how shallow such a prejudice is. If it were more than a prejudice, both Cardinal Manning's "Eternal Priesthood," and "The Ambassador of Christ" ought to have been written in Latin and sold only to priests; therefore we beg leave to repeat that this book is a "home book,"—a book not for a hasty reading, not for pious reading when all other books seem secular; it is a sound everyday book. Take, for instance, the chapter on "A Studious Life." Where can a father who wants to spend his leisure time well find better counsel, or a mother with sons to teach, better logic with which to strengthen her own intuitions? Among the "library friends" recommended by the cardinal is, first, the Bible.

"If our companion," he says, "is the Bible, it will, like Beatrice guiding Dante through the abodes of the blessed, conduct us into the most sacred and memorable scenes that have ever been presented to the gaze of mankind. The remembrance of some phrase spoken by our Saviour is a powerful antidote against temptation. It is a spiritual banquet diffusing around us a healthy and delicious odor; it is a moral disinfectant in an atmosphere of vice; it is a ready weapon against a sudden attack."



Cardinal Gibbons in his Study.

If there remain in this country any bigot who still holds that the Bible is a sealed book to Catholics, let him peruse the words of Cardinal Gibbons, written to be read, not only by priests but by the people.

"There is this distinguishing characteristic of our literary celebrities, that they are easily approached," the cardinal says. "Even if we had been the contemporaries of the great, the good, and the learned who shed a lustre on their age, how hard it would be to have access, and hear their living voice? Mountains and seas might be a barrier between them and us; and though they lived close to us, it might be difficult or impossible to converse with them. What an insignificant fraction of the human family have cast their eyes on our Saviour and His apostles, on Demosthenes and Cicero, on Chrysostom and St. Augustine! What a small percentage of the world have beheld the reigning pope. But," the cardinal continues, "there is no barrier to prevent us from drawing nigh to those who speak to us through the pages of their books. We need no letter of introduction to them; they are never pre-occupied; they are willing to open their mouths, and to communicate their thoughts to us whenever we choose to listen to them."

The cardinal lays special stress upon the books that elevate us. Few of us can suffer the censure of even a dear friend; a word of fault-finding from those we love, and "it is the little rift within the lute!" Books, the cardinal says, "are fearless preachers."

A delightful quality in this book—one which a man accustomed to analyze the reasons why readers are interested in any fragment of the written word will appreciate,—is the use of the condensed story,—the anecdote. It is the fashion among some didactic writers to despise it. These have not learned one of the first principles of the philosophy of style, which is that the reader's attention must not be allowed to flag. Economy of friction is the result of oiling; anecdotes make the oil which gets the machinery of didactic literature into running order. The chapter on "Sources of Discouragement" is redolent of hope. It may have been written for priests, but it appeals to every human being that works and suffers. The cardinal knows that the direct style is best, and that meaning is clinched with the assistance of human interest. If tropes be admitted to be the lights of style, anecdotes are more illuminating than other similes or metaphors. Here is one of these little stories that ought to give a fillip to half-hearted strugglers:

"The master of the school," writes Dr. Boyd, quoted by the cardinal, "declared that Arthur Stanley was the most stupid boy at figures that ever came under his care, save only one, who was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication. That other stupid boy, more hopeless than Stanley, became the great finance minister of after years, William E. Gladstone, who could make a budget speech of three hours' length and full of figures, which so interested the members of the House of Commons that they filled the hall, standing and sitting, until midnight."

Savonarola, the greatest of Florentine preachers, was harsh of voice, small in size; he appeared to be embarrassed in the pulpit; his hearers were disappointed when he first spoke. He practiced resolutely until he moved not only Florence, but his speech—Disraeli, afterwards premier, was jeered at in the House of Commons, but he cried, "I have several times begun many things, and I have succeeded, at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me!"

A young man who leads the political life has only to turn, in moments of discouragement, to any page in this chapter, to find a record of the triumphs of will. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Intellectual Life," which has fortunately vogue in our country, is intended for a limited circle, and we had hoped that a philosopher of the practical everyday life would preach from a firm Catholic basis. He is here in "The Ambassador of Christ," and in speaking to the city of the Levites, he speaks to our world as well. When our literary guides said to our American youth, "read Emerson; there is stimulus to life in his things," the sagacious student thoughtful was that there was no Catholic who would give us more than Emerson. Then Bishop Spalding wrote, and there were no regrets. He had given to our young men and women something infinitely better than Emerson.

Similarly, we had Samuel Smiles and his "Self Help," and Sir John Lubbock with his Marcus Aurelius philosophy and his gospel of cheerfulness which is merely a form of stoicism,—here, in "The Ambassador of Christ," we find one with a higher mission to whom nothing good is alien, and whose sweetness and gentleness and sympathy cries "excelsior" to all of good will.

The cardinal seems specially anxious that the priest should study his time and be in the world of his time though not of it. There is a touch of humor in his description of some defects or, rather, misapprehensions of young clergymen,—

"They may demothenes," he says, "in unmeasured or exaggerated language a social plague scarcely known to the congregation. I once listened to a visiting clergyman condemning in vehement language, low-necked dresses where their use was wholly unknown, and where the censure had as little appreciation as it would have among the inhabitants of the arctic regions. I heard of a young minister of the Gospel who delivered a homily on the ravages of intemperance before an audience composed exclusively of plump, unmarried ladies who never knew the taste of wine, and still less that of strong drink. I heard of another who preached on the duties of married life before a community of nuns and aged inmates."

The cardinal exhorts the priest to know the people,—especially the poor; he advises him to come in contact with the life around him.

"I was never more impressed with the impulse given to knowledge by contact with learned men than