

MISSIONARIES' GREAT WORK.

ARMY OF CONVERTS.

Over a Million Confessions Heard During 5000 Missions.

One million eight hundred and eighty-three thousand and eighty-nine confessions were heard by the Diocesan Apostolate bands since the inception of the work. These confessions were heard during nearly five thousand missions that have been given by these diocesan missionaries. About one-half of these missions were given to non-Catholics and 8119 converts were actually received by the missionaries, though their policy compels them ordinarily to leave the converts to be instructed and received by the parochial clergy. This report was made at the recent meeting of the directors of the Catholic Missionary Union which was held at the Apostolic Mission House, London.

MISSIONARIES ASKED FOR.

There are seventy-four missionaries associated with the Mission House, and while their work has been very remarkable, yet it has had the secondary effect of increasing the mission work of the religious orders. There is not any religious order that has not more missionaries at work to-day than it had a decade of years ago. The demand for the services of the religious in giving missions has multiplied a hundredfold. The reason for this wonderful increase is the exploitation of the idea of missions by the Apostolic Mission House movement. It has increased the demand for missions. It is for this reason that representatives of the religious orders have been glad to join in the missionary congresses that have been held at the Mission House.

Among other reports which were made at the directors' meeting was the fact that Dr. Herbert Vaughan, who spent the last year at the Mission House, has established a similar institution at Bromsbery Park in the diocese of Westminster, under the approbation of the English hierarchy, for the training of missionaries to non-Catholics in England.

Local and Diocesan News.

CHARITY CONCERT.—Much enthusiasm is being evinced towards the Symphony Choir charity concert to be given next Monday evening, the 6th instant, in the Monument National. Much hard work has been put into the training of some three hundred voices, which together with the addition of a fine orchestra, will form a most acceptable programme.

TRIDUUM AT ST. ANN'S.—Solemn services of the triduum will be held in St. Ann's Church commencing Sunday, the 5th inst., preparatory to the feast of the Immaculate Conception. There will be a special preacher, and although these exercises are more specially intended for the Sodality of Mary Immaculate, still all who wish to attend are cordially invited.

TEMPERANCE GATHERING.—On Sunday evening a very large congregation, augmented by delegates from the different temperance societies of the city, assembled at St. Patrick's Church to take part in the annual temperance demonstration. The preacher was Rev. M. O'Brien, of St. Mary's. A personal appeal was made to the younger men to abstain from intoxicating liquor; to refuse the first glass and by so doing protect themselves from misery, disease and the loss of their souls.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.—The funds of the Home have been increased since the last account by the following amounts, which were gratefully gathered in by Father Holland: Mr. John O'Neill, five dollars; Mrs. Gailfoyle, two dollars; Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. McNally, Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. E. Quinn, David Bennett and Lieutenant O'Donnell, one dollar each, other contributors, four dollars in all. Mr. George H. Johnson, of Castlebar, P.Q., sent two bags of potatoes, which will be put where they will do the most good. Five hundred dollars have been paid the past week against the debt on the building. It will take a good many lists like the above to clear the Home from debt, for there are other creditors besides the land agent. Two ladies called and kindly offered to organize a euchre party to help towards a Christmas box for St. Joseph, while at the same time a pound party is hereby advertised to take place in January. Although a pound party, it will have no limit to the weight of any particular gift. It may weigh a pound or a ton. It may be a pound

of potatoes or a pound sterling. To the question: "How much was realized by the concert given in the Monument National last year for the Home?" the answer is "Nothing."

Saint Cecilia.

(Written for True Witness.)

O'er sinless hearts she holdeth sway Who treads the amarantine way— Her white brows wreathed around with beay.

And love hath wrought right marvelously, Of mingled grace and majesty, To make her wondrous fair to see.

With 'broidered robe of crimson dyed In that clear stream from out the side Of Him they call the Crucified.

And round her neck a circlet gleams, Deep as the heart of Sharon's rose, Rubies or living drops—who knows?

For lo! the martyr's palm is prest With joy exultant to her breast— How'er Death comes—God's will is best.

And on her arm is loosely bound An organwrought with gold around Clear voiced by Him who music found.

How her slim fingers o'er the keys Wander as they would never cease, Seeking still richer harmonies.

And, hark! she sings along the way In that fair land that knows no day Nor night, save Christ the living Ray.

Aye! o'er the stir of countless wings The throbbing swell of countless strings, With raptur'd soul, she sings and sings.

Till angels, listening, stay the whirr Of wheeling wings—nor breathe, nor stir, And God smiles tenderly on her.

As o'er the fields of asphodel She calls—a heavenly Sanctus bell, "Praise ye the Lord who in Him dwells."

So have I seen her in my dreams, Followed after the shining gleam Of her bright golden locks astream.

Yea! I have called her in the night, As on she passed from height to height, Till lost to earthly sense and sight.

For I would feast my longing eyes, Grown weary of this vale of sighs, With one more glimpse of Paradise.

Yea! I would learn yon melody— Would weave that magic harmony— Would share that ravished ecstasy—

Would strive through all eternity, Oh, blessed Saint! If need there be, So I might come to God and thee. LOTTIE M. MORGAN. Montreal, Nov. 22, 1909.

OBITUARY.

MR. W. J. KIERNAN.

There passed peacefully away on the 25th inst. the soul of Mr. W. J. Kiernan, father of the Rev. J. Kiernan, pastor of St. Michael's, and of Sister Mechtilda, of St. Anne's Convent, after a very short illness. Deceased had reached the patriarchal age of ninety-one years, and retained full possession of his faculties until the end.

Mr. Kiernan was a most entertaining conversationalist, his residence of seventy years in Montreal giving him a fund of information, he having seen the great progress the city had made in that time, and the innumerable changes which have taken place.

The funeral took place on Saturday morning to St. Michael's Church and was very largely attended. May he rest in peace.

REV. AUGUSTIN STUHL.

Rev. Father Augustin Stuhl, senior priest of the community of the Redemptorist Fathers in Toronto, died at the Redemptorist Convent in that city on Saturday last, aged 64 years, of heart failure. Father Stuhl was born in Germany, coming to America when quite young. He made his religious profession in 1861, and spent many years of his life in missionary work in the United States, going to Toronto eleven years ago.

MR. J. J. CONNOLLY.

The death occurred very suddenly at Detroit, on Nov. 26, on his way home from St. Louis, of Mr. James J. Connolly, son of the late Mr. William Connolly, of this city. The funeral took place to St. Patrick's Church, on Monday, the 29th, the pastor, Rev. Gerald McShane, officiating, assisted by Rev. T. O'Reilly as deacon and Rev. F. Elliott as sub-deacon. May he rest in peace.

An interesting archaeological find was made recently in St. Nicholas Protestant churchyard, Dundalk. A seal about the size of a five shilling piece was dug up. In the center of it is a shield with six birds, while on the right side there is a figure with a hunting spear, and on the left the representation of a bear. At the top there is a dragon. Around the rim the following words are inscribed: "S. Conynne. Nove Ville de Dundalk." Common seal of the new town of Dundalk. The seal at present occupies a prominent place amongst Mr. Redmond Magrath's extensive collection of antiquities.

Irish National University.

Cry of Intolerance in Ireland Unjustly Raised.

In his speech the other day at the great United Irish League meeting at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Mr. J. G. Swift MacNeill, the representative in Parliament of that Division of the County, made the following appropriate and interesting remarks as to the new Irish National University, obtained through the work of the Irish Party:

"Let me say that I think it is a happy augury for the new universities of Ireland that they come into existence on this very day—All Saints' Day. This country has been always an Isle of Saints. When it had its chance it was an Isle of Scholars, too. It is no myth that before Oxford or Cambridge was heard of 900 students from every quarter of Europe congregated to the University of Lismore. Great Irish saints have not infrequently been scholars of the highest fame. This very county of Donegal has produced in its saints two of the greatest scholars of Western Europe—St. Columba and St. Eunan. The Monastery of Kilmacrenan, where St. Columba was educated, and of Assaroo, where St. Eunan received his education, have, as you know, long been despoiled and revenues from their confiscated estates, to the extent of £9,000 per annum, have been for three centuries given to (Protestant) Trinity College, Dublin, for an education which none of the Catholic people of Donegal could accept. Now, at last, a system of education acceptable to the Catholic people has been established. And let me say it here in Donegal that the statesmanship of the most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell in calling attention to the confiscated Catholic revenues bestowed on Trinity College, was a most powerful factor in rendering the demand for a National University system of education in Ireland utterly irresistible."

And in that University, the governing body of which is by a large majority Catholic, Mr. MacNeill, himself, a Protestant, has been appointed a professor, upon which fact he thus observed in his speech: "Perhaps I may say here that I value as one of the greatest honors that could be conferred upon me, as a Protestant, the appointment to a chair in that University, which is mainly for the education of the Catholic people. The honor, great as it is, has been highly enhanced when I have reason to know that it has the heartiest approval of the Lord Bishop of this diocese (Bishop O'Donnell). Where now will come in the cry of intolerance, unjustly raised by persons who are intolerant themselves against the Catholic people of Ireland? Here is one standing fact—that a Protestant like myself has represented for three and twenty years the most Catholic constituency in the Empire, and that now he has been given a chair in a seat of learning established in order that it should be acceptable to the Catholic people."

Where, indeed, can or ever could the cry of intolerance come in with truth against the Catholic people of Ireland? But Mr. MacNeill's position is not, of course, the only Irish stance in proof. There are several other Protestants in the Irish Parliamentary Party, all elected in districts as Catholic as Donegal. There is not, and never was in the world a people in their politics so tolerant in the matter as the Irish Catholic people.

The Stolen Rosary.

(A true story by Rev. Richard W. Alexander, in The Missionary.)

Sunshine and balmy breezes, sweet with the odor of spring blossoms, made the May afternoon like a dream of lost Eden. The Southern city of Richmond was all astir in the beautiful weather. The streets were filled with active men and gay women, who, with alert step and face that reflected the cloudless sky, were on pleasure or on business bent, with that elasticity and vitality of movement which the glorious day had evoked.

On a side street stood a little church, and now as the sun went down, the doors stood wide open, and passers-by could look in from the pavement and note the altars, beautifully adorned with long white tapers and vases of fragrant flowers. There were two altars, one of which was crowned by an exquisite marble statue of the Blessed Virgin with a halo of electric stars over her head. The fragrance of roses floated down the aisles and out into the street and appealed delightfully to the senses of a young girl who

was passing by. She looked in, and impelled by curiosity, hesitatingly entered. She had never been in a Catholic church before, and remembering all the weird things she had heard of the ways of "Roman Catholics," she slipped into the pew nearest the door so that in case of danger she might instantly escape.

There was only a small congregation present, all so earnestly engaged in their devotions that she found herself actually unnoticed. She breathed freely and began to listen to what was said, for the whole churchful was repeating at certain intervals some sentences of prayer over and over again. She discovered they were led by a single voice far away, and she located what she thought was the minister at the foot of the shrine, where the marble Madonna stood like a vision.

In vain she tried to catch the words that were so often repeated. Only these came to her ear: "Holy Mary, Mother of God!" Over and over, again they fell on the air, and while more words were said, they died away in an indistinct murmur. Unconsciously she murmured them herself: "Hail Mary, Mother of God!" Suddenly her eyes caught a broken chaplet lying in the pew before her. She had no idea of connecting it with the prayers she heard, but it was a curiosity, and stealthily, she snatched it up and slipped it into her pocket.

Noticing there was a stir among the people, she hurriedly arose and fled into the street, quite excited at her own bravery in entering a "Popish church" without meeting opposition or challenge, and determined to make an interesting story of the whole adventure that night among her friends.

Sure enough, to a party of young people that evening she detailed the episode, and told graphically of her visit to the church, the scene she beheld, and as the party refused to believe her, drew out the broken rosary to prove her story. The "superstitions of the benighted Catholics" were commented upon, and the rosary was passed from hand to hand in curious examination. The party dispersed, and our heroine, taking the chaplet, at last went to her room to retire for the night. She threw the beads on her dressing table, and then with a sigh of relief that she could pray to her Heavenly Father without such Popish mummeries, fell on her knees to say her night prayers. Strange! They had left her mind! Nothing would she utter but "Holy Mary, Mother of God!"

Again and again did she essay the familiar words of prayer. Her memory was a blank. She could say nothing but "Holy Mary, Mother of God!" Startled and worried, she tried again with the same result, and finally had to abandon the effort in disgust and affliction. "It is that old Catholic rubbish that has bewitched me!" she cried, and threw herself on the bed. But she could not sleep. She tossed on her pillow, and ever and again the murmur of her words in the little church came to her unwilling ears. The morning found her nervous and jaded from want of sleep and the strain on her mind. She tried to perform her usual duties, but again, like the restless moan of the sea, came the words, as if a far-off multitude were saying them, "Holy Mary, Mother of God!"

Evil Influence of the Anti-Christian Press.

Necessity of Aggression in Periodical Literature.

An illustration is furnished by the case of an Irishman and a Catholic in London, who spoke at a mass meeting there convened in protest against the "murder" of Professor Ferrer, anarchist. It is true this Irishman had the decency to disassociate himself later by a letter in the press from the anti-Catholic demonstration into which the meeting of course developed. But this Irishman had no place there even in the beginning. He never dreamed the affair would turn into an anti-Catholic demonstration, but other Irishmen and Catholics with their eyes open would never dream it would turn into anything else. The man was saturated with foreign trash, which assumes to be "advanced thought." Socialism is not yet an alarming quantity in Ireland, but it has got in at all events.

This significant incident has strikingly exposed the great necessity of not only Ireland but Irish-America assuming the aggressive in periodical literature. The quack scientists and light-brained social reformers have had the stage long enough. We can regard with pity the attempts of the degenerates of the slums of Europe to get an excuse for wholesale riot and murder, but it should give us thought when an American organization, supported perhaps by more Irishmen than men of any other nationality, adopts resolutions condemning the "murder" of a man who incited by his writings, teaching and personal acts to the revolting, cowardly, cold-blooded slaughter of one hundred and thirty-eight women and men, who were heaved down with a more than bestial ferocity on altar steps and in sanctuaries, for no other reason than that their following of the Master angered the murderous rabble. No resolutions of protest against this barbarous slaughter, which would bring shame to the Red Indian, who only slaughtered in what he considered was defense of his life and property! No trial of these! But when the chief instigator and participant is tried and condemned a great howl goes up for "justice!" Does this American body, composed largely of Irishmen, stand for slaughter and burning and the canonization of wholesale murderers? If so we all should know it.

Fortunately if the slaughter were attempted in this country Ferrer and his mob of blood-thirsty derisives would be shot down in their tracks and never given the dignity of a "trial." The harmless Emma Goldman is not allowed to speak here, but Ferrer was allowed to speak and write and riot in Spain! The incident itself is outside even of our widened province, but it serves to forcibly illustrate how easy it is to pervert the minds of even normal people by "literature" whose viciousness and degeneracy has hit a transparent cover. How many of our people here are led astray by this propaganda? Is there not a warning in the fact that even ordinarily conservative American papers, which would pretend to see anarchy behind a radical-democratic platform, gave hospitality to the European anarchistic howlings, and wrote not a word of protest against the slaughter of their innocent victims. If the Irish-American and Catholic press and people would act with more aggressiveness and courage would have served to destroy anarchy and socialism instead of putting Catholics in a sort of exploratory if not defensive attitude.

The Irish World.

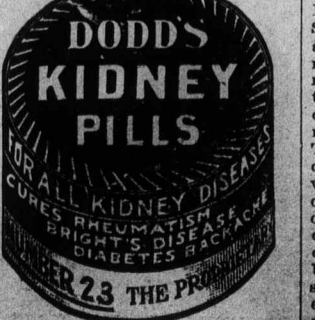
NEWS BY THE IRISH MAIL.

Mr. B. C. Long, editor of the Nationalist, Clonmel, is publishing the first number of a local illustrated magazine, "Tipperary's Annual." It will run to 120 pages, and sell for 1s., and will be of much local interest.

The golden jubilee of the Rev. Brother M. S. O'Farrell, of the Christian Brothers' Order, was celebrated at Mount Sion, Waterford, on All Saints' Day, the Bishop of Waterford and Lismore presiding at the High Mass.

At a general meeting of the Belfast Co-Operative Flax Growers' Society on Oct. 29, the report showed that the efforts to establish a local flax market had been successful. Colonel R. G. Sherman Crawford, D.L., who presided, said the object of the society was to prevent abuses, and to work for the benefit of the farmers.

The ground for the building of St. Teresa's Church on Hamrahstown Road, Belfast, to the extent of between three and four acres was given, free of rent for ever, by the Misses Hamill. Trench House, who are erecting and completing the building at a cost of £14,000. Most Rev. Dr. Tohill, in laying the foundation stone, referred in eulogistic language to the generosity of the Hamill family towards religion and charity. The Bishop was assisted by the Rev. P. Doyle, P.P., Hamrahstown; Rev. J. K. O'Neill, P.P., Sacred Heart, Belfast; Very Rev. M. Hamill, P.P., Whitehouse, and Rev. J. Devine, O.O., Hamrahstown.



CANADIAN PACIFIC Live Stock Exposition, Chicago, Ill.

Tickets on sale from all stations in Canada, Sherbrooke, Lake, Renfrew and East at lowest First-Class Fare and One-Half.

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City Ticket Office. 20 St. James Street. Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

New York Excursion

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2nd, 1909. From Montreal ROUND TRIP FARE \$11.30.

Going—Nov. 25th to 29th incl., also Dec. 1st and 2nd. Return—Dec. 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

LIVE STOCK EXPOSITION CHICAGO, ILL.

Return Fare from Montreal \$27.00. Going—Nov. 25th to 29th incl., also Dec. 1st and 2nd. Return—Dec. 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

MONTREAL-OTTAWA

Lv. Montreal, 8.30 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 2.00 p.m., 4.45 p.m., 7.30 p.m., 10.15 p.m. Arr. Ottawa, 11.45 a.m., 2.30 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 8.00 p.m., 10.45 p.m. Parlor-Library-Car, 9.30 a.m. and 3.55 p.m. Parlor-Library-Car, 9.30 p.m. train.

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BOVAVENTURE UNION DEPOT

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EXPRESS. 7.40 a.m. Except Sunday. St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Lévis, Québec, Montargis, Rivière du Loup, and intermediate stations. MARITIME EXPRESS. 12 noon Daily. St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Lévis, Québec, Montargis, Rivière du Loup, Rimouski and St. Flavie. 12 noon Except Saturday. For above-named Stations and for Little Metis, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Sydney. NICOLET EXPRESS. 4 p.m. Except Sunday. St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Nicolet and St. Jean.

N.B.—The parlor buffet car on Maritime Express, Montreal to St. Flavie, Saturdays only, and St. Flavie to Montreal, Mondays only, has been discontinued.

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Vol. LIX, N. BELOVED CAL

DEVOTION HIS

Carrying the Viat er He wa

To chronicle the called away while service of the nt task accompanied regret, but when been found person tributes far bey the sadness and fled manyfold. report of the dea ther Augustine S. St. Patrick's, w thousands who h Toronto, Ontario be died, and to of the American from time to tim ed. Though in

some years, the e lous priest never only when the hal ally fell from him members refused that he gave up the people whom his highest pleasu

The story of the ther Stuhl parish sacrifice of the tr Passion, for it Holy Communion fashions that the towards termina re seized him, has no man than down his life for Monday of the Stuhl died was rain, and early i woman hurrying noticed a man a distress seated on the rain beating good glance show was a member of rich, that the known and every Stuhl. Hurrying ed that on his v Varicum to one had suddenly bec had been forced t side. Even undi he refused to ret tery until he had sion, and it was ance of the good made his way to sick one and at home. This was tion. That day down upon the Saturday followi tier, and the pe rick's parish an mourned for the beloved priest.

At the time of Stuhl was assist Patrick's and d torists of Toro vers he had un tism, but heart immediate cause Father Stuhl many on October when a child for Philadelphia, Peter's school in he entered the his religious proe year at the ten years. On he was ordained he came to Toro days of his prio set of Studies in community and ed by him for th ordinary paroch of the most c and provincials of congregation. S he was a noted