

REMINISCENCES OF MISSIONARY LIFE

(Continued from Page Five.)

on the doors. As I have said it was monopolized by the Jews, but they were of a respectable, though by no means of a wealthy class. But there were in the neighborhood thousands of their co-religionists who were miserably poor. Some years later on than the period of the foundation of our church, quite a famine broke out in our neighborhood, through the failure of labor at the Docks. Our own poor people suffered intensely, as did many others who were not Catholics. In fact, some of them died, not alone for lack of sufficient food, but also from its resultant, as in Ireland, the famine fever. At this time the Mansion House Fund was started. It was presided over by the Lord Mayor of London. On every Monday, for several weeks, a meeting was held in the Mansion House and the ministers of all the religious sects and churches were invited to be present, and were then expected to put in their claims for all the relief tickets they stood in need of. The number which we received exceeded those of all other claimants put together, not only because our people were the poorest, but also because many of the more indigent Hebrews applied to us inasmuch as they said they were ashamed to make their difficulties known to their co-religionists. Of course before bestowing a ticket for relief, we investigated every case either personally, or through one of our agents. These tickets were for bread, groceries, or coal, but never for money. Hundreds of applicants could be seen outside our front door every morning, and nothing could exceed the gratitude of all who received such tickets, whether they were Christians or Jews. After the evil effects of the famine had passed away we decided on giving a dinner to the more prominent amongst the dispensers of relief who lived in our immediate neighborhood. Amongst those who accepted our invitation, and none refused, were the pompous Rector of the parish, and a learned and amiable man, the pastor of the Seventh Day Baptists who kept Saturday as their day of rest. When Cardinal Wiseman was Archbishop of Westminster some of his Spanish admirers sent over to him three hogheads of very old port. They were placed in the Custom House vaults, which extend for miles under that part of London where we lived, to be kept there until redeemed by the heavy duty imposed on them. The Cardinal only lived long enough to release one of the hogheads. After a certain number of years, if the duty be unpaid, such packages become the property of the Custom House officers, who redeem them by the payment of an insignificant fine. One of these officers was a particular friend of ours, and he became the owner of what was popularly known as the "Cardinal's Port," for Cardinal Manning was a strict temperance man, and would pay no duty for all the wine in the vaults. At the close of our very enjoyable dinner the celebrated port was produced, for we had bought a few dozen bottles of this unequalled wine at the rate of six pence a bottle. After the full history of the wine had been related the decanters were passed around the table. The Rector and the Seventh Day Baptist were seated close to me, and after filling their glasses to look at the wine before they tasted it, for from its extreme age it was lighter in color than pale sherry, each took a luscious sip of it; they then smacked their lips and I heard the appreciative Rector say to the Baptist: "My God! I wonder whether we shall get as good wine as that in Heaven."

larly tied up on the other side of the block. On the road we met those who had to do like ourselves and change places with us. Shivering with the cold and with wet feet we had to remain in our new quarters for some hours until the mail and the heavier luggage could be transferred from one train to another, for we were far from any house and it was still snowing heavily and we could not get more than a couple of men to aid in this work. After a few hindrances of a minor nature we reached London, many hours behind time, and found no cabs or other conveyances to take us to our several destinations. One by one our fellow-passengers disappeared until I found myself alone. After a long delay a cab drove up but the driver asked four times the usual fare. I had to agree to his exorbitant terms and we drove off. I had at least five miles to go before I could reach Tower Hill, but the poor driver nearly paid heavily for his cupidity. An enormous rope of snow on an overhead wire suddenly snapped, and one portion descended like a flash of lightning on top of the cab. It grazed the head of the driver, knocking off his cap, but leaving him quite uninjured, though it broke in the top of the cab. In a moment I was almost smothered with snow. On reaching the temporary church, I found that the two Fathers already settled there had no home, but occupied a few small rooms in a lodging-house not far remote. My fellow-missionary had already arrived, and he and I were located in the same lodging house. Thus we had four small bed-rooms, and a kitchen, but no parlor. After taking some refreshments I retired to my bed, for I was both sleepy and tired. I had not time, however, to fall asleep before I saw that my pillow was alive with bugs; bugs little and bugs great, all thirsting for my blood. I was out of bed in a moment, and lay for some hours afterwards on the floor, with a valise for my pillow. That evening the bed was thoroughly purified, and I was able to enjoy a good night's rest, undisturbed by such unwelcome companions. I afterwards discovered that every house on Tower Hill was a hot-bed for bedbugs. The only house that was entirely free from them was the one that Father Cooke bought from the poor old Jewish merchant. The smell and dust from cedar-wood seemed effectually to bar their intrusion there. We subsequently took the hint, and after our presbytery was built and finished we used to nail pieces of cigar cedar-wood boxes under our beds, and although the plague was not entirely banished, yet it was comparatively bearable. In fact, I believe that the bugs still troubling us in our beds were brought there by ourselves when we left our confessions, which were literally swarming with them. One day when I was reading the Gospel of St. John at the end of my Mass, the altar boy pulled my vestment, and said: "Father, there is an old woman in Chamber street, at the back of the chapel, who is dying, and the people want you to go to her as quick as possible." I removed the chasuble and mantle while I finished the Gospel. Running down to the lower entrance I found quite a crowd of people around an old woman who was lying, and evidently dying, in the middle of the street. She had been seized with her illness while assisting at Mass. I made the people retire so as to give her more air. An Irishman who knew her, for she lived near by, though not in that street, told me that she had not a word of English, and that even if she were conscious she could not have made her confession to me. Knowing that Father Mooney—who lived at Islington, some miles away at the north of London,—heard confessions in Gaelic I gave the Irishman some money to go and bring Father Mooney as quickly as possible. We then had the poor woman carried into one of the houses near at hand. I left word to be informed of the arrival of the priest, and, after he had given her the last sacraments, he told me she had been born in London more than seventy years ago, that she had grown-up grandchildren, but could speak in no other language than the Celtic of her ancestors. She recovered consciousness before she receive the last rites of the Church, and died peacefully that same evening. On two separate occasions I became a member of the community at our Church of the English Martyrs, and, in fact, it was after nearly four years of the later period that I was sent by the Superior-General, the Very Rev. Father Fabre, to Winnipeg, Manitoba, in the year 1888. I took part in another mission and several retreats from time to time, but I can recall nothing more special regarding the mission than that it was well attended, and that the fruits of our labors were very en-

couraging. The parish was very large and embraced some notable localities, including the Tower, the Mint, the Custom House, Billingsgate, etc., as far as London Bridge. The Tower being in my district I was acting as an unsalaried chaplain to the troops who were stationed there, and amongst these there was often a great number of Catholics. They used to attend our church for Mass. A regiment was stationed at the Tower barracks at the time when war broke out in Egypt, and the Government applied to the commanding officer for recruits. Some hundreds responded to the appeal, and amongst them were seventy-five Catholics. Major Herbert was appointed as their Colonel; he was a good Catholic himself, and he immediately wrote to me and requested me to come to the Tower to hear their confessions, as they were to start on the following day; and it would be good for them to meet the fatalities of war in the state of grace. So I went to the Tower without delay, and Colonel Herbert collected all the men in a long room in the barracks, where I addressed them, and begged them all to make a good confession. I gave them a quarter of an hour to prepare. I then commenced operations, and the first to present himself was the Colonel. Only one out of the seventy-five refused to go to confession. This one was a non-commissioned officer, and I afterwards learned that he was a Freemason. On the following morning they all received Holy Communion in our church, and at mid-day marched with their comrades to the Royal Barracks, whence they all proceeded to the seat of war. Colonel Herbert asked me to get a set of small, but strong, beads for each of them; and his mother, Lady Herbert, sent a messenger to me, from Park Lane, asking me to get seventy-five soldiers' manuals for the men, and one more to be nicely bound for her son, who would read the prayers for them, as they had not a chaplain. I went to Burns and Lambert's to procure them, waited while one being bound in a handsome cover, and then took them myself to Lady Herbert. On the following day the combined troops started for the sea of war. Outside the Tower of London on the previous day, as well as when they all left the Royal Barracks, thousands of people and the streets, cheered them to the echo, and wished them a safe and happy return. But, alas! too many of them were destined to leave their bones to be whitened on the sands by the Nile. Colonel Herbert had given me a complete list of all the Catholics under his command, and I can scarcely describe the avidity with which I used to scan the list of fatalities, as related in the papers, to see if any of my men, as I called them, were among the killed and wounded. On reaching Egypt, the troops all proceeded to the Soudan, and a skirmish took place soon afterwards, in which more than a dozen men were killed, not to speak of the wounded. To my intense grief the very first name among the former was that of Sergeant-Major H—, the unfortunate defaulter at the tribunal of penance. Several years after when I met the same good officer, General Herbert, commander-in-chief of the troops in Canada, at the house of the Lieutenant-General in Winnipeg, he was pleased to hear that I had often prayed for that poor man, and asked me to offer up the sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of his soul. There were, of course, many other places in which I took part in missions given by our Fathers, such as Sicklinghall, Wrexham, Rock Ferry, Kilburn, Newark-on-Trent, Bishop Auckland, Bridgnorth, Marsh Lane and the Pro-Cathedral, Liverpool, and Wellington, Salop; but though many circumstances connected with each of them were without doubt quite worthy of being recorded at the time when the mission occurred, I cannot recall, at the present moment, anything of special interest, except an incident regarding Bridgnorth, another in Liverpool, and a few others of an amusing nature at different places. Bridgnorth, in Shropshire, is a flourishing and beautifully situated town. It was formerly under the spiritual control of the priest or priests at Aldenham, the residence of Sir John Acton, better known of late as the learned Lord Acton, who died a few months ago. As soon as a church had been built at Bridgnorth I was invited to give a mission therein. But a few years previously

two of our Fathers had resided at Aldenham and officiated as chaplains to the Acton family, having at the same time the charge of the Catholics in a widely-extended area in the neighborhood. We had a very saintly man at that period, a Father B—, who was acting as Provincial and Master of Novices, and resided at Mary Vale, near Birmingham. This Mary Vale had originally been Old Oscot College, but when the new college was ready for occupancy they handed it over to the Oratorians, with Father Newman at their head. When these had their own house finished they resigned the old house to the Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, who kindly lent it to me for a time. It was here that I made my vows in 1849. A telegram arrived from Aldenham one Saturday afternoon to announce to Father B— that one of the two Fathers thereof the only one who could preach in English, had been stricken down with fever, and to beg him to send another Father to help him over the discharge of the Sunday duties. Father B—, without hesitation, said: "I will go myself." "But," they replied, "you cannot preach in English." "I will try," said he. So he took the train for Bridgnorth, carrying with him a copy of "Reeves' Sermons for Sundays and Holy-days." He studied the sermon appropriate for the day and committed it to memory while in the train, and at the Mass on the next day delivered it to the best of his ability. After his thanksgiving he went to the beautiful little cottage where the Fathers resided, not far from the Hall, to get his breakfast and prepare for his return to Mary Vale. Sir John Acton, the owner of the place, was but a boy at the time. He belonged to an old Catholic family, and was nephew to the well known Cardinal Acton. After his father's death, his mother, who was the daughter of an Austrian duchess, was re-married to Earl Granville, a celebrated British Minister. They generally resided at Aldenham, not alone because it was a spacious and beautiful house, but because it possessed the first private library in the Empire. Lord Acton, whose lamented death took place but lately, left this library to his friend, Mr. Morley. At the time of our Father B—'s sermon the Hall was full of visitors, at least half of whom were Protestants, but they all came at Mass. At the luncheon, a little later on, a discussion arose about the preacher and his sermon. Lord Granville declared that the sermon was not in English, for he could not understand a word; Lady Granville said it was not Spanish; the old Duchess was certain that it was not German; the young Sir John could not recognize it as Italian; and Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the sister of Earl Granville, pronounced that it was not French. "But," added she, "I don't care what he said, nor in what language he spoke, I am convinced that he is a saint, and after luncheon I mean to go over and have a talk with him before he returns to his home." She carried out her intention and had a full hour's conversation, in French, of course, with Father B—. Not long afterwards she became a Catholic, and if that interview was not the immediate cause of her conversion, it was at

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED JANUARY CHEAP SALE NOW IN PROGRESS. Even Merchants will buy WHITE SHIRTS At The Big Store while the January Sale is in progress. It will certainly prove a profitable transaction. \$1.00 WHITE SHIRTS For - - 78c

EMM'S JARDIGAN'S Men's Heavy Wool Cardigan Jackets, extra well finished, in black and brown. Regular 78c. Special ... 59c

MEN'S MUFFLERS. Men's Pretty Colored Cashmere Mufflers, fancy stripes, good sizes. Special price during the January sale only ... 41c

BOYS' OVERCOATS Blue, Black Blanket Cloth Overcoats, high collar, lined with tweed, red piping. Special January sale price, \$3.25 and ... \$4.95

Quebec Service. From Place Viger 5c. 10 p.m., 12 p.m., 12:30 p.m., 11:00 p.m., 11:30 p.m., 12:30 p.m. \*Daily \*Week days, 10 p.m. only. \*Daily

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Through Coach and Sleeping Car from Windsor St., 7:45 p.m. daily except Sunday City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 188 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office

MEN'S CAPS Men's and Youths' Winter Caps, in blue black cloth, finished with slip band, warmly lined, various sizes. January sale price, each ... 23c

LADIES' NIGHT GOWNS Made of white cambric, trimmed with frills on neck and sleeves of generous proportions. January sale price ... 39c

LADIES' KID GLOVES "Antoinette" 4 button Kid Gloves, in shades of tan only, fancy silk points; sizes range from 5 1/2 to 6 1/2. Special price during the month of January only, per pair ... 32c

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street, Montreal

GREAT ANNUAL DISCOUNT SALE OF Carpets & Furnishings AT Discounts from 15 to 50 Per Cent. An Immense Stock to Select From. THOMAS LIGGET, EMPIRE BUILDING 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET

least its remote cause, as she herself often acknowledged. There are few who have not admired the writings of this eminent author, even if all of them did not appreciate her sublime virtues.—Rev. Lawrence C. P. Fox, O.M.I., in Donahoe's Magazine.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO. Statement of earnings and expenses:— July 1st to Nov. 30th, 1903. Gross Earnings ... \$20,641,672.58 Working expenses ... 13,554,768.94 Net profits ... \$7,086,903.62 In November, 1902, the net profits were \$1,558,240.24. And from July 1st to November 30th, 1902, there was a net profit of \$7,123,742.08. The decrease in net profits over the same period last year is therefore, for November, \$80,259.06; and from July 1st to November 30th, \$36,888.46. C. Drinkwater, secretary. Montreal, 28th December, 1903. Night is only a tunnel to him who travels towards hope.

Remember, When You Buy Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate You Get Absolutely Pure Goods. BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM given for the empty box returned to our Office. 10 BLEURY ST., Montreal.

SUPERIOR COURT. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. District of Montreal. No. 1970. Dame Marie Louise Gougeon, of the City of Montreal, wife of Alphonse Vallee, polisher, of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against her said husband. Montreal, 5th January, 1904. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Vol. LIII., No. THE TRUE WITNESS IS PRINTED IN... SUBSCRIPTION P... Canada, \$1.00; United States, \$1.50; France, \$1.50; Belgium, \$1.50. All communications should be sent to P. & F Co., Limited. EPI "If the English-speaking best interests, they would general Catholic papers work" NOTES WHAT DOES IT often been remarked, are not of our faith, lic Church is too exa the minute details words. This is exact the strength of the C no compromise, with doctrine is concerned. the Truth and the wh she cannot permit of fismal deviation from She cannot sanction recognize aught quest low the slightest ap tradition in principle be of the greatest im the improper use of i open the flood gates ology is not only th but also the most ex sciences. It is so pre so conclusive that it of even the most sim might have a double meaning. We have in this moment, an instan tainly illustrates we of that exacting and u attitude of the Church a dogmatic character. Recently we read event that was repor our local journals, as place at "the Church craments," in this cit ary reader could at o this means the church that of the "Blessed" all likelihood the use "Ten" was merely a of an inattention on reporter, and probabl sight on the part o read the proof of the the same, it is an erri lic theology cannot trouble is not so n name of a particular accidentally be missta a thing that might l of times, and no ser ence would result. Bu calling any Catholic o term "Ten Sacrament lead those who are informed on the subje grave error that the recognized that nur ments. Other church tional and sectarian ments, some more so have one, others two, four and six, and even have not yet learned that has added to the ber of the sacraments. Catholic Church has e uncompromisingly exa gard. She teaches a doctr other church in Christ She teaches that the depends upon the sanc from God. And the sources of grace, whic the Seven Sacraments, channels through whic God, by way of the C souls of men, the me tion. The seven are th as they ever have be dawn of Christianity. tism, Penance, Confr Eucharist, Matrimony, and Extreme Unction, changes not, for it is God. To alter the n sacraments; to take f add to them; to chan to tamper with them would be heretical; a would be the clearest false character of the ing. She is infallible and in the matter of she is as much so as her dogmas. No Cath few Protestants, will Consequently that "Ten" becomes exce