

TWO REMARKABLE SERMONS.

AN APPRECIATION BY "CRUX."

Already has the first sermon preached by Mgr. Rozier, the Lenten preacher at Notre Dame, marked him as one of the foremost pulpits of the day. My object is not to appreciate the great Jesuit's eloquence, rather do I desire to furnish a brief summary of his magnificent effort of last Sunday, and then to recall another sermon, on the same subject, which I heard some twenty-five years ago, by the late Rev. Father Abram J. Ryan—better known as "The Poet Priest of the South." The two sermons are upon "Truth," or rather the seeking after Truth. Mgr. Rozier starts with the story of the meeting between Christ and the woman of Samaria at the well of Jacob. Father Ryan began with Pilate's question "What is Truth?" But the grand central idea is the same; and, while the methods and forms of the two preachers differ as widely as is conceivable, yet they preach the self same doctrine. The lesson I would draw from these facts is that, no matter how different the manner of presenting a dogma, or a precept of Catholicity, still the Church, through the voices of her preachers, in all ages, in all lands, and in all tongues, has ever declared the same truth, and has never deviated one hair's-breadth from the cast-iron rules laid down by her Founder, the source of all truth, the very Truth itself.

Leaving aside Mgr. Rozier's elegant exordium, drawn from the circumstances surrounding his presence in the pulpit of Notre Dame, I will come to the substance of his sermon. He spoke somewhat thus:—"Jesus, being threatened by the Pharisees, who had brought about, in an underhand way, the imprisonment of John the Baptist, found it necessary to hurry away from Judea, where for some eight months He had been preaching, and to return to His own country by the shortest route. This led Him through the hostile territory of Samaria. About noon, on the second day of His journey, He found Himself at Jacob's well. There took place the famous scene. All the past history of the Jewish race centred around that spot. It was there that Abraham, the great ancestor of all, received the promise of a numerous posterity that was to culminate in Christ. At that memorable place the Divine Master was about to symbolize His meeting with humanity and His triumph over a vicious and erroneous past.

"The one whom He was to meet there appeared upon the way to Sichem, with an empty jar upon her head—empty as was her mind and her heart.

"Behold her coming, that old thirsty traveller. Her name is Humanity! Many centuries has she been on the road seeking for the refreshing waters of Truth at every spring along the way side. What a journey has she not made, with her empty jar upon her head, from Eden, in which she was born, to the scorching wastes of Tiberius, under which she now bent, over the arid sands of paganism, burning with a thirst for knowledge, putting down her jar at every poisoned fountain, touching with her lips and her soul the rim of every doctrine, fainting at last, in despair, upon the burning sands, under a scorching sun, without having yet met with that spring of living water that alone could quench her thirst.

"Behold her coming on, that deathless Samaritan woman. She has passed over civilizations and barbarisms, as a suppliant: 'Give me some water, give me the Truth she begged. And neither the civilization nor the barbaric could extinguish her thirst.

"She knocked at the doors of the Sages; crying out: 'Give me water.

sary to every young Catholic in a Protestant world. If a child lived in the midst of a Catholic atmosphere, and was not assailed by unbelieving men, then all would be well for that child, but in England Catholic life was surrounded by temptations and difficulties, and the child must know how to defend its belief, must possess a clear knowledge of the doctrines of the Catholic Church to which it belonged, and must be so firm that it could not be moved by the specious arguments which were brought against it, and this could be done in the Catholic school.

IN MEMORIAM.

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.
To Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, Spiritual Director to Branch No. 1, C.M.B.A., Quebec.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—It becomes my pleasing duty as secretary, to respectfully inform you, that at a large meeting of Branch No. 1, C.M.B.A., held on Monday evening, 11th February, President Bro. J. Warren presiding, a motion was proposed by Bros. T. J. White and J. O'Shaughnessy, and promptly carried, that the members of the society, in expression to the deep regret felt by all present, and requesting the secretary to convey to you, as our respected spiritual director, and Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, and all of your relatives, our sincere sympathy of our whole membership in your affliction, by God having been pleased to summon from this life your esteemed and beloved brother in Christ, the late Rev. Father James Callaghan, whom we had hoped to see soon restored to health and usefulness. As he was known to most of us, if not all, the shock came with greater force. In his heart too pure for taint or vice, he was a man of God, and his death, we feel, was a great loss to the Church and to the world. He was a man of great force of character, an indefatigable worker, and if only the Ulster members knew him, as they are pleased to do, we cannot see how any Government can well refuse to listen to the voice of a completely united Ireland—United North and South for the first time for a century.

"There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread; He bears our best loved ones away, And then we call them 'dead.' And when he calls a smile too bright, Or heart too pure for taint or vice, He takes it to that world of light, To dwell in Paradise."

Sincerely hoping, Rev. Father, that this our humble condolence may assist in giving you and all of your relatives some consolation in your trial and great loss sustained through the will of Divine Providence. I have the honor, Rev. Sir, to be Yours respectfully and fraternally
F. C. LAWLER,
Sec. Branch 1, C.M.B.A.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At the regular monthly meeting of Ladies' Auxiliary, Div. No. 1, A. O. H., the following resolution of condolence was adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call to Himself this world of trials and tribulation the Rev. Father James Callaghan, brother of our County Chaplain, Rev. Luke Callaghan, and in consideration of the loss sustained by the Irish Catholic community of the city at large and the still heavier loss endured by the members of his family:

Resolved,—That while we bow down in humble submission to the will of an all-wise Providence, we nevertheless regret his removal from our midst and mourn for one who so deservingly possessed our veneration, love and confidence. Therefore, we earnestly pray Him whose dispensations are meant in mercy to impart to you His consolation in your great affliction.

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded the Rev. Fathers Martin and Luke Callaghan, and to the "True Witness" for publication.

LIZZIE HOWLETT,
Recording Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At the regular meeting of Division No. 5, A.O.H., held in their hall on Wednesday, Feb. 20th, 1901, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

That whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to take from amongst us our late brother F. McDonald. Resolved,—That the sincere sympathy of this Division be extended to the family of our deceased brother.

Resolved,—That the charter be draped for the period of three months in respect to deceased, and that a copy of these resolutions be inserted in the "True Witness."

MARY ROBERT.—At the ripe age of 74, Mary Robert, wife of Mr. Michael Robert, St. Philippe, Argenteuil, has been called to the better world after a short illness which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation. This announcement will be read with sincere sorrow, not only by her immediate relatives, but also by a host of acquaintances who had known and respected her and loved her from her childhood. Mrs. Robert leaves three children, to mourn her loss: John, of California; Patrick, of Painesville, Vermont; and Peter of St. Philippe, Que. The distinguishing characteristics of Mrs. Robert during her life

were a fervent, solid piety; the fear of God and a love for Him and her neighbor, which grew more ardent as life moved on. It would indeed be superfluous now to refer to her charity towards the poor; let it be said, however, that no one ever appealed to her in vain. Her kindness and hospitality were proverbial, and will cause her to be long remembered.

The funeral took place Monday, Feb. 25th, to the Church of St. Philippe, where a Requiem Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Montour. A very large number of prominent citizens and many from a distance attended. There was a large, if not the largest gathering on such an occasion that has ever been seen in the Church of St. Philippe. Seldom has a funeral taken place where there were so many expressions of sorrow shown. No person ever knew her but to become attached to her and the happiest moments of her life were when she could make others happy about her.—R.I.P.

NOTES FROM IRELAND.

AMONG THE PEASANTS.—Mr. Wyndham, the Chief Secretary, is making a tour of Connemara. Reports say that he has been everywhere received with respect. The people have approached him, and pointed out the impossibility of making a living on their little farms owing to the poverty of the soil. They have begged the Chief Secretary to induce the Government to do something in the direction of encouraging various industries. Mr. Wyndham has promised to do so. He is utterly shocked at the condition of most of the population, who seem to be living in a state of chronic poverty.

IRISH LANDLORDS.—The "Univers"

remarks:—It would seem, from the latest utterances of Mr. T. W. Russell, the Unionist champion of the Ulster Tenant Farmer, that there is every likelihood of the Nationalists and the Ulster men joining forces on a common platform for the compulsory buying out of the Irish landlords. It is difficult to imagine more earnest on this subject. He is a man of great force of character, an indefatigable worker, and if only the Ulster members knew him, as they are pleased to do, we cannot see how any Government can well refuse to listen to the voice of a completely united Ireland—United North and South for the first time for a century.

JURY PACKING.—The case of the

Crown v. McHugh, for alleged seditious libel, came to a conclusion in Dublin recently, when the jury disagreed and was discharged. The action was brought against Mr. McHugh, M.P., on account of an article published in his newspaper, in which he commented very strongly on the method in which the Crown exercised its right of challenging jurors in a case before Mr. Justice Andrews at the Connaught winter assizes. Two men were being tried for intimidation, and Mr. McHugh, it is alleged, accused the Crown of jury-packing, and also caused it to be believed that the jurors had violated their oaths. From the evidence put forward on behalf of the defendant it appeared that twenty-two jurors, all of whom were Catholics, were ordered to stand aside while twelve Protestants were sworn to try the case. Out of the panel from which these jurors were drawn about seventy per cent. were Catholics. For the Crown it was urged that the Catholic jurors were set aside not because they were Catholics, but because the greater number of them were members of the United Irish League, and because the question at issue in the case to be tried was really the right of the League to compel a man to give up a farm he was legally entitled to occupy.

WORDS

On this subject, Charlotte Eastman contributes to the Weekly Boquet the following interesting and succinct sketch which will perhaps convey to our boys and girls a fuller meaning of the early history of the English language than can be found in many of our histories. She says:—

Did you ever think that the words that you use were made just like the clothes that you wear? When the English people first began to make their words, they made only such as were needed. They were too poor to have more than one word for each thing, just as poor people cannot afford only such garments as are necessary. Still they were very simple in their ways, and did not waste their words, for style. One day, over the English Channel, came sailing a king from France. His name was William, and he brought with him a great many soldiers who fought with the English people and conquered them. Then more of these people came from the north of France which is called Normandy, to settle in the new country which their king had conquered. They brought with them a great many new ideas and customs, and a whole new language, for they spoke French.

They treated the Saxons almost as slaves, and called them serfs. They required them to do all the work in the fields, in the shops, and in the houses, and for centuries they lived together as serf and master.

But after a while the Saxons and the Normans began to grow nearer together and became one people, and the two languages became the English language. But there were a great many more words now than were necessary. The Normans would not give up their language, and the Saxons would not give up theirs; and so to-day we have two words for a great many things. If you be-

gin to notice different words for the same thing you can soon tell which has been given us by the Saxons and which by the Normans, for the Norman words are soft, and pleasant to the ear, while the Saxon words are harsher and generally shorter. Children naturally use the Saxon words. They say begin instead of commence, end instead of finish, talk instead of converse.

But the most interesting words are those that show that the Normans were masters and the Saxons were servants. It was the Saxons who drove the cattle to pasture, who herded them and butchered them, and now when they are in that condition we call them cows and cattle; but when they are prepared for food, when they were brought to the table for the Normans to eat they were called beef, which was the Norman word for cow. It was the same with the calf, which changed to veal when on the table, and sheep to mutton, and hog to pork.

Even to this day the Norman words are daintier and finer, and when you grow old enough to think about a word before you use it, you will discover that when you want to say something strong you will use the Saxon word, and when you want to say something fine you will use the Norman one.

HOW A RUN ON A BANK STARTED.

The "Catholic Universe" says:—A wag in Pittsburgh last Friday saw two linemen running over the roof of the German National Bank. Meeting a friend he asked: "Did you hear about the run on the German National Bank?" The question was answered along until a real "run on the bank" began. The run is still in progress and people are fighting for places. A Sister of the Good Shepherd was the only one for whom the crowd fell back. Over \$200,000 has already been withdrawn. The bank has 30,000 depositors, and appears to be unbreakable. Jokes sometimes turn out to be serious matters.

TEACHER IN A TRANCE.

An account recently widely published in Boston and New York papers, of the narrow escape of a school teacher who, pronounced by her physician to be dead, came near being buried alive, being conscious of all said and done in her presence, but unable to speak or move, is one of the most curious cases on record. Attention to what some of our ablest physicians and medical writers have said, namely, that "the only absolutely sure test of death is the beginning of decay," and showing the desirability of suitable buildings or mortuaries (as we have often urged in this paper), where the bodies of all persons supposed to be dead can be kept with tender care until all possibility of life is at an end.—Geo. T. Angell, in our March Annals.

THE SONGS OUR CHILDREN SING.

If you go into a home nowadays and request one of its daughters to sing for you, the chances are that you will be entertained with a "coon" song in rag-time, or something about a street flirtation, or some similar concert hall abomination.

The sweet songs of long ago, innocent, pleasing, inspiring, are out of date and thought to be too slow and sentimental for this fast age.

But, indeed, they are preferable to the songs in vogue to-day, which conceived in depraved minds, leave a yellow streak on the memory and the imagination of those who sing them.

A PRIEST'S ENCOUNTER.

An American newspaper publishes the following account of a recent experience which Rev. Father Stein had while on his way to a sick call. This is the story, says this newspaper, as Father Stein tells it himself:—

Paterson, N.J., Feb. 24.—Father Stein, a Catholic priest here, has had an experience.

"It was near midnight when I answered a ring on the doorbell. I found a man on the stoop. 'Father,' said he, 'will you come in a hurry? A good friend is dying. He wants to see you.'

"I hurriedly donned my street clothes, taking the blessed sacrament with me. I did not know the streets well, but, meeting a policeman after fifteen minutes' walk, was told where the family lived.

"I thanked him and continued my walk. I was within a few feet of the bridge when I saw the dark shadow of a person coming toward me. 'Stop where you are and hand over your money,' were the words fired at me. 'I was not afraid of the fellow, so I stepped closer to him. 'My good man,' I said, 'I am on my way to a sick bed. A dying man wants the consolation of a priest, and would you stop me? Suppose your mother was on her death bed and she sent for a minister of God, what would you do to the man who would stop him on his way?'

"The word money was my magic wand. The fellow looked me square in the eyes. He saw my Roman collar and whispered rather than spoke: 'A priest! Father, forgive me.'

"The highwayman began to weep, and said: 'Father, let me accompany you. The family you are seeking live near North Paterson. I will accompany you.'

"He directed me to the house, four miles from my residence, and waited until I had attended the dying man. Then he came home with me. He said that he had been drinking and had spent all his money in a dance hall. He wanted money to bring him home.

"I am not a thief, father," he said; "but when I saw you I thought

to myself, here is a good chance to get money, so I held you up."

"One week after this I became ill, but since I have been in bed my servant has seen the same man who tried to hold me up. He comes to the back door with bunches of flowers. He came again this morning. 'Give these to Father Stein,' he said. 'They are from the man I met one night. He knows how I feel this morning?' and after being told by the servant he disappeared."

BREVITIES.

The Rabbinical Association of Baltimore, which is composed of Jewish rabbis of that city, objects to the daily reading of the bible in the public schools.

Mrs. E. G. Mitchell, 45 years old, of Boston, a few days ago, died suddenly in a dentist's office, after having four teeth extracted. Medical Examiner Draper said death was due to heart disease.

The "Gaulois" recently declared with national pride that there were in France half a dozen persons who had lived in three centuries, but a German statistician comes forward with the statement that in Europe itself, according to a census taken a short time ago, there are about 62,000 centenarians.

The prospects for the great Irish Encyclopaedia has been issued at New York, and the corporation which will publish it has applied for a charter. This work will embrace every subject connected with Ireland and the Irish from the earliest time to the date of publication. The work will comprise forty volumes and will be five years in process.

Leo XIII. has just given a proof of his good-will to the archdiocese of Bologna by presenting to the Metropolitan Church the golden chalice offered to him by the Catholic world to be used in the celebration of the first Mass of the Twentieth Century, which he celebrated at the very turning point of the two centuries in his private chapel at the Vatican.

Chicago has a Business Women's Loan Association which suggests the "Little Societies" that have long flourished in Germany, although it is less of a philanthropic enterprise and more of a business proposition. The German societies lend small amounts of money to women desiring to go into business for themselves, and records show that the losses of the organizations have amounted to very little.

The Chicago association lends money for the same uses, but requires good security and protects itself against any heavy loss.

The need of such an organization and its success are an interesting commentary on the eagerness with which women are invading the business world.

A LITTLE GIRL'S HIT.

The superintendent of schools of Spokane, Wash., desirous of testing the powers of composition existing in a class of 8-year-olds, requested that three sentences be written, each to contain one of the three words, "bees," "boys" and "bear."

A small girl laboriously concocted the following sentence: "Bees bees bare when they go in swimming."

DIED.

HARDING.—In Montreal, on the 21st. Feby., 1901, Mary A. Martin, wife of Thos. Frs. Harding, of the Montreal Post Office. May she rest in peace.

One Dollar

If you will send us ONE DOLLAR we will send the "True Witness" for one year to a part of Canada (outside the city), the United States or Newfoundland.

OUR REQUEST.

Every friend of the True Witness can do something to assist us; all have a few friends or neighbors they might easily approach and who would subscribe if asked to do so

One Dollar

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at the next session of the Parliament at Ottawa, the company called "Le Credit Foncier du Bas-Canada," incorporated by the Act 36 Viet. Ch. 102, will apply for amendments to its charter for the purpose of changing its capital stock and board of management; of providing for a change in its place of business; of regulating shares, securities (letters do gage), loans, deposits, and keeping of accounts; of amending and making new by-laws and for other purposes.

LE CREDIT FONCIER DU BAS-CANADA.
Montreal, 19th February, 1901.
GEOFFRON & CUSON,
Attorneys for Petitioners.

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