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in the afternoon, I found my sell standing is the centre of Cote des Neiges Cemetery. It was the day appointed for the general pilgrimage, of all the city and suburban parishes, to the lust resting pince of the departed. Although I was then an hour in advance of the time appointed for the memorial service, I was astonished at the numbers that poured into the censetery. They came from a ll directions, and in all manner of ways; they came in groups, in pairs, in families; some came alone, others with friends; they came by way of the elevator, by way of the Cutremont cars, by overran the lots, they scattered in all directions—but they still kept coming until the city of the dead seemed transformed into a general rendez-vous of the living. With the ceremonies on that memorable occasion I will not deal, as that is a subject for another pen than mine. But I cannot refrain from dotting down a few of my observations and accompanying them with a few of my own reflections.

For the third day of November it was actually warm up there. The sun sloping to the west cast slanting beams that illumined and heated the whole surroundings. One almost forgot that the trees were leafless and that the touch of autumn had already stripped them of their summer flnery; for the prospect that opened out before the eye, the long vista closed in by the waters of the distant St. Lawrence, and the uninterrupted view of almost the entire "Way of the Cross," so chained the attention that the absence of the foliage, of the birds, of the gayly-decked butter-flies, and of all that made summer so rearming and so glorious, was forgotten for the moment. But once the mind turned to the details of all the surroundings a feeling of deep melaancholy began to steal ever the soul and to oppress the heart. I stood, as I said, about the centre of the cemetry, in the highest portion of Section "P." On all sides the dead were sleeping; some u

Neddless to tell the reflections that all these details of that won-derful picture suggested; nor hai I much time or opportunity for deep meditation. On another occasion it would have been different, for I profer to go alone to the come'ery. My inclination leads me, like Door Williams:

all directions; nor was there science. That deep, scienm quiet of the grave yard was naturally disturbed by the tramp of such a throng, by the tread of horses, the rattle of wheels, and the irresistible mirmur of counciess subdued voices; what grated, however, upon my feelings, was the shout of merry laughter from a band of urchins that seemed to imagine they were on a holiday of some kind, and the still more disagreeable sound of loud and harsh talk that some older people indulged in as they carried on a dispute about some business transaction. Laughter was out of place decidedly, but even more so was the importation of daily affairs into the city of the Departed But these were the exceptions, and might well be overlooked in presence of so much respect shown by the countless humbers of visitors to that solemn abiding place.

insignificance. I was standing beside the graves of some who were once very dear to me; behind ne was a monument bearing my own name on its base. Of the hundreds who went dlong the pathway, men, women, young, old, French, Irish, English, not one of them all knew me, nor did I recognize a single face in the throng. I thought how very small and unimportant I must be. Not one in all that moving mass of humanity cared one snap whether I stood on that sod or rested beneath it, not one would have stopped to offer a prayer for me were I side by side with those I mourned. This feeling of utter loneliness in the midst of throbbing, hurrying life, was intensified, when a man and woman, passing-by, paused to read the granite inscriptions. The woman read aloud my name; the man said: "Yes, yes, I heard of him, I didn't know he was dead." They passed on to read the name on the next monument, and I was dismissed without even an "Ave." It was then that the sublime words of the first chapter of the "Imitation" came back to my memory, and as I repeated them to myself I felt a species of exuitation. It was the feeling of one who suddeely finds that, when all hopes have vanished, an unexpected friend rises up to console, to guide, and to protect. Just then there came, wafted on the autumn air, from the northern side of the cemetery, the solemn, sad, soul-stirring strains of the "Libera."

At once my thoughts and my feelings took another turn. I no longer saw myself the insignificant atom, unrecognized by the living that passed me by, and likely to be unknown and unthought of, the moment my remains would be placed under the green sod at my feet. I heard the great voice of the Church—the Church Militant—invoking Heaven in behalf of all who slept in that crowded enclosure. I recognized the voice of a friend, a well-wisher, a mother; I knew that I would not be totally forgotten; I knew that on some other third of November—down the avenue of the future—other throngs would come to Cote des Neiges, other graves would be filled with many of those who joined the present pilgrimage; I knew that I would then be reposing, where on this occasion I was standing, or kneeling; I knew that the great mass of the living citizens would pass along unmindful of my existence; At once my thoughts and my feel-

Possibly some person may be curious to know what was the reflection that most occupied my mind during that half hour of attentive observathat nail nour of attentive observa-tion. Well; I was particularly im-pressed with the reality of my own insignificance. I was standing be-side the graves of some who were

"To ramble away on a festival day, From vanity, glare and noise, To calm my soul, where the rivulets roll, In solitude's holy joys."

But there was no solitude amongst the thousands that passed me in

Catholic Endeavor in England.

FROM LATEST CATHOLIC EXCHANGES LOYALTY TO CONVICTION.—
The Earl of Denbigh, one of the most prominent men in Warwickshire, opened a four day's bazar at the Corn Exchange. Coventry, on Wednesday for the purpose of raising funds to extinguish the debt incured in the restoration of St. Osburg's Catholic Church in 1890, His Lordship described the object they had at heart as a vary great one, and he thought that Catholics in this country, and Catholics werry.

perial matters.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION. — Rev. Father Berry during the course of a sermon, preached at St. Patrick's Church, Liverpool, recently, drew the attention of his crowded audience to the importance of education in our days of democracy. The people were in these times the real source of power in the State, and it such a condition of things was to continue, if popular government was not to fade away, it was important that the electorate should be intelligent and educated. He claimed for Catholics the fullest and completest education that could be possibly procured. Nothing would be as fatal to the cause of the Church, and the progress of her work in England, as the failure of Catholics to realize the need of an educated people, and, what was in some respects more necessary still, of a cultured class. He declared his confidence in the pursuit of scientific truth in all forms, for all truth, said Father Berry, was God's truth. The world was made by Him, and His truth written therein could never be in contradiction with the truth He has revealed of old. He would have Catholics follow the advice of Pope Leo XIII and lead in all literary and scientific pursuits, thus proving that the Church was no foe to culture and intellect. She looked not merely to her past, but on to her future, rejoicing in her triumphs, confident in her hopes.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC PARISH.—
It was a dark day for St. David's congregation when it was known that the mandate of the Education Board had been received, and that either extensive new schools must be built or the grant would be discontinued. The blow was the heavier in that it came on top of other heavy expenses which had been incurred by the congregation, the painting and decoration of their fine church, and the provision of a monstrance which is perhaps without a rival this side of London. However, Father Van den Heuvel, the rector of St. David's, knew his people, knew that they would shrink from no sacrifices in the sacred cause of Catholic education; and so committees—real working committees, with Dr. Buist as chairman—were formed, systematic house-to-house collection was started, and by dint of real grit a very large sum towards the total amount needed has already been secured. That fotal amount is upwards of £7,000, a sum which might well appal a far richer mission than St. David's. The church is situated in the centre of the town, and its schools are near at hand. Those who know what land costs in progressive towns will understand the expensive nature of the undertaking when it is stated that the minimum requirements of the Education Board involved the purchase, and subsequent clearing away, of no less than three rows of houses. In all fourteen houses, including the old infant's school, were pulled down to make room for the new building. AN ENTHUSIASTIC PARISH.

NOTES ON TEMPERANCE.

DEFINES "DRINKENNESS."

DEFINES "DRINKENNESS."

DEFINES "DRINKENNESS."

Judge Fgllon, of the South Boaton municipal court, speaking of the views and decisions of the other Boston numicipal judges regarding what constitutes drumbsmass, said recently."

Thave seen nothing in the reported views and decisions of other municipal court; judges to change ny the constitutes drumbsmass. This matter was considered by the supreme judicial court of this commonwealth nearly fifty years ago. Now, the question is to determine when a person has found as formed as found as formed as found as formed as form

THE SALOON.—The proprietor of a Main street saloon, Dubuque, oftered a bit of information to a reporter of the Dubuque "Times" which goes to show that Archbishop Keane's active efforts in the cause of temperance have borne fruit.

"Business is dead in our line," said the saloonkeeper, as he stood in front of his place of business and tooking up and down Main street called the reporter's attention to the almost deserted street. It was a few minutes past 10 o'clock and a Saturday night. The reporter suggested that probably the rounders hadn't taken a start and would show up later on.

"No they won't," replied the man who mixes drinks and hands out high ones, "because they've quit the game. There aren't two places in town that are making more than a living. The majority are taking in rent and keep their table going and just enough to pay their mulct and some of them have to scratch to do that. There is a number of them who manage to keep open who I know don't have the business, and how they keep their heads out of water is a mystery to me. Some of them are backed by the breweries and are kept going just because the competition between the breweries and are kept going just because the competition between the breweries is strong.

"How do you account for it?" he was asked.

"It is the result of Archbishop Keane's sermons," he replied. "Now I am in a position to know what I am talking about and it's a fact. The people are regarding his temperance sermons and are keeping away from the saloons. If they are doing any drinking they are doing it at home. The absence of young men is noticeable. The jubilee had its effect too and many young people took the pledge. If it hadn't been for the excursions brought into the city this summer a number of shutters would be up in some places."

There are about 140 saloons in the city and while each quarter finds some closing their doors there are

There are about 140 saloons in the city and while each quarter finds some closing their doors there are others who take their places and the aggregate number does not vary much.

GLEANINGS.

ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER. — On Monday last, the Feast of St. Charles Borromeo, the patronal feast of His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston, the people of the Limestone city honored their first pastor in a most enthusiastic and devoted manner. Above all did the children of the separate schools make special exertions to impress upon His Grace their deep appreciation of all he has done for them since his arrival in their midst. While the whole diocese has felt the influence for good, for progress, or development of Mgr. Gauthier, it can be said that the faithful of Kingston city have had more opportunities than all others of knowing the sterling worth and the grand qualities of heart and mind that characterize their archbishop. The consequence is that his immediate flock did all that could be done to make him happy and grateful for the successes God has given him in his episcopal mission, on that grand day of his patronal feast. ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER. - On

DR. MARTIN SPAHN. — From time to time we meet with instances of remarkable talents, despite the fact of those possessing them being Catholics, commanding the respect and challenging the admiration of the world. Of these cases that of Dr. Martin Spahn, professor of modern history at the University of Strasburg, is one. He has been recently appointed by the Government of Absace-Lorraine. In connection with the event, we learn, through a contemporary, that:—

'Dr. Spahn is only twenty-six years old took his doctor's degree at the University of Berlin at the age of twenty-one, continued his historical studies for two more years, then entered the Berlin University as Privat-Docent and only a year ago was called to Bonn as extraordinary professor of history. The rupidity of his career is almost unheard of in Germany. It reminds one, by contrast, of the twenty-five semesters during which the distinguished von Fertilian was kept as

most distinguished members of the centre of the Reichstag. Though the youthful professor has already published several learned historical works, these papers will not draw the natural influence that he must be a man of extraordinary through the youthful professor has already published several learned historical works, these papers will not draw the natural influence that he must be a man of extraordinary through the youthful professor has already published several learned historical works, these papers will not draw the natural influence that he must be a man of extraordinary through the position, but are looking of other reasons. The 'Germania' sarcastically tells them: 'Oh, it is only another case of Catholic professors? The predecessor of Dr. Cypahn, admittedly an inferior man, was, of course, a Protestant. It is significant that at the same time that Dr. Spahn was appointed to this chair, a new chair for modern history was established for a Protestant. It now leaks out that when mader the professors the predecessor of Dr. Spahn first applied for the position of Privat-Docent in Berlin, he had to appear before the University and the professors the professors of Dr. Spahn first applied for the position of Privat-Docent in Berlin, he had to appear before the University and the dogma of Papal infallibility would affect his teaching of history! Another illustration of the absolute liberty of teaching 'existing in the German universities. According to the New York 'Herald' of October 19, the German Emperor said, on the occasion of Dr. Spahn's appointment, 'I rejoice to show my Catholic subjects that recognized scientific ability, based upon patriotism and fidelity to the Empire, will be utilized by me for the welfare of the Fatherland.' And the 'Vossische Zeitung' adds: 'Never before had the Crown made such a public demonstration when confirming the nomination of a professor, however eminent.' 'I report to the Crown made such a public demonstration when confirming the nomination and are keeping

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS. — The property of the E Street Baptist Church, Washington, has been sold to the Knights of Columbus for \$22,000. The church organ was purchased with the edifice, which is spacious and of dignified appearance. It is the intention of the buyers to make the building their headquarters instead of Carroll Hall, where they now hold meetings.

YALE'S HONOR.— Yale College has been distributing honors; amongst others the degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred on Archbishop Ireland. Although these honorary degrees are considered more in the sense of compliments paid to superior talents than otherwise, still it is not frequent that members of the Catholic hierarchy are made the recipients of them at the hands of Protestant institutions. In the present instance the transcendent ability of the great prelate makes it a question whether the Archbishop of the college is the more honored by the event. Similar degrees were conferred on President Roosevelt, Mark Twain and Geo. W. Cable. As to the President, it is natural that the college should seek to have his name on the list of its honorary graduates. In regard to Mark Twain we feel confident that no contemporary American litterateur deserved the honor more than he does. Still we believe that as regards his fame as a writer, "Mark Twain" will be remembered in generations to come by thousands for whom "Doctor Clemens" will mean nothing. In fact, no work that Lr. Twain' will be remembered in generations to come by thousands for whom "Doctor Clemens" will mean nothing. In fact, no work that Lr. Samuel L. Clemens could ever do could enhance to any appreciable degree the renown and the rank that "Mark Twain" has established and won.

BRITISH ELECTIONS. — The London 'Laily News' says it hears from a quarter usually well informed that the government contemplates a general election in 1902, and that the Conservative election agents have received instructions to be prepared for eventualities.

bian," is paid to an ordinary and comparatively humbly-situated citizen:

"There died, in this city, recently, John J. Feagen, in his 51st year, who for 35 years had been attached to the "Chronicle" newspaper chiefly at the head of its mechanical department. He was a rough-diamond. Outwardly, at times, he was plain and blut, but inwardly one of the best of men. He was honest, liberal, charitable and self-sacrificing. He was innocently-minded and faithful to every duty. Indeed, his chivalrous sense of duty, in a certain sense, cost him his life, for he would not take a vacation when it was imperatively needed. He was contented with his sphere and did not envy the political magnates of the universe, great or small. He was a practical Catholic and appreciated the inestimable blessing of his faith. After God, he loved his mother From infancy to boyhood and on to middle life she was the one being in the world that he loved beyond expression. To help mother, to make mother comfortable and happy was his constant aspiration and effort. For her, lest, by any chance, he might be separated from her, he abandoned matrimony and its lawful joys. Here was a day-laborer on the pattern proposed by Jesus Christ and if all were like him this world would be tranquil, as far as possi-

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