

THE LATE FATHER JAMES CALLAGHAN.

We translate the following beautiful tribute to the late Father James Callaghan, from the last number of "Le Semaine Religieuse."

"The Angel of Death multiplies his victims amongst the Sulpician Fathers. In less than a year five of them have fallen under his fatal strokes. The last one, Rev. James Callaghan, was stricken down in full vigor of life, at a time when many years of fruitful ministry might have been expected from him. But many expectations and God's will do not always correspond; moreover, of the collective soul of a community, even as of the individual soul of man, it may truthfully be said, that like unto the grain of incense dropped upon the coals, it never sheds around it a purer or more delicate perfume than when resting upon the burning embers of severe trials. And possibly this is why we have beheld, after so many others, this excellent priest, go down to the tomb. To use the solemn language of Holy Writ, 'his life was cut down as by a sickle; and was harvested while yet ripening.'"

James Callaghan was a child of Montreal, where he was born on the 18th October, 1850. His family, rich in faith and honor, must have been an object of God's pleasure; since he drew abundantly therefrom to strengthen the ranks of His priesthood. Two of his brothers are even now priests of Montreal: Rev. Martin Callaghan, curate at St. Patrick's, and Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, connected with the archiepiscopal household. Several other members of the family do honor to the positions occupied by them in the world.

Being sent to the Christian Brothers' Schools for his elementary studies, James became noted for his lively spirit and indomitable good humor. In the autumn of 1865 he went to the Montreal College, where his elder brother had already spent three years. If he did not belong exactly to that category of students, known as "delvers," at least his masters remarked in him a facility for work, a pliable and submissive mind, and a golden character. Of his classmates twenty-three became priests, and one—Mgr. Emard, of Valleyfield—was raised to a place in the hierarchy of Canada. This should suffice to show the degree of piety that these students had attained.

After eight years of a classical course, young Callaghan commenced the study of theology. It was with an ardor bordering on enthusiasm that he dived into the study of sacred learning. In that same holy retreat he received the first ordinations: Tonsure, the 30th May, 1874, and subdiacon, the 22nd May, 1875. Under the action of Divine Grace, his heart felt attracted to the community founded by Mr. Olier. He sailed for France, and there, in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, he concluded his theological studies. He was there received by Rev. Mr. Bieil, who, ten years later, in 1886, came to Montreal, in the capacity of visitor of the Order, and his professor of moral theology was the Rev. Mr. Hogan, the present superior of the Boston Seminary. Canada was at that time well represented in France; while Messrs. Bruchesi, Piche and Baillarge, concluded their philosophy at Issy, Messrs. Laliberte, Duckett and James Callaghan, followed the higher courses of theology in Paris. Ordained priest, on the 26th May, 1877, Father J. Callaghan was admitted, towards the end of the same year, to the solitude or novitiate of the priests of St. Sulpice. Therein a year was spent; a year of preparation for his future ministry; a year also of sweet association, under the eye of God, and of initiation into community life. Into that home-like intimacy, Father Callaghan brought a pleasant and jovial element that will remain forever in the memories of his fellow-novices.

On his return to Montreal, in the autumn of 1878, he was appointed curate to St. Ann's parish, then under the care of the Sulpician priests. He launched heartily into the exercise of the various duties of his ministry, and soon became noted as a talented preacher and one endowed with a peculiar facility in gaining the hearts of the young and of turning them in the right direction. He had won his way to the confidence and affection of the faithful, when suddenly he was taken from his post of duty. The Seminary, in 1880, had given over the parish of St. Ann's to Mgr. Fabre.

After a year of professorship at the Seminary, Father James was again sent into the active parochial ministry for the exercise of which he possessed such marked aptitude. The late Father Dowd, who loved him as a son, was happy to receive him as a curate of St. Patrick's. There did he spend the fifteen most fruitful

years of his career. It would be now superfluous to recall his unbounded charity for the poor, whose dispenser of alms he had for a long period been; of his zeal in instructing and converting our separate brethren, a great number of whom he led into the Church; of his depotedness to the youth of the parish, whose undertakings and societies he directed; of the care which he ever manifested in preaching the word of God, a duty always performed with priestly dignity and frequently with oratorical brilliancy; of the countless missions which he gave to the school children; of that inextinguishable affability which made him approachable for every one and at all times; superfluous would it be to recall all these things, after magnificent obsequies that the piety and the gratitude of the Irish Catholic faithful gave him. Like a silent eulogium, too vast for human language to express, was that spectacle of a speechless and sorrowing throng following his bier as it slowly glided, on a Sunday evening, down from the Hotel Dieu to the Church of Notre Dame, or of that multitude gathered under the vaulted roof of that great temple to pay tribute to the dead. Such a scene forces upon the mind, the words of the great Apostle to the Corinthians: "You are our letter known and read by all..... We are your glory and you are ours." How not recall, in presence of such an event, the consoling thoughts expressed by Cardinal Manning in that chapter of his work on the "Eternal Priesthood," in which he treats of the death of a good priest? "The more he wore himself out in the service of the faithful, the more he beloved, and the more beloved he is, the more he sustained in his last hour by the prayers of those whom he had led to God. Admirable bond of union that charity creates between souls! A livelier and closer union than that of blood! A union that, far from being broken by death becomes transfigured in the world of light, and unites the priest and the faithful for all eternity." Needless to insist further; all praise becomes dull in presence of a whole people in mourning!

However, we do not hesitate to say, that the profoundly priestly soul of the lamented deceased, grew grander and more beautiful in the presence of sacrifice. During his visit to Montreal, in 1876, Rev. Mr. Captier, having need of a professor of Church history for St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, cast his eye upon Father James Callaghan, and offered him the place. To accept meant to leave Montreal, to separate from St. Patrick's, to quit a ministry that he loved; and in which he was beloved, to break away from his accustomed course of life; yet Father James did not hesitate, and despite any advice to the contrary that he might have received, he persevered in his resolution.

He only required to be made aware of a desire on the part of his superiors for him to obey at once and blindfolded. He was ever submissive as a child to them. His obedience was one of the predominating characteristics of his community life. And there were others easy to perceive. His attachment to his fellow-members, ever so simple and so good-natured, at times was very touching. We know that attempts were made to draw him away from St. Sulpice. But neither the glitter of dignities, nor the allurements of a greater degree of freedom, could produce any effect upon that soul so solidly embedded in the faith and so entirely abandoned to the will of God.

In 1897 he returned to Montreal, and was appointed chaplain of the Hotel Dieu. There it was that, in silence, in prayer, in dispensing spiritual aid to the sick, he prepared himself for eternity.

Stricken with a merciless disease, which must have caused him untold sufferings, he neither decried of complaining, nor of seeking medical assistance, thinking, with Louis Veuillot, that "as the cross is everywhere, it must be borne, and that the best way to bear it is to bear it alone, for then it is truly borne with God." When the ravages of the disease became apparent it was too late to check it. No longer in doubt concerning his condition Father Callaghan prepared himself for death by an extraordinary confession. "I disliked very much to die," he admitted to a friend, "but since then I see things in another light, and I gladly hail death as a liberator." On the 12th January, foreseeing a crisis, Rev. Father Colin, his Superior, gave him the last sacraments. Once the crisis over, he improved somewhat, and even his recovery was hoped for. But soon that illusion vanished. Alarming symptoms foretold an early end. The 7th February, sustained by the sacraments, assisted by the prayers of his relatives,

without pain, and like a predestined saint, Father James Callaghan, gave up his soul to God. He was in his fifty-first year.

The last paragraph of this beautiful tribute consists of a brief account of the funeral services at the Hotel Dieu and at Notre Dame, as well as the sad ceremonies, at the grave, which latter were performed by his former class-mate, Bishop Emard of Valleyfield. "And now, James Callaghan sleeps within a few feet of Fathers Dowd and Toppin, memories ever dear, names ever blessed, that are written in ineffable characters upon the hearts of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, and we firmly believe, in letters of gold in the Book of Life."

MR. PATRICK DONAHUE'S ILLNESS.

In answer to many inquiries as to the condition of the venerable Patrick Donahue, founder of "The Pilot," we can but say that he holds his own and that his vitality is the marvel of his physician.

The above is taken from the week's issue of "The Pilot." Mr. Donahue is within one month of completing his 90th birthday.

IRISH AMERICANS IN TRADE.

A correspondent to the New York "Sun" in referring to certain phases of the commercial supremacy of the United States, says:—

The quickness and ingenuity of American workmen are due to the influence of Celtic activity upon our industrial enterprises. The full resources of this country were first laid bare by Irish labor; our great industries were started with the aid of Irish workmen. The liveliness of the Celt and his nervous quickness of movement have left their imprint upon our commercial system. The Irish-American workman has set a pace which his comrades of other races are bound to follow. In so doing he has made it possible for our manufacturers to finish a piece of work in less time than is required in English quarters. He has set a pace which cannot be maintained by the dull, slow Anglo-Saxon. Accordingly, the English manufacturer is now falling to the rear, although economic conditions are more favorable to his business than to ours, although the rate of pay is much lower in England than in the United States.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.

Much has been spoken and written in regard to success in business affairs. A writer thus summarizes some of the little actions of life which have an important bearing in this success. He says:—

Few people live up to all the privileges that they might enjoy. To illustrate, one well written, business like letter might open up a line of business that would be far-reaching in its effects, yet that letter is never written. A determination to investigate some new idea in ascertaining the cost of production or increasing the value of a product might mean the difference between success and failure, but the step is never taken. A resolution to change methods of doing business, to cut off expenses that are useless, to adopt habits of thrift and enterprise, might change the whole condition of a man's life, but the resolution is never put into execution. When such things are so apparent it is no wonder that there are so many failures. Eternal vigilance is the price of success. Many may know this to be true, but only a few realize it. It will do no harm for even the most successful to stop and take an inventory of his methods once in a while and see wherein improvements can be made.

A MUSICAL TYPEWRITER.

One of the most interesting of recent inventions is the musical typewriter. It does not play music, but writes it, the keyboard being an arrangement of musical character instead of ordinary letters. The mechanism is in most respects similar to that of the everyday typewriter.

The sheet of paper on which the music is to be written is printed beforehand with the lines of the staff, and by pressing one of the buttons, the musical character desired may be made to assume its place on the line wanted, so as to stand for the proper note or other mark. Full notes, half notes, quarter notes, eighth notes and sixteenth notes appear on the keys, as well as the signs for sharps and flats.

In writing music the operator first prints the clef mark, and then the arrangement of sharps and flats which indicates the key in which the piece is written. Chords are formed by putting the component notes together, one after another, but in a vertical line on the staff. It is all very simple, but as may easily be realized, this kind of typewriter requires special expertness and a good deal of practice. It is likely to be of more value in copying than in actual composing.

The greatest aim? To form ideals and live up to them.

CATHOLIC EDITORS ON MANY THEMES.

THE OLD STORY.—Under the apt caption "Who Killed Cock Robin?" the "Providence Visitor," of Providence, R.I., thus refers to the apparent apathy which seems to prevail at present in regard to the proposed federation of Catholic societies which caused so much commotion a couple of months ago in the neighboring Republic. We give the article in full as follows:—

What has become of the movement in favor of a federation of Catholic societies? Last year there was much talk about certain specific grievances under which Catholics are alleged to labor in the United States—about the unwisdom of a longer observance of the policy of hope and silence—and about the need of concerted action among Catholic organizations as an effective and legitimate means of securing the redress we desire. The Bishop of Trenton—though he disclaims the honor of being the first to broach the idea of federation—was hailed as the leader of the new movement. So lively an interest was shown in the matter by our people throughout the country that eminent politicians took alarm. Such an organization as the American for September, 1900, was the purpose of rebuking bigotry, where ever bigotry showed itself, bade fair to become an important factor in State and national elections. Bishop McPaul's strong article in the North American for September, 1900, was followed, in the October issue of the same review, by a pointed rejoinder from the pen of the Rev. Thomas H. Malone, member of the Colorado State Board of Charities and Corrections, in which his charges were declared to be without adequate foundation and his project of federation was stigmatized as sure to do more harm than good.

It would be interesting to know how Father Malone's article came to be written; but that is another story. The independent endorsed the sentiments of the Colorado official as was to be expected. The Catholic press as a whole endorsed Dr. McPaul, though there were Catholic editors who, despite the plain language of his Boston letter, his Trenton address and his North American article, insisted on thinking that the Bishop aimed at the formation of a Catholic political party. The Bishop of Green Bay formulated a plan of organization, a meeting to take action on the lines suggested was held in New York last November and then, somehow or other, general interest in the affair ceased. Whether the collapse of the movement was due to the notion that it was designed, or, at least, destined to become political, or whether it is only another illustration of the curious touch of inefficiency which seems to be inherent in the Celt, or whether the prophecy that federation would cause a recrudescence of A. P. A.-ism disconcerted our people, or whether Catholic societies are too deeply interested in mummery, social events and kindred matters, to find time for weightier concerns, nobody seems to know or care.

Meanwhile the Philippines are snickering over the revelation we have made of our lack of unity. Bold Baptist preachers, speaking in the name of four millions of Baptists, tell the President what they want done in the Philippines, and New York, Baltimore and Washington Jewry tells the school authorities what the children of Abraham object to in the conduct of the public schools. A good, stiff spell of persecution is what we American Catholics are "spoiling for." It is the only thing that will arouse us from our ignominious apathy.

SIR FRANK SMITH'S WILL.

Commenting upon the recent reference of a Catholic journal to the will of the late Sir Frank Smith, the "Catholic Register" says:—Sir Frank Smith did not wait until he died to give to charity; he did not, as we said at the time of his death, give to charity with flourish of trumpet. An intimate friend of the late Senator assured us that he gave at least \$10,000 a year in charity from his own personal experience. We can readily believe his statement. In addition to that, in leaving his wealth to his descendants, Sir Frank Smith recognized to the full that it was being placed in the hands of those well trained in the doing of good and in the dispensing of charity.

NOW A JUDGE.—Mr. Arthur O'Connor has been soothed for the loss of his position in the House of Commons. He lost his seat for Donaghy, but he has won a judgeship, says the "Boston Republic." He has been appointed a judge of the county court of Durham, Eng., by the Lord Chancellor upon the recommendation of Arthur J. Balfour, leader of the Tory party in the Commons. At one time Mr. O'Connor was a trusted leader in the Irish Parliamentary party. To-day he is a beneficiary of the Tory Cabinet.

A London correspondent, writing on the subject, said: "Of course, Mr. O'Connor began his career as a clerk in the war office, and he always took exceptional credit to himself for his surrender of that situation for the position of an Irish Nationalist member. That act of self-abnegation has now been rewarded by his security, and he could ever have attained in the war office."

Fat positions are always open to Irish members who are well known to the public, and to the credit of the long line of leaders and workers it may be said that they have generally

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ly kept their hands clean. The deflections have been few and insignificant. Mr. Arthur O'Connor is one of the few, and he is sure to be longed for.

NOTES FROM MAGAZINES.

Literature has ever flourished in the virgin languages, writes Mr. George Muir, in an article on the Irish Language in the current number of the "Nineteenth Century." In the middle of last century French threatened to become the language of Russia, and if it had been accepted by Russian writers as the literary medium do you think that Tolstoi and Tourgueneff would live with the same intense life in French as they do in Russian?

A story is told of how, thirty or forty years ago, three men, the last three who could speak literary Bohemian, met in a library and decided to revive the language of which they were the last literary representatives. A more audacious adventure has hardly ever undertaken, but it has succeeded, and the Bohemian language is to-day spoken and written by all the inhabitants of Bohemia. The Flemish language, which five-and-twenty years ago was rarely heard in the streets of Brussels, is now heard frequently, and it is not improbable that the next generation of Belgian writers will write in Flemish. In fact, it may be said that all over Europe the desire to preserve the small languages is manifesting itself, as if Nature were aware in its subconsciousness of the danger of uniformity which a great empire imposes, and in her own obscure way were remedying the evil. When we see Nature working in this way it is well to listen, for she alone knows the whole truth. In Ireland, just as in Bohemia, the nation became suddenly aware of what it was losing, and in five years 150 branches of the Gaelic League have sprung up. In five years it has become an honor to know the language which in my youth was considered a disgrace. In five years prejudice has melted away; those whose minds are alive in Ireland to-day, in the west, in the south, and in the east, and the question whether Irish children may learn their own language in the schools they pay for was debated for the first time in the last session of the last Parliament. On both the English and the Irish side the debate was a disappointment. It was generally assumed, on the English side, that the English language was capable of expressing every thought that could enter the human mind, and that there was no reason why as great a literary heritage as Shakespeare's and Milton's might not await the next generation.

On the Irish side, I think I can say that a speaker spoke with either knowledge or conviction. The desire of the Irish language is, as I have said, no more than five years old, and in the last five years the Irish members have been engaged in bitter party politics, in internecine strife, at the close of the last Parliament they had forgotten that, below the religious question—and the Home Rule question, the fundamental desire of Ireland is to possess her own soul. It is only within the last five years that Ireland has come to see quite clearly that the saving of her soul is inseparable from the saving of her language.

RECENT DEATHS.

MACDONALD.—The death of Mr. William MacDonald of Panmure, P.E.I., father of our esteemed and highly respected religiousist, Dr. J. A. MacDonald of Belmont street, Montreal, is announced. Deceased attained the ripe old age of 73 years. Dr. MacDonald will have the sincere sympathy of his hosts of friends in our Irish parishes in his bereavement. R.I.P.

HARDING.—After a long and painful illness, Mrs. Thomas Harding, wife of Mr. Thomas Harding of the Montreal Post Office, passed to her reward a few days ago. Deceased was well known in St. Patrick's Parish, where she had resided for many years and identified herself in a most sincere and cheerful manner with charitable works. Mr. Harding and daughter will receive the sympathy of a large circle of our people in their great sorrow. R.I.P.

The human soul is like a bird in a cage. Not a thing can deprive it of its natural longings, or obliterate the mysterious remembrance of its heritage.

The heart of a Christian should be a tomb for the faults of his friends. Conscience and rattlesnakes warn and then strike.

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A CURIOUS SICK CALL.

A Fact Related to the Person Who Describes it for the Northwest Review.

Some forty or fifty years ago a little girl of about seven went into the sacristy of a country church in the west of France as soon as mass was over, one weekday morning, and did her best to explain to the priest that her grandfather begged that he would go without delay to administer to him the last sacraments, as he was near death.

The priest was surprised to receive the message, as he had heard no tidings of the old man's illness, and his perplexity increased when, on questioning the child, who lived alone with her aged relative, he could learn nothing to confirm the statement.

"Is your grandfather very ill, my child," asked the priest.

"I don't know, Father," replied the girl.

"Was he in bed yesterday?"

"No, Grandfather was up, and did everything that he does every day."

"Are you quite sure, my little one that you are making no mistake in this message?"

"No, Father. Grandfather told me to come early, and to be sure to find you, and ask you to go at once."

The priest looked at the sacristan conversation, but no question that even he could suggest served to any purpose but to confirm the first impression, namely, that the child was doing exactly what she had been told to do, but that no particulars as to the illness of the old man, who usually enjoyed excellent health, could be elicited.

The priest hesitated, it was to go to a considerable distance, over very bad roads, to an out-of-the-way place, and as far as he could judge, without reason. For himself, he should not have minded, but he would willingly have spared the fatigue of the sacristan, whose health was feeble.

However, there was a possibility of some ground for the message, so the priest explained to the child that they would accompany her home.

When they reached the woods both the priest and his companion were glad to have a safe guide in the little figure that stopped bravely and surely before them in the right path where they might have doubted whether to turn to the right or left.

After a long, long walk, the small party came in sight of the woodman's hut.

As they approached nearer, to the surprise of the priest and the sacristan, they perceived the old peasant sawing wood near his door.

Respect for the Blessed Sacrament which the priest carried prevented any observations from those who had come to minister to the wants of the child's grandfather; but the priest said afterwards he concluded immediately that his journey had been unnecessary.

His first words to the old man were, "My friend, your little granddaughter asked me to come to give you the last sacraments because you were in danger of death."

"Yes, Father," replied the woodman, calmly, "and I am very thankful to you for having come; it is true that I am going to die."

"But you don't seem to be ill?"

"Perhaps not, but I should like to have the last sacraments."

Again the priest hesitated; however, he thought, the man is old; he lives very far from the church; he has been preparing, it seems, for some time, perhaps it may be safer to accede to his wishes.

The old man, firm in his conviction, insisted upon going to bed, and with simple devotion received all the last rites of the Church.

When the priest and the sacristan came on him their farewell glance nothing in his appearance implied that it would be the last he would receive from them in life.

When they had been gone about ten minutes, they heard the rapid patter of little feet behind them. It was the child, who threw herself, sobbing, on the ground before the priest: "Grandfather is dead, my grandfather is dead."

The greatest grief? The snapping of a life's link.

The punishment of falsehood is to suspect all truth.

Happiness is never found by those who seek it on the run.

Before every decisive resolution the dice of death must be thrown.

"True Witness" double issues, March 16 and 23. A few advertising spaces yet open; good positions.

February 23 1901

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