

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

While this has not been a week as prolific as many others in important anniversaries, nonetheless it recalls events that have been of no mean import in the history of the world. We will run over a few of them, in the hope that some of the readers may be interested in their mention. Beginning with last Sunday, January 24th, we find that it commemorates the birth of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, which took place on that date, in 1712. It was on the same day of the month, in 1779, that Lafayette returned to France from America. Having supported the American cause with his sword, and stood by Washington throughout the war of Independence, Lafayette went back to France covered with glory, hailed as a hero, a patriot and renowned warrior. He returned just in time to fall into the arms of the French nation as the terrible Revolution, that was soon to rock the world with its "Terror" was beginning. And in France he was destined to play as important a part as he had played in America. On the 24th January, 1838, took place the great earthquake that shook all Europe. Perhaps it was the most widespread phenomenon of that class ever experienced in the world; principally because it affected a thickly populated portion of the earth.

The 25th January commemorates the origination of King James' Bible, in 1604. On the same date, in 1627, Robert Boyle, the Natural Philosopher, was born. It might be remarked that both Ganot and Atkinson, in their works on Physics, drew considerable inspiration from the formulae and the discoveries of Boyle. In 1759, on the 25th January, the famed Robert Burns, the national Bard of Scotland, was born. The story of Burns is as familiar as his unsurpassed lyrics, and it is better to make only a passing reference to the date of his birth, because the subject is one too extensive, and too attractive, for such a sketch of dates as this. On the 25th January, 1785, Matthew Carey opened his publishing house in Baltimore—the fame of which was widespread—one hundred years ago. The 25th January was also the anniversary of the birth of the Irish painter, Daniel Maclise, which event took place in 1811. Like Barry and Ford, Maclise carried the fame of Ireland's artistic greatness into all Europe and left behind him imperishable works—all of which shed a lustre upon his race and country.

The 26th January, 1622, saw the first settlement of Nova Scotia—and the history of the next century of that land of Acadia is one of the most interesting pages in the annals of the New World. On the 26th January, 1823, Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, died. On the same date, in 1837, the State of Michigan was admitted to the American Union. In 1861, on the 26th January, the State of Louisiana seceded. And on the 26th January, 1875, Archbishop Patrick Lahey, of Cashel, in Ireland, died. He it was who had for successor the famous Archbishop Croke, whose death was lamented a couple of years ago. In these columns, at that time, a correspondent told the story of "Cashel of the Kings."

The 27th January, 1657, Coffee was first introduced into England. In 1706, on the same date, Benjamin Franklin was born. The life of Franklin takes in almost the entire eighteenth century—and his name has come down both as a scientist and a patriot. On the 27th January, 1776, Edmund Burke made his first great speech in the British Parliament. Wonderful and effective as that speech was, it was only the first flash of genius; soon was it to be followed by a series of the grandest orations that, perhaps, ever fell from the lips of a Parliamentarian. On the 27th January, 1871, Paris capitulated to

the Germans, after the Franco-Prussian war. On the same date, in 1898, the United States lost one of its most conspicuous citizens, by the death of James G. Blaine.

The 28th January seems to have had more than an ordinary share of anniversaries. In the first place, on the 28th January, 814, Charlemagne, the renowned Catholic monarch of France, died. On the same date, in 1725, Peter the Great of Russia, died. It was he who founded the city of St. Petersburg, and built it upon spiles driven into the swamps that lined the Neva. He gave Russia the first of her fleet, and constructed the great northern fortress of Gornostad, situated about eighteen versts from St. Petersburg. On the 28th January, 1768, Cardinal Cheverus, the first Bishop of Boston, was born. On the same date, in 1802, Lord Clare (Fitzgibbon) died. In 1807, on the 28th January, London was lighted by gas for the first time. We can scarcely form an idea of London in that day as compared with the London of the present. Gas was wonderful to the people of the dawn of the nineteenth century, while electricity, with all its miracles of transformation, has become so familiar to the people of the opening twentieth century, that it is almost universal and considered quite ordinary. On the 28th January, 1859, Prescott, the historian, died. To him do we owe much of the knowledge that the world now possesses concerning the conquests of Peru and of Mexico. His works are now considered as standard authorities in all that concerns these two countries.

The 29th January, 1737, Tom Paine, the infidel, was born. This man became notorious on account of the French Revolution coinciding with the publication of his "Age of Reason"—a book that has only its title to recommend it. Of all the attempted philosophies that lack the elements of logic Tom Paine's is the worst. Only in an age of political insanity could men possibly stultify themselves to the extent of ranking Paine amongst the world's thinkers. On the 29th January, 1820, King George III., of England, died. On the same date, in 1828, the famous Archbishop Maréchal, of Baltimore, died. And on the 29th January, 1861, the State of Kansas was admitted to the Union—just three days after Louisiana had seceded.

This day, the 30th January, is a day of striking anniversaries. It was on the 30th January, 1521, that Bishop John Folan, of the patriotic Episcopal ruler of Limerick closed his earthly career. On the 30th January, 1654, the transplantation of Loughrea to Connaught commenced—an event ever memorable in the penal story of Ireland. On the 30th January, 1649, King Charles I. of England was executed. On the self-same day—the 30th January, 1660, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton and John Bradshaw were hanged at Tyburn and buried under the gallows—a strange and remarkable dispensation of fate. On the 30th January, 1869, William Carleton, the Irish novelist, died. He had gained most of his reputation through his "sketches of the Irish Peasantry," a work once very popular, because it caricatured the Irish people in a most abominable manner, but exactly to the taste of those who wished ill to the taste of those who wished ill and their cause. On the 30th January, 1879, Marshal McMahon resigned as President of France. During the "seventies" no more conspicuous or noble figure stepped across the scene of European affairs than Marshal McMahon. He was one of the last and greatest examples of the men of Irish parentage and descent whose talents and lives were given to France, and whose careers assisted most signally in securing her glory.

of friends," was often said of the young Illinois lawyer. Poor in purse as he was, he was rich in his friendships, and he rose largely by their aid. "Win hearts, and you have hands and purses," said Lord Burleigh, cynically phrasing a great social principle.

No young man starting in life could have better capital than plenty of friends. They will strengthen his credit, support him in every effort, and make him what, unaided, he

could never be. Friends of the right sort will help him more to be happy and successful than much money or great learning.

When Garfield entered Williams College, he won the friendship of its president, Mark Hopkins. Years afterward, when president of the United States, he said: "If I could be taken back into boyhood, to-day, and have all the libraries and apparatus of a university, with ordinary routine professors, offered me on the one hand, and on the other a great luminous, rich-souled man, such as Dr. Hopkins was twenty years ago, in a tent in the woods alone, I should say, 'Give me Dr. Hopkins for my college course, rather than any university with only routine professors.'"

Charles James Fox, unfortunate in his home training, had his defects largely remedied through his association with Edmund Burke.

History, both sacred and profane, is full of examples of the effects of friendship on character of David and Jonathan bring out all that was best in both those royal souls? Would Aquila and Priscilla have developed so grandly without the friendship of St. Paul? What would Cicero have been without Atticus, or Xenophon without Socrates?

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Elizabeth Barrett Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." "I had a friend," was the reply. This is the secret of many a great and successful life. Many men would have lain down disheartened, long before he reached his goal, but for the stimulus and encouragement of some friend whose name the world has never heard. Hundreds who are lauded in the press and honored all over the world for their achievements owe their success largely to the encouragement of wives, mothers, sisters or other special friends.

The average man little realizes how great a part even of his material success he owes to his friends. He takes to himself the entire credit of every achievement, boasting of his own marvelous insight, judgment, and hard work. However, if we should eliminate the inspiration and the free advertising they have given us; and if we should deduct from our popularity the percentage due to their good words, and give up situations they helped us to gain, the majority of us would find a great shrinkage in what we thought our own achievement.

"Our chief want in life," says Emerson, "is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue there is in us. How he flings wide open the door of existence! What questions we ask of him! What an understanding we have! How few words are needed! It is the only real society. A real friend doubles my possibilities, adds his strength to mine, and make a well-nigh irresistible force possible to me."

The example or encouragement of a friend has proved the turning-point in many a life. How many dull boys and girls have been saved from failure and unhappiness by discerning teachers or friends who saw in them possibilities that no one else could see, and of which they were themselves unconscious! Those who appreciate us, who help to build up instead of destroying our self-confidence, double our power of accomplishment. In their presence we feel strong and equal to almost any task that may confront us.

A man should start out in life with the determination never to sacrifice his friendships. He must keep them alive or sacrifice a part of his manhood and a part of his success. There must be a live wire kept continually between him and them.

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel," and, as old friends are removed by death or other causes, do not fail to replace them. You cannot afford to narrow the circle of your friends, for the measure of your success and happiness, and your usefulness, will be largely proportioned to the number and quality of your friends.

A PLEA FOR UNITY.

Bishop Matz, in a sermon in the Cathedral of Denver, on a recent Sunday, said:

"Every Catholic should belong to some Catholic society, and then all should unite with the American Federation, and thus present a solid, united front against socialism. Think of a Catholic American Federation of 12,000,000 strong and backed by the millions of honest, upright and fair-minded Americans who only need to know our just claims to concede them. Is there anything within the realms of justice and equity that we might ask of our government which would be refused? Then there is the

press, the most powerful agency for either good or evil in the world, just as we make it. The Catholic press does not receive from our own people the support it deserves. There should not be a Catholic family in the land without at least one or two representative Catholic weeklies in the house. We often hear the complaint that they are not up to the standard. If this is true, whose fault is it? Our own fault, of course. Why don't we support it better? Association, federation, the Catholic press, and above all a true Catholic spirit, animated with the all-pervading principle of Christian charity, a noble, ardent and generous enthusiasm for the grandest of all causes—Christian education, truth and righteousness, giving everyone his due and standing up for our own rights under the protection of our laws, these are the means at our disposal, and if we don't resort to them, and fail in consequence, the fault is ours and we need blame no one else but ourselves."

A BISHOP'S VIEW ON EDUCATION.

Addressing the students and their friends at the Laurel Hill Convent, Limerick, the Bishop of Limerick said: With regard to the teaching of domestic economy subjects, he should like a remark thereon to reach the Technical Department in Dublin. He set great store and importance on these subjects. Literary and scientific subjects could take care of themselves; but he thought in a poor country like Ireland it was of importance to have attention directed to the practical and useful phases of education as well as other subjects. He knew nothing more useful for a girl at the end of her school days than to be a thoroughly trained housewife. The Department required that girls who took up domestic economy subjects in their third year of scientific study should take with them some independent branch of science. He should say this was too much. Two years of science seemed to him to be ample qualification, and then for the third year before they left school to devote themselves to practical and useful subjects. If this knowledge of science was necessary for cooking and laundry, two years ought to be sufficient, and the third year could be more usefully employed by girls in the study of domestic economy subjects.

He should like, too, that the system of inspection, which the Intermediate Commissioners employed for a year or so, should be continued and improved, as he thought it was of great importance for the good work that was being done in their schools that competent, experienced men should go round and see actuality the conditions under which education was carried on. They should see the methods followed, and not be satisfied, as the Commissioners seemed to be at present, with a mere paper examination.

He had been greatly struck the other day by an observation of Mr. Lecky, who said that one of the greatest practical mistakes made by the authors of the Protestant Reformation was in the abolition of convents for nuns. When they looked at this city and the country and saw what the nuns were doing, they could realize the truth of Mr. Lecky's remark, and see that the people who deprived themselves of so much power for good made an egregious blunder indeed. He would qualify Mr. Lecky's remark, and say that the authors of the Protestant Reformation had no choice. Convents were a plant that did not grow on Protestant soil. The fundamental principles of Protestantism were incompatible with the ideals of life which nuns set before themselves, and, therefore, as they could not get grapes off thorns nor figs off thistles, they could not get the fine flower of the Catholic Church which they had in their religious communities, in a religious body that was based on the ideal of every principle of Catholic spiritual life. They could see what the nuns did in the workhouse, where they were the only gleam of human life, the only touch of human sympathy, the only touch of the human hand that reached the poor.

ANTI-POPEY DAYS.

The anti-Popey days are dying out if they are not dead already. Americans of intelligence, no matter how they have been brought up, are seeing that the Catholic Church, led by the Pope of Rome, is the greatest force in the world to-day against those who would overthrow society with anarchy.—Sacred Heart Review.

OUR PUBLICATIONS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It was mentioned in my first article upon the old "Quebec Almanac," for 1821, that, as an appendix to that year's issue, there is a sketch of Canada, written in 1811. It would be a long story were I to attempt to reproduce even a few extracts from a "sketch" that covers forty very closely printed pages. It would be, however, very amusing to note the queer ideas they had in those days about the extent of the country, and the very elementary and inaccurate ideas of Canadian geography that they possessed. I will not try to enter into the subject as it would be interminable. But there is one section of this appendix which I am confident will prove interesting to the reader of to-day, and from which I will borrow a few brief extracts.

THE POPULATION.—The population of Canada, at the time of the conquest, was about 60,000 souls, including the whole of the settlements to Detroit. At present (in 1811), the population of Lower Canada, (our Province of Quebec), is estimated at 400,000, about seven-eighths of which are of French descent, and profess the Roman Catholic religion; the other eighth is composed of English, Irish, Scotch, German, Americans, and their descendants. Of these, the Americans are now the most numerous; the next the Scotch. Till recently, the latter have carried on nearly all the exterior trade of Canada. They now divide it with the English, Irish and Americans. There is hardly an instance of the French descendants, who are almost exclusively called Canadians in the country, being engaged in external trade; they, however, share largely in the retail and internal trade. There are, as yet, no manufactories in the country of any note; those of leather, hats and paper are, however, introduced, and the clothing of the farmers is generally made in their families. There are two Iron Works in the vicinity of Three Rivers.

A MIGHTY CONTRAST.—It would be a needless task to establish a contrast between the conditions that obtained in 1811 and those of to-day. The Island of Montreal, in this year 1904, has as great a population as had the entire province then. It would be no easy task for the imagination to figure this whole province without a single manufactory, outside the Iron Works on the St. Maurice, and the four or five hat and paper factories of Montreal and Quebec. One of the most interesting passages in the whole book is that which deals with the Canadians (French), as a people, and in which we get a very fair idea of how they were regarded by the best British minds of the time. When articles were being published calculated to prejudice the English mind against the Canadians and their religion, we find the author of this important sketch making a strong effort to do them justice. Some of his remarks might be amended with considerable truth, but as they appear I will quote a few of them; it not being my duty, at this moment, to criticize.

Household Notes

A BREAD MIXER.—Another useful invention is a bread mixer that thoroughly mixes a whole baking in five minutes, and is so easily operated that the children can be pressed into service. Children really like to help in the kitchen if something interesting is given them to do. They hate to wash dishes, and so does almost every one else. Constructive work delights them. Visit a cooking class in the public schools and see if this is not true.

GOOD COFFEE.—Very often good coffee taste very bitter. The remedy is cleanliness of utensils. It is impossible to have good coffee unless the coffee pot is kept perfectly clean. Never leave coffee standing in the pot to be reheated. Warm up coffee is an abomination anyhow, and the coffee pot is bound to retain a stale smell and taste. Do not wash the pot with other tins, but give it a scrubbing with soap and clean hot water by itself. Put it away with the lid up or off, as the case may be.

THICK, SOUR MILK will polish

ABOUT "CANADIANS."—"The mass of the Canadian population may be said to be agriculturalists. There is no happier people in the world. Their labor affords them the necessities of life; no part of it is taken from them, but what they consider as being for their own use. Amongst them, ambition and vanity rarely create unreal wants, nor envy sours real enjoyments. In the ordinary state of human happiness they are cheerful and lively. To evils beyond their control they submit with resignation. They are strongly attached to their religion, their country, laws, customs and manners; and are averse to all innovation. They partake of the French character, something in the same way as the New Englanders partake of that of Englishmen. Both have been modified by circumstances, and now differ from their origin. Where there is plenty of land to cultivate, the man who lives by labor depends only on the Almighty and himself. An America, the independent spirit of the Englishmen sometimes degenerates into licentious coarseness; the servility of the Frenchmen disappears. The Canadian peasant acknowledges superiors; to them he is respectful, but he expects a corresponding attention; an omission in this respect is not easily forgiven. To his equals he is polite and obliging; inferiors he knows of none; what he possesses he owes to his labor, and every well-behaved person enjoys the same means. If one of them serves the other, he is as one of the family. The Canadian farmer is social, to a fault; much of his time is sacrificed to this quality. It is this which prevents the young people from removing to a distance to occupy new lands; it is this, also, which is the source of that value set upon the opinion of others; which frequently degenerates into vanity.

"In his person, he is of the middle size, firmly made, and active. There is no people capable of greater fatigue and privation. In these, the Canadian is singularly supported by the gaiety of his disposition. His mind is unimproved; his ideas confined; his character excellent. In worldly concerns he reasons and acts from his own experience, his feelings, or some long received maxims. He is mistrustful of what he hears, or reads, especially when it does not come from those of his own class. In spiritual concerns, he is guided by his parish priest, (Cure), who, if he wishes to stand well with him, most meddle with nothing else."

This is not the tone adopted by many a British speaker and writer in more recent years. Of late the Canadian is pictured as a "priest-ridden," superstitious and slavish being. But it is prejudice, coupled with bigotry, which dictates all these harsh and unjustifiable criticisms; while the expressions of the writer of the above-quoted article, savor of fair-mindedness, and honesty. The same writer pays a splendid tribute to the bravery of Canadian soldiers, and the fidelity of the Canadian clergy during the war with the United States that was raging during the very year in which he wrote.

silver without the trouble of rubbing. Put the silver into a pan, cover with the sour milk, and let stand for half an hour. Wash and rinse as usual. Every little crevice will be found bright and shining.

It is said that salt, sprinkled on rugs on carpets before sweeping them, will keep away moths.

ONE WOMAN'S IDEA.

A lady from the country once came up to see the British Museum, and an official undertook to show her round. After much walking through the galleries the official was disappointed to find that none of the wonders created any astonishment, or even interest. In due time, however, they descended to the great Nineveh gallery, which was then warmed by two large fires. As they walked among the monsters there came at last a look of real interest and pleasure into the lady's face. The official, looking round, kindly said: "If you will tell me what interests you I will explain all about it." "Oh," said the lady, "I should so like to know what blackhead they use for those fire-places!"

"Welcome to China," is very good of you to call."

We sat for some time in the parlor, talking Sister Xi home news we could answer all her eager

"And now I am sure like to come over our pre Sister, when our ne exhausted. 'It would not without seeing the work

We were very anxious could, and also to hear the founding of this little colony, in the heart of city.

Since the early fifties Sisters of Charity have, at Ning-po. The site of was bought during the T'ai-ping rebellion, when these were flying from the were anxious to sell the it has remained in the hands ever since. The most particular as to any bargains they have cially of such as are the selling of land and They even go so far as those homes sold by them suffered destruction at the the Boxers or other fan Sisters who came to mak ation were brought from French man-of-war, and up through the town in each guarded by an officer evening of June 21st, 1870, vant is situated in the Chinese city, and the only Europeans who quarter, all the others ha residence in the Kampu. no European penetrates part, and the doctor when he is sent for. Th also is within the Kampu.

Our first visit was to the maintained and managed ters, and holding about tents. The babies' ward, separate, is very elastic, according to the season. of illness and disease find to the ward here, and themselves are both the and doctors. Only in ve cases do they call in the the European doctor, a hearted Scotchman, who to give his help. During the war with Japan, several convents of the Sisters of organized ambulances for which did much to relieve suffering. The Chinese themselves made no provision wh natives thoroughly appreciate hospitals, and the one at always well filled. Attach a dispensary, where every ing 200 or 300 patients, men and children, come. In attendance requires great of knowledge, for ever

OUR BO

BE IN TIME

Be in time for every call. If you can, be first of all—Be in time

If your teachers only find You are never much behind But are like the dial true, They will always trust in y. Be in time

Never linger ere you start Set out with a willing heart Be in time

In the morning up and on, First to work and soonest This is how the goal's attained This is how the prize is gained Be in time

Those who aim at something Never yet were found too late Be in time

Life with all is but a school We must work by plan and With some noble end in view Every steady, earnest, true Be in time

Listen, then, to wisdom's call Knowledge now is free to all Be in time