

"beautiful!" "lovely!" when the same player, with an instructive production, would face the empty benches. Were the thousands who read "Quo Vadis" capable of regarding it as a piece of perfection in literary construction? Yet readers who had no sympathy with its moral, its religious or its historic intimations, raved over the Sienkiewicz book and covered it with a literary commendation when they handed it to their friends. Well done, whited sepulchres! And the "ex nunc" measured you by her own standard when she placed conveniently the tinted handbill so framed as to stir up all the uncleanness within you. The reason why? Shame!—Catholic Universe.

CHURCH MUSIC AND THE MUSIC OF CHURCHES.

Frederickton, N. B.
Sir—Your correspondent, J. A. D., writes vigorously, as you say. He agrees with the priest who said that indeed when angels adore near the altar, the devil seems sometimes to take possession of the west gallery to bring mockery upon God. Perhaps he had been hearing a Tantum Ergo such as Rosewing in G.

By the way, be it said, as to Mozart, that his so-called 12th Mass has been found to be not Mozart's at all. But, doubtless, your correspondent has excellent principles of taste; among which must first come suitable relations between subject and artistic expression thereof. Haydn and Mozart wrote fine music for the concert hall. The Church wrote another sort—for the altar. And as Mozart, I believe, said he would rather have written the Pater Noster music than all his own pieces. How many hundreds of times have we thanked God that the Church decided against our composers laying their profane hands on the Pater Noster and the Preface.

But this brings one to the chief points of my letter. It is as follows: Your correspondent says: "I think it is a great shame that the Catholic Church has ever permitted such Masses to be sung." And you yourself say: "It may be safely left to the authorities of the Church to decide, as to what extent figured music should be allowed."

My point is this. The Church has decided, again and again. It is not to be safely left to any local authority to decide against the Congregation of Rites. But there are local authorities that have submitted to Rome.

The Archdiocese of Cincinnati has just issued a list of forbidden and permitted Church music. Among the former are Haydn's and Mozart's, products of a time of anti Catholic and un-Christian ecclesiastical art. The Archdiocese of Dublin has also appointed a diocesan commission on music to which the best compositions must be submitted before any thing is sung at congregations trying to worship.

PLAIN SPEAKING IS GOOD FOR US.

Listen to this—from the Stonyhurst Magazine lately (quoted in the Tablet, Dec. 30, 1899):

"I have reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that of the immense number of religious sects at present existing in England, there is probably not one whose Church music is so greatly superior, from the points of view of solemnity and devotion, to our own. This is a humiliating conclusion to come to; but for any one who looks for correspondence between the music and the solemn act of worship which it is intended to pay to God Almighty in the church, it seems to be the only possible conclusion. Putting aside all other sects, let us take as an example the Anglican Church. The music sung in the Protestant Cathedral absolutely puts us, or ought to put us, to shame. Where have we anything like it? In what Catholic church can we hear music so completely in harmony with the prayer that is being offered up, as that rendered by those cathedral chorists? And yet their act of worship is, so to speak, fictitious; whereas we have the great unbloody sacrifice offered up on our altars. Their empty celebrations are accompanied by chant which is soul stirring and elevating, and assist the congregation to take active participation in the service. During High Masses, on the contrary, we are performing pieces of an operatic character, very often scandalously light in style, or orchestral symphonies which would have more fitting places in the concert hall, than in the church, and which have no sort of correspondence with the words of this liturgy, but which, moreover, are eminently distracting to priest and people. . . . I do not wish here to be understood as advocating the exclusive use of Plain Chant. Let us, by all means, rejoice in the Lord, in our Church music. But I conceive that we can do so without resorting to profane style or making a hideous noise."

At a cathedral in Ontario lately, you could hear a Credo made up of hymns, tunes, and various skipping airs—shapeless, vulgar, meaningless, on an artistic level with a popular band's selection of half-finished airs.

Look at such a collection of hymns and tunes as the important body, the Christian Brothers of the United States, does not shrink from publishing the Young Catholics' Hymn Book, I think it is called. Compare its music, its musical editing, its taste, its regard for the Church's spirit with—perhaps I may say—any generally used hymn book among Protestants. Do not say, except "Moody's and Sankey's;" because very lately at a great Canadian church of a famous order, all through a Mass were sung series of hymns, which for flat, depressing nothingness, uneclesiastical frivolity, and anti-Catholic sentimentality could not be surpassed in any revival hymns, or even in some tunes of the Canadian Messenger. Oh, the pity of it!

The Catholic Church is on the side of your correspondent. It is a good side to be on.

And here is what the Catholic Church says, not what local churches say:

Rome, 1884: "Only such vocal music is allowed in the Church as is of an earnest, pious character, becoming the House of the Lord and the praise of God, and being in close connection with the sacred text, is a means of in-

clinging and furthering the devotion of the faithful."

Rome, 1894: "Let Bishops exercise supervision over parish priests and rectors of the churches, so that they may not permit music contrary to this instruction of the present regulations, having recourse, if need be, to canonical penalties against delinquents."

Yours truly,

W. F. P. Stockley.

P. S.—The penny pamphlets of the Catholic Truth Society (69 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E.—with branches in Canada) will fortify your correspondent. For instance: "Our Church Music: what it is and what it ought to be;" and The Westminster decree on Church music. Also, the penny monthly of the C. T. S., Catholic Book Notes, has always some vigorous words on Church music affairs. Another thing, Cardinal Vaughan recently repeated his injunction against the indecency of advertising the names of singers at High Mass, Benediction, etc. "They know not what they do."

Poor old Catholic St. Patrick's, in Dublin, used to be called Paddy's Opera, because of the bad behavior some years ago of its now Protestant congregation. Yet even there, the most shameless would never have dreamt of advertising Mr. So and So's singing—magnificent and exquisite and Catholic—solemn music as it all mostly was.

Not only men, but women, we actually parade in the public papers as about to sing the "Agnus Dei," the "Benedictus qui venit," the "Et incarnatus est." It was a Protestant historian who said: "The Catholic Church is the great school of reverence." Catholics do their best sometimes to make the House of Prayer a den of fools or knaves, with tickled ears or hardened hearts.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Our correspondent, Mr. Stockley will remark that there is nothing in our article to which he refers, contrary to the decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The decrees of the Sacred Congregation very properly forbid whatever is not suited to the exciting of pious affections, or is not becoming the House of God, but there is an amount of intelligent discretion allowed to the ecclesiastical authorities on this subject on which we have no desire to infringe.

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

The First Contract Laborers and Their Fate.—Their Numerous Progeny—"Sons" That Dishonor Their Simple Forefathers—New England Unitarianism.

"G. W. P.," writing from Plymouth, Mass., to the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times, says:

Two hundred and seventy nine years ago this week the Mayflower cast anchor here for the purpose of discharging one hundred contract laborers sent from England at the expense of John and William Pearce, two London merchant adventurers, who lost \$12,000 by the venture, for the Pilgrim Fathers had "conscientious scruples" against paying for their passage in work or kind, and after they had eaten the food and drunk the ale and rum that came out in the Mayflower, they kicked over their contract and shifted for themselves. During the first winter half of the poor creatures died of hardships and disease. Of the remainder two were hanged for murder and one was murdered by a brother Pilgrim father. From the forty odd men and women who survived millions claim descent. The truth seems to be that there are not more than thirty thousand living persons who are descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, and most of them are scattered about this state.

A few days ago a great many professional speakers and writers, whose board, bed and washing has been paid for years by the exercise of vivid imaginations in talking and writing about the Pilgrims, met here to dedicate a church, which they claim is the original Pilgrim church and has existed as a religious body from the time of the Pilgrims. The building is in the school of architecture which Thomas Carlyle denominated cow house Presbyterian.

It cost about as much as the cheap temporary churches which are built by mission priests when establishing parishes in manufacturing towns. It is feeble in numbers and influence. I counted six times as many souls coming out of St. Peter's Catholic church here after High Mass as came forth from the Pilgrim's church, or more properly speaking, meeting house.

Some of the descendants of the best families of Pilgrim days are Catholics. Bishops Cheverus, Fenwick and Fitzpatrick were very successful in converting descendants of the Pilgrims and of the Puritans who landed at Boston. Rev. Father Bodfish of this diocese is a direct descendant of a governor of the Plymouth colony. Archbishop Bayley was of the same stock, and in several Catholic parishes of Boston and New York there are nearly two hundred descendants of the Pilgrims. If the New England historians would revise their books and write the truth about the Pilgrim fathers, their writings would be vastly more interesting as showing how a flock of honest laboring men and women, pitchforked helter skelter on a leaky ship and compelled to herd with rascals and bad women who were the scum of England, pulled themselves together on a bleak shore, ridged the colony of the worst members, compelled the idle to work and

the vicious to keep within bounds, and built up a sober and thrifty community, wherein men and women of opposing religious and antagonistic races managed to pull together on many issues for the common welfare. But instead of writing the cold facts, the Yankee romancers have filled the books with falsehoods about the "Pilgrims fleeing from religious persecution to found a Church without a Bishop and a State without a King," and their canting phrase goes.

Talking with a Unitarian minister whom I met at the hotel to-day, I said it was a strange fact that the so-called Pilgrim Church here to-day, which he claimed is the legitimate parent Church of the Pilgrims, maintains a creed and sets forth an interpretation of the Bible which if professed or set forth in the hearing of the Pilgrims and their descendants, until a century ago, would have consigned the holders of such views to the hangman, the jail and the pillory. The minister said that my contention was absolutely correct, but he maintained that if the Pilgrim fathers were to-day on earth and in touch with the "progressive ideas and high culture of our times, they would reject the Apostles' Creed and hold with the Unitarian body that Jesus Christ was a very ordinary person, destitute of culture and narrowed by a too strict interpretation of the Hebrew religion." This minister fits represents the average narrow-minded New England Unitarian sect, invented by shallow-minded mediocrities like Channing and the tiresome twaddler, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and that horde of New England college professors and ministers, literary characters and journalists, whose crudities and vulgarities make the American who loves his country hang his head with shame when he sees foreigners of learning and character mistake the New England Unitarian charlatans for men of light and learning.

These Unitarians have no sense of honor in anything connected with profiting by trust funds left by men and women who believed the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments with all their hearts and souls. Not only in Plymouth, but in every old town in New England, many Unitarians derive their whole support from funds left by Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and members of other sects that maintained the divinity of our Lord for the support of churches, chapels, colleges and schools in which all the articles of the Apostles' Creed were believed and taught in the days of the testators. Several of the leading colleges of New England which are dominated by infidels were founded by God-fearing men and women and enriched with bequests to the amount of millions of dollars, the income of which to-day is applied to the support of open enemies of Christianity and for the support in luxury and idleness of alleged professors rioting in Europe six months in the year and at home blaspheming God the remainder of the year.

Most of the daily and weekly newspapers of New England are under the control of atheists graduated from the instructions of these godless professors, who see nothing dishonorable in drawing their living from trust funds left by the distinct idea that the money would be paid out to believers in Christianity. As it is with colleges where funds are diverted from the original purpose of the testator so it is with churches, unbecomed by the Unitarians from denominations which believed all the articles of the Apostles' Creed. For instance, there is the King's Chapel in Boston, the first Anglican chapel set up in Massachusetts, and of which four kings and three queens of England were benefactors. When the Royalists were driven out of Boston through the brilliant feat of General John Sullivan in getting around the British and bottling them in Boston, from which they went forth on St. Patrick's day, 1776, a cabal of swindlers engineered a deal to steal the valuable property of the King's Chapel, which included a valuable wharf and rows of buildings willed to the chapel by men and women who held every doctrine of the Church of England. The game succeeded well, and the cabal entered into the enjoyment and use of the large income, applying but a small part of it to the keeping up a garbled form of the Anglican liturgy, which has been maintained for more than a century, for the purpose of keeping on the shady side of the law of foreclosure.

Several Sundays ago I was going past the chapel when I noticed that a famous stump speaker was advertised to preach. I suppose, in the language of the day, he had "consecrated himself" and considered himself as good a minister as the next. I went in to have a look at him, for I had seen much of him when he was in Congress. He began to read the service, which included the Apostles' Creed, of which I had once heard him say he did not believe a word, and then he went on with the garbled Anglican service, and then delivered a sermon with about as much religion in it as there is in a report of the census bureau. In the chancel are the graven tablets of the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer that were set up there at the expense of Sir Edmund Andros, who offered a reward for the head of King William, who afterward, in the name of Queen Mary, presented a flagon, paten and alms basin of silver to the chapel. At funerals, as conducted to day in this chapel, the minister, who, as a Unitarian, does not believe in the divinity of our Lord, goes before the corpse up the broad aisle reciting the complete burial service of the Church of England, beginning, "I am the resurrection and the life, and whosoever believeth in Me shall not perish, but shall

enter into eternal life." Just fancy the degradation of a being so lost to honor and dead to shame as to recite that and then maintain that he does not believe in the divinity of the Saviour of mankind!

THE OPENING OF THE HOLY YEAR.

We take pleasure in publishing the following lines, taken from an Irish paper, from the facile pen of the Very Rev. Canon Casey, P. O. of Athleague, Co. Roscommon, Ireland, now nearly eighty years of age. These verses will be read with pleasure by most of our Irish readers. Well may we write, for the story is as true to-day as in days of yore, "While greater countries lost the faith And made a foolish choice Poor Erin's Isle has ever heard And followed Peter's voice."

Which made the Immortal Pius IX. cry out before an Irish audience, after being plundered of the Church's possessions, "Hibernici fidelissimi, Ecclesiae Dei." (Irishmen are the most faithful children of the Church of God.)

We learn from the "Poets of Ireland," by the gifted Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, that the worthy Canon is one of the greatest among them. We have nothing better than his lines on '98, which we published in May of that year. Want of space prevents our giving a list of his several works in verse which have passed through several editions. In the meantime we thank the worthy Canon, and hope we may often hear from him, notwithstanding his advanced years.

Lines on the Opening of the Holy Year, 1900.

BY CANON CASEY.

The Holy Father speaks the word,
Proclaims the Holy Year,
And full two hundred million souls
With joy and gladness hear.

He calls on all to worship God,
To thank Him and adore,
And to repent of all their sins,
And mercy to implore.

To pray that Holy Church may win
All stray ones to her fold,
That all may hold the One true Faith
As in the days of old.

He calls on all to sanctify
Of this great year, the birth,
The last of twenty centuries,
Since Christ appeared on earth.

Was born for us an humble Babe,
A manger for His bed,
True God of God, true Light of Light,
Salvation's light to spread.

The Pope, Christ's Vicar, shows the way
We should this year begin—
To go in thought to Bethlehem,
And fly the thought of sin.

And he permits a Midnight Mass
In churches widely spread,
Wherein the Lord of Glory dwells
Beneath the form of bread.

And million souls beat high with joy
And fill the midnight air
With holy hymns and anthems sweet
As they to church repair.

To praise the Lord at Midnight Mass
And grateful anthems sing
To Bethlehem's Babe, the Child Divine,
Their Saviour and their King.

This New Year's Day in every land
Are hymns to Jesus sung,
In every land beneath the sky,
In every spoken tongue.

The glorious hymn the shepherds sang,
Which angels sang of yore,
Is heard to night more widely sung
Than e'er it was before.

In all great churches of the earth
Is heard the angels' song,
And e'en in rural churches too,
To which the faithful throng.

"Glory be to God on high
And peace to men on earth"
Is sung to night by countless souls
Who hail the Saviour's birth.

Before rich altars all ablaze
With dazzling lights of light,
Adorned with flowers of various hues,
So pleasing to the sight.

Are priests arrayed in vestments grand,
Of silk and cloth of gold,
To offer Christ in sacrifice
For all the Christian fold.

The Host is placed upon its throne,
While clouds of incense rise
And all fall down, adore, and bless
The Ruler of the skies.

Where'er a priest, this New Year's Eve
Before an altar stands,
Is Christ, our Lord, become again
Incarnate in his hands.

And is on compass altars laid,
Though hid from mortal sight,
And come to dwell in humble souls,
And fill them with delight.

Ye proud Agnostics, come and see
The millions that adore,
And read a proof of Unity
Ye never read before.

One heart, one soul, those millions have,
One Pastor they obey;
One voice alone has brought them all
To worship thus and pray.

St. Peter's voice is heard to-day
As gladly, it appears,
As e'er it was in ages past,
Well nigh two thousand years.

While greater countries lost the faith,
And made a foolish choice,
Poor Erin's Isle has ever heard
And followed Peter's voice.

So may it be for ever more
We humbly beg and pray,
Till Christ shall come to glad His own,
The great accounting day.

And may He shed His light divine
On erring souls to night,
That all may share in light above
His blessed Vision bright.

CLASS OF CONVERTS.

Harrisburg, Penn., January 22.—One of the most elaborate and impressive functions thus far participated in by Right Rev. J. W. Shanahan, Bishop of Harrisburg, was that held in St. Patrick's pro-Cathedral last evening. A class of forty-seven adults, thirty-three of whom were converts, were confirmed in the presence of the largest congregation that has been seen in St. Patrick's for years. Long before 7 o'clock worshippers began to crowd the church, and by 7:30 even the aisles were filled to overflowing. The candidates had been attending instruction since the close of the mission given by the Passionist Fathers in September.

DIVINE GRACE FOR ALL OF US.

Since the fall, the spirit of God has assisted from the beginning every man that has come into the world born of Adam; so that there never yet was any soul which had not sufficient grace, if it had sufficient fidelity to correspond with it, to escape eternal death.

Keep ever in mind this great truth; for it is the foundation of the whole doctrine of grace. There are men so narrow as to say that no soul among the heathen can be saved. The perfection of God, the attributes of mercy, love, tenderness, justice, equity—all rise up in array against so dark a theology. The word of God declares, first of all, that the Son of God is "the true Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." Every soul created in the likeness of God is illuminated by the light of God even in his creation. There never yet was a soul born into the world that had not the light of reason, and the light of conscience, that is, the light of God, shining in his soul.

No man can hide himself from the love and from the glory of God. Go where he may—if he walk upon the earth, God is there; if he ascend into heaven, He is there also; if he go down into the deep, God is there before him. Every living soul, therefore, has an illumination of God in the order of nature, by the light of conscience, and by the light of reason, and by the working of the Spirit of God in his head and in his heart, leading him to believe in God, and to obey Him. Once more: St. Paul says that "God will have all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth;" that is, without any exception, Jew or Gentile. And once more, "We hope in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, and especially of the faithful;" that is, of those who believe, therefore, of all men without exception.—Cardinal Manning.

FLOWERS AT FUNERALS.

Priests of Paterson, N. J., have begun a crusade on flowers at funerals. Father Dolan has gone so far as to notify his congregation that in the future he will allow no flowers to be carried into the church for funeral services.

Father Dolan finds a basis for this rule in the pockets of his parishioners, and urges it as a measure of justice to the families of the dead. In many cases, he points out, where a death occurs there is a small insurance. As a rule, a part—sometimes not inconsiderable—of this is spent for flowers.

Very Rev. Dean McNulty expressed himself in emphatic terms several years ago as being opposed to the practice. His denunciation saved many dollars to members of his congregation.

HOW DOES IT HAPPEN?

From the Arkansas Colored Catholic. There are three Bishops in Arkansas at times, of the same name and, perhaps, the same stock, yet representing three very much separated churches—Right Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, Catholic Bishop; Right Rev. P. Fitzgerald, Methodist Episcopal South Bishop, and Right Rev. J. Fitzgerald, Methodist Episcopal North Bishop. According to the laws of Arkansas and B. D. Williams, three of a kind is hard to beat! Arkansas is ahead on Bishops.

DRAWING OF PRIZES, TOMBOLA, BROCKVILLE.

The following are the list of winners of the capital prizes, together with the amount won by each:

Mr. Edgerton Fenton, Brockville, \$200.
Mrs. Thomas Burns, Brockville, \$150.
Jas. Shanahan, South Nelson Road, N. B., \$100.
Mrs. P. Murphy, Brockville, \$50.
Alex. Paquette, Russell House, Sudbury, Ont., \$40.
Jerome Coda, Pike Creek, Ont., \$30.
Thos. McNichol, Russell House, Sudbury, Ont., \$25.
Ed. Clements, North Augusta, Ont., \$20.
R. Pinnault, Valleyfield, Que., \$15.
Marguerite Smith, 75 Durocher street, Montreal, Que., \$10.
Mrs. Patrick Kelly, Brockville, \$5.

The following are the names and addresses of the winners of minor prizes:

Frank Brunet, Moose Creek, Ont.
Miss J. Toohy, Eastwood, Ont.
Miss A. Murray, Brockville, Ont.
Almond Trudel, Regina, N. W. T.
Wm. Gray, Montreal West, Que.
Mrs. P. Delaney, Earnestown Station, Ont.
D. C. McLean, Glen, N. B.
Rev. J. McKee, M. P. P., Windsor, Ont.
Miss Helen O'Donoghue, Brockville, Ont.
Nicholas Murphy, Alexandria, N. Y.
Miss Lizzie Dunne, Brockville, Ont.
Thomas Thompson, Truro, N. S.
Moses Lee, Arton, Ont.
T. S. Sweeney, Redwood, Ont.
Mrs. M. Sullivan, Brockville, Ont.
Mr. Fred Allard, Algonquin Park.
Mrs. J. A. Martin, Red Fort, Ont.
Miss Mary Gilman, Brockville, Ont.
N. Whitman, Westport.
R. Robinson, Montreal, Que.
Miss Catherine Murphy, Brockville, Ont.
Frank Barnes, Brockville, Ont.
Lambert H. Foley, Upper King's Clear, N. B.
Daniel Comerford, Winkle, Ont.
Mrs. John Foxton, Brockville, Ont.
J. Wade, Brockville, Ont.
Thos. P. Gardin, St. John's, N. B.
Hon. M. P. Hackett, Stantford, Que.
Rev. Superior, House of Providence, Holyoke, Mass.
John Murphy, 38 De Russy Street, Birmingham, N. Y.
W. J. Lynch, Ottawa, Ont.
Mr. A. Gilman, Brockville, Ont.
Thos. Southworth, Toronto, Ont.
Rev. M. Mougher, Kingston, Ont.
Mr. W. H. Sharp, Brockville, Ont.
Michael T. Barrett, Newark, N. J.
Mrs. Paul Vance, Brockville, Ont.
Thomas Freeman, Jones' Falls, Ont.
D. Kelly, Eastport, Me.
Mrs. Patrick Gallagher, Brockville, Ont.
Miss Currie, 68 Wellington Place, Toronto, Ont.
Richard O'Brien, St. John, N. B.
Miss May Robinson, Brockville, Ont.
D. Hogan, Perth, Ont. (Revere House).
R. Howley, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Alice Brennan, Brockville.
John O'Hara, New York.
Mrs. Helen Lee, Napone, Ont.
Mrs. J. Kelly, 125 White Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Phillip H. Bowes, 306 Brussels Street, St. John, N. B.
S. M. Keenan, 160 Bau Street, Ottawa, Ont.
E. T. Edwards, Ottawa, Ont.
James Henniff, Bridgeport, Conn.
Miss Ida May Brantiff, Brockville.
Miss K. Shen, Brockville.
Miss Della Blackadar, Black River, Placentia Bay, Newfoundland.
Paul White, Belmore, Ont.
Wm. Meahan, Brockville, Ont.
Miss S. A. Davis, Perth, Ont.
Harry A. Wilson, Westport, Ont.
Mrs. J. P. LeBlanc, Mississauga, Ont.
John M. Campbell, Finch, Ont.

J. A. Mitchell, 127 King Street, Kingston, Ont.
Alex. Young, Cor. Stairs & Agnes Street, Halifax, N. S.
Mrs. E. J. Hermine Street, Montreal, Que.
Mrs. Frank Ludlow, Centre Augusta, Ont.
John O'Keefe, Roundout, N. Y.
Miss Gaudie Brady, Smith's Falls.
W. J. Thomas, Toronto, Ont.
Michael Heffernan, Artnau, Ont.
Mrs. T. Janio, Brockville, Ont.
Miss Helen Murphy, Wolfe Island, Ont.
Mrs. J. Latimer, Lansdowne, Ont.
M. A. Baxter, Michinewadung Harbor, Ont.
P. McCloskey, Chesterville, Ont.
Miss Maggie Veeney, Brockville, Ont.
Miss Blanche Cronin, 333 S. Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill.
E. A. Engwell, 21 Tryndal Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Will Hendry, Ely, Minn.
A. L. Kimbitch, 27 Laurier Ave., Montreal, Que.
Mrs. A. J. Hadon, Richmond, Que.
Geo. McHugh, M. P. Lindsay, Ont.
Mrs. W. J. Mackey, Brockville, Ont.
Joe T. Baranow, 1111 Street, Toronto, N. Y.
Miss Marie Gavin, Gananau, Ont.
Mrs. M. Ryan, Smith's Falls.
J. H. Warden, Morrisburg, Ont.
Mrs. Annie Sees, 303 Broadway Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
John J. Dwyer, 217 Nelson Street, Bradford, Ont.

F. M. T. A.

Almonte, Ont., Feb. 3d 1900.
Dear Sir—In the list of F. M. T. A. officers which I sent you last week, there was a mistake, there was a very serious mistake. Through our fault, our Spiritual Director's name was omitted. I will you kindly publish the following correct list:

LECTION OF OFFICERS.
At the semi-annual election of officers of F. M. T. A. of Almonte, Jan. 19th, 1900, the results were as follows:
Spiritual Director, Rev. Canon Foley; President, James P. O'Connor; 1st Vice-President, Thomas Hogan; 2nd Vice-President, E. J. O'Connor; Secretary, M. P. Trainor; Assistant Secretary, Jos. O'Leary; Treasurer, Ed. Leary; Committee of Management, M. Hogan, Sr., P. Fravelly, John O'Reilly, Chas. Leamy and John Malone.

ST. JOSEPH SANITARIUM, MOUNT ST. JOSEPH.

One of the most thoroughly equipped and efficiently conducted sanitariums and bath-houses judging by the circular we have just received, is the three-story brick building recently opened by the Sisters of Charity, Mount Clemens, Mich., whose mother house is at Mount St. Joseph, Cincinnati, Ohio. The cost of the Sanitarium and Bath House is \$15,000, and the plan upon which St. Joseph's is so ably managed, together with the unquestionable medicinal value of the water, the excellent climate, combine to render it attractive and beneficial to all health seekers. The charges are very moderate, considering the excellent accommodation—from \$2.00 to \$5.00 a day—and the Sanitarium is in fact a home and hospital not alone for invalids but for men and women in quest of perfect rest and quiet.

LITERARY NOTE

In order to introduce OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN, the illustrated Catholic monthly, in every Catholic family, a three months' trial subscription will be sent to any address for only 30 cents. This is a special offer, and will hold good only for a short time. OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN contains Stories, the Famous Writers—special Articles on interesting Subjects—Current Events—Science and Inventions, a Course in Science, Photography, Literature, Trivia, Talks on Dress-making, Art, Games, Tricks, Amusements, Puzzles, Letter Box, Quiz Questions, Comics, "For Little Towns," etc., and 25 to 30 illustrations in each number. Send 10 cents to-day to Bunsford Brothers, 36 Barclay Street, New York, and the book will be mailed regularly for 3 months. Subscriptions taken by Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD office, London.

HONORS TO A LONDON BOY.

Chas. Garvey, '93, Toronto University, a son of Mr. John Garvey, 141 Maple Street, London, has been chosen as one of "Varsity's" two representatives in the annual debate with McGill College, on Feb. 15.

THE GREAT FARM

Of the Late John Murray, Owen Sound, Ont.

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For further particulars address
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