

Directory.

VISION NO. 3, meets on and third Wednesday of the month, at 10:30 Notre Dame St. Office: Mr. J. J. McCarthy, M.P., President; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Vice-President; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Secretary; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Treasurer; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Chairman; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Marshal.

T. A. & B. SOCIETY. 1883.—Rev. Director: Mr. J. J. McCarthy, M.P.; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, President; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Vice-President; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Secretary; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Treasurer; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Chairman; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Marshal.

DIES' AUXILIARY, Di- 5. Organized Oct. 10th. Meetings held on 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, 31st. Meetings at 8 p.m. Missions, president; Mrs. J. J. McCarthy, vice-president; Mrs. J. J. McCarthy, recording-secretary; Mrs. J. J. McCarthy, financial-secretary; Mrs. J. J. McCarthy, treasurer; Mrs. J. J. McCarthy, chaplain.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—Established 1885. Incorporated 1886. Meets in the hall, 92 St. Alexander St., first Monday of the month. Officers: Rev. Director, Mr. J. J. McCarthy, M.P.; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, President; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Vice-President; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Secretary; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Treasurer; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Chairman; Mr. J. J. McCarthy, Marshal.

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One Thousand Years of Blank.

By "CRUX."

ON more than one occasion I have been asked to explain how it is that Ireland, so prolific in works of literary merit and in poets, orators and historians, should have seen fully one thousand years without any marked literary advancement. If she were truly "the quiet home of sanctity and learning," the land of "saints and scholars," the "educator of Europe," how comes it that such a blank exists in the history of her literature? It was my intention to make a studied reply to this question; but, as I have found the matter set forth in the most thorough and elegant manner possible, in the lengthy introduction to the volumes of Hayes' "Ballads"—a work published in 1855—I will take the liberty of transcribing the opening passages of that splendid and eloquent essay. Subsequently I will add thereto what I have to say, myself, on the subject. It is not probable that many of the readers have ever seen what I am about to give them; and if they have, there is much to be gained by a perusal of the same.

"If you would find the ancient gentry of Ireland," said Swift, "you must seek them on the coal quay, or in the liberties." The ancient minstrelsy of Ireland has shared the fate of her gentry; you must seek for it in the peasant's cabin or in the dusty corners of the libraries of Europe. The parallel is by no means surprising. The common fate of our ancient gentry and our ancient minstrelsy is perfectly natural. While they lived, they were the body and soul of Irish nationality; and like body and soul they departed together. When adverse circumstances made the gentry fugitives to foreign lands, the bards became fugitives at home. From the days of Amergin to the days of Swift, our minstrelsy is a blank in the literature of Europe. This absence of an extensive native literature is one of the saddest features of Irish history. But when it is known that the use of the ancient tongue was prohibited, and the cultivation of the new declared a felony by law, if that privilege were not purchased by the renunciation of the ancient faith; and that this struggle between the tongues and creeds had been cruelly maintained for hundreds of years—and has ceased only in our own time,—it cannot be a matter of surprise that Ireland is looked upon as an illiterate nation, and that the accumulated product of her intellect bears no adequate production to her genius.

Periods of great excitement are unfavorable to the development of letters, or the progress of civilization. History teems with illustrations of this truth. After the impetus given to English literature by Chaucer, its progress was completely checked by the civil contentions which succeeded. The Wars of the Roses threw English poetry back for two hundred years. * * * The troubled reigns of Henry, Edward VII., and Mary, were also singularly barren in literature. * * * If the absence of civil rights or religious freedom, or the struggle for their assertion, be a barrier to intellectual progress, Ireland may well be poor in literature. Indeed, the

wonder is, how she can even have a literature at all, when we consider the proscription of her intellect. Her history is one long series of warfare and disaster; and from the Battle of the Boyne to this hour, her energies have been absorbed either in struggles for religious liberty or in contests for political power.

Even the dramatic literature of England has never recovered from the hostility of the Puritans. * * * The excitement before or after a nation's struggles is the hotbed of poetry. When peace is restored, then triumph is chanted, or defeat mourned in national song; and the daily increasing means of education will quicken Ireland's acknowledged poetic genius, hitherto prostrated by adversity, and shed a glory around the land and the language which it celebrates and adorns.

When the chivalry of the Middle Ages developed the romantic poetry of Provence, Ireland had only then succeeded in driving the Danish invader into the sea, after a warfare of two hundred years. When the Italian schools of poetry started into existence under the inspiration of Dante and Petrarch, a fiercer foe than the Dane had nestled in her bosom. She was harassed from without by English invasion and from within by native faction. When Saxon barbarism was softening down under the influence of Norman chivalry and refinement, Ireland was denied the protection of English laws, and, according to the Statutes of Kilkenny, was scourged if she adopted her own. Such was her unhappy condition, when the Saxon tongue was first softening its rudeness through the favored lips of Chaucer. And in the commencement of the fifteenth century, when Spanish minstrels were singing the story of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France, of Bernard del Carpio the Cid, Ireland was engaged in a fierce struggle against English power. When Ariosto reigned in Italy by the grace of genius and the favor of Cardinal d'Este; when Cardinal Ximenes, by his statesmanship and munificent patronage of literature, lifted Spain to a glory that made her worthy of Columbus; when the illustrious family of the Medici were more than royal in their encouragement of intellectual culture, literature and art; when, in fact, the sovereigns of all the petty states of Italy vie with each other in their princely endowments of genius, and, in a single century, within the small principality of the House of Este, were produced—besides the important works of Guarini and Tasso—the three great epics of Italy, the "Orlando Innamorato," the "L'urioso," and the "Gerusalemme Liberata,"—at that very time, English law in Ireland, by way of ameliorating the condition of the country, legalized the murder of the natives. When Tasso was summoned to Rome, at the instance of Pope Clement VIII for his coronation in the Capitol as the successor to the laurels of Petrarch; when the poets of the Elizabethan era stamped upon their glorious productions the romantic beauties of that age of chivalry, Ireland was prostrated by famine, pestilence and war. When the stern enthusiasm of the Puritans moulded the English

tongue into forms of sublimity, Ireland was still bleeding under the terrible scourge of merciless conquest. Had England been thus treated, to Shakespeare would have ever immortalized her literature and her language. When Philip IV. nursed the genius of Spain, and invited the poets to the festivities of the palace as his friends, Ireland had passed under the confiscating hammer of a royal auctioneer. When Louis XIV. pensioned his poets like princes; when Milton's majestic muse produced the "Paradise Lost," Ireland was in an unfavorable condition for the cultivation of literature, exposed as she was to the tender mercies of Cromwell. * * *

Ireland has been happily called the "Cinderella of Nations." She had sisters who enjoyed all the luxuries of education, while she was jealously excluded from any participation in such favors. She was abused and scourged alternately; and if her beautiful voice burst forth in song, in imitation of her sisters, she was forthwith gagged. Ireland had been compared to Spain under the dominion of the Moors, but there is no point of resemblance between them, except that of foreign conquest. She had the long crusades of Spain, but she had not the conquest of Granada to thrill her like an inspiration. She had an adventurous foe struggling against her nationality; but she had not the chivalrous foe of Moorish Spain. She fell beneath the sword of the invader, but the bloody blade did not flash with light of Saracen civilization. She was conquered; but instead of being consoled in her desolation by the elegance and philosophy of the East, she was crowned with the thorns of ignorance and persecution.

Instead of the Moorish college and libraries of Cordova, Granada, and Seville, her halls of learning were demolished, or turned into barracks for a merciless soldiery. Instead of being taught the philosophy of Aristotle, which was expounded at Cordova by Averroes and other Moorish doctors, her conquerors taught her the higher philosophy of dying well. Ben Zaid cheered fabled Spain with the light of a glorious history, but the higher philosophy of dying well, with the torch and the sword. Moorish genius presented Spain with an Encyclopaedia of Science; while the genius of Misrule presented Ireland with an Encyclopaedia of Horrors. Mahometan teachers invited Christian students to their schools and became their masters and their friends, while the Christian invaders of Ireland prohibited education under penalty of death.

These facts must be born in mind in connection with Irish literature and its history; they account for the blank of a thousand years.

And, contradictory as it may seem, despite all this Ireland was never without a literature. The world that knew not her beautiful Celtic tongue ignored its existence; but it existed nevertheless. From the days of the Druids down to the twentieth century Ireland has possessed an ever-increasing literature, the extent of which would astound the stranger to her true history. It will be my pleasant task to tell, in future issues, of the extent and grandeur of that literature.

lently, but now and then dashing angrily over immense rocks that rise in its bed to dispute its passage. There are many rapids on the river, the most important being Demi, Charge, des Erables, Mountain, and the Long Sault. Being in agreeable company, we gave little heed to the varied sensations that arise as we are carried by the iron horse over a shelf of rock cut in an escarpment of the mountain.

Many people of Ville Marie are returning from a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Gay and affable as all French-Canadians are that have just accomplished a worthy action, they are returning joyfully to the flourishing colony they have founded on the shores of Lake Temiscaming, and to their dear children, who have been left in the care of the Blessed Mother during the absence of their parents. What a grand race, so long as it retains the Faith of its ancestors, and is not over ambitious of replacing its own language by a foreign tongue.

At last, we arrive at Temiscaming Depot, a little late, it is true; but we console ourselves by quoting the proverb: "Better late than never." From this station to Kippewa, it is eight miles. A fast train would cover that distance in a few minutes; but unfortunately the train is not one of the fast kind, as we shall be an hour and a half on the road. To help to pass the time pleasantly, His Lordship tells of a few resolutions he took on his first visit to the Indians, in 1884. They are the following:—"Take things as they come;" "Keep cool;" and "Be light-hearted." We take note of these counsels, for they seem very appropriate when one is travelling in a wild region.

The line of railway now diverges from the shores of the Ottawa to follow Gordon Creek, formerly a mere brook, but to-day a large stream rushing in many places over huge boulders and through mountain passes, affording water-power sufficient to run not only Mr. Lumsden's saw mills, but even factories as numerous as those of Quebec and Montreal combined. To obtain this power, all that was required was the blasting of a few rocks to let in the waters of Lake Kippewa.

At Kippewa Depot we find only a few houses; but everything is neatly arranged, and the population is in holiday attire to receive His Lordship; flags float proudly to the breeze, and faces beam with happiness. We take dinner at Mr. Cunningham's hotel. After dinner, we direct our steps to the lake shore, where a steamboat, owned by Mr. Kelly, waits to take us across Lake Kippewa. Everything is in readiness. Many persons are to accompany us to be present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass next morning. I do not know what my companions are thinking about, but I am as light-hearted as school boy just out for his vacation. We glide quickly over the calm, beautiful waters. As we converse, our questions cross one another. Mr. Kelly, the proprietor of the boat and also its captain, is doing his utmost to render our voyage instructive as well as agreeable. He tells us the names of the various bays and points of the lake.

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Everywhere the wood-man's axe has passed along, and the young remaining pines will soon share the fate of their forefathers.

We are passing by "Sunny Side," a farm, the white buildings of which glitter in the bright light of a cloudless sky. Who can that be in the distance? A smile lights up our captain's countenance, as he informs us that to-morrow we shall assist at a wedding. And to bear out his words, a handsome young man jumps on board, and kneeling at His Lordship's feet, requests to be married. "But, my brave lad," asks the Bishop, "where is the other half?" Right well does the youth know that matrimony is a sacrament for two, but the fair one has gone ahead, and is doubtless, at this very moment, scanning the horizon to get a glimpse of her sweetheart.

At six o'clock we turn a point, the whistle is heard; and we see Mr. Kelly's sons, carrying banners, and

the shore. Finally our boat is brought to anchor. On the shore to greet us are three bright youths, Mr. Kelly's sons, carrying banners, and six sturdy Algonquins, our guides for to-morrow. With banners unfurled, we set off for the house where we are sure of receiving a most cordial welcome. Our stopping place is called Turtle Pass, a name derived from a ledge of rock between Lake Kippewa and North River. I do not know how long it would take a turtle to cross over this place, but our Indians with heavy loads take only a few minutes.

According to our programme, we were to take supper at Mr. Kelly's, and then with our retinue, move on to Hunter's Point, nine miles off, where we were to put up for the night with Mr. Jones. But as we had not reckoned upon the delay of the afternoon, nor with the amiability of our host, Mr. Kelly, it is much later than we expected it to be.

But as they are awaiting our coming at Hunter's Point, what shall we do? After considering matters, we decide to let Father Dozois and the Indians start in the large canoe with all our luggage except a portable altar, while His Lordship and I remain for the night. There are other companions, namely, the black flies and mosquitoes, that we should like to send away with Father Dozois and his Algonquins, but, without any regard for our wishes, they insist on remaining to keep us company.

After saying night prayers, the Bishop preaches in English to about a dozen of persons, who eagerly drink in the religious doctrine, which they have so seldom the opportunity of hearing in these wild sections. His Lordship tells them how pleased he is to be once more amongst them, and concludes by reminding his adult hearers of their duties as Christian parents. After that, we hear confessions, and then retiring to our respective rooms, are soon lulled to sleep by the singing of the waters in a neighboring rapid.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all its affairs move along more slowly. Speak kindly at night; for it may be that, before the dawn, some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

BE UNSELFISH.

The best way to help one's self is to help others. This is not the view worldly men take. They imagine that the more they do for others the less they have left for themselves. They get all they can, give as little as possible, and keep all they can. They do not give to help the poor, to build great institutions for educational and charitable uses, because they believe that giving will diminish their store and weaken themselves. When they give at all they try to do so in such a way that all men will know it in order to make it work for their good after all. They give for themselves, and not for others.

Missions In the Far North.

Always interesting, always instructive, and always inspiring are the records of the great missionary labors of our bishops and priests in the more remote sections of the country. Until a few years ago the vast diocese of Ottawa extended in a northerly direction almost to the confines of the Arctic region. When the ever increasing domain was divided and an episcopal See was established at Pembroke, the Bishop of the new diocese, Mgr. N. Z. Lortie, had received for his share of the missionary labor all that immense and primeval country between the Upper Ottawa and the great lakes

that shed their waters in the direction of the Hudson's Bay. During the winter months priests visit all the lumber shanties, Indian camps, and colonist settlements throughout that almost inaccessible country. At stated intervals the Bishop, himself, is obliged to travel over the same ground. During the past summer His Lordship, accompanied by two priests, visited all that part of his vast diocese that is north of Mattawa. One of the priests has kept a minute diary of the eventful journey, and in the pages of "The Visitor," a delightful little magazine, published at Eganville, Ont., he has given the story of their adventures. As the preliminary paragraphs are of only general interest, we will not dwell upon them, but we will reproduce that portion which deals with the trip beyond Mattawa—for it is a graphic picture of that wild region, as well as an account of apostolic labors. The Rev. Father writes

"It is 8.28 p.m., and we are nearing Mattawa. 'Oh, look at the sheep,' said an astonished traveler, as he cast his eyes on the surrounding country. His companions laughed outright, and he was greatly amused himself on perceiving that what he took to be sheep, are nothing more than innumerable boulders whitened and polished by the hand of Time. We have left the depot and are entering the pretty Village of Mattawa, which rises coquettishly among the mountains, where the River Mattawa flows into the Ottawa. An eminence overlooking the town is crowned by a handsome stone church, requiring only a Papal Bull to raise it to the dignity of a cathedral; a Catholic school, one of the finest in Ontario; and a magnificent hospital which has arisen from the ashes of an older and less beautiful structure destroyed by fire last winter. The Oblate Fathers welcome us

heartily. We shall remain to-night with them, enjoying the company of Rev. Father Dozois, O.M.I., a veteran missionary of these parts, who is to act as interpreter to His Lordship in his intercourse with the Indians.

July 1st.—Fine weather! We start for the Northern Depot. Here is the train. 'All aboard,' shouts the conductor, and we step sprightly into the car. On our left is the Mattawa River, the course followed by former times by the missionaries of the North-West. Now we are crossing the Ottawa on a solid wooden bridge built, I believe, seven years ago by the C. P. R. Company. Now we are in the Province of Quebec, on a branch line of the C. P. R. from Mattawa to Temiscaming. On our right, for a considerable distance, steep rocks of the Laurentian Range, rise majestically to a great height; while to the left, below the great river flows on, at times, at

greatly, but now and then dashing angrily over immense rocks that rise in its bed to dispute its passage. There are many rapids on the river, the most important being Demi, Charge, des Erables, Mountain, and the Long Sault. Being in agreeable company, we gave little heed to the varied sensations that arise as we are carried by the iron horse over a shelf of rock cut in an escarpment of the mountain. Many people of Ville Marie are returning from a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Gay and affable as all French-Canadians are that have just accomplished a worthy action, they are returning joyfully to the flourishing colony they have founded on the shores of Lake Temiscaming, and to their dear children, who have been left in the care of the Blessed Mother during the absence of their parents. What a grand race, so long as it retains the Faith of its ancestors, and is not over ambitious of replacing its own language by a foreign tongue. At last, we arrive at Temiscaming Depot, a little late, it is true; but we console ourselves by quoting the proverb: "Better late than never." From this station to Kippewa, it is eight miles. A fast train would cover that distance in a few minutes; but unfortunately the train is not one of the fast kind, as we shall be an hour and a half on the road. To help to pass the time pleasantly, His Lordship tells of a few resolutions he took on his first visit to the Indians, in 1884. They are the following:—"Take things as they come;" "Keep cool;" and "Be light-hearted." We take note of these counsels, for they seem very appropriate when one is travelling in a wild region. The line of railway now diverges from the shores of the Ottawa to follow Gordon Creek, formerly a mere brook, but to-day a large stream rushing in many places over huge boulders and through mountain passes, affording water-power sufficient to run not only Mr. Lumsden's saw mills, but even factories as numerous as those of Quebec and Montreal combined. To obtain this power, all that was required was the blasting of a few rocks to let in the waters of Lake Kippewa. At Kippewa Depot we find only a few houses; but everything is neatly arranged, and the population is in holiday attire to receive His Lordship; flags float proudly to the breeze, and faces beam with happiness. We take dinner at Mr. Cunningham's hotel. After dinner, we direct our steps to the lake shore, where a steamboat, owned by Mr. Kelly, waits to take us across Lake Kippewa. Everything is in readiness. Many persons are to accompany us to be present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass next morning. I do not know what my companions are thinking about, but I am as light-hearted as school boy just out for his vacation. We glide quickly over the calm, beautiful waters. As we converse, our questions cross one another. Mr. Kelly, the proprietor of the boat and also its captain, is doing his utmost to render our voyage instructive as well as agreeable. He tells us the names of the various bays and points of the lake. Kippewa according to the interpretation of an old Indian, who heard it from his father means:—"The place where the wild ducks land." Others say that Kippewa means "Spider." This, I think is the more appropriate name, for the lake with its many bays and capes, looks, at least on the map, like a huge spider. With its 600 miles of shore, Lake Kippewa is a serene immensity, dotted with charming islets, indented by deep bays, and surrounded by a verdant shore. It might be called a poet's dream. A dream, but a Christian dream it would be, to behold on these enchanting shores villages surmounted by the spires of Catholic churches; but this will always remain a dream, for the lovely hills are unfit for cultivation. Everywhere the wood-man's axe has passed along, and the young remaining pines will soon share the fate of their forefathers. We are passing by "Sunny Side," a farm, the white buildings of which glitter in the bright light of a cloudless sky. Who can that be in the distance? A smile lights up our captain's countenance, as he informs us that to-morrow we shall assist at a wedding. And to bear out his words, a handsome young man jumps on board, and kneeling at His Lordship's feet, requests to be married. "But, my brave lad," asks the Bishop, "where is the other half?" Right well does the youth know that matrimony is a sacrament for two, but the fair one has gone ahead, and is doubtless, at this very moment, scanning the horizon to get a glimpse of her sweetheart. At six o'clock we turn a point, the whistle is heard; and we see Mr. Kelly's sons, carrying banners, and

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