

ERIN'S FAIR HILLS.

Entertaining Paper Read Before the Loyola Club.

At the meeting of Loyola Club held last Wednesday afternoon, the 20th inst., Miss Sara Tansey read a very interesting paper. She had enjoyed a delightful trip through Ireland and gave a most vivid and entertaining account of what must have been an ideal tour. We give the paper almost in its entirety:

One early dawn we gazed out from our cabin window, and beholding, where for days had been naught but sea and sky, the low green line of Erin's hills, we stretched our arms towards them and cried aloud: "Oh! Ireland, isn't it grand you look, like a bride in your rich adorning. With all the pent up love of my heart I bid you the top of the morning."

There they lay, calm and welcoming, Erin's matchless hills, and the very breath of the trees on the heights and in the glens, seemed to be wafted to us o'er the waters, so mild and bland and sweet-scented was the air in that early morning glow. Valley, meadow, plain—one vivid green for seeming endless miles, surely a fertile clime, surely a sunny land, this, and as we gazed right swiftly we knew that for us this was a homecoming, for this was our Motherland—this was Ireland of the Streams—the dark Rosaleen of whom the poets sang—the beautiful Sheila Na Gara—the sad Kathleen Na Hoolihan of the Thorny Way. Though Antrim and Donegal by mariner's chance first caught our adoring eye, there was many a mile to cross and many an hour to wait ere we set foot on Irish soil, or slept under an Irish roof for our ship was bound for English shores.

After several idyllic days in North Wales, we sailed for Dublin Bay, but, alas! all the famed loveliness of its pale blue waters, so softly merging into greys and silvers, was lost to us—shrouded by the heavy rain that made our view but a sheet of driving mist. But you never can tell what an Irish day is going to be like until it is over, so we landed in a sudden burst of mellow sunshine. Small wonder the grass is so green, the verdure so rich, the sun and rain vie with each other in such constant rivalry.

From Dublin to Wexford, our first stopping place, is a journey of from four to five hours, through the County Wicklow, the Garden of Ireland, the Vale of Avoca "where the bright waters meet," the beauty of whose woods and glens and waters and mountains is reckoned second only to Killarney. The sun set late and the twilight was prolonged, still darkness had settled on the land before we reached Wexford. Here the stillness of the night was rudely broken: a station, a crowd, and we must look sharply to ourselves, for in the universal eagerness to be of service and earn a few pennies each of our pieces of luggage, no matter how small, was being carried ahead by separate individuals. Not wishing to employ the whole town in the transport business, we called a halt and came to an understanding with two ragged youths and one older man who refused to be discharged, though the boys informed us: "You needn't pay him, Miss, you didn't hire him," but it was only a short walk to White's and a few coppers satisfied everybody.

Wexford is of great antiquity, the town having been founded by the Danes in the 9th century, and having always played a conspicuous part in history, from the landing of the Normans in the 12th century down to the great Rebellion of 1798. Its streets are very quaint and very narrow. Among the memorable incidents of its history is the brutal massacre by Cromwell of three hundred of its women and children in the market square of the town. Wexford is a prosperous agricultural county, and as in the succeeding days we drove many miles through its length and breadth we came to know it passing well, and since some of the most pleasant memories of an entirely pleasant trip linger within its confines, we will ever hold it in unique regard. To one of us it was the hallowed birthplace of our ancestors, and to the other because of the new friends there made, and because of the whole-hearted of them all, a cheery little nun from Tipperary. "Sure, they're always after me to take it, but I don't want it," she answers immediately, "but I do want the girls to come over to the convent for tea."

It was on a Saturday night that Cork was reached, and as we rattled through the brilliantly lighted and thronged streets to the Imperial Hotel, which seemed miles away from the station, we held on to the sides of the jaunting car for dear life, gasping at every narrow escape from destruction of the pe-

destrians who blocked the way, it did not seem possible that any driver could safely wind in and out of such a crowd with such reckless haste.

The fruit is wonderful in Cork and the flowers—myrtles and fuschias grow in wild abundance, hydrangeas also. During our visit the annual regatta was on, the town was in fête, the streets were full of beautiful girls in gala array, of fresh, stalwart youths in yachting costume, Cork's own and contingents from Limerick and Dublin and other sporting centers. Everyone knows of St. Anne's Church with the pepper castor towers, where the bells of Shandon ring so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee. The old sexton played "Believe me if all those endearing young charms" for our special benefit, and afterwards ushered us up 130 steps of a circular staircase. The sight was worth it—Cork spread out beneath us.

Perhaps no other ruin in Ireland has acquired such a world wide reputation as Blarney Castle, about six miles from Cork. It was built in the 15th century and was the stronghold of the McCarthys. Only the donjon keep, 120 feet high, and the wall of 18 feet thickness, now remain, but the old legend brings scores of tourists to inspect its ruins.

We wound in and out of the hills that day, as we neared Killarney, catching now and again a glimpse of one lake or other. Muckross at last, then Killarney the Killarney the marvellous. Before viewing any of the wonders one must have dinner, quite a ceremonious proceeding at the Lake Hotel, with just time before for a little run down to the McCarthy Mors ruined castle. Afterwards we walked the two Irish miles to the village on a road, whose ending seemed always just ahead of the next turn, fenced in by high stone walls; there was absolutely nothing but the thoroughfare, yet the road went on and on. Finally we came to the railway station, then a theatre, hotels galore, and Killarney the Court town of Kerry with more than 5000 inhabitants.

The lakes are entrancingly beautiful but those few miles of coaching to Kate Kearney's Cottage must be through one of the most barren districts of all Ireland, rocks and stubble and mountain sides that look as if heaven had opened here and washed them bare to the very bone, no bog even, no soil, no verdure, all grey and rugged and stern. How the peasants manage to subsist is a puzzle to me.

But when you mount the ponies and start on the eight mile ride through the Gap of Dunloe, you forget the poverty of the people and the barrenness of the land, for it is eight miles filled with exclamations first, and then silent, awed wonder. Wild enough, in truth and rocky enough but oh! the majesty of those brown hills, the clumps of heather, the narrow trail in the valley and the mountains, the skies dark betimes, then lighting with some strange radiance of fleecy woolly clouds, and misty silvers and hazey greys and heavenly blues falling like a veil, softening the rocky landscape, coloring the bare hills with unearthly tints. Of all the skies I have ever seen, none was more inspiring, none more satisfying than those of that day in the Gap of Dunloe we filled along by ones or twos or sometimes threes, you might have fancied the scene a borrowed one from an Eastern cyclorama with a caravan slowly winding its way.

There was quite a thrill of adventure in this expedition, for it was not a month previous that 14 persons had lost their lives on this same trip, and since then many travellers had not ventured forth. But the lakes are Killarney and can best be seen in this way. They are all that is claimed for them, entrancing and glorious and delightful, the blending of lake and river and mountain makes of them something unimaginably fascinating and sublime. As the cars gently propel you, and the Bricken Bridge, framed by the mountains, comes in sight, you await eagerly the next step in this ever-changing fairy tale of natural beauty. Calm and serene till the lower Lake, the Fatale Lake, which is a very sea, in a small boat, the fourteen miles nearly done and shore in view, we passed into a tempest. The boat was dashed from wave to wave, now on the crest, now in the valleys between; the mountains-breaking drenched us. Hushed were the songs, hushed the merry chatter. Only the Pittsburgh man (holding his wife by main force in the boat) was loudly giving directions to the boatmen, which fortunately for us all they blindly disregarded.

We crossed Galway Bay in the rain and landed at that queer old port, without a glimpse of which an Irish tour would be incomplete. It is full of monuments of a by-gone period. Once the home of the Irish O'Flahertys, with the Norman conquest it was settled by Anglo-Normans called the tribes, who in time, as did most foreign settlements in Ireland, became more Irish than the Irish themselves. The Claddagh fishing village, near Galway, is unique. Keeping to itself with a Celtic or Spanish reserve, enacting its own laws, till lately electing from its own subjects a king, who ruled with a fatherly despotism.

They intermarry among themselves, and their betrothal ring is very curious and quite expensive—a gold ring with a design of two hands holding up a heart. Still at some period of the year, though they keep the time secret even from Galway, they have a curious ceremony—the blessing of the sea. The women wear red skirts and shawls and at mere sight of a camera retire within their cabin doors.

In the South the songs of Moore are ever rising to your lips, but in the West he seems to have no place as indeed he knew very little of it; here, somehow, the Kathleen Na Hoolihan of Yeats, and the exquisite poems of Moira O'Neill of the Glens, and the haunting fairy tales of Seumas McManus and the wonderful verse of Ethna Carberry, his wife, and the "Love Songs" of Connaught," of Douglas Hyde, lay their spell on the mind.

There is so much to be said and no time left to say it, but I must not conclude without and Belfast. About Dublin, Armagh and Belfast. Armagh, though not greatly visited by the tourists is of great importance to the historically minded. There St. Patrick fixed his primacy more than fifteen hundred years ago, yet much earlier than even this period was the day of Armagh's glory, for it was the seat of the heroes of the Red Branch of Ulster, who mustered around Conor MacNessa. The great points of interest in the Armagh of to-day are the two Cathedrals: the ancient Catholic one, of which they were deprived by the Protestants, and the new Catholic Cathedral, which stands on an eminence, defying as it were the older, dominating the country round, the tallest church that has ever been erected in Ireland in living memory, and erected not by wealth but by poverty, the hard earned money of the Catholic Irish at home and abroad. It is adorned with rare and costly marbles from far Carrara, and many other places, and has a fine organ, and a talented organist who was more than good to us.

As one might spend many months in the vicinity of Dublin and still find it interesting, so one could write a book about this capital city its associations and environs, its churches, the old St. Patrick's Cathedral, now owned by the Protestants, where there is an ancient roodscreen; where there are brasses sacred to the memory of Goldsmith and of Stella; indeed the whole church seems darkened by the tragedy of the life and death of Jonathan Swift. There is Sackville street, which the Irish say is the widest street in Europe; there is O'Connell's Bridge and Nelson's Pillar and O'Connell's Monument and Dublin Castle built by King John, and the Four Courts, and Stephen's Green, and the Ancient House of Parliament, now the Bank of Ireland, and a fine museum and Phoenix Park, and Glasnevin cemetery. Here Smith, Larkin and O'Brien, the Manchester martyrs, are buried; here poor Parnell lies at rest, here there is a magnificent tomb over the remains of O'Connell, the great Liberator. One might go on and on.

We sailed away to England and France and saw a bit of Scotland, but though the foreign lands were grand to see, yet as a chance scrap of poetry puts it: "All the while the heart of me, the better, sweeter part of me, Was sobbing for the robin, in the fields of Ballyclare. Alas! the Irish mind of me, I hope 't was not unkind of me, Was turning with a yearning to the fields of Ballyclare."

SARA TANSEY.

The Efficient Cause of the Trouble in France.

(America.) Perhaps this is the absolute cause of the trouble in France: "The edict of Louis XIV on the declaration made by the clergy of France of their sentiments regarding ecclesiastical authority, an edict published in the month of March, 1682, and registered in Parliament on the 23rd of the same month and year, is declared to be the general law of our Empire. "We command and order that the present decree sealed with the seals of the State, and inserted in the Bulletin of Laws, should be addressed to the courts, to the tribunals, to all the administrative authorities, to all the archbishops and bishops of our Empire, to the Grand Master, and to the academies of our

Subscription List for Great Congress.

A Subscription list has been placed in the True Witness office for St. Patrick's Church, for the equipment of fifteen altars to be used during the Eucharistic Congress, also for the decoration of the church and grounds with flowers and flags on the occasion of the visit of the Papal Legate and distinguished delegates of the Congress on Saturday, September 10, next.

imperial university and of the directors of seminaries and of other theological schools, in order that this decree should be inscribed in their registers, to be observed and to be caused to be observed, and our supreme judge, the Minister of Justice is charged with the enforcement of the publication of this decree. "Given in our palace of the Tuilleries, February 25, 1810. "Napoleon."

This decree was published while Pius VII was in jail at Savona, about the time that the gallant Tyrolean patriot, Hofer, was murdered in Mantua; Josephine divorced by an incompetent tribunal of cowardly theologians, and Maria Louisa given to the French despot by a weak Catholic Emperor of Austria, with the sanction of a few unprincipled bishops and canonists.

Here is the genealogy of the present status of France: Napoleon, the Corsican despot, endorses the Act of Louis XIV, the Bourbon despot, to enslave the Church. Indeed, in many respects this monarch and his court bishops were as great enemies of the Church as the Corsican was. Louis' court bishops, with Bossuet at their head, enslaved the Church in the seventeenth century, when even a Vicar General was condemned to death by the Parliament of Toulouse for appealing to the Pope from the decree of the secular court. De Maistre tells the story. Schism de facto for a time existed in France during the dispute between Louis and the Pope, Innocent XI. The bishops, led by Bossuet, were ready and willing to found a Gallican Church after the model of Henry VIII's beautiful creation in England, but the prudence of the Pope and the timidity of the King saved the situation.

"The State, it is I," said Louis XIV. "I accept and endorse," said the Corsican, and to prove that he meant what he said he robbed the Pope, locked him up in jail and put his heel on the bishops' necks. If Providence had not used a great schismatic power, Russia, and a great Protestant power, England, to crush the despot, he might have become "pontifex maximus" himself. Now, where did those two despots of France get their idea that the State was supreme in religion as well as in politics, that the State, in fact, is God? Evidently from Nero and the other pagan emperors who imagined themselves divine, insisted upon incense being offered to their statues, and on putting the Christians to death on the charge of high treason for maintaining that the emperor's jurisdiction was limited by the power of conscience and religion. To assert that there was an infinite and omnipotent God above the emperor was high treason, and those who asserted it paid the penalty by loss of life. Louis may have believed in God. If so, why did he say: "The State, it is I?" Why deny the Pope's jurisdiction over the Church? And if Bossuet and his companions had a living faith and were not blinded by the glamor of the court or the love of honors, would they have favored a schism in the Church of Christ? The Corsican, of course, had no religion but the gratification of his ambition. Nothing that he did surprised us.

From Nero to Louis XIV and Napoleon to Waldeck Rousseau, Combes and Briand, the jump is easy. It is a descent from giants to pigmies. But it is the same race and the same breed. The efficient cause of the persecution of the Church in France is clearly atheistic Caesarism. Will it conquer! How fared it with Nero? Where are all the Bourbons, and where is the Napoleonic dynasty? Waldeck Rousseau is dead and judged; Clemenceau and Combes have been kicked out of office, and Briand and his associates are trimming their sails. The new spring is blooming all over France. I have read popular novels in which the Christian religion is called effete, worn out. I beg your pardon. This is not true of the Catholic Christian religion. A man or a nation may lose it, but it is always a renovator. It is eternal. When the storm is over it raises its head again and the very ruins and rubbish only fertilize the soil for a larger and better crop. It is rising into power again amid the atheism and impurity of Paris. Visit the beautiful Church of St. Clothilde as I did yesterday morning and see the crowds at the sermon; visit St. Sulpice or St. Roch or the Madeleine. I cannot visit them all. But what I see indicates a revival, zealous priests and genuine Catholics.

Yesterday M. Gardey, the curé of St. Clothilde's, who is also a Vicar General of Paris, and one of my old esteemed classmates, gave me a breakfast at which I met the Count of Chambrun, a Catholic deputy of the corps legislatif, a name well known in America. Some of the Parisian clergy were present and we talked of the religious situation in France and America. I pointed out to them that we have a written constitution, not only in the United States, but in each separate State, guaranteeing

the right of property which cannot be taken without compensation by the State. And then we have freedom of worship and freedom of education guaranteed by those written constitutions. I showed them that even so-called despotic Russia has these three constitutional rights guaranteed. A mere majority vote cannot take them away. The canceling of any one of these rights cannot be done in a fit of temper, or by an accidental majority, or even by a great majority.

Now in France or in Italy there is no such guarantee as we have in our republic. For them the State is legally God, and a majority, often the result of a fit of passion, is God, or rather the devil, who robs and persecutes the good and tries to damn the souls even of children. Until France and Italy draw a sacred circle—as Richelieu does around Julie in the play—around the right of property, freedom of worship and freedom of education, the statesmen of France and Italy will continue to act like semi-manics and mountebanks. Assent followed the American views.—Old St. Sulpice.

CATHOLIC OR ROMAN CATHOLIC.

We notice that an Anglican Bishop has raised an objection to the use of the word "Catholic" by the Lady Mayoress in the letter announcing the recent reception at the Mansion House, says the literary reviewer of the London Tablet. We have it on high authority that it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose. And by parity of reasoning we suppose it is likewise the office of a Protestant to protest. But in the circumstances of the case this particular protest may well seem a little unreasonable.

A TIME-HONORED USE. For as there was nothing new or unusual in this use of the words, the protesting prelate might easily have found a more suitable occasion for reviving this well-worn theme of theological controversy. And in this case he could hardly hope that his words would have weight enough to change a mode of speech which, as he must surely know, has been in use for many centuries.

It was, at any rate, well known to King James's translators, who in their preface to the Authorized version take occasion to notice some objections which Catholics may make to their work, and very properly make these imaginary critics speak of "Catholic's" sans phrase. "Yea, why did the Catholic (meaning Rosh Romanists) always go in jeopardy for refusing to go to hear it (i. e., the earlier Protestant translation)?"

COWLEY ALSO. Lovers of poetry will readily recall Cowley's noble lines "On the Death of Mr. Crashaw," a poem which, for all its homage to a convert, who died a Canon at Loretto, won the warm praise of such a sturdy English Churchman as Samuel Johnson. The author himself clearly speaks as an Anglican; for after saying, in a bold flight of poetic fancy, that angels had surely brought Crashaw to Loretto—"Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they, And thou, their charge, went singing all his way, he takes care to add— Pardon, my Mother Church, if I consent That angels led him, when from thee he went.

Yet a few lines later on we find him saying— And I, myself, a Catholic will be; So far at least, great saint! to pray to thee. And here the name is obviously used to denote the religion which Crashaw adopted on his conversion, the religion which inculcates the invocation of saints, which is deprecated, to say no more, in the Anglican articles of religion.

IN GERMANY. This usage, it may be added, generally prevails in the languages and literature of Europe. German writers, Hegel or Heine, for example, talk simply of Catholics. And in Feller's compendious dictionary for tourists, we meet with the significant entry, "Catholic, m. a Roman Catholic."

AMONG CATHOLICS. It may be remarked that even among Catholics there has been some diversity of practice on this point of language. For the use of "Roman Catholic" as our legal designation, a loyal delight in the name of Rome, or the want of some means of distinguishing ourselves from those who are called Catholics without professing allegiance to the Holy See, has occasionally led some of us to adopt the more cumbersome compound name. But except in certain cases where some such distinction is necessary, this usage is justly open to grave objection. The locus classicus on this point is surely the note in which Dr. Lingard in his "Catechetical Instructions on the Doctrines of Worship of the Catholic Church," explains why we do not call ourselves Roman Catholics. It is chiefly for the sake of this note that a late Catholic prelate set a high value on that excellent, little catechism, and lamented that it was now so little known and appreciated.

DOOLEY. With Lingard's words on this matter we may set a passage in the life of the late Dr. Joseph Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh, who was once so his biographer tell us, painfully affected at being addressed by the "Roman Catholics" of his diocese.

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Superior Notice. Superior Cope, Montreal. Dame Alexina Laurencelle, of Outremont, wife of Béla Bartha, furrier, of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband. Montreal, March 17th, 1910. G. E. MATHIEU, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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PEDLAR People of Oshawa

The Roman Catholics he visited were the Catholics who lived in Rome, but his people were Irish Catholics. "Are you a Romanist?" asked the land agent of Mr. Dooley, which?" said he. "Are you a Roman Catholic?" "No, thank God, I'm a Catholic." "The same thing," said the agent. The dialogue which may be commended to the attention of the shop of Theodor, is not taken from the original work of Mr. Dooley, but from an additional and unpublished dialogue on the land question in one of our Irish contemporaries.

