

# A PLEA FOR CATHOLIC SOCIETIES

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES are most intimately connected with the life of the Church and are a natural outgrowth of her inexhaustible riches. In the unity of faith the Church brings us together, under the leadership of her ministry, unto her holy temples. There, while she unfolds before us the beauty of Her Holiness, the charm of her devotions, feeding us with sacramental graces, we fall down prostrate in adoration. Outside of the Church in Catholic association we meet to utilize the gift of faith and peace in the various channels of everyday life. In the Church we manifest the unity of faith in the confession of one creed, in the participation of the same sacraments and with submission to the same authority.

"In Catholic societies we proclaim our unity to the world in a particular manner. We testify that our faith has permeated our daily life and we go forth to bring peace and spread charity. The unity of the Church for the past 2,000 years has been her glory and her strength, and dashing against that rock of unity every enemy and every heresy died with the sigh of despair."

**POWER OF UNITY.**—Her unity was the beacon light upon her perilous journey through the ages which preserved the bark of Peter from destruction. This unity was the envy of the government of nations, against which all their machinations failed and on account of which history wrote failure across the best efforts of unfriendly statesmanship, and from St. Peter to Leo the Great, and from Leo the Great to Leo X., and from Leo X. to Leo XIII. This bright star of unity was never dimmed, whether the Pope was a prisoner at Avignon or in the Vatican, the same union prevailed. In the presence of this unity the fires lighted in the streets of Rome by Nero were extinguished, the beasts of the amphitheatre were powerless, Julian the Apatostate died conquered, the stakes were converted into altars of burning sacrifices of martyrdom, every jailer of the Christian a witness of God, the blasphemies of Voltaire, the babbling of children, the wrath of Bismarck, the foaming of a man stricken with madness, and the persecution of England cemented Ireland into one brotherhood all over the earth.

**PROGRESS MADE.**—It was this unity that made the Apostles break bread from house to house and yet eating their bread with gladness and simplicity of heart, and the same unity called the Christians together for worship in the Catacombs. It was this unity which naturally led to the establishment of Catholic societies. These Catholic societies grew from a principle divinely implanted, and nothing could check their growth. These societies in the Church to-day are not new inventions, they are the natural auxiliaries. These Catholic societies were the glory of the Middle Ages. In all ages the spirit of association induced men to join together for mutual pleasure and for the attainment of a common end. In the Christian era the Christian spirit breathed upon these associations and they became great bulwarks of liberty.

"Religion and religious ideas will sway man's actions and direct his influence and guide the thoughts in spite of himself. It is, therefore, but natural that new Catholic societies are permeated by new Catholic principles and conceptions. In these the Catholic naturally participates and is unconsciously influenced by them. By what reasons, then, can the Catholic justify the neglect of Catholic association and his preference of Protestant societies? In this country the Catholic is a mark for the arrows of fanaticism, hatred, bigotry and No-Popery prejudice. In society, in politics, in government he is discriminated against; in appropriations in Congress for the Indians, for charitable institutions, in the manage-

ment of government affairs, especially in Cuba, Puerto Rico and Philippine and so-called new possessions with a Catholic population. We send our sons and brothers to fight those of the household of the faith, while our churches are plundered in our presence and marriage by a priest in Cuba is decreed to be of no binding force.

**THE REMEDY.**—We never falter in our devotion and loyalty to our country and in the discharge of our civic privileges. At the ballot box we never discriminate against our non-Catholic neighbor. Yet our holy faith is regarded as an impediment to the higher and more exalted positions in the gift of the people. These abuses and just grievances call for redress which can only be done when we, unitedly and in Catholic societies, meet the enemies. We must come together for the attainment of a common end and naturally combining our energies and our sympathies, we must stem the tide of materialism by erecting upon the solid foundation of Catholic unity the masonry wall of Catholic societies, a shelter for the laborer, a home for the stranger in our midst, a congenial place for the mechanic, where the poor Catholic, and perhaps his widow will find that Catholic aid and assistance which, because given in His name, does not leave the sting in the heart which almsgiving without charity imparts. The bond of unity which our holy faith inculcates enables us to promote Catholic interests, to protect our rights, to cultivate feelings of Christian charity.

"We are told in Holy Writ that at the crucifixion of our Lord the Roman soldiers divided the garments, except his coat, which was woven from the top throughout. What signifies the coat?" asks St. Augustine. "It signifies the bond of love which none dare divide." And so we must form Catholic societies, the outward garment of protection to the Church, one living organism without seam or wrinkle, and throughout, which even the modern soldier, ever ready to divide the garments of the Church, dare not divide. Of course, to succeed in that direction Catholic societies must be something more than a mere life insurance company on a cheap scale. They must partake of the character of its parent, the Church that gives it life, and be guided by Christian principles. Less than that standard and Catholic societies will soon create envy, jealousy, discord, a partisan spirit detrimental to their growth and life and will soon decay.

**A LESSON FROM IRELAND.**—You represent Catholic association and its work. Do you feel the dignity of your position and the weight of your responsibility? If not, I have talked to you in vain. Do you realize that you are the soldiery of the Church, guarding her interests in civil life? Do you not appreciate that in Catholic societies you are to exemplify the teaching of Mother Church in the world? If not, then in vain have you heard from me the lessons wholesome and holy. That the Shamrock is still vibrant and that Ireland in her hour of trial and desolation did not despair was due to the sense of unity which is inseparable from the Church. And when in your veins, the spirit of association and aid by your influence against overwhelming power, Ireland's sons, combined and united in Catholic societies, came to her rescue, aided in famine, paid her representatives in Parliament to fight for freedom under the God of the just and justice. Your forefathers suffered and bled to preserve the faith for their posterity, and if in this country you wish to bequeath to future generations a precious heirloom, an unimpaired heritage, then you must develop this spirit of Catholic association and aid by your influence the promulgation and establishment of Catholic societies. Israel when in exile ever sung, "Build the temple speedily." And so I would advise you, gentlemen, build these vestibules to the Church and may God prosper you.—"Address delivered by Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., president of Villanova College.

# THE BROKEN ROSARY.

Just the time for a story, some one suggests. We are sitting in the gloaming, as the poet says, and indeed so silent have we all become, that a few well-known lines run through my mind:

Just enough of sunlight glimmers,  
Just enough of night gloom falls,  
Fairy forms, with noiseless fingers,  
Loose the door to Memory's Halls.

We are often told that during this blissful hour, when daylight clasps the hand of night, angel voices whisper in our ears names of loved ones gone before us into the land of eternal bliss. But I am rudely awakened from my twilight reverie by two wee arms clasping themselves round my neck, and I bring my thoughts once more to earth.

"Now, please, dear, do tell us a story."  
I cannot resist; but to-night I feel as though I can find no story suitable in my library of "fictitious ones," so I resolve to tell them a true one.

There are six pairs of eyes to gaze into, and the baby of all is on my knee.

"Well, dear," I begin, "long ago, before I was a Catholic."  
"Yes, dear," Bob interrupts, "you was a Protestant."  
"Were, Rob," I corrected, "not was."  
"All right, dear," Rob says. "I won't say it again."  
"Yes," I go on, "I was a Protestant, and—"

Here baby interrupts to kiss me, while she sabs, soothingly, "Poor dear."  
Evidently, to be a Protestant is a lonely thing in her eyes.  
"I was coming out of one of the big Liverpool stations. I did not have far to go, but I had a bag that was not very light. Fortunately, just as I emerged from the entrance, I spied a boy, a poor ragged little chap—without shoes or stockings. He came forward and asked to carry my bag."  
"Now," I said, looking straight at him, "are you honest?"  
"You can trust me, miss," was the reply.  
"I liked his frank face, that shone even through the day's grime. Evidently he was eager to do it, and after a moment's hesitation he divined down to the very bottom of the long coat he wore, two or three sizes too large for him, and brought out a string of beads. With an effort he handed me them, and, striking an attitude, said:  
"There now, if I run away with your bag sure you can keep my blessed beads."  
"I turned them over in my hand. 'But,' I said, 'what are they? I cannot use them.'  
"No, lady," he said, 'but I can and do use them.'  
"Somehow it crossed my mind that he was a Catholic and this grumpy, sticky string was a Rosary. I was touched with the child's trust,

and, not to be less generous, I handed him his precious string, and gave him my bag.

"Lead on," I said, laughing, "and when you come to the end of this street turn into the one on your right."  
"With a face wreathed in smiles he trotted on in front of me, and soon left me and my property in front of my own door. As I handed him a bright coin he said, 'Come and see me to-morrow.' He promised, and after that he was my willing escort to different places. But one day he did not come, and I waited in vain. I had never questioned him as to the mother she lived with, but from various things he had let drop I concluded that she used to beat him if he did not bring her money. But, alas, it was no question of money that caused my dear little friend to break his appointment, for I paid him more than he could have earned by selling matches or papers, so it was not money. To my grief, about nine o'clock, I received a note from a Dr. S., asking me to come at once to see a child living in D street, court 56, house 12. Dear little Matt, that was the same number he had once made me write down on a piece of paper, so that I would have it in case he was ever 'killed.' I knew it was situated in the vilest part of Liverpool, but I was not afraid. I knew I was safer, perhaps, in one of those wretched tenements than I might have been in an elegant mansion; but I took Laddie, my St. Bernard dog with me. I took a cab and got to D street.

Poor little ragged children, with neither shoes nor stockings, some with barely a covering, played in the gutter or on the side-walk, happy in the midst of their poverty. They were trying to forget their hunger—dear little ones.  
"I passed through one or two horribly low passages, and then, following the directions sent by the doctor, ascended a flight of dark, rickety stairs.  
"Poor Matt! He was only conscious, and the doctor, who had been doing all that human hands can do, left the room to come back, he said, in a little while. I had never seen a child so poor and suffering, dear, and yet I could only stand by and watch the white face lying so still. He was fingering his beads, but they were not all there now; and when he would come to the end one a faint moan escaped.  
"Matt, dear," I asked, do you not know me?"  
"He answered very faintly, 'Yes, miss.'  
"Then I asked if I could do anything for him. He nodded eagerly, and drew me down so that I could just hear the words:  
"I am not afraid to die, miss, for Mary, the Queen of Heaven, will guide me across, and I have nothing to give you, Miss Ruth, to remember me by but my beads. Sure, there is only half of them; for when the horse knocked me over the wheel crushed the hand that held them so that this is all that's left."  
"Yes, Matt, I will keep them; but can I not ease your pain? Can I do nothing for Matt?"  
"But the brown eyes had closed in a sleep that knew no awakening, and dear, poor Matt, my faithful little street arab, was no more.

"He had been run over the night before, and was just conscious enough to resist being taken to hospital. He wanted to go to his mother, and when the kind hands bore him to the wretched room he called home, they found his mother stretched in the gutter.  
"Poor little fellow! After all, she was his mother, and she lay in a drunken stupor all these long hours, while the pain-racked little body passed from this world of sorrow.  
"There was no time for Matt to see a priest. He was only ten, but even though he was born and lived for ten years in a wretched tenement, hearing nothing but wickedness, and seeing drink everywhere, yet I felt no fear for his soul. He was just a pure white flower—the blossom unstained—and every day he prayed to his heavenly Mother on those well-worn beads, that some neighbor in whom the fire of faith was not extinct had bought for him, and I know that every prayer was a sparkling jewel in that Mother's eyes."  
"Was it the broken Rosary that turned you into a Catholic?" Mary asks.  
"No, dear," I answered, "not the Rosary. But it made my thoughts turn in that direction, and Matt must have been praying for me in heaven, for I became a Catholic and a Child of Mary almost before the flowers bloomed on Matt's grave, and in a quiet little church-yard a great many miles from her lies little Matt, and on the carved stone is just his name, Matt, and above is half a Rosary carved in the stone. Now, don't you think I should treasure the poor broken Rosary that Matt held so lovingly many a day when he was both hungry and cold; and yet I have seen a little boy who

had everything a little boy's heart could wish for who told me one night that it was too tiresome a thing to say the Rosary every night."  
Silence fell on the little group, and then I felt a hot little manly hand put into mine, while Rob promised that he would never again go to bed without saying his Rosary. And, with a kiss I answered, "Thank you, dear, and now it is time for prayers and bed." When I glanced down at the six little figures clad in spotted white, and as they kneel, even to the tiniest, each with a Rosary, I seem to see another form, with dark brown eyes, kneeling beside me, fingering, oh! so lovingly, a broken pair of beads; but I know that it is only a vision, for Matt, my little friend is enjoying a life of unshadowed bliss, and it cannot be wondered at that my eyes fill with tears whenever I remove the cover from a tin box and see reposing there a Broken Rosary.

# A FAMOUS IRISH SCHOLAR.

The work of the scholars who have made the public acquainted with the history and institutions of Ireland is now bearing fruit in the attention given to the subject by students and lovers of the old country, and no one has worked harder than the late John O'Donovan, born at Abbotstown, County Kilkenny, on July 5, 1809, says the "Irish World." From an uncle, Patrick O'Donovan, he first drew a love for Irish history, and traditions.  
In 1826 he obtained work in the "Irish Record" office, and three years later was appointed to a post in the historical department of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. His work was mainly the examination of Irish manuscripts and records, with a view to determining the nomenclature to be used on the maps, but he also visited every part of Ireland and recorded observations and notes in letters, many volumes of which are preserved in the Irish Academy. The maps contain 144,000 names, including those of 62,000 town lands. With O'Donovan associated Petrie and Eugene O'Curry.  
After the dissolution of the historical department of the Ordnance Survey O'Donovan devoted himself to preparing an edition of the "Annals of the Four Masters." For this work the Irish Academy presented him with its highest distinction, the gold "Cunningham" medal, and shortly after he was awarded the degree of LL. D. by Trinity.

This famous edition of the "Four Masters" is regarded as the greatest treasure house of native Irish history and extends to above 4,000 large quarto pages, containing the Irish text, English translations, copious illustrative notes from every accessible source, elaborate genealogical tables of the more important Irish families and an index of 800 columns, the entire forming the largest and most elaborate historical work ever executed by an individual.  
O'Donovan may be said to have been the first historic topographer that Ireland ever produced. He possessed a knowledge of almost every town land in the island and could on the moment explain the various forms of its name, recur to its local peculiarities and detail any important historical event connected with it.  
The Irish race should hold O'Donovan's memory in special reverence, because he rescued their ancient history from oblivion and ignorance and charlatanism and by the labors of his life was mainly instrumental in obtaining for native Irish learning a recognized and important position in the estimation of the world.  
He died on the 9th of December, 1881, O'Donovan died and was buried at Glasnevin.

**THE LAST IRISH WOLF.**  
Ireland was much infested with wolves down to a period comparatively recent. That noble dog, the Irish wolf hound, has been bred from remote times for their destruction. Lord William Russell records in his diary that in 1596 he and Lady Russell went wolf hunting at Kilmacshane—quite close to the capital! In 1710 a presentment was made in Cork County for destroying the wolf, and Macaulay quotes a poem published in 1719 to prove that they were quite common in Munster at that time.  
A writer in the Dublin Penny Magazine was acquainted with an old man whose mother remembered that many wolves were slain in Wexford about 1750-1760, and he cites a popular tradition that the last wolf was killed in the Wicklow mountains in 1770. The same writer narrates some interesting circumstances relating to the slaughter of the last wolf of Tyrone. It appears that the people of those parts were much troubled by two wolves, which com-

mitted great ravages upon their flocks. A reward was offered, and a noted hunter, Rory Carragh, sent for. He agreed to attempt the destruction of the beasts. There was a large stone built sheepfold which the marauders were accustomed to visit, and thither Carragh repaired at midnight, accompanied only by a boy twelve years of age and two wolf hounds. "Now," said Carragh to the boy, "as the two wolves usually enter the opposite extremities of the sheepfold at the same time, I must leave you and one of the dogs to guard this one while I go on to the other. He steals with all the caution of a cat; nor will you hear him, but the dog will, and positively will give him the first fall; if therefore you are not active when he is down, this spear, he will rise up and kill both you and the dog. So good-night." "I'll do what I can," said the boy, as he took the spear from the wolf-hunter's hand.  
Carragh departed for his own station, and the boy, entering the enclosure, crouched down within the gate with the dog beside him. The cold and darkness affected the child so much that soon, in spite of his danger, he dozed off into stupor. He was aroused by the roar at the great dog as he bounded upon the wolf that was stealing by. The hound flung his enemy upon the ground, and so held him for an instant. Then the boy drove his spear with a good will through the wolf's throat, just as Carragh returned, bearing the head of the other.

# ABOUT ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATIONS.

"A Rag Time Seventeenth" in the "Rosary Magazine" for March is a well justified satire on the banalities which mark some celebrations of Ireland's patron saint among Irish people and their descendants, here in America. Societies whose professed purpose it is to foster a spirit of respect for Ireland, and the faith of whose members should teach them to treat reverently any occasion designed to honor a saint of God, are often the scene of very queer doings on St. Patrick's Day. We do not refer now to the social custom which, in days gone by, required the shamrock to be "wet." We believe that the best people of Irish blood in America have happily got beyond such meaningless, but mistaken usage. That it still exists among those who should know better is only a proof of the difficulty of uprooting age-long customs. What we particularly refer to is the St. Patrick's Day celebration at which cock-songs, cake-walks, and the mouthings of the "stage Irishman" are not only allowed but laughed at and applauded; and at which St. Patrick and the historic race he converted to Christianity are supposed to be honored by the vulgarities of the "Cock and Black Lady," and "Throw Him Down, McCluskey." Even when an attempt is made to keep out such striking examples of contemporaneous poetry and music, the maudlin sentimentality of the modern popular song is let loose on the audience by some budding vocalist. As to the recitations, they are typically "Casey at the Bat" or "Doolley at the Telephone"—stale echoes from the cheap variety shows where an Irishman is forever represented as a red-whiskered baboon. To say the least, bad taste is written all over such celebrations, and we hope that the St. Patrick's Day now approaching will not be marred by any such exhibitions. There is plenty of Irish music and song appropriate to such an occasion and eminently fitted to express the loftiest strivings of the freedom-loving and reverent spirit of the Irish race. Let us hope that St. Patrick's Day celebrations in charge bear this in mind, and let them banish, once and for all, the vile vulgarities that have too often disgraced the feast of Ireland's glorious apostle.—Sacred Heart Review.

# MODERATE DRINKING.

We do not know how to define a moderate drinker, declares the "Catholic Citizen." It is a very wide classification. "An occasional glass," say once a week or so, is certainly a very moderate sort of drinking. But the man who takes a glass every day may also be called a "moderate drinker." And the man who takes three per day, yet never gets drunk, confidently counts himself within the classification.  
There is the case, too, of the moderate drinker, who often puts in a night of it at a drinking bout and sleeps off the effects of it before morning. Not having become actually intoxicated, he believes that he, too, may claim to be within the classification of moderate drinkers. And so on—until the "moderation" is reached which topples over into drunkenness.  
As a rule, a man who can not "let it alone" for a month—say, during the Lenten season—is not safely a moderate drinker.  
"Moderate drinking" which arrives at that point where everything is an excuse for taking a drink is a dangerous habit.  
"If I the reasons well divine, There are just five for drinking wine— Good wine, a friend, or being dry, Or lest you should be by and by, Or—any other reason why."  
And one of the surest symptoms, later on, of moderate drinking becoming immoderate, is the fashion of prescribing whisky unto one's self for every physical or moral ailment.

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AFTER THE CURE.

# AN

By MARTIN

The final hand—en, the last word—on that fine October 18—, and so land," which was the big Cynarder, Queenstown and through the dark harbor. We, child had gone through at parting from a sob burst forth a grew dim as we le and crossed the gately "Scythia, Republic of the W forded shelter a many of our kith Night came down ere our good ship freight out of the headlands of the I seven hundred had been added to Queenstown. Their tended with all scenes that have I far through many privation of the ment of home. T deck: those stalwa some lasses, splende and daughter. After the fatigue they at last realiz dull sense of despera that they were ac leaving, perhaps fo land of their birth dimmed eyes they times gradually dis the bosom of drea the gloom of night many a manly hea home and friends a behind in dear o night air was dam sessed had entered fog, and every m siren bellowed out which were periodic other steamers on cut through the fo steadily as though a vast, mill-pedd quickly underwent ocean lashed itself ship began to pi many who had lau rors of seasickness. A man came up way and stepped on an Englishman, an sion; the leading ma ed company on rou States. He was the Saxon, tall and frank, open, honest ed on account of h name on the saloon sumed one, and his led him Harry, and answer for the purpos Harry paced the deck of the Scythia stern with all the who gloried in his he launched upon the of "Mummer" he h "true in the heart" and was well up in it at the end of the Thus when hard wo him to put forth his to ensure success, his sional training was as in winning for a victory as were the sources which were d his university career bued with the Englis fresh air, and he h "Don't!" she murmu chial, I'm coming." I poor shivering creat that her face was of a bed mould and with a beauty very common peasant girls of Irele hair hung in a ringl her forehead and som cent of braid or snoc her arched eyebrows dark lashes wet with Harry saw all this and saw, too, the his which "nature's soft was touched to pity emigrant who had no the hundreds who w the number. Now she rather crooning to hee been, Sho, Lo, L "God keep your acush Donal, agra!" Now the words of the fare