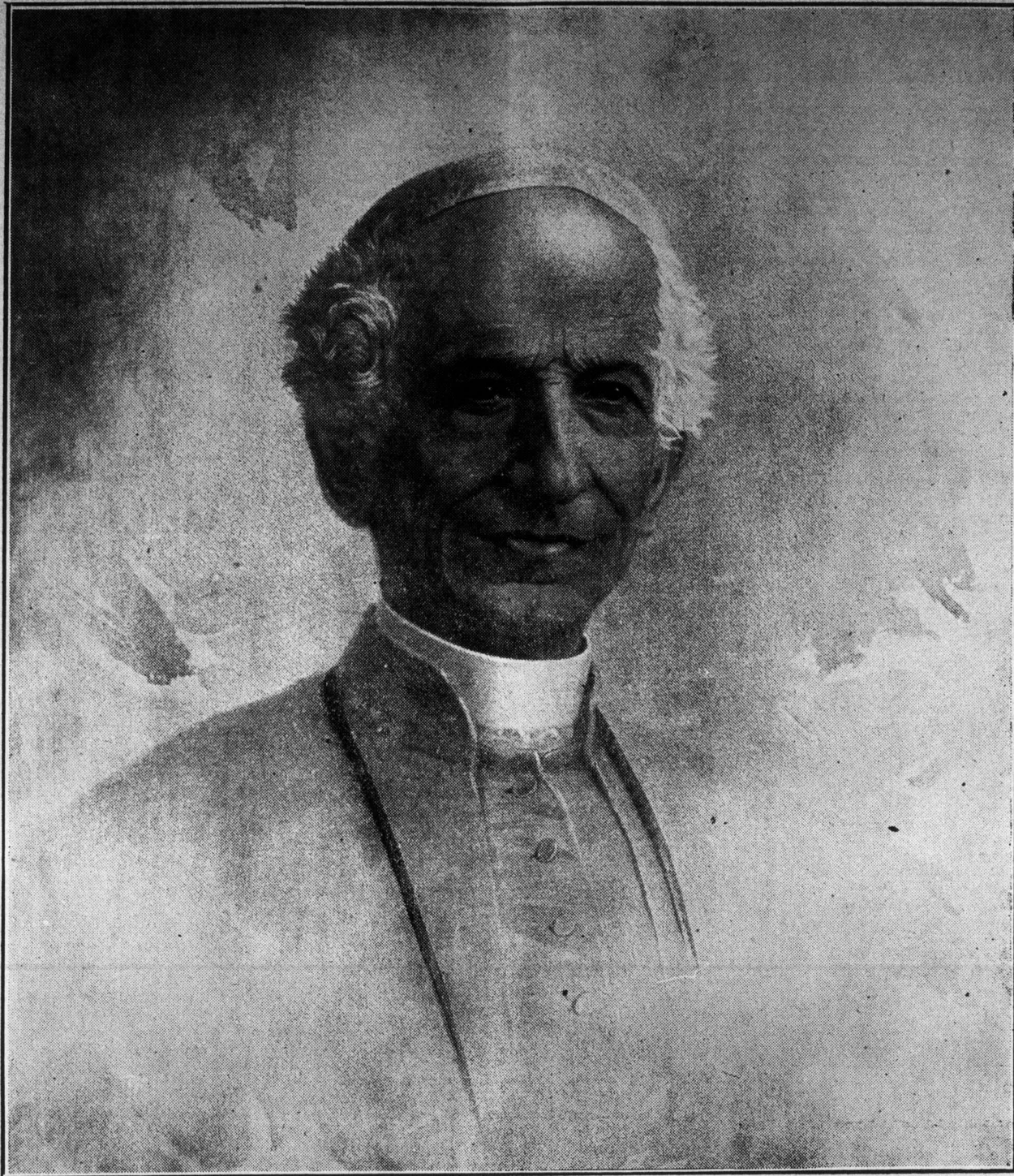


Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. is slowly and quietly approaching the "Years of Peter" in the Supreme Pontificate. On the third day of last month he completed twenty-four years, six months and fourteen days as Pope, this reaching the limit of the reign of Pius VI., and taking second place after St. Peter. According to the generally accepted account, St. Peter was Bishop of Rome for twenty-five years, two months and seven days, and on April 7 next Leo XIII. will, Deo volente, round off the same period. Judging by the way he spent the greater part of Wednesday, there is every reason to believe that the short seven months will be safely passed by the Holy Father. At about half-past 8 o'clock in the morning he left his private apartments for the Vatican gardens, where he passed several hours admiring the vine he planted with his own hands two decades ago, conversing with his attendants and dictating in the large room of the old Leonine tower. Toward noon he returned to the Vatican, had a light luncheon and then proceeded to the Sistine Chapel, where over a thousand pilgrims from the diocese of Treviso were eagerly awaiting his coming.

The pilgrims had been warned beforehand that they must not expect the Holy Father to spend much time with them. But after imparting the Apostolic Blessing from the steps of the altar, Leo XIII. very graciously received all the heads of the different sections of the pilgrimage and had a few words of greeting and thanks for each of them. Nor did he content himself with this; before the pilgrims left his presence, with a loud burst of cheering, he made a little address to them collectively, in which he thanked them for the prayers they offered up for his preservation, and announced that all the parish priests present were authorized by him to confer the Apostolic Blessing on their flocks.

The day before the Holy Father



HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

had also treated himself to a little holiday for two hours in the morning, but this time in the Galleria delle Carte Geografiche instead of the Vatican gardens. A few days before Professor Tadonni, who has already painted twenty-five portraits of the Holy Father, and had submitted the latest product of his brush for his approval, was informed on Tuesday morning that the Holy Father wished to see him in order to have some slight alterations made in the picture. The interview between the Pontiff and the painter lasted two hours, and the Professor, in describing it, stated that he never saw the Pope look so well for the last ten years. Leo XIII. generally uses a stick now when walking, but on last Tuesday he left the stick near his chair and walked about "almost erect." He has always been a keen critic of works of art, and not a single detail of the portrait escaped his vigilant eye.

The committee presided over by Cardinal Respighi, the Pope's Vicar-General, for the purpose of presenting the Holy Father with a new "triregno" on the occasion of his Pontifical Jubilee, has now closed its subscription lists, having collected more than the necessary sum, amounting to nearly £4,000. A well known art jeweller is already at work on the "triregno," his principal difficulty being to combine strength and durability with comparative lightness, as the Pope cannot carry a "triregno" weighing more than 21bs. The new "triregno," an offering of Catholics from every part of the world, is of solid gold, simple yet elegant, and adorned by medallions representing St. Peter, Pius IX., and Leo XIII., the only Pontiffs who have celebrated the 25th anniversary of their elevation to the Papal Throne. The Holy Father will wear the new "triregno" on the occasion of the solemn "Te Deum" of thanksgiving which will mark the close of his jubilee year.

The Daily Press And Its Vicious Ways

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Were a European to judge the United States by its secular daily press, he would arrive at the conclusion that it was a very dangerous place to live in. Murders and lesser crimes of violence are the rule of every-day life there, according to these yellow journals of the flaring headlines. Another opinion which he would be justified in forming, if he based his impression upon the contents of these newspapers, would be that half the people there are interested in nothing else but the private, personal affairs, the faults and the follies, the individual likes and dislikes, the business avocations and the recreative pastimes, of the other half. And he would conceive a very unflattering idea concerning that press itself. He would concede that it has a decidedly low conception of the function of a daily newspaper. For what is that conception, if we are to accept the only evidence forthcoming in the case. The average daily newspaper itself. It is that there is little of a serious character about human life, except it takes the form of a murderer or a burglar. It is that the office of a newspaper is to publish, in as amplified a manner as possible, the details of every crime that comes to light, and every item of gossip of a personal character that can be obtained. Every article that is published, editorially or otherwise, is as a rule, flippant, frivolous and superficial where it is not cynical and insincere.

Glancing over the big dailies of Sunday last, one might find abundant evidences of the destructive in-

fluences of a vitiated press. Column after column are devoted to description, of murders of different kinds, and of those who committed them, of crimes of immorality and of those guilty of them; of personal gossip to which it is feebly sought to give importance by attaching large type to it; of flippant articles on a variety of topics. From the last named some amusing extracts could be given. One writer, who starts out with the assertion that "For Protestants and Catholics there is much of interest just now the former, because Bishop Potter is to have a coadjutor and the Catholics have a new Archbishop in place of the late Archbishop Corrigan," goes on to discuss religion in general, and winds up by comparing regular attendance at a "gin mill," meaning the saloon, in that it has a strong effect upon the opinions that others form about us. "If a man goes regularly to church," says this philosopher, "appearances are in his favor; and appearances go a great way." And he condescendingly adds the sapient observation that "pure religion and undefiled never harmed any man."

Another scribbler tries to say something clever about life in a large city. He is struck by the crowds that rush to the street cars in the morning and at the close of the day's work and he proceeds:—"Other evidences of life here are the processions of humanity that throng our sidewalks night and day. Millions of them are plainly visible to the naked eye, as other thousands are buried in congenial obscurity for their own good. Daily subsistence must be theirs, some way or other. Where do they get it? How do they get it? Does anyone really care? We hear nothing about them because they don't murder or steal—but they're here, just the same, and very particularly lively, at that."

The "personal" headlines range from the assurance that King Leopold of Belgium must quickly abdicate because "his cruelty to the Countess Lonyai at the Queen's deathbed, added to his many escapades, has fed the people of Belgium

to loathe his very name" to the announcement that the second son of the English Lord Rothschild is an enthusiastic collector of fleas, and has already ten thousand different varieties. If the writer had a spark of humor he would have drawn a contrast between the hobby of the youthful millionaire who pays thousands of dollars for specimens of fleas and the enforced outlay of the unkempt toiler in the purchase of insecticides for an opposite purpose! It is positively refreshing to turn from these "yellow" sheets to the sober, serious, calm and edifying columns of the Catholic press. What a contrast! How sharp is the dividing line between the children of mammon and the children of light!

A Chanter of St. Patrick's Dead.

For over thirty years, Mr. B. Marr, better known as "Charlie," occupied a place as chanter in St. Patrick's Church, and during that long period his voice was also heard at Requiem Masses in other churches. On Monday last he was in his accustomed place in the leading Irish parish church, close to the bier of a dead parishioner, chanting with all his old-time devotional fervor the response "Requiescat in pace!" To-day, the last day of the same week the coffin containing his own body will be placed on the bier near which he so often stood himself; and another voice will chant, in behalf of his soul, the same pious prayer "Requiescat in pace!" Mr. Marr, as his name indicates, was a French-Canadian, but like many others of his race, he had warm sympathy and a deep affection for our people. On St. Patrick's Day it was his invariable custom to wear a sprig of shamrock, and he was never absent from the chanter's box on that great Irish national festival. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him. As an interpreter of Plain Chant he had few equals. —R. I.P.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The concert given in the hall of the Catholic Sailors' Club on Wednesday evening was an unqualified success, and many were unable to obtain admission. The entertainment was under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Division No. 2.



MISS SARAH LYONS.

Ancient Order of Hibernians. The dergymen present were the Rev. Father O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's; the Rev. Father Gagnier, S.J., the Rev. D. Holland, C.S.S.R., and the Rev. Father Fortier, C.S.S.R.

Miss Sarah Lyons, the president of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Division No. 2, occupied the chair. She congratulated those who were present for having been fortunate enough to be in time, otherwise they would have

been unable to gain admittance to the hall, as a large number had to go away disappointed, owing to there being no room for them. So large an attendance spoke well for the popularity of the Catholic Sailors' Club, and testified to the high appreciation by the public of the good work which it was doing for the seamen coming to the port of Montreal, irrespective of creed and nationality. That institution deserved the support of every good citizen. The crowd which had to go away on account of the lack of room attested the necessity which existed for larger and more commodious premises. She hoped that assistance would be forthcoming, so as to enable the management to secure new and more suitable premises, and thus to increase the material comfort of the sailor as well as to promote his spiritual and moral welfare, while he was on shore. Their efforts, however, should not be confined to brightening the lot of the sailor ashore; they should also endeavor to promote his comfort while he was at sea.

Miss Lyons' speech was loudly applauded.

The programme and the names of those who took part were as follows: Song, Miss Greta Deegan; mandolin duet, the Misses Kelly; song, Miss Agnes Luella Carr; violin solo, Prof. J. J. Shea; song, Mr. Biggs; recitation, Miss Wall; song, Mr. Arthur Jones; song, Miss Agnes Malone; song, Miss Deegan; recitation, Mr. McCarrey; song, Mr. Jos. Donnelly.

The following seamen contributed to the evening's entertainment: Wm. Musker, F. Tully, James McLean, A. Murdock, Thomas Roache, A. Harker, Corinthian; Peter Leason, Lake Simcoe.

The proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of "God Save Ireland."

The concert to be given on next Wednesday evening will be under the auspices of Branch 26, C.M.B.A.

Saved by a Hymn.

There are times in human life when nothing else will take the place of a true Catholic hymn. It has a power for good that few realize, even of those who are benefited thereby. But now and then it does happen that a man can tell us what to him has been the value of a single hymn. Listen:

A little orphan, called "Tom," was known to the police of the poor section of Baltimore as a youthful terror. If any boyish meanness had been committed, of course "Tom" was at the head of it. But finally he attended a mission given in St. Vincent's Church. He had made a good confession and became reconciled with God. All the energy he had before used for evil was now turned into the channel of good, and from that time the story of "Tom the Newsboy" is a remarkable one. Late one night in a saloon he caught a remark which meant to his well-versed ear that a man was tired of living. He followed the fellow, a poor, starved wreck of humanity, down to the wharf, saw him sit down to think it over for the last time.

"I must save that man," he muttered; but what could he do? He was quick to act in times like this. Going away down the pier, he began to sing one of the most encouraging hymns he knew. Mother dearest, Mother fairest, Help of all who call on thee; Virgin purest, brightest, rarest, Help us, help us, we cry to thee, Mary, help us, help us pray; Help us in all care and sorrow, Mary help us, help us pray.

The words reached the heart of the poor man. A new hope sprang up in his mind; and by and bye, when the voice ceased, he rose and went back and began a better life. Years afterward he tells the story with tears in his eyes: "God bless the singers," he says. "Nothing but the voice of that boy could have reached my heart. I would have run from a priest, but I could not resist the sweetness of that beautiful hymn, 'Mother Dearest.'"

Banquet

The banquet, which was held at the Hon. Charles Minister of Justice, at Hotel, on Tuesday evening, was a grand affair. The parent Irish National Association of Montreal, St. I. society, promises to be successful in every respect.

Owing to the prominence which Mr. Fitzgibbon, the portfolio of the Justice conferring upon him a rank in the Cabinet only to that of Premier thought by some readers "True Witness" that it would, in some respect, be a political character. It would be an altogether impression. The banquet was a very devoted of any political character.

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