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A Catholic newspaper in a parish is a perpetual mission. Let all who truly and from their souls desire that religion and society defended by human intellect and literature should flourish, strive by their liberality to guard and protect the Catholic press, and let everyone in proportion to his income, support them with his money and influence, for to those who devote themselves to the Catholic press we ought by all means to bring helps of this kind, without which their industry will either have no results or uncertain and miserable ones

POPE LEO XIII.



SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

JUNE.

- 14—Second Sunday after Pentecost, Solemnity of Corpus Christi.
- 15—Monday—Of the octave, Commemoration of St. Jermaine Cousin.
- 16—Tuesday—Of the octave, Commemoration of St. John Francis Regis, S.J.
- 17—Wednesday—Of the octave.
- 18—Thursday—Octave of Corpus Christi. Commemoration of St. Marcus and Marcellianus.
- 19—Friday—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (Martyrs).
- 20—Saturday—St. Barnabas, Apostle (transferred from June 11).

CATHOLIC CLUB PICNIC.

Someone has aptly said that "of pleasures those which occur most rarely give the greatest delight." This is especially true when the pleasure possesses genuine merit.

Once a year for the last four years the Catholic Club has offered Winnipeggers a healthful, care-free, pleasurable outing, and at the same time given them an opportunity to help a good cause. Everybody enjoys himself at this annual event, and nobody can deny that the proceeds are devoted to a good cause. In its ever ready defence of Catholic interests, in the facility it offers for exchange of views among the Catholic people of current civic events as effecting the Church, in the inducement it extends to keep young men away from the street corners and less desirable places, in its offering of a place of welcome to strangers entering within our city gates, the Catholic Club stands pre-eminently noticeable among our city institutions, and is highly deserving of every encouragement the Catholics can give it.

The club has never before been in such a prosperous condition as under the present regime, no more capable men have ever comprised the staff of officers. The affable and easily approached Mr. Russell has, as president of the club, agreeably surprised even his best friends. We bespeak for the club on Wednesday, June 17th, the most successful picnic it has ever held.

A CREDITABLE CELEBRATION

The papers bring comforting news of the celebration of a truly Irish and Catholic St. Patrick's Day in the old land. It was a national as well as religious holiday.

There was a general cessation of business, the stores were closed and the shopkeepers joined with farmers in keeping the Feast of our great Patron in a manner worthy of his name and sanctity.

Even Dublin joined in the joyous festivities. A few weeks before Patrick's Day there was formed in the metropolis a National Holiday Committee. Its purpose was to provide for a fitting civic celebration of the occasion. It met with success beyond its highest aspirations. Through its efforts all the merchants put up their shutters and granted a holiday to their employees. Even the respectable publicans denied themselves the privilege of making a handful of money. As Dr. Douglas Hyde well said, for the first time in living memory a breach had been made in the abominable system, begot by Anglicisation, fostered in flunkeyism, nurtured by the foreign spirit, which saw in the day of Ireland's patron saint the necessity of only one thing, namely, drowning the Shamrock in disgraceful drunkenness.

All this should be pleasant reading for those who remember St. Patrick's Day in Ireland in past decades. The excessive drinking and the resulting quarrels and fights were a dishonor to the fair name of our people and a mockery of our Christian character.

Now to what must this epoch-making change be attributed. There can be but one answer. To the new spirit of an Irish Ireland that has been infused into the people by the Gaelic League. The scales have fallen from their eyes. They now see things in a new light, an Irish light. Ashamed of an ugly past, they have broken with it forever. The Gaelic League has given a new soul to Ireland.

To quote again its learned President: The age of miracles is not past and the dreams of an Irish Ireland have a wonderful faculty of becoming true. The dreams of an Irish Ireland, dreamed three times, have still the power to lead the dreamers on the path to that Irish gold that was hidden and buried under the thorny and ugly bush of Anglicisation.—The Leader.

Young Woman's Corner.

THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are borne inward unto souls afar, Along the Psalmist's music deep, Now tell me if that any is For gift or grace, surpassing this—"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved? The hero's heart, to be unmoved, The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep, The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse The monarch's crown, to light the brows—"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved? A little faith, all undisproved, A little dust, to overweep, And bitter memories, to make The whole earth blasted for our sake—"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say, But have no tune to charm away Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep; But never doleful dream again Shall break the happy slumber when "He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises! O men, with wailing in your voices! O delv'd gold, the wailers heap! O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall! God makes a silence through you all, "And giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill, His cloud above it saileth still, Though on its slope men sow and reap, More softly than the dew is shed, Or cloud is floated overhead, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea, men may wonder while they scan, A living, thinking, feeling man, Confirmed in such a rest to keep; But angels say—and through the word I think their happy smile is heard—"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go Most like a tired child at a show, That sees through tears the jugglers leap— Would now its wearied vision close, Would childlike on His Love repose, "Who giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends—when it shall be That this low breath is gone from me,

And round my bier ye come to weep Let one most loving of you all Say, Not a tear must o'er her fall; "He giveth His beloved sleep."

—E. B. Browning.

There are girls who are very anxious to mark themselves out from the crowd by their attractive expensive dress and what they term their "good style."

Many of these girls are capable, if they took the trouble, to make themselves distinct by their good English; that the latter distinction is worth while does not seem to impress them. The carelessness of latter-day English particularly on the tongues of school-girls and young women out of school is proverbial.

To use one of their own euphemisms, they seem to think "any old way will do" to express themselves.

To belong to the aristocrats of cultivated speech is to be much more distinguished than to belong to the aristocrats of stylish adornment.

The former will delight the souls of those one meets; the latter mostly the senses.

The former will leave a lasting impression; the latter a fleeting.

The former needs only modification to suit the changes of time; the latter must most likely be discarded entirely every six months to be replaced by some new fashion. Both have their attractions, but the thinking girl will decide to give most attention to her conversation. How a girl converses means so much; what is back of good conversation in a girl's character is what counts. If a girl speaks carelessly one judges her careless generally.

It would pay the girls to give a good deal of attention to acquiring exact English.

THE LATE MRS. SADLIER. THE TRUE WITNESS.

It seems but the other day that we attended that meeting in the archiepiscopal parlors, when the high and highly deserved honor of receiving the "Laetare Medal," from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, was conferred upon the most prominent and most distinguished of Irish Lady writers—Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier. It appeared to us as the crowning of a splendid life, devoted to the cause of Irish literature in America, and to every good cause, be it benevolent or otherwise, that had for object the protecting, the elevating, or the improvement of Ireland's sons and daughters in the New World. It would be no easy task to sketch the life of the late Mrs. Sadlier; her biography has yet to be written, and, when compiled and edited, will contain the most glorious pages of Irish greatness on this continent.

On Sunday morning last, in her eighty-third year, Mrs. Sadlier, who had been ill for some weeks, passed peacefully and silently to her great reward. Her soul ascended to its source to receive the recompense promised to "every good and faithful servant" of God; and her name passed into history to occupy a conspicuous place, amongst those of Ireland's galaxy of brilliant intellects, whose beams fell athwart the last half of the century that is gone.

To mention her works done would mean a catalogue, to speak of her unrecognised writings—to be counted by the thousands of columns in the press of Ireland, England, America and Canada—would be to furnish an index to a library, to recall the names of all the prominent personages with whom she had been, either directly, or indirectly, associated, in her long literary career, would be to enumerate the brightest lights that Catholicity, in America, has given to the world for its education and uplifting.

As to the simple details of her life, the outline of the leading events, it is easy to give them.

She was the daughter of Francis Madden, of Cootehill, County Cavan, Ireland, where she was born December 31, 1820. She began

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her literary life at the age of 16, and when barely 18, began to contribute to La Belle Assemblee, a London magazine, published under the patronage of the Duchess of Kent. She left Ireland in 1844, and two years later married James Sadlier, of the firm of D. & J. Sadlier, publishers, of New York, Boston and Montreal. Her life was largely spent in New York, and it was there that she did some of her best work. One of her first works was a collection of traditional stories, published in Montreal, entitled "Tales of the Olden Time." In one of her numerous tales of Irish immigrant life and adventure called "Eleanor Preston," there are some sketches of Lower Canada rural life and scenery.

Amongst the most remarkable of her books was an Irish romance entitled "The Confederate Chieftains." She translated several very important religious works, such as "De Ligny's Life of the Blessed Virgin;" and the "Life of Christ." Her novels, all of which tended to bring out the finer characteristics of the Irish race, are numerous; and not a few of our readers are acquainted with her "Willy Burke," "The Blakes and the Flanigans," "Con. O'Regan," "Eleanor Preston," and "Aunt Honor's Keepsake." If, to-day, they are less read than in former years, it is due to the floods of periodical and cheap literature with which the market is overflowing. But, Mrs. Sadlier, as an authoress, and as an exponent of Irish character, in the field of romance, must



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