

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls—I am glad to see new nieces and nephews in the corner this week. It shows that the little people are reading the matter that is put in just for their own selves. Many thanks, Julia, for kind invitation. I am sure I would have a lovely time. Perhaps some day I will have the pleasure of meeting some if not all of my nieces and nephews.

Your loving friend,
AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:
My father takes the True Witness. I like to read the stories in Aunt Becky's corner for my little brother and myself. I have a little brother younger and five older than myself. I am eight years old. I have to walk nearly a mile to school. I am in the second reader and I study geography, spelling and history. We live in the country about three miles from the village of Huntingdon. That is where I go to church. The name of our parish is St. Joseph's. Our priest's name is Father Gilbeault. I hope to see my letter in print next week.

I remain, your niece,
EMMA F.

Dear Aunt Becky:
I was pleased to see my letter and thank you very much. Wish lots of little girls and boys would write, since it pleases you so much. Mamma helped me with my first letter, but I must try this alone. My little sisters are well; their names are Winnie, Stacy, Isa and Doris. Isa is 4 years old, and is spending the winter at her grandpa's; he lives down at the Bay de Chaleur. I spend my vacation there, and have grand fun boating and bathing with my little cousins, Gustin and Tommy. To go there we go a long way on the cars and then on a steamer. I have a big yellow dog; his name is Prince. He comes from Montreal, perhaps you have seen him. Good-bye, dear Aunt Becky? Shall I write again?
Your loving nephew,
HAROLD D.

West Frampton, Que.
(By all means, Harold. Write as often as you like.)

Dear Aunt Becky:
This is my first letter to you. I would love to see you very much. I live away down the River St. Lawrence in the Bay of Chaleur. I am thirteen years of age. I have eleven nephews and nine nieces. Almost as many as you have, Aunt Becky. I live on a large farm with my parents and one sister. The Catholic school in this part of our parish has been closed for two years, as there is not the number of pupils required. I study French and music at home, but will go to convent next year. I have a nice young horse of my own, Aunt Becky, and please do come down next summer to visit our Bay and I will give you lots of drives. I remain,
Your loving niece,
JULIA E.

Port Daniel Centre,
Baie de Chaleur.

A COLD SHAKE.
One day old Polar Bear had just finished a dinner of frozen fish and walrus hide boots, the boots having been left by an arctic explorer whom he had eaten at a previous meal, and was taking a quiet promenade on the ice floe when he ran across a would-be hunter, gold prospector, pole discoverer, and what not, carrying a double-barrelled gun. As soon as the hunter saw Mr. Bear he dropped his gun and began to load up with buckshot. Curious to see this strange personage, Mr. Bear drew near. "What are you doing there, if I may be so bold?" he asked. "Oh, I'm loading for bear," he replied, putting in some shot. "I hope you will forgo," said Mr. Polar, rising upon his hind legs and opening his mouth pleadingly. "I find it inconvenient to carry much lead about my person—so heavy, don't you know. But, say, why did you think of shooting in my direction?" "Well, you see," said the hunter, sadly. "I was brought up on a certain breakfast food, and every morn-

ing, as a boy, a box of this same stood before my plate. I had to eat or starve. It has a big bear on the outside, and I made up my mind, as a boy, to kill any bear that came my way—they remind me so of the breakfast food." "Well," said Mr. Bear, "I guess if that's the case you ought to have satisfaction. You look half starved, and if it will do you any good I'm ready to be a victim. But let me tell you how to make your shot scatter." "How," asked the hunter interestedly. "Oh, put in one shot at a time," said Mr. Bear. "Never thought of it," said the hunter, and emptied all the contents of his gun barrels in the snow. Mr. Polar saw his chance and was off. "Good-bye," he yelled. "You need more breakfast food."—Atlanta Constitution.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.
Never forget that women are made out of girls and that men are made out of boys; that if you are a worthless girl you will be a worthless woman, and if you are a worthless boy you will be a worthless man, and the best educated men and women once did not know "A, B, C"; that all the things which you are learning had to be learned by them; that the efforts spent in making others happy will in some way add to your own happiness; that a life of usefulness and helpfulness is worth many times more than a life of pleasure.

MISTAKES.
When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is set in your power. When you do a foolish thing, you say to yourself, "The people won't notice it." But they will notice it; they always do.

"OUR JACK."

By CARROLL CLIFFORD.

Dear reader, let me tell you this little tale not because it points a moral, but because it is a true story and I saw it happen.
The dear little village of Deepdale nestles in a green valley of southern Ontario. All about stretches forest and farm, winding river and fertile plain, with here and there a graceful hill crowned by the snow-white cottage of the sturdy tiller of the soil. Careless and idle are the inhabitants from Long Con, the village storekeeper, and Sailor Jim, the village tinsmith, who smoke and read the war news in front of their respective stores, to the happy, freckle-faced children who delight when school is out, to hasten to the river Arno and wade, and fish, and rouse the quiet old woods with their merry laughter. Careless and idle are they as their fathers were a generation ago, and as their children will be a generation hence.

Weary of the noise and bustle of the town, John Connor drifted to this sleepy spot, found his congenial element, and the city's streets knew him no more. A popular figure was "our Jack," among the village loafers, with his ready tongue and merry laugh, and it seemed a matter of course that he should take unto himself a village wife and settle down as local hotelkeeper. So John Connor forgot, or seemed to forget that in a distant convent a sister's prayers ascended daily, and that in a little German settlement seven miles away, from the Catholic Church the bell called him with insistent clamor and the hidden Christ waited in vain.

It was a dreary November day and the rain beat on the fallen leaves as Father Hepler stood in the little station at Deepdale waiting for his horse that he might drive out to Ulmdorf. For some days he had been assisting the overworked rector of a neighboring parish, and he smiled happily as he thought of the kind hands and loving hearts that awaited him at home. Ah, yes! This young priest who had fought down intemperance and brawling had found a firm place in their loyal German hearts. "Pardon me, Father, but do you live near Deepdale?" A dark robed

woman, with a pale face and unusually bright eyes, was standing by his side. "I do. Can I do anything for you at Ulmdorf?" "No, father, but you can do much for me here. My brother, John Connor, is very sick, and he has neglected his duty, and will you speak to him, father? His wife is a Protestant, but I am sure if you speak to Jack you can bring him back to the faith. I fear he is dying, and not prepared."

"Has he asked for a priest, madam?" "No, father." "Well, well, I will see him anyway and do what I can." With grateful eyes she thanked the priest, and entering a car was lost to view. Father Hepler passed up the solitary village street and paused before "The Oriental House." The odor of stale beer and cheap tobacco was strong in his nostrils, and the sound of laugh and song reached him from within. Nothing daunted the good priest entered, passed through a narrow hallway to the second door, and with a light tap summoned Mrs. Connors before him. The sorrow and weariness in her face froze to resentment as the priest stepped within. Coldly she asked: "What do you want?" "I wish to see the sick man," said Father Hepler gently.

Through an open door at the side of the room he caught a glimpse of a snowy bed and an open window. "Your services are not required, sir. Kindly leave us," and she opened the door. "John's sister has asked me to see him, and see him I will." Father Hepler walked quietly into the sick room. Almost unconsciously he noted the carpeted floor and curtained window, the papered walls and snowy linen; the pale, good-natured face and brightening eye before him. What memories that priestly figure recalled. Distant boyish days before a stately altar, whose marble Christ looked down in unutterable calm; nightly prayers by the knee of a gentle mother, now sleeping beneath a simple cross in a little Catholic churchyard; the lost ideals of a sheltered youth.

"Ah, Father, how kind you are to come," and his voice broke abruptly as he saw his wife follow the priest into the room. "Madam, will you please leave us. I wish to speak to your husband alone." Mrs. Connors met and fought for a second the firm blue eye that had won many a victory at Ulmdorf, and then quietly left the room. No hardened sinner had Father Hepler to convert, but a weak-kneed coward, who found it far easier to drift with the tide than row against it; who counted a vote in the minority a vote lost. Gently Father Hepler drew from him his story. The half-forgotten youth, the careless manhood, the eating and drinking and merrymaking, and now the opportunity to return to the arms of that grand old mother who alone teaches us how to die. He had been among but not of those who say with the Persian seer of old:

"Into the universe and why not knowing, Nor whence, like water, willy-nilly flowing, And out of it as wind along the waste, I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing."

But forgotten were the prayers and half forgotten the faith of childhood, and many another visit must Father Hepler make. Day after day the good priest came and tapped at the second door as before. Time after time Mrs. Connor came at the summons, and when she saw the tall form and quiet face without left the door unopened. Then the priest would quietly let himself in and go to the bedside of his patient. At length came the day when, for the first time in many barren years, John Connor received the Bread of Heaven with tears of sorrow and gratitude. Joyfully he promised to keep the faith and be a practical Catholic, should he recover, and once more grim Death was driven back without his prey.

But weeks passed and no John Connor came to take his place in the little church at Ulmdorf, and at length Father Hepler came again in search of the wandering lamb. "But sure, Father, I'm weak yet, and it would kill me entirely to drive fourteen miles. Just wait a while till I get stronger." "Ah, yes! Mrs. Connors could afford to smile in triumph this time. Her sharp tongue outmatched the priest's words and John's desires, for John ever feared present and certain evils more than future and uncertain ones.

The balmy spring days found the hotelkeeper in his place among his fellows, and joining in many a sly laugh and jest at his own expense. Often he heard the old song: "When the devil was sick, The devil a monk would be; When the devil was well, The devil a monk was he."

A year later, with a smile on his face and a jest on his lip John Connor saw the grim Destroyer beckon, who this time would brook no delay. Mechanically, as his friends laid him on a couch near at hand, he murmured—"pray for us—at the hour of our death," and his frame stiffened and the light faded, and John Connor went home to his own place. Grief fell heavy on the village, and heaviest of all on the widow. "Now, don't cry, Mrs. Connor," quoth a sympathizing friend. "He never harmed a soul in his life, and he died peacefully with no priests around to torment him, and we can lay him in our own little cemetery among all his friends." So John Connor was laid at rest beneath a graven stone, in an alien land, far from the daisied sod where a mother's dust was lying within the quiet shadow of a simple cross.

ORIGIN OF THE OSTENSORIUM

A monstrance, called also ostensorium and portable tabernacle, is that large altar utensil in which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed at Benediction and borne in solemn procession outside of the church on certain occasions. It consists of two parts—the foot, or stem, upon which it rests, and the repository, or case, in which the Host is exhibited. The stem is like that of the chalice, and its upper part is so formed as to resemble the rays issuing from the radiant sun. In its centre there is a circular aperture, in which the lunula, or lunette, with the Blessed Sacrament inclosed, is placed during exposition.

Monstrances date their origin from the institution of the Feast of Corpus Christi, which was first set on foot by Robert, Bishop of Liege, in 1246, at the instigation of a holy nun named Juliana, who frequently saw in a vision a suminous moon with one dark line on its surface. The moon represented the Church, and the dark line indicated a feast that was wanting among those annually celebrated, and this feast was one specially directed toward the Blessed Sacrament. This led to the institution of the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament, or Corpus Christi, which Pope Urban IV., in 1264, extended to the universal church.

In some of the churches of the Cistercian order in France instead of the usual monstrance there is employed a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, so constructed that the Sacred Host may be placed in its hand during the time of exposition. The present shape of the monstrance in imitating the radiant sun recalls the divine splendor of the Lord's countenance at His transfiguration on Mount Tabor and that saying of the psalmist, "He has placed His tabernacle in the sun" (Psalm xviii, 6).

The material of the monstrance may be of gold, silver, brass or copper gilt. The base should be wide, and it must be surmounted by a cross. In the middle of the monstrance there should be a receptacle of such size that a large Host may easily be put into it. On the front and back of this receptacle there should be a crystal, allowing the Host to be seen, the one on the back opening like a door. The circumference of this receptacle should be of gold, or of other material it should be gilt and smooth and polished.

The lunula, or lunette, is made of the same material as the monstrance. If it be made of any other material than gold, it must be gilded. In form it may be either of two crescents or of two crystals incased in metal. If two crystals are used, it is necessary that they be so arranged that the Sacred Host does not in any way touch the glass. In some cases the lunula is of silver or gold. The upper part of the monstrance is generally of the precious metals, or at least gilt or silvered, although the lower portion is occasionally wrought. In many cases it is of most costly materials and workmanship.

The monstrance is not consecrated by a bishop, but is simply blessed by a priest, who uses the form of blessing a tabernacle or ostensorium.

STAMMERERS

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A STOLEN CATHEDRAL.

What Happened to the Original Clonfert Church—Its Present Rector Wishes to "Restore" It—But Not to Its Owners.

A few weeks ago a letter from Bishop O'Dea, of Clonfert, Ireland, appeared in the Irish World, appealing for funds for the completion of the Cathedral of his diocese at Loughrea. In the current issue the Irish World calls attention to the fact that at one time there was a Cathedral at Clonfert which was one of the most magnificent shrines in Ireland.

But what became of the other temple—the Cathedral of Clonfert of a thousand years ago? This question in connection with Bishop O'Dea's appeal, is suggested by an article in the Brooklyn Eagle of Sunday week announcing the visit to America and giving a portrait and sketch of Rev. Canon Robert McLarny, Protestant Rector of Clonfert Cathedral, County Galway, Ireland. The same gentleman was on this side of the Atlantic a few years ago soliciting subscriptions for the "restoration" of Clonfert Cathedral, and the Irish World took occasion at the time to examine the claim of Mr. McLarny to the rectorship, and the title of his sect in Ireland to the ownership of that ancient church fabric. The Eagle in its article gives as follows a brief history of the Cathedral, furnished, no doubt, by Mr. McLarny: "The Cathedral was founded by St. Brendan, the Navigator, in the year 558. St. Brendan is credited with having landed in America in the sixth century. The late Bishop of Iowa stated that St. Brendan not only discovered America, but evangelized a portion of it 900 years before Columbus was born. The saint is buried in Clonfert Cathedral. Clonfert Cathedral is celebrated for its twelfth century Hiberno-Romanesque doorway, and also for its east window, nearly 1000 years old. The late John Ruskin was so much struck with the beauty of the doorway that, although as a rule objecting to all 'restoration,' he sent Canon McLarny a donation toward its preservation."

Taking this sketch to be in the main correct, every one—intelligent and candid Protestants as well as Catholics—will easily recognize that the cathedral referred to was Catholic and could be nothing else. All Christendom, of course, was Catholic at St. Brendan's time, and for a thousand years after. St. Brendan, of course, was a Catholic ecclesiastic. He founded Clonfert Cathedral, and for 1000 years Mass was celebrated at its altars, and the Sacraments of the Catholic Church were administered by its priests. No such thing as Protestantism was heard of in Clonfert or in the world for a thousand years after St. Brendan was buried in Clonfert Cathedral. How Protestantism was introduced into Ireland, and how it was sought, but in vain, to force it upon the Irish people is familiar to all readers of Anglo-Irish history. They (the "reformers") failed, although they tried aM the instruments and agencies of persecution to compel the Irish to accept the new religion—the religion of Mr. McLarny. They were not able to deprive the Irish of their faith, but they deprived them of nearly everything else—their property, their schools, their churches, their cathedrals. All these the pious "reformers" seized in Ireland. That was the way Clonfert Cathedral came into the possession of Rev. Mr. McLarny's church. In such possession—in Protestant possession—it was and is stolen property. Protestant right to the Cathedral founded by St. Brendan was and is no better than that of the highwayman to the purse of his victim. In the Eagle story we are further told that: "The Canon (Mr. McLarny) having devoted more than twenty years of his life to the work of restoring his ancient church, has had the pleasure of seeing the work almost complete; therefore, he is not now appealing for funds."

Of course, it never, during all those twenty years, occurred to Canon McLarny to restore "his" ancient church in the honest way, that is, to restore possession of it to its rightful owners, the Catholic people of Clonfert, by whose Catholic fathers it was built and used for Catholic worship for so many centuries. It would have been decenter for Rev. Mr. McLarny to have refrained from sending round the hat for the "restoration" of his stolen property, more particularly in America, where every denomination honestly builds and maintains churches for itself. And, moreover, Mr. McLarny's church in Ireland was and is rich enough to keep in repair its churches



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—the stolen churches included. At the time of the Gladstone disestablishment and disendowment act (1870) it got not only a free gift, again confirmed, of all the church fabrics it had stolen from the Irish-Catholic people at the "Reformation," but it got the enormous sum of \$40,000,000 down as compensation for "disendowment," the greater part of the money being the money of Irish Catholics.

Newfoundland Correspondence

An awful blizzard raged over the colony last week. Trains were stalled in snow-banks and the thermometer was down to thirty-five degrees below zero. Steamers plying around the coast were held fast for several days in the heavy ice jam. In the memory of some of the oldest inhabitants this winter, for severity, has never been equalled.

Preparations for the sealing expedition, the second industry of Terra Nova, are actively going ahead. About twenty-two steamers will participate this season, and some four thousand men. For the last six years the sealing industry has been very good, and it is hoped that 1905 will prove a banner year as regards bumper trips.

The Terra Nova hockey team have captured the championship of the island, going through the season without a defeat. His Grace Archbishop Howley will arrive from Rome in a short time, when a public demonstration will be tendered him by all the Catholic Societies and all the Catholics of the city of St. John's. His Grace will enter St. John's for the first time invested with the full powers of his new dignity, that of Archbishop. St. Bonaventure's College, the "Excelsior" educational establishment of the Island, will be enlarged shortly, to meet the growing demands in the educational arena. At present there are nearly 300 students in attendance.

ABBOT GASQUET'S HUMOR.

The distinguished Abbot Gasquet of the Benedictine Order, presently residing in England, is a man of wit and humor, of which he gave some good samples in replying to a toast at a dinner recently in London, at which the company included the Archbishop of Westminster and a considerable number of the Catholic clergy and laity. Referring to his late visit to America, the Abbot told these stories:

"I have just come from a land of opportunities, as I heard an American professor call it at a meeting on the day after my landing. I was able to assure that meeting that I had already found America a land of opportunities. On my way to the meeting in the train a gentleman seized the opportunity and my umbrella. That is one characteristic of the American, to lose no opportunity, and another is to run no risks, 'to take no chances,' as they say. I was told of an American who sent his mother-in-law to a health resort; he shortly afterwards received a telegram from the undertakers, 'Shall we embalm, cremate or bury?' The reply was: 'Embalm, cremate and bury; take no chances.'"

FIXED IT.

Mamma—Now Freddy, mind what I say. I don't want you to go over into the next garden to play with that Binks boy. He's very rude. Freddy (he had a few minutes after calling over the wall)—I say, Binks, ma says I'm not to go in your garden because you're rude, but you came into my garden—I ain't rude.