

traceable to love and were the result of it. Three of the suitors on the eve of

le suicide of Sir Hector produced eight cases in Scotland during the last year. These poor people all have been long in asylums, must weak minds dazed by lurid notoriety that the coffin of the dead is no use blaming any other season, for the state of affairs. The thought elsewhere.

In the same envelope that contained the letter which I published last week, was another slip—a very brief little letter, and a peculiar one. It read as follows:—

(By a Regular Contributor.)

"Clonmel,  
"23rd Oct., 1847.

"Dear Friend Catharine:—

The robber is up the street and will visit our house at noon to-day. If not inconvenient for thee and thy brother, Ann and I will spend the next few hours at thy place. It is well that the robber should not be interfered with in his unholy deed.

"Ever thy friend—

"ROBERT DAVIS."

G. KENNEDY,  
ANTIST,  
tiere (Palace St.)  
st of Beaver Hall,  
MONTREAL.

to 883 DORCHESTER  
MONTREAL, on May 1st.

QUIGLEY,  
L.D., K.C.,  
STER AND SOLICITOR,  
rs of New Brunswick  
Quebec,  
and Lacoste,  
nters-in-law.  
MONTREAL.

CURRAN,  
S.C.L.,  
CATE...  
bers, 180 St. James  
Montreal.

DONNELL,  
ACCOUNTANT,  
STREET,  
Montreal.

experience in connection  
of Private  
states. Auditing  
Annual Reports  
and public corpora-  
ONE 1182.

COURT.

EBEC,  
real.  
mirand, of the city  
Montreal, wife  
property, of Desire  
of the same place,  
the present,  
Plaintiff,

Defendant.  
ration as to pro-  
stituted in this  
February, 1908.  
BROSSARD,  
ys for Plaintiff.

# Old Letters.

from a Quaker, it meant as much as a column of the most terrible abuse in the mouth of another citizen.

On that particular day the agent was visiting the various houses on the street where stood the dwelling and store of Robert Davis. The other houses had been positively sacked and turned inside out. No word of protest was of the slightest avail. When the Quaker saw that his turn was coming, he simply decided to get out and to leave his premises in the possession of "the robber." Resistance was of no avail, and, if it were, his principles forbade any resistance. Then, to remain and see the work of devastation carried on before his eyes, might tempt him to use bad words, or to get angry, and to feel a sentiment of revenge; while our Lord had said that "Vengeance is Mine," and if your "enemy strike you on one cheek you must turn the other." So, in order, to escape from that which he feared more than the loss of his property, he wrote to his "friend Catharine," to state that he and his wife would go spend the afternoon at her place while "the robber" was doing his work.

In all this there is something very pathetic. One cannot but feel for that strange class of people, with their exceptionally quaint manners, their absolute innocence of the world's ways, and their great sufferings and privations in consequence of laws that made life almost unbearable for the Catholic. It would almost seem as if the Government of that day should have exempted them from the effects of the cruel mandate that had gone forth, and, yet, they were made to walk through a fiery furnace like unto that which the Catholic had to face. In this mutual suffering I think lies the secret of that sympathy which existed between the Quaker and Catholic elements of Ireland. One of the best samples, in public life, of the former, was John Bright—and all know his Catholic sympathies.

## Sir Oliver Mowat Dead

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

We are entering upon a new century, but there are many of the leading landmarks of the last half of the century that are gone to still be seen around us. However, they are silently and surely dropping away, one after the other, each leaving a vacant spot that it is not easy to immediately fill. Canada, like every other land, has its experiences of this kind, and while they must necessarily be fewer with us than with larger populations, still they are all the more noticeable in our midst. Canada's history is clearly marked off by distinct lines drawn across it at given periods. That of 1760, that of 1840, that of 1867, may be classed amongst those that are the more clearly fixed in our attention. Since 1867, the date of Confederation, the country has had no remarkable change, beyond the general development, expansion and progress, that each succeeding year brought about. The men of that great period of Confederation are nearly all gone; the giants that wrestled in the arena of Canadian affairs during that time of Titanic struggles have most all passed into the domain of history. The disappearance of a survivor of that galaxy causes the thoughtful to pause, in the mid-stream of life, and to reflect upon the rapidity of time and the instability of human affairs. The other day one more of those survivors, in the person of Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, disappeared from the stage.

The late statesman certainly played a considerable role in the history of this country, and especially in that of the Province of Ontario. His life extended over the entire period that reaches from the days of agitation that preceded the rebellion of 1837 down to the present day. He had been a judge during one decade of his life, but descended from the Bench to enter the political field, at that critical period when Blake and Mackenzie left provincial politics to battle for their party in the Federal arena. During twenty-four years he was Premier of Ontario. He had gone before the people six times, in general elections, and invariably returned successful. Nor has any one ever cast a doubt upon his integrity, as a public man, during all these long years of power. Decidedly the Irish-Catholic element of Ontario owed him a debt of gratitude, for on all occasions he proved to be friendly to their interests, and was instrumental in procuring them whatever rights or privileges that they enjoyed.

## Random Notes And Comments

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

When old Polonius gave the foregoing piece of advice to Laertes he had in the mind the fashions of France; but the advice is equally good here and at the present day. It should be of peculiar value to young men just starting out in life. The Catholic young man, grounded in the teachings of the Church, and anxious to follow in the straight and narrow way, will find many difficulties to contend with in the beginning, but if he keeps valiantly in the right path he will soon have the confidence of his associates, the respect of the bank. There is a great deal gained when the banking habit is acquired, but a good conscience is perhaps a greater asset. And next comes the matter of appearances. Always contrive to be well dressed. Do not be afraid of being called a dude. A really good business man will very seldom be heard to say: "I've got push and go; that's enough for me; I can't care about dress." Experience will prove that it is not nearly enough. Cleanliness and external conditions have much to do with business success these days. Not long ago a well known railroad magnate delivered an address to young men, in the course of which he gave some such advice as the following:—If you are out of a job and have twenty-five dollars, buy a new suit of clothes, get a clean shave, walk boldly in and say what you can do. You will probably get the job. The next day the railroad man was probably surprised when he received a note to the following effect: "Dear sir, I had \$20, which I spent for clothes. I also have a clean shave. The only thing I want now is a job on your railroad." Yes, dress counts for a great deal. First, be sure of your integrity, then dress well and you will succeed.

### SYMPATHY FOR THE LIVING.

People rarely stop to consider what an amount of misery could be relieved if not absolutely removed by a little forethought, a little encouragement, or a little financial assistance at the proper time. It is an old saying that people should never speak ill of the dead, in fact, most people have a good word to say for them; but unfortunately the dear one has always to depart before he finds out what a really good citizen he was in this life. In the meantime he has died, and his coffin is overburdened with choice flowers, who scarcely ever received a kind word in his life. Apropos of this, the "Catholic Universe" has the following interesting paragraph:—

We sometimes hear of persons who are dead—"but not dead entirely." Mrs. James W. McCarthy, of Ansonia, Conn., answered this description. Her death was reported last Saturday morning. Flowers and carriages were ordered, but Mrs. McCarthy grew better. When she "came to" she beheld beautiful wreaths, "gates ajar," broken columns and other funeral pieces. A pile of letters to her "dear" husband lay on the table.

We think that it would be frequently a consolation to the dead if they knew how much they were really beloved. How many get "a pile of flowers" when they are dead that never got a bouquet while living. We advise that these tokens be at least divided into "before" and "after" death—the greater portion to be given "before." Unappreciative receivers chill the donors. Do not postpone little commendations or tokens of affection until the cold chill of death prevents the heart from giving a throb of joy for kind acts or for mementoes of affection. An unpainted pine coffin that follows such appreciative tokens is better than an "exquisite" casket without the marks of affection that should have preceded death.

ROBBING POOR BOXES. — There are many mean people all over the world, but about the meanest man of all is he that would rob a poor box. There seems to be a breed of this class of thief in West Hoboken, N.J., where two of them have been recently captured by a clever device, invented by Rev. Father Louis Gabriel, of St. Joseph's Church. An electric alarm connect the poor boxes with the rectory, and when the going sounded one day last week Father Gabriel quietly locked the

Church door. He then notified the police, who found a man hiding under one of the pews.

### TO KEEP PUPILS OFF STAGE.

—Professor A. D. Yocum, superintendent of the public schools, Chester, Pa., has created quite a stir in the community by protesting to the board of education against the practice of allowing school children to take part in amateur theatricals and any form of home or public entertainment which keeps children up late at night or absorbs their interest during the day. Professor Yocum says it seriously interferes with the progress of the children in school.

### "NO LANGUAGE, NO NATION."

is an aphorism which at the present time might refer peculiarly to Ireland. There was a time, not many hundred years ago, when it referred very strongly to Canada; but the makers of treaties at that time were far-seeing in their generation, and laws, language, and religion were assured to the people. There were no penal laws to crush out the memory of the language of their fathers, as there were in Ireland. There is a very decided change, however, gradually, if not rapidly, taking place in Ireland at the present day. It may not be generally known that in Ireland, according to the last census, there are 700,000 people who speak Irish, and of this number about 40,000 speak Irish only. Of course, the greater number of the latter are on the western and southern seaboard. Here the missionary work of the Gaelic League is being strenuously pushed, so that the language will be preserved in all its vigorous, idiomatic colloquial form. In the meantime, the English-speaking portion of the population are hard at work recovering the literal knowledge of the mother tongue. Some few years ago, when the renewed interest in Gaelic began to be marked, no effort was spared to throw obstacles in the way of the new movement by all the institutions which were thought to have some influence in the country. Banks and post offices, storekeepers and schools, the press and the railways, all militated against the new educational advance. Now, however, the case is somewhat different; in the great majority of the leading schools Irish is firmly established; the post office recognizes it officially; cheques are drawn and signed; the railways are gradually coming into line; the shop-keepers are conquered, and the press has forgotten its old antipathy so far as to add fonts of Gaelic type to their plant. A great many daily, bi-weekly, weekly, and monthly newspapers now devote columns regularly to Irish literature printed in Irish. Writing to the Dublin "Evening Mail," Seumas MacManus, the well known Irish novelist, gives some interesting facts and figures regarding the working of the Gaelic League, which was established about nine years ago for the revival of the Irish language as a spoken tongue. He says:—

"For the convincing of incredulous ones, I should like to set down a few dry facts here. The Gaelic League was established more than nine years ago for the revival of the Irish language as a spoken tongue. Its progress, while sure and steady, was in no way phenomenal for the first half-dozen years of its existence, but it has, during the past three years, advanced by leaps and bounds, and the advance continues by geometrical rather than arithmetical progression. Two years ago there were, in Ireland, hardly 200 affiliated branches of the League; in this present year there are rather more than 500. Two years ago the Irish language was taught in about 3,000, and, twelve months hence, there is every reason to believe that this latter number will have been doubled. A few years since the Irish language was not taught in any of the teacher's training colleges; now it is taught in five. In how many intermediate schools it is taught it is impossible for me to say, but I can state with certainty that the number is very great. Two years since the receipts of the Gaelic League was reckoned by hundreds of pounds; last year it was reckoned by thousands (roughly speaking, I believe, £5,300). And it is calculated that the end of the current financial year will show receipts amounting to £10,000. A couple of years since there was one organizer endeavoring to awake a lethargic country in the interests of the League; now there are eight, and in the course of a few months the number will be half a score. During the year ending March 31 last, there were issued by the Gaelic League alone 213,000 books in Irish, and 40,000 propagandist pamphlets. Of this great total of a quarter of a million, 138,000 were O'Growney text-books. The remainder consisted of books of Irish poems, Irish folklores, biographies, an Irish novel, Irish school

readers students' handbooks, Irish recitations, and Irish songs and music. It must be borne in mind, too, that, over and above this grand total issued by the Gaelic League, there were many thousand books, either in Irish or dealing directly with the Irish movement, put out by other publishing firms."

One of the signs of the times in this connection is that the Commissioners of national education have been forced to concede new privileges in favor of the teaching of Irish in the schools. If taught as an extra subject, the substantial fee of ten shillings per head for all pupils to whom it is taught effectively is awarded. They have conceded that it may be taught as an ordinary subject in all schools; and the natural result of these concessions is that a great number of managers have already established the teaching of it in the schools under their patronage; and a still greater number will, within a very short time, as soon as their teachers are prepared to undertake it, have established it.

The following paragraph by the gifted author is well worth reproducing here:—

Any language is a precious inheritance; it is the golden deposit that the streams of thought have, through ages, been carrying down to a people from the mountains of the past; and leading European philologists of the present day—as well as of days past—have agreed in acknowledging that, in the case of the Celtic race, the language which is their inheritance is many times richer than the language of most other peoples of our time. If, wantonly, we cast away our inheritance, or, if, vilely, we barter it for a mess of pottage, we would richly merit eternal obliquity.

## THE MISSION WORK IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Although the name of Gaffney seems to suggest a Catholic founder of the city, we have only two Catholic families here. No doubt the founder should have been a Catholic, but there is nothing in a name in this section. Mass has been celebrated here in private houses for years; sometimes the congregation would increase by a Catholic family moving here, but it would soon again diminish by their moving away.

Gaffney being a prosperous city, we had great expectations for at least a partly successful mission; but, sorry to say, we were doomed to disappointment. When we first announced our mission we were advised to postpone it for at least a week, as Limestone College was to have its commencement. We waited for one week and then went to prepare the way. The only available place in which to give our mission was the court house. Not being able to see the person who has the custody of it, we had to ask one of our friends to make arrangements for us.

Two days later we were surprised to learn that the "clerk of court" said we could not have the court-house; his explanation being, that we were Catholics, and that if he let a priest lecture there, the next thing would be that the Mormons would come along and claim the right also. Thus aroused, we were soon back in Gaffney; but arriving there we found that affairs had changed for the better. The clerk had been talking to the editor of the newspaper, and had learned that Catholics were not in the same line with Mormons—in fact, not at all bad; so he decided that we could have the court-house.

We announced our lectures in the bi-weekly newspaper, giving the hour, the subjects, and explaining fully the object of the lectures, dwelling at length on the use of the question-box.

At our first lecture we had twelve persons present; they seemed lost in the large court-room; and we thought of moving to a room less spacious; but considering the inconvenience to which it might put our hearers we decided to occupy our present quarters.

Early the next morning we had hand-bills on the streets announcing that the lectures would continue for the remainder of the week. Towards evening of this day a severe electrical storm came up, which lasted only for a short while; but during that time it burned out the electric lights in the court-house. It seemed as if the elements were using their powers to prevent the good people of Gaffney from hearing anything Catholic.

When the time came for the lecture, we were provided with lamps so as not to disappoint our audience; but it was the same as on the previous evening. We gave our lecture, asked questions, because none had made use of the question-box,

and answered them ourselves. Now, our hopes were centred on the next night; but alas; the same story, the same faces, and the same great number of empty benches. We lectured, thanked those who had attended, also the authorities for the use of the court-house. We were sorry to have to leave, but our work called us elsewhere. We still have hopes that we will get a better hearing in Gaffney now that the ground is broken; perhaps the seed planted will grow.

Perhaps it will be interesting to "The Missionary" readers to have an account of a real mission sick-call and all that it entails, together with an opportunity for giving non-Catholic missions. Some time since my last account to "The Missionary" I received a sick-call from Little Mountain, S.C. I received the telegram just ten minutes too late to enable me to make the local train, and consequently was obliged to take a longer route. After travelling one hundred and ten miles by train I had to continue fourteen miles further in a buggy, arriving at the bedside of the sick man at twelve-thirty o'clock Sunday morning. I had not brought the Holy Viaticum with me; so after hearing his confession and judging that he was not in immediate danger of death, I decided to administer the other sacraments after I had celebrated Mass.

When at 8 a.m., I began to prepare my little altar in the hall-way of the poor farm-house, I found there were at least twenty-five persons present, all Lutherans, neighbors of the sick man, who had come to see what a priest was like, and who were anxious to know what I was going to do. These people, with one exception, had never seen a Catholic church or a priest.

Before Mass I explained what the altar represented and what the Mass was. At the Gospel I preached on the mission of the Church to teach all nations; and I believe I never had a more attentive audience. Many times I noticed the older men nodding their heads, seemingly in approval, for I am sure they were not asleep. Mass being finished, I explained the different vestments, and then told them that I was going to administer the sacrament of Holy Communion and Extreme Unction. This led to an explanation of the sacraments.

Unknowningly, these poor people formed a solemn procession before the Blessed Sacrament as I carried it to the sick man. I had one of them to carry the blessed candle. They arranged themselves around the room and observed very carefully everything that was done. There seemed to be a general satisfaction that this poor soul, who had so desired to see the priest and make his peace with God, had had his wish fulfilled. Any one of them would have been willing to go miles in order to bring the priest to him. This sick-call gave me an opportunity to meet all these people and to give a non-Catholic mission; for with what they had already heard about the Catholic Church some expressed a desire to hear more. I told them that I would remain and preach the next night. They all came and brought others with them, and I preached on the doctrines of the Church, using the steps of the house as my pulpit. True, there was no question box, or any literature distributed then; but many remained to ask questions, and later on I sent them some leaflets.

Personally I met ever one of them, and feel certain that some good has been done in dispelling erroneous opinions and preparing the way for future work. Many expressed their thanks, and from all I have a pressing invitation to come soon again. Our sick man died one week later, when I was far away on another sick call, and a Catholic layman went twenty miles to read the burial service at the grave.—Rev. John J. Hughes, in The Missionary. ...

The heart will not be subject to so many changes if it roots out the first cause of its frivolity.

## The Montreal City and District Savings Bank.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Bank will be held at its Head Office, 176 St. James Street, on

Tuesday, 5th May Next,  
At 12 O-Clock Noon.

for the reception of the Annual Reports and Statements, and the election of Directors.

By order of the Board,  
A. P. LESPERANCE, Manager.  
Montreal, March 31st, 1908.