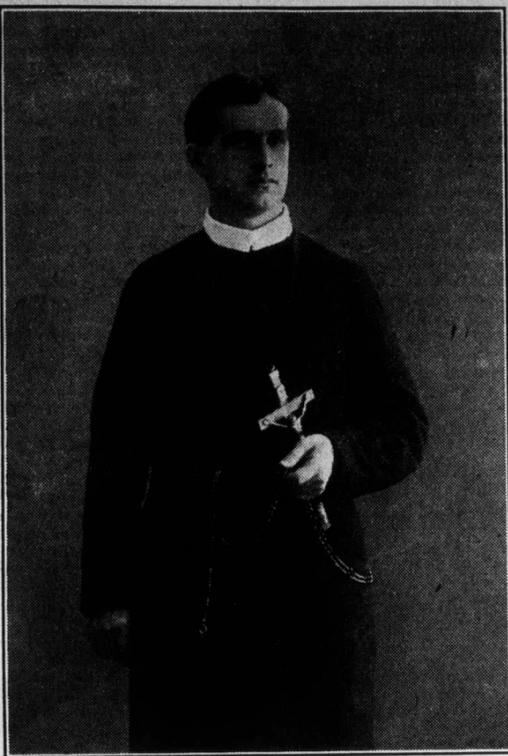


Rev. Father Scanlan Dead.



LATE REV. FRANCIS SCANLAN, O.S.S.R.

In the very prime of his priestly career Rev. Francis Scanlan, C.S.S.R., passed away on Monday morning, at the Hotel Dieu, this city, after having submitted to a surgical operation.

All that the devoted Sisters of the Hotel Dieu and the skilled surgeons of Montreal could suggest was done to alleviate the sufferings of the young priest, but it was unable to stay the hand of death.

After the operation, which was performed by Dr. Frank J. Shepherd, Father Scanlan rallied for a brief moment; but the physical constitution was not equal to the strain upon it.

Rev. Father Scanlan was the son of Mr. Michael Scanlan, who is well known in Montreal for his connection with shipping interests in the Dominion and Franco-Canadian lines. The brothers of the dead priest are Dr. H. Scanlan, J. T. Scanlan, of the firm of J. T. Marchand & Co., lumber merchants, and Fred. Scanlan, of Winnipeg.

Rev. Father Scanlan was born in this city on Aug. 8th, 1867. He received his primary education at the well known establishment under the direction of the Christian Brothers, and known as the Archbishop's Academy. At the time of which we write, Brother Denis, so well known in our ranks in this city and at present head of the establishment was also director of the Academy, with Bro. Marcellian as teacher of the subject of this sketch.

A pathetic incident and one which so fully illustrates the devotion and loyalty of the Christian Brothers to their pupils took place a few hours before the young priest breathed his last sigh. Bro. Marcellian, who is a patient at the Hotel Dieu, having learned of the arrival of his former pupil at the institution, hastened to his bedside, and spoke those sweet words of consolation and comfort which are so characteristic of the members of this truly noble teaching order. This little incident is but one of the many which goes to illustrate how zealously and how earnestly the Christian Brothers watch over all the Catholic youth entrusted to their care long after they have quitted the class rooms. After leaving the Archbishop's Academy, where he gave many evidences of inclination for the holy vocation which he afterwards adopted, he was sent to Montreal College, where he entered upon the first period of his classical course, and which he subsequently finished at Beauplatau, Belgium, one of the notable houses of the Redemptorist Order in that country. He made his first vows on September 8th, 1887, and was ordained to the priesthood on the 7th April, 1896.

It is difficult to give adequate expression to the emotions of the heart when death comes to the young gifted, how much more so is it not, when the one possessing all these qualities has, in addition the sublime distinction of being a priest of God's Holy Church. It seems but a moment since Father Scanlan last ascended the altar of St. Ann's to chant the Grand Mass of Low Sun-

day; the words of the Rev. Rector Father Caron, on the occasion, recommending him, during the trying ordeal of his painful and painfully necessary operation, to the prayers of a congregation, each one of which loved and admired him.

We need not here refer to his resignation of the world that had so many bright prospects for him; this is a matter that has a lasting place in the recollections of his fond parents, his brothers and sisters and all who were bound to him by the ties of kindred or of friendship. When he became a member of one of the grandest Orders in the Church, he sank his individuality in the life of the community, and in that supreme sacrifice he passed into the sanctuary, and into the cloister-like existence of the religious—there to labor for the greater glory of God and for the salvation of souls.

Gifted beyond the ordinary he soon made a mark for himself in the sacerdotal sphere of life-labor. Still young, he naturally might have been expected to have had long years of labor and of usefulness before him in the missionary field. But God, in a wisdom that man cannot fathom, deemed it better that the end should contradict all human expectations. The past and last short term of his practical ministry was devoted to the glory of the Blessed Mother of our Blessed Lady. The Annals of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, which he edited during the past year, that is to say, the last beautiful volume, contain the expressions of a soul entirely devoted to the cause that so pleases the Saviour—for it is the cause of the one who was the dearest being on earth to the heart of His own Holy Mother. All the while the cruel malady that was to prove fatal to the young priest had been undermining his splendid constitution.

We now pause, to tell the brief story of the last sad funeral rites; but before we bid a long farewell to one who held such a high place in the esteem and veneration of all who knew him, we will ask his father, and every member of his family to accept the expression of our deep sympathy and sorrow; to offer the members of his own community the heartfelt sentiments of condolence that animate us, and to join with the Church, of which he was a noble and saintly priest, in the most fervent prayer for the eternal repose of his soul.

The translation of the remains took place on Monday afternoon, at 1.30 o'clock from the Hotel Dieu to St. Ann's presbytery, in which latter place they were visited by thousands of the faithful from all quarters of the city. On Wednesday evening the body was removed from the presbytery to the Church. The scene witnessed on the occasion was a most impressive one. A procession, headed by a cross-bearer, was formed, in which all the priests and brothers of the house, wearing white surplices, took part. As they moved slowly along Basin street they chanted the "Miserere." The St. Ann's Cadets, the members

of which were so much admired by the late lamented priest, formed the guard of honor, and bore their part in the sad ceremony with their usual ability. The Church was heavily draped in mourning, and every available place was occupied by the parishioners. The remains were placed upon a catafalque near the sanctuary railing. At the recitation of the Office of the Dead, Rev. Father Caron, Rector of St. Ann's, and Rev. Father Denoys, Ste. Anne de Beaupre, officiated, assisted by a large number of the priests of the Church and from other parishes.

On Thursday morning the solemn Requiem Mass was chanted, and in the sacred edifice every parish, religious community, educational establishment and all the various sections of the laity were represented. Solitude, if ever, was such a spectacle witnessed on such an occasion.

The choir, under the direction of the organist of the Church, Prof. P. J. Shea, assisted by the members of other parish choirs, rendered the musical portion of the service in a very impressive manner.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi presided, and was attended by Very Rev. A. Lemieux, C.S.S.R., visitor of the vice-Province of Canada, and Rev. Father Denoys, rector of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Rev. Canon Luke Callaghan, D.D., was the celebrant of the Mass, with Rev. Father Gaur, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

Amongst the members of the clergy noticed in the sanctuary were: Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Caron, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Ann's; Rev. William O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's; Rev. John E. Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's; Rev. P. J. Heffernan, Rev. R. E. Callahan, St. Mary's; Rev. Father McDonald, St. Gabriel's; Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R., Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., Rev. T. Heffernan and Rev. M. L. Shea, St. Anthony's; Rev. Father Casey, St. Jean Baptiste; Revs. Gerald McShane, S.S., P. McGrath, St. Patrick's; Rev. I. Kavanagh, S.J.; Rev. Father Devine, S.J.; Rev. James Lonergan; Rev. L. Mezzio; Rev. P. Rioux; Rev. J. Bonin; Rev. P. Girard; Rev. P. Pampalon, C.S.S.R.; Rev. S. Paire, C.S.S.R.; Rev. J. A. Saucier; Rev. Joseph Bonin, P.P., Saint Charles; Rev. Father Leonard; Rev. A. Curotte; Rev. J. N. Dupuis; Rev. J. B. Frigon, O.M.I.; Rev. H. Dupre, S.S.; Rev. F. Laliberté, S.S.; Rev. E. Giroit, Hotel Dieu; Rev. P. E. Gauvreau; Rev. R. Hamel, O.P.; Rev. G. A. Leveille, C.S.V.; Rev. G. P. Belanger, St. Joseph's; Rev. J. F. Kelly, C.S.C.; Rev. A. Guindo, S.S.; Rev. D. Chevrier; Rev. J. A. Lemayre Gonville, C.S.V.; Rev. M. Desmarie, and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Scanlan, father and mother of the dead priest, and their children and other relatives of the family occupied seats near the sanctuary.

The singing of the "Libera" was presided over by His Grace the Archbishop, after which the mortal remains were removed to the vaults in the basement of the Church.

Rev. Father Caron received the following cards for Masses for the repose of the soul of the lamented young priest:—

Mr. J. G. Armytage, president of the Victoria Hockey Club, Winnipeg, 20 Masses.

Mrs. Briggs and family, 40 Masses. Mrs. Israel Clement, 8 Masses. Mrs. J. M. Collins, 12 Masses. Mr. Thomas O'Connell, 10 Masses. Mr. H. E. McLaughlin, 10 Masses. Mr. John Slattery, 10 Masses. Mr. and Mrs. Jer. Coffey, 4 Masses. Mrs. P. McGovern, 8 Masses. Mr. and Mrs. Collins, 12 Masses.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Burke, one High Mass, which is to be held in the Loyola College Chapel.

Many cards of condolence were also delivered at the presbytery on Wednesday.

Scenes in St. Peter's, Rome.

Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., in the course of an interesting sketch entitled "The Two Romes," which was published in the Dublin "Freeman," writes:—

I had already often wandered through the streets of precious marbles, mosaics, paintings, and colossal statues, under their firmament of cupolas and golden ceilings, which are called St. Peter's. To do so on ordinary days is to sink under a sense of immeasurable wonder and oppression, to feel a desire to shrink away in one's infinite littleness into some distant chapel where a sacramental lamp and a few prostrate figures give one a certain home feel-

ing of a rustic Irish chapel—away from those awful solitudes of cold marble, those overwhelming monuments of human genius and super-human virtue, amid which the tourists, circulating from aisle to aisle, Baedeker in hand, and chattering guide attending them, have the air of beetles crawling about some tremendous work of beauty. It seemed impossible to imagine this immensity really peopled and animated. Human nature seemed too little for it; our disenchanted age too cold. It is only when the Pope sits on his Cathedral throne, and seventy or eighty thousand voices are reverberating through the heavenly abysses of Michael Angelo's Dome, that one comes to realize the function of St. Peter's as the sovereign palace of Christianity; but then, indeed, there comes a scene such as is to be beheld nowhere else on earth; the Dome, with all its heaven-piercing heights and the vast areas stretching away behind the pillars, seem none too mighty for the picture they frame—when all the colossal figures of Fathers of the Church, and Saints and Popes which incrust the nave and transepts, and all the flickering lamps of gold above the Tomb of the Apostles, and all the clustering chapels around them, with their altars of malachite and lapis lazuli, and their paintings, more priceless still, unite in one celestial harmony, light up into one glowing soul, and when the very human applause thundering around the throne of Peter has something divine in its mysterious swell.

The Pope did not arrive from the Vatican before 11 o'clock. The invitations announce that the gates of the Basilica would not be opened before 8 o'clock; but the daylight had no sooner made its way through the rain clouds than half Rome seemed to be migrating across the Tiber to St. Peter's—priests and nuns, by the hundred—of every observance, every costume and every race under the sun—Polish, Atysianian, Hungarian, Chinese; bands of students in their soutans of many colors; processions of Belgian, French and Lombard pilgrims; Cardinals, foreign sovereigns; ambassadors and patricians in their carriages; men and women whose very names, Colonna and Orsini, and Frangipani, and Rospigliosi, and so on, sounded like chapters of Roman history—and better than all these, thousands and tens of thousands of the genuine unmistakable common people, whose faith forms a securer support of religion than the four columns—massy as a thousand ordinary columns welded together—which uphold the terrific weight of the cupola. The district of the Borgo, through which you approach St. Peter's, is one of narrow, fusty, sordid streets. When you emerge from them into the glorious Piazza embraced by Bernini's semi-circular colonnades of quadruple pillars, spread out like the wings of the Church of Peter, wide enough to embrace all the world, the Basilica, crowned with the Dome which seems to soar into the very heaven, rises above its comparatively mean surroundings—its barracks and its eating houses and out-of-the-bowls palaces—with the majesty of a something immeasurably above the stain of our fretful little human dwelling places.

The first surprise of the day was to find the Piazza di San Pietro in occupation of the Italian troops. A double cordon of them stretched across the whole space from colonnade, to keep back the black deluge of humanity that was for hours surging up against the soldiers' thin blue line. One of the things that help one to raise the enormity of St. Peter's is that it took three regiments of infantry to furnish the cordon across the vestibule of the Basilica, and there were any number besides of detachments of Bersaglieri, grenadiers, carabinieri, and gendarmes, with no less than six ambulance corps, to complete the service of order around the mighty church. It was curious to see the commissaries and soldiers of the Quirinal draw peacefully almost under the folds of the Papal Flag which His Holiness' Swiss Guards unrolled from the bronze portal of the Vatican. Presently as 8 o'clock tolled from dozens of Church towers, two gaps in the line of infantry disclosed themselves, and the multitude (probably by this time fifty thousand strong), although they only made one immense black patch on the face of the Piazza) began to filter through. Our tickets of invitation directed us to enter by the cancelli of the sacristy, and here again the fact that words have a different meaning in St. Peter's from what they would mean if applied to any other church in the world, was borne in upon us. Admission by the sacristy would convey to most of us a very simple and modest operation; but the sacristy of St. Peter's and its environments would in themselves furnish sufficient church room for a province. Having crossed the forest of pillars of the colosside

(through two rows of which two carriages abreast could drive as through a forest path) we had to thread whole streets which contain half a dozen minor churches and residences of the Pietrini for hereditary workmen of St. Peter's, and old offices of the Inquisition, and even a cemetery—the oldest in Rome, supposed to have been supplied with earth from Calvary by Constantine the Great—before we arrive even in the court yard, where a thousand other ticket holders—ambassadors, great ladies, and chiefs of pilgrimages—with open eyes of wonder were, with sunny Italian good humor, struggling with another line of Bersaglieri at the great iron gate of the Segrestia. And having, with due patience, elbowed one's way through his illustrious mob of men in evening dress and women with head-dresses of black lace, we had still to traverse a little world of marbles, statuary, and paintings before reaching the gigantic statues of SS. Peter and Paul which guard the entrance to the Basilica proper. For "the sacristy," wherein the Irish country village priest and altar boys don their humble vestments, expands at St. Peter's into three vast halls, or rather chapels, each with its own gorgeous apparel of marble walls and mosaic pavements and alabaster altars and precious pictures screened by gauze veils from the common light, and beyond these again a corridor hallowed by the graves of Popes, and a treasury in which the actual Dalmatic, gleaming with pearls and gold, which was worn by Charlemagne at his coronation in St. Peter's, and the descent into the crypts which compose the vast underworld of the great Cathedral, immense as a town of many streets, and laden with its own wondrous history of dead Popes, and of the ancient Basilica of the days when the Christians first emerged from the Catacombs, and of the still older days when the present site of St. Peter's was the Circus of Nero, where Popes and their chief ministers were smeared with tar, and set fire to as human torches to light themonster's orgies. Ex pede Hercules—if all this is only the sacristy, you can guess what the church itself must be.

LESSONS IN CONVERSATIONS

The New York "Sun" says:—New York has one establishment in which, among other things, they teach the art of conversation. "How do you go about it?" was asked.

"We discover at the outset," was the reply, "in what particular subject the pupil is interested—and there are few persons who are not interested in or who have not a latent talent for something—and develop him at first along that line. By showing to him that he has a talent we give him confidence in himself to begin with, and then by education and practice we give him facility."

"At the beginning we have the pupil read some book bearing upon the subject in which he is particularly interested, whatever that may be. In a week, say, he comes back to report on the book, and we engage him in conversation about it, this being the first lesson."

"I seek his opinion concerning specific points in the book, and he begins in these talks to gain readiness of expression. As we go on we give him other books or other subjects, and in the course of these earlier practice lessons we begin to teach him voice modulation and other refinements in the manner of speech."

"In due time the candidate is introduced to our conversation class, which is composed men, and of women, too, for we instruct here women as well as men in this art. The women are taught by an instructor of their own sex."

"The subjects for conversation in the classes, where the students meet as in a social gathering, are selected sometimes by myself, more often by the students. By observation of the several students at these gatherings I am enabled to correct defects in bearing and manner and speech and to make to them suggestions for their further improvement."

"The subjects considered in the classes have, of course, a much wider range than those considered in the earlier instruction. In the classes we talk of the new books and of the magazines of the day and of current topics of importance and of popular interest; of the things that would most likely be the subjects of conversation in any gathering."

"These, to be sure, would not cover the whole field, which might, indeed, include all history and science and art, too much to teach in one short course; but what we do teach the pupil would at least enable them to acquire himself creditably in general conversation."

"About how long would it take, to

equip a man in need of such instruction so that he could thus acquire himself?" "That would depend, of course, upon the person, but the answer would be, in a general way, from three to six months."

MARCONI'S IRISH MOTHER

Marconi's biography, yet to be written, will be largely the story of an ideal mother's influence.

The inventor's mother is an Irish woman, to whose intelligence and loving interest in his ambitions and his work he attributes most of his success. The union of Marconi's parents seems to have been an auspicious one for him. From his Italian father he got the imaginative, sensitive qualities of the south, and from his mother the sturdy mental equipment, singleness of purpose, and ambition of the northerner.

But, besides his inherited tendencies, he has had the constant company of his mother. She watched over his studies, encouraged his early bent for electrical invention, and did the many things that a woman of insight can do to stir in the boy the capacities that have made Marconi, young as he is, so great a figure in the world's progress.

This beautiful character, who has been his guiding spirit through all his life, was Annie Jameson, the daughter of John Jameson, the famous Dublin spirit manufacturer. Beautiful and high-spirited, Annie Jameson was given every advantage in her education that money and Ireland could afford, and then she was sent to Italy to complete her musical studies. There she met and married Giuseppe Marconi, a dashing young Italian of good family.

From the birth of her elder boy—she has another son—Mrs. Marconi devoted her life to his training. She took him with her on her travels about Italy, and he accompanied her on several visits to her own people in Ireland and England.

When he began to show interest in chemistry and electricity and to construct little instruments she helped him in getting books and periodicals that would guide him in a right way. Indeed, wherever a mother's care could possibly do anything for her boy, she had anticipated the desire and thought.

It was not strange, then, that Guglielmo Marconi made such rapid progress in his studies, and became a full-grown man in experience when he was still a boy of sixteen. Money was spent freely for him, and every encouragement was given him in his work. He was allowed to turn one of the rooms in the house into a laboratory, and here he was monarch of all he surveyed.

Between the mother and the son there is a strong bond of sympathy and genuine love. Marconi formerly accompanied his mother on her travels; now he takes her with him whenever he can.

Recent Deaths.

MRS. B. J. COGHLIN, wife of an esteemed and well known citizen of Montreal, died a few days ago. Mrs. Coghlin will have the sincere sympathy of citizens of all classes, in her sad bereavement.

MR. RICHARD BIRKS, the veteran duggist of McGill street, who died this week, at the grand old age of 95 years, was well known in this city. He was a genial and warm-hearted man, and during his long life performed not a few good actions in behalf of the poor.

A CONSISTORY TO BE HELD

It is stated by the Catholic press correspondents of Rome that His Holiness will hold a Consistory early next month, when some of the vacancies in the Sacred College will be filled, among the number that are filled by the death of Cardinal Turcheseau.

NATIONAL TRIUMPH

No national triumph is of any value which does not mean a victory for the freedom of all sorts and conditions of men.

The punishment of falsehood is to suspect all truth. Earth seemed more sweet to him upon more full of love, because his.

1. May McNally. 2. Kathleen Carr.

The talented young artist, Windsor Hall.

IRISH LAND PURCHASE BILL.

In the House of April 1, says the "Irish Times," Mr. Wynch received with Ministerial approval the Bill to further amend the Land Act, 1901, and to provide for the purchase of land in Ireland.

Commissioner of the Land Commission, Mr. Wynch, said that the Bill was a very important one, and that it would be a great benefit to the Irish people.

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