

Hymn to the Sacred Heart

BY AGNES BURT.

Bear Heart Divine, with love Celestial burning,
 For us Thine erring, wayward children still,
 Here at Thy shrine, we humbly crave Thy guidance
 To conquer pride and passion's stormy will.
 Yes, Sacred Heart, with love Almighty guard us,
 Through life, in death, to love but Thee.

Friend of the helpless, comfort us in sorrow,
 That weighs us with life's burden like a chain,
 A chain that only love like Thine can sever,
 Help us to say in joy, in grief in pain,
 We love but Thee,
 Yes, Sacred Heart, with love Almighty guard us,
 Through life, in death, to love but Thee.

LAMPMAN.

The Canadian poet, Archibald Lampman, is dead, he is dead at the comparatively early age of thirty-eight; and he is dead after given evidence of great undeveloped resources and of rich treasures of poetic conception, which the world is never to profit by, or enjoy. Lampman, while ranking amongst the first of the Canadian poets, was neither remarkable for a patriotic fervor, nor for what we might call a religious sentiment. He was in every sense a poet of nature; he loved nature in all her moods, and from the most distant star to the smaller flower, he could draw inspiration and glowing thoughts from all objects that the Creative Hand has scattered before man. The great difficulty with Lampman is one characteristic of almost all poets and litterateurs; he was poor, and was obliged to eke out a meagre livelihood in the uncongenial atmosphere of a civil servant's office. If the Government of our country only had a real, a poetical, and a high inspired desire to aid in the development of Canada's future, not only from a material, but especially from an intellectual standpoint, it would have long since discovered that the harnessing of such a mind as Lampman's to the slow cart of office drudgery, was simply wearing out the frame and prematurely extinguishing light that might have shed incalculable lustre upon the pages of our history. Such souls are rare and their very rareness should make it easy for the powers that be to place them above the poor necessity, of squandering strength and gifts that God intended, we doubt not, should be employed for the greater benefit of mankind.

How truly Lampman, in his delightful poem, on "April," brings this truth home to all readers of this eloquent verse:—

"And I have wandered with unwearied feet,
 All the long sweetness of an April day.
 Wandering with happy feet and quite forgot,
 The shallow toil, the strife against the grain,
 Near souls that hear us call, but answer not,
 The weariness, perplexity, and pain,
 And the high thoughts cautered with an earthly strain,
 And now the long draught emptied to the lees,
 I turn me homeward in slow pacing ease."

We can well understand the sadness of that spirit, like a once caged bird that has regained its freedom, but is again caught and forced back to the prison it so dreads. And yet does Lampman say:—

"That change and pain are shadows faint and fleet,
 And dreams are real, and life is only sweet."

He would not even acknowledge the bitterness in the humdrum existence that circumstances obliged him to lead. What he has given to Canadian literature is good and will be lasting; but it is poor and fleeting to what he might have given had his days been longer or had he been so situated as to be able to give full rein to his fancy, and occupy his untroubled hours with building up a literary heirloom for the future.

THE NATIONAL GAME IN TORONTO.

The change which was effected in the constitution of the Senior Lacrosse League at the annual meeting held in Montreal, is one which will

tend to make the lot of the Torontonians harder than it has been heretofore in its struggle to keep abreast of their eastern competitors, and keep lacrosse the west in as prominent a place before the public. The admission of Quebec and Sherbrooke into the fold increases the preponderance of the east to an overwhelming degree, and the two long extra hauls will tend to make the financial handicap under which the Torontonians labor owing to their isolated position almost too great a burden. It is true these trips will be offset by two extra matches, but they will be with the babies of the League, and unless conditions become more favorable the interest aroused by these teams will be but limited.

The entrance of the Tecumsehs into the League might have tended to have rearoused interest in the national game, which has flagged locally for some years, and their support by the Toronto delegate was well-advised, although futile. The absence of a representative to urge their admission sealed their doom, although had one been present it is not likely his object would have been attained, as the eastern element seems to be unalterable in its opposition to another western trip; in crushing the hopes of the Tecumsehs they evinced a latent desire to count even Toronto out. There is only one solution to Toronto's position, and that is winning lacrosse. That, and that alone will revive the enthusiasm for which Toronto has been noted in the past, and make their position unassailable in the League. It is too soon as yet to attempt to size up the prospects for the coming season, but one thing is certain, not only a good team, but a winning team, will have to be placed on the field if lacrosse is to stand its ground at all. And it can't afford to lose much. —Mail and Empire.

LEO XIII. AND INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

In connection with our remarks elsewhere regarding the opposition of Bismarck and of the European financiers (of the Jewish class) to the Pope and his ideas of international arbitration, we find some very timely remarks in the last letter of the Boston "Pilot's" special Roman correspondent. We know of no European purveyor of news who is more reliable and more frequently justified in his statements than is Mr. P. L. Connellan, and it is always a pleasure, and often a relief to turn to his letters, when we are perplexed by the contradictory despatches that come to us from Europe, and especially from the centre of Catholicity.

The "Pilot's" correspondent says:— "There seems a tendency at the present moment to exclude the Papal representative from the Czar's Peace Congress. It was announced the other day at Berlin that the Czar did not desire that the Pope should participate at the Conference, for if he did the supreme heads of other religions would have to be invited also. This is too feeble even as an invention. Who are the supreme heads of religions in Europe? The Emperor of Russia is one; the Pope is the other. Queen Victoria is called by courtesy the head of a religion; but it is very doubtful if the loyalist of Anglicans regards her in the light in which a Russian regards the Czar, or a Catholic the Pope. This story may be regarded as an Italian attempt to predispose minds against the Pope's being represented at this Congress.

"There is more reason to fear that he will not be invited to send a representative to that assembly because of the opposition which Italy makes, even, it is said, going so far as to threaten that she will take no part in the conference if the Pope be represented there! That is quite likely. The dread that the Roman question may be raised for discussion possesses her and seems to paralyze her faculties. Yet even though there is no Papal representative in such a gathering of representatives of the nations, it would be rash to predict that the Roman Question will not be raised by one of these, and its discussion called for in order to settle a question pregnant with danger to the peace of Europe. I have reason to believe that if the Pope's representative be excluded from the Congress in dererence to Italian susceptibilities, or dread, the question will not on that account be consigned to oblivion.

"The efforts that Leo XIII. has already made to divert nations from entering on the miseries of war are well known, and thus his exclusion from a Congress, where, according to the programme for discussion in it which is now issued, arbitration forms an important element, appears to honest men a most unworthy act. Arbitration, as an ordinary institution among civilized nations," says the *Vocè della Verità*, "is not a Uto-

pia; and no one has demonstrated better than Leo XIII. both with words and with deeds, to hold it dear and recommend it to those who rule the destinies of the nations." What he has said on this theme is almost forgotten, as are also the jocose comments made upon it by the enlightened journalism of Italy and England. Some of the London organs of opinion treated the Pope's proposal for arbitration, rather than war between the nations, as the pious dream of a good old man, but as wanting in the practical grip on the facts of the day which was so conspicuously manifest in the journalism of England. And yet this idea is about to enter the domain of practical politics with the chance of becoming permanent. "For what concerns the Catholic world," says the *Vocè*, "it is henceforward almost superfluous to add that it will always be among the first to applaud, recognizing the identity of thoughts" on such a question of Leo XIII. and of Nicholas II., and arguing from its fruits of salvation for the wearied and exhausted nations."

"It is perhaps a sign of change in the temper of Russia that the Czar a short time ago approved of the appointment of a Papal nuncio to St. Petersburg, but the Council of Ministers dissuaded him from giving his assent to such an act. There is still a chance that before the meeting of the Congress, now postponed till May a Papal nuncio will have a right to sit in it."

If we mistake not since the foregoing was written the Pope has been asked to have himself represented at the Congress.

BROTHER ROGERS Of the Redemptorist Order.

(By Rev. P. Wittleballe, C.S.S.R., in the Annals of Ste. Anne.)

The children of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, are everywhere they are, as Father Thomas Burke has said, "a nation of missionaries." Who can count the churches they have dedicated to their Father in Ireland, as well as in the land of exile, upon which Protestant intolerance has cast them? Who can count all those who have received the glorious name of St. Patrick? The subject of this sketch received also, at his baptism, this thrice blessed name, when later on he became a religious, he was loth to change for that of Daniel.

On the 16th of March, 1868, the eve of St. Patrick's day, a son was born to the family of Rogers, originally from Ireland, but then living in Montreal. The child's name was easily chosen: for on the 17th of March, his baptismal day, the Church celebrated the beautiful and imposing feast of St. Patrick; he was called St. Patrick. This glorious name was not given him in vain: the Father of the Isle of Saints seemed to take pleasure in reviving in his protegee the virtues which had distinguished himself. Patrick enjoyed the happiness of having good parents; his family was one of the best in the Parish of Ste. Anne, Montreal. His mother, especially took the greatest care in the education of her children; but Patrick was her favorite, on account of his innocence and great piety.

The Rogers family were destined to be severely tried; in the space of one year a pitiless disease carried off Patrick's father and mother, leaving him an orphan at the age of about fourteen. He was adopted by one of his aunts who loved him all the more because he was like the guardian angel of the house. This aunt had two children; every morning Patrick brought them to Mass at the Redemptorist Fathers', and thence to school.

Soon, the age came when young men decide upon their state in life. Patrick was so accustomed to the Redemptorist Church that he wished to spend all his life there; he loved the ceremonies which were performed in it, and the confraternities established there; this Church was for him a paradise on earth. He therefore begged the favor of being admitted as a lay brother in the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer. The Superiors, knowing already what a treasure he would prove to be, admitted him without hesitation; he entered the Institute of St. Alphonsus, on the 26th May, 1886, and took the habit on the 9th October, 1887, under the name of Brother Daniel. God alone knows all the virtues practised by the new Redemptorist. Those who knew him intimately agree in saying that he never lost his baptismal innocence, and call him an angel of purity. "He obtained his vocation by becoming a member of St. Anne's Young Men's Society and of the Holy Family." The same witness continues: "His love for the Blessed Sacrament was extraordinary; his greatest pleasure was to adorn the altars, and what has been written of Blessed Brother Gerard's life as a sacristan might be literally applied to Brother Daniel. He could dress the altars

with so much taste, that he obtained whatever he wished from his parishioners; thus in a single day he received not less than 48 colored lamps. Death had no terror for him: When any one died he, who was already attacked by consumption, would invariably come to say to me: next time it will be my turn!" Alas! phthisis brought him slowly but surely to his grave. When he pronounced his vows at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, on the 26th April, 1894, he had but a few months more to live, and he spent them in constant prayer. On the 4th of July, that same year, he had a violent hemorrhage, and received the last Sacraments. Pronouncing the Holy names of Jesus and Mary, he peacefully passed away, at the age of 26 years, 3 months, and 18 days.

His whole life, so pure and innocent, was but a continual act of love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, for Our Lady of Perpetual Help, for powerful St. Joseph, and for Ste. Anne. The dawn and the morning of his life had passed into the shadow of the steeple of Ste. Anne, Montreal, and in its evening, in the shadow of that of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. It was near this holy Shrine that his soul soared to heaven; there his immortal remains were laid to rest, under the Basilica of his beloved Patroness. May he rest there in peace, beside his brothers, until the blessed day of the glorious Resurrection!

ROUGH PASSAGES ON THE ATLANTIC.

The few vessels which reached port on Saturday, says the New York Herald, came into harbor so completely encased in ice that their names could not be read. All of them looked as though they had had rough usage from the seas, an appearance that was well borne out by their captains, who in forty years of "sea life," and the rest of it, had never before experienced such weather and so much of it.

The steamer Fuerst Bismarck, three days overdue from Mediterranean ports, led in the belated fleet. No accident had befallen her during her turbulent journey across the Atlantic, although she met with violent storms. It was, according to her master, Captain Albers, one succession of gales throughout, one beginning where another left off, with here and there a hurricane.

That one of February 2, which has been commented upon before by incoming mariners, swirled across the path of the Fuerst Bismarck, and for twenty-two hours she was lurching and pitching in the turmoil which it caused. During the storm Otto Lohse, one of the seamen, was caught by a wave, carried overboard and drowned. Ventilators were carried away, two boats were lifted from their cradles, railings were smashed and much damage was done to deck fittings.

The vessel carried in her 'tween deck quarters four hundred steerage passengers from Genoa and Naples. Hatches were kept battened down, and the Italians imprisoned below were beset with fear and seasickness. Nearing the end of her journey the vessel ran into the belt of bitterly cold weather which has been prevailing here, and straightway began to take on an armor of ice, the heavy head seas in which she was plunging sending clouds of spray as high as the crew's nest.

The spray froze where it fell—the forward deck was quickly coated with ice, three and four feet deep in places, bulwarks and railings were incased in a white enamel and shrouds measured more than a foot in diameter.

When the vessel reached her pier the crew had to break away the ice from the gangways in order to afford passage for passengers.

The White Star liner Germanic reached port a day late, but looking even more like a voyager from the Arctic than did the Fuerst Bismarck. The vessel had been battling her way to port through a northwest gale, and the great seas breaking over her starboard side had frozen in such masses as to give the stout old liner a perceptible list to starboard. From bow to bridge the forward deck was a solid mass of ice, and lifeboats were so deeply imbedded in a frozen mass that launching of one would have been an impossibility. Although the water front was bitterly cold a large crowd, attracted by the appearance of the ice-coated liner, gathered on the pier to look at the vessel as she swung into her slip.

In talking of the voyage Captain McKinty said that from the time of leaving Queenstown, on February 2, the vessel had been battling with head gales and seas. No damage had been received, but the passengers had suffered much from seasickness.

The British steamer Venus, voyaging from Sourabaya for Boston, ran short of coal and was obliged to

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FATHER CUDDY'S BRAVE ACT.

Rev. M. J. Cuddy of St. Margaret's Church, Dorchester, did a brave act recently and endangered his life in the performance of his duty, says a local daily. A man had met with a serious accident on Dorchester avenue and it was thought that he could live but a very few minutes. A messenger was despatched immediately to the rectory of St. Margaret's Church and Father Cuddy was notified. He immediately hurried towards the place. In the meantime an officer had caused the injured man to be placed on a wagon and started for a doctor's office. The driver of the wagon, realizing that time was precious, whipped up his horse and had him galloping up the street. Father Cuddy saw them coming, and although the horse was going at a terrific rate and the heavy wagon swaying from side to side, he caught

hold of it and leaped on to it, while the bystanders held their breath in surprise, for if he had missed the jump he would have been dashed to the street with fearful force. He reached the side of the injured man, however, and had the consolation of administering to him in his agony.—Boston Republic.

"A Catholic newspaper is a perpetual mission in every parish." His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

The version of this declaration appearing in one of our local parish calendars is this:—

"A Church Calendar is a perpetual mission in every parish."—His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

We are entitled to ask by what right any one presumes to attribute to the Sovereign Pontiff a statement that he never made and never could make; having knowledge of the difference between a newspaper and a calendar.—Catholic Standard and Times.