20, 1905.

THURSDAY, APRIL

ing on for hours.

districts

at towards

cerie spot.

the road yonder."

d the situation.

Alone ! I only realized the

through the woods, would have been

The

ECTORY.

IETY-Estab 840, Meeta in 2 St. Alexan iday of the sects last Wed-tev. Director. P.; President, J. Doherty : in, M.D.; 2nd B.C.L.; Treas n; correspond-Kahala; Re . P. Tansey,

AND B. SO. e second Sun-n St. Patrick's der street, at ee of Manage-hall on the y month, at 8 Rev. Jas. Kil-P. Doyle; Rec. ly, 13 Valle

B. SOCIETY. Rev. Director, ; President, D. J. F. Quinn street; treasure St. Augustin e second Sunin St. Ann's; and Ottawa

DA. BRANCH November. neets at St. St. Alexande nday of each meetings for business are d 4th Mondays p.m. Spiritual llaghan; Chan-President, W. Secretary, P. C. sitation street; Jas. J. Costin street; Treadical Advisers, , E. J. O'Con-



falls, N.Y., July 3 pecial Act of the ture, June 9, 1879; increasing rapidly 0,000 paid in rears. mber 25th, 1904, ectioned by Pope eral of whom a

ESS ELANCER, oputy, Frand Council, REET, QUEBE

MBAULT, ince of Quebec, DAME STREET. DENIS ST.

FLOUR. BRATED SING FLOUR

nd the Best. for the empty t Montreal.3

S. Etc.

THAT DREADFUL NIGHT. By MARY CHADWICK. On we rolled ple

santly, leaving saw that it was close to half-past race of not only four and the sun beginning to go trace of not only down behind some dark poplars in a distant field. Lower it sank, gleamtown but of human habitation hind, until I began to suspect that my cabby had lost his way, as might asily happen, and would go wandering out a dull, threatening red, then a lurid purple, then behind me heavy shadows gathered and shrouded the was just on the point of calling room and shut me in to an awful to him to inquire if he were quite sure of his road, when I shrank back

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silence and darkness. What a strange weird thing to have appalled by the appearance of two happened to me, I thought shudder-ingly. And what would Dick think, off there in Milford, if he could see threatening-looking tramps, who, slouching along in the aimless way peculiar to their tribe, came guite his poor little coward wife crouching pitifully against the window in this close to the cab window, and stared terrible house, shivering with cold and horror miles away from every into my face, sending cold chills down my spine and inspining in me a sudden distaste to this lonesome neighborhood and its horrible freone. He of course could not possibly imagine my situation for a moment, but there was a chance that Elinor would go over to my house to quenters. All the frightful tales of doings of these gentry in lonely hovered about me, like a explain her non-appearance, and, discovering my absence, would come at once in search of me. I think it flock of in-omened birds, as we went on and on, and my nerves were in such a flutter that by the time my driver suddenly pulled up with a was this faint hope that prevented my utter collapse. jerk at the gate of the house I had "She may come, she may cone," I

conceived a fear even of the honest cabby, and was determined to get repeated over and over to myself, and at length utterly worn out d groped my way to the sofa and sat rid of him at once, and await Elinon safe within four walls at any rate town, burying my face in my hands to shut out the unbearable darkness. I tremblingly took out my purse, -rather expecting to have it snatch-I think I must have fallen into a ed out of my hand-told him not to deep sleep from very exhaustion. Wheed out of my name ton min not set ther or not I can never be sure, but wait, as I was to meet my friends- ther or not I can never be sure, but I thought the plural sounded better it seemed to me as if I had been -and hastily opening the gate lookawakened by a sound, far-off and faint and yet distinct enough for my house with a vain hope that I might see Elinor's face sorely tried nerves. I sat up all on sorely tried nerves. I sat up all on the alert, all my senses concentrated into the one of hearing. It seemed to me that some one was coming stealthily along the gravel path in at the window. But there was no Eknor. The house, handsome and imposing, the pretty grounds about all were silent as the grave. It front of the house, while at seemed in its spick-and-span newness same time a creaking of the stairs and rows of gleaming plate windows far above in the house itself an uncanny fairy mansion sprung up anat touch of enchanter's wand in this nounced another nearer danger from that quarter. Some one-it was not imagination-was coming down th cabman was meanwhile stairs of this presumably empty thoughtfully regarding me as he set

tled his lap robe about hint, and presently called to me to ask if "I house ! Who ? There is no use trying to describ my feelings. I was conscious of one was guite sure my friends were com a frantic wish to hide myself. There ing, as it was kind of lonely and was a great place around here for was nowhere to go, nothing else to

do. I slipped hastily behind the the kind of gents we seen down on sofa, and crouching on the floor in a huddled heap listened breathlessly to To which I answered confidently the continued sounds which steadily that I expected them every minute, approached this very room where I and would be quite safe in the house lay. Years might have elapsed meanwhile. This seemed to set his mind at rest, and he drove leisurely counting by my mental agony, when I saw distinctly a gleam of light beleaving me absolutely alone. neath the closed door, which present word's ly opening disclosed a young man, significance as the sound of the repale and haggard and unkempt-look treating wheels died away in the ing. He looked about the room distance. Then I sat down on the set on the table a candle he carried lowest step of the house and reviewand appeared to listen to the cau tious steps outside. They (mounted Supposing-all the blood in my the stairs. and the turning of the body took a mad race to my head door handle was heard. The young and back again-supposing Elinor did man going into the hall, carefully not come. There were always things that might happen, trifling misun-derstandings—as to the direction for opened the door, and came back followed by a tall old gentleman who without any attempt at a greebing instance-which might lead and often dvanced to the table and stood sidid lead to terrible results. Should she not come, how was I to get lently looking at the younger man. "Well. now that I am here," ho The distance would have said at last, in a troubled voice counted for little. I should have thought nothing of walking several voice I have put myself out no hittle in miles in an ordinary frequented place, coming here to-night, and don't but to walk calmly along a tramp-infested road, much of it lying want to be kept waiting. What is it

you want ?" "Ridiculous question," the young to court disaster. But on the other hand-to stay ! I turned with a sick to court disaster. But on the other hand—to stay ! I turned with a sick horror to look up at this already hated house, and as I did so a twig tailing from a tree lent me sufficient mergy to stumble nervously up the steps, and to put into the key-hole the key which Dick had left so ceTHE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

course things turned out all right.

They stopped at the gate and my

Dick tore up the walk like a panther.

after him, arriving in time to hear

him calling "Marion ! Marion !"

from the top of the first stairs. She,

turning to the drawing-room, very

nearly fell on the prostrate form of

he had fallen the night before. At

this sight she had so screamed as to

Leaving the poor man where he wa

they renewed their search for me.

though with scarce a hope of success

and they were, Dick says, just on the

point of giving it up as far as the

Jessup to be. For he wasn't dead any more than I was. A doctor,

hastily summoned, declared him to

I lay wandering for days and days,

driving my faithful nurses wild, but

didn't go to that house, but Mr. Jes

sup, who is a very rich man with

but one small grandchild to inherit

his wealth, insisted on my accepting

APRIL.

(William Watson.)

Laugh thy girlish laughter;

Then, the moment after

Weep thy girlish tears ! April, that mine ears

April ! April !

but

saw, in the country, in a way,

less. He recovered.

ness and alone.

slightest ann oyance, and I'll give you from Dick as he probably realized up, if I have to drag you to the po-kce station myself. I made the marriage for her, God help mat thinking it might save you, and I 1 tial heart, but is rather inclined to 11 reason contradictorily about it in a only sacrificed the dear, good girl I reason contradictorily about it in a had promised her father to protect. serener state of things. For ot But I'll protect her now, late as it is. Better all should come out-I have been coming to that conclusion for some time—than to endure this for some time-than to endure this The door being sprung he gave it secret misery any longer. Oh 1 to such a frantic blow as to finally send thisk that I was once proud of you, it crashing in, and Elinor panted my only son," the old man groaned, while his son listened, sullenly staring at the ground. "Now my only hope is that I may

never see you again." "Not much chance of that," the the old man, who was lying where

son shouted, advancing close to his father and shaking his fist in his face. "I see through your game. convince Dick of her having found Starve me in life and when you die my dead body, so that it was guite leave everything to Kate, so tied up that I can't touch a cent. I've silent form the owner of the house thought of all that till I'm just half Mr. Jessup, who had probably died mad, and I've made up my mind to settle it all to-night. You are going to sign a check to-night that will keep me in clover whatever happens. and it's going to be cashed I can tell you before you can stop payment or anything of that kind. I've got a respectable friend in the city that will see to that for me. It's got to be done. You've made me desperate. and that means danger. I tell you, and I mean it, that you'll never get

exactly what I ask you." "You dare to threaten me?" the discovered me, white and cold, old man asked in a passion terrible to see. "You ! I might have expected it, miserable coward, decoy ing your father to a midnight meeting like this to dare to speak to be suffering from concussion of the him in this way. Do you suppose brain, a severe case, but not hope-less. Ha recovered, though the that I, a man at any rate. old as I am, am afraid of a poor broken-down events of that night it is to be fear. creature like you ?" In a moment there was a wild rush

and a struggle, a terrible swaying to and fro, and then a crash. The young man had thrown his father heavily finally came back to consciousness, to the ground, and seizing a heavy and horror, when I was able to re stick, which the old man had laid upon the table, in entering, raised it call my terrible experience. But that, as is the natural, merciful law, graand was just about to bring it down dually faded away, and I became able upon his father's helpless head when God gave me strength, and I cried to rejoice that I, poor, nervous I. out in a voice that sounded terrible and unnatural beyond belief.

"Murderer ! How dare you ? How dare you ?"

The young man positively leaped into the air at my words, uttered a wild cry, and field from the room, overturning the table and the candle as he did so-leaving the room once more in impenetrable darkness.

that something ought to be done for the prostrate man, I made an effort to rise, but a strange nervous shuddering seized hold of me, a wave of icy coldness seemed to sweep over me, and I must have fallen back the floor unconscious, for I remember

and all my little household confiden that I had gone home with Cousin

ed, and was somewhat aggrieved and a little surprised to find no welcom-ing wife, but proceeded to eat his breakfast as is the wont of man even when perturbed. While thus occupied the door-bell rang and Cousin Ekinor appeared on her way hom from market, a good deal out of temper and anxious to have it out with me. She fooked in astonish

THE LAST SCENE.

By Hope Willis. Breathless the air, lurid the sun. Through black-edged storm-clouds dimly breaking; From their cold death-sleep, one by

one, Forms, long since buried, slowly waking.

Frembles the solid earth; Aghast, Men flee; but Woman, softly crying, Clings to the gibbet to the last, Watching her Son and Saviour dying.

bove the Cross a dense black cloud, Glooms, quivers, breaks, and then enfolds Him

As in a luminous, pale shroud-Thus at the end doth she behold Him !

a relief to him to recognize in the Mary, His Mother, patient, sweet, all earth's mothers bravest-10 suddenly while out there on busihearted !

Now she may rest her aching feet,-The world's Redeemer hath depart-

ed.

THE CALVARY OF MARY.

In order to feel pity, to be able to console others, it is necessary to have suffered; and in order to be capable of understanding the measure of human suffering, one must have tasted it in many forms,—one must have drained the bitter cup of sorrow to the dregs. Above all other creatures the Blessed Virgin drained that cup of bitterness. Predestined by the Most High to

become the Consoler of the Afflicted it has also been ordained that, from the moment of the birth of Our Lord in the stable of Bethlehem to His ed left a truly incurable wound in his last breath upon the cross, she should share in His every sorrow and disappointment and humiliation should follow Him to Calvary should stand beside Him there suf-fering, dying; participating in His every anguish, His every pain. She was destined to be the Queen of Saints, but she was to attain that height of glory only after having by her own sorrows and her share those of mankind, merifed the title of Queen of Martyrs.

As the rose attains its perfect beauty amid the thorns, so the Mother of Christ, born without sin, was advanced to the highest Derection through tribulation. And as the thorns which surround the queen of flowers become sharper and more bristling with age, so did the thorn of suffering penetrate more deeply the virginal heart of the Mother, whose whole life, from the infancy of her Divine Son, was but a sorrowful preparation for the Calvary which was also to be her own.

From bodily pain we believe her to have been exempted, but there is no comparison between the suffering of the body and that of the soul. It was the contemplation of this truth that caused Arnauld de Chartres to declare that at the moment when the Lamb of God was offered on the Cross, there were in reality two al-tars, two sacrifices,—the one of the body of Jesus, the other of the soul of Mary. While Jesus immolated His flesh and blood by death, Mary immolatedher heart and soul through grief and compassion. The martyrs suffered by sacrificing their own lives, but Mary suffered infinitely more in sacrificing that of her Son. which was far dearer to her than her own.

Not only did she suffer in her soul far more terrible to her than if they made since then in the passing years had been inflicted upon herself. The that have been bleachi blows, the spittle, the ta



1

sublime suffering, of patience, of resignation, of silent supplication ! She did not fly the cross; shall we fly it, for whom it means redemp-tion and salvation? Happy the Christian who, far from wishing to shut out the bitter sight of the Crucifixion, turning toward the sorrowful Mother, places himself by her side, eager to share in the Calvary of Mary !

Three Veteran and Journalistic Priests.

Rev. Dr. Lambert, editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, in commenting upon a compliment paid to the Rev. Father Cronin, editor of the Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, says :

In heartily endorsing all this, our memory, taking us by the hand, leads back to the good old timesbefore the war-when in 1858 we first met Dr. Cronin at Carondallet. on the banks of the Mississippi, when he and we and Dr. Phelan of Western Watchman were preparing ourselves for the priesthood. Little did any of us think about newspaper. work then. It was then theology. dogmatic and moral, and philosophy, with its ontologic and psychologic

schools, and the discussions between them, and their wrangles about the meaning of St. Thomas, and Gieberti and Rosmini and Liberatore and Sanseverino and Brownson I What arguments and undeveloped philosophical wisdom were wasted on the circumambent air, and what might have happened to social progress if they had been bottled up, ept cool. and allowed to mature ? Be that as it may, they served their purpose then. They kept our minds busy, and therefore were not in vain. Young Phelan was argumentative, and did not require much effort to assert himself-a virtue he has ever since retained without considerable

oss, as all his broken-backed and broken-legged controversial opponents well know. Young Cronin was less argumentative, but more sentimental, with a tendency to the extremes of riotous rejoicing or meditative sadness. How often have he and we-both being postically inclinedloitered and strolled about in the cabbage garden-the only thing in the way of flowers about there-to gaze on the moon, or the stars-as the case might be-and swap sentimental things about the whichness of the what, the beckoning unattainable and such like, suggested by the vast starlit void overhead. Then we would musingly retire, thinking about something good to eat, and what punishment would be likely to overtake old Grady for his neglect to properly provide for the table. Thus we alternated, or he did, between the sentimental and the substantial, between poetry and prose, with a plurality in favor of the latter.

Big events were going on then-the pattering of the rain drops on the dead leaves before the on-rush of the storm. Lincoln and Douglass were having their great debate through having their great debate through Illinois—the debate that made Lin-cola President. The young fellows were mostly Democrats, and Doug-lass was their prophet. How bad they felt as the genius of Lincoln beall that Jesus endured in His body, gan to overshadow and shrink' the but the sight of His torments was little giant. Much history has been

nothing more. + + + At home, meanwhile, all was peace and quiet, the children snugly asleep,

the lovelnest little nest you ever Elinor after my expedition. My husband got home about nine quite close to town, and well-prothe next morning, as he had expect-

"Marion ? What are you talking

had gone through that night agony in order to save a noble and useful life. Some time after Mr. Jessup was called to the deathbed of his erring son, who, making a pitiful attempt at repentance, gladdened his poor old father's heart by the statement that his one happy moment since that sad night had been that in

which he heard that his father was With a vague, half-conscious feeling alive and well, and that with all his sins he was free "at least from -." His father had laid his hand upon the poor dying lips, to shut out the mention of that awful word, and had blessed him and forgiven him, and thus his only son had died and set his wife and child free. I need scarcely tell you that we

tected by several other houses delightfully near, but not too near,which, now that it is all past and done with, seems worth that night, though I am not quite sure.

ment at my empty chair. "Isn't Marion down yet?" she asked.

house was concerned, and going fur-ther afield in their quest, when Eldnor happened by the merest chance to glance behind the sofa. Of all places who would ever have thought out of this room alive unless you do of such a hiding place, but there they in their ignorance supposed Mr.

E BRICKS IN DER? VORRY! tove Lining X IT.

.... ove Cement in ally guaranteed EED & CO., 8 &c., s Street

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Montreel, On A V. On P

and a common kitc pose any other would at least hav Sector Sector to see, but so the ferrible convision d in some u and th se in a trap ast, that by at the

pray for

"Just because you never let me have money enough to live right, nor Kate either. Both of you kept your purse strings so tight where I was concerned. But it's all Kate, Kate." atationally on my deak only this orning. It turned easily, and the avy door swinging on its offed ages disclosed a handsome hall asting an artistic overmantle and filled firedian. boasting an artistic overmantle an red-tiled fireplace-long coveted spice fors that were but as dust and ashe to me in this hour of anxious decar l closed the hall door, which shu with a spring, and timidly pushin open a side door meas by found my sell in a large, well-shaped room tostaining a few isolated pieces of invature, a sofs placed across the over near the baoncorned. But it's all Kate, Kate." "It's a wonder you dare to speak of her." the old man said angrily. "she whose life you have made so miserable, and has yet with her child been to me all that you..." "The contemptuous pause told the whole sad stery.

re's no use going over that old

ture," the young man said sharp-biting savagely at his nails, im just sick of it."

a just sick of it." ou know my bargain, you pro-d to make it worth my while to out of the way and by — you t. I'll tell you what I'll do, disgrace you and your peerless a. I'll drag her off with me, and child, too. I'll give the society as an interesting little bit of

"Do you mean to say to his feet. Marion isn't with you ? Didn't go home with you last night ?" Elinor, Dick says, rushed to the hall instead of answering, and to the telephone, where she shouted franti-cally for the fastest cab on the

n h

cally for the fastest cab on the stand to be sent at once. "Dick," she said, wheeling round and setzing Dick with a grip of which he ways he bears the marks to this day. "Something has happend to Marion. Who went with her yester-day?" "Why you were supposed to have met her, nurse tells me. She left here alone thinking you were going." "And of course I did go, but my fool of a cabman lost his way and I was driving about did cabman lost his way, and I ving about (ill seven o'clock for the wrstched place."

All my hopes and fears April, April, Laugh thy golden laughter, But, the moment after, Weep thy golden tears !

Like a lover greetest, If I tell thee, sweetest

ITS OWN HISTORY.

The Catholic Church-the Church of all nations-is its own history Its living tradition is unbroken. It has its own annals, and knows their significance. It has its own docu-ments, and it knows their meaning. ments, and it knows their meaning. It has its own immemorial usages, customs, interpretations, and it knows their origins and import. It has no need of scientific historians, or of pretantious critics to tell it what was the Divine deposit com-mitted to its custody-Manning.

A MOUNTAIN. A MOUNTAIN. "Jimmy." said the teacher, "what is a cape "" "A cape is land extend-ing into water." "Correct. William define a gull.'s "A gulf is water ex-tending into the land." "Good. Christopher," to a small, enger-look-ing boy, "what is a mountain ?" Uhristopher shot up from his seat so suddening

jeers, the thorns, the nails, the cross -every torment which Jesus suffered was repeated in Mary's heart, penetrating to the depths of her immaculate soul, the dazzling purity of its ness reddened to crimson by the white And yet do we hear of a single

complaint, a single remonstrance, as having fallen from her lips ? As she stood there at the foot of the Cross

stood there at the foot of the Urose, through the three dreadful hours' agony, the earthquake, the thunder, and lightning, the darkened skies, with the sight of His quivering flesh torn and bleeding, before her eyes, the sound of His labored breathing in the sound of His labored breathing in her cars, she uttered no complaint. In protestation. She could not reach Him to wips the beads of an-guish from that pallid brow; she could not strengthen Him with the clasp of His hands in her own. Not this palms were each pierced through by a single nail to the arms of the cross. She could not kiss His su-crose the other with a still more above the other with a still more ared neit; for they were fastened one above the other with a still more are main to the rugged beam. She could only wait and pray until the sould only wait and pray until the suitered a single cry of atorow. Oh, what a lawson-of dignity, of

and ours gray, dear Father Cronin Buring those years you have devoted your rare intellectual gifts and physical energies to Catholic 'truth and the glory of God's Church, and you have made for yourself a tinguished place in American Catholic literature.

That you may live long in go health to continue your work is the heartfelt wish of your fellow student. of 1858.

NO CHINA MADE IN DRESDEN.

To those connoisseurs who evince great pride in their collection of great pride in their collection of Dresden china it will come as a great shock to learn that to-day there is no such product under this name, although sold as such. In the course of a prosecution in London, where a firm was prosecuted for selling ware as Dresden and marking the goods as such, it was stated that no china is manufactured at Dresden. The hame is applied to the royal factory at y decorators at Dresden/work