

Secretary Bonaparte on the Defunct Know-Nothing Party.

Long will members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Baltimore remember Aug. 17. Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte was the centre of attraction.

Mr. Bonaparte had been allowed a free rein in his choice of subjects, and diplomatically he chose the Know-Nothings as a target. As an introductory he remarked that if there were any Know-Nothings in the audience he would alter his speech and criticize some person or thing more ancient. He said:

"Gentlemen of the Order: It is, I hope, needless for me to say how heartily I thank you for your cordial and hospitable welcome, or to add how well I know your courtesy and kindness to me voice first of all your unfailing loyalty to our great Republic, unworthily represented by me this evening.

"I have always thought that one invited to speak on an occasion such as this should try to make a fair return for the compliment by saying something worth hearing. It is much easier, however, to lay down this principle than to act upon it. We have excellent authority for the proposition that there is nothing new under the sun, but no one can so thoroughly realize its truth as a speaker sufficiently presumptuous to aim at telling his audience what has not been often and better told already.

STORY OF A YOUNG MINISTER.

"My present predicament reminds me of a story I once told on the stump, but which bears repetition here as it is in nowise political. It tells of a young minister who was to preach on trial before a congregation of multi-millionaires at a very fashionable watering-place, and who ran over his most carefully prepared sermons with a judicious friend to select one suitable. He thought himself a discourse on the 'Evil of Divorce' might do, but his adviser shook his head—every third woman in the congregation had been divorced at least once—that sort of talk wouldn't fill the bill at all.

"He offered in its place one on 'The Evils of Gambling,' but this was pronounced even worse; all his expected hearers of both sexes played 'bride' during most of their spare time, and three-fourths of the men put out big money at poker besides.

"He had a third on 'The Evil of Drink,' but the wise counsellor turned it down likewise. Too many of the parish every night walked into the casino and were carried out of it; the topic would seem 'personal.' 'At last he fished out an old thesis of his college days on 'The Sin of the Scribes and Pharisees.' That's it exactly," cried his delighted friend, 'Pitch into the Scribes and Pharisees for all you're worth: hit them hard, the harder the better, for they ain't got no friends, nowadays.' So the young man gave the Scribes and Pharisees hail Columbia, hurt nobody's feelings, pleased everybody and got his place.

KNOW-NOTHINGS RECALLED. "Now what class of people will this evening serve my purpose as the Scribes and Pharisees did his? I have thought over this question and concluded that I could find a substitute for the convenient and serviceable Scriptural characters in our Know-Nothings of the 50s. If I hurt anybody's feelings when I pitch into them it must be the feelings of somebody who has no business here tonight.

"The Irish-Americans have done much for America, and with good reason, for America has done much for the Irish-Americans. In gaining their service, in earning their affection, in making of them, not aliens, or outcasts, but her citizens and defenders, our country has but reaped as she sowed, it is because she deserved well of them; that they have treated them as children that they treat and love her as a mother.

"And yet there was a time, not so very long ago, but that many of those I see before me may yet know it as a memory of childhood, when some Americans by birth sought to bar Americans by adoption from the name and rights of Americans, and these first apostles of race prejudice and privilege of birth, while they hated all foreign-born Americans, hated Irish-Americans worst of all.

"The Know-Nothings of fifty years ago believed, or at least said they believed, that in America a man whose grandfather was a voter had a better right to vote than a man whose grandfather wasn't a voter. They were the first Americans to say this, and, stated very briefly, that

belief, or pretended belief, was the essence of Know-Nothingism; and, here in Baltimore, they gave practical effect to their principles with awls and bludgeons, repeaters assured of impunity and election officers for whom perjury was a pastime.

DANGERS AS HE SEES THEM. "A few years since I did not think I should live to hear the same doctrines proclaimed and even the same practices excused in America, and least of all in Maryland. I am not so sure of this now. But this evening I am not concerned so much with what may be in the future as with what has been in the past and what might have been in the present; I wish to ask how would you have felt to-day towards our common country had she dealt by your grandfathers and fathers, perchance dealt by some of yourselves, as those designing or misguided men of a half-century ago urged her to deal by them and by you.

"Would you love the Stars and Stripes if it were for you an emblem not of justice and protection, but of partiality and exclusion? Would you be as ready as you have ever shown yourself to shed your blood, to give your lives for this Union, if it had stamped you as unworthy, by reason merely of your grandfather's birthplace, to share in its government or have a voice in its laws?

"Insult and oppression will never foster loyalty, and those treated with scorn and distrust by the laws of the land wherein they dwell are, ever have been, and ever will be, a source of national weakness and of national danger.

"Had the Know-Nothings prevailed a half-century ago, there would have been to-day a little America, made yet more little in all that should make a nation great, by the festering sore of a great national folly and a greater national crime.

"Thank God! my fellow-countrymen, humanity was spared this grave this far-reaching calamity. The spirit of our orderly freedom was then and is now too just, too sane to suffer, or at least suffer long, such perversion of our laws. Many, too many, Americans of those days were deafened to the voice of reason and conscience by appeals to prejudice and passion. It may be that many, too many, Americans of to-day are no better able to reject the like incalculable and unworthy appeals; but the heart of the nation was then and is now sound and true.

"SQUARE DEAL" WANTED. "Americans want a 'square deal' for every man, want a President who will give every man such a deal in national affairs, want a Governor who will give every man such a deal in State affairs, want a Mayor who will give every man such a deal in city affairs. They gave your grandfathers and fathers a square deal, took them in to share their own ups and downs, their fair weather and their rain, their good and their ill fortune, with the same duties and the same burdens, the same rights and the same privileges which fall to the lot of all other Americans.

"And, as our country hath dealt with you, so have you dealt with her; you have given her the same square deal she has given you, have repaid her confidence, her respect, her just and equal protection, with such reverence for her flag, such devotion to her institutions, such faith and joy in her greatness as show you to be her own worthy, her own prized children. Because she treated you and those who begot you with righteousness, in you she has citizens of whom any land may well be proud."



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CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

What is the meaning of the inspired words of the Psalmist. Of These shall I continually sing—Let my mouth be filled with praise that I may sing Thy glory. Thy greatness all the day long. Thy great lips shall greatly rejoice when I shall sing to Thee? (Psalm 70.)

These words appeal to Christian humanity down all the ages. No one will deny the universal call expressed so frequently in the sacred writings. Let all the people sing! "Young men and maidens, the old with the younger!" "Sing to the Lord a new canticle."

But how, when and where, ask the timid of to-day. With so few fine tenors and altos our choral work would be ill-balanced; with so many distractions and opportunities for pleasure we could not get the people to attend rehearsals. Even those who might respond are usually poor readers of music, and singing from notes is so hard to master!

Granting the truth of these conditions, it is well to remember that after all, the standards of musical acceptability proposed and established by man should not interfere with the singing of God's praises by the multitudes of His children, upon each of whom He has bestowed an equipment sufficient for the promotion of His honor and glory. Let those in charge of their spiritual interests only realize the fervor of devotion and the contagion of enthusiasm aroused by the singing in unison of an entire congregation, and they will acknowledge the possibilities of an influence whose claims will strengthen as they are dwelt upon.

The expression of deep feeling in song is everywhere and at all times characteristic of the race. We read of the Jews of old singing psalms as they rested by the wayside during their pilgrimage. Columbus and his sailors renewed their energies and forgot the discouragements of their momentous journey while raising their voices in praise of the Immaculate Mother of God; and of even the poor, worn-out refugees of the Mayflower we are assured that

"Amid the storm they sang
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
With the anthem of the free!"

On all occasions of public joy or triumph the singing of the multitude formed part of the pomp of celebration. And shall we, with so price-

less a treasure, so ever-glorious a celebration on our altars, neglect an element so well adapted to prove that we are no uninspired gathering of mere spectators?

Let us look at the subject practically. Our people are possessed of voices, our churches have zealous pastors and, usually, fair musical equipment. The children of any parish or school or sodality can easily be interested and taught, first, the hymns suitable for use at low Masses and at Benediction. The "young men and maidens" easily respond to tactful effort from the proper authorities, and co-operation among those to whom detail is entrusted; the adult congregation, slower, perhaps, at first, learn unconsciously as they listen. The experiences of daily life, its disillusionments and preoccupations, especially in our time, leave little margin, to be sure, for the average adult to break forth into spontaneous song, but before the altar, in the presence of the living God, divested of artificiality, he offers a promising field for the cultivation of this flower of devotion. And let us all realize that the propagation of the faith we hold so dear is best secured by the deepening and strengthening of that faith where it already exists.

A non-Catholic, conversing with the writer after a recent trip to Italy, speaks thus of the impression made by an Ave Maria sung in chorus by the Italian steerage passengers one evening at sea: "They stirred me so deeply that the impulse to fall on my knees in worship with them sent me into quiet meditation, where I experienced such a feeling for the Mother of God as I had never known." And this from a cultivated speaker, familiar with the best afforded by modern art, describing the performance of so humble an assemblage!

No one denies the mysterious power of music. It is much more eloquent than words. Indeed, its message only begins where words reach their maximum. The mechanisms and devices of the most resourceful and successful workers in the literary field form only the cheapest element in the power wielded by the mighty magic of tones. Under the spell of music, the soldier goes forth undaunted, glad to sacrifice his all. Instances of its power from the experiences of each of us could be multiplied, quotations innumerable cited. Knowing well the strength of this ally, Luther took great care to fortify his so-called reformation by the constant

(Continued on Page 7.)

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ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

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W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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A NIGHT

No one could have expected a church in the spot. You went down a entered by a field gate from across a grass-field, skirted a corn-field, opened a gate and went down, down a lane of green leafage. At bottom, in a cup of the ground the church.

There was a crowded pressing up to the gray church. The newer port churchyard lay beyond, ascent to the fields. The earth there where a new been filled yesterday.

People approached the different ways. The way led in, dark with leafage, was something very weird. The flutter of a ivy was enough to startle person. There was such of the dead from the church was closed all the on Sunday did the foot living sound there, unless a funeral, or a wedding, or perhaps a curi seeing stranger.

Such a one was Hugh, a solitary tramp that and Sussex, with a knapsack for all luggage, spent nights, taking his meals in cottages, enjoying himself in his isolation. He was a person. The girl had been taken from him on their wedding. It had not of his nature, this innocent had made him fond company, of solitude in his eyes and voice could him, undisturbed by the of other people. He was py any longer. He was in a manner of speaking that life as it appeared to was over for him—at this.

A pink-faced child had the way to the church, he won out of her first shy ness. He had sent her mother with a great silver sixpence. He lo It was a thousand pities like him held himself from chill nuptials of the dead.

He had no great curiosity the church. His guide-b led nothing of interest ex of the ancient yew trees whose riven trunk was to contain a little house of ston's spades and rakes were locked away. The was uninteresting, and he chet by profession. At had left him he hesitated that he should climb down cup of the valley to visit church of Okehurst after

The evening was May's, valley the hill was purple phire against a benignant earth's censor swung in a breathing odors of lilac, honeysuckle. The cool sw delightful. He had found close at hand where he s that night, or waken to songs of the nightingale.

In the shadow of the h were golden, the deep gol cups, the pale gold of th Such an exquisite line th against the peaceful sky. not a sound but the sing birds. When he had seen the would go back to the supper of cold meat and cheese and beer, and to quaint attic, heavily bedd honeysuckle to the eaves gales would let him sleep.

He whistled softly to h went down the field path muncation of the mortal had brought him a cheerfu He walked round the chu down by the weight of it whistling.

Down here the shadows their own way. The hill the clear, shining of the ed sky.

Ah, there was the tree! over graves to reach it. fear of death since the gre his hopes.
Yet he was startled wh came from the tree, a voice. For a second he t was Muriel's. It had to like Muriel's.
"Who are you?" the voi ploringly. "Can you get am locked in the tree." For he had whimsical thought thready, but they were creatures of the twilight of in which there was no dea