

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Some More Interesting Letters.

DEAR SIR,—As regular as the week comes, I await the arrival of your valuable paper, and, after the editorials, the first thing I look for is the column headed "Youths' Department." I am glad to see that so many young persons are writing for this column, because it shows that there are at least a few persons in the city who take an interest in the only English-speaking Catholic paper we have, and I hope that before long, instead of having only a weekly edition, that it may prosper so that we shall have a daily edition; but I am afraid, when that time comes, that our column will be done away with. Wishing every success to this column and more especially to your paper, I am, yours truly,

CANADIAN.

[We are grateful for such good wishes, and we can assure "Canadian," that when a daily paper comes into existence, the Youths' Department will still be kept up.]

A PROFESSIONAL DIVER.

MY DEAR JIM,—As you are an expert swimmer and a great lover of the craft (although swimming is out of season now except in the bath-rooms) I will tell you something about the life of a professional diver. I have my information from reliable authority, so that if you have any aspirations to the profession it will doubtless prove quite interesting to you. "Full many a gem of purest ray serene, the dark unfathomed face of ocean bears." A diver related, when at the bottom of the sea they frequently see spectres, phantoms, and sea monsters that come quite near and survey them closely. On one occasion he saw quite close to him two fiery eye-balls glaring intensely on him. They were the eyes of a shark. He made no attack, but turned friskily around, giving the diver a blow of his tail that sent him reeling at some distance; he was not hurt, however, as the water broke the blow. Although sharks may respect divers yet they are very partial to swimmers and not unfrequently lop off their limbs when they have a chance. A day's work of the diver consists of four hours, at a salary from ten to fifteen dollars a day. Sometimes they lie down and sleep under 120 feet of water. The least negligence on the part of the man who holds the cord may prove fatal to the diver. When he feels himself in danger of death by suffocation or otherwise he gives the death signal, three strokes. It is generally impossible to save him, as it takes more than a moment to bring him above the surface. Professional divers should always pray; yet their spirit of adventure is not at all favorable to the spirit of prayer.

Yours, as ever,

WM. HEALY,

[William's letter contains interesting information and should be an incentive to his school friends to study those very beautiful books that tell of the marvels of nature—especially as seen beneath the ocean.]

OUR CANADIAN AUTUMN.

Our Canadian autumn is a beautiful season. The temperature is cool and healthful. The autumn sky is a beautiful sight, especially towards sunset. The rich purple clouds, through which breaks the golden rays of the setting sun, the grandeur of the autumn woods with its purple foliage, the rich undulating fields of golden corn, form a scene which fills the nature-loving soul with enthusiasm. Nature could not have more sweetly connected the extremes of summer heat and of winter frost. Kind Providence sends this healthy season to refresh His poor drooping creatures after the hot summer months, and also to prepare them for the long cold winter so close at hand. It is during this transition period from heat to cold that people exchange the cotton and summer wear for the more comfortable flannels and heavy winter clothing. Professional men and business men who went to spend a few weeks in the country now return invigorated and refreshed, to renew their labors with energy. As the season advances the fields become bare with the exception of a few dead stalks idly basking in the sun. The gardens so recently full of flowers are now cold and dreary-looking, and the bleak wind whistling through the naked branches would seem to be sighing for the flowers which

are now withered and gone. The forest is clad in her gorgeous robes of crimson red and yellow, but their glory is short-lived; already these richly colored leaves begin to fade and fall, and the branches stand out in their dreary nakedness. The warbling birds forsake their now cheerless abodes and seek a warmer clime. And now all is hushed and still save the squirrels rustling over the dead leaves, or the November winds wailing through the waste of leafless frost.

R. BROWN.

[This is a very beautiful and a very promising description of autumn. That one thought of the wind sighing for the dead flowers is worthy a real poet. Keep on, young friend; the day may come, if you persevere, when your writings will be of the greatest importance to the country and to yourself.]

AN ENCOURAGING LETTER.

MY DEAR JOHN:—A friend gave me a copy of the TRUE WITNESS last week and I tell you I was delighted in reading its contents. It is well worth the small sum the Editor asks for it, even if he devotes his whole time on it. It is not, however, to praise this paper that I write to you at present. I could do so with perfect sincerity, but my object is simply to call your attention to the fact that there are many good Catholics who would doubtless help him but have no idea of the good work he is holding in his hands, and I must confess to you that I never saw this paper until last week; I have heard of the TRUE WITNESS but never thought of aiding it. When, however, I read the earnest appeals for aid I could not but regret that I had not given any. Permit me to suggest that it urges the members to distribute copies of the TRUE WITNESS among all their friends with the simple request that they form some idea of the object for which it exists. Doubtless there would be many like myself perfectly willing to share with the Editor in his great work, but at present they are practically in ignorance of the purposes and resolutions of this paper. For myself I am very sure that I shall certainly do all in my power to

bring the matter to the attention of the Catholics in my neighborhood. You may be assured that I will also pray fervently that God will prosper him in his labors in establishing such a great work as the TRUE WITNESS.

G. GUMMERSELL.

[We are very grateful for the kind expressions of this letter and we trust it will bear a harvest of benefit to the organ that seeks to help the cause of truth, and promote the welfare of Irish-Catholics.]

"SHORT AND SWEET."

DEAR ROBERT,—I received your kind and welcome letter of the 21st ult. I am always so glad to hear from you. Your letters are so interesting and full of news. I went up to the Island on Saturday morning and remained there till Sunday night. Our little fishing hut is completely torn down by the waves dashing in upon it. If we go up to the Island next summer we will have it fixed up in grand style, so that the waves, or the ice drifting down the river, cannot injure it. We are all well enough, except Uncle Dan, who is suffering from rheumatism; I hope he will soon be well. Now, Robert, this is all the news I have to give you in return for your big bagful. I will try to do better the next time.

A. O'LEARY.

[We trust that for many long years our young friends will enjoy the renovated hut on the Island—and that Uncle Dan's rheumatism may so far disappear as to enable him to join next year's excursion and jolly outing on the Island.]

We regret that space will not allow the publication of a number of other letters that we have received. But next week those left over will hold the first places.

There is a passage in the Bible which is not unlike some more modern hits at the doctor: "And Asa, in the thirty and ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet, until the disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." (2 Chron. xvi. 12)

MARRIED.

COLLUM—HARRINGTON—At St. Anthony's Church, Montreal, October 30th, by Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P., W. J. Collum to Liza Jane, (Lyda) daughter of the late Michael Harrington, in his lifetime Foreman in the Montreal Water Works.

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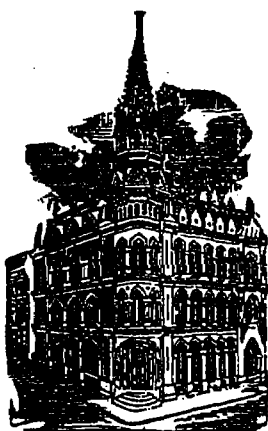
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The Rev. Father Martin Callaghan delivered a powerful sermon on Purgatory.

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