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December 24 and 25; December 27th, 1909; ecember 31, 1909, and 1910; return limit, Ja-Fare and One-Third.

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# The True Cuitness

Senate Reading Room
Jan 1 1909.



Vol. LIX., No. 27

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909

PRICE, FIVE CENT

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

### The Music of Innisfail.

Entrancing Subject Treated in Masterly Style Bespeaking Intimate Knowledge.

The inopportureness of the approaching Christmas season did not prevent St. Ann's Hall from being crowded on the evening of the twent8y-first to listen to the Kev. Martin Callaghan, P.S.S. The lecture was a riumph. If the lecture was a riumph. If the lecture was a riumph. If the lecture was a riumph it plied. It is inbred and inherent. It manifests itself whenever the opporhemselves. Edward Shanahan oc-upied the chair and introduced

the pupils under his tuition eclipsed themselves. Edward Shemaham occupied the chair and introduced Rev. Martin Callaghan.

Brother Arnold was a voluntary and recent exile from Erin. He was in the prime of manhood with the richest of blood tingling in his veins and martled upon his cheeks when I was listed as one of his pupils. His shadow still lingers in this hall. With grateful pride shall I always remember him. You knew him and idolized him as well you might.

With grateful pride shall I always remember him. You knew him and idolized him as well you might.

I have been an ardent admirer of his distinguished community. You do esteem the sons of De La. Salle in the measure you should. You do not hesitate in confiding your children to their charge, and to no better hands could you entrust them. Never were they needed so much as now. They could not be surpassed in training worthy citizens, practical Christians and loyal Catholics. They are bound to everything Irish by ties of the closest sympathy; and

do is not undeserving of attention. It will not be either tedious or use-

Sound is a ratural phenomenon inasmuch as it is a mere vibration of the air we are breathing. This vibration can be caused by a voice or an instrument. Music began with the dawn of creation. It is a gift for which we are indebted to the liberality of the Creator, and a treasure which we could return rise. to highly. It consists in a series in articulate soundwhich is agreeable to the ear. It is the language of the heart—a language that is spoken and understood without having been taught or learnt. It deals with human sensibility. It represents and transmits the feelings with which we may be impressed. It is unrestricted to any special period of history or to any particular section of the globe. Givilization is section of the globe. Givilization is conting less than a product and criefion of education. It has mani
giff for which we are indebted to the libration of education. It has mani
in the days of long ago prevailed the strict in the days of long ago prevailed the strict in the days of long ago prevailed the bright and good boys of St. Ann's School, which is reputed throughout the city to be a high-graded nursery of musicians.

It is not only mortals who can be musical composers. It is said that Irish fairies could. The fairies of Knockgrafton have been credited with a composition in which took part Lusmore, a little hunchback of Aherlow. It was a moon-lit night. Lusmore was walking from Cahir in Tipperary to his home in the glen.

Which we represent and transmits the feelings with which was repeated three short and symmetrical. They had he major fourth along with a final to unlet which was repeated three shorts and sortion in which took part Lusmore, a little hunchback of Aherlow. It was a moon-lit night. Lusmore was walking from Cahir in Tipperary to his home in the glen.

Which we red the words are from the pen of Felicia Hemans. The song will be reduced by there when was element by one of St. Ann's School, which is reputed throughout the city to be a high-graded nursery of musicians. It is and the words are from the pen of the principle by others who waste their splend by order by one down in the good of Mrs. Casey's goat.

It is not only mortals who can be musical composers. It is said that fairies of Knockgrafton have been credited with a composition in which took part Lusmore, a little hunchback of

From start to finish it was enjoyed by an intelligent and gelect audience. It was marked by classic diction, fluency, humor, erudition and oratory. The reverend keturer was absolutely at home in his subject. His delivery was faultless and his violin eloquence itself. He was interrupted by frequent outpursts of applause. Professor McCaffery won golden opinions and the pupils under his tuition eclipsed themselves. Edward Shanahan ocpotent to do full justice. In order

what I had a chance to peruse. Originally five scales were known to
exist. Each included the notes C,
D, E, G, A, and utilized as a fundamental one of these notes. B and
F. were omitted in all the scales.
This fact explains the queintness
pervading a multitude of our ancient
melodies. The two notes were gradually introduced devices the contract of the contra not hesitate in confiding your childness to their charge, and to no better hands could you entrust them. Never were they needed so much as now. They could not be surpassed in training worthy citizens, practical Christians and loyal Catholics. They are bound to everything Irish by ties of the closest sympathy; and seen marching in the vanguard of any movement that may redound to or mational glory.

I am pleased to appear upon this stage. I thank Reverend Brother William, Brother Tobias and their conferes for the magnificent audience that has greeted me so cordially. What I am prepared to say and do is not undeserving of attention.

fost perceptibly does a vein of melancholy run through our ancestral music. It was remarked by the prince of Irish poets. Addressing the Harp of his country, he sings:

"But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness
That e'en in thy mirth, it will steal
from thee still."

with a charm which cannot be resisted, analyzed or defined. It is stamped with the becad-seal of inspiration. It thrills every fibre of the heart. It is the outpouring of all the emotions that could sway the human breast. It does not lack ary quality which might be desired. At times, it is the very embodiment of the ideal. It blends originality and simplicity with eleganoe, consistency and vigor. It is characterized by a pathos which is altogether unique. The soul is melted into a flood of tenderness, penetrated with the keerest sense of delicacy, and fottered with chains to which it lovingly clirgs, and from when it would fain here be separated.

The music of our distant past is underestimated by certain critics, and nevertheless, in the opinion of the music of the most reliable authorities, it and nevertheless, in the opinion of the music of the most reliable authorities, it truth, it forms at least a type of such masters as Handel, Beethoven, Haydn, Berlioz and Pleyel, who did not speak from infancy the language we do, who were strangers to our race and rationality. It is lauded to the skies by such celebrities as Sir Frederick Ouseley, Sir Hubert among that of the output of the words are briefly and briefly and the proposed of the most reliable authorities, it comes the proposed of the most reliable authorities, it comes reliable authorities, it could not be overrated. In verturn, it forms at least a type of such masters as Handel, Becthoven, Haydn, Berlioz and Pleyel, who did not speak from infancy the language we do, who were strangers to our race and rationality. It is lauded to the skies by such celebrities as Sir Frederick Ouseley, Sir Hubert among that of the other Celtic matter the could be substitled to the skies by such and from the fact and terrorized the shadown of the could not be over the could not speak for minance the language we do, who were strangers to our race and rationality. It is always to the proposed of the lovelist and the proposed of the lovel of the proposed of the lovel of the pr

My programme is a novelty with which no audience has been favored, and which I am confident you will long retain in your memory. I have taken my precautions so that in executing myself, I may not shock or executing myself, I may not shock of shatter your nervous system. My bran-new selections may be construed into so many arguments which I will submit to your fair and unprejudiced minds in confirmation of what I have advanced. I will seven what is a substantial of the second of the be responsible for whatever prelude or embell shment may be given to the pieces which I will play upon an instrument I studied under Bro-ther Tertulliam of St. Lawrence School, under William Sullivan of this parish and from Tralee, and under Oscar Martel, a graduate of the Spa Conservatory and violinist to His Majestv Leopold of Fleigium. The air is: "The Lament for Gerald," and the words are from the pen of Felicia Hemans. The song will be rendered by the bright and good boys of St. Ann's School, which is reputed throughout the city to be a high-graded nursery of musicians. It is nonsensical, trashy and sensational. In this connection, I am reminded of Mrs. Casey's goat. "Michael, avick," said she to her busband, "shure th' goat has ate all av Maggie's plano music!" der Oscar Martel, a graduate of the

tonic which was repegted three the state of the globe. Givilization is settion of the globe. Givilization is settion of the globe. Givilization is setting the state and eriterion of education. It has manifested to the setting the state of the control of the globe. Givilization is the control of the globe. Givilization is the control of the globe. Givilization is the control of the control of the globe. Givilization is the control of the globe. Thousands have been globe forms amongst which must be recleaved. This form will have been controlled. Thousands within each of the control of t

site the sentiment and how felicitous

the style!

Irish music has the secret of Irish music has the secret of vitality—a secret unpossessed by the music of the day. It has an popularity which is nothing transient in character. It should be and yet is not always interpreted as it ought. A few months ago I heard an orchestra playing "The Blackbird", a slow and sad melody, as if it were a jig to be danced. I resented the outrage. The study of our music is not what it should be. It is disregarded by many singers and players who prefer to have in their repertory much indeed that is really excellent without the faintest apology of anything national. It is

#### TRIBUTES

TO IRELAND.

From the Best Writers.

The Irish people would not erect a splendid shrine even to liberty on the ruins of the temple.—O'Connell.

As an Englishman, knowing the As an Eaglishman, knowing the temper of Englishmen, I am convinced that the great mass of them misjudge Ireland, s imply because they never came into contact with her as she really is.—Rev. R. F.

There is still room for dear old Ireland on the world's stage, and she has true hearts to love her and minstrels to sing her praise, and orators to proclaim her rights, and a Church and an altar, on which the blight of heresy has never fallen.—Mrs. J. Sadlier.

The religion of the olden race of Ireland has been written imperiably on the national heart.—S. I

Constancy in adhering to her religion is Ireland's greatest glory—a peerless privilege which every true lover of his country should be anxious to preserve and to defend.—Rev. Dr. Moran.

Now, in the nineteenth century, Ireland with her millions glories in the name of Catholic.—Rev. J. M. Brennan, O.S.F.

Sparkling gems of genius,—imagery, poetry and fancy, all forming a wreath and a circle of glory around the failen fortunes of Ireland From the arrival of the Irish

troops in 1691 to 1745, the year of the battle of Fontenoy, more than four hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen die in the service of Irishmen die in the servi France.—Abbé MacGeoghegan The sublime and supernatural spi-

The sublime and supernatural spirit of Christianity became natural to the Irish mind, in the great as well as in the lowly, in the rich as well as in the poor.—Rev. A. Thébaud, S. J.

Whatever else the Irish may be, they are not commonplace. They are regarded with great admiration or great dislike, according to their traits of character and their con-

Ireland is the most crimeless country in the world to-day.—Lord Aberdeen.

We've bowed beneath the chastening

darling old Ireland.

With Dryden, slightly altered, might conclude:

God as world.

When.

"Cease, O Erin! cease thy mouning Happy days appear.
Thou shait be restored again, Dear Erin, loved of God and men.
Still thou art the care of Heaven, In thy years of exile driven, Heaven thy ruin then prevented, Heaven thy ruin then prevented,

Till the guilty land repented:
In the hour when none could aid thee, Foes conspired and friends betrayed

To the brink of danger driven, Still thou ait , the care of Hea-

Still thou art , the care of Freuven."

Mr. Robert Hart, President of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, moved a vote of thanks. Mr. John Nolan, expresident of the society, seconded the motion, which received from the audience a unanimous and most hearty approval.

Among those present were: Rev. Among those present were: Rev. Fathers Holland, Walsh, Jackman, Dufresne. Ouelette, Cullinan, Mesers. M. Walsh, M.P.P., Alderman Fraser, Jos. Dillon, J. Gould, T. Hanley, T. Morrissey, T. Hartford and Rev. Brothers from Mount St. Louis and other educational establishments.

The ancient blood that knows no

Tear,
The stamp is on us set,
And so, however foes may jeer,
We're Irish yet—We're Irish yet.
—Dr. Drummond.

Expressions of Appreciation Culled No more the patriot's words will

No more the patriot's words will cheer
Your humble toil and care—
No more your Irish hearts will tell
The beads of evening prayer;
The mirth that scoffed at direst

Lies buried in your grave, Down where the blue St. Lawrence tide

want

Sweeps onward wave on wave. --Dr. O'Hagan.

We've seen our very martyrs win The slime of serpent's tongue; We've seen our sainted Grosse-Isle

The foes of God ranked 'mong; And yet, with hearts that know not

We're proud of what we are; Our land for us grows much more dear, When fools our worth would mar!

We stand for our God, and we stand for His Altar;
We battle for justice, and this we do, lest
The faith that is thine, in our hearts

could e'er falter: We're Irish! We're Irish! Saints Isle in the West!

We're loved and we're hated; we're feared and we're trusted;
To friend or to foe we can grant
his request;
We're reckoned with e'er, for our

steel never rusted:
We're Irish, thank God, famed Land
of the West!

It has taken England nearly nine centuries to try to suppress Ireland, and calumniators will not do in a day, what she could not do in nine day, what she hundred years.

#### Largest Diocese in the World.

The largest diocese in ehe world is the archdiocese of Mohilew, which comprises all Russia outside of Poland, and the vast territory of Siberia. It has about a million Catholics, fifty thousand of whom ace scattered over the thirty-five millions square miles of Siberia. The Archbishop resides in St. Petersburg Until recently Siberia has never had the benefit of a canonical visitation. It was, therefore, an important event when the Auxiliary Bishop of Mohilew set out to visit the Catholics of Siberia. It means a journey across the continent of Asia. To Invoke the protection of the Almighty traits of character and their conduct as a people are criticized by friend or fee.—T. F. Galvey.

The Irish may be judged by the kind of enemies they have made for themselves.—Cardinal Perraud.

Ireland has never had a divorce court, and does not need one.—Cardinal Moran.

The green according to their across the continent of Asia. To invoke the protection of the Almighty for the perileus undertaking a Ponney for the protection of the Almighty for the perileus undertaking a Ponney for

#### A Patagonian Prayer.

We've howed beneath the chastening rod.

We've had our griefs and pains.
But with them all we still thank God,

resque lakes, ivy-clad towers, stormworn castles and pillared temples of darling old Ireland.

In an address delivered recently to the students of Manchester College, England, Prof. Max Miller said that one of the most valuable results of studying the religions of so-called savages is that there is almost always to be discovered in them the stronghold of all religion—a belief in God as the Father and Ruler of the verid.

world.
Wher people talk about savages, they always take the people of Tierra del Fuego or the Patagonians, as the lowest of the low. Even scientists have declared that they are be called fellow-creascarcely to be called fellow-cre tures. Yet these people possess copious language, and their religi-contains a prayer in which any us could join without shame:

O Father, Great Man! King of this land!

King of this land!
Favor us, dear Friend, every day
With good food,
With good water,
With good sleep.
Poor am I, poor is this meal:
Take of it if Thou wilt.

This is not addressed to any idol made of wood or stone. It is addressed to an unseen Father, a dear Friend, the King of their land, to whom they offer the best they have, although it is only, as they say, a very poor meal.

If one be troubled with corns an warte, he will find Holloway's Cor Cure an application that will entire