

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Gen. James F. Smith, Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands, has written for the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco a very valuable pamphlet entitled "Catholic Missionaries in the Philippines." Few Americans have had such opportunities to study religious and social conditions in the Philippines as Gen. Smith. He left San Francisco in May, 1896, as colonel of the First California Volunteers. After a brilliant career in the army he was promoted to be brigadier-general, and was soon afterward selected to be Governor of the Island of Negros. His administration on the island was most successful.

He won the friendship of the natives, and peace reigned throughout the island. Finally, on the organization of the first Supreme Court of the Philippines, he was selected to be one of its members, a position for which he was eminently fitted, as he had occupied a leading position at the bar of San Francisco before the outbreak of the Spanish-American war.

This man's opinion on the friar question is ten times more deserving of respect than all the statements made by newspaper scribes, traveling preachers and prejudiced writers. He knows the conditions, and his high position demands that he speak the truth. The pamphlet is a complete vindication against all the charges of avarice and ignorance leveled against the friars.

Here is what he says about the work of the friars:

"Spain's missionaries gathered the tribes into villages and towns, formed councils for their government (which, whatever might have been their deficiencies, had at least the merit of being actuated by some higher principle than mere brutal force), cut down the primeval forest, uprooted the impenetrable jungle, and taught their charges to cultivate the soil and to make for themselves a permanent habitation and a home. Churches were built, Christian instruction imparted, and when the desire to wander had given way to settled habits, schools were established and the simpler forms of education inculcated. The work of civilization was slow, necessarily so, but the progress was steady and healthy, and all that could be expected until about the close of the eighteenth century. After that Spain began to experience the full effects of the reaction resulting from the stupendous national exertions in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and failed, except in the larger towns and cities, to give the opportunities for the higher education which conditions justified and the thirst for further knowledge among the native peoples demanded. Universities, colleges and schools that would bear favorable comparison with other institutions of learning in the world had been established by the religious orders in Manila, Iloilo, Cebu and Zamboanga, but beyond those facilities, for acquiring the higher education were not many.

Almost every town, it is true, had its government school, but its teachers, as a rule, were poorly paid by the Government and, not being highly instructed themselves, only the rudiments of education were imparted by them. In the large cities just mentioned, however, where education was not dependent

on the munificence of the Government, but on institutions in charge of the Religious Orders and endowed with means to support themselves, education made mighty strides. A visit to the institutions of learning, richly gifted with every means to furnish superior instruction, cannot fail to convince an impartial observer that the Catholic missionaries, far from being the foes of learning, spared no pains to impart it, and that the statement so often made that they sought to keep the natives in ignorance is the favored product of a prejudiced mind. The schools, colleges and universities of Manila and other cities have produced native doctors, lawyers, authors, chemists, pharmacists, engineers, painters, sculptors, etc., of splendid ability, and not even the jaundiced investigator can refuse to them the respect and consideration which learning, without regard to the color of its possessor, commands all the wide world over.

To give a whole people a complete and finished education, nay, to give them instruction only sufficient for the ordinary wants of a busy life, requires resources and means beyond the ability of individuals or comparatively small aggregations of individuals, to supply. It was just as much beyond the power of the Religious Orders of Spain to furnish schools of high standard to eight millions of people in the Philippines as it would be for all the religious denominations of California to furnish proper instruction to its million or more of people. The idea has gained ground that the Religious Orders had incalculable resources at their command, and that practically all the valuable lands of the archipelago were at their disposal. If I remember correctly, the Civil Commission, after a careful and impartial investigation, found that the value of the entire holdings of the Catholic Church in the Philippines did not, after more than 300 years of occupation, exceed \$12,000,000 Mexican, or about \$6,000,000 gold. If that be true, then the resources at the disposition of the Church, if they were all utilized in furtherance of education, would not more than suitably endow three such institutions as Stanford University or the University of California.

In judging of the Spanish missionaries one is disposed to begin with the assumption that Spain showered into their laps torrents of gold and gave over to their hand limitless tracts of valuable land. So far as concessions of land were concerned, the missionaries enjoyed substantially the same privileges as other Spanish subjects—neither more nor less. They went into the trackless forests and took up so much of the then valueless public domain as was necessary for their immediate wants; and as the months, the decades and the centuries went by, widened their little possessions until, after 300 years, they had gained for themselves a property worth some \$6,000,000 gold—not an inconsiderable sum when you look at it all together; but not so much when you consider that it represents the savings, the gifts, the donations and the accumulations, during more than three centuries, of thousands upon thousands of missionaries and charitable persons who labored for a sentiment and gave all their lives to what the world calls an abstraction; not so much when you come to think that even here one fairly good landgrabber, twenty-five years ago, could have annexed as much in about a thirtieth of the time and not hurt his appetite either.—New York Freeman's Journal.

"LALOR'S MAPLES"

A REVIEW, BY "CRUX"

Before me lies a neatly-bound, well-printed, attractive volume of about three hundred and fifty pages, bearing the title "Lalor's Maples." I have been requested to review the story, and I must admit that I have rarely been assigned a more difficult, pleasant, or pleasantly difficult task. The work, as its name would suggest, is a novel; it is a Catholic novel; it is a New England novel; and it is a sensational novel. It is so sensational that you forget entirely that it is Catholic; it is so purely Catholic that you are finally oblivious of the fact that you had been reading something sensational. It is so new, so fresh, so genuine in its every aspect, that I am at a loss to know how to review its contents. I will, however, begin by stating that it is written by Katherine E. Conway, assistant editor of the Boston "Pilot," that it is published by "The Pilot Publishing Company," and that it is retailed at \$1.25. The name of the writer is alone a guarantee of something worth the reading; the name of the publishing house vouches for the elegance and the richness of the mechanical work; and the price is certainly not high, when the quality of the volume and the nature of the literary contents are considered. Having said so much for the book, from the general standpoint of critical and journalistic appreciation, I again find myself in the same dilemma, as when I first set down to write this review.

MY DILEMMA.—The best thing that I can do is to tell exactly how I have gone about this study of "Lalor's Maples." One who has considerable literary work on hand, especially such work as requires to be performed without fail each day

cannot afford to allow his time to go unoccupied, nor can he well spend the regular hours assigned for certain tasks in any other occupation. The press waits for no person; copy must be made, even though the sky were to fall. I, like others, have my certain hours that I reserve for special work, and I cannot miss a moment of that time without incurring very unpleasant consequences. When the management of the "True Witness" handed me this book for review, I was asked to have the copy in on the third day following. This always means "without fail." I at once drew my plan. I would steal one hour of that evening to read the first part of the story; then I would take an hour from the second evening to glance over the last chapters; finally I would devote as much time as I could spare during the third evening to the writing out of my appreciation of the book.

PLANS UPSET.—This was easily planned; the execution was another thing. That first evening I took up "Lalor's Maples," examined the volume carefully, noted down the title, and whatever general information the title page afforded. Then I ran my eye down the table of contents—that is to say the headings of the chapters. By this time I was comfortably seated down, and determined to glean, in an hour, a sufficient idea of the principal characters, and the scenes described to enable me to form an idea of the trend of the story. I placed some other work, that had to be done that night, in regular order on my desk, so that I could turn to it when my hour would be up. I began at nine. Well, I read on, my interest growing deeper and deeper; the clock struck eleven. I had not taken a single

note, and I had not read the first hundred pages. I was in the middle of a chapter, so I resolved to finish it before turning to the articles that awaited me. The clock struck twelve, and was still following with breathless anxiety the career of the Lalors, resting at times, to dwell again and again upon the gradually developing picture of little Mildred—the heroine. Finally I was obliged to close the book and take up my pen, for it became necessary to step out of the charmingly described atmosphere of the Victoria-Mackenzie convent, and the then gathering gloom of the old homestead, "The Maples," into the busy, unispiriting domain of trans-Atlantic politics.

MY SECOND NIGHT.—On the second night I felt that I would have to make up for "lost time," and I resolved merely to glance, and glance in a very hurried manner, at the concluding chapters of "Lalor's Maples." When I took up the volume I felt an overpowering desire to read the chapter following the last one of the previous night. It might serve as a connecting link to renew in my mind what I had already perused, and to afford me a kind of spring-board of which I could leap to the conclusion. It was a fatal mistake. The second evening flew past, and I still found myself following little Mildred through all the vicissitudes of a most natural, but most wonderful career. I had learned to appreciate the sentiments of the child whose earlier years were surrounded by the stillness of the cloister, whose only misery was the home-sickness, which each yearly disappointment, when obliged to spend the holidays at the convent, created, and which had its compensation in the freedom from all the cares of actual life and from any knowledge of the troubles that agitated that home that was the scene of the dreamy, talented, poetic-souled girl. I followed her into the world of sad reverses and of shattered ideals, with a deepening interest. I sympathized with her in the shock and bitter disappointment which the first revelations of actual life, with all its countless ills produced. I shared her delight when she was accepted by a leading magazine. I participated in her ambitious satisfaction, when her story won the prize money that she coveted for her father's sake—to save him from ruin. I followed her into the office of the great Palmer Ellis, and into her ten dollar a week job on his successful paper. I could foresee that this tiny, lonely, dreaming, religious girl, fired with a love of all who were dear to her as relatives, and spurred on by the knowledge of the reverses that had crushed her home, was destined to re-establish that home, to wipe away the tear from her parents' cheeks, to make "Lalor's Maples" as home-like and as happy as in her infant days; but I could not foretell whether she would end in the cloister, or in a happy Catholic marriage. Nor am I now going to tell, for my mission is not to kill the interest of a story. It was far into the night when I discovered that more astounding developments were ahead; that Palmer Ellis was to furnish me with subject matter for deep reflection, serious study, as well as all-absorbing interest. I could not stop; so I read on. Need I say that my second evening was entirely consecrated to "Lalor's Maples," and all my other work had to stand.

MY THIRD EVENING.—Here I am, arrived at last at the moment for writing. I am now obliged to pen my impressions, to state what my opinion is of the work, to analyze it, to criticize it. Well, I have no intention of doing anything of the kind. I am convinced that it is one of the foremost Catholic novels of the new century. From the standpoint of religion it contains some of the most salutary and timely lessons that any work of its kind could possibly preach. There is also a strain of Irish patriotism running through the story, that is so deftly woven into the composition that one scarcely perceives it, save in the general and agreeable impression that it necessarily leaves on the mind of the reader. Some of the most absorbingly interesting situations presented by the writer are actual refutations of slanders, that in any other form would not be nearly so effective. All this I now feel and know. But I repeat that I have no intention of spending my few hours of this evening writing down my impressions; I have yet six chapters of "Lalor's Maples" to read, and read slowly, when I wish to thoroughly enjoy a good literary treat. I mean to read those six chapters, and if I have any time to spare, I will go back and re-read some of the pages that I could not help marking as deserving of special attention. If any of my readers think me selfish, if they prepare to plead guilty; if they imagine that I have been fascinated, I have no objection; but I want to read the rest of the story, and should other things that I have not told them enough about it, then they have only to go and read it for themselves. It is thus I get out of my dilemma—so here goes for an hour of literary pleasure.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' SALARY

"The Sun," of Baltimore, recently reproduced portions of an outspoken essay from a Protestant source on the reasons why the Church is losing its hold on the masses. Considerable feeling has been aroused by some statements made by the writer and a public discussion has been precipitated. Though the original article was written solely from a Protestant standpoint, Rev. John T. Whelan, pastor of the Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea, Baltimore, has been induced to give an expression to his views. The following passage is of unusual interest:

"As to the charge of ambition and avarice being the ruling vices of the clergy, that, too, does not hold good in the Catholic Church. . . . In many Protestant denominations I understand, if a congregation is not pleased with the ministrations of a man or with his preaching he is invited to take his departure. In the Catholic Church a priest is assigned to his position by his Bishop. The question of salary has no place in the appointment. Salaries of two, three, four or five thousand dollars are not uncommon among the Protestant clergy. I wonder how many people are aware that the salary of the head of the primate see in the United States—Cardinal Gibbons—is exactly \$1,000 a year? 'Thousands of the Catholics in our own city—not to speak of those elsewhere—are under the care of Redemptorists, Passionists, Benedictines or Jesuits. The members of these orders receive no salary at all for their services.'

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A POLICEMAN'S BIGOTRY.

Edward Bonnet, fourteen years old, was struck by a Pittsburgh traction-car Christmas eve and badly mangled. The boy was carried into a drug store. He was conscious, though the by-standers did not know it. Hearing one of them say: "The poor boy's a goner," he laid open his eyes and said: "Send for a priest, quick." St. Paul's Cathedral was right across the street from the drug store. One of the clerks ran into the church and knocked at the confessional box of Father L. A. O'Connell. Father O'Connell hurried out of the box, bareheaded, and arrived at the drug store just as the boy was being placed in the police patrol wagon. Father O'Connell says he told the policeman that he was a priest, calling his attention to his priestly garb and said he wanted to administer the rites of the Church to the boy. The policeman refused to allow him on the wagon. When the priest said he would like to ride to the hospital as time was precious, one of the policemen said: "If you want to go to the hospital you'll have to walk." Father O'Connell ran the four blocks to the hospital, but the boy had died unshriven.

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A LESSON.

"How do you do, Sir Charles? I think I had the honor of meeting you with Lord—"

"What do you want?"

"Well, Sir Charles, I have endeavored to state in my letter—"

"Yes, I have your letter, and you write a very slovenly hand."

"The fact is, Sir Charles, I wrote that letter in a hurry in your waiting-room."

"Not at all, not at all. You had plenty of time to write a legible note. No; you are careless. Go on."

"Well, Sir Charles, a vacancy has occurred in—"

"And you are very untidy in your appearance."

"Well, I was travelling all night. I only—"

"Nonsense; you had plenty of time to make yourself tidy. No; you are naturally careless about your appearance. Go on."

"Well, Sir Charles, this vacancy has occurred in—"

"And you are very fat."

"Well, Sir Charles, that is hereditary. I am afraid. My father was very fat—"

"Not at all. I know your father, well. He wasn't fat. It's laziness." Nevertheless, the visitor got the job he came to seek.—O'Brien's Life of Lord Russell of Killowen.

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NOTICE.

Dame Henriette Garault, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of George Pineault, Printer, of the same place, has instituted an action for separation as to property, before the Superior Court, at Montreal, on the seventeenth of December, 1901. (No. 1418, S.C.H.) TAILLON, BONIN ET MORIN, Attorneys for plaintiff.

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NOTRE DAME STREET.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The undersigned, Leonidas Villeneuve, lumber merchant, of the town of St. Louis, in the district of Montreal, Pierre Terrault, notary, of the city of Montreal, and Hilaire Corbell, grocer, of the said town of St. Louis, in their capacity of testamentary executors and administrators, appointed by the late Honorable Joseph Octave Villeneuve, in his lifetime Senator of Canada, for the execution of his testament done at Montreal, before me, Joseph P. Landry, notary, on the 16th October, 1900, give notice that they will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of a law for the following purposes:

1. To define the powers of the testamentary executors and administrators appointed under the said testament, especially to declare that they will have the powers given to fiduciaries by the civil code of this province.
2. To the replacing of the testamentary executors and administrators, and their remuneration.
3. To prolong the term during which the succession may continue between the said Joseph Octave Villeneuve and Leonidas Villeneuve; such term shall not exceed five years from the testator's death.
4. To give to the testamentary executors and administrators the necessary powers to dispose of the assets, movable and immovable, of the partnership so as to protect as far as can be done the interest of the partners; and
5. Also of the share of the testator in the immovables which he possessed in joint-tenancy with said Leonidas Villeneuve and Edouard Roy.
6. To authorize the testamentary executors and administrators to dispose of certain immovables of the succession in urgent cases.
7. To authorize the testamentary executors and administrators to grant aid to the children and grandchildren of the testator.

Montreal, 6 December, 1901.
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