

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerald Griffin THE TWELFTH JURYMEN'S TALE

SIR DOWLING O'HARTIGAN

"As your patience does not appear to be exhausted by the few specimens of ancient Irish romance which you have heard, gentlemen," said the twelfth juror, "I will venture to relate another to you, not less interesting for the high chivalry of its hero than for its fairy wonders."

Among the bravest of the followers of the celebrated Prince Murrough of O'Brien, whose valour and devotion are not yet forgotten on his native soil, was a knight named Sir Dowling O'Hartigan, whose character, like that of all the brighter ornaments of Irish chivalry, was a mixture of northern honor, of oriental fervor and devotion, and of the deepest and sincerest religious feeling. In reading the accounts of other days, the pride of modern times takes umbrage at the profound humility which is traced out in the glorious workings of old heroic zeal, and the self-leadership of our commercial temperament is ready to scoff at the deeply seated and unselfish devotion which gave to the chivalry of the middle ages more than half its grandeur. In those days the heart of mankind was still profoundly impressed with those great truths which, by keeping continually before the mind the transitory nature of all earthly things, are best calculated to detach it from the baser interests, to elevate its desires, and enlarge its views. But what, gentlemen, has the character of the middle ages to do with my story? and I feel conscious indeed of a somewhat ponderous commencement for a mere fairy tale, for such, after all, is the legend of Sir Dowling O'Hartigan.

Everybody who knows anything of Irish history must have heard of Brian Boru. This we assume as a postulate, without which it would proceed no further. It is equally notorious that in the course of his reign he met with no little annoyance from those unruly neighbors called the Danes, who had now for more than three centuries exercised a barbarous tyranny over the original inhabitants of the isle, sometimes carrying it with a high hand, and sometimes suffering severely in the efforts made by the latter to rid themselves of their unfeeling assailants. Amongst the most distinguished of those native warriors who endeavored to aid the King, or Arch-King, Brian, in his battles against the lawless Scandinavians, was the knight whose name I have adopted as the title of my legend. None wielded the lance or the battle-axe with a more fatal skill; none stood more firm in the fight, and none appeared so indifferent to the reputation which his deeds had won him, as Sir Dowling O'Hartigan. He fought not for fame, nor power, nor wealth, nor for any selfish end, but purely for his duty; duty to his prince, to his country, and to heaven. Thus despising death, not from animal temperament alone; or the greediness of ambition, but on the principles of right reason, his valour was as constant and steadfast as it was heroic.

It was a few days before the famous battle of Clontarf, in which the venerable monarch gave his enemies a final overthrow, and lost his own life, that Prince Murrough received the orders of the Ard-Righ to be present, with all the force he could muster, at the royal camp within a stated time. At the moment when the royal orders arrived, Sir Dowling O'Hartigan was seated at the table of the prince. He immediately rose and requested permission to return to his own home, in order to muster all the force he could command, and to bid adieu to his wife and family, for it was foreseen that many a warrior would leave home for the approaching contest who might never return. The prince gave him permission to depart after requesting him to be punctual as to the day of joining them with his force.

Night had fallen, and Sir Dowling reached the dreary wilds of Burren, in which his house was situated. The sky was dark and stormy, and the knight commanded his footboy or daitin (whose duty it ordinarily was to run by his master's side holding the stirrup,) to mount on his crupper and to keep his seat as well as he might behind him. Thus, doubly freighted, it was matter of wonder to master and squire with how much life and vigour the little hobble continued its journey. It was interrupted, however, in rather a singular manner. At a gloomy turn in the road, the hobble stopped short with so much suddenness, that the two riders, were it not for Sir Dowling's superior horsemanship, would, by the impetus of their own motion, have continued their journey homeward in the air, for at least a yard or two beyond the hobble's head. Still as a stone statue stood the animal, seeming neither to hear the voice of the knight, nor to feel the still more cogent remonstrances which were applied with profusion both to rib and flank.

"You might as well let him alone, Sir Dowling," said the daitin. "Why do you think so, Dauch?" "Because Ireland wouldn't make her stir now. There's something near us, masther, that's not good."

"Foolish being!" said the knight; "descend, and see what is the matter."

"Me! me get down!" exclaimed Dauch; "I had rather face a whole cath of the Loch-Lannoch. Masther, ashore, get down yourself, since you arn't in dread of them."

Sir Dowling complied, compassionating the weakness of his attendant, and giving the reins to the awestruck daitin. Advancing a few paces, he beheld, by the faint light which the stormy sky afforded, the figure of a woman in a sitting posture, on the right hand side of the road, with the hood of her cloak turned over her head, and her arms clasped in an attitude of profound affliction.

"Who's there?" exclaimed Sir Dowling in a peremptory tone. "There was no reply. 'Speak!' said the knight: 'if you be in sorrow, tell your sorrow; if not, retire and let my hobble pass the road.'"

Still neither sound nor motion on the part of the hooded figure gave sign of attention or of compliance, and it was not until the knight added menace to his words, that he was able to procure an answer.

"You're like the rest of the world," said the woman, slowly revealing in the faint light her worn and wrinkled features, "that never knows its friends."

"Is that Nora?" asked Sir Dowling in astonishment. "It is. Ah, Sir Dowling, a'ra gal, I'm in trouble."

"Upon what account, Nora?" asked the knight. "I'll tell you then. Do you know that lake you used to be so fond of fishing in when you used to go to visit your relations in the county Galway?"

"Do you mean Lough Ennel?" "The very same."

"I do, indeed," replied the knight. "Many a pleasant day and moonlight night I spent upon the banks, or on its waters. It was a fine lake for fish."

"Well, a'ra gal, you'll never spend another there except you go to the county Westmeath for it."

"To the county Westmeath!" exclaimed Sir Dowling in astonishment. "To the county Westmeath, achree. 'Tis there Lough Ennel is now, and there it will remain, I'm very much in dread."

"Nonsense," said the knight, "did I not see it with my own eyes the last time I was in Galway, and didn't I send the prince a basket of the finest trout he ever tasted, that I took in the middle of it, with my own hands? What nonsense," said the knight, "how could it be in the county Westmeath?"

"Oh, then, through nothing in the world, only my folly," said the old woman, "that couldn't but go lend it to an old neighbour of mine, a decent woman, as I thought her, that lives in those parts, and now she won't return it."

"Well, Nora," said Sir Dowling, "I'm surprised at you. Is it possible? A woman of your sense to go lend such a thing as that? And sure you ought to know them. There's hardly any before now, how hard it is to get anything from them. There's hardly any Ard-righ we had this length of time, but was heart-broken with them, trying to get their tribute. I thought you'd have had more sense, Nora."

"Oh, then," says the old woman, "who'd ever think that she'd serve me such a trick? Last summer twelvemonth she sent over to me her compliments, and she'd be obliged to me for the loan of a lake for a little while. Westmeath being an inland place, where it was very hard to get fish and she knew that I couldn't miss it much, as Connaught was bordering upon the sea coast, and that she'd return it faithfully on the first Monday of the month. Well, I didn't like to refuse her for she has greater power than I have, and might do me some mischief—so I took Lough Ennel, and rolled it up in an apron, and sent it off to her, with my compliments, and that I was happy to have it in her power to accommodate her. She kept the lake; and the first Monday of the month came and she sent it home, and little thanks she gave me when I sent for it neither. I waited as long as I had patience to wait, but not a sight of Lough Ennel did I see from that day to this."

"And you are going to look after it now?" said Sir Dowling. "I'm going now to look after it," replied the witch; "but indeed I'm afraid it's little good for me. This is my thanks for being obliging."

"I may remark that old Nora was right in her apprehensions, as may be ascertained by a reference to Shaw Mason's Topography, or the Collectanea, for there lies Lough Ennel to this day in the middle of the county Westmeath, whose inhabitants continue to enjoy the fruits, or rather the fishes of the old woman's dishonesty, while the poor Galway mountaineer stands often snapperless upon the heights of Farnoyale, and where once Lough Ennel basked and tumbled in the sun. It is true that the time of possession specified in the Statute of Limitations has long since expired; but there are points in this case which render it a peculiar one, and I have no doubt that a Chancery injunction might readily be obtained to prevent any intermeddling with the fish until the case should have been fairly argued in equity, and finally adjudged."

"But this," continued old Nora, "is not the only nor the principle cause of my trouble. I had rather all the lakes in Galway were in Westmeath, than to hear what I heard to night, and to know what I know."

"What did you hear?" inquired Sir Dowling. "I heard thousands of Irish wives and mothers lamenting over the slain and wounded in the battle of Clontarf."

"You heard them lamenting," said the Knight, "for a calamity which did not yet take place."

"But it is certain," said the woman. "When the oak shall be levelled by the storm, what will become of the underwood! You know not what this means now, but you will if you should live another week."

"Explain yourself plainly," said Sir Dowling. "Whatever he the issue, it is better I should be prepared for it. I am to join the standard of Prince Murrough at the battle, and I am now returning to take leave of my family and friends."

The woman remained silent for some moments, and then suddenly said: "Return and collect your force, and meet me here to-morrow evening an hour before midnight—alone, and be sure you do not fail."

With these words she disappeared, and Sir Dowling O'Hartigan, in much perplexity, continued his journey. He arrived at his castle, arranged his temporal affairs, and made the necessary preparation becoming one who was about to encounter imminent danger. On the following day, having bid adieu to those amongst his friends who were to remain behind, he set forward at the head of a strong party of horse and foot, whom he encamped after nightfall within a short distance of the place of meeting.

About an hour before midnight, Sir Dowling, throwing his war cloak around him, advanced to the rendezvous, where they found old Nora already expecting him with an air of deeper anxiety and apprehension than she had shown the night before.

"Are you resolved, Sir Dowling," she said, "to join the standard of O'Brien at Clontarf?" "Is my Prince to be there," said Sir Dowling; "and shall I not be there?" "Beware."

"Of what?" "I passed the field last evening, and the color of death was upon the sod."

"The men of the Cold Hills, mother, shall make that vision good."

"Beware!" said the old woman again, elevating her finger with a warning look—"Death reaps his harvest without regard to the quality of the grain—the weed and the wheat together fall beneath his sickle. He is a blast that blows its poison indiscriminately upon all that is fair and all that is hideous on the earth—the tender floweret of the spring that fades and shrinks, and fades beneath a wind too chill—and the marble rock that accumulates in bulk for ages, and when its date is reached, atoms after atoms, into the embrace of the grim destroyer, are both alike his victims. The ape that gibbers on the bough, and the sage that meditates beneath the shade—the coward that skulks behind the fence and the warrior that braves him in the daylight—the eagle in the plains of air and the wren upon the summer spray—the lion in the bosom of the woods and the hare that glides in the moonlight—the Leviathan within the caves of the ocean and the star-fish, spangling the wave upon its surface, may, even the very elements that feed those million shades and rich varieties of life, are all subjected to, and must at some time feel, his power. In the deepest shades, in the heart of the densest substances, there is no escaping that pervading principle of ruin. His wings overshadow the universe, and his breath penetrates to the centre. The tears of the forlorn and the bereaved—the sigh of the widow and orphan move him—not—he has no incapability of relenting—to him the Loch Lannoch and the children of the Dal Gais are alike."

"Whatever be my fate," said Sir Dowling, "I will never leave a tarnished reputation after me. The war-cry of the Strong Hand shall never find Sir Dowling's slow to second it. But tell me if those fatal indications which look on you from the future point direction at my life or at that of my prince."

"I can only answer for your own," said the hag, "and cannot even guess at your fate without your own assistance. Go to the top of yonder hill, and tell me what you see."

Sir Dowling O'Hartigan obeyed, and in a short time returned to the place where he had left the old woman.

"I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in saffron, and with golden ornaments upon her neck and shoulders."

"The sign is fatal," said the old woman, shaking her head—"go again, and go to the other side of the hill."

Again he went—and again he came.

"I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in white, and wearing silver ornaments."

"More fatal yet," exclaimed the hag, with a still more ominous shake of the head—"go yet once more, and take the western side of the ascent."

A third time Sir Dowling went, and a third time did Sir Dowling O'Hartigan return.

"I have seen," said he, "a woman clothed in black, and wearing no ornament whatever."

"It is completed then," said the woman; "and your fate, if you should join the fight at Clontarf, is fixed beyond all doubt. You die upon the field."

"I know not how that may be," answered the knight, "but I am sure I shall be with my prince wherever he is."

"Abstain from the field, Sir Dowling," said the woman, looking on him with much earnestness; "I was present when you received in your

boyhood the order of knighthood. The wicker shield was hung up in the centre of the field, and you were provided with your lance. I saw you shiver shaft after shaft, from blade to hilt, while the plains rung with exclamations, and the ancient warriors tossed their beards in wonder, at the vigor of so young an arm. From that day to this I ever loved your welfare, and I pray you now consult it, by remaining from the field of Clontarf."

Sir Dowling, however, would by no means listen to her dishonorable, though friendly solicitations. He became so impatient of those unworthy suggestions, that he turned his back, at length, and was about to depart in considerable wrath.

"Stay, Sir Dowling!" exclaimed the witch; "although I cannot change the nature of the prophecy, I will do my utmost to prolong your life. Take this cloak—it has the power of rendering those who wear it invisible to the eyes of others. It cannot avert the fate that threatens you, it may at least retard the term of its approach. But above all things, I warn you, let nothing ever induce you to resign the cloak until the fight is at an end; if you do, you are lost."

So saying, and flinging the fleeced upon him, she hobbled off, without waiting for thanks, and took the way towards Westmeath to recover her lost lake, and to harangue the borrower about her want of punctuality.

"It might be pardoned," she muttered to herself as she moved along, "if there were no other lake in the county Westmeath but one, although even then the best that could be said of it, is that it came by it shabbily enough—but when they have Lough Iron, and Lough Owel, and Lough Devereagh, and Lough Lane, and a good piece of Lough Ree—it is scandalous and unneighborly, and I will not submit to it. I'm sure it is that ought to be borrowing lakes out of Westmeath, and not they out of Galway."

Sir Dowling, in the meantime, returned. Desirous to ascertain whether old Nora's cloak did it really possess the wonderful virtue which she ascribed to it, he paused at a little distance from the first sentinels, and fastened it about his neck. To his astonishment he passed all the guards successively, without receiving a single challenge, and reached his own quarters unobserved. Here he found Duach lying all asleep by the watch-fire, which he had lighted for Sir Dowling's use. Knowing that they are to be one of those persons who are sensible of scarcely any fear, except that which is referred to a supernatural object, he determined to put the power of the cloak to a still surer test.

"Duach!" exclaimed Sir Dowling, "Duach, awake!"

"Duach!" continued the knight, "here, take my cloak and lance, and watch while I lie down and take a few hours' sleep."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the daitin, trembling. "Do you hear me, sirrah? Have you lost your wits?"

"Tis the master's voice!" said Duach, rubbing his eyes, and looking around on all sides; "but where in the earthly universe is he?"

"Where am I, rogue? Do you not see me standing close to you?" "Well," cried Duach, "I never was in trouble till now."

"At these words, Sir Dowling struck him pretty smartly over the shoulder with his sheathed sword."

"If you do not see me, you shall feel me, sirrah," said the knight. At this unexpected assault, Duach, with a yell that might have been heard across the Shannon, turned short, and would have fled the camp, had not Sir Dowling seized him by the skirt of his saffron coat, and held him firm. At the same time he undid the tie which beaded the mantle fast about his own neck, and stood visibly before the astonished daitin.

"Well!" exclaimed the latter, "often heard of wonders, but if this doesn't fog all Munster—it's no matter. Where in Europe were you, master? or where do you come from, or is it to drop out of the sky you did, or to rise out of the ground, or what?"

"Nothing could exceed the amazement with which Duach heard his master relate the interview which he had with the old woman, and the extraordinary virtue of the cloak which she had lent him."

"I'll tell you what it is, Sir Dowling," said the daitin. "I don't count it sufficient trial that the guards and myself couldn't see you, for people have often thick sight, and especially at night, that way; but what till morning, and the first shieling we pass, where we'll see any pigs, you can put it on. They say pigs can see the very wind itself, so if they don't see you, you may depend your life upon the cloak."

TO BE CONTINUED

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

A MOST INTERESTING MEETING OF THE TORONTO BRANCH.—INSTRUCTIVE ADDRESSES BY EMINENT DIVINES AND LAITY

The Annual Meeting of the Catholic Truth Society was held in the Knights of Columbus Council Chamber on the 3rd inst., presided over by Rev. Hugh J. Canning. The reports of the President, Treasurer, and the Chairmen, W. E. Blake for publications and re-mailing, H. P. Sharpe for library, D. P. Sheerin for membership, and J. P. Murray for convert committees, all showed substantial progress during the year. Over seventy thousand publications, prayer books, rosaries, etc., have been distributed over the whole country. Receipts were \$720 and expenditures \$688 and the membership increased about 25 per cent.

Mr. Justice Beck, of Edmonton, gave an interesting address on the work in Western Canada of the Catholic Association of Alberta. His Grace, the Archbishop, spoke briefly and encouragingly on the work of the Society.

The Society was also addressed by Rev. Father Minchella, Mr. Justice Latchford, Mr. Justice Kelly, Mr. Hugh F. McIntosh and others.

Among the many present were noticed Rev. Fathers Wedlock and Maloney, Commander Law, Mr. J. J. Seitz and Mr. J. J. Murphy. Mr. Warde was re-elected President, Mr. J. P. Hynes, Vice-President, Mr. Frank Foy, Recording-Secretary, Mr. F. Macdonald, Corresponding-Secretary, and Mr. B. J. Doyle, Treasurer.

ARCHBISHOP MCNEILL'S ADDRESS

There is one matter in which I never pretend to take a leading part and that is in making a speech. This is the third meeting I have attended to-day and you will forgive me if I make my remarks somewhat brief because really I am only saying what comes to me at the spur of the moment. All the same I wish to manifest quite clearly that I am truly in sympathy with the objects of this Society and wish to co-operate with the good men who are bearing the burden of the day and the hour.

I suppose the original Truth Society is really the Catholic Church and we need subsidiary societies subordinate to the Church, incorporated in the Church, because so many of our people have not the desire and the intelligence necessary to impart the truth which they are called upon to do so. A man meets a poverty-stricken fellow man in the street and will relieve the poverty of that man by a donation and feel that he has done a work of charity, and it is a work of charity. A man at his work is asked by a fellow-workman what this means in the Catholic Church, or why do Catholics believe in this, that, or the other, and the man may be able to answer it, and let us hope that he does, and answers intelligently. Does he feel in this latter case that he has performed a real act of charity, as in the other? I think not. I do not think that we, generally speaking for Catholics as a body in Canada, such as we are, do we really feel that we are performing a great act of charity when we enable others to learn the truth; when we help them to get rid of some of their prejudices, or to enlighten their minds by what we know of the truth? Consequently if the Catholic Truth Society can at the same time help our own people by instructive pamphlets to understand what they believe; to be able to impart some of the truths of the Catholic Church in an intelligent way, then I say they will be doing a work of double merit. It is a great thing indeed to be able to meet and refute calumnies, misunderstandings, prejudices, but it is a still greater work to enlighten the minds of the people, to become propagators of the truth. On both sides of the question I should bespeak the activity of the Catholic Truth Society, that is to say, literature that may indeed do a world of good in enlightening those outside the Church, but at the same time literature that will enable our people to understand their faith, to have an intelligent appreciation of what they believe and practice. Do our Catholics know their religion? Yes; but they do not know it in the way that is required to be able to explain it to others, and yet parents are teachers, they should know it but as a matter of fact we find that they halt and turn the question away or try to get rid of any effort to explain it to others. Consequently there are two deficiencies to be met.

I don't know whether you could reach the lumber camps of the West or not. Do you know that all the questions on earth and beyond the earth are threshed out behind the camp fires of the lumber camps? They have Socialism discussed until it is threadbare and they have all the systems of Government that ever were known compared, and they read a great deal. The lumber man of to-day is different from the lumber jack of even ten years ago. To-day he can read, and he does not get very much to read to tell the truth. He gets magazines occasionally, there are mission books distributed, they get some newspapers, but it is difficult to reach them.

The Catholic Truth Society of Toronto very kindly sent me a large quantity of Catholic papers to Vancouver and I found it exceedingly difficult to distribute. It is not so difficult to distribute small pamphlets, and they are more readily taken up and read. They are useful,

Newspapers, and even magazines, are not so easily handled and when the date goes beyond a month or two they lose interest because it is old, whereas a pamphlet is always new—its tract is never out of date. I don't know whether you could possibly reach those people out there but anyhow there is no lack of opportunity all over Canada, right here in Toronto, all around the Catholic places of Ontario and the Prairies there is need of enlightenment, and we should try to co-operate with those good active men of the Catholic Truth Society and help them.

MR. JUSTICE BECK'S ADDRESS

Your President did me the honor to send word to me that he would be glad if I would say a few words to you in the course of ten minutes this evening, and I appreciate very much the honor, and I am very glad to have an opportunity of learning something about your Society—something more than I already know. I surmise that your Society is probably the first Catholic Truth Society in the Province of Ontario. If it is not it should be quite young and as yet we, up to quite lately, had Catholic Truth Society. As a matter of fact we have at the present time not a Catholic Truth Society on the same lines as this. We have, however, organized a large society, and one of the ideas at the foundation of that Society was to minimize the number of Catholic societies, and by that means to maximize the result of the zeal and energy and concerted discussion and action of the Catholic laymen particularly in the Province. That is a Society, as I have intimated, covers a good deal more than the work of the Catholic Truth Society, but it does cover the work of the Catholic Truth Society in this way.

We have an organization very much on the same lines, so far as the mere question of organization goes, of the C. M. B. A., that is, we establish branches wherever we can, in towns, cities and country parishes, and there may be more than one branch in a single city or town. These branches elect delegates to a Central Council, and the whole organization is presided over by a Board of Managers. The Board holds its meetings at Edmonton, and there we have an office and paid secretary. The office is necessarily there because so much of our work involves the work of ministers. We have connected ourselves with the English Catholic Truth Society; the International Catholic Truth Society also, that is, the Central office has done that, and we expect that every branch throughout the Province will do the same, Society under such a Society as directly under you, but also we hope that they will find a great many other things to do, that is we hope they will look after the discharged Catholic prisoners. We expect them to look after Christian and Socialistic books getting into the libraries, so that the Catholic population will see that funds going to these Institutions will be spent in the right way. There are many other works of the Society that I may speak of. It is barely a year old yet. In our country we call it a country; there are Catholics of many languages. We have a great number of French-speaking Catholics the larger part from the Province of Quebec, many from the States, many from Old France and Belgium. Then we have a very large body of Ruthenians, a great number of Poles and a considerable number of Germans, so that the Constitution of our Society has already been printed in English, French and Ruthenian, and is prepared to be printed in other languages, and before long it will be necessary for us to print in the Polish.

We have a good supply of literature, such as you get from England and New York, and we hope to get some of the very valuable literature that has been published by your own Society.

On a recent holiday I have been investigating similar publications in France, and find there is a large assortment to be had from France and Belgium. Then our Society has got into communication with a publishing house, (I understand from a letter I received a day or two ago) in Austria, and will be able to get similar literature in the Ruthenian language. Undoubtedly there is the same class of literature published in the German language. All that class of literature comes under the Catholic Truth Society, and that gives you some idea of the work of our Society on the single line of the Catholic Truth Society.

The Ruthenians, as you all probably know, are not of any Latin rite, but are of the Greek rite. The language of their liturgy is quite different to ours and there is a little want of sympathy between the Ruthenian Catholics and the Latins. We hope to destroy that want of sympathy and to show them we can do a great deal for them and they can do a great deal for us. In that way we hope to strengthen the Catholic forces of our Province. Of course all such work as that tends to unite the Catholic body as a whole, and we hope to have a great big Catholic organization there that will get from the Government, Municipal, Provincial and Dominion, the rights that, like every other citizen, we are entitled to.

I have already exceeded my ten minutes, but that gives you a very good idea of the work of our Society. MR. JUSTICE LATCHFORD'S ADDRESS

Some years ago I did not object very much to being called upon to address meetings as large and some-

times larger than this, but of late my addresses have been chiefly restricted to one or two gentlemen of the bar, or to a dozen members of the community sitting in a jury box, so that I am at present quite unaccustomed to public speaking. I may say, however, that the Catholic Truth Society is one in which many years ago, here in Toronto, all around the Catholic places of Ontario and the Prairies there is need of enlightenment, and we should try to co-operate with those good active men of the Catholic Truth Society and help them.

It took a great deal of interest. The Society there was mainly the result of the energetic action of a few men, most of whom were but recent additions to the Faith. They came to us bringing new light upon conditions, which perhaps we knew to exist, from reading Newman's and works of that kind, but which we did not fully realize until we were put in possession of them by those who had recently known what it was to have the Church, as we know it, represented to them as the embodiment of everything that was evil and vicious. Now they came to us, men among those that were in the front ranks of the people from whom they had come. They realized how much Catholic truth was needed by those who knew nothing of Catholic truth, but who were anxious to know the truth if it could be revealed to them. There were then, and there are still, a great many who would gladly embrace the Church if they knew it as it is, as we know it, but from their earliest infancy their minds have been diverted from the truth in matters of religion as we know it, and the Catholic Truth Society supplies a want which they realize perhaps more than those who were born into the Faith.

The Catholic Truth Society has done, in the old country especially, and to some extent in this, a wonderful work in making known to inquiring minds what is the truth in regard to our Faith; in removing prejudice from minds well disposed to truth but not knowing it. It is inconceivable the ignorance that exists among the highest standing, in regard to the elementary principles of the Catholic Faith. If one does not come into contact with the intelligent men and learn from them what they regard the Church of God to be, that is our Church, it would be impossible to believe that such ignorance and prejudice could possibly exist and that exists to-day in the most enlightened communities. I am not sure that I should place Toronto in that position or not, but, assuming this is an enlightened community, it would be hard to find anywhere such ignorance and prejudice as exists in our very city. It crops up everywhere in our legal publications—there are no here. A couple of years ago one of these published editorially a statement that the Pope had given a certain gentleman, who wrote an account of his life, permission to commit any sin he wished. Now, that was published in absolute good faith by a leading lawyer and King's Counsel of this city who claimed to have taken it from the life of a person, who, though a consummate artist, was a notorious blackguard and liar, and it was just the statement that such a man would make.

Again, in another publication, within a few months, a gentleman, another King's Counsel, occupying a very important position in Toronto, published an article regarding divorce commenting upon an address delivered by another eminent King's Counsel upon the same subject, and in that he stated that while the Catholic Church (he did not call it the Catholic Church—referred to as the Roman Church, both terms that are not used by those who do not wish to be offensive,) in theory was opposed to divorce, in practice it favored it greatly. I was one of two at least who called the attention of the editor to this false statement and asked for an apology. No apology has since been written, but private letters have been written, one by the editor to my knowledge, and the other by the publisher of that journal, to say that they regret extremely what had been published. I do not think Catholic members of the bar or bench should be satisfied with such a statement. I am not and I am going to tell the editor so. I may say also that when I protested he stated that had he seen the article before it appeared he would have put it in the waste paper basket.

Now, a great work is here before us and it can be done in such a way as not to cause any antagonism towards us. The truth may be a little unpleasant at times but it should never be put in such a way as to be offensive. In doing that, as some people who are over-zealous frequently do, they simply turn, to my mind (I am speaking of my own impression,) inquiring minds away from the Church, and there are many inquiring minds to-day, so many who do not know which way to turn. The old foundations, as they regard them, are giving way and they want to have something firm under their feet. They ought to be told where they can get that firm foundation on which they can safely stand. The Catholic Truth Society does this in a great many ways—in distributing good books and pamphlets. Books like "The Faith of our Fathers" and "Plain Facts for Fair Minds" cannot be too widely distributed. Thousands of these books are being distributed by the Catholic Truth Society, and are turning minds to the true Church.

For some years, for some reason, the work of the Catholic Truth Society fell into abeyance. As great a need existed for it then as exists now but I think there was never greater need than now, and never a place where the need was so manifest as in the City of Toronto.