

...SOCIETY.—Estab-
lished 1866, incorpor-
ated 1864. Meets in
Hall, 92 St. Alexan-
der street, on the
first Monday of the
month. Meets last Wed-
nesday. Rev. Director,
James P. P. Doherty;
Justice C. J. Doherty;
E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd
Curran, B.C.L.; Treas-
urer, J. Green; correspon-
ding secretary, J. Kahala; Rec-
ordary, T. P. Tansey.

...S. T. A. AND B. SO-
cieties on the second Sun-
day month in St. Patrick's
Hall, Alexander street, at
the committee of Manage-
ment same hall on the
of every month at 8
rector, Rev. Jas. Kil-
reedy, W. P. Doyle; Rec-
ordary, P. Gunning, 716 St.
St. Henri.

A. & B. SOCIETY
1863.—Rev. Director,
McPhail; President, D.
; Sec., J. F. Quinn,
Minique street; M. J.
r, 18 St. Augustin
on the second Sun-
day month, in St. Ann's
Young and Ottawa
30 p.m.

...NG MEN'S SOCI-
1885.—Meets in its
wa street, on the
of each month, at
ritual Adviser, Rev.
C.S.S.R.; President,
Treasurer, Thomas
-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

CANADA, BRANCH
d, 18th November,
26 meets at St.
l, 92 St. Alexander
Monday of each
regular meetings for
on of business are
d and 4th Mondays
at 8 p.m. Spiritual
M. Callaghan; Chan-
cellors; President, P.J.
ec., P. J. McDonagh;
Jas. J. Costigan;
H. Feeley, Jr.; Medi-
cine, H. J. Harrison,
and G. H. Merrill.

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The True Witness



Vol. LIII, No.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

(By a Regular Contributor.)



times; fratricidal factions have van-
ished in presence of a combined aim,
and a steadfast purpose. Conditions
in fifty years have become so radical-
ly changed that we of to-day can
scarcely realize all that we are told
regarding the Ireland of half a cen-
tury ago. It seems like a long
nightmare vision that never had a
reality, that was the creature of
poetic fancy. And yet no more ter-
rible reality ever existed. Let us
simply contrast the two situations,
and surely our common judgment will
ordain that the most optimistic view
of Ireland's near future may be logi-
cally taken. The very House of
Parliament that expelled O'Connell
because he would not subscribe to
the oath that grated on his Catholic
conscience, beholds four score
Irish representatives holding so firm-
ly the balance of power, that both
parties may be said to be at their
mercy. The Government benches
from which were launched Arms Bills,
Insurrection Acts, Coercion Acts and
all manner of legislative enactments
calculated to crush and ruin a people
have witnessed the introduction and
passage of a Land Act that has
brought landlords and tenants to-
gether, and that opened up—perhaps
unintentionally—the avenue to Home
Rule legislation in the near future.
The Sovereigns of Great Britain pur-
posely shunned Ireland, as men would
avoid a land of plague and earth-
quakes; systematic seemed to have
been this antipathy towards the
Green Island at Britain's door. A
Sovereign of the same realm now
breaks away from the traditions of
enmity and extends the hand of friend-
ship, walks freely amongst the peo-
ple of Ireland, and proclaims his
affection for the land and his inten-
tion of cultivating more closely a
knowledge of its needs. It would
seem as if he were repeating the
words of the ancient chief:

"MacJohn I stretch to yours and
you,
This hand, beneath God's blessed sun,
And for the wrong that I might do,
Forgive the wrong that I have done"

St. Patrick's Day, 1904, finds the
British Parliament in full session; it
finds a compact phalanx of Irish re-
presentatives with a solid and un-
compromising programme in attend-
ance. The year in which we live may
not behold the full realization of
Ireland's dreams nor of the aspira-
tions of her sons; but certainly, on
no national festival, for many a long
generation, has there been greater
cause for rejoicing. It is clear to
all who will see that Ireland's long
Lenten season of trials and explia-
tion is drawing to a close, and that
the Easter morning is at hand when
the smile will remove the tear, and
when the shadows—if not wholly van-
ished—will become golden, like the
flush of dawn, and the Angel of her
national Resurrection will descend to
roll away the stone and command her
to arise to her rightful position
amongst the nations.

ROUTE OF PROCESSION.—The
delegates of the various Irish na-
tional societies met at St. Patrick's
Hall, last week, for the purpose of
drawing up the programme for the
procession to be held on St. Pat-
rick's Day and to appoint a Marshal-
in-Chief.

Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., St.
Patrick's parish, presided, and Mr.
Robert Warren acted as secretary.

Mr. W. P. Ryan, of the Young
Irishmen's Literary and Benefit As-
sociation, was elected marshal-in-
chief.

The following will be the order and
route of the procession:

The Societies will proceed direct
from their respective halls to St.
Patrick's Church for Grand Mass at
9.30 a.m. sharp.

After Grand Mass the procession
will form on Radegonde street, and
proceed by way of Craig, Little Craig
St. James, Inspector streets, Cha-
boillez Square, Notre Dame, Seig-
neur St. Patrick, Laprairie, Centre,
Wellington, McCord, Ottawa, Col-
borne, Notre Dame, McGill and Alex-
ander streets to St. Patrick's Hall.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

- W. J. Ryan, Marshal-in-Chief.
- Band—Flag.
- 1—The Ancient Order of Hibernians
- 2—Congregation of St. Michael's.
- 3—Congregation of St. Gabriel.
(Not members of any society.)
- 4—St. Gabriel '98 Literary and De-
bating Society.
- 5—St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and
Benefit Society.
- 6—Congregation of St. Anthony.
- 7—Congregation of St. Mary.
(Not members of any society.)
- Band—Banner.
- 8—Holy Name Society of St. Mary.
Band—Banner.
- 9—St. Mary's Young Men's Society
- 10—Congregation of St. Ann.
(Not members of any society.)
- 11—St. Ann's Cadets in uniform.
Band—Flag.
- 12—St. Ann's Young Men's Society
Band—Banner.
- 13—St. Ann's Total Abstinence and
Benefit Society.
Band—Banner.
- 14—Congregation of St. Patrick's.
(Not members of any society.)
- 15—Boys of St. Patrick's Christian
Brotherhood Schools.
- 16—St. Patrick's Cadets, Company
No. 1, in uniform.
- 17—St. Patrick's Cadets, Company
No. 2, in uniform.
Band—Flag.
- 18—Young Irishmen's Literary and
Benefit Association.
Band—Father Matthew Banner.
- 19—St. Patrick's Total Abstinence
and Benefit Society.
Band—Banner.
- 20—St. Patrick's Society.
The Mayor and invited guests.
The Clergy.

St. Patrick's Society Will Hold Banquet

One of the important evening cele-
brations of the National festival in
this city will be the banquet to be
given by the parent Irish organiza-
tion of Montreal. Mr. Justice Do-
herthy, the president, will be in the
chair, and the guests will include the
Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of
Justice; the Hon. R. Prefontaine,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries; Mr.
R. L. Borden, M.P., Mr. F. D. Monk,
M.P., the Hon. Dr. Guerin, M.L.A.,
His Worship Mayor Laporte, and the
presidents of the following sister so-
cieties:—St. George's, St. Andrew's,
Caledonian, Irish Protestant Benevo-
lent Society, St. David's and St.
Jean Baptiste Society. The vic-
tims will be occupied by Dr. Devlin
Mr. F. J. Curran and Mr. Frank J.
Green.

The programme of toasts will be:
"The King," "Ireland," "Canada,"
"Our Guests," "The Press," and
"The Ladies."

St. Patrick's Entertainment At the Windsor Hall,

Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan has com-
pleted all arrangements for his en-
tertainment on St. Patrick's Day,
which will be held at the Windsor
Hall, afternoon and evening. His-
torical sketches portraying striking
scenes in Irish history, will be pre-
sented by leading performers of this
city. The afternoon will be devoted
to the entertainment of the young
folks, when the pupils of St. Pat-
rick's (Boys) School will put on the
boards a drama, and in the evening
the seniors of both sexes will be en-
tertained.

A. O. H. and St. Patrick's Day.

Division No. 5, A.O.H., has com-
pleted all arrangements for their
euchre and social, which will be held
in the Royal Bank Hall, Notre Dame
and Seigneur streets, on St. Patrick's
Day.

It is expected that a large gather-
ing will join the members of this
progressive and enthusiastic branch
on the occasion.

Young Irishmen Will Hold Celebration at Monument National.

The Young Irishmen's L. & B. As-
sociation will stage a grand old
Irish drama in the Monument Na-
tional on St. Patrick's night. As
already announced in the "True Wit-
ness," the cast of characters will
comprise some of the most clever
amateurs in Irish ranks in Montreal.
Not effort is being spared to secure
all the accessories that go to make
the presentation realistic in all its
details. Costumes, scenery and
music will be elaborate. The sale
of seats is progressing and it would
seem from present indications that
the old organization will attract a
grand gathering to join it in fitting-
ly celebrating the day of all days
of the year.

Ireland's Feast In San Francisco

Some idea of the enthusiasm dis-
played in San Francisco, in connec-
tion with the celebration of Erin's
national festival, may be had from
the following clipping which we have
taken from the Monitor of that city:
"K. R. B. Hall was taxed to its
utmost limit when Chairman M. Cas-
ey called the St. Patrick's Day con-
vention to order Sunday afternoon.
Every seat was occupied, and stand-
ing room within the hall was at a
premium. The hall committee,
through Mr. Mulhern, reported hav-
ing secured Mechanics' Pavilion for
the evening entertainment and ball.
Michael Casey informed the conven-
tion that he invited Bishop Conaty of
Los Angeles to deliver an oration on
the 17th, but up to that time had
received no reply. Mr. Mulhern also
stated that he had invited Mr. Mi-
chael Davitt, but owing to business
engagements that great Irish cham-
pion could not leave New York in
time to reach the Pacific Coast on
the 17th.

The afternoon celebration will in
all likelihood consist of athletic
events at the Presidio athletic
grounds, together with a hurling
game and Gaelic dancing. A com-
mittee will be appointed at the next
meeting to request the Mayor and
Board of Supervisors to raise the
Irish flag with the American over the
City Hall, and also ask the School
Board to allow children of Irish
parents to absent themselves from
school on the 17th without loss of
attendance, credits to take part in
the celebration. The press will be
requested to give space in its col-
umns for the purpose of asking busi-
ness houses to give a half holiday to
those of their employes who may
wish to attend.

Ecclesiastical Notes,

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi has
made several important appointments
of which the following are the most
noteworthy: The Rev. George Gau-
ther has been appointed a titular
Canon of the Cathedral of Montreal.
Rev. Father Lecq, the able and dis-
tinguished Superior of the Seminary,
and of the Sulpicians, as well as
the Rev. Father Villeneuve, have
been created honorary canons of St.
James' Cathedral, Montreal. Rev.
Father Philippe has been made chap-
lain of the Cathedral. Rev. V. Du-
puis, the pastor of St. Cuthbert, and
Rev. G. M. LaPallieur, the beloved
pastor of the Church of the Infant

Jesus, at Mile End, have been invest-
ed with the dignity and titles of
Vicars of the diocese. Rev. M. Dezeit
Labreche has been appointed chap-
lain of the Institute of St. Benoit-
Joseph at Long Point, under the
charge of the Brothers of Charity.
And, finally, Rev. J. Dupuis has been
named chaplain of the Convent of
the Sacred Heart at Sault au Recol-
let. From time to time changes are
rendered necessary by the death of
priests, by promotions, on by other
causes, and it is thus that His Grace
perfects the grand work of this dio-
cese, by placing the proper workman
at the post where he can do the
most good, and by honoring the
faithful priests who have labored in
Christ's vineyard.

IN OUR PARISHES.

ST. PATRICK'S—The last week of
the Lenten Mission, now in progress
as we go to press, for the men of
this parish, is a great success. Sel-
dom, if ever, in the history of the
old mother Church has such an as-
semblage been witnessed within its
walls. The exercises are conducted
by the Paulist Fathers.

ST. ANTHONY'S—The proceeds of
a recent entertainment, which amount-
ed to \$600, were presented to the
pastor a few days ago. The amount
will be applied to the redemption of
the debt on the Church.
Miss Mary Doyle, who sold 130
tickets for the entertainment, was
presented with a gold ring.

ST. MICHAEL'S.—On Sunday last
a statue of St. Joseph, presented by
a parishioner, was blessed and placed
in position. Rev. Father Perier,
Chaplain of Archbishop's Cathedral,
preached the sermon. Leaving aside
the dignity of St. Joseph and the
confidence we ought to have in him,
Father Perier drew attention particu-
larly to the virtues of St. Joseph.
He was humble, devoted and pious.
Although he might have drawn al-
most the praise of the world, he liv-
ed in obscurity, always prepared to
follow the instructions of heaven to
secure the welfare of Mary and the
Child.

Fraternal Societies.

C.M.B.A.—The members of Branch
26 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit As-
sociation of Canada will attend in a
body at 8 o'clock Mass at St. Pat-
rick's Church, on Sunday, March 13,
to receive Holy Communion.
Mr. W. F. Wall, President of Branch
26, entertained the officers of the
Branch to a Progressive Euchre and
dinner, on the occasion of his eleva-
tion to the Presidency of this Branch.
The winners of the very handsome
euchre prizes were Mr. W. A. Hodg-
son and Mr. J. H. Kelly. During
the course of the evening Bros. G. A.
Carpenter, J. H. Maiden and J.
Blanchfield rendered songs in their
usual good voice, and a very pleas-
ant evening was brought to a close
by three cheers for the host and hos-
tess, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Wall.

British Parliament.

A very brisk and interesting dis-
cussion on the Somaliland expedition
was originated recently in the British
House of Commons by Mr. Charles
Devlin, who drew attention to the
immense sum—already £2,400,000—
squandered on this ridiculous enter-
prise, while Ireland was refused even
the most trifling contribution to
such a purpose as Technical Educa-
tion. He moved a resolution of the
vote, and was supported, among
others, by Mr. Joseph Devlin, who, in
the course of a few vigorous and
pointed remarks, expressed a doubt
whether the Mullah was half as mad
as the expedition sent out to des-
troy him.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

AT ST. MARY'S.—St. Mary's parish is having its Forty Hours. Long before the hour appointed for Vespers on Sunday evening, the large Church was filled even the vestibules and the aisles being crowded. Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., sank Vespers, assisted by Rev. Father Kelly and Rev. Father Williams. The main altar and Sanctuary were beautifully decorated, and the entire Church was lighted by numerous electric bulbs of white light. Rev. Doctor Teefy, Superior of St. Michael's College, preached an eloquent and soul-stirring sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. The singing, under the direction of Mr. Douville, with Mr. F. Fulton at the organ, was exceptionally fine, the voices of the young boys in particular showing the results of the training they are receiving, being in many parts like the musical voices of girls, and noticeably correct and pure in tone throughout the entire Vespers. The devotion closed at St. Mary's on Wednesday morning.

WILL OF FATHER BERGIN.—The will of the late Rev. Wm. Bergin has been entered for probate. The estate is valued at \$9,298, of which \$8000 was insurance. The property goes to brothers and sisters, subject to a bequest of \$500 to St. Vincent de Paul Society, \$500 to the House of Providence, and \$500 to the housekeeper. The library goes to Rev. Doctor Treacy and certain vestments to two Churches in Tipperary, Ireland.

DEATH OF MRS. E. McGOVERN.—On Sunday of last week occurred the death of Mrs. Eleanor McGovern, of Dundas, sister of Mr. Justice McMahon and Dr. James McMahon of Toronto. The deceased lady was over eighty years of age and had lived in Dundas during the greater part of her life. She had been ailing for some time, but retained possession of her faculties to a remarkable degree. R.I.P.

FORTY HOURS.—The Forty Hours have been already held at St. Michael's, St. Paul's, the Sacred Heart Church and the House of Providence. They are now going on at St. Mary's and are to commence on Friday, the 11th, at the Church of St. Francis. A week from the Sunday following they will begin at St. Helen's.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN SERIOUS.—During the electric storm last week the Parliament Buildings had a very narrow escape from being utterly destroyed. The apparatus connected with the telegraphic system was struck by lightning, and in a few minutes the front hall, in which the machinery is installed, was in a blaze. The vigilance of the night watchman, who gave the alarm, and set the local appliances in motion, together with the city firemen, who soon arrived on the scene, succeeded after some time in extinguishing the flames. Men are actively engaged in repairing the injury done.

MONDAY'S STORM.—As a general thing the weather is not worthy of remark, but the storm of Monday, the last day of February, was something phenomenal. It was the most perfect blizzard ever witnessed by the present residents of Toronto. The city was altogether demoralized. For a time the men on the street cars stuck bravely to their work, but at last they too had to succumb, and belated pedestrians in many instances experienced something of the exhaustion occasioned by travelling in a snow storm. February's farewell shot was an extraordinary ending—it is to be hoped—to an altogether extraordinary winter.

NO PLACE FOR THE INSANE.—The death of Margaret Wright, an old woman eighty years of age, which occurred last week in the Toronto jail, adds one more to the many sad instances which emphasize the crying need at present existing for more accommodation for those mentally afflicted. In a rider to their verdict, the jury urged the necessity for finding other accommodation for the

insane in the jail at the present time. The subject, during the past five years at least, has been brought before the public by different bodies, and yet there seems no remedy. Despite the publicity given, there are doubtless many who are not aware that for those without money or influence there is no refuge for them other than the jail, should they become mentally deranged. The injustice of this is apparent and acknowledged by all. Yet nothing is being done. Mental sickness is not a crime, and yet the environments of the criminal is imposed upon the one afflicted with a disordered mentality. And not this alone, but the friends of the one afflicted are subjected to the humiliation of going to the jail and there visiting the sick one, who forms one of the mixed congregation of sick and criminal who are lodged there. About three years ago a young Catholic girl died under those circumstances; physical disorders had led to the derangement of an already delicate constitution. Her only crime was her poverty; had she had money another refuge would have been found for her. The priest who visited her protested against the surroundings in which he found the girl; in the end she died alone and it was some time before her friends were notified. This and similar instances rouse the community at intervals. The blame is said to lie with the different counties which are generally too parsimonious to provide a home for the few who may come under their jurisdiction, and so shirk the matter by foisting them on the jails. The late instance is only one more call for immediate action.

THE OLD STORY.—A journal exclusively devoted to Catholic news will probably furnish you with the desired information, which is out of my province.

The above quotation is an answer given by "Kit" of the Mail and Empire, to one of her correspondents, who is probably a Catholic, and who is thus directed by an outsider as to the sources from which he may obtain information pertaining to things Catholic. This of course is more or less conjecture; the enquirer may have been a non-Catholic. Yet the probability is largely in favor of the first theory, sufficiently so at least to suggest the question "Why is the Catholic newspaper so little read?" To those who support and appreciate one or more Catholic papers or magazines, the question may seem uncalled for; they may think all Catholics are as they; but to one on the watch for figures in this regard the number of supporters are amazingly few. It is surprising, too, to note the tone of patronage with which the Catholic press is spoken of in many instances. Do you take such and such a paper? one asks. O yes, we take it; but we never read it; it is such a dry old thing, nothing in it but sermons. The answer, of course, is purely conjectural; the one answering has probably never handled the paper long enough to ascertain its contents. There are people too in every large city, well-to-do people, who are mean enough to go on week after week, and year after year, borrowing a Catholic newspaper; yet these people consider themselves honorable, and would be much offended if their action in this regard were catalogued as it deserves to be, as the essence of meanness. Others there are who pride themselves on their culture and on their knowledge of their religion, yet no Catholic paper enters their household. The Catholic home in which no Catholic paper enters is like the non-sectarian school; the atmosphere is chilly and the germs of religion find little encouragement. The secular papers provide the daily pabulum; nothing read during the week prepares for Sunday, consequently Mass is attended and the sermon listened to in a frame of mind so non-receptive as to be little productive of the good intended. On the other hand those who value and read a good up-to-date Catholic weekly, get to look upon it as a most welcome visitor; it is a friend and teacher whose influence is incalculable and can never be sufficiently estimated.

A MEMORIAL.

A memorial to the victims of the Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago is to be built. It is proposed to erect a hospital on the site of the burned theatre.

CATHOLIC EMIGRATING SOCIETY.

The members of the recently organized "Old Boys and Girls Association," will hold a meeting at the rooms of the Catholic Emigrating

Association to-morrow evening, when another step will be taken in the practical work of the new organization.

Mr. Cecil Arden, honorary secretary of the Catholic Emigrating Society, will leave on the 20th inst. for a trip to England. The "True Witness" wishes Mr. Arden a pleasant voyage.

St. Ann's Young Men Will Stage an Irish Drama On St. Patrick's Day.

On St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, St. Ann's Young Men's Society, at matinee and evening performance, will present "An Irish Rival" The play is fresh from the pen of Mr. J. Martin, the member-dramatist of the Society, being a revival of the play produced years ago under the title of "O'Rourke's Triumph."

It may be remembered by some of the old patrons of the Society that the plot of the play is one of absorbing interest, telling a tale at once sympathetic, simple, beautiful and true in every other detail to the characteristics of the good old Celtic race.

It may be frankly stated that the play loses nothing in the retouch it has been given by the author, Mr. Martin.

The production is in the hands of a cast with both ability and resolve to do it justice, and this confidence is emboldened by the presence of Mr. Ed. Varney, who, it may be said, has cradled the dramatic talent of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, and made it what it is.

Prof. P. J. Shea has a number of new songs, choruses and Irish reels arranged and nicely adapted to the production.

The stage, its properties and all the lighting apparatus are undergoing new and modern changes necessary to the staging of "The Irish Rival."

The orchestra chairs will be made stationary, numbered in theatre fashion, and reserved.

The plan of St. Ann's Hall will be on view every day at T. O'Connell's (Cor. Murray and Ottawa streets.)

JOURNALISM, RULING POWER.

(From the Catholic Forum.)

Writes Bishop Spalding: "I should be willing to continue to live, if for nothing else that I might keep hoping that the people will at last choose as their governors and lawmakers, wise, brave, just and enlightened men, wholly incapable of preferring private gain to public welfare. Would they not long since have risen to this virtue had not ignorance and sensuality been fostered in them by those who have held authority?"

Only too truly is the admission made that our men of power have fostered ignorance and sensuality in the people for the sake of private gain, the which they have amassed at the sacrifice of public welfare. The passions have been fattened, until to-day our people are as slaves, powerless to throw off this domination of personified vice and selfishness. We do not elect wise, brave, just and enlightened men to office when we place there those who buy our precious, inalienable right of suffrage with filthy lucre, or, worse still, win a nomination by other methods. We do not elect wise, brave, just and enlightened men to office when we place there those who have accumulated wealth and gained notoriety by catering to man's lust for things of the flesh.

They may be very popular with certain classes—they may be powers in the world of finance—but such men must not be given the upper hand of our government. What can be— who regards not the sanctity of

home, the purity of individual life, the preservation of morals.— know of national honor or integrity? The public mind is, to-day, all too familiar with the lower side of life—what has made it so? Largely such yellow journalism which has painted lurid pen pictures of crimes unmentionable and unnumbered, and most graphically described the sensational happenings of police courts. The minutest details of these crimes are given with zeal worthy of a far better cause, and their most passionate phases "featured" in many papers of to-day. Whatever applies the enkindling spark to the passions is given precedence—and for what? To increase the sale of one-cent news sheets most of which mix an ounce of fact with tons of fiction—for this, the souls of men, redeemed by a most priceless sacrifice, are gladly thrown into the fiery furnace of temptation. Is such traffic worthy of our support?—are such editors the proper directors of public thought and action? True, there are other agencies potent in this evil influence—as cheap, immoral "shows"—but these own much of their destroying strength to the undue prominence and heralding given them by the press.

Journalism is the great power of the present, will be the paramount ruler of the future, but journalism must rise above this groveling mire. It must assume the throne of honor, and, sitting in dignity upon a chair of justice, teach, as it alone can lessons of virtue, recognizing that public virtue is but a manifestation of individual virtue, and that for a nation's honor, the honorable living of the individual is responsible. It must create a noble public by instilling ennobling principles into individual minds; it must right wrongs and denounce evil wherever manifest. It must, when crimes are committed, remember that its readers are not all of calm, impassible, and unswervably-principled minds, and, regarding the young and those of wavering virtue, it must pass over, in silence, sensualities, emphasize the baseness of the act, and call attention to the punishment sure, swift and severe which it evokes. Here, indeed, is a fit ruler for our people—the ruler of the future. Here is a lifework for any man, perfectly in harmony with the Divine intention that each should labor for his own and his neighbor's betterment.

A Patriotic Irishman Gone to His Reward.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 23, William O'Neil, of Buckingham, Que., passed away to his reward. He was born in the County Clare, Ireland, near by Cratloe Castle, on July 16th 1826.

Mr. O'Neil was the second eldest of a family of twelve children, of which there were six brothers and six sisters. His father, Mr. John O'Neil, was descended from the O'Neils of Ulster, who so valiantly contended with the armies of Elizabeth and Cromwell for the sovereignty of Ireland. Mr. O'Neil's mother's name was Susan O'Shaughnessy, whose brother came into considerable prominence in Australian political life in the middle of the last century. With the blood of the O'Neils and O'Shaughnessy's coursing through his veins, one could scarcely look for anything short of an Irish patriot in the person of the deceased gentleman, and certainly this expectation was realized.

Few indeed of the exiled children of Inisfall in these parts have taken such a life-long interest in the affairs of the Old Land. Every great movement that seemed in any way designed to help towards the political emancipation of Ireland, had the hearty and practical support of the late Mr. O'Neil. In days when it was not so popular with the masses of our people as it is now, to advocate the cause of Ireland, he pleaded with eloquence and perseverance, and gave his financial support to the cause.

At the age of thirty, Mr. O'Neil left his native land to seek fortune in Australia. Melbourne, in Victoria; Sydney, in New South Wales, and New Zealand were the principal scenes of his labors there, and, at the end of six years, he returned to Ireland. The same year he crossed the Atlantic to Canada, and here settled down in Buckingham, Co. Ottawa, Que. He opened a general store and met with well-merited success. His reputation was that of a man of the strictest honesty with both his patrons and the wholesale houses where his purchases were made. Nothing in these long years since 1861 to the

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association
ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT,
Thursday, March 17th, 1904.
MONUMENT NATIONAL, ST. LAWRENCE ST.
Grand Production of DR. BODICHAULT'S Romantic Irish Drama,
ARRAH-NA-POGUE
(ARRAH OF THE KISS),
IN THREE ACTS, BY THE DRAMATIC SECTION.
Prices—Reserved Seats, 75c. General admission 50c & 25c. Boxes, \$4 00 \$5.00 and \$6.00.
Further particulars to be had from Special Programme, which will be issued March 13. Reserved Seats on sale at MULCAIR BROS., 1942 Notre Dame street. TELEPHONE MAIN 2645.
J. J. RANKIN, Secretary-Treasurer.
GOD SAVE IRELAND.

SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB.

MONTREAL, 10th March, 1904,
The Annual Meeting of the above Club will be held on Monday, March 14th, 1904, at 8.15 p.m., at the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association Hall, O'Connell street.
BUSINESS:—Reception of Annual Reports and Election of Officers.
Members are requested to pay their annual fees to be qualified to take part in proceedings.
W. J. MCGEE,
Hon. Sec.

NOTES FROM TINGWICK

(By our Own Correspondent.)

Tingwick, Que., March 8.

The solemnity of the feast of St. Patrick was celebrated here Sunday. The high altar was tastefully decorated, and the statue of St. Patrick was ablaze with lights, and flowers tastefully arranged. Our pastor, Rev. Father Jutras, in a few well chosen words, referred to the feast of the day, and the many virtues of this great Saint, especially his obedience in answering the Divine call to the Irish nation. In like manner he advised us to respond to the call of Divine grace, especially during the holy season of Lent, and thus follow our Patron Saint. The choir rendered music appropriate for the feast. As St. Patrick is the patron of our parish, both the French and Irish Catholics vie with one another to render the celebration of this festival as solemn as possible.

At High Mass on Sunday, Rev. Father Jutras read a mandement from Mgr. Bruneault, the first one issued since his elevation to the See.

A very flourishing branch of the League of the Sacred Heart has been established here. The membership is over six hundred, with forty promoters. Many thanks are due to our director, Rev. Father Jutras, who is delighted with the success and the result, and also to our President, Mrs. F. V. Lessard, who is a zealous promoter and indefatigable in her efforts to promote the love of the Sacred Heart.

Two solemn Requiem Masses were celebrated this week, one on Tuesday for the repose of the soul of Willie Johnston; another for Emile Bourque.

Last Friday being the first Friday of the month of March, a number of our promoters and members of the Society of the Apostleship of Prayer received Holy Communion.

Father Jutras was absent Wednesday to assist at the funeral services of Rev. Father Matte, of Plessisville, who died Saturday at St. Joseph's Hospital, Levis. On Thursday he attended the Forty Hours' devotion at St. Nobert, returning home Friday.

SMALLER HATS.

An American journal says: Whether owing to the press campaign or a desire for novelty, quite a revolution has taken place in hats. Many smart women are wearing a small, close-fitting bonnet or beguin, made of jet and having a simple aigrette on one side of the front, or a large Alsatian bow of velvet, with an aigrette.

SATURDAY, MAR
The Sacri

Bishop Lacey, of Michigan, in his Lenten Pastoral, says: "Of all the signs of the times, none is more alarming than the prevalence of divorce. In the largely prevailing respect, of Christian marriage, which they do amidst a prevailing prevalence, Catholics are the danger of assimilation. The danger of assimilation is not a new error which permeates their daily breathe. Now we know some of the common vices outside the Catholic Church. Marriage is not merely natural contract, as a very ordinary necessity. Not infrequently as a not very serious matter is looked upon more as an arrangement to last just suits the convenience of one or other of the parties, the civil law recognizes contract, but does it not divorce? And does it the remarriage, if such called, of divorced parties. At best marriage is not as a Sacrament, though religious sanction be at ceremony. If we seek these confused ideals at the date of the wedded state found in the action of Reformers, who denied the character of marriage to the principle unions. Next came the voice, the profane parent of countless homes abroad sin and misery, differentiates the Church of marriage from that of the world is this, that marriage is the New Law, a great sacrament," said, "but I speak in the Church" (Eph. v.).

Our Lord and Lawgiver of His power rests primitive unity, and with view He sanctified the tract by raising it to total order. Hence it is of the Catholic Church baptised persons the nature of marriage becomes sacrament of the Law moreover, there can be no contract between persons is not at the same time in its character. Thus Lawgiver attached His nuptial union, sanctified it, placing it in its permanent order, and its perpetual sign of union with His Spouse. This He did in order to city in its very source human love with heaven for a divine purpose.

This sacred rite is sacraments of the living, term it, that is, it is a its worthy reception to be in a state of grace, and preparation therefor made by every Catholic the name for its fruitfulness is the Church's wish the circumstances permit should be sanctioned Mass, at which the previously confessed, Holy Communion. This way enter on their in the fear of God, and right intention, receive measure the graces of it and along with the Church they ensure for the unfailing protection, which shield, will cover them brief day of their earth. It is indeed painful to the reverse of this would to God it were forced upon our notice.

What a lamentable sight Catholic young man and young woman, children parents, sanctified in the baptism and carefully in the Catholic faith, themselves as to think themselves for marriage the altar of God, but before the civil re

CATHOLIC CHARITY
Providence Row St. Sptalsfelds, was the son of London's Lord Mayo

L. & B. Association NIGHT, 7th, 1904. LAWRENCE ST. DRAMA.

The Sacrament of Matrimony

Bishop Lacey, of Middleborough, Eng., in his Lenten Pastoral, says: Of all the signs of decaying faith, none is more alarming at the present day than the pernicious views of largely prevailing respecting the sacrament of Christian marriage.

Our Lord and Lawgiver in the fulness of His power restored it to its primitive union, and with this end in view He sanctified the nuptial contract by raising it to the sacramental order. Hence it is the teaching of the Catholic Church that between baptized persons the natural contract of marriage becomes ipso facto a sacrament of the Law of Grace, and moreover, there can be no matrimonial contract between them, which is not at the same time sacramental in its character.

What a lamentable sight to see the Catholic young man and the Catholic young woman, children of Catholic parents, sanctified in the waters of baptism and carefully brought up in the Catholic faith, so far forget themselves as to think of presenting themselves for marriage, not before the altar of God, or His minister, but before the civil registrar!

CATHOLIC CHARITY IN ENGLAND

Providence Row Night Refuge, Spitalfields, was the scene of a visit of London's Lord Mayor and other dignitaries recently.

could for a moment suppose that these parties retained one particle of Catholic faith, to see them thus callously profane a sacrament of God's Church and recklessly incur the guilt of sacrilege?

According to Catholic teaching this case is even worse than the former, inasmuch as they incur the additional guilt of implied heresy by receiving a sacrament of the Church, as it were, at the hands of an heretical minister, and thereby incur also the censures of the Church.

Mixed marriages, as they are called—that is, marriages in which one of the parties is a non-Catholic (but baptized), are not infrequently contracted in one or other of the above-named ways, and, of course, without the necessary dispensation of the Church.

Not infrequently, too, it happens in these apparently mixed marriages that the non-Catholic party is not baptized, in which case the marriage, though legal, is canonically null and void until a dispensation has been procured from the Church.

Thus much sin and misery, and manifold complications follow on the first false and fatal step of contracting marriage after the manner of unbelievers. We will not stay to enumerate the disastrous effects of such unions on the unhappy offspring. Their sad lot is much to be deplored, for they too often enter into an inheritance of woe.

We have deemed it well to address you these few pastoral words on this subject, which is one of the gravest import, affecting, as it does, the well-being of society in its source. It is a subject on which oft-repeated instruction is very much needed, in order to counteract the false and pernicious views so widely spread.

May our Divine Lord grant us, through the all-powerful intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, whose succour is unfailing, because perpetual, amidst all the seductions of a corrupt world, to hold fast the faith which in His great mercy He has gratuitously given us, and to guard it as a pearl of great price, more precious by far than all the treasures of the world.

We take the following report of addresses delivered on the occasion. They are well worthy of a careful perusal as they may remind us in this country, in the midst of the hurry and bustle of the age, of duties devolving upon us, not alone in regard to the homeless and afflicted, but also towards those noble souls whose lives of sacrifice and probity, generosity of spirit made it possible to afford shelter and consolation to thousands of human beings when the dark clouds of despair were encircling them.

His Grace the Archbishop, in opening the proceedings, said it was with very great pleasure that he found himself able to be present that afternoon on the occasion of the commemoration of the foundation of this great work, to be present on an occasion which was honored by the presence, to participate in that commemoration, of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London.

They were gathered together to honor the memory of the founder and to pledge themselves to do all in their power to encourage the work in future, and to show that they considered that the claims of the poor were ever increasing our charity and consideration for them would go on increasing in a like measure.

Lord Edmund Talbot, M.P., reminded those present that those who were sheltered in the home were received absolutely without any reference to their religious creed. The greatest care was taken to discriminate between deserving cases and those less deserving.

Mr. Justice Walton, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor for his attendance, mentioned that last year 50,000 free nights' lodgings and over 100,000 free meals were given in the Refuge during that period. Such a record they had every reason to be proud of.

The Lord Mayor, in reply, assured the meeting that it had given him the greatest pleasure to take part in the proceedings that day. He had observed the wretched poverty which existed as he had driven through the crowded streets to attend that meeting. Day by day it was his duty to sit in a police court, and it was simply heart-rending to see poor wretched men and women charged with some offence mainly perhaps through not having a helping hand given them in time.

At the conclusion of the meeting the visitors made an inspection of the Home, and were heartily cheered by the inmates.

A NEW PASTOR.

Rev. Abbe Bourassa, for many years secretary of the Laval University of this city, has been named by Archbishop Bruchesi to the pastorate of the parish of St. Louis de France, rendered vacant by the appointment of Rev. Mr. Larocque as visitor of the Catholic schools of Montreal.

NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

(By Our Own Correspondent)

COMING SOCIAL—Tara Hall has been leased by the Ladies' Auxiliary, A.O.H., for Easter Monday, on which date that young, energetic and flourishing organization intends holding a progressive euchre and social. They have already given a number of these social functions, each being more successful and enjoyable than the preceding one.

ANNUAL RETREAT—The annual retreat for the married men of the various societies connected with the Jesuit Church in this city came to a close on Sunday last. The preacher was Rev. Father Turgeon, of St. Mary's College, Montreal.

THE MISSION AT ST. PATRICK'S—The men's mission at St. Patrick's Church commenced on Friday evening. As anticipated, it was well attended, the sacred edifice being filled at all the exercises. The evening services are attended by a great many non-Catholics, who appear to take a profound interest in the sermons, and it would surprise no one if there were a number of converts in the near future.

OBITUARY—There passed away last week another of Quebec's old residents in the person of Mrs. W. B. Vallean (nee Georgina Dorney) relict of the late W. B. Vallean, in his life time merchant tailor.

RETURNED HOME.—Mgr. Tetu, who has been spending some time in the South, has returned home, looking remarkably well.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CHURCH—The Jesuit Fathers commenced a week's mission for the female portion of St. Jean Baptiste's parish, this city, on the 6th instant. On the 12th a mission for the men of the same parish will begin.

AN INNOVATION.—In addition to the entertainment to be given on St. Patrick's night, under the auspices of St. Patrick's Literary Institute, it is announced that a concert will be given in the Y.M.C.A. Hall (presumably by the Irish Protestants), at which it is said a choice programme of Irish songs and music will be rendered. This is something new in this city.

THREATENED STRIKE—The painters of this city have made a demand for an increase of wages, to take effect April 1st. Should the employers fail to comply with the demand the men threaten to go on strike.

FRIENDSHIP AND BUSINESS.

The old principle still holds true that business is obtained by friendship or favor. One of Chicago's most brilliant lawyers asserted a few days ago that any average lawyer had ability enough to handle nine-tenths of the cases tried in any court, and the reason some men starved at the law and some grew rich was simply because some did not know how to make friends and the successful ones did.

As it is in the law, so it is in every other profession and business. Is it the string of letters after a doctor's name, indicating scholarship, or the reputation among his colleagues for fine work in the hospitals or lecture room that insures his success from a business standpoint? Not at all.

Many business men join certain expensive clubs for no other reason than to have a place to entertain handsomely men from whom they expect to get business. Nearly all men who have out of town customers whom they have a good excuse for entertaining do this.

But this "showing a man a good time" as a means of gaining his favor is less practiced than it used to be. Once you frankly treated a man to cigars and set up the drinks if you could get the opportunity in order to create the necessary atmosphere of good fellowship before asking him for business.

Has, then, the old method of gaining business through friendship fallen into disuse? Not a bit of it. It is

as much in force as ever it was—even more since competition grows fiercer and fiercer—only to-day the means of gaining patronage through favor are more subtle and require more delicate handling.

Mr. G. W. Perkins, of J. P. Morgan & Co., says that a valuable idea for his business is worth at least \$10,000. It is not every one that by minding somebody else's business can hand out an idea worth \$10,000; still it often happens that an outsider may, from his point of view, make a suggestion that is valuable to the man who has concentrated his attention upon that business for years.

Men who get business by direct solicitation as well as many others make use of this belief that an idea pertinent to a man's business is the most valuable thing you can offer him in increasing their own business. Such men deliberately study up on the other man's business. They try to get his point of view, to see what he is aiming at, his means for securing that aim, and the degree of success or failure.

For instance, the man who wants the contract to do the interior decorating of a big department building studies up on the building from more points of view than his own. If the building is under way before the contract for the decoration is let, he looks over the foundations, walls, materials on hand, etc., and if he finds out that the owner is paying too much for his materials or if he is not getting the materials he is paying for he makes use of those facts in his first interview.

The travelling salesman who intends to talk the merits of a certain style of shoes to the owner of a department store in a small town or city looks over the store, and in particular the shoe department, before approaching the proprietor.

Of course, it takes tact to tell another man how to run his own business, and here and there a man who would resent suggestions from the wisest person on earth gets on his dignity and returns nothing but sarcasm to the venturesome "suggester." But as a rule the more worth getting a man is as a customer the more wideawake he is to all ideas that are courteously and tactfully suggested, and the more grateful he is for any idea that he can act upon.

THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

The devotion of the thirteen Tuesdays in honor of St. Anthony of Padua, will be held every Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., beginning Tuesday, 15th March, in the upper chapel of the Franciscan Church, No. 1222 Dorchester street. These devotions are preparatory to the annual pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre.

leaving here on the 11th of June and returning with the closing devotion on the 13th June, the feast of St. Anthony.

BISHOP DURIER DEAD.

The Right Rev. Anthony Durier, Bishop of Natchitoches, Louisiana, died last week. He was 72 years old and had been Bishop of Natchitoches since March, 1885. For the past two years he has been suffering from paralysis.—R.I.P.

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All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, 'The True Witness' P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1122.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who know and do this excellent work. PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION:—We recently published the admirable letter of our Holy Father, Pius X., announcing the jubilee celebration of this year, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the consoling dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It was on the 8th December, 1854, that Pius IX., of immortal memory, at the close of the Vatican Council, delivered 'ex-cathedra' the decree promulgating the then defined dogma of the Immaculate Conception. That was one of the most glorious days that the Church of Christ has known. The infallible Pontiff, seated upon the throne of Peter, announced to the world that the belief of the ages, the conviction of all the great Catholic theologians, the uninterrupted teaching of the Church in regard to Mary the Mother of God, must for all time to come be looked upon as a defined dogma of the Faith. This definition added nothing new to the teachings of the Church, it simply raised a standard to meet errors that were cropping up, and declared the spotlessness of the one whom God had honored. No sooner had this just tribute been paid to Mary than the delight of heaven was made manifest in a number of ways. It was after this recognition, so open and unmistakable of her prerogatives, had been made that the wonders of Lourdes commenced, and that in a variety of ways did the Virgin Mother make known to humanity the satisfaction that she felt and the pleasure experienced by Her Divine Son.

Fifty years have almost passed away since the day on which the world was made to understand that the one who had been chosen to carry the Son of God and to nourish Him with her own substance, had never known the taint of original sin. On the 8th December next, all over Christendom, two hundred and fifty millions of the faithful will proclaim loudly their faith in the consoling and loveable dogma. Certain categories of men may deny this grand prerogative of Mary; certain others may sneer at the dogma; but surely the faith that claims the allegiance of such a vast multitude of human beings, of all races, all colors, all tongues, all conditions, is worthy of a respect that it not always accorded it. There are men who declare it impossible for them to believe that Mary could have been absolutely without sin. Yet if we ask them their opinion of Christ as regards the taint of sin, they are sure to declare that the Son of God could not, under any circumstances, have been contaminated by the moral infirmity that belongs to the human race. And in this they would be right. If such, then, is the case, it stands to reason that the Eternal in selecting a human being whose flesh and blood were to give life—humanly speaking—to Christ, must have chosen one that had not even the slightest shadow of sin upon her. They do not understand it: no more do we. It is something that belongs to the domain of the supernatural, it is of the realm of mystery; and all that belongs specially to God's mysterious ways becomes for us an object of faith. By the light of faith alone can we understand it, can we conceive it, can we accept it. There is no reasoning process necessary.

When Christ preached, He asserted, He did not argue, nor plead, nor reason—as did the ancient philosophers. He said: 'I am the Way and the Life': He said: 'I am who am.' He said a thousand and one things; but He invoked no rules of logic, no philosophic arguments to prove what He said. What He said men had to accept as such, and accept it without a doubt. The Church which He built upon a Rock, and which He declared to be the Pillar and Ground of Truth, has followed His example throughout the ages and in all her teachings. She is infallibly inspired and she asserts the dogmas of her faith; she has no occasion to spend time reasoning them out, or drawing deductions. She simply states such and such a truth; and it is for the faithful to accept the same, because she speaks in the name of Christ, and His assertions sufficed.

Hence it is that when the infallible Pontiff, speaking as the Vicar of Christ, as the Guide and Teacher of the Church, declared that the Mother of Christ was conceived without sin—without original sin—that she was spotless from the first instant of her existence, he merely promulgated a doctrine that Christianity had always held, and declared that in future it was the duty of the faithful to believe the same without further explanation, elucidation, or argumentation. And the Universal Church bowed down at once to that decision—the act of faith was unanimous, and the trumpet voice of Divine authority sent forth from the Vatican to the uttermost ends of the earth, and to the ultimate closing of time, the sublime Truth that in her conception the Mother of God was immaculate.

On each 8th day of the month, from this till the 8th December, special services will be held and special prayers for grace will be offered up, and one of the most beautiful confessions of faith that a Catholic can make will be the full participation in the benefits of the Immaculate Conception Jubilee.

FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH.—On the 19th March, a week from to-day, the Church celebrates the feast of St. Joseph. By anticipation that feast will be solemnized to-morrow, Sunday, the 13th March. The reason of this anticipation is because the Sunday following the feast will be Passion Sunday, and no such solemnization would be possible on that day. The entire month of March is consecrated to special devotions to St. Joseph, who is the universal patron of the Church, and is the special patron of the Church in Canada. And if we can properly restrict ourselves to still narrower limits, we may say that Joseph is the particular general patron of our province.

There is no life, save those of Christ and His Mother, more worthy of study than that of St. Joseph. If we were to ransack the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations, we would find only one special reference to the foster-father of Christ. In that he is called 'the Just Man.' Justus Est,' says Holy Writ, referring to St. Joseph. And that one eulogium contains the sum of all that can be said in honor of any saint of God. No matter what praises we may add; no matter what virtues we may enumerate; no matter what biographical sketches we may produce; all of them are combined in that single term—and it is more than sufficient to express them all.

Of all the examples of humility that the records of history furnish, none can compare with that of St. Joseph. He was honored to the highest degree, for he was selected to be the guardian of the Blessed Virgin, and to be the foster-father of the Son of God. Yet he never intruded his presence or his name upon the world. He was content to pursue his humble pathway, to ply his trade of carpenter in the little village of Nazareth, and to obey each command of God to the letter. He went up to Jerusalem, and then to Bethlehem with Mary; he fled to Egypt with the Mother and Child; he returned to his lowly home at the appointed time; he worked at his bench and held intimate communion with Christ for thirty years; he knew of the wonderful Treasure that his humble dwelling held; he talked with God, in the Person of the Divine Son, even as none other, save Mary, had ever talked with Him; and, in all this he was silent to the world, mindful only of the duties set before him, and grateful for the supreme happiness of being the secret guardian of the Master of the Universe. He was humble to such a degree that in proportion to the promise penned by the Psalmist, his exaltation has been beyond compare. 'Et exaltavit humiles,' and Joseph has been raised to a royal rank in the Kingdom of God's glory, while the honors paid him by men, throughout long generations, and in all climates, and in every tongue, are of a character to

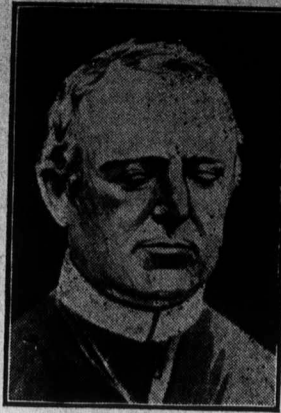
establish for all time—even had it never been written—that he was 'the Just Man.' Then, in accordance with his sublime elevation, has been the power given to him. 'Never was it known that any one who had recourse to St. Joseph was unheeded,' never was it known that anyone who invoked him with humility and sincerity was abandoned; and 'is this assurance that imparts hope to the sinner; consolation to the afflicted, and gratitude to the redeemed. The Church has raised altars to St. Joseph, and in each of her temples is one of them to be found. In the midst, then, of the special and extraordinary devotions that, during March of this year, claim our attention, let us not forget that St. Joseph is there ever ready to bring help to those in need and to impart strength to the weak. Especially in the hour of temptation and at the hour of death are his bounties most manifest. 'Go to Joseph' says Holy Writ.

PONTIFICAL ADVICE.—The world has already come to recognize in Pope Pius X. one of those saintly and unostentatious men, whose very humility is the guarantee of his greatness, and whose simplicity of life and of thought, is the most perfect proof of his close imitation of Christ. Each year, in Rome, on the Monday before Ash Wednesday, all the preachers of the various Lenten missions are received by the Pope. Christ assembled His Apostles and sent them forth to preach to all nations; and year after year, since the days of Christ, His Vicars on earth have done the same. This year Pius X., who is himself essentially a preacher, addressed the Jesuits, Capuchins, Carmelites, Friars, and secular priests who were to commence preaching the Lenten sermons in the various churches of Rome. As they stood in a circle around his throne, the Holy Father spoke to them from the fulness of his heart, and this was the burden of his remarks: 'Preach the Gospel, do not preach yourselves; be simple, and clear; avoid vain rhetoric and useless ornament—preach the Gospel first, and last, and all the time.'

In this exhortation of the great Pontiff we seem to again hear the simple and sublime words of Christ to His Apostles. He did not tell them to astonish the world with the beauty of their diction, nor to draw vast congregations to listen to the histrionic attractions that belong to the profane. He simply said: 'Go ye forth and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.' He sent them out with His Gospel and a mission to preach it to all men. And after twenty centuries, Christ's Vicar reiterates the same command and insists on the predication of the Gospel. What a glorious faith is that of the venerable Head of the Catholic Church. When we pass along the byways of non-Catholic Christianity, and notice the magnets that divide with the theatres the worldly-minded and the wealthy; when we perceive how they depend upon all the up-to-date methods of advertising, all the sensationalism of the age, we cannot but contrast their religion with that of the Supreme Pontiff who asks simply that the Gospel be preached.

CELESTIAL WRATH.—Some of our contemporaries have witty columns, others have columns that are intended to be witty; it is the same for tiny paragraphs scattered here and there through the columns—some of them are really original and consequently amusing; others are so forced that it is like drawing a tooth to get at their meaning. Last week a portion of the Legislative Building in Toronto was struck by lightning—a fact that does not appear at all funny, and this is the manner in which the simple event is told by one of our prominent dailies:—'Lightning on Wednesday night set fire to the building in which the Ontario Legislature meets. Even the celestial wrath seems to have been kindled by the doings which take place there.' Here is a beautiful example of wit, or humor, or common sense, or elegant English, or whatever else it was intended to be. We have heard of the wrath of God, and the wrath of man, but what on earth is 'celestial wrath'? Probably it is a species of anger that prevails over in China. Then the kindling of that wrath is a process that we fail to understand. It was lightning that did the damage; and surely the writer of that clever paragraph never heard of lightning being kindled. The lightning was more likely to have kindled the building that it struck than to have been kindled by any kind of wrath—celestial or terrestrial. But the writer says that this wrath was kindled 'by the doings which take place there.' Where? In the celestial region or in the Legislative Building?

Death of Father Godts



REV. WILLIAM GODTS, C.S.S.R.

This week the sad news came to the Presbytery of St. Ann's that Rev. William Godts, C.S.S.R., so well known in this city, had passed to his reward quite unexpectedly.

Father Godts was a member of the first band of Redemptorists who came to Montreal, nearly a generation ago, to take charge of St. Ann's parish. For many years he was a prominent figure on the streets in St. Ann's Ward, and a most welcome visitor in Irish households. His work in behalf of the poor and distressed was a striking feature of his years of residence in the parish.

Father Godts was the author of several well known books, among the number, 'Why do Protestants Not Invoke the Name of the Virgin,' and the 'Confessional.'

He had attained his 62nd year when the summons came, and during the 35 years of his holy ministry he labored in many lands. His death occurred at Brandon, Man., where he had gone some years ago to organize another Mission. As a monument to his fervor and zeal in the district where he died, stands the new Church of St. Augustine.

A solemn Requiem Mass was chanted in St. Ann's Church for the repose of his soul, the attendance, representative of every household in the parish, and from other parishes in the city. May his soul rest in peace.

A VENERABLE PRIEST DEAD.

The Rev. James Quinan, of Sydney, C.B., passed away this week at the Grey Nunnery, Dorchester street, where he had been an inmate for the past three years. Father Quinan, who was eighty years of age at the time of his death, had been suffering from erysipelas.

Father Quinan was born in Halifax of Irish parentage, in 1826, the year before the granting of Catholic Emancipation. He attended school in his native city, and from there went to St. Andrew's College, P.E.I. He finished his education in the Quebec Seminary, where he was ordained March 12th, 1853. He took charge of the parish of Sydney in 1853, and continued until October, 1900, when he resigned, finding his strength unequal to the work which the duties towards his now greatly increased congregation demanded. During his pastorate the Church of the Sacred Heart, the Convent of the Holy Angels, and other edifices are evidences of his Apostolic energy and zeal.

The grand old priest had hosts of friends all over Canada. A solemn Requiem Mass was chanted in the Chapel of the Grey Nuns, after which the remains were conveyed to Sydney for interment. R.I.P.

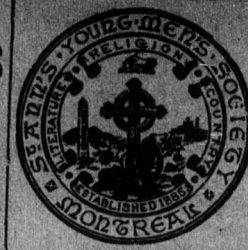
OBITUARY.

DR. H. LADOUCEUR.—A promising young man in the person of Dr. Harry J. J. Ladouceur, L.D.S., passed away Feb. 27th, aged 24 years.

He was the second son of the late Charles Ladouceur, merchant, of St. Andrew's East, P.Q. He received his education at Bourget College, Rigaud. He graduated from Bishop's College, Montreal, receiving his degree in dentistry (with honors) in 1900.

He was well known in Montreal, where he practised his profession. In 1902 he opened an office in Buckingham, Que. His health began to fail and he was obliged to give up his practice a few months ago. His quiet, unassuming manner and gentlemanly deportment won for him many friends, who will sincerely mourn his loss.

The funeral took place from his mother's residence at 9.30 a.m. on March 1st. The pall-bearers were his



ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY

WILL PRESENT

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In ST. ANN'S HALL, 157 Ottawa St.,

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R. J. HART, Secretary.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

ERIN-CO-BRACH. GRAND EUCHRE AND SOCIAL

Under the Auspices of



Division No. 5, A. O. H.

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M. D. TRACEY, Sec.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

three brothers, C. E., G. A. and C. A. Ladouceur, Dr. Harry Thorby of Montreal, Frank E. White and J. O. LeBlanc, of Ottawa, Ont. R.I.P.

MR. JOHN McNALLY.—A well-known and much esteemed Irish Catholic citizen—Mr. John McNally, son of the late Mr. Bernard McNally, died this week after a brief illness.

Mr. McNally was well known in business circles and was associated with several local organizations, religious, social and athletic. He was gentle and kindly towards all, and made hosts of friends amongst all classes of the community.

The funeral, which was held to St. Patrick's Church, on Thursday morning, where a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted, was attended by a large number of citizens in every walk of life.

To Mrs. McNally, the bereaved widow, and to her daughter, and to the other members of the family of deceased, we offer our sympathy in their sad loss. R.I.P.

MR. PATRICK KING.—Death has claimed another citizen of our section, a man of sterling qualities and charitable disposition, in the person of Mr. Patrick King, who has been a resident of Montreal since the days of the pioneer Irish emigrants. Mr. King, at the time of his demise, had reached the grand old age of 84 years. Two sisters entered upon religious lives, one known as Sister King of the Hotel Dieu, and the other a member of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto. R.I.P.

Secondary Schools.

A meeting of the Dublin Education Society was held in the Lecture Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society recently. Rev. Dr. Crawford presided. The Very Rev. N. Tomkins, S.J., Belydore College, opened a discussion on 'A Curriculum for Secondary (Boys) Schools.' The intermediate programme had been changed from time to time, he said, which seemed to show that the Commissioners were dissatisfied themselves with the working of it for many years, and now they were brought into a kind of specialized system by the Board. His idea of education was that in a secondary school the brain should be developed by the acquisition of knowledge, not the contrary. And it was clear that any specialisation would be against the aim of any true education. The education a boy should get in a secondary school should be such as to develop all the faculties of his mind. It was only at the age of 15 or 16 that very much could be known about the talents of boys. What were the essential faculties of a good curriculum for a secondary system of education? All were agreed that modern languages and mathematics should be taught, but then came the question as between ancient classics and science. He held that the ancient classics should hold the most prominent place in the curriculum, and not only the most prominent but the essential place, if they were to give an education which would develop the mental faculties. He feared that Latin and Greek could not be both taught, and, therefore, he fixed on Latin as the most mind-forming of subjects. None of the modern languages had at all the scientific perfection that Latin had. In Germany, out of 243,000 boys in secondary schools, 185,000 were studying classics. Those who had gone through a classical course when they took mathematics up made far greater headway than any others. Science should undoubtedly form a very important part of the curriculum, though he thought the manner of teaching it now was not as prac-

tical as it was fifteen years ago. In fact Professor Ramsay said that the heuristic system, as applied to chemistry, was pure humbug. He (Father Tomkins) did not go quite so far as that. In the curriculum of secondary schools at least in those schools the development of the brain and in which the object of education was making a boy fit when he left the school to specialize whether for commerce or science and art, on for a profession, in that curriculum classics should hold one of the most important positions, and after that mathematics and modern languages. Mr. Moore of Clonskoagh, said he would put mathematics and practical science as more important subjects in a secondary school curriculum than Latin. As subsidiary subjects he would place the Irish language, short hand, and bookkeeping. The subjects were, however, not so important as the manner in which they were taught.

Very Rev. Father O'Reilly, Terenure College, said he thought Father Tomkins was under a slight misapprehension as to the methods of teaching practical science at present, for it could not be said at all that any time was lost over it.

Other gentlemen took part in the discussion and the meeting concluded.

The Language Question

The dismissal by the Irish Lord Chancellor of a gentleman from the Commission of Peace for persisting in signing his name in Irish to official documents may render it of interest to know that at the Cape official documents are printed both in Dutch and English, and in Canada, in French and English. Irish Nationalist members, as Mr. William Redmond reminded the House, have placed their signatures in Irish on the roll of Parliament, and it should not be forgotten that Mr. Thomas O'Donnell's speech in the Irish language in the House of Commons—or, rather, the few sentences he eluded the Speaker in delivering that language—are reported in the authorized reports of the Parliamentary Debates in Irish characters. The action of the Lord Chancellor in rendering the use of the Irish language an offence worthy of dismissal from the Bench can easily be paralleled in the old Penal Law days. An edict was passed in 1655 ordering all Irish papists and all Protestants unable to speak the English language instantly to leave the city of Dublin. Lord Ashbourne's view on the Irish tongue, which is generally believed to be stimulated by certain anti-Irish colleagues in the Cabinet, is somewhat strange when we remember that his eldest son and heir, the Hon. William Gibson, is an enthusiastic student of the Celtic tongue, and invariably wears the old Celtic costume.—Dublin Freeman.

OUR O

THE SESSION.—This is all agog, because the session of the ninth Parliament had long been expected. It had long been expected that elections would be held, but matters have not yet come to that point, and it is not even clear that this one will not be followed by another session next year. Hill everything is in readiness as your correspondent members are flocking in threes, and the House resembles a large college summer vacation, when returning for another so much rushing about hands, glad greetings, one bent on the necessities that he expects comfortable for the session. And then, 'How session last?'

If we are to judge by the of private legislation of the Government measure brought down, it would three or four months to clear of the slate. It rests with the Opposition 106 notices of private come in; this time last were 196 notices. The pal item of the official the re-enactment of the Pacific Bill, with which tions may be made in ment between the Govern the Grand Trunk Compe alterations have been at Government and have been London by the Grand pany. The principle of remains intact; but then ing what may or may y opposition raised when i asking Parliament to sa tch. It is asserted Speech from the Throhe an outline of tariff amer will probably give rise able debate. But this is and before these lines will speech will have been pu we will know all about t programme.

There is little use in now to foreshadow any work before the legislat the details concerning economy of the House o I can beforehand, state t court, the senior member will be elected Speaker Hon. Mr. Brodeur, who the portfolio of Inland I This is about the sum information that can be this stage. On account o having no Speaker, the I ernor-General, Mr. Just reau, will summon the Co Thursday and then send to elect a Speaker. On 1 Governor-General will att the speech and open Parli an adjournment till mon in order, when the Adm moved by Mr. Grant and Mr. Rivet. This will be th commencement of the work sion.

OBITUARY—During the

THE WA

A correspondence dated Petersburg and published in York Herald thus describes tion of the Russian forces around Port Arthur. It i fows: Although almost four w elapsed since the Japanese tacked Port Arthur here, considered hardly to have t Heavy land fighting, u the fate of the campaign o not expected much before t April. By this time Russi in the field, exclusive of t army of men required to g railroads, four army co with a cavalry division a tillery brigade. All that t pended so far, or is likely t until those forces are in t considered, according to t view, to be nothing more t prologue to the real drama The crippling of the Po fleet was unfortunate, in t to the enemy the command at the very outset. It is, relatively of small import the standpoint of the main of the war, whether Por stands or falls. But as it holds out and the fleets is

MEN'S SOCIETY

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No. 5, A. O. H., OF CANADA HALL, EVG, March 17, M. SHARP

M. D. TRACEY, Sec.

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Mr. O'Reilly, Toron... a slight misapp...

age Question

by the Irish Lord... the pace for persisting...

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

THE SESSION—This week Ottawa is all agog, because the fourth session of the ninth Parliament opens.

If we are to judge by the amount of private legislation on hand and the Government measures to be brought down, it would seem as if three or four months should suffice to clear off the slate.

There is little use in attempting now to foreshadow any more of the work before the legislators. As to the details concerning the internal economy of the House of Commons, I can beforehand, state that Mr. Balcarroll, the senior member for Ottawa, will be elected Speaker to replace Hon. Mr. Brodeur, who has taken the portfolio of Inland Revenue.

OBITUARY—During the course of

last week, Mr. William O'Meara, of Pembroke, died at the Russell House here. Mr. O'Meara was in his 75th year, and had been one of the most successful pioneers Irish Catholics of the Valley of the Ottawa.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—Great preparations are being made for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, and amongst other features of the day's programme is a matinee, in St. Patrick's Hall, for the children of the city.

AN EXHIBITION.—Ottawa has been favored this year with an exceptional exhibition; it is a winter fair. The live stock producers of the Dominion are here exhibiting their best horses, cattle and other farm stock.

A LECTURE—Next week, before the d.Youville reading circle of the Rideau Street Convent, Mr. John F. Watters will deliver a lecture on the First Queen Mary. Mr. Watters has now a continental reputation as a lecturer. He is a most able man, a serious reader, a keen analyst of history and literature, a pleasant speaker and one whose lectures are calculated to instruct and to make people think—exactly what is needed in this age of bombast and sensation.

THE WAR.

A correspondence dated from St. Petersburg and published in the New York Herald thus describes the position of the Russian forces in and around Port Arthur. It is as follows:

Although almost four weeks have elapsed since the Japanese first attacked Port Arthur here, the war is considered hardly to have begun.

there it will constitute a potential menace which will restrict and hamper the Japanese operations, and the Russian are determined to defend Port Arthur as heroically as they did Sebastopol.

No large garrison will be retained there; ten thousand men are as good as one hundred thousand for defence, while the more men the more mouths to feed.

There are enough provisions there now to last eight months. In addition, there will be a division of Cosacks, with mountain guns, on the peninsula to oppose landings and harass the enemy if he succeeds in investing the city.

Viceroy Alexieff still retains his headquarters at Mukden, through which three thousand or four thousand soldiers are passing daily to the positions which the main armies will occupy. The Russians believe that for military purposes there is only one road over which the Japanese can come from Corea. All the troops landed at Chemulpo, Mokpo and Chinampo must use the Pokin road. Consequently the landings at Flaksin Bay and other places on the east coast of Northern Corea are not considered important, the absence of roads preventing these forces from combining with the main body.

river will serve to harass the enemy in every possible way, as well as hold him in check until the Russian main armies and reserves are concentrated and disposed. Sharp fighting may occur between the advance parties, but nothing of a decisive character is expected.

The Russian plans do not contemplate taking any chances on the score of inferior numbers. By sheer weight of men and guns, if nothing else, when the proper time arrives, Russia counts on overwhelming the Japanese and rolling them back through Corea.

It is realized that the vastness of the theatre of war will make the protection of the railroad, the sole means of transportation of troops and supplies from Europe, one of the most difficult phases of the Russian military problem. With the Japanese in command of the sea there is always the possibility of their landing small bodies of men in unexpected places to make incursions into the interior to cut the railroad and telegraph lines and blow up bridges but adequate measures are believed to have been taken to guard against such misfortune. It is a mistake to suppose that the Russians underestimate the prowess of their adversaries. On the contrary, they admit the fine marksmanship of the Japanese and their marvellous ability in determining ranges, yet Russians do not believe that the Japanese can face successfully the legions of the Tsar.

On the sea the maritime life of the Japanese gives them a natural advantage, but on land, where belong all the traditions of the Russian army, the men of the empire have perfect faith, born of their numerous experiences with pagan tribes and the fatalism inherent in the Russian character. They believe that Asiatics cannot meet Europeans in battle array, that a yellow race cannot triumph over a white, or heathens over Christians.

General Kuropatkin, who leave for the front on March 12, is expected to be on the ground before the real campaign opens. He has purchased milk white horses from an officer of the school to ride in the Far East, thus following the example of the famous General Skobelev, with whom he fought at the siege of Keok Tepe.

A despatch from Vladivostok, under date of the 7th inst., says: A fleet of five Japanese battleships and two cruisers appeared off this place at 1.25 o'clock this afternoon and bombarded the town and shore batteries for fifty-five minutes.

The fleet approached from the direction of Askold Island, at the east entrance of Ussuri Bay, and about 32 miles southeast of Vladivostok. Entering Ussuri Bay the enemy formed in line of battle, but did not approach to a closer range than five and one-third miles. They directed their fire against the shore batteries and the town, but no damage resulted, as most of the two hundred Lydite shells failed to burst.

The Russian batteries, commanded by Generals Veronetz and Artamonoff, did not reply, awaiting a closer approach of the enemy.

The Japanese fire ceased at 2.30 p.m., and the enemy retired in the direction of Askold Island. Simultaneously two torpedo boat destroyers approached near Askold Island and two more near Cape Maidol.

The Japanese ships were covered with ice.

The attack resulted in no loss to the Russians, but cost the enemy 200,000 roubles (\$100,000), in ammunition. Most of the projectiles were six and a half inch shells.

The population of Vladivostok was warned this morning of the presence on the horizon of a hostile fleet and of the prospect of an attack during the day, but remained tranquil.

St. Petersburg, March 6—A communication from Viceroy Alexieff to the Czar, from Mukden, bearing today's date, says:

"I most humbly inform your Majesty that the commander at the fortress at Vladivostok reports that at 8.50 this morning seven vessels were south of Askold Island. At 9.35 they were seen to be warships, making for Askold Island. About noon the enemy's squadron was about midway between the coast and Askold Island, making for Ussuri Bay. They were out of reach of the shore batteries. At 1.30 the enemy opened fire. Two vessels in the squadron were probably the first class cruisers Izumo and Yakumo, but the names of the other vessels are unknown."

Official despatches concerning the bombardment of Vladivostok by a Japanese fleet this afternoon do not

mention any Russian losses, but private advices say that four sailors and the wife of an engineer were killed. It is apparent the Japanese were afraid to risk exposing their ships to the plunging fire of the land batteries, and it is considered probable here that the attack was really to draw the fire of the Russian forts, compelling the Russians to disclose the position and calibre of their guns, and also to ascertain whether the Russian squadron is in port. If this was the Japanese purpose, it is believed to have failed signally, as the batteries did not fire a shot, and if the squadron is in port it could not be seen from the Japanese position in the Bay of Ussuri on account of the high land which rises from the coast on that side, obstructing the view of the harbor.

Cossack scouts report that a Japanese column from Flaksin Bay, on arriving at the snow-blocked defile of the mountains separating Corea from Manchuria, was forced to halt owing to avalanches and other obstacles. The scouts say that one-third of the strength of the column is invalid. It is now supposed that the column is returning for the purpose of seeking an easier route.

MISSION OF ST. PAUL.

In the columns of the "Catholic World" Magazine appears a full report of the magnificent sermon that was recently preached, on the "Mission of St. Paul," by Most Rev. John J. Keane, D.D., in the Paulist Church, New York. It would not be possible for us to give the sermon in full, but there are portions of it that are of great historical interest, and in which the life and perignations of St. Paul are so clearly and concisely set forth, that it would be a really lost opportunity were we not to reproduce them. The grand principle at the basis of the entire sermon is found in the truth that St. Paul discovered for himself and subsequently made known to the world—"That Christ is the Wisdom of God and the Power of God."

HIS BIRTH AND YOUTH.

"Tarus, his birthplace, was a Grecian city of Asia Minor. In its schools, in its assemblies, in the disputations of its public places, he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the sophistical philosophies of the day, with their influence on Greek thought and Greek habits of life. He found not in these the wisdom that he sought. Whatever glimmerings of light were in them, were not to be compared with the light of wisdom which shone in God's Revelation to Israel. Therefore did he waste no time on the obscure, the fragmentary, the uncertain, but gave all his time and all his heart to the fulness and the certainty found in the Word of God.

"Gamaliel was then the most famous teacher in Jerusalem, and Saul rested not until he was enrolled among his disciples. At that great master's feet he studied the utterances of Divine Wisdom given through Moses and David and Solomon and all the sages of Israel. From Isaiah and all the Prophets he learned of the coming Messiah, the Expected of the nations, the Desired of the everlasting hills, for whom Israel had been praying and sighing these many centuries; the Emmanuel, God with us; the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Father of the World to come, the Prince of Peace; who was soon to come to fulfil all the desires of Israel, and to make her enemies the footstool of her feet.

As the light of that wisdom grew clearer in his mind, there sprang up in his heart a burning desire to be not merely a disciple but a soldier of that all-conquering Messiah. His zeal became like that of the stern Elias, and he longed for a fiery sword, like that of the great Prophet, to smite the enemies of the Lord. He craved not only for the wisdom of the Lord but also for the power of the Lord, to overcome all gainsayers.

"Thus did he spend his years until the ripeness of manhood; and then he was enrolled and commissioned as a Scribe, a Pharisee, and a Master of the Law.

COMING OF CHRIST.—Meantime, Jesus of Nazareth had come and gone. Small heed did the eager-minded and fiery-hearted young student of the law of Moses pay to the humble ap-

parition of the Nazarene. But now that he was gone, his disciples were proclaiming that he was the Messiah, the Savior of Israel, and of the world. To Saul this declaration was a blasphemy against the Law of the Prophets, against all the wisdom of God. In the wrath of Elias he rushed forward to denounce this usurpation; to quench the lie, if necessary, in the blood of its votaries.

"Thinking that the massacre of Stephen had sufficiently inflamed the zeal of the Israelites and dampened the courage of the Christians in Jerusalem, he rushes toward Damascus with a picked troop to head off the pernicious error and hinder it from gaining a foothold among the Gentiles. And lo! at midday, a light beyond the brightness of the sun flashes on him from heaven; he (and all that are with him are stricken to the ground; and they hear a voice saying to him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goad."

"Who art thou, O Lord?" exclaims Saul. "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest. But rise up and stand on thy feet; for to this end have I appeared to thee, that I may make thee a minister and a witness of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things concerning which I shall yet appear to thee, delivering thee from the people, and from the nations unto which I now send thee, to open their eyes that they may be converted from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins and a lot among the saints, by the faith that is in me." (Acts xxvi.)

"Trembling and astonished, he exclaims: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Go into the city," answers the Lord, "and there it shall be told thee what thou must do." He rises and finds that he is blind. They lead him by the hands into the city. Three days and three nights he remains blind, neither eating nor drinking, prostrate in spirit at the feet of the Lord, dying to the pride and the self-sufficiency that have hitherto swayed him, sinking deeper and deeper into those depths of humility in which alone true nobleness of soul is developed, in which alone a man becomes fit to be the instrument of the wisdom and the power of God.

At last, Ananias comes and baptizes him, scales fall from his eyes, and his soul is illuminated by the radiance of Jesus, the Light of the World.

"Instantly he makes atonement to both the Christians and Jews of Damascus, by proclaiming his conversion and declaring to them all that

Jesus is the Son of God, the Messiah of Israel, the Savior of the world."

ST. PAUL'S PROBATION.—"But he knows full well that as yet he has no fitness to be a preacher of the Gospel. He remembers, too, the promise of the Lord, that he would appear to him again and instruct him in all that he must know and all that he must do. As soon as possible, therefore, he retires to a secluded spot in Arabia, not far from the confines of Palestine, and there he remains hidden for three years, at the feet of a greater Master than Gamaliel. There he learns how Christ is the fulfilment of the Law and the Prophets, destroying nothing but accomplishing all things. Day by day his love for Israel twines itself more and more around Jesus, his Messiah. More and more clearly does he see and understand how the Wisdom of God is summed up in the Word made flesh. And his proud soul trembles, as it did that day on the road to Damascus, while he contemplates the humiliations of the Son of God, and beholds all his cherished notions of a haughty, conquering Messiah sink out of sight in those blessed depths; and thus he comes gradually to appreciate that the abasement and the crucifixion of the Saviour of the World are the very power of God that shall break in pieces the pride and sensuality and all the waywardness of the sons of men.

"Thus does he learn his mighty lesson that Christ Crucified is the wisdom of God and the power of God. And now he is ready to begin the work to which his Divine Master has called him."

PAUL AND PETER.—"But the work of Divine Wisdom is always a work of order and sweetness. Therefore Paul's apostolate was to blend harmoniously with the Apostolic ministry already established by our Lord. By direction of a special revelation, then, he comes to Jerusalem to commune with Peter. During fifteen days each pours out his whole mind and heart to the other. Together they adore the providence of the Lord, who has clearly marked the limits of their respective ministries. The mission of Peter is especially to the children of Israel; the mission of Paul is especially to the Gentiles. Peter has universal jurisdiction as holder of the Keys of the Kingdom of Christ; Paul has a universal commission, as the Apostle of the Gentiles, to bring the scattered children of God in all the earth into the salvation of that one fold. Thus they are to work together.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

DENTIST.

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100 Pails Scotch Cured Labrador Herrings

In 20 Pails, only \$1.25 per Pail.

PEERLESS MESS MACKEREL, in 5-lb tins, \$1.25 per tin. PEERLESS MESS MACKEREL, in 10-lb tins, \$2.00 per tin. Sliced Smoked Halibut in boxes, Boneless Herrings in jars, Neufchatel Cheese, Camembert Cheese, Zimmerman's New York, Vienna Sausages and Bologna, Smoked Tongues and Smoked Breasts of Beef, Deerfoot Farm Little Sausages and Deerfoot Farm Sliced Bacon, McEwan's Portland Finnan Haddies.

California Prunes. California Prunes.

Finest extra quality for table or stewing purposes, 15 cents per pound 2 pounds for 25 cents. Fancy Evaporated Pears, 20 cents per pound. Fancy Evaporated Apricots, 20 cents per pound. Fancy Evaporated Peaches, 20 cents per pound.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA.

Only 35 cents per pound.

The Tea for the masses and the Tea for the classes. At 35 cents per pound this is the best value in Canada to-day. English Breakfast Tea 35 cents per lb. in 1-lb packages English Breakfast Tea 35 cents per lb in 5, 10 and 20 lb caddies FRASER, YIGER & CO.

Selected No. 1 King Apples.

Only 40 cents per Basket. I

For baking and stewing purposes the finest apple in the market to-day is a selected (Nova Scotia) King. Try a baked King apple, only 40 cents per large basket. Extra fancy Fameuse Apples, 25 cents per dozen. Large Valencia Oranges, only 15 cents per dozen. Jumbo Valencias, 15 cents per dozen. Seedless California Oranges, 126, 150 and 176 to the case, \$3.25 per case, 00, 40 and 50 cents per dozen.

LILAC TEA,

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THE EARLY BARDS OF IRELAND.

Few signs of the times are more grateful to the lovers of Ireland than the general interest that is being taken in the ancient music and songs of that "land of song."

Tradition has it that Amergin, the younger brother of Heber and Heremon, sons of Milesius, King of the Erin origin, accompanied the leaders Iberian Spaniards (a people of East-of these early invaders of Ireland, about five hundred years before the Christian era, in the capacity of poet and harper.

The time occupied in the education of the musicians and bards in the Druidic colleges was twelve years. Their native tongue, extremely supple and melodious, formed the basis of a lengthy special training.

At some unrecorded period a division took place in the bardic office and duties. The order was divided into four classes: The Fileas, or chief bards; the Brehons, whose duties were legislative; the Seanachies, whose functions were antiquarian and historical; and the Orlidhigs, or instrumental performers.

The Fileas were the chief poets, and were in constant attendance on the king or chief. They accompanied the king to the field of battle, surrounded by the instrumental musicians, for the purpose of describing their feats in arms; and the warrior king's highest hope was that, in returning triumphant, his name might be immortalized amongst his fellow-men, and enthroned in the fame of the bardic verse.

The Brehons assisted in framing and promulgating the laws which, at certain times, seated upon a commanding eminence (This custom still exists in the Isle of Man) they recited aloud in brief, sententious rhymes which were transmitted at first orally, and afterwards in writing by each generation of bards to their successors.

The reign of Ollamh Fodhla (B.C. 350), the twentieth of the Milesian monarchs, formed an important era in the bardic annals of the "Land of Song." This monarch was an illustrious patron of letters and the arts.

for the threefold purpose of enacting laws, of verifying the chronicles of the land, and of transcribing them into the Psalter of Tara.

The monarch's palace at Tara was famous for its music; indeed, its name means the hall of music. Its glories have been immortalized by Moore in his "Irish Melodies."

As we approach the dawn of the Christian era we find several bards, some of whose remains have been handed down to us in grave historical treatises, many centuries old. This period of Ireland's history has been rendered illustrious not less in her annals than in song as the bright period

"When her kings, with banner of green unfurled, Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger, Ere the emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger."

During the reign of Conary I. in the first century A.D., these Red-Branch Knights of Ulster became famous. Their greatest commander was Cuculainn, the mightiest of all the Irish heroes of antiquity, and the finest of the romantic stories in the "Book of Leinster" and other old Irish manuscripts, have as their subject these Red-Branch Knights. One very interesting poem is written on this hero of Cualnia by some anonymous bard. From the language and idiom, it has been pronounced by Gaelic scholars one of the oldest heroic poems in the language.

The reign of Cormac MacArt, the most illustrious of all the pagan kings of Ireland, forms another brilliant period in the annals. Among many important acts of his reign was the founding of three colleges at Tara, one for the teaching of law; one for history and literature; and the third for military science.

When Finn was on the point of being married to his first wife, Grainne she eloped with his friend Diarmuid. The wanderings of the lovers and Finn's pursuit formed a most fruitful theme for the Fena romances. Diarmuid eventually met his death from the thrust of a wild boar.

It appears that Finn was outshone by his son, Oisín, in many accomplishments, especially poetry and music. One of the Oisín's poems, to be found in the "Book of Leinster," is valuable as a record of the great battle of Gahhra (now called Skreen, near Tara), which was fought A.D. 284.

The reign of Ollamh Fodhla (B.C. 350), the twentieth of the Milesian monarchs, formed an important era in the bardic annals of the "Land of Song." This monarch was an illustrious patron of letters and the arts.

lation by the Ossianic Society in 1875—"The Lamentation of Oisín after the Fenians"—gives an account of his interview with the saint, his longings for the great pagan past, his grief at the loss of his heroic Fenian companions, and his contempt for Christianity and its professors.

To Oisín's brother, Fergus, called "Fionn," or the sweet-voiced, fell the duty of chief bard to the Fenii. He is credited with extraordinary power over the militia, who were very often disturbed by the heart-burnings of the rival sects of their respective leaders. There is a notable example of his persuasive eloquence exerted in evoking the halcyon of peace. On one occasion, when a chief was at fault, and the contention for precedence had assumed a serious aspect, and threatened such consequences that the bards had to use their utmost authority to soothe the chafed spirits of the chiefs, and pour oil upon the troubled waters.

"Hear, O Finn! thy people's voice! Trembling on our hills, we plead— Oh, let our fears to peace incline thy choice. Divide the spoil, and give the hero's mead! For bright and various is his wide renown, And war and science weave his glorious crown!"

(*Ode to Gail, the son of Morni. Translation by Miss Brooke.)

Another interesting ode by Fergus, which survives through Miss Brooke's translation of it, is a good specimen of the war songs of these far-off days. It is addressed by the bard to Ósgur, the son of Oisín, on the occasion of the battle of Gahhra. Ósgur commanded and achieved incredible but fruitless feats of heroism with his little band of Fenian militia against Cairbre, the supreme monarch of Ireland, who had determined to crush out this celebrated legion, of which he had long been jealous.

"Rise, might of Erin! rise! O Ósgur of the generous soul! Now on the foe's astonish'd eyes Let thy proud ensigns wave dismay! Now let the thunder of thy battle roll, And bear the palm of strength and victory away!"

"Son of the sire whose stroke is fate Be thou supreme; Let conquest on thy arm await In each conflicting hour; Sight let the force of adverse numbers seem, Till o'er their prostrate ranks thy shouting squadrons pour!"

"Oh, hear the voice of lofty song! Obey the bard!— Stop—stop McGarret! check his pride, And rush resistless on each regal foe! Thin their proud ranks, and give the smoking tide Of hostile blood to flow! Mark where MacCormac pours along! Rush on—retard His haughty progress! Let thy might Rise, in the dreadful fight, O'er thy prime foe supreme. And let the stream Of valor flow, Until the brandish'd sword Shall humble every haughty foe. And justice be restored. Thine be the battle—thine the sway! On, on to Cairbre hew thy conquering way, And let thy deathful arm dash safety from his side! As the proud wave, on whose broad back The storm its burden heaves, Drives on the scattered wreck, Its ruin leaves; So let thy sweeping progress roll Fierce, resistless, rapid, strong; Pour, like the billow of the flood, O'erwhelming along!"

The last of the pagan bards was Torna. He was chief doctor and arch-bard at the close of the fourth and the beginning of the fifth century. He fostered Niall of the Nine Hostages—one of the most accomplished and ambitious warriors of all the Irish monarchs. Eugene O'Curry gives an interesting account of such of Torna's poems as have come down to our day, amongst the most valuable being one enumerating the great men interred at Rathcroghan, County of Roscommon.

The introduction in the early part of the fifth century, of the light of Christianity to Ireland, far from proving prejudicial to the pagan bards, only served to give a more exalted direction to their powers; for the music of the bards had a very powerful and controlling influence on the character and impulses of the people, and the bards themselves were prepared and attuned by the refining strains of their own sweet music for the reception of the truth; they listened eagerly to the inspired eloquence of the Apostle Patrick at Tara, were the first to abandon Druidism, and spent the rest of their days diffusing the more elevating faith: In fact, music was a powerful agent in the conversion of the people, for as music flowed into their ears, truth was instilled into their hearts.

Two of the most celebrated bards of the next century—the sixth—were Dallan Forgaill and Senchan. The compositions of Dallan are continually referred to by Eugene O'Curry in his work on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish; the best known is his elegy on the death of St. Columille. He died about A.D. 600, and was succeeded as chief poet of Ireland by his pupil Senchan. He was a native of Connaught. Of his poems his "Lament" over the dead body of Dallan is best known. How the spirit of the renowned chief, Fergus McRoigh, is fabled to have revealed to Senchan's only son, Murgan, the whole of the celebrated tale of the Tain Bo Chualgúe (Cattle Spoil of Cualgúe) is beautifully told in Sir Samuel Ferguson's "Fain Quest," one of the Lays of the Western Gael.

From the natural fondness of the Irish for music, and the great honors and privileges that were extended to the bards, their numbers swelled to such an extent that about this period they comprised nearly a third of the male population. No one had any control over them, and from being idolized by every one, from the king to the peasant, they came at length to be regarded as a crying national evil. Besides burdensome to the state, because of their numbers, they had rendered themselves so odious to the nobility, whom they did not scruple to lampoon, that they were three times requested by Aedh, son of Ainmire, High King, of all Ireland to quit the country; but the province of Ulster defended them against the vengeance of the other Irish. At length a convention was called at Druceat in Donegal, about the year 610, at which the momentous question of their banishment was discussed, and only for the timely arrival of Columille from Scotland, this would have been decided upon. On the saint's proposition it was agreed that the numbers of the bards should be reduced, so that every high king should have his own ollamh, every provincial king his own ollamh and each great noble his own poet. The bards were allowed a piece of land free, and were to be protected from harm or damage to their person or goods. The convention also passed a law as to the reward which the poets were to receive for their poems, and were forbidden to ask or take a greater.

Columille was born with a love for the music of ancient Erin, and greatly revered the old poets and musicians who sang of the brave deeds of their kings and heroes. Tre-

Indeed, the music of Ireland was precisely one of the many charms that acted so potently on the Norman English who came into contact with the people. John of Salisbury, writing in the twelfth century, says of the Irish: "The attention of these people to musical instruments, I find worthy of commendation." So too we find the Italian historian, Polydore Virgil, at the end of the sixteenth century, loud in his praises of the skill and elegance, the accuracy and rapidity of execution of the instrumental performers in Ireland. Well he might, for did not Lord Bacon say also that "no harpe hath the sound so melting and prolonged as the Irish harpe."

The harp is peculiarly adapted to express the language of song. No one who has heard it well played could be callous to its charms. Notwithstanding the assertions of some Scottish and English writers, the harp is indigenous to Ireland; purely and simply, it has been the national musical instrument from the dawn of Irish history. Some writers have asserted that the Irish harp was a crude instrument of small compass and incapable of any but commonplace effects. This is, as we know, wholly disproved by many old harps in preservation. Among the most historic is the harp of Brian Boru, which is noted for its elegance of symmetry and artistic beauty. The several old harps in preservation prove further that the Irish makers of harps had a good knowledge of acoustics, for the best authority, Dr. George Petrie, tells us that from 1622, when the magnificent Dallway harp, which has fifty-two strings, was constructed, back to the Anglo-Norman invasion in 1169, the Irish bards were in possession of harps of sufficient power and compass to produce those instrumental effects so highly eulogized by Giraldus Cambrensis and other historians. Strange to say, the power of Irish music was the cause of its decay; for during the reign of the Henrys and Elizabeth the bardic spirit was largely extinguished in Ireland. We know that Queen Elizabeth passed stringent laws against the bards. In the year 1541 a law was made by a

parliament assembled in Limerick that "any person who shall make verses to any one after God on earth, except the King," should have his goods confiscated. A bard in those days would sometimes receive about £300 for a poem from the nobles of the country. Almost every prince noble, or great family had a special bard employed to write poems in their praise. With the independence of the northern chieftains in the middle of the seventeenth century were lost the castles and lordly homes where the minstrels flourished. The occupation of the bards was gone, and with it almost the sources of the world's loveliest melodies all but died out. The soldiers of Cromwell, and the thrifty settlers sent over by the London trading companies were not concerned with such things as poetry and music.

A famous Ulster poet named O'Guire, chief bard to the O'Neils of Clanboy, about the year 1620, sang the following lament on the downfall of the bards:

"Fall'n the land of learned men, The bardic band is fallen; None now learn a song to sing, For long our fern is fading, Scant the schools made hearts to stir In Ulster's land and Leinster, Southward 'tis so, nine in ten, From fine and foe have fallen, Connacht, crafty forge of song, Is also hurried headlong; Doom and gloom has hushed the heart. For us no room, no rampart."

But the musical genius of the Irish could not be wholly suppressed. "The charms of song," says Moore, "were embossed with the glories of martyrdom, and the laws against the minstrels were as successful beyond doubt in making my countrymen musicians as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholic." In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there were several bards of note. Donough Mor O'Daly, lord-abbot of Boyle ("The Ovid of Ireland"); O'Cassidy, a learned historical poet; O'Dun, bard to the Prince of Leinster; Conway, chief bard to the O'Donnells of Tyrone; and Carol O'Daly (brother of the poet abbot), the author of the beautiful song "Eileen Aroon," which contains more music in fewer notes than almost any other lyric in existence. Handel is stated to have declared that he would rather be the author of that simple air than of all his grand oratorios.

During the Fifteenth century few bards of any note illuminated the annals of our country. The bards, as we have said, were a proscribed race now, and the chiefs whose deeds it had once been their pride to sing were fallen from their high estate, like mighty oaks prostrated upon their hills by the strife of the elements; the halls that had resounded to their song were silent and deserted. But the spirit of Irish minstrelsy only slumbered. The bards struck their harps in solitude, and in plaintive strains mourned over the desolation of their loved land, until the stirring events of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made those sons of song once more break forth into extemporaneous rhapsody on the glories of their land, and call on their countrymen to

"Burst the foreign yoke as their sires did of yore, Or die like their sires, and endure it no more."

Among the principal bards of this period may be mentioned Teige MacDary, bard of the O'Briens of Thomond; O'Hussey, last hereditary lord of the Maguires of Fermanagh (who, when a mere lad, celebrated in verse the escape of Hugh Roe O'Donnell from Dublin Castle; Malmurry Ward, one of the bards of the O'Neils and O'Donnells; Owen Roe Ward, who left the beautiful ode on the deaths of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell (which has been so beautifully turned into English verse by Clarence Mangan); Maurice O'Dugan, the author and composer of "The Coolin"; and Thomas O'Sonnellan, who united to the most unrivalled skill on the harp high excellence as a poet. Many of his melodies were introduced into Scotland, and have continued, under different titles, among the most popular airs of what has been termed Scottish music. Of these

Nearly all the poetical products of this period were, of course, with the political spirit of the time, they would require explaining nowadays. Some Jacobite songs are still remembered and sung in Ireland, songs Irish and Scottish origin. Songs are more pathetic in melody, the Scotch the stirring and bold. The Irish used to clothe the aspirant people for freedom in a dress. Erin, the goddess bards' worship, is often represented as a beautiful maiden, who within the grasp of the opulent all the wealth of his language, depended in praise of her constancy, her sufferings, an ancient glory. Her metonymies were many: "Roisiannae Uaile," "Drum" etc.; in this disguise the bardic voice to his patriotic passion to an earthly mistress.

But all these bards must first place to Turlogh O'Carolan, the first of the famous minstrels and harpers—whose genius flourished in the Irish people in the sixteenth century. This well-known was born in Nobber (County Dub.) in 1670, of humble parents. Education was confined almost exclusively to the Irish language, and the O'Connors of Beragh interested themselves in directing the mental improvement of the youthful bard. While youth he lost his sight during a attack of the smallpox, which deprived him of the aid of his harp then became his companion and solace; and a twentieth year he commenced professional minstrel by visiting "houses of" the nobility throughout the country. His taste and feeling in music him a hearty welcome in parlor, where he was always as a guest, as he maintained the dignity of his profession, and above receiving any pecuniary remuneration. He composed beautiful airs, had a wonderful memory, and extraordinary improvisation. He was at the poet, a musician, a composer, sang his own verses to the Goldsmith, in one of his essays, tells us that being of the house of an Irish noble where there was a musician who was eminent in his profession immediately challenged to a trial of skill. To carry forward, the host persuaded sician (Gemini), a famous violinist) to accept the challenge and accordingly played on his fiddle the fifth "concerto" of Vivaldi. Carolan, immediately upon his harp, played over the piece after him, without miss note, though he had never before, which produced some but their astonishment when he assured them that, make a concerto in the same himself, which he instantly did.

Carolan's compositions are to have numbered in all about thousand. His muse delight expatiated on the theme of fevelness. The exigencies of space only allow me to give the name of a few of his beautiful lyrics in description; so I must refer to the translations of the Sir Samuel Ferguson, Miss and to Hardiman's Irish Melodies for "Bridget Cruise," "Mill Kelley," "O'More's Fair Day" or the Hawk of Ballyshannon "Monody on the Death of Henry" and "Grace Nugent."

In 1738 Carolan was bereft of wife, and five years later he was away at the age of sixty-eight, that his hours were numbered; the blind bard called for help, and in the excitement of what felt to be a final effort, produced "Farewell to Music," to which gave an expression so cap and touching as to dissolve sent to tears.

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may be mentioned "The Battle of Killiecrankie," and the "Farewell to Lochaber"—the original titles of which were "Planxty Davis" and the "Breach of Aughrim."

Nearly all the poetical productions of this period were, of course, tinged with the political spirit of the times. The two principal Jacobite bards were John O'Neachtan, of Meath, and John Clarragh MacDonnell, of Charleville. The numerous songs termed Jacobite were originally party songs, and were chiefly written in a sort of allegorical style; and though the allusions were obvious to every one at the time, they would require much explaining nowadays. Some of these Jacobite songs are still remembered and sung in Ireland, songs both of Irish and Scottish origin. The Irish songs are more pathetic in words and melody, the Scotch the more stirring and bold. The Irish bards used to clothe the aspirations of the people for freedom in a figurative dress. Erin, the goddess of the bards' worship, is often represented as a beautiful maiden, who has fallen within the grasp of the oppressor,—all the wealth of his language is expended in praise of her charms, her constancy, her sufferings, and her ancient glory. Her metaphorical names were many: "Roisin Dhu," "Grainne Uaile," "Drimin Dhu," etc.; in this disguise the bards gave voice to their patriotic passion as if to an earthly mistress.

But all these bards must yield first place to Turlough O'Carolan, the last of the famous minstrels—bards and harpers—whose genius fired the souls of the Irish people in the past centuries. This well-known harper was born in Nobber (County Meath) in 1670, of humble parents. His education was confined almost exclusively to the Irish language. The family of the O'Connors of Belanagare interested themselves in directing and promoting the mental improvement of the youthful bard. While still a youth he lost his sight during an attack of the smallpox, which for ever deprived him of the aid of books. His harp then became his constant companion and solace; and in his twentieth year he commenced as a professional minstrel by visiting the houses of the nobility and gentry throughout the country. His great taste and feeling in music insured him a hearty welcome in palace and cabin, where he was always treated as a guest, as he maintained the dignity of his profession, and was above receiving any pecuniary remuneration. He composed many beautiful airs, had a wonderful memory, and extraordinary powers of improvisation. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sang his own verses to his harp. Goldsmith, in one of his charming essays, tells us that being once at the house of an Irish nobleman, where there was a musician present who was eminent in his profession, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of skill. To carry the jest forward, the host persuaded the musician (Geminian), a famous Italian violinist) to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the fifth "concerto" of Vivaldi. Carolan, immediately taking up his harp, played over the whole piece after him, without missing a note, though he had never heard it before, which produced some surprise; but their astonishment increased when he assured them that he could make a concerto in the same taste himself, which he instantly composed.

Carolan's compositions are stated to have numbered in all about two thousand. His muse delighted to expatiate on the theme of female loveliness. The exigencies of space will only allow me to give the names of a few of his beautiful lyrics of this description; so I must refer the reader to the translations of them by Sir Samuel Ferguson, Miss Brooke, and to Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy for "Bridget Cruise," "Mild Mahel Kelley," "O'More's Fair Daughter, or the Hawk of Ballyshannon," "Monody on the Death of His Wife" and "Grace Nugent."

In 1733 Carolan was bereft of his wife, and five years later he passed away at the age of sixty-eight. Feeling that his hours were numbered, the blind bard called for his harp, and, in the excitement of what he felt to be a final effort, produced his "Farewell to Music," to which he gave an expression so captivating and touching as to dissolve all present to tears. Much of his beautiful music is scattered to the four winds of heaven. At intervals since 1721 about two hundred of his pieces have appeared. Bunting roughly estimates the entire number at two thousand. Will the remainder of these priceless gems ever be brought to light? Have we

lost the key to these ennobling strains? Will a day come when the Irish people will cultivate once more their ancient music, as the Welsh are doing at their Eistedfods, and the Scots by their devotion to the incomparable music of their Highlands? All three have in common the spirit of the music that was sung before the Knights of the Round Table, that aroused the courage of Roderick Dhu and Wallace, and fired with immortal bravery many an Irish soldier on a thousand fields of battle—Robert M. Sillard, in the Catholic World Magazine.

Bishop Whiteside On Parental Duty.

The Right Rev. Dr. Whiteside (Bishop of Liverpool) paid his visit to St. Augustine's Church, Preston, last week end, and on Sunday evening delivered his visitation address to a crowded congregation, who listened with deep interest to his remarks. His Lordship said that in studying the life, passion, and death of our Lord, we must often have been struck by the value which He set upon an immortal soul. In addition to His own sufferings, for the souls of mankind, God had instituted the Church, priesthood, and sacraments in order to assist the soul to save its life. All this showed us that we had a serious duty to the souls of those with whom we mixed with every day, and if this were true of those towards whom we had not any special duty except in charity, how much was it true of those towards whom we had serious responsibilities? If this applied to anyone, it applied to parents with regard to their children. Both father and mother had serious obligations which neither could shirk. Each was bound to support the other. At the same time, as a rule, the responsibility of the father rested more upon him when the children grew into their teens, and got out of the mother's control, while that of the mother was at the time when the children were young, and their minds impressionable as wax, when every word and action had an influence on them. Therefore he (the Bishop) considered no responsibility greater than the mother's, for they all knew how children drank the example given; even when the mother went about her household duties, or spoke to a child's brother and sister it observed her, and she was its one authority. She should realize that responsibility, and if through her fault, by word or action, the child's soul was injured or lost, at the door of that mother lay the responsibility, and she would have to answer to God for it. She should teach her children by word about God. How many mothers hesitate to speak to children about God and their religious duties? Some taught them their prayers as though teaching them a lesson, but a mother should feel she had to influence her children by word and example.

He was afraid there was a certain number of mothers everywhere, and unfortunately they were on the increase, who gave bad examples to their children by drink, he did not say drunkenness, because that would be an extreme case. They knew that was a sin which excluded from the Kingdom of Heaven, and that a mother must lose all sense of decency and responsibility when she drank; but he meant those who drank a little now and then more than they should do. Those were the ones who did the harm to their children, family and themselves. First of all, they incurred responsibility before God for wasting money. How many people at the present day did not realize their responsibility with regard to money? Some people seemed to think they could do what they liked with what they earned. Of course, they had a strict right to it with regard to man, but they had not with regard to God, who gave them strength to obtain it. God would allow them to use their earnings for legitimate recreation, but after that they could not squander it as they wished. They would have to render a strict account of everything spent in that way. Again, how often did they injure their health? They would also have to answer to God if they shortened their lives through dissipation or excess of drinking. But these were secondary considerations. They were injuring their own souls, and also giving scandal to their little ones. What a shock a child got when it saw its mother had gone too far in the matter of drinking. Mothers could not be too particular about this; but unfortunately there were too many indulging in the habit in these days. They should avoid those who were inclined to

lead them into the temptation of it.

Parents had also another duty with regard to their children. When they reached a marriageable age, if they wished to marry a non-Catholic, they would probably tell the parents that they were sure the one they wished to marry would become a Catholic after the marriage. Against this His Lordship warned parents, quoting from the statistics of the parish of St. Augustine's figures showing that in their congregation at present there were 233 persons who had contracted mixed marriages. No doubt, the Bishop said, in the generality of the cases the Catholic had expected the Protestant to turn a Catholic, but out of these 233, 21 had become converted, while in 15 cases the conversions had been the other way, the Catholic turning Protestant. In that congregation there were 140 children of mixed marriages being brought up as Protestants. He blamed many mothers for these things. How often mothers were weak on this subject. If they did not help, at least they connived at it. If the Catholics would only stiffen their backs and force the non-Catholics to become Catholics before marriage they would thus make many converts.

His Lordship then spoke strongly about Catholics marrying at the registrar's office, and in Protestant Churches, and said they had far too many in that congregation who had contracted marriage outside the Catholic Church. He compared this to a child running away from home where her parents had always lavished kindnesses upon her to get married. Perhaps the parents would in time forgive her, but would they continue to treat her as before? Certainly not. And so these people could not expect God to continue to lavish his blessings on them as if they had contracted marriage in their own Church.—London Universe.

The Redemptorists In France.

The Paris correspondent of the Dublin Freeman says:

"The Redemptorists continue to maintain a bold and firm attitude, like the Barnabites of Paris, in presence of M. Combes and his myrmidons. Father Riblier, formerly Superior of the Redemptorists at Sables d'Olonnes, on the French western coast, is still in conflict with the government bailiff who has to collect fines and taxes. This emergency parson wanted Father Riblier to notify the Redemptorists who had been proceeded against the fines which they had been condemned. The venerable Redemptorist replied that his brethren were no longer with him. Three lodged in the towns so as to avoid judicial proceedings, and the others have gone to countries wherein they find much more liberty than in France." Father Riblier facetiously added that he could send the notifications to the Redemptorists who had gone to the lands of liberty; but, unfortunately from the bailiff's point of view, he was not a local, Parisian, or international postman, nor did he see why he should render such a service to the government which a bailiff so worthily represented. The bailiff has threatened to have recourse to the gendarmes, but Father Riblier says he does not mind the gendarmes in the least, and that he would rather enjoy going to prison."

Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C.

Information relating to any of the patents cited will be cheerfully furnished free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

- No. 87,118—Frank Whitcomb, Smith's Falls, Ont., threshing machine.
- 85,486—Joseph V. Martel, L'Assomption, Que., acetylene gas generator.
- 85,554—Messrs. Picard & Bureau, Quebec, Que., automatic pump.
- 85,566—Gavin Shaw, Lindenwood, Ont., feed trough.
- 85,567—Theodore H. Strehlow, Chicago, Ill., clothes pole tip.
- 85,603—Bohn D. Landers, Winniweg, Man., train signal.
- 85,631—Wm. S. Bagley, Lorne, Que., wire stretcher.
- 85,712—Messrs. Michaud & Desjardins, Montreal, Que., sleigh.

A ST. PATRICK'S CROSS.

"What a typical March day," said young Mrs. Loughlin, glancing between the curtains of a dressing-room window, which was now further muffled by the haze of the atmosphere within.

Only a sense of maternal duty assisted the lady in this, her unaccustomed effort at early rising, for notwithstanding all the luxurious accessories of fleecy gown and turred shoulder wrap, her imagination persuaded her that the chill of the outer world must certainly be noticeable within the shelter of her luxurious home. The gilded time-piece on her dresser told her that it still lacked some minutes to seven, and she had promised—in fact proposed—that at seven o'clock she should be ready to take the nurse's place by the bedside of her own small son, now convalescing from a tedious illness—"Miss Keating has been so self-sacrificing while dear Gerald really needed her"—Mrs. Keating explained to her husband—"that I could not but offer to do this when she spoke of wishing to go out early this morning, and yet being unwilling to have Gerald perhaps wake up during her absence."

"I should think Winnie or the new maid could have taken her place, if you had arranged it so," remarked Mr. Loughlin, accustomed to his wife's partiality for late rising. "They were going out, too; I forgot to ask them why, but I know it was to Church, and I am sure I heard them pass downstairs before daylight. This is not Sunday! What is it, Jim?" With her hand on the doorknob, Mrs. Loughlin waited her husband's reply, and in the instant's pause realized, too, that she was perhaps breaking a settled rule of her married life, which was never to recall to his mind the religion or religious observances he had apparently committed to oblivion since their wedding day.

His hesitation in answering her question was no affectation.

The Hon. James Loughlin, capitalist and politician, had managed to forget many things with which Jimmie Loughlin, the bright faced Irish immigrant of twenty years before, was pleasantly familiar.

"Let me see—yesterday was March the 16th, was it not? This is the 17th! O, this is Patrick's Day—an Irish holiday; is the girls like to go to Church, I suppose!"

"I should say they did!" thought Mrs. Loughlin, as she hastened through the dim hallway to her apartment. "They must like to or they would never venture out on such a morning as this."

Pretty Miss Keating, the trained nurse, was a Catholic too, and always during Gerald's illness, arrangements were made for her attendance at Sunday Mass. Now she stood outside of the sickroom, drawing on her warm gloves, while she waited the mother's coming.

"I am sure he will trouble you any," she whispered, "but may not wake before I come in, but I thought it was best to be certain."

"O of course I shall enjoy sitting with him now that I am really awake, but must you go to your Church this cold morning? Would not the afternoon do; can I take your place then just as well?"

"Thank you for the offer, it is not at all compulsory for us to go to Church to-day, but father and mother—they are both dead now, said the pretty nurse sadly—liked to keep this day as it was kept in their old home. They always went to Mass and took us, too, and now I like to offer a Holyday Mass for them."

Mrs. Loughlin did not quite understand, but she said no more, only when sitting idly beside the sleeping child, whom even the rustling of the morning paper might disturb, she continued the train of thought started by this simple evidence of her employees' devotion to their parents' faith. Why did it mean so much to them and apparently nothing to her own husband? Was it because worldly success and riches sufficed as a substitute? Not in all cases, she knew, for there was their neighbor, Judge Grace—moneyed, influential, with the added prestige of descent and inherited position, and he was the acknowledged pillar of that same little Church, frequented by Winnie, the cook, and Margaret Keating. Indeed she had heard the former refer casually to Judge Grace "taking up the Sunday collection" there, and it was well understood that from his private purse were supplied the deficiencies of Church income. It was true, she reflected, that her Presbyterian father, whose helping hand had assisted young James Loughlin to his sudden rise, might have refused his daughter to an aggressive Catholic, as was Judge Grace, for instance. In her heart she owned that it would have been embarrassing dur-

ing the days of courtship and engagement, to introduce into the gay circle where she moved a lover of such straight laced tendencies as Catholics must needs possess.

"Jim" had been simply perfect in this light, never mentioning religion that she could recall, and since their marriage he was equally satisfactory. Only once she remembered—when Gerald was extremely ill, the father had spoken some incoherent words, in which mention of his own sins and his boy's baptism were strangely mixed, but then he was entirely unstrung by excitement and suspense, and Miss Keating had led him from the room and talked soothingly to him in the library while his wife stayed with the relieving nurse, to await the doctor's verdict.

With such thoughts as these, which meant little and led nowhere, Mrs. Loughlin was engaged until the nurse's pleasant voice sounded on her ear, and she roused herself to report that the little patient had hardly moved during his mother's watch, and that his sleep was so tranquil she would not even kiss him lest he be disturbed.

A gloomy day of rain and chill verified the morning's threat, and Mrs. Loughlin welcomed gladly that afternoon hour with her little son, allowed her by the doctor's rules. She found him bright and merry despite the weakness that still remained, and now quite busy, arranging against the white counterpane, and amongst the snowy pillows of his bed, the many toys and knick-knacks with which he had learned to while away the long hours of his unoccupied day. In a curtained alcove of the big room, the nurse sat, arranging the contents of a neat portfolio, in anticipation of her nearing departure from the house where she had spent almost the entire winter.

"Miss Margaret gave me these pictures, mother!" the patient announced gleefully, "fast as she found them in her box, and I'm to keep them all 'cepting just this one, and it belonged to Miss Margaret's mother, so of course she must keep that."

With a child's instinctive delicacy, the little fellow lowered his voice while he drew the special picture from its yellowed envelope and held it towards his mother. "It isn't just a picture, is it?" he said in a puzzled way. "Soon as Miss Margaret is through writing, she will tell me about it."

"And she may tell me, too, pet, for I do not know what sort of picture it is. What is this, Miss Margaret?" Mrs. Loughlin asked, lifting between her jewelled fingers the circle of stiff white paper, on which was laid a cross formed by bright colored ribbon outlined by shining beads.

"O! that," answered the nurse, coming forward—"is something I meant to explain to Gerald; it is called a 'Patrick's Cross'; in my dear mother's time all the Irish children wore such 'crosses' on their shoulders on St. Patrick's Day; this is St. Patrick's Day," she added in an explanatory tone.

"So Mr. Loughlin told me this morning," said Gerald's mother, still examining the Patrick's Cross with interest. "Perhaps he remembers—" As she spoke the heavy portieres that helped to exclude all household noises from this quiet room were parted quickly and Mr. Loughlin stepped to his little son's bedside.

"See, father," exclaimed Gerald, even while he lifted his face for the kiss of greeting. "This is a Patrick's Cross the Irish boys and girls wear them to-day, Miss Margaret says."

"I do not know that they wear them to-day, dear," corrected Mrs. Margaret gently, "they wore them when my mother was a little girl there."

"And what is their meaning? A badge of some sort?" inquired Mrs. Loughlin, who as a member of the most advanced women's literary club in the city, was naturally "keen" on folk lore.

"Well, a badge of Catholicity, I suppose we should say," Miss Keating answered. "The cross is the central idea. That was St. Patrick's gift to Ireland, of course, and so while the men wear the shamrock, because he used its leaf in explaining the Holy Trinity, the little folks wear the pretty Patrick's crosses as a kind of pledge, I think, that they, too, would follow the Faith he taught."

Perhaps for the moment, Miss Margaret forgot her surroundings, and that while Gerald's mother was not a Catholic, Gerald's father should be one, a fact she had learned in the days of Gerald's danger; at all events two auditors listened to her attentively now, the child with parted lips holding out an eager hand to receive the treasure from his father's hand—the mother fingering the pencil on her dainty chateleine as though

eager to note down this new item for her club paper.

But the father, the busy man, who found it difficult to spare these few afternoon moments to the boy he idolized—why did he not relinquish the badge at once, and proceed with his usual inquiries regarding the patient?

His delay and silence attracted his wife's attention.

"Have you ever seen one before, dear?" she inquired, divining easily enough, that her silent husband was deeply moved.

"I have worn such a Patrick's cross," he answered—not hesitating now, as he had done in the morning when she questioned about the holiday—"It was pinned on my breast by a mother who would rather have seen me lifeless at her feet, than to know that I should live to deny it."

There were tears surely in his voice but the listeners could not see his eyes, for he rose quickly and passed from the room, laying the "cross" gently on his boy's pillow.

There was no use in trying to ignore the happening, so Miss Keating turned to the wife who had also risen as if to follow.

"I am more sorry than words can tell," she said, "but how could I foresee this?"

"There is no need to be sorry or embarrassed at all, Miss Margaret. Come to me, when Gerald can spare you, and we will talk about it; tell him now, something more of the customs of his father's country, for father is so busy, he had to hurry away to-day."

In the library Mrs. Loughlin found, as she expected, a distressed and unmoved man, in whom his associates would never have recognized the darling organizer of financial and political parties.

"Tell me what this means, Jim," she said bravely, without any attempt to ignore the situation, and the man who had been so long sunk in the depths of moral cowardice recognized the challenge and rose to it.

"It means that I see myself this moment as God's angels see me—that pitiful thing—a renegade from the Faith in which I must always believe! I wore the Patrick's Cross: the childish pledge that Miss Keating speaks of, and to-day when I touched these faded ribbons, they seemed like scorpions, stinging me into remembrance of my dastardly sin! Oh, what am I to do?"

"Perhaps I am not competent to answer that question," replied the weeping wife, "but I know where it can be answered—you can go to the Church where Winnie and Miss Margaret go, and the priest there who seems to solve all their difficulties will help you?"

"O, my wife, you do not even yet understand what a traitor I have been. When Gerald appeared almost lost to us, I vowed that if he were spared—I should do something—I hardly know what, but I meant baptism for him in the Catholic Church. Miss Keating heard my promise."

"Let us call her, then—perhaps she can help," and at Mrs. Loughlin's call the nurse came, looking pale and disturbed for all her efforts to conceal matters from little Gerald. She listened to the wife's few words of explanation, for Mr. Loughlin, with his head resting on the carved mantel against which he leaned, made no sign at her entrance.

"And now for my confession," said the nurse firmly. "I had meant to defer it a few days longer, but it may ease your conscience, Mr. Loughlin, to know that I saw to the fulfilment of your vow. Gerald was baptized during that dreadful spell of unconsciousness, on my assurance to the priest, whom I called in that day while Mrs. Loughlin was forced to rest, that you, his father, not only consented, but had promised God it should be done. From that hour I, for one, date his recovery."

"Thank God," came from the lips of Gerald's father, and then he turned to his wife, "You will not blame Miss Keating for this, Louise?"

"There is no room for blame," was the answer, "rather should I remember with gratitude that my boy was miraculously restored. I do not understand the Faith that is so much to Miss Margaret, and was so much to your mother, but I am satisfied to have my boy trained in it, if his father leads the way."

And so it was that through a Patrick's Cross of "faded green and tarnished gold," one weakling was restored to the fold of his fathers where entered with him the cherished darling of his home, and where, too, there came later for admission, the wife whom that Patrick's Day experience changed into an earnest and conscientious seeker after Truth.—Margaret M. Halvey in the Orphan's Friend.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE NEW BOY,—“You had better eat meat, you know, Rodgers,” said Monks.

“Monks is a terror,” whispered another, “you had better.”

“I can’t,” expostulated Rodgers. “Catholics can’t eat meat on Fridays.”

“But you’ll have to,” continued Monks.

“I shan’t,” was the quite answer.

“See here,” said Monks, “if you don’t I’ll make you. We shall stand none of your bigotry here.”

“Try.”

Monks reflected, made a mental estimation of the newcomer’s fighting powers, and seemed to hesitate, then stammered: “Well, I would, only I don’t like to hurt you.”

Rodgers smiled. He was a newcomer of Seaforth’s Boarding School.

Seaforth’s, you know, was one of the most successful schools in the colony.

It was a Presbyterian school, but professed to be perfectly impartial in matters of religion.

To this academy Willie Rodgers was sent by a father who was ambitious that his son should carve his name on the future history of Australia.

Mrs. Rodgers ventured to expostulate. She had been so careful of her son’s training from the cradle that she looked with some anxiety to the prospects of his living in such an un-Catholic atmosphere as a Presbyterian school.

Her husband was inflexible.

“My dear,” he said to her “you shut your eyes to Willie’s best interests. The boy has talent, remarkable talent, and it would be unfair to him as to ourselves if we were to deprive him of the advantages of such an education as may be had at Seaforth’s.

There are already plenty of Catholics there. Major Hardy told me last summer he was sending his two boys there.”

So Willie was sent to Seaforth’s, late in the term, too, which caused every one to talk of the newcomer.

He had been put on to bowl at cricket the first day and took Monk’s wicket the first over.

Every one was delighted except Monks, for Monks was a bit of a bully, and was, of course, secretly hated by the boys.

His first night, the newcomer knelt down by his bedside to say his night prayers, as was his unfailing custom.

There was a titter in the dormitory. Some on threw a pillow at him, another hit him with a sponge; but he didn’t appear to mind.

Monks hit him with a slipper. That hurt. “Twas mean, too,” Rodgers seemed vexed when he looked around, and Monks pretended to be engaged with his toothbrush, but the night prayers were finished without further interruption.

This was the beginning of it, but the real trouble came on Friday.

On Friday the newcomer found that no provision had been made for any one who did not wish to eat meat. The dishes came one after another, but, with one exception of some vegetables and a potato, he found there was nothing he could eat.

This was hard for a hungry youth like himself. Potatoes and vegetables are never satisfactory in such a case.

It was still harder to see his neighbors on all sides watching his evident discomfort. They were staring and sneering at him so.

He could hear whispered remarks and polite inquiries about his health and appetite.

He felt the shame burning on his cheeks at so much attention being paid to him, yet it no more occurred to him to eat meat than to cut off his head.

At length Monks, the biggest boy at the table, took it upon himself to compel the newcomer to eat his meat.

His attempt failed ingloriously, as we have seen above.

After dinner Rodgers found himself in the midst of a crowd of boys regarding him with feelings of mixed wonder and curiosity, as the boy who cheeked Monks and refused to eat meat on Friday.

“What a silly boy he is,” he overheard one say.

“Oh, yes, a little bigot,” responded another; “this is the first time a Catholic refused to take what he got on Friday. We’ll soon teach him better.”

“Oh, let him alone,” said a bigger boy, who had just formed the group.

“He will soon get tired of his abstinence. He will eat meat like the rest of us next Friday. Let the youngster alone. It’s not quite fair to a newcomer.”

The majority of the boys began to feel ashamed of themselves, and hurried off to their cricket and tennis, leaving their recent victim in peace.

He repeated, more than once, “He will eat meat like the rest, next Friday. Why, what a stupid lot of Juffers they are, he thought, not to

know that a Catholic can’t eat meat on Friday. But I wonder if it is true that the Catholics here eat meat.

Here comes Hardy. I’ll ask him.”

Hardy had been a distant, former acquaintance, and had acted as the newcomer’s patron since his arrival.

Rodgers’ surprise when this young man at Seaforth’s. Great, then, was gentleman called out:—

“What the dickens did you want to make such a fool of yourself in the refectory to-day? The sooner you drop such nonsense and do as every one else does the better. I thought you were a fellow of some sense.”

“Sure, Hardy, you don’t mean to say that you eat meat to-day, Friday?”

“Why, you little idiot, do you suppose one can live on potatoes and bread? One can abstain on Friday at home if he likes, but in Rome one must do as the Romans do. Have a little sense in future, Rodgers.”

“And you call yourself a Catholic, Hardy?”

There was such a degree of contempt in the voice and gesture of the newcomer that Hardy blushed for very shame.

Muttering something about narrow-minded bigotry, he hurried away to hide his confusion.

As Rodgers knelt by his bed that night he was assailed with quite a shower of stockings, sponges, pillows etc. Without showing the slightest alarm or irritation, he finished his prayers.

Many whispered from their beds, “the newcomer is a plucky fellow, anyway.” Henceforth he was seldom disturbed at his devotions.

There was trouble yet in store for him. He found next day that many of his friends looked coldly at him; some even refused to let him join in the games, alleging that they wanted no bigots there.

He found a few, indeed—and in every school such a few will be found—who showed him some kindness and defended him from the worst of his enemies, though they persisted in advising him to give in.

But what grieved him above all was that he had to suffer most from his fellow-Catholics. They persecuted him most unrelentingly, and tried to make his life as miserable as they could.

They little knew the strong character they had to deal with. Rodgers weathered this storm. He had many qualities that endeared him to the schoolboy heart.

Sharp and quick of intellect in class, in the play ground he promised to become a champion. He was overflowing, too, with good nature, which no amount of annoyance could stamp out.

Before many days had passed he was popular among an ever-widening circle of friends. Friday came, however, bringing with it a fresh load of troubles.

There was some excitement in the refectory as all eyes were fixed on the newcomer to see if he would stick to his colors. The soup was passed to him.

“Go it, Rodgers, or ’twill be worse for you,” said Monks.

“Don’t be an ass, Rodgers,” Hardy shouted up from the end of the table.

“He’s a bigoted little chap,” they said, “but he has plenty of grit. If they let him alone he will do just as the others do after a time.”

But Willie Rodgers did not do as did the others. Friday following Friday, the systematic persecution from the clique which seemed bent on his conversion never ceased, but neither did his resolution falter even for an instant.

They tormented him in many ways, striving to prevent him getting vegetables or bread on fast days; still his good humor did not forsake him.

They called him nicknames, to which he replied with interest. They cut endless jokes at his expense; he joined in the laugh. They did their best to sit down on him at cricket, but he soon became a leader there.

Beaten at every point Monks and his crew had sadly to confess:—

“No, there ain’t no flies on Rodgers.”

Strange to say, they never tried to make him attend their religious services. Perhaps they saw how useless the attempt would be; perhaps it was only the fasting that wounded their self-esteem.

But nevertheless, scarcely a Friday passed without its trials.

Finally Lent came, bringing with it its numerous fast days. Rodgers grew rather thin, as time went on, from the constant worry and abstinence, but his spirit never wavered, his cheerfulness remained constant.

In his letters home there was not a single line of complaint of the treatment he was receiving. In his class he made steady progress, and at cricket it was whispered he would be one of the eleven’s bowlers in the coming year.

Good Friday proved to be the last day of his trials. On that day he resolutely abstained from everything except a piece of dry bread at breakfast and dinner. It was rather a feast day at Seaforth’s. In the refectory the boys were watching his table very quietly and intently. It was known that Monks had resolved to make him break his fast. For this purpose he had changed his place at the table and seated himself opposite Rodgers.

“You’re not looking well to-day, Rodgers,” he began. “You’re eating too much lately, I’m afraid.”

He sneered at the slice of bread that lay on Rodgers’ soup plate.

“It’s very kind of you, Monks, to take such an interest in my health,” replied Rodgers, with perfect good humor.

“So you fast to-day, do you? This is feast day here, you know; you must join us.”

“No, I shan’t.”

“You’ll try a slice of this Ham, won’t you? I can recommend it.”

“No, thanks, Monks. Better attend to yourself.”

“Well, if you don’t eat, you’ll drink.”

So saying, Monks inverted the half-filled soup tureen over Rodgers’ plate. The soup flowed over on the table cloth and on Rodgers’ clothes. This was too much even for the newcomer’s patience. Without a word he rose to his feet, caught the soup-plata, and emptied its scalding contents over his tormentor; then, leaning across the table, he struck the bully with all his force in the face.

There was never such a scene witnessed in Seaforth’s before. For an instant there was a death-like silence, all eyes riveted on Rodgers, as he stood erect, with pale cheek and flashing eye, confronting the bully he had so deservedly punished. Then such a cheer! Willie Rodgers had become the hero of the school.

After dinner the boys crowded round him, clapping him on the back and overwhelming him with congratulations. The captain of the house approached him, and, shaking hands with him, said:—

“You are a plucky fellow, Rodgers. You did quite right in punishing Monks. We have treated you most caddishly, and we are very sorry for it. Three cheers for the newcomer, boys!”

When Rodgers became captain of the school a little later, new boys always wondered why he had a special cover at table on Fridays, and the smaller boys never tire of telling how he defied the whole school and punished a bully in the golden days of old.—New Zealand Tablet.

MISSION OF ST. PAUL

(Continued from Page Five.)

“Already Peter, guided by the hand of the Lord, has gone beyond the limits of Palestine, and established the Church among the Gentiles in Antioch, the capital of Syria.

Compelled to return to Jerusalem, he had sent Barnabas to Antioch to direct the faithful in his stead. The soul of Barnabas hungered for the salvation of the vast multitudes of Gentiles among whom the poor little flock of Jewish converts was hidden.

He learned that his old friend Saul—for they had been companions in youth—had returned from his solitude in Arabia, and, after having communed with Peter, had gone to hide himself again in his birthplace, Tarsus. Thither Barnabas speeds with all haste, and tells him of the work awaiting him in Antioch. God’s will is plain, and he hurries to his task. With all the intensity of his nature, and with all the fervor of his love for God and for souls, he toils by day and by night for a whole year among the gentiles of that great city, convincing them that Christ Crucified is the wisdom of God and the power of God. Multitudes yield to his zeal; the Church becomes numerous and flourishing; and here for the first time the disciples of the Lord receive the name of Christians.”

IN ASIA MINOR—“Then farther and farther to the north and to the west he evangelizes the cities of Asia Minor. Everywhere he finds vast populations totally given up to the errors and the corruptions of heathenism, with just enough of Greek culture to make them despise the little Jew who comes to tell them of a crucified God. But ere long they discover that his insignificant body is the casket of a giant soul. The torrent of burning speech that flows from his lips is eloquent, “not with the persuasive words of human wisdom, but with the showing of the spirit of God and his power.” The power of Christ Crucified everywhere gains the victory. The Galatians, the Colossians, the Ephesians, and

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numbers of other populations rally to the standard of the Crucified, and give to Paul the consolation of their grateful love, as well as the solicitude of their guidance in the often thorny paths of Christian duty.

AT ATHENS.—“At last the time arrives. He enters Athens all alone. He had left Luke and Timothy and Silas in Macedonia, to carry on and solidify the work so well begun there. Solitary and alone he stands at last amid the artistic splendors of the teacher of the world. Long he had sighed and prayed for this moment, and now that it has come it overwhelms him with trembling dread. Timidly he enters the Agora, the central public square, which was like the great pulsating heart of Athenian life. He feels himself lost amid such a throng. They pass and re-pass him—smiling Sophists, sneering Cynics, languid Epicureans, dark-browed Stoics, and dignified disciples of Plato, the keen-eyed followers of Aristotle—they pass him and re-pass him in the avenues of the Agora, pausing every now and then to wonder who that little stranger could be, with so superhuman an intelligence in his face and so unearthly a light in his eyes. Silently he passes from one to another of the groups who here and there are gathered to talk and discuss. Everywhere he hears only levity, only the eloquence of speakers who seek nothing but applause, only the merry laugh of a people desiring nothing but to be amused. And yet there, to the right, is the statue of Minerva, shining down upon them from the splendors of the Acropolis; and there, to the left, is the mount of Areopagus, where sits the assembly that is ready to pass sentence on all the problems of mankind.

The heart of Paul grows sick as, day after day, he listens in these assemblies to all that remains of the vaunted philosophy of Greece. And still more sick does it grow as, day after day, he studies the religion of Greece, and gazes on its manifestations in statuary and architecture and stately ceremony. He sees that they have defied all Nature and especially all humanity. From Minerva, the deification of the human faculty and every human instinct. And lest anything in nature might

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escape them, here and there they have altars “to unknown gods.”

BACK TO THE EAST.—“And now more than ever is his mind drawn towards Rome. Peter has preceded him there, and has established there the world-centre of the Apostolic Ministry. But the needs of the universal Church have called Peter to Jerusalem and have detained him in the churches of the East. Meantime dissensions have arisen among the Christians in Rome which threaten the existence of the faith among them. The converts from Judaism and the converts from gentilism are quarrelling as to their respective standing in the Church, and even as to the essentials of Christian duty. The dispute is similar to others in the East, which Paul has been chiefly instrumental in bringing to a peaceful solution. Therefore he is here impelled to be once more peace-maker and teacher. Hence his Epistle to the Romans.

(To be Continued.)

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The debate on Mr. Mozzoni to the address in King’s speech was resumed day night.
Several members who cheered by Ministerialist not disguise the fact that the government’s policy did depart in, not from Free Trade, but from of budget making, but dent that at all events of the Conservative party the Prime Minister for Free Trade (Minister Redmond (rising at 10.30 Irish cheers), said: I may intervention in this very few moments is by any desire to take possession of the controversy between free trade and protection, the contrary, my objecting for a few moments clear that in the action Irish Nationalist members take on this occasion absolutely to commit themselves to one side of the stage to one side of the other (Irish cheers), and were I to my mind upon the merits of the House, I myself in a great difficulty. I do not know what the Government is (Irish cheers). I do not mean; whether it would in favor of protection simple or of some sort preference, or of some velle called the power of retail so far as I know, rests at the present moment (Irish cheers), and which, as far as I House can never remove. On the other hand, we sider the merits of the moved by the right hono man, the member from should find it impossible man to subscribe to the contained in that amend “the removal of protection for more than half a century conducted to the vast the trade and commerce and to the welfare of tion.” Sir, I suppose I eluded in the phrase “r so far as Ireland is conspectively submit that in ment that statement is untrue (general cheers unfortunately, has in the ed equally from the prote the free trade policy of taln.
Anything more disgraceful thing more shameful, of the deliberate destruct industries by the action tish Parliament it is imconceivable.
I remember well that fa made by the Prime Minis in the year 1895, in wh that many of the ill sprang from her poverty England and Scotland r responsible for that pove those days to which he before the introduction of land was in truth a form to Great Britain in comm manufactures; and as said: “The mere rumor at th a rise of industries in Ir ad a panic in commercial England; the commercial England were possessed of Irish rivalry.” Which could not be ex British manufacturers can and again and again pot British Parliament to sav the rivalry of Irish man (Irish cheers). And final liament listened to their when it tools actor: it ce through.
Mr. Lecky has pointed book that the navigatio hibited the importatio cattle into England as a common nuisance.
Irish beef, Irish pork, I butter and cheese were a and the growth of a gr trade was the direct resu restrictions. That trade minated by the action of Parliament, and the expo and of woollen manufac Ireland was prohibited the pain of forfeiture of the ship, and a fine of every offence, under the William III.
The Irish glass trade w a statute of George II. It were crushed by a prohibi 25 per cent. At one t was supplying all the clo

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MR. REDMOND ON THE FISCAL POLICY.

The debate on Mr. Morley's amendment to the address in reply to the King's speech was resumed on Monday night.

Several members having spoken, Mr. Wyndham, who was warmly cheered by Ministerialists, said he did not disguise the fact that the Government's policy did involve a great departure in, not from the doctrine of Free Trade, but from the routine of budget making, but he was content that at all events the majority of the Conservative party would follow the Prime Minister in his fight for Free Trade (Ministerial cheers).

After further discussion, Mr. John Redmond (rising at 10.30 amid loud Irish cheers), said: Mr. Speaker, my intervention in this debate for a very few moments is not prompted by any desire to take part in the discussion of the controversy as between free trade and protection. On the contrary, my object in intervening for a few moments is to make clear that in the action which the Irish Nationalist members intend to take on this occasion they decline absolutely to commit themselves at this stage to one side of the controversy or another (Irish cheers). Were it otherwise, and were I to make up my mind upon the merits of the question before the House, I should find myself in a great difficulty.

I do not know what the policy of the Government is (Irish and Opposition cheers.) I do not know what a vote in their favor to-night would mean; whether it would mean a vote in favor of protection pure and simple or of some sort of Colonial preference, or of some vague thing called the power of retaliation, which so far as I know, rests in this House at the present moment (Irish cheers), and which, as far as I know, this House can never remove from itself.

On the other hand, were I to consider the merits of the amendment moved by the right honorable gentleman, the member from Montrose, I should find it impossible as an Irishman to subscribe to the statement contained in that amendment that "the removal of protection duties has for more than half a century actively conduced to the vast extension of the trade and commerce of the realm, and to the welfare of its population." Sir, I suppose Ireland is included in the phrase "realm"; and so far as Ireland is concerned I respectfully submit that in my judgment that statement is notoriously untrue (general cheers). Ireland, unfortunately, has in the past suffered equally from the protectionist and the free trade policy of Great Britain.

Anything more disgraceful, anything more shameful, than the story of the deliberate destruction of Irish industries by the action of the British Parliament it is impossible to conceive.

I remember well that famous speech made by the Prime Minister, I think in the year 1895, in which he said that many of the ills of Ireland sprang from her poverty, and that England and Scotland were largely responsible for that poverty. Sir, in those days to which he was referring before the introduction of steam, Ireland was in truth a formidable rival to Great Britain in commerce and in manufactures; and as Mr. Froude said:

"The mere rumor at that time of a rise of industries in Ireland created a panic in commercial circles in England; the commercial leaders in England were possessed of a terror of Irish rivalry."

Which could not be exorcised, and British manufacturers came together, and again and again petitioned the British Parliament to save them from the rivalry of Irish manufacturers," (Irish cheers). And finally this Parliament listened to their advice, and when it took action it certainly was thorough.

Mr. Lecky has pointed out in his book that the navigation laws prohibited the importation of Irish cattle into England as a public and common nuisance.

Irish beef, Irish pork, Irish bacon, butter and cheese were all excluded; and the growth of a great woollen trade was the direct result of these restrictions. That trade was exterminated by the action of the British Parliament, and the export of wool and of woollen manufactures from Ireland was prohibited under the pain of forfeiture of the goods and the ship, and a fine of £500 for every offence, under the statute of William III.

The Irish glass trade was ruined by a statute of George II. Irish cottons were crushed by a prohibitive duty of 25 per cent. At one time Ireland was supplying all the cloth for the

Irish in the British navy, and that trade was also extinguished.

An end was put to it by imposing duties upon all Irish-made sail cloth, and so with all Irish products of that day, and the result is summed up in these words, which I will read from Mr. Froude, who was not a witness very friendly to Ireland,

"England, said Froude, 'governed for what she deemed her own interest, making her calculations in the gross balance of her trade ledgers, and leaving her moral obligations to accumulate as if right and wrong had been blotted out of the statute book of the universe. England determined to keep Ireland poor and miserable as the readiest means to prevent her from being troublesome.'"

Froude continues: "She destroyed her shipping industry by her trade navigation laws. She extinguished Irish manufactures by preferential duties. She laid disabilities even upon its wretched agriculture, for fear the Irish importation might injure English farmers. With their shipping destroyed by the Navigation Act, their woollen manufactures taken from them, their trade in all its branches crippled, the only resource the only resource left to those Irish who cherished dreams of improving their unfortunate country was agriculture." (Irish cheers).

So the whole Irish nation was driven back upon agriculture; and then, having destroyed Irish industries by your protection policy, and having driven the whole nation back upon agriculture, then you stepped in with your free trade policy to complete our ruin (Irish cheers and some Ministerial cheers). Mr. Speaker, I don't question for a moment the truth of the statement that for this country free trade at the time it was established has conduced to the welfare and prosperity of the people of Great Britain (Opposition cheers).

But, sir, Free Trade came to Ireland in a different guise. It brought to Ireland all its disadvantages, and brought to Ireland none of its boons. (Ministerial cheers).

A good free trader and a good liberal, the late Mr. Childers, said in his draft report of the Financial Relations Commission of 1895: "The change," he said, "in financial policy is usually considered to have been advantageous to a population, the great bulk of which had come to depend not upon agriculture, but on manufacturing industries and commerce. But it is evident this change was not advantageous to Ireland, a country in which there was little, trade or manufacturing industry; and it must be said that just as Ireland suffered in the last century from protection and the exclusive commercial policy, so has she been at a disadvantage in this century from the adoption of the almost unqualified free trade policy in the United Kingdom." (Irish cheers).

Now, I say, under these circumstances, it is no wonder there is a state of apathy and indifference on this subject in Ireland (Irish cheers). The spectacle presented by Ireland at this movement is very strange. She is an integral portion, so you say, of the Empire. She is supposed to have common interests with the Empire (Irish laughter). Well, Sir, this country is ringing from end to end with this great fiscal controversy. It is the topic of conversation in the Senate and in the street. Go to Ireland and to-day it is the one topic no one is talking about. (Cheers). There is no interest at this moment taken in the question in Ireland at all. Ireland might as well be portion of any other Empire as of this, so far as an interest in this question is concerned. So you may as well find yourself in Iceland as Ireland, so far as this question goes. (Irish cheers).

We are told that Irish prosperity will revive if only a tax is put on food. We are told that Irish industries will spring up again if only a tariff is put on the importation of foreign manufactured articles. Sir, we are somewhat sceptical about that in Ireland (Irish cheers). For myself, I may be allowed to say that I think

A far more important question is the question of transit in Ireland. (Irish cheers). I think that Irish industries, even as they are to-day, are strangled and destroyed by the high cost of transit, and by the absence of proper facilities for transit. (Hear, hear).

Why, sir, transit to-day in Ireland costs from 30 to 35 per cent. more for goods than in England and Scotland. As far as protection is concerned those people who have thought the question out at all in

Ireland have not understood by the term "protection" anything like the policy of the right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham. (Hear, hear.)

When the people of Ireland talk of protection they have in their minds protection against England. (Loud Irish and Opposition cheers.)

It is not Germany or any other foreign nation, it is England that is the great dumper in Ireland (Irish, Opposition and Unionist Free Trader cheers). For reasons such as these public opinion in Ireland to-day is apathetic as regards the situation that has arisen. For these reasons my colleagues and myself refuse to commit ourselves at this stage on one side or the other of this controversy. We prefer to hold ourselves in reserve and await developments. I put this to the House of Commons—What a strange result it will be of your refusal of Home rule to Ireland if the ultimate decision of this question, and if this vast issue on which so much depends for you, should in the end be dominated by the votes of a body of men who are in this House, but not of it (loud Irish cheers), and who in casting their votes, in all human probability in deciding this issue in the future, will refuse to "think impartially," but will be guided by one consideration alone, and that is—What course will conduce most speedily to the freedom and happiness of Ireland. (Irish cheers).

There is one consideration which relieves me, at any rate, and all my colleagues also (hear, hear), of any difficulty whatever in coming to a decision. I agree with the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and with others who have spoken in the same sense, that this amendment is above and beyond all else a vote of want of confidence in the Government. (Irish and Opposition cheers.) As that, and as that alone, I regard it. (Hear, hear.) The Irish party in this House have no confidence in the Government. (Loud Irish cheers.)

Not only has the Government quite recently betrayed its solemn pledges to Ireland on the question of University education, but far more important, it has opposed an absolute non possumus to Ireland's claim for self-government; and I say that no English Government, I care not what party it may be drawn from, which denies Ireland's claim to self-government can possess the confidence of Irish Nationalists in this House. (Irish cheers). On that broad and sufficient grounds, and reserving to ourselves full freedom of action in the future development of the fiscal controversy (a Unionist member laughed in a demonstrative way)—I notice that an honorable member laughs; to use a vulgarism, perhaps he will laugh with the wrong side of his mouth before this question is finally concluded (Irish cheers) — I repeat that on this broad and sufficient grounds, and reserving full freedom of action in the future developments of this fiscal controversy, my friends and I will vote to-night in favor of the motion of want of confidence in the Government. (Loud Irish and Opposition cheers).

The House divided.

For Mr. Morley's amendment ... 276
Against 327

Government majority 51

College Presidents.

The New York "Evening Post" of Monday, 29th February, contains a very strange editorial under the still stranger heading "The Crime of Being a College President." We are not very specially interested in the gentlemen to whom this article refers, and if we were we would have considerable difficulty in making out what the writer has in view. All we can understand of it is that the most recent indictment against the College Presidents "Accuses them of cowardice about taking the popular side on a public question, of truckling to rich patrons, and of pretending that their young prize-fighters are their best students."

The Presidents to whom reference is made, needless to say, are the directors of the non-Catholic institutions. As to their cowardice in politics, we know nothing, nor is it quite clear to us why they should be expected to have ought to do with politics in any way. It seems to us that they have sufficiently important duties and responsibilities, to make it very difficult for them to devote time to the mere political issues of the day. Then, as to the question of seeking the patronage of the rich, we are under the impression that the same may be said of the heads of all institutions—be they educational or otherwise. Where rule might be found would be in the case of a College President displaying marked partiality for the wealthy

that injustice would be done those less fortunate in the possession of this world's goods.

The only point upon which we could comment would be that of athletics; and here we do not quite see how the Presidents of Colleges in general should be condemned—for we do not believe that they are all affected with the athletic or sport mania. In the very last paragraph of the same article we read the following: "On the last count most of our College Presidents can plead not guilty. A few of them may be stunned by the shouting of undergraduates, and a few may imagine that noisy young graduates voice the mature views of the alumni; but such misguided men are uncommon. Indeed, our College Presidents have, on the whole, offered the sanest and most caustic criticism of athletic exercises. They, if any, are in a position to note the disastrous effects of the craze for intercollegiate games, its inroads upon the true efficiency of a university. When we observe the hysteria of the daily and weekly press on the occasion of a football game between Harvard and Yale, when we listen to the chatter about muscular Christianity in which enthusiastic but shortsighted clergymen indulge, we can always turn to the reports of President Eliot and refresh ourselves with his calm indifference to the shriekings of the mob. He and his fellow-laborers are not yet deserving of utter reprobation."

This is certainly one of the queerest editorials that we have read in a long time. All this talk about the serious heads of great colleges being deserving of reprobation, and this lengthy criticism of the athletic side of education imparted, seems to us to be far-fetched. We are perfectly willing to admit that in some institutions these inter-collegiate games are carried to excess, and that not a few students have learned their principles of betting and sport-gambling on the College grounds. But there is a medium between the excess of athletics and the condemnation of them entirely. It must be remembered that while instruction is the principal factor in a perfect education, there are also other and very indispensable elements. There is the cultivation of the mind by means of instruction, the cultivation of the heart and soul by means of moral and religious training, and, finally, the development of the physical part, the development of the body, in order that the old Latin axiom—"a healthy mind in a healthy body"—may be exemplified in each member of the rising generation. Gymnastics, games, athletic exercises, in moderation, and properly regulated, are a necessity; they aid in the up-building of a physical manhood that is the foundation and support of the higher and more intellectual life of the individual.

But no matter what may or may not be the attitudes of different College Presidents in this regard, and no matter what the ideas of the editors of large dailies, certainly there is nothing to be gained, and no instruction to be imparted by such editorials. They are highly calculated to mislead the public, to create wrong impressions regarding those whose life-business it is to educate the young men of the day. In fact we are averse to all such light and superficial criticism, especially when dashed off by pens that have no training in the great work of the educationalist. There is a safer field for those writers in politics— they can there say what they like.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, March 6th, 1904: Irish, 121; French, 95; English, 27; other nationalities, 15. Total, 258.

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ON SHAMROCKS

As March advances and St. Patrick's Day approaches, it may not be untimely for me to have a word to say about Shamrocks. I do not purpose touching upon the poetic side of the subject and quoting the "chosen leaf of lard and chief," nor yet the historical aspect of the theme. All these I leave to writers of patriotic emotion, facile pen and adequate knowledge of the "Dear Little Shamrock." I am only going to record, in my own homely way, a couple of my recent observations on the city-curbstone. I am not learned in the folk-lore of the past, nor do I pretend to any special knowledge on the subject of national emblems; but I have always had a great love for the shamrock, I have always thought it had a peculiarly delicate and noble appearance, and to me it has ever been as unique as the nationality it represents. I have never tired of noting the different forms in which Shamrock badges are gotten up for the seventeenth of March. Some, certainly, have no connection with the emblematic plant beyond the color green; but still they are for the one purpose and that is a patriotic one.

AN EXPERIENCE—On the first of March in the afternoon I was rambling along Rachel street. Between St. Lawrence and St. Denis streets I notice two or three small shops in the windows of which bunches of Shamrocks, green ribbons, with golden harps, and other emblems suitable for the seventeenth of the month were displayed. One little candy store, where newspapers and tobacco are sold, attracted my attention. As I looked in the window I noticed one large card of green velvet triple-leaved bunches, on which was written in large letters, "DES CHAMROQUES, 5 ET 10 CENTS." I could see behind the counter an elderly French-Canadian, who was evidently the proprietor of the shop. For amusement sake, more than anything else, I entered and bought a copy of "Le Canada." Then I asked the old gentleman what those things in the window were. He looked at me in evident astonishment, and possibly pity for my supposed ignorance, but he was too polite to give expression to his thoughts. He simply repeated the words on the card: "Des Chamroques." And he added, in French, "they come about the time of the marbles and tops." "But," I asked, are they not a little early this year?" "No," he replied, "it is well to have them before hand, for two or three weeks is not a long time." I then asked him if he expected to sell them all. "Of course," was his emphatic reply. "There is no people," he said, "like the Irish to buy national emblems, and as soon as they see them in the windows they will buy them, even though they should purchase more elaborate ones elsewhere." I said that I was under the impression that there were few Irish in that section. He said that they were not very numerous, but that French-Canadians also bought them, and he was sure of selling his stock. After some talk about the weather, I came back to the Shamrock question, for I was interested in the old gentleman and his stock of green. I asked him why French-Canadians bought Shamrocks, since they were only for St. Patrick's Day. His reply surprised me: "Do you suppose we are heathens?" he asked. And then he went on: "French-Canadians were them out of respect for the Irish, and for the Faith—for our Faith is the same; and the Shamrock represents the Trinity, and we all believe in the Trinity; and St. Patrick was a Frenchman; and when he went to Ireland he taught the Irish love for the Church and love for France; and when France was in trouble with England the Irish went over and fought for the French; and when in their turn, the Irish had

troubles with England, the French went over to help them; and when the Irish came to Canada the French Canadians received them and gave them a lift when they were in need, and when the French-Canadians had to fight for their language and their schools, the Irish sided with them; and when St. Jean Baptiste Day comes the Irish wear maple leaves and when St. Patrick's Day comes the French-Canadians wear Shamrocks—and I sell my stock."

THE LESSON:—I need scarcely draw the obvious lesson from that little speech. It was in an uncultured style, rough and ready, but there was a deal of historical truth in it. And I then and there bought a Shamrock from the old gentleman; and I purpose wearing it on the seventeenth of this month. It is not an elaborate one, but it represents to my mind a something that I would gladly see realized. It will remind me of the honest faith, the sincere conviction, the genuine patriotism, the generous sentiments of that old vendor of candies and papers. As I left the little shop I could not help asking myself if these were truly the sentiments that prevail, in regard to our race, amongst our French-Canadian fellow-citizens. It is a wrong thing to base one's opinions on the vapourings of interested journalists, or the outpourings of self-seeking politicians: to know the people, to appreciate their true sentiments, you must do what Davis advised, "Go down into the Liberties and the coal quays." You must walk amongst them, penetrate into their homes, mix up in their daily conversations, purchase in their small shops, trade with their less pretentious dealers, and draw your information, not secondhand, from their own mouths. And this is exactly what I have been doing for some years back, and I have come to the conclusion—based on my personal observation—that amongst the French-Canadian element there is an undercurrent of great sympathy in regard to the Irish people and a deep sentiment of liking which too rarely finds a mouthpiece either in the press or in the voices of public exponents of popular thought.

MY CONCLUSION:—With a positive knowledge of the conditions, as I have just described them, I have come to the conclusion that it is a matter of vital necessity, as far as Catholic interests are concerned, that both French and Irish should learn to have more thoughts in common; a greater union as regards their aspirations, and a mutual kindness of sentiment. And in the ordinary affairs of life all these things could be manifested. I was forced, by my observations in the shop on Rachel street, to contrast that old paper and candy dealer's knowledge of the Shamrock and the history of the Irish with the lack of information regarding the French-Canadians, their history, language, literature and national characteristics, that would mark an Irish person of similar occupation on social status. There is one evident fact, and I have proven it to my own satisfaction, not once but a thousand times: it is this; the less a person knows about the language, the literature and the beauties of another race, the greater the prejudice against its people. It is so as regards the French-Canadians, in this country. I recall one day, when Dalton McCarthy was waging war on the French language, to have heard him declare that he had never learned one word of that language. Of course not; his very ignorance of the language was the source of his prejudice. It is in better acquaintance-ship alone that we can hope to smooth over the roughness on the road to prosperity and contentment.

CANADIAN MILLIONAIRES.

Lord Strathcona, the Canadian High Commissioner in London, has, according to Mr. James Lumsden, in his work "Westward," a fortune estimated at no less than \$125,000,000. Lord Mount Stephen, who commenced life as a pioneer in Western Canada, is worth \$75,000,000, and Mr. Ross, of Montreal, is the possessor of a like amount. Mr. Reid is accredited with a fortune of \$50,000,000.

QUEER PHRASES.

In a Manchester, N.H., newspaper, an undertaker advertises himself as a "mortician." In a Cleveland, O., magazine an inn-keeper is said to have had a rapid rise in "the hotelic field." Yet in the schools and colleges of the land more money is now spent on instruction in English than ever was spent before.—Providence Journal.

DEMOCRACY, SOCIALISM AND LABOR.

A REVIEW BY "CRUX."

A few weeks ago, before an audience of four thousand people, in Chicago, Bishop Spalding delivered an address that has been justly characterized as one of the ablest and most instructive expositions of the political and social evils of our day in the United States, that for a long time has emanated from platform or press. It would not be possible to give the full text of that lengthy address. However, there are portions of it that apply to Canadian politics and the social conditions here, and from these I purpose taking a few extracts.

The opening remarks, which contain a wonderfully striking proposition, deserve to rank with the most famous of truth-conveying axioms. They are the basis of the entire argument and they lend themselves to countless developments. These may be quoted in full, for they are world-wide in their application.

"In the social as well as in the natural body all is bound together in organic unity; and hence it can be well neither with individuals nor with societies unless the inner source of life is ceaselessly refreshed and purified. Where men love money more than justice; have more faith in steam and electricity than in God and goodness, no effectual remedy can be applied to the ills from which they suffer. He who lacks wisdom and virtue is degraded by wealth and leisure; and prosperity is a people's curse if it causes them to fall away from religion and righteousness. It is folly to proclaim the sacredness of property where the sacredness of human life is ignored. Institutions cannot emancipate those whom dishonesty and greed enslave. Opportunity given to the blind and reckless but widens the way that leads to ruin. The environment is improved to little purpose for those who feel of animal impulse; and the wits are sharpened only the better to do evil, if conscience be not strengthened. If our national welfare be not based on a foundation of religion and morality, it will vanish."

No comment is needed to illustrate these trite and perfectly just statements, nor do they require the amplification of detail. My object in quoting them in full is to leave them before the reader as a basis of the sage arguments that follow, and of which I, unhappily, can only give a brief synopsis.

HOW WEALTH IS DISTRIBUTED

The Bishop points out that if the few go on accumulating vast fortunes, and the numbers of those holding the mass of the country's wealth grows smaller, these individuals will become invested with a power the equal of which is not to be found in history. Beside the greed of the capitalist goes the improvidence and wastefulness of the workman. Turning then to the methods and means of social improvement, under such conditions, the lecturer leaves out all consideration of Anarchism, "which is an insanity whose only issue is crime." The principal order, socially speaking, that deserves consideration is Socialism, which is not, or at least, need not be anarchic. "Its aim is the transformation of private and competing capital into a united collective capital." After a careful and impartial study of Socialism, the lecturer comes to this conclusion: "The Socialistic agitation will not soon cease. It has done good, and will do good by its clamorous proclamation of the wrongs which the tolling masses have suffered and continue to suffer. But

the Socialistic state will remain a theory, a visionary entity, and could it become a reality the cataclysm which would accompany its speedy overthrow would swallow the priceless treasures which are the gains of thousands of years of heroic struggles and sacrifice."

POLITICAL CONDITIONS.

Here is an indictment that is all the stronger because it is based on facts and is true: "Our politics are notoriously corrupt and in spite of sporadic reactions the tendency is to still greater corruption. The public conscience is ready to condone successful crime, whether committed by private individuals or by officers of the Government. The most fervid advocates of the sacredness of property rights are those who have made fortunes by bribing legislatures and municipalities, or by crushing competition. In our cities laws are enacted which those who pass them, as well as those who are appointed to see that they are executed, have no intention of enforcing. The administrative lie prevails, and transgressors, instead of suffering legal punishment, become victims of a system of blackmail, which enables officials to fatten on the sins and miseries of fallen women, gamblers, and criminal saloon-keepers."

Having thus launched his accusation the Bishop proceeds to prove it, and, after telling the story of the age's wonderful material and scientific progress, he says that science is a mighty force and has wrought wonders. Culture adorns the minds and imparts charm to manners, art exalts the imagination and gives a firmer insight into the possibilities of human achievement, wealth ministers in many manifold ways to man's more immediate and urgent needs, "but his true life, individual and social, rests on foundations which only faith, hope and love can build and make enduring."

This leads to the crucial part of the entire lecture. Discarding all the hypercritical employment of what is divinely in human nature to serve as a bulwark to protect tyrants and mammonites who work iniquity and drink the blood of human hearts, we must come down to the great and undeniable principle that "The sovereign good is spiritual." To bring this within reach of all is the purpose of religion, education, free government and just laws.

"Institutions are but the means—the end is an ever-increasing communication of divine benefits to men, and when institutions fail to promote this, they cease to be cherished grow weak and are overthrown. Nothing but justice and beneficence can satisfy us; and in the degree in which injustice and indifference to the miseries and hardships of the weak overcome us, in the same degree shall those who are not blind or perverse feel that the radical wrongs calls for radical measures of redress."

It is exactly here that I am desirous of accentuating the Bishop's wonderful appreciation of the nineteenth century, and his magnificent exposition of the duties of citizenship that devolve upon the men of the twentieth century. Having thus far occupied all the space I can ask for one issue, I beg to hold over till next week the consideration of such a broad proposition as this: The most fervid advocates of the sacredness of property are those who have made fortunes by bribing legislatures.

dreamed of having." I had calculated that the private audience meant that I would visit the Holy Father in the small Throne Room next one to his private study in company with half a dozen or more persons, which is always valued as a private audience indeed. But more than that was to be my favor. At 11.30 the rector and myself arrived at the apartments on the top floor of the Vatican Palace, once occupied by Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State to Leo XIII, but now used by Pius X. whilst his predecessor's rooms are being renovated. We were shown to the adjoining room, the Pope's study. Two of the Noble Guards were in attendance there. Two commendatori were waiting to be presented by Monsignor Piccoli. After this party had spent five minutes in audience, the Monsignor who looked after the visitors beckoned to us to approach. With light and grateful hearts and a thrill of holy pleasure we entered the Pontiff's room.

To the left of the entrance stood the small desk-table with its crucifix in the centre of a number of documents; on the right were the windows facing the great Square of St. Peter's. The Vicar of Christ came from behind the desk, advanced a couple of steps towards us, and as we knelt and kissed his ring, blessed us and expressed himself, in a warm, condescending manner that surprised us, as much pleased to greet us. Our names had been announced by Monsignor Cameriere. Then he graciously bade us to be seated at his right. From Monsignor Kennedy he first inquired about the North American College, and said that he had read with great interest the catalogue of prizes, which recorded the splendid work of the American students in the recent "concursus" at the Propaganda, in which they had received twenty-seven "cuts" for first and second places. "They did magnificently," he said, "I congratulate you, and them, Monsignor, and give you all my blessing."

Turning to me he said: "And you, my son, are laboring among the colored people? But you are not a colored man," he added, with a twinkle in his eye and quite a hearty laugh.

To my lips came a reply which he would have appreciated had I uttered it; but I refrained from answering. "No, Holy Father, but I have a black heart."

I told him that I had come to Rome to celebrate my twenty-fifth anniversary Mass in St. Peter's, where I had celebrated my first Holy Sacrifice, and that the event took place on the very day of his election. "A holy coincidence, indeed," he remarked. He was gracious enough to add, "Let us hope that you will return to celebrate at the same altar your golden jubilee Mass."

Then, recurring to my work, he inquired about the number of negroes in the United States, asking especially concerning their employment and means of livelihood, their habits, how many were Catholics, and to what religion the others belonged. I told him that of the nearly 10,000,000 people not 200,000 are Catholics, that surprised and affected him. I spoke of the prejudice against "the colored man and brother."

"Yes, I know it," he said, and his face saddened. "But tell them never to lose faith in Our Blessed Lord, who will reward their goodness and compensate them for their troubles and condition. Teach them to be faithful to duty, to be industrious, holding fast to the moral law; duties served, you know, will beget rights, served you know, will beget rights. Let the few Catholics keep together in obedience to the teachings of the Church, receiving the Sacraments, and giving the example of a good life and industrious habits to all. Tell the men in particular how much they can do by unity and keeping the moral law to bring others to the Church. They must be missionaries to their race."

We were held captive by his heavenly talk, which was then interrupted by the solemn tones of the great bell of St. Peter's, ringing out the mid-day "Angelus."

"That's the bell, let us say the Angelus." We three knelt down and recited that commemoration of the mystery of the Incarnation, the rector and myself alternating in its recitation with the Vicar of the Word made Flesh. After the triple doxology he added in Italian that invocation so often sung after Benediction in the college chapel. "Sacred Heart of Jesus I implore thee," to which we answered, "That I may love Thee more and more." It was one of the sweetest incidents of my life, a cherished scene, a pious remembrance forever. Since then I recite the "Angelus" as the Pope recites it, with the addition of a couplet invocation to the Sacred Heart. And now the congregation of St. Benedict's and the colored children in

the Home at Rye say it in the same manner.

When the Angelus was ended, I expected that the visit was ended; but no, he told us to be reseated and continue the conversation. A Monsignor holding a document for presentation opened the door, dropping on one knee, but the Pope beckoned him away. The intruder quickly left and closed the door. Resuming I spoke of the small number of priests working for the negroes of the South, and their hardships because of the poverty of the negroes. "Your laity will surely support the zealous priests who wish to work for these poor people, will they not?" he asked. "There was not enough sympathy for the work, so many of the laity sympathizing more with the priests than with the people." "Oh! what a pity," he said, "Do you not all belong to us? Our Lord died for all and His Church much care for all."

If our wealthy Catholics, I thought, could have heard those earnest, pleading words of the Holy Father, how their hearts and purses would have opened to establish missions for the colored people of the South, how the Southern Bishops could easily have schools and fine churches for them. "What kind of converts do they make?" he then inquired. I assured him that from my experience of twenty years I could bear testimony to the steadfastness in the performance of duty of converts, that the majority remained faithful, taking a pride in their Church, even as their white brethren, and leading others into the fold.

I stated that the colored people made good converts, because they are naturally warm-hearted and religious and have no fight with the church and have a childlike desire to love the Lord Jesus, and that the harvest of souls would be abundant if we had more priests for this special field. He was deeply interested all the while I spoke, and then rising he placed his hand on my head and, after some special word to me for my own consolation and encouragement, he impressively uttered these words: "When you return, my dear son, tell your people that I send them the Pope's blessing, and moreover tell them that I grant them a plenary indulgence, and also tell the colored people of America that I embrace them all in the charity of Christ."

What a message of love from the Vicar of Christ! a message from heaven itself, a call to the true Church direct from the Supreme Pastor, a prayer that there may be one fold, and one Shepherd, as there is in the words of St. Paul, "one faith, one Lord, one baptism, one God, the Father of us all." Let the non-Catholics remember this message from Rome. Let the Catholics bear it far and wide to their separated brethren.

Knocking down I received his blessing for our work in New York, and another for my relatives, and kissing again the Fisherman's ring, arose, when he actually accompanied us to the door, bowing us away and humbly saying "many thanks" for the visit.

That afternoon I purchased a large photograph of His Holiness which I brought to Monsignor Bisleti, asking him to leave it on the Pope's desk that he might write on it some message, some words of blessing to the priests of the missions in the South and to the benefactors of St. Benedict's mission. It is prized as a great favor to secure the autograph of the Pope. What was my surprise and delight then, when upon my calling at the Vatican with Monsignor Kennedy on the following Sunday evening, I found that His Holiness had taken the pains to write under his picture forty-six words of a message couched in classic Latin. When Monsignor Bisleti uncovered the picture he exclaimed: "Why, the Pope has written a page; you are fortunate indeed." He then read aloud for us the inscription, of which the following is the translation:

"To our beloved son the priest, John E. Burke, pastor, likewise to the other beloved priests who zealously labor to call the negroes of America to the Catholic faith and to train them holily in it, that the richest fruits may accompany a full harvest; and also to the benefactors of the mission and to the negro faithful, we most lovingly impart the Apostolic Benediction."

"PIUS PP. X."

The priests working for the negroes will convey this message to their people. The memory of that audience with the Pope and his cheering words and zealous interest in the work for souls, can never leave me. Nor can I

PRIMARY EDUCATION.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

All over the civilized world the principles of primary education are the same, and what applies in one land, as far as methods are concerned, equally apply in other lands. It has been contended in the United States—against the Catholic theory—that an hour or so, after school hours, should suffice for the inculcation of religion. No better answer to this false premise could be given than that of the Anglican Bishop of North Queensland, Rt. Rev. George H. Frodsham, in his article on "Primary Education in Australia," which appeared recently in the "Nineteenth Century." The Bishop's remarks need no comment. He says:

"The so-called opportunities for giving religious teaching outside of school hours have been found to be useless for two reasons. In the first place, they add to the school day, which is sufficiently long already, and secondly, they place religious teaching in competition with tops and marbles, which is not calculated to impress the average boy with the dignity of religion or with a love for religious ministrations. As a matter of fact, numbers of devoted clergymen endeavor to take advantage of the provisions of the acts either in the state school buildings or by holding daily instruction classes in their respective churches. A few are successful in gathering together interested bands of children, and the amount of good they do in the desert of secular teaching is incalculable. But even these successful ones, with scarcely an exception, allow that the number of children that pass through their hands is infinitesimally small compared with those whose inclination leads them to outdoor games, and whose parents do not exercise any compulsion upon them. In the vast majority of schools the provisions are inoperative either through the remoteness of the school or because the number of pupils is so great that a dozen men would form too small a band to effectively undertake the task during the very restricted time allowed by the act." And again he says on this subject: "The airy assertions of certain doctrinaires that the clergy can teach just as effectively after or before school hours as in them fall when touched by the verdict of experience. The writer has had exceptional opportunities for inquiring into this matter in many parts of Australia, and he has no hesitation in saying that such provisions are practically useless and visionary. Those who offer them are only offering the veriest shadow of religious education to the children."

Side by side with this opinion of a Bishop, a Protestant, and one who speaks from experience, we have a statement of how the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, in that Australian country, accept a system that their co-religionists in America deny as a right to Catholics. The following passages are taken from the official report of the Department of Public Instruction for New South Wales:

"Section 7 of the Public Instruction Act provides that general religious teaching shall form part of the course of secular instruction. This religious teaching is placed on ex-

actly the same footing as geography, grammar, or any other subject. At the annual inspection of schools the failure of any class to reach the standard in Scripture would tell against the teacher, just as satisfactory work would tell in his favor. In the junior classes, when children are unable to read, all lessons are given orally, in the form of lectures, and generally cover a complete course of Old and New Testament history. The standards, pages 34 to 43, under the heading "Scripture," show how the lessons are distributed. All teachers, irrespective of creed, are required to teach these Scripture lessons, and in no case has any refusal to do so taken place, nor has any complaint ever been made to the department that the lessons have been ridiculed or made light of. Section 18 of the act and 118 of the regulations allow a parent to withdraw his children from all religious instruction by notifying his wish in writing to the teacher. As a matter of fact, such notifications are so few that for statistical purposes they may be said not to exist.

"Outside of this 'general' religious instruction, section 17 of the act provides for what is called 'special' religious instruction. Any recognized clergyman, or other teacher, authorized by his church, has the right to give to the children of his own denomination one hour's religious instruction daily. Unlike the general instruction, this may consist of worship and purely sectarian teaching. It is given DURING THE ORDINARY SCHOOL HOURS, and where two or more clergymen of different denominations visit, the teacher, the clergyman and the school board find no difficulty in making arrangements to suit all concerned. As a rule, no teacher of special religious instruction visits more than once a week."

The most clear-cut comment that could be made upon this important question is that of the editor of the "New World," who says: "For a large number of children a secular system means spiritual starvation. The individuals will suffer earliest from the folly of those who should be the first to supply their spiritual needs. The nation will suffer the most when the grand-children of those who have never learned to know God have multiplied and possessed the land. Is there not a warning in these words? Decidedly there is a warning in all this; and that note has been sounded over and over again by the Catholic Church, through the press as well as the pulpit, and it has not been heeded. But the world is slowly beginning to awaken to a realization of the necessity of religion in education; the State is commencing to discover that its own most deadly enemy is the offspring of the godless system that obtains so largely; and even the sneering infidel, who has any conception of social and political rights, is learning that the nursery of irreligion is equally the hot-bed of crime. The world may be wayward, but it is not devoid of common sense, and it sees its own interests and knows how closely they are bound up with the religious education of the rising generation. Ultimately the Catholic system must triumph."

FATHER McLAUGHLIN DEAD.

English exchanges announce the death of Rev. John McLaughlin, of Blackpool, well known in this country as the author of "Is One Religion as Good as Another?" which had a circulation of 50,000 copies, and "The Divine Plan of the Church." Father McLaughlin was seventy-two years of age. Born in the North of Ireland, he joined the Redemptorists at an early age and became famous as a missionary preacher. R. I. P.

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.

In our struggles against the evil one, we should first of all keep ourselves in humility, always distrustful of our own strength, and leaning upon God alone, in Whom and by Whom we shall be able to become strong and victorious in every contest; for these contests are of such a nature that the least leaven of pride causes us more loss and exposes us to greater danger than all the united energies and all the rage and malice of hell could occasion us.

Father Burke Tells of an Interview With His Holiness

The Rev. John E. Burke writes as follows in the Catholic News of New York:

An account of the very delightful and important "talk" which it was my happiness to have with our Holy Father recently will, I think, interest your readers. My first audience with the new Pontiff was on August 5—the very day after his election when the American pilgrims were pre-

sented by Cardinal Gibbons. Though on that occasion he paternally said: "I bless them all, my son," to any petition for a special blessing for my colored congregation and for the benefactors of St. Benedict's mission, I was not fully satisfied, and had it in my hopes that later on I would be privileged to have a chat with His Holiness in regard to the colored missions of the United States, and receive from him special favors that would stimulate and encourage the laborers in that part of God's vineyard.

Upon my return to Rome from the Holy Land in December, Monsignor Kennedy, rector of the North American College, arranged with Monsignor Bisleti, the papal "Maestro di Camera," that on December 18, at 11.45 I should be presented to the Pope. In my diary I have written: "Friday December 18, 1903, one of the days of days, such a one as I have never

CHAPTER VII.

This was very gallant of the young man, who had a pleasant home where he would not be self to apply, for help knowing how severely to sure him for his folly. he sank lower, and when driven to madness he had beaten his young she had borne it pati she that might reform. the day she came to the landlord came to dema which had not been paid weeks. Her husband, w than half intoxicated, informed him that he o whenewith to pay as he work.

Many angry words the landlord threatened out, but at the earnest the young mother, who to let them remain until when she would try to for her sick child, he let very amiable mood. As was gone her husband demanded what she inte with the baby, and on ed that she was going have her cared for at an lum, until she could get came more enraged than said that no child of his be taken to an orphan a In vain did she try to him; but finally, after s ing her, he turned her the child and bade her saying he could take ca daughter. In about an the house and stealing in took her child and fl wandering from street to constant dread of the pol she had a horror, lest take her darling from her from her the story of he cruelly, thus causing his nally, long after dark, worn out with cold and the door of the convent, had never seen before, but dent that she would find asked and obtained adm

After telling her sad young woman said, "I w ble you much longer, Sis shall soon be able to go then all I ask is that yo baby a little while, and you for your trouble. I ing her with you because were always so kind to know she would be well As she had promised, trouble them much longer most tender care failed to to health, and in a short died, leaving her baby in of Sister Agnes Bernard, been the little one's cons dant during an illness wh promised to prove as fat mother's. But a sadden ed child, for over the eyes which had beamed s was falling a veil of dark inguiries for the father parents were fruitless, so was sent to the orphan as thiner Sister Agnes Bern transferred in a short tim

"She is a beautiful child Alexia in conclusion, "and are all greatly attached to have often wished that so could give her a good hom adopt her; but," she added seems that no one cares to ed with a little blind girl. "Poor child," said Mr "it is too bad, but some person may adopt her."

Virginia's interest in t had become so deep that got to resume the conversa had been so unpleasant to and very happily did the away until she was ready home. Little Agnes had with Arthur the whole da begged his mother to let sightless companion, who pleased and puzzled him, with him, but Virginia q by telling him to wait a time. In less than a week coived two pretty dolls a of candy and fruit as a g Arthur; and Virginia, thin had done her duty, tho more of the blind orphan, she visit her cousin again.

CHAPTER VIII.

Virginia's blissful marriage was a little over a mo

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THE TWO COUSINS.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

This was very galling to the pride of the young man, who had lived in a pleasant home where there was plenty, but he would not humble himself to apply, for help to his parents knowing how severely they would censure him for his folly. Each day he sank lower, and several times when driven to madness by drink, he had beaten his young wife; but she had borne it patiently, hoping that he might reform. At last, on the day she came to the convent, the landlord came to demand his rent, which had not been paid for several weeks. Her husband, who was more than half intoxicated, very angrily informed him that he did not have wherewith to pay as he could get no work.

Many angry words followed, and the landlord threatened to put them out, but at the earnest entreaty of the young mother, who implored him to let them remain until to-morrow, when she would try to find shelter for her sick child, he left in a not very amiable mood. As soon as he was gone her husband very angrily demanded what she intended to do with the baby, and on being informed that she was going to try to have her cared for at an orphan asylum, until she could get work, he became more enraged than ever and said that no child of his should ever be taken to an orphan asylum.

In vain did she try to reason with him; but finally, after severely beating her, he turned her out without the child and bade her not return, saying he could take care of his daughter. In about an hour he left the house and stealing in the mother took her child and fled with her, wandering from street to street in constant dread of the police, of whom she had a horror, lest they might take her darling from her, or draw from her the story of her husband's cruelty, thus causing his arrest, finally, long after dark, she arrived, worn out with cold and fatigue, at the door of the convent, which she had never seen before, but feeling confident that she would find rest there, asked and obtained admission.

After telling her sad story the young woman said, "I will not trouble you much longer, Sister, for I shall soon be able to go to work and then all I ask is that you keep my baby a little while, and I will pay you for your trouble. I prefer leaving her with you because the Sisters were always so kind to me that I know she would be well cared for."

As she had promised, she did not trouble them much longer, for the most tender care failed to restore her to health, and in a short time she died, leaving her baby in the care of Sister Agnes Bernard, who had been the little one's constant attendant during an illness which at times promised to prove as fatal as the mother's. But a sadder fate awaited the child, for over the pretty blue eyes which had beamed so brightly, was falling a veil of darkness. All inquiries for the father and grandparents were fruitless, so the child was sent to the orphan asylum, and thither Sister Agnes Bernard was transferred in a short time.

"She is a beautiful child," said Alexia in conclusion, "and though we are all greatly attached to her we have often wished that some one who could give her a good home would adopt her; but," she added sadly, "it seems that no one cares to be troubled with a little blind girl."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Hurley, "it is too bad, but some charitable person may adopt her."

Virginia's interest in the orphan had become so deep that she forgot to resume the conversation which had been so unpleasant to her cousin and very happily did the hours glide away until she was ready to return home. Little Agnes had remained with Arthur the whole day, and he begged his mother to let his little sightless companion, who had both pleased and puzzled him, go home with him, but Virginia quieted him by telling him to wait until next time. In less than a week Agnes received two pretty dolls and a box of candy and fruit as a gift from Arthur; and Virginia, thinking she had done her duty, thought little more of the blind orphan, neither did she visit her cousin again.

CHAPTER VIII.

Virginia's blissful married life continued a little over a year longer,

then in one short day and with scarcely a moment's warning, the sad climax came. In the early spring she had shed many tears over the newly made grave of her mother, and although it would be long ere she could recall the names of her parents without deep feeling of sorrow, the still light-hearted Virginia could not be unhappy as long as her husband and her darling boy remained.

It was the eighth anniversary of her marriage, and the usual reception was to be omitted on account of her mother's death. Unwilling to remain alone in the house of mourning, she went to the convent, and on what to them had always been such a happy day, Mr. and Mrs. Hurley, with about a dozen of their most intimate friends, had planned an excursion to a lake not far from the city.

It was a beautiful morning, and when they reached the lake, which was not over five miles wide, everything gave promise of a delightful day. About one o'clock a few fleecy clouds were seen over the lake, but little heed was paid to them, so after eating their dinner in the grove the party took two boats and started to cross the lake to visit some friends who were camping on the opposite shore. At first a gentle breeze almost carried the boats along and although the sun had disappeared behind a cloud, no danger was apprehended until when they were near the middle of the lake it commenced to rain and the wind drew stronger.

Virginia's heart beat with a vague fear that something was going to happen, and spoke of turning back, but as the wind carried them onward her husband told her that it would be safe to go ahead and he bent all his energies upon the oars. When a mile from the shore a sudden gust capsized the frail bark. Virginia had clung to her boy, and she knew nothing until she felt her husband's arms around her. "Never mind me, Robert," she said, thrusting the child into his arms. If you will only save Arthur I can take care of myself."

She felt herself drifting away and soon relapsed into unconsciousness. When she opened her eyes they rested upon the black habit she had once so despised, but when she saw beneath the white gathered band that covered her forehead the kind face of her cousin she felt that she was safe.

"Alexia," she asked, "how came I here in the convent?"

"You are not in the convent," said the Sister. You are in your own home."

"And how came you here?" asked Virginia, "I thought you nuns were never allowed to visit your relatives."

"They sent for me when you were first brought home," said Alexia.

"How kind of you to come, dear Alexia, after I had remained away from you so long."

She paused and a wild, frightened expression came into her eyes as she added, "I remember it all now, Alexia, I remember it all now; tell me where Robert and my baby are. I must see them."

"Not now, Virginia," said her cousin, calmly controlling herself. "You are too weak and you must try to rest a little."

Virginia looked at her, but not a muscle of the calm, sweet face relaxed to betray the terrible truth she was hiding, and trusting that all might be well, she soon fell into a peaceful slumber, during which Sister Agnes Bernard and her companion, Sister Cecilia, watched in silent prayer, dreading the time when she would awake and they must tell her all.

Mr. Hurley had become so nearly exhausted in his efforts to row to the shore that little strength remained when he was thrown into the water; however, with only himself he might have reached the shore in safety, but with only one arm free, while with the other he tried to keep his half-drowned child above the water, he struggled bravely for some time, and had almost reached the shore when both sank to the bottom. It was nearly nightfall ere the bodies were recovered. Virginia and the other occupants of the boat had in the meantime been rescued and taken to their homes.

ams of tears she listened to the story told as gently as possible by Sister Agnes Bernard, and leaning on her arm she went to see the two corpses which were laid out in the parlor.

Untill the day of the funeral she spent most of her time with her beloved dead, leaving them only when coaxed away by her cousin, to whom she was becoming greatly attached.

Once when alone with her cousin, she threw her arms around her, and bursting into a passionate fit of weeping, said: "Dear Alexia, will you forgive me for all I said to you of the last time I visited you, for I am very sorry for it now."

"Forgive you Virginia; for myself I have nothing to forgive," said her cousin, "for though it grieved me sadly to hear the religious spoken of in such a manner, I was fully aware that it was because you knew us not, and I loved you too tenderly to take any offence."

"Thank you, Sister," said Virginia, deigning for the first time to address her cousin as a religious. I think I know you better now, and I am glad to see you still happy while I am a broken-hearted, childless widow. If you know not what it is to have a husband and child to love you, fortunately you will never know what it is to lose them." Here her tears flowed afresh and her cousin, instead of trying to soothe her, prayed that God might give her more strength to bear her loss.

For several days after the funeral Virginia remained in her own room, refusing to see any of her fashionable friends, who came to offer words of condolence, and never had she longed for the company of her cousin as much as she did now. When she thought how happy Alexia appeared to be in the place that once filled her with horror, she almost envied her and wished that she, too, might live in the convent. Not as a nun, oh, no; for Virginia Hurley was still too fond of her liberty and the world, nor even as a Catholic, for she could not think of submitting herself to a religion which in her blindness she believed to be so severe with its members. It was well enough for her religion retired cousin, but for her to feel that there was an obligation resting on her to attend church on Sundays, to abstain from meat on Fridays, and keep the other fasts as she had seen Alexia do, and worse still to humble herself to confess her sins to a priest, besides keeping other rules of which she was ignorant, but believed very difficult, it was too much. No, she could never do it.

All the bereaved young widow cared for was to find a place where, away from the world, her husband's friends and the pleasures in which she had participated with him, she might in a measure forget her sorrow. Accordingly one morning about three weeks after the funeral she went to visit her cousin and ask if she might remain a few weeks at the convent.

"I am so lonely at home," she said, "with no one but the servants to speak to, and although they are very kind to me, they cannot console me as you Sisters can."

Sister Agnes Bernard hesitated and looked at her cousin as if meditating upon how to answer her. Virginia continued: "Please do not send me away, Sister, ask your Superior if I may not remain here, for my home is so lonely that I cannot remain there alone and see everywhere sad reminders of them. It is so sad, dear cousin, she added, her tears flowing freely, and only one who has suffered as I have can realize what it is. It matters not what room I enter my eyes are sure to rest upon some treasure of Robert's, while in every part of the house I find my darling's toys where he left them."

"Sister Agnes Bernard, are you here?" asked a sweet childish voice, which seemed to revibrate with music. Virginia started at the sound, for it recalled another innocent voice which only a short time ago had been to her the sweetest of music, but was now stifled forever.

"Yes, dear, I am here," and the Sister stepping to the door led the child into the room saying, "This is our little Agnes whom you saw when you were here before."

"Yes, I remember her," said Mrs. Hurley, looking admiringly at the beautiful child whose face turned toward her at the sound of her voice, and as if fearing that the sightless eyes could see her tears she brushed them away and clasped her in her arms; but her tears fell afresh as the soft little cheek was pressed to her

lips and Agnes was not to be deceived. Choking a sob Virginia said, "Do you remember me, Agnes? I am Sister's cousin, Mrs. Hurley, who was here with my little boy a year ago."

"Yes, Mrs. Hurley, I remember you," said the child, "but why are you crying?"

"Because I have no little boy now," was the reply.

"Sister told me about it," said Agnes, "and I am so sorry for you; but Sister says he is happy with Jesus, and our blessed Mother in heaven."

"Yes," said Alexia, who was pleased to know that in spite of her indifference to religion, Virginia had not neglected to have the child baptized, "it ought to be consoling to know that your child is happy in heaven."

"But Sister," said Virginia sadly, "you know not what it is to be a mother, and can never realize what it is to lose an only child. If my darling could only have been spared it would not seem so hard, but what have I done that I must be bereaved thus?"

"I know it is very hard, Virginia," said her cousin, fixing her eyes upon the little girl whom she pressed closer to her bosom, "and I sincerely sympathize with you, but do you not know, did you ever stop to consider that others have been bereaved more than yourself?"

"What can be sadder," asked Virginia impatiently, "than to lose all who are dear to you without warning as I did?"

In the presence of the sensitive child, who, young as she was, had a keen intellect which had been intensified by the loss of her sight, the Sister dared not speak as she might otherwise have done, so pointing to Agnes she said, "Virginia, it is true you have lost a dear husband and dear child; but you have been left with a home and can care for yourself. Would it not have been much sadder had your child, instead of yourself survived that accident and been left to the care of strangers as others have?"

Virginia understood her, and laying her hand caressingly upon the golden curls of the blind orphan, who had thus been left among strangers, she said: "No, Alexia, I would not wish to leave him alone; but I have wished that I too might have been taken. I know it is wrong, but I could not help it."

"Yes, Virginia, it was wrong," said her cousin. "You should try to keep up your spirits, for God may have had some wise purpose in view in sparing your life and you know not what good you may be able to do."

At that moment Sister Agnes Bernard was called away and she bade little Agnes remain with her cousin until her return. The last words had sunk into her heart, and in deep meditation she silently gazed upon the golden curls, so like those upon which her eyes had often lovingly rested. She could not find voice to speak until addressed by the child, who said innocently, "I am so sorry for you, Mrs. Hurley, because your little boy is dead. I have heard Sister talk about you so much that I love you and I would like to be your little girl."

Virginia was startled by these words spoken in such childish innocence, and her heart went out more than ever to the orphan. Half an hour before she could not have believed that any child could ever again find a permanent place in her affections, but here was this orphan saying that she would like to be her little girl, while her cousin had just told her that she might be able to do some good.

"Would you really like to be my little girl?" Mrs. Hurley asked.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"And go home with me?" was Virginia's next question.

"Yes," said the child, then after a moment's hesitation, she added, "I would like to go, but I love Sister Agnes Bernard and the other Sisters so much that I do not wish to leave them."

of good for her, or defray her expenses at an institution for the education of the blind. When her cousin returned she asked to be allowed to take Agnes home with her for a few weeks, and having obtained permission from the superior she gave up the thought of remaining at the convent, and late in the afternoon started for home with her.

Agnes being quite tired after her ten mile ride, Virginia spoke of her retiring soon after tea. After undressing her and putting on her little night robe as tenderly as she had done for her own child, she kissed her goodnight and was about to lead her to the bed when she said, "You have forgotten, Mrs. Hurley, that I have not said my night prayers."

A slight pang of reproach came into the heart of the proud woman, who never thought of saying her night prayers as she saw the sinless blind child kneel as reverently by her bedside as if she had been in a church. "May I say them aloud," she asked.

"Yes, dear," was the reply, and involuntarily Virginia knelt beside her. In a voice filled with sweet, childish plainness Agnes lisped the Lord's Prayer ending with "And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from all evil, Amen," and was about to say the Hail Mary.

Virginia interrupted her saying, "You haven't said it all, dear."

"All of what, Mrs. Hurley," Agnes asked.

"All of the Lord's Prayer," was the reply. "You should say 'For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever and ever, Amen.'"

"Sister never taught me that," said the child in a mystified tone, "and I do not wish to say it."

"Very well," said Mrs. Hurley, not caring to dispute with a child, and thinking that it mattered little how her prayers were said. "Is that all?"

"Oh, no," said Agnes, and she commenced the Hail Mary.

Again she was interrupted by Virginia, who asked, "What is that you are saying?"

"The Hail Mary," was the reply, "don't you say it?"

"No, dear," replied Virginia, "but go on," and she did not interrupt her again but listened in amazement as the little one proceeded with the Apostles' Creed, Confiteor and Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition.

When she had finished she reverently made the sign of the cross and arising from her knees she said, "How strange it is, Mrs. Hurley, that you do not know the Hail Mary."

"It is because I am not a Catholic," said Virginia, "and we always pray to God."

"And don't you ever ask His Blessed Mother for anything?" asked the child.

"No, dear," was the reply, "it is enough to pray to God."

"How strange," said Agnes, "I thought everybody prayed to the Blessed Virgin because she can help us so much."

Virginia cast upon her a glance of mingled amazement and pity, the first excited by such wisdom of a child so young, and the second by the thought that such marks of Romanism had thus early been instilled into her innocent breast; but she would say no more. But what was it she heard long after the sightless eyes had closed and she supposed her to have fallen into a peaceful slumber? "My dear mother Mary," lisped the sweet voice, "pray for Mrs. Hurley because I love her, and teach her to love you because I know she loves Jesus and Jesus loves you."

Whether she was awake or dreaming Virginia never knew, but that childish prayer was remembered long years after the child became, like her own darling, only a memory of the happy past.

Once more the sound of childish laughter and the merry voice of child hood rang through the lonely rooms of Mrs. Hurley's home, for little Agnes, who knew not what the light was, was not old enough to realize her affliction; and, although at times almost too serious for a child of her age, she was still as merry and light-hearted as the most brilliant of children. From the first Virginia almost felt at times as if her own child were with her again, and it seemed when she fully realized that he was gone, as if his spirit were there pleading for her to be kind to the orphan. As the days passed Agnes

winning ways increased Virginia's love for her, until at the end of a month she had resolved never to part with her. Like many others who had admired her beauty, Mrs. Hurley had been loath to take upon herself the responsibility of caring for a blind child; but that feeling was all gone now.

Once a week they visited the asylum and it was on the day of her fifth visit that Virginia told her plans to her cousin. Sister Agnes Bernard listened with a feeling of secret joy, for she had hoped that this would be the result of Agnes' visit. Endeavoring to hide her sentiments she said, "If you adopt her, Virginia, you must bring her up a Catholic. Do you think you can do it?"

"I know nothing of your religion myself," was the reply, "but Agnes is remarkably brilliant in the matter and knows more than could reasonably be expected of a child twice her age. My next door neighbors are Catholics and she has attended church with them every Sunday so I think with their help and a little assistance from you, I will have no difficulty in gratifying your wishes there."

Alexia had hardly expected that her cousin would thus quickly promise to comply with the one condition on which she had intended to intrust her little charge to her; but she knew that Virginia's word once given would be kept in spite of every difficulty, so with a light heart she hastened to tell the superior. A few days later Agnes Malloy became the adopted daughter of Mrs. Hurley. Not a little regret was felt at the asylum when it was learned that the child who, while her own life was spent in darkness, shed rays of sunshine upon all, was to return no more; but for her sake they were all glad when they learned of the beautiful home she had found.

(To be Continued.)

RUSSIAN EMPEROR AND CATHOLIC PRELATES.

At a grand reception recently held by the Czar, two Catholic prelates, the Latin Archbishop of St. Petersburg and the Rector of the Catholic Academy, were present. Arriving at the Imperial palace before the end of the Mass, they stood near the chapel door waiting for the master of ceremonies to conduct them to their usual places, but no one took any notice of the two prelates. The Czar, leading the Cararina on his arm, came out, and finding his visitors standing behind the guards, showed plainly his surprise. Then leaving the Empress, the Czar advanced towards the prelates and shook hands with them. Some minutes later a colonel approached the Archbishop and his companion, made inquiries, and found out where the fault lay. Apologies were not long forthcoming. The prelates were informed that the Czar was much put out at their being left in a place so unworthy of their sacerdotal character, and that he desired more respect should be shown to priests.

On the same day that this incident happened the Emperor conferred a decoration on Bishop Pallulon, of Kovno. The honor is the more marked because it is not the custom to bestow such favors on ecclesiastics except at Easter. During sixteen years Mgr. Pallulon was under suspicion and regarded at Court as an enemy of the empire. His virtue has triumphed at last over the malice of his persecutors. A new governor, recognizing the innate merit of the Catholic Bishop, brought the facts of the case under the notice of the Russian Minister of Worship, with the felicitous result above stated—Pittsburg Observer.

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PROGRESS IN IRELAND

There are many ways in which to study Ireland as she is apart from the purely political considerations. Recently Mr. Victor T. Noonan has contributed a very interesting article on the subject of Ireland in 1904. After dwelling upon many of the phases of progress to be noted in Ireland, the writer deals especially with large cities, such as Dublin and Belfast. In regard to the former there is a passage in the article which is well deserving of notice. Mr. Noonan says:

"Dublin is better equipped than any city in Europe with hospitals and asylums for the sick, the needy and the orphan. The Mater Misericordiae hospital under the Sisters of Mercy, is one of the finest hospitals in Europe. There are nearly four hundred beds in this institution. It is evident that the people of Dublin are a religious people, from the number of magnificent churches which are scattered throughout the city. There are over thirty large churches conducted by the secular clergy, Jesuits, Dominicans, Passionists, Carmelites, Franciscans, Oblats, Capuchins, Marists and Vincentians."

This might lead one to suppose that the Catholic element in Ireland was entirely bound up in the Church and matters of religion, to the sacrifice of all temporal interests. In fact it has been boasted that the greatest amount of commercial prosperity in Ireland has been due to the Protestant section of the population. Mr. Noonan turns to Belfast and presents us with some facts that go to counteract this wrong impression. In dealing with the last mentioned city he says:

"No city, however, in Ireland can compare with Belfast for industrial activity and modern progress. While it has always been a hotbed of prejudice and Orangism, nevertheless out of a population of 350,000, the Catholics count fully 100,000, so they are no small factor in the building up of this fine city. Belfast is world-famous for its shipyards, linen factories and linen stores. The largest ships in the world, the Oceanic, Celtic, Cedric and recently the Baltic of the White Star line, have been launched from Belfast shipyards. In this respect Germany and America are not in line. It may be well to state here that Belfast possesses one of the largest tobacco factories in the world, owned by Galaghers. Belfast has sixteen large Catholic parishes accommodated by as many large and magnificent churches. The largest is St. Peter's, with a congregation of over 22,000 people. There are services every hour in this Church on Sundays from 6 a.m. until noon, when the last Mass is celebrated. It takes twelve months to paint the interior of this Church, which possesses two beautiful spires of 330 feet and a chime of bells. There are two religious orders in the city, the Redemptorists and the Passionists. Under the personal direction of the Bishop, the Catholic young men of the city have a central club, the roll call of which numbers over 700 members. Here they have lectures, musicals and other social entertainments, at which the good Bishop, Dr. Henry, is often present, taking an active part."

These extracts will suffice to show the upward and onward course of Catholicity in Ireland—ever coeval with Ireland's glory.

IRELAND'S DELEGATE TO AMERICA

The Boston Central Branch of the United Irish League observed the anniversary of Robert Emmet's birth by a memorial meeting at the American House. Interest centered in the first speech in this country of Mr. Conor O'Kelly, M.P., for North Mayo the delegate of the United Irish League of Ireland and the Irish party, who arrived in Boston on Friday of last week.

While there were but few at the terminal station to greet Mr. O'Kelly, his reception was none the less cordial and he was made to feel at home as soon as he alighted from the train. He was greeted by the National Secretary of the United Irish League, John O'Callaghan, Mr. M. A. Tolland and Secretary Daniel P. Sullivan, secretary of the Boston Central Branch of the United Irish League, and escorted to the Hotel Essex.

The Boston Herald says: He is a young man who is full of enthusiasm for the Irish cause. Being asked how things looked for the rule, with a smile he replied that they were never brighter, and that the

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Irish Parliamentary Party, led by John Redmond, was working solidly together and success was bound to come soon. His mission in this country, he said, was to help along the work of the United Irish League.

In the evening Mr. O'Kelly went to the American House, where he met a large gathering of Irish citizens, who gave him a most cordial reception. Dr. P. J. Timmins presided. Mr. O'Kelly spoke in part as follows:

"Those of you who follow affairs in Ireland will not think me guilty of exaggeration if I say that the prospect was never so bright and promising for the past twenty years as it is just now. Our organization and party are absolutely united. Our loyalty to Mr. Redmond is as sincere and as genuine to-day as it was when he was selected our leader."

"Then the position in the House of Commons is of a most encouraging character. There are those, I dare say, in this country, who think that constitutional agitation has effected nothing for Ireland. But before the land act of '81 was passed the Irish tenant was nothing more or less than a serf in his own country. The act of '81 made him practically a free man, and act after act dealing with Irish land followed the act of '81, and all of them tended to give a grip to the Irish people in the soil of their country."

"I venture to prophesy that in three months we shall have a general election. Then it will be found that the question of Irish national self-government will at once be as pressing and as embarrassing to the British House of Commons as it was between the years of '86 and '92. The British Tory party, as we knew it in the past is gone. But although it is practically certain that the Tory Government will be defeated, it is equally certain that the Liberal party will not go back to the House independent in numbers sufficiently large to make them independent of the Irish Parliamentary party."

"Then, of course, our opportunity will come. If the Tories are willing to meet us half way, they will have 80 Irish votes to support them. If they are not, these 80 votes go to the Liberals."

THE LAW IN GERMANY.

In a fit of temper a kitchenmaid on a Rhine steamer threw overboard all the pots and pans she had to clean. There were two previous convictions against her for theft, and she was accused of stealing the pots and pans. The Cologne judges held, however, that as she had only thrown the utensils overboard the charge of theft could not be sustained, and they further decided that she could not be convicted of damaging her employers' property, inasmuch as the pots and pans were probably reposing uninjured at the bottom of the river.

Against this judgment an appeal was made to the High Court in Leipzig. The judges there also came to the conclusion that the case could not be dealt with as one of theft, nor could they see any evidence of damage to property had been adduced. But at the same time the High Court decided that the sentiment of justice imperatively demanded the punishment of the guilty girl, and the matter was accordingly referred back to the judges at Cologne, with instructions to ascertain whether, after all, the pots and pans might not have been damaged by rust, or by the splitting off of the enamel, or by the shifting of the pebbles on the bottom of the Rhine! The end of the case, which has already lasted nine months, has not yet been reached.—London Truth.

POPE THANKS KAISER.

The Holy Father has thanked the Emperor William for forbidding the Evangelistic Union the use of the name "Luther" for a church to be erected by the German Protestants in Rome.

Catholic Statistics.

The Catholic Directory for 1904, says the Messenger Magazine, published by Burns and Oates, gives 16 archbishops and bishops for England and Wales, 3205 priests, 1592 churches and chapels. This indicates substantial progress in one year. There are, also, in England, one archbishop and four bishops retired, without Episcopal office. Amongst the regular clergy are many of the exiled French religious. In the whole British Empire there are at present 29 Archbishopsees, 104 Episcopal, 30 Vicariates, 11 prefectures—in all 174. Twenty-seven of the 30 Vicariates are administered by bishops of titular sees. Four bishoprics, 3 vicariates and 3 prefectures are vacant. Including two delegates apostolic, nine coadjutors and two bishops-auxiliary, the Episcopate of the Empire now numbers 170, besides 5 prelates retired. This is a large proportion of the 1000 residential sees of the entire Catholic Church. The estimated Catholic population of England is 1,500,000, Scotland 514,000, Ireland, 3,810,028. The entire Catholic population of the Empire is about 10,500,000.

According to the new Catholic Directory (1904) for Scotland, the secular priests in Scotland number 417 and the regulars 90, making a total of 507, compared with a total of 483 in December, 1902. The number of missions is 226, being an increase of two on last year; churches, chapels and stations number 371, compared with 359 in 1902. Religious houses total 64, being an increase of two houses for men and three for women in the year. The building of congregational schools now number 201, and the departments 250, being an increase of five; the charitable institutions number 34, compared with 31 last year. The Catholic population of Scotland is estimated at 513,400. The tabulated returns of baptisms, confirmations and marriages in 1902 show similar progress, compared with 1901. The number of baptisms was 19,309, an increase of 201; confirmations totalled 8261, a decrease of 1774; and marriages 3228, an increase of 108. The totals for the Archdiocese of Glasgow for 1902 were 14,102 baptisms, 5753 confirmations and 2344 marriages. The events of 1903 in Catholic Scotland constitute an exceptionally interesting record, including an account of the celebration on March 5 last of the semi-jubilee of the Restored Hierarchy of Scotland. Calculated from the latest available returns, the Catholic Church in Scotland shows wonderful progress compared with 1878. The Catholic population shows an increase of over 40 per cent.; missions have increased by 61 per cent.; churches by 39 per cent.; priests by 86 per cent., and schools by 58 per cent. Another event of exceptional interest recorded in the Calendar took place on September 10, when Archbishop Maguire was invested with the pallium in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Glasgow.

FRIENDSHIP.

Two persons will not be friends long if they can not forgive each other little failings.

NOTICE.

Dame Apolline Pauline, in religion Sister Marthe, Dame Marie-Emilie Auvert, in religion Sister Sainte Theodora; Dame Ellen Royston, in religion Sister Marie de Saint Paul, Dame Elizabeth Mais, in religion Sister Marie du Sacre-Coeur, of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for a charter granting them civil personality under the name of "Les Soeurs de l'Esperance, vouées aux soins des malades," with such powers as are generally given to similar corporations.
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Building Association in Aid of St. Michael's Parish.

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intentions of those who contribute 50 cents yearly.

These two masses are said for members of the Association towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are; they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefits of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend—These tickets are excellent "In Memoriam Cards" to present bereaved relatives.

Communications may be addressed to the Pastor, Rev. J. P. Kiernan, 1602 St. Denis street, Montreal, P.Q.

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Society Directory.

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Rec.-Secy., Jno. P. Gunning, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aillery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, O.S.S.R.; President, P. Kenohan; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

O.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcey; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill

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All over the civilized wherever a number of men, or descendants of men, gathered, there special rejoicings on 17th March, this year

The electric spark has f news around the globe—fr lla, where once the Irish unjust rule were sent a convicts; from South Africa so recently struggles that main memorial in the ann closing Nineteenth Century place; from the entire con Europe, from Paris, the Light, where the names O'Kelly's, O'Neils, Lally and McMahons are house from Spain, the chivalric, are to be met, in higher c descendants of the O'Donn Rome, made dearer still graves of the Irish chief Janiculum; from Rome t fames the heart of O'Conn all over the vast American from where the Mississi down and Missouri chant ing requiem for the immortl to the shadow of the far "neath which sweeps on th and the Amazon; from al come notes of rejoicing, of assurance. And even fr land, herself, came echos der as any that ever swept Atlantic. From Ireland of clad hills and the verd whose rivers are rhyth a streams are a song, whose carpet is clad with a myr flowers, and whose cliffs, w fending the coast, are entw the grayest of garlands; the grand old land of Patrick's Bridget's grace and of Col herism came the notes of on the recurrence of the day.