

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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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.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.—A Happy New Year to All is the expression of our most sincere desire. Another year is about to close; another year is about to begin.

Sometimes we find that words are cold and formal when we seek to use them in translating the dictates of the heart. Human language has its limitations, and like all things finite it seems better calculated to convey ideas of the material affairs of this world than of the spiritual things that belong to heart and soul.

It is not our intention to make a retrospect of the year that is going, nor do we purpose attempting any forecast of the year that approaches. To do either, or both, would demand a volume. But we do hope and pray that the blessings of the last year will be multiplied in the year to come.

With these few comments, we turn, hopefully to the year that stands at our threshold, and we beg that God may spare us, and all our friends, from many of those sorrows as His wisdom may deem well to allow.

umns shall contain few of those sad obituaries that we are so frequently called on to write. Nothing is sadder than the vacant chair at the fireside; and while we cannot reasonably expect that the coming year will spare us all such sorrows, yet we trust and pray that its catalogue of vanished friends will be exceedingly short.

REGULAR CONTRIBUTIONS.—A Catholic contemporary gives us the following brief editorial note:—'Better is fifty cents a week given to the poor-box on every Sunday for the next four months than a five-dollar bill at a special collection.'

FOREIGN INVASION.—In England, all unknown to herself, being invaded by a foreign element that will some day drive Englishmen out of their country as were the Saxons driven away by the Normans.

DR. LORENZ HONORED.—New York city is taking special steps to honor in a worthy manner the eminent Dr. Adolph Lorenz. This great surgeon came to America, from Vienna. According to the statement of an exchange, the purpose of his visit was to perform an operation on a child of Ogden Armour, the Chicago millionaire.

These men of science do honor to the Catholic Church and their works and lives serve more than a hundred

dred volumes of logic to disprove the false statements of that Church's enemies, when they will have it that she is opposed to science and advancement.

TARDY JUSTICE.—Here is an item of news that speaks for itself:—'On Dec. 17 New Hampshire completed the work of justice begun in 1876, by removing the religious test from her constitution. Until 1876, no Catholic was legally qualified to hold office in that State. Until last week, a clause in that part of the constitution containing the Bill of Rights read: 'Legislature may authorize the several towns, parishes, bodies corporate, or religious societies within this State to make adequate provision, at their own expense, for the support and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion and morality.'

It is not wonderful that in America, 'the land of the free,' the spirit of old Puritan intolerance should survive to such a late date? We do not mind so much the famous, or rather infamous A. P. Aism of the closing years of the last century; but we find it passing strange that a legislature of a free State should be shackled with the chains of bigotry and prejudice to the degree indicated by the foregoing paragraph.

A CATHOLIC CATECHISM.—By a Catholic, we mean a general, a universal catechism. Writing in the 'Catholic World Magazine,' the Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., has made a lengthy reference to the question of a new catechism, when dealing with the many vital issues that came up for consideration by the Archbishops of the United States at their recent meeting. On this subject, amongst other things, Father Doyle says:—'The catechism question, however, is of most serious importance. There is some talk of Rome itself preparing a universal catechism to be translated into all languages. Such a universal catechism would be of eminent service, and perhaps there is no better solution of the difficulty in this country. A universal catechism would possess many advantages. In all probability it would be prepared by the most capable men—that is, men who are not only theologians, but who have had years of training in the best methods of imparting knowledge.'

Hibernians Honor Bishop O'Connor.

Among the gifts which came to Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of Newark, on the occasion of his silver jubilee this week, was an elegant equipage for his personal use, from the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the State of New Jersey. The gift was presented at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, on Christmas Day by State President James Brennan, ex-Freemason William J. Moran, of Jersey City; and Revs. William T. McLaughlin, State Chaplain, and James A. Kelly, County Chaplain of the Order.

The carriage panels bear Bishop O'Connor's coat-of-arms, done in purple and gold. The scroll has the inscription, 'Sapientia Desursum.' The body of the carriage is of the very choicest wood, painted and polished in a very dark olive green, touched up with black. The design is graceful, but the entire appearance is one of substantiality.

The Wanstead Railway Disaster.

Rarely in the history of Canadian railroading do we find anything as terrible as the catastrophe which took place last Saturday night, at the little station of Wanstead, Ont., on the line of the Grand Trunk. By the latest news we learn that twenty-eight persons were killed, while about forty have been injured in different ways. The details of the story read like a sensational novel.

THE DEAD.—The official list of dead, as issued recently by the Grand Trunk Railway authorities, is as follows:—Alex. Stewart, Petrolia. Mrs. Alex. Stewart, Petrolia. A. Ricketts, Sarnia, fireman, No. 5.

J. Gillies, Sarnia, engineer, express. Miss Ellen Trotter, Petrolia. H. Lawrence, Watford. Thomas Kelly, Stouffville. Nicholas Jeffrey, London. Clem. Bradley, Port Huron, Mich. Guy de Pencier, Calfax, Wash. D. C. Penwarden, Grand Rapids, Mich. Mrs. Penwarden, Grand Rapids, Mich. S. H. Brock, Chicago, Ill. C. B. Burwell, Port Huron, Mich. Wilson Morton, Chicago, Ill. Alex. Cameron, Strathroy. Miss Nellie Geddes, Sarnia. Ed. de Beaus, Prescott. Mrs. J. Bradley, Port Huron, Mich. Miss Lottie Lynch, Port Huron, Mich. George Burkholder, Sarnia. A. Douglas, Alvinston. Wm. J. Lucas, Sarnia. Robt. Stevenson, Wyoming. Miss Violet Brock, Chicago, Ill. Mrs. J. Barnes, Woodstock. George D. Sutherland, Lockport, N.Y. Toini Paanen, female, domestic, Toronto.

THE INJURED.—The following were the passengers removed to the Victoria Hospital at London: Alex. M. Stewart, Wingham, Ont., face slightly bruised. Mrs. J. J. Cuthbertson, Port Huron, Mich., face, head and hands bruised; possibility of internal injuries.

James J. Ramplin, Toronto, bruised and shaken up. Mrs. Samuel Cummings, Port Huron, Mich., slight cuts, not serious. Hattie Northey, Peterboro, very slightly injured. James R. Northey, Peterboro, considerably bruised, but not serious. Mrs. Coote, Chicago, possibly some serious internal injury. Frank E. Baker, London, dislocated shoulder and other injury. Wm. Morse, wife and one child, Sarnia, fractured arm, chest. Mrs. Morse, considerably shaken up, not serious. Thos. Coote, London, hip injured. Geo. Stacey, Wanstead, very slightly injured. Dr. Harvey, Chicago, Ill., lacerated wound in head, some bruises; not serious. Mrs. J. M. Stewart and two children Oshkosh, Wis.; Mrs. Stewart, fractured jaw and lacerations, not serious. Earl Stewart, broken arm and collar bone. Hobart Hobart, fractured hip. Russell Quinn, Chicago, burns on hands, and scalp wound, considered serious. Mrs. Fagley, London, very slightly

injured. Miss Flossie Cuthbertson, Port Huron, very slightly injured. James Barnes, Woodstock, Ont., injured leg and hip, not serious. Beatrice Geddes, Sarnia, Ont., slightly injured. J. J. Cuthbertson, Port Huron, Mich., fractured jaw, bruises, etc., considered serious. John Bird, Chicago, fractured arm, injured back, scalp wound and lacerations. J. A. Lamont, Wyoming, fractured leg and lacerations. Mrs. W. Gott, and daughter, London, very slightly injured. Mr. J. Shawlock, Strathroy; very slightly injured. W. H. Cole and wife, Flint, Mich., very slightly injured. R. K. McDonald, Strathroy, very slightly injured. Mrs. I. N. Barnes, Sarnia, Ont., very slightly injured. Annie Sinclair, Komoka, very slightly injured. Mr. R. Jackson, Petrolia, Ont., very slightly injured; gone home to Woodstock.

In speaking of the impossibility of avoiding the collision, and of the narrowness of the escape that might have been made Conductor McAuliffe, of the express said that the freight train crew had opened the Wanstead switch and the train had started to move into it, when the collision occurred. A minute or two more and the freight would have been safely side-tracked and the dreadful accident avoided.

The most graphic account of the scene after the collision is that given by Mr. W. H. Cairnduff of Chicago. Mr. Cairnduff said he was in the second sleeper from the front, and he had felt the shock only slightly. In fact, he had not thought for a moment that anything particular had happened. He had half expected something was going to occur further, but things had quieted down and he was on the point of going on to bed before he knew that anything serious was the matter. As soon as he heard that there was trouble ahead, he got out on the right side of the train and walked forward. The first thing he came across was the body of a man lying in the snow. 'Then,' said Mr. Cairnduff, 'I went round to the other side of the cars and found that all the doors of the damaged day coach were jammed tight and a gang of men had started to chop out the side of the car to allow the escape of the imprisoned passengers. It was about this time that the fire started. I am not sure, but I think that the flames first burst out in the freight and the cries of the imprisoned passengers were awful as they saw a slow death approaching. They made frantic struggles to escape. The front coach had been jammed with local people, most of whom were returning to their homes in Sarnia, Petrolia and other places along the line after the Christmas holidays. The train was the last on which they could use their excursion tickets. The way I happen to know the coach was jammed was through a gentleman who came through a short time before with his wife, and told me that he was not able to find any room up forward. He remained in the Pullman, where I was, and so escaped injury.

'One of the most pathetic things that I saw was the case of a man of about 50 years of age, who had been jammed between the heavy timbers. I took charge of him and made him a bed on the floor of the Pullman car smoker. After he had lain there for a few minutes, he said: 'My name is Barnes; I wish you would find my wife.' Just at that moment I picked up a pocket-book. I showed it to him and he recognized it as belonging to his wife. I then went outside to look for her and some one told me she was dead. I went back and said that I had not been able to find her, and explained that everything was in such a mixed-up state that it was very hard to find any one. He was contented with that. I think that it must have taken about an hour and a half for the special train with the surgeons to arrive from London, but in the meantime we found two doctors on the train and also three trained nurses. These people at once set to work and gave heroic service to the injured. To give them due praise would be an impossibility.

ity, and I will not endeavor to say how their work was appreciated. Great praise is also due to the prompt, masterful energy of Mr. Clark, the father of one of the nurses, for the way in which he organized a fire brigade to fight the flames that threatened to devour the debris and finish what the collision had begun. 'The burning baggage car lay near the telescoped passenger coach, and there was grave danger for a few moments. Under Mr. Clark's supervision, however, all the men in the train at once went to work, and by the aid of snow and the fire extinguishers from the sleepers, soon had the conflagration under control. In one instance, I saw a woman pinned under a blazing beam, and she was just as brave and cheerful as any one I ever saw. The very greatest praise is also due to the conductors and trainmen. They were cool, collected and industrious, and above all, worked with the greatest intelligence. I never saw men work with greater effectiveness than these men did. It was truly wonderful how slight a shock we felt in the sleepers. Even in the supreme moment of collision, when the shock was at its worst, I was not thrown off my seat. That ought to be a strong evidence for the additional safety of travelling in a Pullman. Another gentleman who was with me, a clergyman returning to Los Angeles from Montreal, also told me that he did not feel the shock to any extent.'

RUSSIAN NOTES.

FAMINE.—According to a dispatch from St. Petersburg, the Russian Government is face to face with the grave question of how best to feed 15,000,000 hungry peasants.

These distressed peasants are scattered over numerous provinces in central and eastern Russia, and partly also in the south-east and along the Volga. In the greatest hurry the Government has sent commissioners into the famine districts to make inquiries and report. On the suggestion of Finance Minister Witte, the Government forwarded \$1,000,000 worth of rye to the threatened districts, but there is an uneasy feeling that it will not reach the right hands. The Government also bought \$7,500,000 worth of rye and wheat to be forwarded after the reports are received.

The villagers are not only suffering themselves, but their cattle are dying by thousands, and their horses have to be sold, as they cannot feed them. The outlook for the spring plowing seems hopeless. Untold millions will be needed for relief if the peasants are to keep their lands in cultivation.

VILLAGES WIPED OUT.—Advices from Ashkabad, Russian Turkestan, say that in the country around Andijan eleven villages are in ruins as a result of the recent earthquake, and that fully 6,000 houses have been destroyed in these scattered settlements. The weather is warmer and the work of rescue and succor is proceeding with better results. The villages are sufficiently provisioned for some time, but the Government will be obliged to supply the wants of the working people at Andijan until spring.

No one is permitted to enter Antijab without a police pass. Even railroad employees on their way to work are obliged to show permits. A dispatch from Andijan, dated Dec. 25, says during that day there had been a continual undulating movement and upheaving of the earth, the disturbance increasing in strength toward the evening.

God regards not how much we do, but from how much it proceeds; he does much that loves much.

The counsel of the society has already made an exhaustive research into the charters and franchises of the companies, and early in the new year it is expected the society will begin their struggle, prepared to prove the loyalty of their contributions.

Our Curbstone Observer ON NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

INCE my comments in last issue, on Christmas Boxes, appeared, I have heard the remark passed that "there is a lot of sense in that fellow's ideas." If it is not of the most elegant at least it is of the complimentary class of criticism. As I was a little outspoken regarding the subject of Christmas Boxes, I may as well have my say in the matter of New Year's calls. That the olden custom of visiting friends, acquaintances, and even semi-strangers, on the first day of the year, is dying out to a great extent, still it is one of those traditional practices that survive even the most pronounced changes in the fashions of the world. It had its good points and it was often open to criticism; but like every other social custom it had, for a period, become universal; and when the day of its decline arrived, the going down of its sun was rapid. Let it not be imagined that I am writing the obituary of that ancient custom; it is not dead; but it has been subjected to so many radical changes that it is scarcely recognizable at present. I will try to give the readers an idea of what I am trying to explain.

THE CARD SYSTEM.—Let us commence with the modern idea of "calling" on New Year's Day. The gentleman provides himself with a pack of visiting cards, sometimes bearing, besides his name "A Happy New Year," or "The Compliments of the Season," or "with the compliments of Mr. —," or, as the general rule the name only. It matters little; he sets off with his vest pocket full of these tiny pieces of pasteboard and rings the door-bells at the various place where he intends to make his calls. The servant comes to the door, presents him with a silver tray, or plate, somewhat as would a collector in a church, and receives his card. This is placed before the lady of the house, and she considers that the gentleman has "called." Then there are cases in which the lady actually does receive the caller; certain formalities in the shape of bows, handshakes, questions and answers concerning the weather, and probably the coal prospect, and the whole ceremony is over. This may be very necessary in order to keep the social wheel turning, but for the life of me I could never make out in what the friendship, or even interest, consisted. But it is not a very fruitful occupation, nor is it accompanied by as many objectionable features as were, at one time, associated with the New Year's call. Still the card system is doing away very perceptibly with the old-time regular calling, or visiting.

ANOTHER OBSTACLE.—I am not going to complain about the other obstacle that has loomed up of late years and has been very instrumental in deterring the customary New Year's Day caller from going abroad on that occasion. I refer to the "coffee" that has been introduced, as a general rule, as a substitute for wine, and for even something stronger. There is no doubt that the old custom of having the accompanying piece of cake, had much to do with drawing out a vast number of callers. Even yet the custom exists; but luckily it has seen its day, and is rapidly becoming "out of style." Many is the young man who could trace his failure in after life, his intemperate habits, and perhaps his ruin, both in body and soul, to the glass of wine on New Year's Day. At first sight it does not appear such a terrible thing to offer one glass to a caller; but when you consider that the guest in question may have al-

ready called at a dozen places (and taken a dozen glasses), and may call at another dozen before night, (and take a second dozen glasses), the matter begins to assume formidable proportions. Many of the readers will recall scenes enacted, especially towards evening, on former New Year's days, when the belated callers were winding up their rounds of social amusement. Personally, I have a vivid recollection of some of those scenes. I remember one, in particular; I was still very young; we had concluded the day's ordeal of receiving, and were about to adjourn for supper, when a large sleigh-load of lively gentlemen arrived. It was long after eight o'clock when they left. They had called all day, from house to house, and it is quite possible that not one of them remembered, next day, how many and what places he had visited. When I now look back at that evening, and I summon up the familiar features of all those jovial fellows, I am bewildered to find that not one of them is now in the land of the living. What a number of New Year's days they have all passed in the profound silence of the grave; and how seldom, if ever, any of their names have been mentioned on such occasions. There is, in truth, a splendid illustration of the "vanitas vanitatum" of A-Kempis, and a wonderful lesson for whoever feels inclined to study and retain it.

REFLECTIONS.—All these little observations of mine are calculated to make one reflect. Reflect upon the customs that are so changeable and so changed; upon the spirit that is coming over the dreams of men in our modern days; upon the disappearance of many an abuse that marked the "good old times;" upon the appearance of social methods that are scarcely calculated to increase the warmth of friendship amongst men. This is a colder, harsher, and more formal age than any of the past. The "Dollar" seems to be the all-absorbing aim of humanity. Nor is it the mere gathering together, by incessant labor, of the elements of a reasonable fortune, but it is the attaining of immense wealth by leaps and bounds. In former times the miser was a noted character and was spoken of with a certain degree of horror, to-day it is very different, for almost all men are misers, hoarders of money, graspers after wealth. The one who is most remarkable is the man who is content with a reasonable share of the world's goods. Formerly there was a "give and take" that made life most pleasant. Then men trusted their fellowmen and their trust was rarely betrayed. Now each one looks upon his neighbor with suspicion, as he would on a burglar or a thief, and each one imagines that his friends are combined to do him out of what he possesses and that each individual has a set purpose to use him for some selfish end. The result is an antagonism between men that, if not open, or expressed, is, at least, implied in all their relations with each other. Are we, then, to grieve for the "good old times," or to rejoice in the great changes that have taken place? After all, the question is not easy to answer, for humanity has not changed—it is the same in its nature, in all its attributes, in its passions, virtues, and vices, as it ever was from the very beginning. "The times change and we change with them" sang Horace, in the golden days of Roman splendor; and since then the times have changed in a million ways, and men have changed with them, in order to correspond to their requirements; but humanity has remained the same—a battle field whereon contend the forces of good and evil, of Error and Truth.

are all old people, most of them fathers and mothers, many of them, even grandparents. We know that too many of these fathers and mothers are unhappy, because they feel the shame of being subjects of public charity, and because their old hearts are stung by that serpent of filial neglect. And when we realize these things we are particularly grateful to the public official who appreciates them too, and who

shows an eagerness to provide greater physical comforts—which is the most he can do—for those who are thus put under his care. And 'tis this why a new plan which Mr. Homer Folks, commissioner of public charities for New York, has adopted deserves special commendation.

Mr. Folks has set aside a cottage on Blackwell's Island for old couples who are now inmates of the almshouse. Here husband and wife

will live together, each pair having its own private room. The aged couples will all dine together at a large table in the general dining-room of the cottage, and then they may retire, each husband and wife to their own room, to sit together unmolested, as they wish. In a great public almshouse there are hundreds, of course, who are at best undesirable companions. There are scores of old men and women whose intellects have faded as their years have increased; there are many others whose physical infirmities have made them fretful, complaining, and most uncompanionable, and there are others, too, who have wasted the best years of their life, who have been low and dissolute and who have sunk into a degraded old age. The best must of necessity be herded with the worst, and in this is another source of unhappiness for those of finer fibre. Among the 2,400 poor on Blackwell's Island are twenty aged men and women who are happier because of the new plan of Commissioner Folks, for they will have an opportunity now to retire from the great herd of men and women with whom they have hitherto been forced to associate, to comfort and console each other in private.

The cottage which has been dedicated to aged couples has been occupied for some time by the nurses of the almshouse. A new nurses' home has been prepared for them and their present quarters are being remodelled. When the repairing is completed there will be sixteen individual rooms in the aged couples' cottage, enough to accommodate thirty-two persons. The kitchen and dining-room will be entirely separate from the general almshouse, so that the old couples will be in a colony by themselves. When any of them wishes to retire from the great crowd of inmates the little chamber in the cottage will be ready. Under conditions such as have always existed this would be impossible. In one great dormitory all of the women sleep. They eat in a tremendous common dining room, on plain board tables, and from dishes of tin. It is the same with the old men, who are in number about equal to the women.

The plan of Commissioner Folks is, as far as the commissioner knows, unique in the United States. There are many private institutions for aged couples supported by charitable contributions or societies throughout the country, but, according to Mr. Folks' information, no public ones. The same plan has, however, been adopted in some European almshouses, particularly in England, where it has been shown to greatly promote the happiness of the inmates.—Boston Pilot.

Diamond Harbor Chapel

Under the heading "A Beautiful Chapel," the Quebec "Daily Telegraph" says:—

We must congratulate our Irish Catholic friends of Diamond Harbor and their devoted spiritual director, Rev. Father McCarthy, C.S.S.R., upon the fine appearance of their beautiful little chapel of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. In this city of churches, there are many stately edifices dedicated to the worship of the Most High, but in none has a greater wealth of zeal and good taste been lavished upon the work of embellishment or was the golden festival of Christmas more fitly or strikingly honored. It will be remembered that some months ago on the memorable occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Father McCarthy's consecration to the priesthood, the rev. gentleman, among other marks of their love and admiration, was presented by his flock with a handsome purse to gratify the dearest wish of his heart, which was the beautifying of the humble temple in which he has so long ministered to their spiritual wants. The result of the judicious outlay of this money upon the illumination of the altar and chapel was witnessed recently for the first time, and was the object of general admiration. During the holy sacrifice, the altar was one blaze of light shining forth from several hundred tiny electric lamps or electric candles arranged around the statues or hidden away among the foliage of the ornamental plants and other decorations, while the body of the chapel was brilliantly illuminated by a hundred more. Altogether, the effect was magnificent, and as already said, the good people of Diamond Harbor can now be congratulated upon having one of the prettiest little chapels in the city.

Catholicity In the Twentieth Century.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

A recently published volume by Ehrhardt, of Vienna, on "The Catholic Church in the Twentieth Century," has given rise, especially among learned Protestants, to a very interesting discussion. In Germany, above all, has this subject been treated fully and minutely by Protestant writers of reputation. One of the best known literary men of that country, H. S. Chamberlain, foretells that the Catholic Church, unless there is a thorough change within herself, will close this century with less than one-third of the Christians of the globe in her fold. A still more eminent Protestant writer and scholar is the church historian, Dr. Kolde, of Erlangen, who declares that Chamberlain's estimate is only based on a superficial appreciation of the strength of traditional religious principles. In placing before his readers his own estimate of the power of the Catholic Church, in this century, Dr. Kolde says:—

"Few people, and only those who study modern facts in the light of church history, have any appreciation of the phenomenal advance made by the Catholic Church during the last decades, especially as a power in the political world and in the conquests of new spheres of thought and life. It is by no means a pleasant thing for Protestants to contemplate; but it is an undeniable fact that not since the days of Innocent III. has the papal system unfolded such splendor and power as in the present time. Not the Catholic princes, but rather the Protestant rulers are the ones who are trying to surpass each other in honoring the shrewd sage now occupying the throne in the Vatican, although it is this same sage who has repeatedly called the Reformation a 'pest.'"

He adds that "in other respects the Catholic Church has grown phenomenally." After giving proof of the constant augmentation in numbers and influence of her religious orders, he points out that the Catholics control the balance of power in the Parliaments of the world. He then points to "the assigning of the position of judge on international difficulties to the Pope"—which, he adds, "has been first voluntarily yielded to the Vatican by the leading Protestant powers of Europe, Prussia and Germany, the former of these also having been the first to recognize the Curia as a political power on equal footing with other powers by sending an ambassador to the Vatican."

Concluding his theme the learned author says that "humanly speaking the Catholic Church is destined to achieve still more notable conquests in the twentieth century."

It will be observed, especially by the Catholic student of our Church history, that all these eminent non-Catholic writers view the Church, and her wonderful development and achievements, from the purely human standpoint and consider her merely as a government or human institution. And even as such, the career of the Church is a puzzle for them, nor are they able to assign any positive cause for the marvelous history that her annals present. It never strikes them that no other organization on earth has weathered the tempests of twenty centuries, and is more powerful and more full of vitality to-day than at any period in the past. What then, is there within that Church which has carried her triumphantly down the vast space of centuries and has preserved her to become the most potent factor in the world's affairs to-day? As a human institution it is "humanly speaking" a moral impossibility that the Church could have succeeded in resisting all the floods of adversity and antagonism, from the Roman arena to the Reformation, and from that period down to our own day. Were she a purely human institution she would have, long since, gone the way of all the Empire's, Kingdoms and Republics that she beheld in their infancy, knew in their zenith of power, and beheld go down to the grave that time dug for them amidst the ruins of a once glorious strength. Were she a mere political organization, she would have followed all the religious systems, social institutions, and national bodies that have vanished from the

earth on which they once played conspicuous parts. How strange that these fearless men are never inspired to consider the Church as a purely Divine establishment, nor to associate with her mysterious successes and victories, her perpetuity and immutability, the promise that Christ gave on that day when He said that He would be with that Church until the end of time.

We cannot expect that, without the gift of Faith, such men as Dr. Kolde, should recognize in the Catholic Church something more wonderful than mere human ingenuity and wisdom; yet we do not know how to explain their appreciation of the Church's progress and of her positive vigor in the twentieth century, while ignoring aught of Divine in her composition, or in her foundation. The same mystery hangs over Macaulay's famous tribute to her. It is evident that the word of Christ has been proven to be true, and no more positive proof thereof than the very existence to-day, not to speak of the increased strength of the Catholic Church. That olden Church stands there as a perpetual testimonial of her own sacred and spiritual greatness. Her very survival during all those long years and centuries is, to our mind, sufficient proof that she could not possibly have had any purely human origin. To suppose such a thing would be the very height of absurdity. And still these educated and liberal-minded men cannot grasp the true reason of Catholic unchangeableness and perpetuity. It is only to be hoped that the day may dawn when they will be enabled to see the Church, as she is, not a political engine of cunning workmanship, but as the spouse of Christ.

WITH OUR READERS.

"I herewith enclose stamps for two numbers of 'True Witness,' issued 20th of this month. I wish I could get subscribers to that lovely paper. I send them around to my different friends, many of them Protestants. They admire the papers, and tell me they read every word of them which I am sure they do."

Yours respectfully,
E. M. L.

I send you here enclosed the sum of one dollar for the renewal of my subscription to the "True Witness." I sincerely congratulate you on the improvements which you have made to the "True Witness." It is more interesting and instructive than ever it was.

Wishing you continued success, I remain, sincerely yours,
J. H.

Irish Lead in Longevity

According to the report of the bureau of vital statistics of the United States census, the Irish lead all other foreign races in this country in the matter of longevity. Of the foreign born centenarians in the United States, the census man sets down 45 per cent. as Irish, 16.4 per cent. as German, 8.4 per cent. as Canadian, 6.6 per cent. as English, 2 per cent. as Japanese and 1 per cent. as Chinese. In 1900 there were 3,536 persons in the United States who were 100 years of age, or upward. This may not seem particularly impressive as an indication of growing vitality when it is placed beside the item that puts our population at 76,000,000, but it means something altogether different when one is told that it gives us twice as many centenarians as there are in Germany, England, France, Scotland and Servia, with a combined population of 135,250,000. Almost two-thirds of our centenarians are women. One of the most important facts that is deduced from the comprehensive figures is that which proves that there are more centenarians accumulating in this country during every decade, and the natural corollary that the average length of life within our boundaries is appreciably increasing.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 28th Dec., 1902.—Males 285, females 85. Irish 161, French 92, English 10, Scotch and other nationalities 7. Total 270.

If a man is not greater than the things he does, the less said about him and them the better.

A Refinement of Public Charity.

The average age of the 2,400 men and women who are in the great New York almshouse on Blackwell's Island is sixty-five years, says a writer in "Lealie's Weekly." So they

INCE the week's a very special guest comes that I cannot ignore. It will be closing the glean verses, I quoted that of Martin McDermott.

"Exiles far away asked to give the name of that unique production. It is of pleasure that I quest. But, as space at my disposal will take advantage than I have been to face the poem by a I consider pertinent.

The name of Martin McDermott is well known to-day much known to the was one of the sweetest the "young Ireland" the forties, produce write much, but who bears the unmistakable genius. It was in his productions appreciation." Consequently years have passed wrote. We can recall that he was then, a years of age, if not would leave him, if eighty years of life, alive." For I do not he is still in the land or not. About ten member reading in a paper, I now forget who Mr. Martin McDermott poet, was ill in Boston piece of news was a I had long before come amongst the departed dead or alive, it is published only a few and the few that he to Irish literature was parison with anything English language during tenth century.

In order to understand that McDermott's name somewhat neglected in Irish poetry of modern must consider the circle which he wrote. O'Connell had won and the giant of Irish nearing the sunset of new spirit had come in aggressive and educated the advent of the poetry there was a flood all genuine and inspiring note was given by De all sides came bards, whom would have sufficed a decade of nature.

Duffy, Mangan, McHiam, Lady Wilde, Ed Dr. Waller, Supple, John Norton, McGee, John ray, Rev. Dr. Murray, nock, Rev. C. Meehan, Dr. Maginn, Mary "Mary of the Nation gan, T. Irwin, John F. Ferguson, Lady Dufferin, nan, Bartholomew Down De Vere, Francis Davin fast Man," Crofton Cro Callanan, Col. Blacker, John Banim; not to still vibrating songs of Griffin; add to this ver list the scores of exiles who wrote over names as "Eva," "Concensilla," "Una," "Miro," "Carroll Malone," "Polo," "Feardana," "T. Duach," "Eirie," and others, and you may of how very slight a cl was for a half dozen of ten over an adopted sign widely known. If I am en, Martin McDermott's word "Sieve-gullion" his poems. This, also, ved to hide the name quently curtail the dearer writer.

I will now reproduce the Exiles in full, and with another sample of a bard of his beautiful and tender feeling should not be neglected; and I fied, for his sake, when the few lines quoted last made a sufficient impression reader, to induce him to entire poem.

McDERMOTT'S "EXILES"

BY "CRUX."



SINCE the appearance of last week's issue I have received a very special and urgent request coming from a quarter that I cannot for a moment ignore. It will be recalled that in closing the gleanings of Christmas verses, I quoted the opening stanza of Martin McDermott's poem the "Exiles far away." I have been asked to give the readers the balance of that unique and beautiful production. It is with the greatest pleasure that I accede to that request. But, as I have a certain space at my disposal each week, I will take advantage of it to do more than I have been asked. I will preface the poem by a few remarks that I consider pertinent to the subject. The name of Martin McDermott is little known to-day, nor was he ever much known to the public. Yet he was one of the sweetest singers that the "young Ireland" movement, of the forties, produced. He did not write much, but what he did write bears the unmistakable impress of genius. It was in 1848-49 that his productions appeared in the "Nation." Consequently nearly sixty years have passed away since he wrote. We can reasonably conclude that he was then, at least, twenty years of age, if not more. That would leave him, if still alive, over eighty years of life. I say, "if still alive," for I do not know whether he is still in the land of the living or not. About ten years ago I remember reading in an American paper, I now forget which one, that Mr. Martin McDermott, the Irish poet, was ill in Boston. To me that piece of news was a revelation, for I had long before considered him as amongst the departed. But whether dead or alive, it is certain that he published only a few of his poems, and the few that he thus bequeathed to Irish literature will bear comparison with anything written in the English language during the nineteenth century.

In order to understand how it is that McDermott's name has been somewhat neglected in the story of Irish poetry of modern times, we must consider the circumstances under which he wrote. The genius of O'Connell had won Emancipation and the giant of Irish eloquence was nearing the sunset of his career; a new spirit had come into Ireland, an aggressive and educational one, with the advent of the "Nation." Of poetry there was a flood and it was all genuine and inspiring. The keynote was given by Davis and from all sides came bards, any one of whom would have sufficed to immortalize a decade of national history. Duffy, Mangan, McCarthy, Williams, Lady Wilde, Edward Walsh, Dr. Waller, Supple, Simmons, Mrs. Norton, McGee, John Fisher Murray, Rev. Dr. Murray, W. P. Mulholland, Rev. C. Meehan, Neil McDermott, Dr. Maginn, Mary Eva Kelly, "Mary of the Nation," John Keegan, T. Irwin, John Frazer, Samuel Ferguson, Lady Duferin, Dr. Brennan, Bartholemew Dowling, Aubrey De Vere, Francis Davis—"the Belfast Man," Crofton Croker, J. J. Callanan, Col. Blacker, M. J. Barry, John Banim; not to speak of the still vibrating songs of Moore and Griffin; add to this very imperfect list the scores of exquisite writers who wrote over noms-de-plume, such as "Eva," "Conacensis," "Sulmalia," "Una," "Miro," "Finola," "Carroll Malone," "Pontiac," "Myloach," "Feardans," "Tiny," "MacDuach," "Eirie," and a number of others, and you may form an idea of how very slight a chance there was for a half dozen of poems, written over an adopted signature, to be widely known. If I am not mistaken, Martin McDermott adopted the word "Sleive-gullion" in signing his poems. This, also, was calculated to hide the name and consequently curtail the deserved fame of the writer.

I will now reproduce his poem of the Exiles in full, and will follow it with another sample of his work. A bard of his beautiful expression and tender feeling should certainly not be neglected; and I was gratified, for his sake, when I found that the few lines quoted last week had made a sufficient impression on a reader, to induce him to ask for the entire poem.

THE EXILES.

When round the festive Christmas board, Or by the Christmas hearth,

That glorious mingled draught is poured Wine, melody, and mirth! When friends long absent tell, low-toned, Their joys and sorrows o'er, And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, And lips meet lips once more— O! in that hour 'twere kindly done, Some woman's voice would say—"Forget not those who're sad to-night, Poor exiles far away!"

It was—O! how the heart will cheat! Because they thought beyond His glowing couch lay that Green Isle Of which their hearts were fond; And fancy brought old scenes of home Into each welling eye, And thro' each breast pour'd many a thought

That filled it like a sigh! 'Twas then—'twas then, all warm with love, They knelt them down to pray For Irish homes and kith and kin— Poor exiles far away!

And then the mother blest her son, The lover blest the maid, And then the soldier was a child, And then the student's pallid cheek Flushed red as summer rose, And patriot souls forgot their grief To weep for Erin's woes; And, O! but then warm vows were breathed, That come what might or may, They'd right the suffering Isle they loved— Those exiles, far away!

And some there were around the board, Like loving brothers met, The few and fond and joyous hearts That never can forget; They pledged—"The girls we left at home, God bless them!" and they gave, "The memory of our absent friends, The tender and the brave!" Then, up, erect, with nine times nine— Hip, hip, hurrah!" Drank—"Erin slantha gal go bragh!" Those exiles, far away.

Then, O! to hear the sweet old strains Of Irish music rise, Like gushing memories of home, Beneath far foreign skies, Beneath the spreading calabash, Beneath the trellised vine, The bright Italian myrtle bower, Or dark Canadian pine— O! don't those old familiar tones— Now sad, and now so gay— Speak to your very, very hearts— Poor exiles, far away!

But, Heavens! how many sleep afar, All heedless of these strains, Tired wanderers! who sought repose Through Europe's dreary plains— In strong, fierce, headlong fight they fell— As ships go down in storms— They fell—and human whirlwinds Swept across their shattered forms! No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round; Nor prayer, nor tear had they— Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds— Poor exiles, far away!

And might the singer claim a sigh, He, too, could tell how 'twere Upon the stranger's dreary shore, His heart's best hopes were lost; How he, too, pined, to hear the tones Of friendship greet his ear, And pined to walk the river side, To youthful musings dear, And pined, with yearning silent love, Amongst his own to stay— Alas! it is so sad to be An exile far away!

It is evident from the last stanza of this poem that the poet was in America when he wrote it. I have selected another of his beautiful productions, as an additional illustration of his talent, and it also seems to be a personal experience written in exile. The title of the poem is "The Coolun"—the name of one of the most touching of Ireland's ancient melodies. The Avonmore, mentioned in the first line, is the Munster Blackwater. It seems to me, as it has seemed from my childhood, that this poem is one of the most graphic, and perfect descriptions of the class that has ever been penned. Read it closely, ponder over each stanza, and I am convinced that you will agree with me that few are the poems in English that afford as fine an idea of Irish patriotic sentiment. When a child, I have sat on the knee of my old Irish nurse, and have wept with a delicious pain, as she would sing to me the mournful "Coolun;" and when I grew older, and the aged woman had gone to her eternal repose, I would often sit, in the evening of a summer day, under the very tree in the lawn where she and I used to sit six years before, and I would read over and over McDermott's "Coolun," until every word of it sank into my heart. If bard could ask for greater tribute to the power of his song I am unable to conceive it. It is thus the poem runs:—

THE COOLUN.

The scene is beside where the Avonmore flows— 'Tis the spring of the year, and the day's near its close; And an old woman sits with a boy on her knee— She smiles like the evening, and he like the sea! Her hair is as white as the flax ere it's spun— His brow as yon tree that is hiding the sun!

Beside the bright river— The calm, glassy river, That's sliding and gliding all peacefully on. "Come, granny," the boy says, "you'll sing me, I know, The beautiful Coolun, so sweet and so low; For I love its soft notes more than blackbird or thrush, Though often the tears in a shower well gush From my eyes when I hear it. Dear granny, say why, When my heart's full of pleasure, I sob and I cry To hear the sweet Coolun— The beautiful Coolun— An angel first sang it above in the sky!"

And she sings and he listens; but many years pass, And the old woman sleeps 'neath the chapel-yard grass; And a couple are seated upon the same stone, Where the boy sat and listened so oft to the crone— 'Tis the boy—'tis the man— and he says, while he sighs, To the girl at his side with the love-streaming eyes, O! sing me, sweet Oonagh, My beautiful Oonagh, O! sing me the "Coolun," he says, and he sighs.

"That air, mo stor, brings back the days of my youth, That flowed like the river there, sunny and smooth! And it brings back the old woman, kindly and dear— If her spirit, dear Oonagh, is hovering near, 'Twill glad her to hear the old melody rise Warm, warm, on the wings of our love and our sighs— O! sing me the Coolun, The beautiful Coolun!" Is't the dew or a tear-drop is moistening his eyes?

There's a change on the scene, far more grand, far less fair— By the broad rolling Hudson are seated the pair; And the dark hemlock-fir waves its branches above, As they sigh for their land, as they murmur their love; Hush! the heart hath been touched, and its musical strings Vibrate into song—'tis the Coolun she sings— The home-sighing Coolun, The love-breathing Coolun— The well of all memory's deep-flowing springs.

They think of the bright stream they sat down beside, When he was a bridegroom and she was his bride; The pulses of youth seem to throb in the strain— Old faces, long vanished, look kindly again— Kind voices float round them, and grand hills are near, Their feet have not touched, ah, this many a year—

And, as ceases the Coolun, The home-loving Coolun, Not the air, but their native land faints on the ear.

Long in silence they weep, with hand clasped in hand— Then to God send up prayers for the far-off Old Land; And while grateful to Him for the blessings He's sent— They know 'tis His hand that withholdeth content— For the Exile and Christian must ever more sigh For the home upon earth and the home in the sky— So they sing the sweet Coolun The sorrowful Coolun, That murmurs of both homes—they sing and they sigh.

Heaven bless thee, Old Bard, in whose bosom were nursed Emotions that into such melody burst! Be thy gave ever green!— may the softest of showers And brightest of beams nurse its grass and its flowers— Oft, oft, be it moist with the tear-drop of love, And may angels watch round thee, forever above! Old Bard of the Coolun, The beautiful Coolun, That's sobbing, like Erin, with Sorrow and Love.

I have encroached considerably on space, but it seems to me that what I have given will plead an excuse for me. I could go on for columns with the poems of McDermott, each lovelier than the other, all so full of pathos, so sincerely true, so intensely Irish, so heart-stirring, so noble. The other day a gentleman of considerable reading told me that he knew all about the Irish poets—he had read Moore, Mangan, and a small collection of scattered pieces by half a dozen of poets. Poor man! he does not know the A. B. C. of Ireland's poetic contributions to English literature. Why, Hayes' collection of Irish Ballads covers seven hundred and thirty very closely printed, small type, pages, and the two volumes do not give more than a third of the poems of each author—in some cases not the tenth. And the ninety-six poets, from whom the collector gleaned, form about the third of the important Irish writers of verse. As well might the man who has read a few poems or pieces by Racine, Lamartine and Beranger, tell me that he is thoroughly conversant with French poetry. I might write until I am twenty years older, and write without one moment's interruption, and I would not have consigned to paper all I could say on the subject, and yet I have never got beyond the vestibule in the temple of Irish literature.

A Missionary's Experience In Lapland.

Rev. F. Hartmann, under date, Christians, Oct. 15, 1902, writing to several American Catholic exchanges, says:— I write from the icy depths of Lapland.

It is winter. Not the winter we have had the past few months here when snow and ice are as common in August as they are in January in the temperate zones, but winter in the true sense of the word. The sun has just set, not to be seen again for many months, and the long "midnight" with its gruesome gloom is on. Snow is falling in columns. A howling, blustering squall seems gaining with every hour to rive and shatter the mountain rocks to their very base.

In the presence of this unearthly cold and darkness, among a starving race of human beings to whom the flashes of the Northern Light are terrifying, not wonderful, the only guide of the devoted missionary is the light of his faith.

But this is just the acceptable time for the missionary. The powers of the elements are overwhelming in more than one respect. Moreover, immediately after the winter the Lap leaves his winter quarters, and, assisted by his reindeer, sleighs off towards the fords, or the ocean coast, or on a walrus or bear hunt. After the season he returns to his winter roost. For nine months of the year the Laps are nomadic. Our Catholics among them are so different from their countrymen.

The faithful reindeer is always on hand. Let us take a trip through some of these settlements. Our animal is unruly at times; never treacherous. Not even the experienced Norwegians ever succeed in fully

training the reindeer. They must frequently depend upon their dogs and small bears to assist them in subduing the proverbial reindeer temper.

Of course your outfit must be of fur from head to foot; the cold, particularly in the mountain districts, is not to be trifled with. Now a flask of good Cognac is as important as your furs. The Laps' sleigh contrasted with the more Southern article looks rather like an improvised device. It is hewn out of a tree trunk, and is never large enough to accommodate more than one person. We must be provided.

The missionary will need an additional one for his portable altar and another for his baggage. Once seated be sure that the reins are well secured to your person, never under any consideration must you relinquish them, for once beyond your check the poor animal will start into a mad dash always more northward into the snowbound weird wilds until you are lost among the most ferocious beasts of the Arctic regions.

Now ready for the trip. Though 11 a.m. by the clock, the moon is in all her glory. The few patches of plains to the right and the left covered with stumps and stunted shrubs soon disappear to give place to terrible heights and tremendous rocks until your journey is viciously punctuated by thundering cliffs and howling precipices. Ever forward and upward we tear, and ever steeper and more daring the path. On the right the gaping deep of eternal ice; a towering wall of solid granite threatening to the left and overhead. One misstep of our animals and we are lost. But they know neither fear nor danger, and you are as secure as you would be on the sidewalks of Broadway, New York. But the solitude would make you shudder; not a tree in sight, no shrub, nor even the suggestion of a blade of grass, no living being of any description. Nothing save the occasional footprints of the wolf or the fox whose hunger howls may often be heard through the thrilling darkness.

Thus we speed on for hours and days together. Our clothes are an armor of ice and snow. Only with effort can we control our eyes and mouths whose closing may be fatal at any time.

What is the strange sound! A dog! we are nearing a settlement! A little while and we see the anxious Lap waving us a welcome to his little home. He is a Catholic; our messenger has told him of our coming.

Greeting and reception is most cordial, but very unlike our experience in Caucasian countries. We do not shake hands—they must not utter any consideration be taken from our mitts. We meet back to back and mutually tap the others' shoulders. This is a la Laps. The Eskimo mother also approaches with her husband in dappled silks and furs to greet us.

We enter the hut and are at once served with coffee. There is no table. The cups are passed around as we sit by the fire place. The sugar follows in strange fashion; the good mistress leads by biting her share from an ungainly looking lump and passes the rest to her neighbor that he may do likewise. So every guest helps himself to sugar. It would not be well to hesitate or object to this ceremony, my Lady will save you the trouble, and bite off a piece for you, with the suggestion to make yourself at home. Next comes a fresh frozen reindeer roast and reindeer tongue. This is a concoction of which alone the Lap can speak. The parts are mixed and seasoned in a reindeer's stomach, well iced and served in chips. It is not a palatable dish by any means, but yet very strengthening.

Dinner over, the feast really starts. An animated conversation begins; every imaginable story, true, possible, or probable is hurried into entertainment. Questions without limit are in all sorts of order. Their troubles, hardships, fears and pleasures are freely commented upon. It is only toward the small hours of the morning that our Laps are induced to think of rest. And now the wolf fur that so far served as seat, in turn serves as a couch. On the morrow the mission begins with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, offered upon the portable altar near the fire. After devotions the family assists at religious instructions and explanation of the catechism. It is so consoling to see how much of our past visits remains treasured up in the minds of these poor benighted people. Their life puts many even well educated people to shame. Naturally many of the less familiar doctrines are distorted with them owing to the want of grounding explanation. But, when everything is considered, their knowledge of essential doctrines is amazing.

Confession follows instruction and on the succeeding morning the mission

family approach the Holy Table. Next comes an hour's devotion to the Sacred Heart to whom our entire mission is consecrated and upon whom we look for grace, strength and blessing.

With words of advice and further encouragement we leave them to head for the next station.

Archbishop Keane and Socialism

Speaking recently on the above subject, Archbishop Keane said:—"When I look about me and note on every hand the evidences of the rapid growth of Socialism, I am appalled and can scarcely credit my own senses. For it is only a few years ago that it seemed to me there never could be room or occasion for the growth of Socialism on this free American soil, where men are equal before the law and when opportunity seems boundless and limitless. And yet to-day Socialism is growing, and growing rapidly."

Alcoholism in France.

A medical organ called "Good Health," makes reference to a striking article that recently appeared in the "Annales d'Hygiene," on the subject of "Alcohol and Crime."

That article says:—"The writer calls attention to the fact that the official statistics of the police court of Paris show that for several years past there has been a rapid increase in juvenile criminality. Even among murderers there is found a large percentage of young people, some almost children. This increase of juvenile crime is charged to alcohol, which has been shown to act, not only directly, but indirectly, through heredity. Alcoholic insanity is increasing with great rapidity in Paris. Alcohol is perhaps more active than any other agent in producing human degeneracy, and is one of the most direct and potent causes of criminality and insanity. The children of drunkards are very liable to be epileptic and idiotic, as well as criminal. The children of alcohol-drinking parents, when young, do not appear different from other children, but about the age of puberty their criminal instincts begin to manifest themselves. Careful observations have shown again and again that there is an intimate relation between diet and alcoholism; especially that tea, coffee, and condiments lead to the use of alcohol. It has also been demonstrated that flesh-eating creates a thirst for alcoholic beverages and an appetite for tobacco, the use of which almost invariably leads, sooner or later, to the use of alcohol in one form or another."

Here we have a very pointed statement regarding the fearful results of alcohol. However, we are somewhat inclined to dispute the closing propositions of the author. We have no evidence from experience that the eating of flesh meat leads to alcoholic drinking. On the contrary, meat is a support to the system; and it is the weak, or run-down system that is most liable to crave for stimulant to revive, or to apparently fortify it. Again we cannot agree that the use of tobacco "almost invariably leads, sooner or later, to the use of alcohol in one form or another." We have known men, who have been habitual and strong smokers during nearly all their lives, to have never tasted a drop of alcohol, and to have never felt any temptation in that direction. While we admit that alcoholism is the mother of countless crimes, we cannot agree that the eating of meat or the smoking of tobacco is the parent of alcoholism. We do not make these remarks, either in defense of tobacco, or as an excuse for alcoholism. We simply wish to point out that zeal in a good cause may often cause one to overstep the mark, to exaggerate unintentionally, and to consequently weaken an otherwise strong argument. There is no legitimate means that could be suggested as a remedy for the alcoholic evil that we would not most gladly adopt and advocate; but we do not believe in spoiling a cause, that has so many strong points in its favor, by adducing evidence that is not of a solid nature.

"NO SEAT, NO PAY," is the slogan of the Car Passengers' Rights Society. Every car passenger is to have a seat in New York, or the women of that city intend to know the reason why. The society is not an ephemeral institution that will sink back into obscurity after a few weeks, but a chartered organization of New York's wealthiest and most influential women.

READERS.

se stamps for the Witness," is-month. I wish I s to that lovely around to my ny of them Proc- ure the papers, d every word e they do."

E. M. L.

closed the sum e renewal of my "True Witness." late you on made s." It is more ructive then ever

nted success, I urs, J. H.

Longevity

report of the buties of the United e Irish lead all in this country ongevity. Of the arians in the census man sets as Irish, 16.4 per 8.4 per cent. as cent. as English, anese and 1 per In 1900 there 00 years of age, may not seem p as an indication when it is placed at puts our popu- 00, but it means her different when gives us twice as as there are in id, France, Scot- with a combined 250,000. Almost centarians are e most important ced from the com- is that which are more centem- g in this country le, and the natural average length of undaries is appre-

NIGHT REFUGE.

ending Sunday, 2—Males 285, fe- 161, French 92, ch and other na- 270.

greater than the he less said about a better.

When round the festive Christmas board, Or by the Christmas hearth,

"The Protestant Chronicle"

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

A small publication, bearing the title "The Protestant Chronicle," has been sent us, "for our edification," by some friend who declares himself to be a Ritualist, and into whose hands the paper came by accident. We are just as much edified with the entire make up and contents of the little paper as must have been the Ritualistic gentleman who kindly sent it to us. Decidedly he has as little to plumb himself of "The Protestant Chronicle." It seems to have a mission to hunt down Ritualism and Catholicity; and in its double chase it does not appear to be very particular as to the weapons it employs.

By the title page we learn some interesting facts. Amongst these we find the maxim of the paper to be "Protestantism before Party Politics;" and under this bombastic standard the editor proceeds, at once, to espouse the political views of a certain jumbo. Then we see that the place of publication rejoices in the grand eloquent name of West-on-super-Mare. This we discover by the advertisements, and not by any positive statement as to the paper's "local habitation." The name of the place is very classic, decidedly Latin, and might be freely translated as "Weston at sea"—just as this organ seems to be. The next piece of information is to the effect that the price is "gratis."

From all this we may conclude that the "Protestant Chronicle," which claims to have nothing to do with politics, must be a very important organ. In fact, we glean from its columns that its editor is not only a prophet (of evil) for the British Empire, but that he has received a commission to upset the government, and play the mischief in general with the entire economy, domestic and political, both of Great Britain and of the world at large. He has had visions of late; nightmares of a certain kind; and he has seen the fabric of the Empire tottering to its fall; he has contemplated the Irish Catholic, the Jesuit, the pro-Roman Britishers, and the members of the present administration, all conspiring with the Pope and divers and sundry other people, unnamed, to draw down the wrath of God upon the nation and to erect a temple of blasphemy upon the ruins of the British Empire. We trust, when the editor awoke next morning, after such a night of bad dreams, he did not suffer too much from the natural development of his head's dimensions.

As a piece of refreshing literature, and as a sample of a style that has so long been obsolete that our readers may have forgotten all about it, we will reproduce an extract from the editorial on the dread of the nation:

"Indeed, no one seems to know exactly what they fear; but a vague sense of coming evil oppresses many a thoughtful man, and, while sincerely grateful for the blessing God has granted us, he wonders whether the calm will last. We think there is only too much ground for this presentiment, for surely if England will not hear the rod, God will smite her again more severely than before. As nations have no heretofore they get their rewards and punishments in this world. History teaches us that God generally beats them with a rod of their own picking, while revelation tells us that those who drink of the scarlet woman's cup of abominations shall partake of her plagues. Deeply is England drinking of her goblet. The Bench of Bishops are abusing their position to crush Protestantism out of the National Church. A Jesuit ridden Government is setting aside the Constitution to curry favor with England's bitterest foes. Not contented with sending Lord Denbigh to offer to kiss the Pope's toe on behalf of King Edward, they omit the Commandments of God, no doubt to please the Vatican, from the Coronation Service as well as the beautiful charge in presenting the Bible to the Sovereign, delivered to Victoria the Good. Yet nearly all the serious trouble that comes to our land may be traced more or less directly to Rome. Manning warned us long ago that Rome meant to "break or bend," that is, convert or smash the British race. Loyds, the arch-plotter in South Africa, is a Romanist. The bitter hostility on the continent, stirred up by the "gutter press," is largely due to the Jesuits who control that press. The Roman Catholics in Ireland are grossly disloyal, led by their priests. In England they are hatching treason by, among other schemes, the rapidly extending Jacobite move-

ment. Yet Ministers of the Crown, Judges of the High Court, and magistrates, all ostentatiously set aside the law of the land to screen these firebrands. Worst of all they brave God's wrath, Who will surely visit the Empire in judgment if we continue to defy Him by making much of those who blaspheme Him daily by travestying the Gospel. After all, the nation is to blame, for the electors placed and sustain in office these pro-Romanists. If the masses do not free themselves from guilt by repudiating these sacerdotal statesmen God will assuredly smite us again, this time nearer home; for when the people awake to the folly they have committed, feeling the iron of priestly tyranny entering into their soul, they will find that they can only get rid of these enemies of all righteousness and freedom by a violent effort that will shake the Empire to its foundations."

Here is an editorial gem. It is a perfect "mirroring of the author's mind." He believes that "if England will not hear the rod," in all probability the ears of England are not sufficiently fine to catch the tones of a rod. He complains that England is drinking deeply of the scarlet woman's goblet, but he does not give us any information as to the kind of glass he uses himself, nor even as to the color of the lady's dress from whose hand he receives it. One fact of great importance is revealed to us: the Government of England is Jesuit-ridden. The Jesuit—whose name is not revealed—must have a jolly ride on the neck of such a sturdy old hippogriff. Some years ago we learned from a learned Presbyterian source that the "exercises of St. Ignatius" were merely an expression to designate "military drill," which "is one of the rules of that order." According to the "Protestant Chronicle" we must conclude that horsemanship is another of the items in the Jesuit's curriculum—hobby-horses and governments being preferred for practice.

This learned editor must have been astonished when he discovered the slumbering volcano upon which he has been standing. Just imagine "the Ministers of the Crown, Judges of the High Court, and Magistrates" setting aside the law of the land to screen all these enemies of the country. If, at the next election, the people do not turn out to the present ministry, we may expect to see the fire of heaven coming down upon the world. The "Protestant Chronicle" should omit its maxim—"Protestantism before party politics"—in its next issue. We are profane enough to speculate concerning the amount of patronage that the present ministry neglected to extend to the "Protestant Chronicle," or, is it the editor that was re-used some appointment which he considered to be his right?

We have had so much real enjoyment out of this funny publication that we can scarcely resist the temptation of quoting more of its splendid passages. As an evidence of how Rome directs and sways at will the British Government, we are given the following:

"Mr. Bennett Burleigh gives a striking instance of the lynx-eyed watchfulness of Rome, and shows how our Government subordinates everything to her. When on one occasion the beleaguered Vryheid garrison were rained upon for five consecutive weeks, unable to signal, and cut off from all communication with the world, a glint of sunshine brought everybody about the helio to hear the first message. It was flashed from the Dornberg, near De Jaeger's Drift, and had come by authority from afar. And the text of the eagerly awaited news from the outer world was: 'Send at once a return of the number of Roman Catholic soldiers in the South Lancashire Regiment.'"

Mr. Burleigh omits to state by whom this terrible message was sent—a British General, or the Papal Secretary of State. The omission is a grave one; but, as the matter must remain in doubt, we can only conclude that either Cardinal Rampolla, or else the "General" of the Jesuits was the author of the dispatch. The worst feature of the whole affair is that we have point blank evidence that "Roman Catholic soldiers" were actually in the South Lancashire Regiment, and evidently hatching treason upon the battle-fields of South Africa. Stupid fellows to have selected such a dangerous position when bent on the destruction of the Empire.

It would be unfair to close with-

out giving a sample of the "Protestant Chronicle's" opinion of Ritualism. Speaking of the Education Bill, this erudite little paper says:—

"The Bill is a deliberate, though carefully concealed, attempt to put within the power of the clerical party the control of the education of the rising generation, especially in country places. Now clericalism means Ritualism, and Ritualism is only bastard Romanism, while Romanism in the ascendant in this, or any other nation or country (as witness the condition of Spain and Ireland), spells Ruin, Oppression, Misery, Abomination, Impotence, Slavery, Murder. That something in the Bill calls for the earnest and unwavering opposition of true Protestants is proved by the fact that the Romanists of Plymouth and other places have given it their benediction, and we are sure that whatever Rome blesses is cursed of God."

Being "sure" that God curses whatever Rome blesses, the editor has very good cause to be in dread—for, if what he is sure of is true, he must meet with the curse of God every hour in the day. If "Romanism spells" all the words in the foregoing list, Ritualism must spell every other bad word in the editor's vituperative vocabulary. And even in this—spelling properly and writing grammatically—both Romanism and Ritualism would have a marked advantage over the scribe of the "Protestant Chronicle."

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From An Occasional Correspondent)

Ottawa, Dec. 29.

THE NEXT SESSION.—This is the season when the Capital is full of political rumors. In the first place the date of the opening of next session is a matter of speculation. It is now scarcely probable that the House will meet before the last week of February, or the first week of March. In view of the immense and important bill-of-fare, both in public and private legislation, there is every prospect of an all-summer sitting. If the members of Parliament and the officials in general dread one thing more than another, it is a summer session. When we consider that a vast amount of last session's work was left over, in order to give the Premier and his colleagues a chance to go to the coronation, and that there is a prospect of tariff revisions, of a Redistribution Bill, of gigantic railway projects demanding careful legislation, it becomes a matter of almost certainty that the summer days will have grown very short before the prorogation is reached. As the Premier is not now expected to return before the middle of January, it is very probable that March will be with us before the session begins.

PROVINCIAL SUBSIDIES.—There is also a good deal of speculation as to the result of the recent conference of the Provincial Premiers at Quebec. While some organs pretend to know what has been done, we may rely that it is all mere guess work; until the resolutions adopted by the Premiers have been communicated to the Federal Government and considered by the latter, there is no likelihood of the matters discussed and decided upon being given to the public. There is one statement made by a contemporary which appears to be well founded, although there can be no positive basis for it. Here is the passage:—

"It is stated that what the Provincial Premiers and their colleagues ask by the resolutions finally adopted recently, is what they call a readjustment of the Federal subsidy of eighty cents per head of the population of the provinces so that it may be always calculated upon the basis of the last decennial census, instead of upon that of 1861, as arranged at Confederation. When the population of any one province has so increased, however, that the subsidy at the rate of eighty cents per head would exceed the sum of \$2,500,000 per annum, the subsidy is to be reduced, according to the tenor of the resolutions, to sixty cents. This is said to be, in a nutshell, the net result of the conference, the other matters dealt with being of comparatively minor importance. And it is added that up to Saturday afternoon's sitting, practical unanimity prevailed amongst the delegates."

A RUMOR.—During the course of last week a Montreal despatch which has created varied comment here,

was published in one of our dailies. It may, or may not, be of importance, and very likely the people of Montreal know more than we do about the matter. However, I send you the item for what it is worth:—

"When Mr. Tarte came down to his desk this morning at 9 o'clock he was asked as to the report from London that he was about to go to England and enter public life there. 'Well, I should like that very much,' he said in reply to a question, but beyond this statement he would neither affirm nor deny it. He said he believed it was only a question of time when colonialists would go to the British Parliament and be well received. Some day soon a Canadian would go over there and make his mark. He pointed out what had been done by Hon. Edward Blake, and spoke appreciatively of the society to be met in England and the great intelligence of the British House, while London seemed to him to be a most desirable place of residence, especially when Paris was so accessible."

THE SENATE.—The number of vacancies in the Senate since the close of last session is remarkable. In fact, the political complexion of the Upper House has been almost entirely changed within the last few years. When the vacancies are all filled the figures will then stand 41 Liberals to 40 Conservatives.

HOME RULE.—It has been announced that Hon. John Costigan will bring in a series of Irish Home Rule resolutions during the course of the coming session. It is probable that when Hon. Edward Blake was here this decision was reached by the representatives of Irish views both here and at home. In any case we may be certain that such resolutions will receive a hearty support. Much depends, as far as the unanimity of the House goes, upon the manner in which those resolutions will be drafted. Judging from the experience of the past we can well say that they are in good hands. It is difficult to imagine how any member of a Canadian Parliament could possibly be unwilling that Ireland should enjoy the same measure of autonomy that we possess. In any case this year circumstances in Ireland render an expression of opinion from Canada very opportune.

The Terror Of Death.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

It is evident to whosoever has pondered over the lives of the saints that for the martyrs and holy people, in all ages, death had no terrors. We have seen good men die, and they died perfectly contented. Some may be seized with that natural dread of dissolution which is inalienable from man, but the prospect of passing out of life and into another one was always both bright and consoling. It seems to be reserved for the very men who least believe in the soul, in immortality, in God, to be haunted by a perpetual fear of death. On this subject the "Literary Digest" reproduces a few very striking passages from recent publications. We will take the liberty of quoting a few of them:—

"The thought of death," observes "Le Journal des Debats," "seems to be as full of terror to our nineteenth century free-thinkers as it was to the devout religious souls of past generations. Alphonse Daudet acknowledged that this thought poisoned his life. He haunted Emile Zola; and Lazarus, whom he depicts in 'La Jolie de Vivre,' was a victim of this death-horror. The works of Pierre Loti are full of the same spirit. Maupassant was constantly possessed by it."

The only mistake here is to ascribe to the "devout religious souls of the past generations" a fear of death. It is true that these really pious and holy ones were seized with a constant fear; but it was not a fear of death, rather was it a fear of God's judgment after death. They were haunted by a fear of sin, in this world, and a terror of its punishments in the next. In their case the maxim that most fittingly applies is "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

As a sample of the free-thinkers' ideas on the subject, we have but to turn to "La Revue," which contains the result of M. Frederic de France's inquiry amongst French

celebrities upon this question. In prefacing his article he says: "Shall we believe with Mohammed that immortality is certain; or shall we say with Job that 'as the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more?' This is the eternal problem. The thinker seeks the truth from Krishna, from Plato, from Jesus, from Nietzsche; but neither the religious teachers nor the philosophers have succeeded in answering the riddle."

Here we have the one who has been seeking the opinions of others placing our Lord, Plato, Krishna, and Nietzsche on a level of equality, and then saying that neither these teachers or philosophers have answered the riddle. He must be intentionally blind if he cannot find the answer a score of times, and more, in the teachings and words of Christ.

It may be interesting, if not calculated to instruct us, to read a few of the replies given to Mr. de France.

"Why shall I regret to die," replied M. Brieux, the poet, when he was approached on this subject; "for so long as I am not dead, I shall hope to live. And when I am dead I shall not know that I am dead." M. Anatole France quotes a sentiment of Euripides. "We cling to this life," he says, "because we know no better. Let us not be vainly agitated by lies." M. Paul Adam, critic and novelist, declares:

"I would not regret to die if it were only a question of relinquishing the good things of life. I have no more confidence, however, in death than I have in life. . . . Death does not promise rest, unconsciousness; it is more likely to be an absurd and obscure palingenesis, of which I am afraid. On earth I realize that I have to expect material trouble, incessant work, the hostility of friends, the calculations of those around me. Will it be worse in death? The scientists answer: 'Probably.'"

M. Jean Berthelot, the chemist, thinks that we feel the pain of death most when it summons us from work unfinished. "What poet, painter, or sculptor," he asks, "would not grieve to die before his work was completed?" Louise Michel, the anarchist-communist, says: "Under no circumstances would I regret to die, because in the eternal harmony of the universe the being that dies, the leaf that falls, the world that disappears, are obeying a rhythmic law that we do not understand as yet. At times I have wished to die, because it is noble to die for our cause, and because death is the great propagator of ideas."

Now, all this is simply agnosticism. It is beating the air in the vain hope to find some substitute for a faith in the hereafter. Anything but a belief and that which religion teaches is the principle that underlies all these opinions. They all avoid the real issue. Not one of them but would be glad to find some substitute for that which God has taught. They speculate about the chances of the future, but they deliberately decline to accept the certain and admit the logical. Yet there is one mystery that they cannot avoid, there is one certainty that they cannot ignore; that is the mystery and the certainty of death. Be their faith or their disbelief what it may, one thing is positive that "all men must die;" this they cannot deny without stultifying themselves. But they seek to escape from the second and equally positive fact that "after death comes judgment." This they imagine can be avoided by a disbelief therein. The bird of the desert hides his head in the sand and thinks that no eye can see him; we know the result.

THE SECULAR PRESS.

Preaching to a large congregation on Sunday at St. Edmund's, Miles Platting, the rector, Rev. Father Bradley, referred to a recent case in which evidence unfit for publication was given in a vivid manner by the press. He strongly condemned this course and urged the congregation to do what they could to prevent papers with such reports getting into the hands of their children.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

A STRANGE DEFENCE.

A novel defence was raised at Onestry by a laborer from Trefonan, who was charged with stealing a pullet from a foul house. The dead pullet was identified by the prosecutor, and even the boot-prints corresponded with defendant's boots. The prosecutor admitted feeding his fowls with meal and corn only. Defendant declared that the pullet was his, and that barley would be found in its crop. The crop was opened and barley was found inside. The defendant was thereupon discharged.

Production of Literature.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The amount that has been written about books would alone constitute a vast library, and yet a deluge of books is daily pouring forth from the presses of the world, and the inundation threatens to increase. When the learned Newton was dying he asked his servant what he would like to receive as a souvenir; the aged man asked for a portion of his master's knowledge. "Ah," said Newton, "I have been like a boy rambling upon the beach and picking up sea-shells. I have picked up quite a little collection, but I can see miles upon miles of shore extending before me, all covered with shells far more beautiful than any I have gathered, but my time has come, and I can never touch one of them." What a vast amount there is to learn that no man can ever have time to acquire! The person who possesses a fine private library of a few thousand volumes imagines himself rich in books; but what are all the volumes that he owns, and all that he has ever seen, and all that he has ever heard about, compared to the Alpine ranges of books that are to be found in the world?

These reflections suggest a very reasonable question: how many books are there in existence? It may be difficult, and possibly impossible, to count the exact number, but, with certain data furnished by reliable sources, it has been computed that the number of books in the world is many billions. A few statistics on this subject may prove interesting:—

"La Revue" (Paris) prints some interesting figures relating to the production and distribution of world literature. "A new book," it remarks, "is born every second." We quote further:

"In North America alone there are probably 700,000,000 volumes, distributed as follows: In families, 420,000,000; among scientists, lawyers, writers, and inventors, 150,000,000; in the publishers' and booksellers' hands, 60,000,000; in public libraries, 50,000,000; in college libraries, 12,000,000; in the hands of students, 8,000,000.

"The number of books in the whole world may be computed as follows:—

United States 700,000,000
Western Europe 1,800,000,000
Eastern Europe 460,000,000
Other countries 240,000,000

Total 3,200,000,000

"To this total are constantly added the new books published. Germany publishes 25,000 new works every year, France 13,000, Italy 10,000, England 7,000. At least every year throughout the world, 75,000 new books are published and the printing press multiplies each of these volumes say, on an average, 1,000 times. So that the above grand total is increased by 75,000,000 annually."

"La Revue" makes the following estimate of the number of books contained in the largest libraries in the world:

Bibliothèque Nationale . . . 3,000,000
British Museum 2,000,000
Imperial Library (St. Petersburg) 1,500,000
Berlin Library 1,000,000
Strasbourg Library 700,000
Vienna Library 600,000
Munich Library 550,000
Oxford Library 550,000
Leipzig Library 500,000
Copenhagen Library 500,000
Stuttgart Library 500,000

Total 11,400,000

It must be remarked that the foregoing does not include any of the libraries on the American continent. With such a statement before us, what must we think of the man who claims to "have read everything?" In fact, we have here a positive evidence of the finite character of human learning, or knowledge. The longest life-time, multiplied by thousands, would not suffice to count the books that have been written, not to speaking of reading them. This all brings us back to the simple statements made by Thomas a Kempis in the first chapter of his inimitable "Imitation of Christ." "If one were to know the Bible by heart and the sayings of all the philosophers by rote, what would it all avail him if he had not charity and the grace of God? That great and simple writer tells us that he would prefer to feel compunction than to know its definition. After all, that entire mass of books is but a Babel tower of confusion erected to scale the heights of knowledge, but only demonstrating the futility of all human effort to know that which God has reserved for Himself.

Dr. Magr

A week ago last Rev. Dr. A. L. Magr ent priest and President of the Mary's Seminary at that institution. On Tuesday his funeral was held in the Seminary that he had so much to uplift and edify was held in the Cathedral of Baltimore. The sacred edifice was thronged with priests, and laymen, Pontifical Mass of Requiem was the offering. Celebrant, Cardinal priest, Mgr. Duffy, Bishops of honor, Rev. Fr. Hyvernat, professor of Canon Law, James F. Mackin, Paul's Washington, Edward A. Kelly, Chieftain, Rev. P. O'Donnell, B.

It would be impossible to do justice to the text of the eloquent Dr. Magr's life, of Bishop Donahue, of a few extracts will prove interesting and timely. Com St. Paul's letter to which the Apostle seemed to present his study to present his unto God, a workman not to be ashamed, of the word of truth pronounced this beautiful "Thus wrote St. Paul Timothy at the long and arduous life of death was slowly deepening about him, the time a prisoner in Rome. He knew that numbered. He felt that down his life and blood for the faith of which he had preached his parting words, his age to Timothy. Despair and prison and blood great heart yearned for Christ's gospel, at his trumpet call to be enemies of truth: 'Thy my son, be strong in which is in Christ Jesus things which thou hast by many witnesses, that mend to faithful men fit to teach others and a good soldier of Christ. Carefully study to approved unto God, that needeth not to rightly handling the Word.'"

"Two thousand years since St. Paul wrote the epistle, but in all the centuries the same cry has been heard. The fight with error is unceasing. It has, indeed, flows, but it always powers of hell, allied weakness and concupiscence from the struggle with the Pope and patriarch saint the same call on the succession of those fight on the side of truth!"

"As the great military powers build forts and demies and camps to science of offensive warfare and to establish of refuge or supply, so that warfare, universities, seminaries, colleges have ever been fostered by the Church, who recruits may be adequate and the veterans may time for healing or repatriant men have ever been front of the fight. The shared to some extent heroic characteristics of the Gentiles, with his intellect and his mighty-consuming love of Christ-wearied labors, his preaching, his imprisonment, his bitter death. "Time would fail us to immortal roll—the Leos ory, the Innocents, the Sixtus and Pius, Bonifatius Dominic and Thomas, if Francis, and all the rest goodly company. When of the troops flagged and need to form the lines again to the charge. Divine raised up a St. Cromeo in Italy, a St. V an Olier in France, to heart and spirit into them true priests of God hortation to Timothy ears of the veterans; it is so to those who would, time, enroll themselves in.

In speaking of the life-coast priest, the Bishop "Only the recording an all-knowing God can right the extent of the influence illustrious dead. His apo-

ction of Literature.

Dr. Magnien's Funeral.

ular Contributor.) that has been written could alone constitute and yet a deluge of pouring forth from the world, and the creates to increase, ed Newton was dying rrvant what he would as a souvenir; the ve been like a boy the beach and gath- I have picked up collection, but I can miles of shore extend- all covered with beautiful than any I, but my time has n never touch one of a vast amount there t no man can ever acquire! The person ine private library of volumes imagines books; but what are that he owns, and ever seen, and all r heard about, comp- line ranges of books found in the world? sion suggest a very n: how many in existence? It may possibly impossible, xact number, but, ta furnished by reit- has been computed r of books in the billions. A few sta- subject may prove in- (Paris) prints some res relating to the l distribution of "A new book," it om every second." r: erica alone there are 0,000 volumes, dis- lowns: In families, ong scientists, law- nd inventors, 150, -the publishers' and ds, 60,000,000; in 50,000,000; in col- 2,000,000; in the s, 8,000,000. of books in the ay be computed" as 700,000,000 1,800,000,000 480,000,000 240,000,000 3,200,000,000 are constantly add- 25,000 new works ance 13,000, Italy 7,000. At least oughout the world, ks are published gress multiples lumes say, on an imes. So that the al is increased by akes the following number of books largest libraries in ionale . . . 3,000,000 (St. Pe- . . . 1,500,000 y . . . 700,000 . . . 600,000 . . . 550,000 . . . 500,000 . . . 500,000 . . . 500,000 . . . 11,480,000 arked that the fore- eclude any of the merican continent. tement before us, nk of the man who read everything?" ere a positive evi- e character of hu- knowledge. The multiplied by thou- t suffice to count ave been written, back to the sim- d by Thomas a t chapter of his ion of Christ." If all the philosoph- would it all avail charity and the at great and sim- d that he would unction than to s. After all, that ks is but a Babel erected to scale ledge, but only fullity of all hu- that which God

A week ago last Sunday, Very Rev. Dr. A. L. Magnien, an eminent priest and president of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, died in that institution. On the following Tuesday his funeral took place, and he was buried within the grounds of the Seminary that he had done so much to uplift and develop. The service was held in the grand historic Cathedral of Baltimore, and the sacred edifice was thronged with prelates, priests, and laymen. At the Pontifical Mass of Requiem the following were the officiers: Celebrant, Cardinal Gibbons, arch-priest, Mgr. Duffy, Brooklyn, N.Y.; deacons of honor, Rev. Dr. Henry Hyvarnat, professor of Semitic languages, Catholic University, and Rev. James F. Mackin, pastor of St. Paul's Washington; deacon, Rev. Edward A. Kelly, Chicago; subdeacon, Rev. P. O'Donnell, Boston. It would be impossible to give full text of the eloquent discourse, upon Dr. Magnien's life, pronounced by Bishop Donahue, of Wheeling; but a few extracts will prove both edifying and timely. Commencing with St. Paul's letter to Timothy in which the Apostle says, "Carefully study to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth," the Bishop pronounced this beautiful exordium: "Thus wrote St. Paul to his beloved Timothy at the close of his long and arduous life. The shadow of death was slowly gathering and deepening about him. He was at the time a prisoner in chains at Rome. He knew that his days were numbered. He felt that he must lay down his life and pour forth his blood for the faith of Jesus Christ which he had preached. These were his parting words, his dying message to Timothy. Despite of chains and prison and blood and death his great heart yearned for the future of Christ's gospel, and He sounds his trumpet call to battle with the enemies of truth: 'Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus. And the things which thou hast heard of Me, by many witnesses, the same conform to faithful men who shall be fit to teach others also. Labor as a good soldier of Christ Jesus. . . . Carefully study to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly handling the Word of truth. . . . Two thousand years have passed since St. Paul wrote thus to his disciple, but in all the intervening centuries the same cry has gone forth. The fight with error and darkness is unceasing. It has, indeed, its ebbs and flows, but it always rages. The powers of hell, allied with man's weakness and concupiscence, carry on the struggle unceasingly, and from Pope and patriarch, bishop and saint the same call comes to keep up the succession of those who are to fight on the side of virtue and truth! "As the great military and naval powers build forts and organize academies and camps to impart the science of offensive and defensive warfare and to establish rendezvous of refuge or supply, so far the spiritual warfare, universities, monasteries, seminaries, colleges and schools have ever been fostered and encouraged by the Church, where the young recruits may be adequately trained, and the veterans may retire for a time for healing or repose. And valiant men have ever been in the forefront of the fight. Thousands have shared to some extent at least, the heroic characteristics of the Apostle of the Gentiles, with his towering intellect and his mighty heart, his consuming love of Christ, his unwearied labors, his indefatigable preaching, his imprisonment, his chains, his bitter death. "Time would fail us to call the immortal roll—the Leos, the Gregories, the Innocents, the Stephans, Sixtus and Pius, Boniface and John, Dominic and Thomas, Ignatius and Francis, and all the rest of the goodly company. When the spirit of the troops flagged and there was need to form the lines and advance again to the charge Divine Providence raised up a St. Charles Borromeo in Italy, a St. Vincent and an Olier in France, to infuse new heart and spirit into them and make them true priests of God. Paul's exhortation to Timothy rang in the ears of the veterans; it rang out also to those who would, for the first time, enroll themselves in the ranks. In speaking of the life of the deceased priest the Bishop said: "Only the recording angel and the all-knowing God can rightly gauge the extent of the influence of the illustrious dead. He spoke through

a thousand tongues, he preached God's word in pulpits innumerable. His example and that of his devoted associates have been an inspiration to countless priests of God. The prince-priest Gallitzin alone, a seminarian and priest of old St. Mary's, when he went forth to the missions brought no fewer than 6,000 souls into the church in the mountains of Western Pennsylvania. No man may count the number converted by the army of bishops and of priests who have gone forth from its walls. "Nature and grace had lavishly endowed him for his work. It was always a question whether his gifts of mind equaled the qualities of his heart. He had a great power of intelligence, which was quick and at the same time deep. His extraordinary memory seemed, in spite of himself, to hold a photographic impress of all that passed in word or deed. He united in himself two qualities seldom found in one individual—at least in the same superlative degree—an aptitude for profound metaphysical speculation and a practical common-sense grasp of measures and of men. Rarely if ever do we encounter such a readiness in turning all there is of history, philosophy, theology and practical experience upon any point under discussion. His mind was essentially an orderly mind, with its vast stores of information duly arranged and labeled for instant production. Like a great strategist, he could mass all his facts and arguments in defense of a threatened position or instantly train all his guns upon a fort to be stormed. "Greatly, however, as we admired him for his intellectual power we loved him still more for his qualities of heart—a heart most affectionate, generous, sincere. His was a sympathetic heart in the true sense of that word. He entered into and shared the trials, difficulties and sorrows of all. He suffered with them! It was the secret of his power! Alas, we shall miss the kindling eye, the bright and kindly welcome, the clasp of the hand, the cordial word, the embrace when we return to the old scenes! "It is extremely doubtful if ever before upon this continent there has appeared a man so gifted to sway the heart of the young Levite as he whose voice is now mute forever. He had in their fullness the requisite brain and feeling. He possessed the needed 'words and worth.' A man's own high character, says the great Roman orator, 'is the first condition of convincing speech.' "Although no orator in the narrow and shallow acceptance, this man's words were reinforced by the feeling that conviction had moved him before he attempted to move others; that he practiced what he preached; that he would, in as far as human frailty permitted, measure up to the high standard laid down by St. Paul, 'Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ.' "No finger-post he to point the way he never traveled; no shouter from the rear while he himself held back; no mere academic dilettante, touching airily and speculatively on the conduct of life; no skulker, intent while the common soldier bore the brunt of battle; no epauletted tactician securely watching from the heights, through a fieldglass, the laughter in the pain! No, no! he was with us in our labors, in our sorrows, in our trials, in our fasts, our prayers, helping, reproving, encouraging up to the hour when this mortal illness struck him. He applauded our endeavors; he steadied our uncertain steps. And, as a bird each fond endearment tries To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies, He tried each art, reproved each dull delay, Alured to brighter worlds, and led the way. "Nor would he, like others, take his well-earned rest in the summer heats. In many a diocese his voice was heard in clergy retreats, still pleading for the old ideals of sacerdotal holiness; still urging to higher efforts; still brushing away the dust and cobwebs of routine and restoring the old landmarks of deep, abiding faith; still exhorting, illumining, strengthening and appearing like an exterior, visible conscience to those who in frailty or forgetfulness had knowingly kwerved or carelessly drifted from the true bearings.

death. He is as truly a victim as though he had laid his head on the block. He died for the cause of Christ! There are chemical elements which give out light and heat, but at the expense of their very substance. Phosphorus gleams, but diminishes. Iron oxidizes and burns in the process, but is consumed. The dear departed one gave out the light of his intellect so lavishly and expended the love of his heart so ungrudgingly that the brain became weary and the heart—the very physical organ—collapsed, giving over the whole frame to ever-increasing deterioration, decay and death. His work is done; the busy hands are meekly folded; the eyes closed forever on this world; the lips are mute! The darkened heart is still. For us there remain tears and vain regrets. "Bear him forth, a noble son of Jean Jacques Olier, and lay him in their worthy successor, beside Nagot, Tessier, Deluol, L'Homme Dubreuil! Now that the toils of this master workman are over let him sleep within the hearing of the seminary bell, of the full-throated, white-robed throng. His spirit mayhap will catch the deep tones of the prayers, of the requiem or the hymn within those sacred walls he loved so well. The simple slab that will mark his last resting place will be an inspiration to generations yet unborn and a tender remembrance to us who loved him—for he is not altogether dead! "Defunctus adhuc loquitur." So much that was good, and true, and beautiful cannot all die. A PROTESTANT MINISTER AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. The following remarks were made from a Protestant Episcopal pulpit by the Rev. Hamilton Schuyler before a fashionable and wealthy congregation: "Although in matters of faith and practice we differ as widely as the two poles from Rome, there is no reason why we should not pay our tribute to the many good points which the Roman system contains, and particularly to the Christian virtues so conspicuously apparent in the lives of many of her members." With regard to the school question Mr. Schuyler says Catholic are right. "Another point which it seems to me calls for our admiration is the supreme importance attributed by Roman Catholics to the religious education of their children. Viewing the matter from their standpoint, we must admit that they are justified in establishing their own schools where their children may be taught the religion which they profess. Bodies other than Roman Catholics attempt to do this in the Sunday schools. Catholics believe that such teaching of religion is not sufficient; they desire that religion shall enter into the daily life of the child and that a knowledge of it shall go hand in hand with secular studies. Who shall say they are wrong? "Whatever one may think of the doctrinal beliefs of Catholics, every fair-minded person must admit that in works of charity and mercy they stand pre-eminent. In matters of hospitals, homes, orphanages, asylums and other institutions of practical charity they lead all other Christian bodies. That in the main these institutions are conducted on broad lines, that they aim to minister to humanity, irrespective of race or creed, I presume no one will question. To the devoted men and women who conduct these institutions and who give themselves unreservedly to the work, not expecting or receiving any earthly reward, surely no one will refuse the fullest meed of praise. Their pious labors and self-sacrificing devotions in the cause of humanity are among the brightest

jewels in the crown of our common Christianity. "The Roman Church is certainly one of the greatest bulwarks protecting society from disorder and anarchy. Many of its prelates have done notable service in the cause of social reform, and they stand high in the estimation of statesmen and patriots. There have been times when waves of Protestant bigotry, as instanced by the Know-nothing movement, have swept over the country and given rise to bitter feelings on both sides. Happily we may believe that these religious quarrels are things of the past. There is no reason why religious differences should affect the relations—personal, business, political or social—of those who acknowledge a common country and are governed by the same laws. It is amply evident that Roman Catholics as such are just as patriotic, just as law abiding, just as honest and just as conscientious as other people." Mr. Schwab's Gift To Poor Children. No better indication of the large-heartedness of Charles M. Schwab, president of the billion dollars steel trust, says an American daily newspaper, can be found than in the announcement by the Crescent Ship Yard Co., of Elizabeth, N.J., that there will be launched on January 15 a side wheel steamboat which Mr. Schwab ordered to be built as part of the great charity he and his wife have devised for the poor children of the city. Every detail of the boat has been planned for the benefit of those little ones, who will be made happy and their lot made lighter by long rides upon this wonderful craft. All the machinery will be encased in glass, so as to be visible to the children, and there will be instructors to point out the marvels of practical application of steam for purposes of propulsion. The name selected by Mrs. Schwab for the charity boat is the Eurana. The deck space will extend far beyond the dimensions of the hull. All the cabin fittings, seats and various other accommodations and conveniences will be specially made. There will be a hospital and a nursery, over which a staff of nurses will preside. A doctor will always be in attendance. There are also to be handsome apartments for Mr. and Mrs. Schwab and their guests. The boat will cost over \$135,000, and will have a carrying capacity of 3,000. Not more, however, than 1,500 children will be taken upon the Eurana at one time. The purpose of the Eurana will be to carry poor children from New York and Brooklyn to Richmond Beach, which Mr. Schwab has bought and will use as a great playground for little children. Every little bird that droops and dies in its nest falls as softly into God's hands as do His saints and martyrs. Catholic Sailors' Club ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit. MAEC at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening. Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tel Main 2161. St Peter and Common Sts.

Stores open to-night (Wednesday) until 10 p.m. for the sale of New Year Day supplies. FRASER, VIGER & CO. Italian Warehouse, ESTABLISHED 1856— 207, 209 & 211 St. James Street FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY DEMANDS. See the Unexampled Display of Stout and Beers from Britain, Beers from Germany, Beers from Demark, Beers from United States AND Domestic Beers and Stout. ALES AND STOUT. IMPORTED. Per doz. Per doz. Quarts. Pints. THE PABST, MILWAUKEE, "EXPORT," BEER, bottled at the Brewery..... \$1.40 (In casks of 10 dozen Pints, \$13.50 per Cask.) THE PABST, MILWAUKEE, "BLUE RIBBON PERFECTION" TABLE BEAR, bottled at the Brewery..... 1.60 (In casks of 10 dozen Pints, \$15.00 per Cask.) THE ORIGINAL BUDWEISER BEER, "Carl Conrad's" bottled by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Co., St. Louis..... 1.45 (In casks of 10 dozen Pints, \$14.75 per Cask.) THE ANHEUSER-BUSCH "PREMIUM PALE BEER," bottled by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Co., St. Louis..... 1.40 (In casks of 10 dozen Pints, \$13.00 per Cask.) GABRIEL SEDLMAYR'S SPATEN BRAU, MUNICH BEER, (dark or light)..... \$3.25 1.90 (In Original Cases of 50 Quarts, \$12.50 per Case.) (In Original Cases of 100 Pints, \$14.50 per Case.) HANNEMANN'S BAVARIAN BEER, MUNICH..... 2.75 (In Original Cases of 4 Dozen Quarts, \$10.50 per Case.) KUPPER'S ELBEFELD PILSENER BEER..... 2.50 1.80 (In Original Cases of 4 Dozen Quarts, \$9.00 per Case.) (In Original Cases of 6 Dozen Pints, \$9.50 per Case.) BASS & CO'S PALE ALE, HIBBERT'S BOTTLING..... 2.75 1.80 (In Barrels of 8 Dozen Pints, \$13.25 per Barrel.) (Or in Cases of 4 Dozen Pints, \$6.75 per Case.) BASS & CO'S PALE ALE, DOG'S HEAD BOTTLING, Half Pints, \$1.20 per Dozen. WM. YOUNGER & CO'S "THE MONK BRAND," EDINBURGH SPARKLING ALE, in stone bottles..... 1.80 (In Cases of 4 Dozen Pints, \$6.75 per Case.) GUINNESS'S STOUT, Burke's Bottling..... 2.75 1.80 GUINNESS'S STOUT, Ross's Bottling..... 1.75 (Both in Barrels of 8 Dozen Pints; \$13.00 per Barrel.) GUINNESS'S STOUT, Burke's Bottling, Half Pints, \$1.20 per Dozen.) "TUBORG" DANISH, PILSENER BEER..... 1.60 (In Cases of 6 Dozen Pints, \$8.70 per Case.) DOMESTIC. WM. DOW & CO'S INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled..... 1.20 2.10 WM. DOW & CO'S INDIA PALE ALE, Plain (bottled by the Brewery)..... 1.10 2.00 WM. DOW & CO'S CROWN STOUT..... 1.50 WM. DOW & CO'S SAND PORTER (bottled by the Brewery)..... 1.10 1.80 WM. DOW & CO'S PALE ALE..... 1.70 LABATT'S, LONDON, INDIA PALE ALE..... 0.95 1.70 DAWES & CO'S INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled..... 1.20 2.10 DAWES & CO'S INDIA PALE ALE, Plain..... 1.00 1.60 DAWES & CO'S BITTER ALE (Yellow Label)..... 0.80 1.40 MOLSON'S INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled..... 1.00 MOLSON'S PORTER, Capsuled..... 0.90 (Prices for Labatt's, Dow's, Molson's and Dawes' Domestic Ales and Stout, include cost of bottles, 50c quarts and 20c pints, and credited at same prices when returned.) THE "TALISKER" STRAIGHT SCOTCH. (Unrivalled for Tody) Is the finest product of any single Distillery in Scotland. THE "TALISKER" WHISKY, \$1.250 per Case. "PERFECTION" BLENDING SCOTCH. (25 Year Old Whisky.) "Perfection Scotch," one of the Very best blends in existence. \$1.10 per bottle. \$12.25 per case. FINE BREAKFAST TEAS AND COFFEE. 1 lb. packages Ceylon Tea at..... 35 cents per pound 1 lb. packages Ceylon Tea at..... 35 cents per pound 1 lb. packages Good Black Tea at..... 25 cents per pound 1 lb. packages English Breakfast Tea at..... 35 cents per pound 5 lb. Caddies or Tins Ceylon Tea at..... 25 cents per pound 5 lb. Caddies or Tins Ceylon Tea at..... 35 cents per pound 5 lb. Caddies Good Black Tea at..... 25 cents per pound 5 lb. Caddies English Breakfast Tea at..... 35 cents per pound FINE TO FINEST JAPAN TEAS. 1 lb. packages Japan Tea at..... 25 cents per pound 1 lb. packages Japan Tea at..... 30 cents per pound 1 lb. packages Japan Tea at..... 40 cents per pound 1 lb. packages Japan Tea at..... 50 cents per pound 1 lb. packages Japan Tea at..... 60 cents per pound 5 lb. Caddies or Tins of Japan Teas at 25 cents, 30 cents, 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound. Same Price to One and All. THE TEAS FOR THE MASSES and THE TEAS FOR THE GLASSES. "LILAC" TEA. In 1-2 and 1-lb. packages, 50 cents per pound. "A very refreshing blend of carefully selected growths." Terrine de foies Gras (aux truffes du Perigord). Maison fondee en 1792. E. DOYEN, Strasbourg. 500 DOYEN'S FAMOUS STRASBOURG PIES. Just in Time for NEW YEAR'S DAY (Jour de l'an). DOYEN'S Terrines de foies Gras. DOYEN'S Tins de foies Gras. Doyen's Pate de foies Gras in Terrines, No. 14..... 70 cents per Terrine. Doyen's Pate de foies Gras in Terrines, No. 13..... 90 cents per Terrine. Doyen's Pate de foies Gras in Terrines, No. 12..... \$1.10 per Terrine. Doyen's Pate de foies Gras in Tins, No. 14 (with eathenware Terrines enclosed), 60 cents per Tin. Doyen's Pate de foies Gras in Tins, No. 13..... 85 cents per tin. Doyen's Pate de foies Gras in Tins, No. 12..... \$1.25 " " Doyen's Pate de foies Gras in Tins, No. 9..... 1.90 " " Doyen's Pate de foies Gras in Tins, No. 8..... 2.75 " " Doyen's Pate de foies Gras in Tins, No. 7..... 3.50 " " ITALIAN WAREHOUSE, Established 1856. FRASER, VIGER & CO 207, 209 & 211 St. James Street.

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OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This week I come upon a letter that is a puzzle to me. I do not well know what to do with it. The writer of it is long since dead, but there are those alive, perhaps, who might think I were taking undue liberty with his name were I to give it to the public as the author of the faded, brown, tattered, document before me. Still it flings such a light upon a very stirring period in our history and it relates to a chapter in the story of our past that but few to-day can claim to have had any part in. It seems to me that the best thing I can do is state how the letter came into my possession and give it without the name of the writer.

As far as the following letter is concerned I will simply state that I found it amongst several papers given, at one time, in the early sixties, to my mother, by the late Hon. T. D. McGee. Why he handed her these documents is more than I can tell, nor did I ever inquire; suffice it that he did so, and that they thus came subsequently into my possession. They are all historical in a certain sense, and many of them bear strongly upon facts and events that marked with significance the early career of the great Irish Catholic statesman in Canada. The following speaks for itself:

"Montreal, 19th April, 1857.

"Thos. Darcy McGee, Esq.,
"American Celt Office,
"Cor. Ann and Nassau streets,
"New York.

"My Dear Sir:—

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 10th inst., received on the 14th inst. Since when I have been occupied with the Bishop collecting for his new cathedral, during the day, and so pressed with private business at night, in consequence, as to be unable to reply till now.

"Previous to the receipt of your letter Mrs. Sandler made me aware of the difficulties that you anticipate; and it is as well that you should know all you do—forewarned, fore-armed."

"As to my views generally they are unchanged.
"Long before you intimated your willingness to come here, I took the liberty, in conversation with you, of directing your attention to Canada, as the proper field for your future labors, and, if God will spare us both to witness the trial, I feel confident that you will have no reason to reproach me as a false prophet.

"As sure as effect follows cause, so sure must you succeed here. The very highest rank in the country beckons you onward, and, in rising, you shall have conferred lasting benefits on your countrymen in Canada, for I contend that your personal advancement and your social and political improvement must go hand in hand.

"In this country we have no leader—no man fit to lead. No Irishman with the experience, the intellectual attainments, and the honesty of purpose to inspire the confidence and respect of the people. To those elements so essential to organization and dissemination and district at present, entire strangers.

"I firmly believe that you will be an instrument in the hands of God to realize a better state of things in our midst, and that Christian

charity and brotherly love will obtain and dissent and distrust will diminish.

"Your own powers, your integrity, and the many gifts with which God has endowed you have already enabled you to surmount many difficult trials, and with His assistance your new enterprise will be crowned with success.

"The good Mrs. Sandler, your amiable and gifted friend, is the most powerful ally you have here; her cooperation cannot be overrated, and her advocacy, like her own mind, is clear and well balanced.

"Hoping to see you here soon when I can speak of details,

"I remain

"Yours very truly,

It would only need the name of the writer of the foregoing to impart to the document its full significance; but, as I stated, I prefer not to give the name of the writer, as I have absolutely no authority to make use of his letter, and the fact of his death, which occurred many years ago, by no means entitles me to publish his name in connection with that which he may never have wished to "make public. Still this letter carries us back forty-five years, to the days that preceded McGee's coming to Canada. It shows us a section of the stage upon which the actors of that time appeared before the public, and it indicates the spirit of those who were firstly instrumental in having the great and ill-fated Irish statesman leave the United States to take up his home in Canada. We know how part of the predictions in this letter were fulfilled, but we also know of the other fearful results that no human eye could have been expected to foresee ten years earlier. We can easily go back in spirit to that time and behold all the inducements held out to McGee, as well as some of the obstacles which he personally foresaw, but which did not ultimately deter him from making the sacrifice for the sake of the Irish race in Canada. This is not the time—nor would I have time or space—to dwell upon the advent of McGee, his universal success, his great achievements, his magnificent plans for the future, and, finally, his tragic end. That page of our history has yet to be properly written. It is only when the very last remnant of the animosities that lashed the political contestants of that time shall have been buried in oblivion's grave, that the true story of McGee's life, importance, and premature end can be written. No man living in his own day could bring to bear upon the subject that calmness of spirit and impartiality of mind that are the sine qua non of a reliable story. Few men, living in our day, possess all the information needed to properly explain the circumstances of that wonderful drama, and to give the future a fair estimate of all that Irish Catholic Canadians might have gained, had he lived, and of all that they lost through the early death of such a man. Consequently, it will be reserved for some future historian, who shall have labored amongst the evidences and archives of that period, and whose mind, unbiased by any prejudice and guided by the experience of subsequent facts, will bring calm judgment and logical investigation to bear, to tell the story of McGee in Canada.

would attend the mission. All waited anxiously to see what the opening night would reveal. Catholics had been warned not to come unless they should bring with them a "card of admission," which card should be in every case a non-Catholic.

The lectures began on Monday evening, December 8. What was our surprise to find even before 7 o'clock a stream of non-Catholics pouring into the church! They came from every quarter of the city and represented every class of citizens. Ushers were on hand, and as the good people arrived they were shown into the pews, and before the hour announced the entire edifice was filled with anxious and respectful hearers whose countenances gave evidence of their earnest desire to listen to the explanations of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The attendance grew so large on Tuesday evening that chairs had to be placed in the aisles, and on Wednesday night the climax was reached, when every pew was crowded, the aisles were filled and every available space in the sanctuary itself was occupied. At last the ushers were compelled to close the doors and announce to those who stood waiting on the pavement that the church was full, and so a great many had to be turned away.

The three following evenings brought most unfavorable weather. Rain followed by sleet and a freezing temperature covered the sidewalks with a coating of ice and rendered walking down the hillsides a dangerous feat. But the elements could not dampen the zeal or chill the ardor of the good people, and it was indeed inspiring to see the large attendance repeated night after night in old St. Peter's. Protestants from every walk in life were there, including lawyers, doctors, bankers, prominent business men and even eight ministers of different sects and one bishop.

At the close of the lecture each evening the speaker invited the non-Catholics to come up and receive books of instruction on Catholic doctrine. So great was the number that crowded around the platform each evening that it required some time for Father Sutton, assisted by Bishop Monaghan and Father Lyons, to supply them with books. Nearly two thousand copies of "Clearing the Way" were distributed.

Among those who came up last on the opening evening was a serious looking man who seemed almost afraid to approach the missionary.

"Are you looking for a book?" inquired Father Sutton.

"No," said the stranger; "I am looking for Christianity. I want to receive instructions."

He was the first candidate for the instruction class, and night after night the number grew, so that at the close of the mission fifteen converts had presented themselves to the missionary. It was learned that fully five others who attended the lectures called on the clergy of the different parishes to ask for instructions.

On Thursday night the subject discussed was confession. While refuting the many false charges made by the enemies of truth against this sacred institution of God's Church, Father Sutton pointed to the confessionals and suggested to the non-Catholics that it might interest them to inspect the inclosures and see for themselves how they were made use of by Catholics. It was a happy suggestion. Numbers of people as they passed down the side aisles stopped at the confessionals closely examined them and expressed their great surprise at seeing them. One man was heard to say:

"Well, that's true. You cannot hand money through that screen."

THE QUESTION BOX.

The "Question Box" was well patronized from the first, and kept the missionary busy every evening for at least a half hour before the lecture proper. All of the queries, some of them showing the greatest ignorance of theological topics, were answered in the same good humor. One was whether a rum-seller could be a Christian. The speaker answered that a rum-seller, if he were baptized, was a Christian, but that a rum-seller had a difficult job before him to reach heaven. He thought it would be better if the rum traffic—if there had to be such a traffic—were in the hands of the best Christians and controlled by them.

Another question was whether the priests or any Catholic ever reached such a state of perfection that he did not have to go to confession. The orator replied that so long as a man had committed sin he would have to go to confession, and that no man was free from sin. He had heard of some people who thought they were so sanctified that they could not commit sin, but he would answer these by quoting from the Apostle St. John, who said that persons who say that they are without sin are liars, and the truth

is not in them (I. St. John i., 8; also III. Kings viii., 46).

The speaker thought that the Episcopal clergymen had no orders, and therefore the Pope could not recognize them. Another question was whether Catholics kissed the Pope's toe. This caused much laughter. The priest said that Catholics kissed the cross on the slipper of the Pope, as that was Papal etiquette.

The Roman Church did not believe in infant damnation. That doctrine had been held by the Presbyterians.

One of the cleverest answers was about the persecution by Catholics of those not adhering to the faith. The Catholic Church, he said, has never taught that those who differ in belief must be persecuted and punished. Heretics had been punished by civil rulers and under the laws of the civil authorities. These rulers had been Catholics, but the Church was not responsible for their actions.

The Catholic Church had under the ban certain secret societies not because they were secret, but because they claimed to give a man all the religious instruction necessary. "Protestant men as a body," he declared, "do not go to church any more. They go to lodges."

Q. "Did St. Augustine when he arrived in England in 596 find an organized Church with a three-fold order of ministry using a liturgy different to that of Rome?"

The missionary explained that St. Augustine was sent to England to convert the Saxons. The Saxons had driven the British into Wales and Brittany, France. There was a church among the Britons and St. Augustine secured help from the followers of this Church. The Church, the missionary declared, had acknowledged the Roman Pontiff and was in communion with the See of Rome, regarding the Council of Nice.

Q. "The Council of Nice recognized three patriarchs, the Bishops of Rome, Alexandria and Antioch, two others being afterward added. How did the Bishop of Rome obtain his supremacy?"

The missionary declared that the legates of the Pope presided and the decrees of the council had to be signed by the Roman legates, and that practically the supremacy of the Roman See was acknowledged. Things could not be done except with the consent of Rome.

Asked about the alleged sale of indulgences, the missionary denied that there ever had been such a sale. The adoration of the Host, the veneration of relics and the withholding of the cup from the laity were all primitive practices, and not dependent upon decrees of councils. Regarding the decrees about auricular confession, the missionary said that the council had simply declared it a law that Catholics should go to confession at least once a year. They had been going to confession before.

Another question was why Catholics did not become converted as Methodists do. The missionary declared that Catholics do become converted, as every time a man goes to confession he must have a change of heart and becomes converted.

Various other questions were asked and then the missionary made an extended talk on what Catholics had done for education. He quoted from one of the text books used in the schools on pedagogy, which asserted that the Protestant Reformation was responsible for popular education and that the common schools were due to Luther.

It is to the Protestant Reformers—to Luther in the sixteenth century and Comenius in the seventeenth century—that must be ascribed the honor of having first organized schools for the people. In its origin the primary school is the child of Protestantism, and its cradle was the Reformation.—G. Compayre's History of Pedagogy.

The missionary declared that a more absurd, malicious and mendacious statement had never appeared in print, and yet this was the kind of stuff that they put into the hands of teachers who were to instruct the young. He warned the public school teachers that they should go outside the works of prejudiced writers if they wished to learn the truth about Catholics.

He reviewed the state of learning before the Reformation, told how the Protestants had destroyed the monasteries, the schools and the libraries in England and on the continent and compared Italy and Prussia as regards education, claiming that Italy had more schools and universities than had Prussia. The statement of Protestants that Luther had given the Bible in German first he pronounced false, and said: "Over 100 editions of the Bible had been given to the people in their own language before Luther's Bible was published, as Jansen in his history of the German people testifies. Even in Ireland before the so-called Reformation the condition of learning was high and scholars went there from other countries. Instead of advancing learning, the so-called

Reformation had set the world back 100 years. The missionary gave the names of books that school teachers should read if they wish to know the truth and be informed about these matters.

Catholics, Father Sutton said, before the Protestant Reformation, founded seventy-two universities; after the Reformation, forty-six. Protestants can only count thirty-one universities in Europe that they have founded. Catholics ever since the Reformation have surpassed the Protestants in their zeal for higher education.

Hallam, a Protestant, says: "The praise of having originally established schools belongs to some bishops and abbots of the imperial schools overthrown by the barbarians." (Hallam, "Intro. to Lit. of Europe," Vol. I, p. 27).

From the tenor of the questions it will be seen that the spirit of the audience was both earnest and respectful, and the frivolous and even insulting queries which are met in some localities were happily absent. To judge from the comments afterwards, the people were well satisfied with Father Sutton's able replies, and the thirst for more information has been aroused, which the good and readable literature distributed will no doubt satisfy.

Father Xavier Sutton opened a non-Catholic mission for the colored people of Wilmington on Monday, December 15.

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Subscribe to the "True Witness"

Missions to Non-Catholics.

J. M., in a communication from Wilmington, Del., under date of December 15, to the "Catholic Standard and Times," says:—

"The success which has attended the mission given to non-Catholics at St. Peter's Pro-Cathedral by Rev. Xavier Sutton, C.P., is gratifying even beyond all the sanguine expectations of clergy and people.

On the first Sunday of Advent a week's mission opened for the profit of the parish, and was conducted by the Rev. Xavier Sutton, C.P., assisted by the Rev. Fathers Anthony and George, also Passionist Fathers. Besides the great good accomplished

for the parishioners of St. Peter's the congregation were aroused to a great interest in the attendance of their non-Catholic brethren at the mission to be given for their benefit the following week.

Cards of invitation setting forth the subjects to be treated in the lectures to non-Catholics were distributed in the pews of the church, and the people were requested to mail them to their non-Catholic friends. The missionaries urged the congregation to spread the news of the coming mission far and wide, and the daily papers again and again announced that the second week would be devoted to a mission to non-Catholics.

Right Rev. Bishop Monaghan and Very Rev. J. A. Lyons, V.G., and the other priests of St. Peter's sent personal invitations to many prominent Protestants of the city, includ-

ing all the ministers of the various sects, and the reverend pastors of the other parishes were supplied with invitations to be distributed to them and their people among non-Catholics. The list of subjects was as follows:—

"Stumbling Blocks," Monday, December 8.

"Purgatory," Tuesday.

"Celibacy; or, Why Priests Do Not Wed," Wednesday.

"Can Man Forgive Sins?" Thursday.

"Quo Vadis," Friday.

"Is There a Hell?" Saturday.

"Why I am a Catholic," Sunday.

Even after all this had been done the result was a matter of conjecture, and as some previous efforts in this line had not been successful in Wilmington, it remained doubtful whether the invitations would be accepted and whether the Protestants

HOOLEY Discuss

What is your opinion of the doctrine of the diocese, says Hooley, "which limits the extent of each parish to between certain streets, and that all the Catholics within this territory must allegiance to the parish accompanied the priest in his visitation of the parish, great attention to his instructions, the various families. Who agree with his views on subjects, I can't approve of referred to above nor his people that every one should stick by his own identity himself with his congregation. Now, it seems that as the doors of our people are open to all alike, the people, like the Protestants, should be free to attach to whatever parish they prefer. This kind looks like too much check on their religious liberty. You never seem to do anything," says Hooley, "hence I am not surprised are growing on this subject, however, that your with the priest on his visit not helped to broaden and convinced you of it and superiority of this diocese. In the first place, the Catholic will agree in asserting that we should do as we please matters. Such a proposition be an attempt to throw the authority of the church of discipline and, if continue, would result, as suited amongst the Protestants, throwing off the authority Church in matters of belief. There is no unreasonable of our liberty in submitting divine authority of the Church you dispute its right to dictate in religious affairs might as well contest the of the Almighty Himself to the restrictions of the mandates. With all you of your rights, I scarce you have yet arrived at conclusion that a man is doing what he pleases."

"I have not arrived at conclusion with regard trials," says Hooley, "nor to be classed with Protestants their ideas of belief or But I have been informed free system, or the claiming any church your parish, is in existence timore, in New York, and other dioceses of the country imagined its introduction suit very advantageously cease also. Let me give one illustration of its Suppose my pastor was a that he and I had some dispute regarding some the advantage it would be of us, and what disagreements could be avoided if ever my present relations him and claim some other my parish and some other my pastor. You see, Fin the Free System, as I can much to recommend it!"

"I entirely disagree with says Finnessy, "and foolish conclusions. The stance you bring forward of your view would of that the free system, as would result in disorder be the very worst aid to rest of religion; in fact, it an encouragement to both and parishioner to quarrel and remain enemies. It would furnish you and the opportunity to keep coolness and ill towards other, whereas the other would tend to draw you the affectionate relationship and parishioner, and pel both of you for peace good example to bury it and become friends. The probability would never result if you and your pastor avoid and dispense with Yes, Hooley, the free system much to recommend it—after of evil!"

"You talk," says Hooley, "you were convinced of the city of the present system others. I presume you can and strong reasons for your "I am convinced that I best and soundest reason belief," says Finnessy, "my convictions on the subject the result of reasoning and science. In the first place

JANUARY 3, 1908.

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True Witness

HOOLEY AND FINNESSY

Discuss Parochial Regulations.

What is your opinion of that regulation of the diocese," says Hooley to Finnessy, "which limits the extent of each parish to a territory between certain streets, and specifies that all the Catholics who reside within this territory must give their allegiance to the parish church? I accompanied the priest in his late visitation of the parish and paid great attention to his instruction to the various families. While I fully agree with his views on most subjects, I can't approve of the statute referred to above nor his advice to the people that every Catholic should stick by his own parish and identify himself with his own congregation. Now, it seems to me that as the doors of our churches are open to all alike, the Catholic people, like the Protestant folks, should be free to attach themselves to whatever parish they prefer. To restrain them in church affairs of this kind looks like too much of a check on their religious liberty!"

"You never seem to be satisfied with anything," says Finnessy, "and hence I am not surprised that you are growing on this subject. I regret, however, that your experience with the priest on his visitation has not helped to broaden your views and convinced you of the wisdom and superiority of this diocesan regulation. In the first place, no intelligent Catholic will agree with you in asserting that we should have liberty to do as we please in church matters. Such a proposition would be an attempt to throw overboard the authority of the church in matters of discipline and, if allowed to continue, would result, as it has resulted amongst the Protestants, in throwing off the authority of the Church in matters of belief also. There is no unreasonable restriction of our liberty in submitting to the divine authority of the Church. If you dispute its right to interfere and dictate in religious affairs, you might as well contest the supremacy of the Almighty Himself and object to the restrictions of the Ten Commandments. With all your boasting of your rights, I scarcely believe you have yet arrived at the false conclusion that a man is justified in doing what he pleases."

"I have not arrived at any such conclusion with regard to essentials," says Hooley, "nor do I wish to be classed with Protestants in their ideas of belief or discipline. But I have been informed that the free system, or the privilege of claiming any church you please as your parish, is in existence in Baltimore, in New York, and in several other dioceses of the country, and imagined its introduction would result very advantageously in this diocese also. Let me give you only one illustration of its advantage. Suppose my pastor was a crank and that he and I had some unpleasant dispute regarding some subject, see the advantage it would be to both of us, and what disagreeable meetings could be avoided if I could sever my present relationship with him and claim some other church as my parish. You see, Finnessy, that the Free System, as I call it, has much to recommend it!"

"I entirely disagree with you," says Finnessy, "and condemn your foolish conclusions. The very instance you bring forward in proof of your view would demonstrate that the free system, as you call it, would result in disorder and would be the very worst aid to the interest of religion; in fact, it would be an encouragement to both priest and parishioner to continue their quarrel and remain enemies for life. It would furnish you and the priest the opportunity to keep up your coolness and ill towards each other, whereas the other system would tend to draw you together in the affectionate relationship of pastor and parishioner, and would compel both of you for peace sake and good example to bury the hatchet and become friends. This in all probability would never be the result if you and your pastor could avoid and dispense with each other. Yes, Hooley, the free system has much to recommend it—as a promoter of evil!"

"You talk," says Hooley, "as if you were convinced of the superiority of the present system over all others. I presume you can give good and strong reasons for your belief." "I am convinced that I have the best and soundest reasons for my belief," says Finnessy, "and that my convictions on the subject are the result of reasoning and experience. In the first place I maintain

that it is the best and the only way by which Catholics can be thoroughly known to their pastors and by which their pastors can be properly known to their people. In confirmation of this I need only state that as the limits of each parish extend at most but a few squares in each direction from the church, and as the priests of each parish are always on duty either waiting on the sick, looking after neglected children or seeking out the intemperate or indifferent ones of the flock, every Catholic family in the district becomes perfectly known to the priests, while the priests in turn become familiar acquaintances to every one! As a consequence the young and old of the district regularly wend their way to their parish church, they feel entirely at home during the religious services as they hear and see the priests they know so well, their clergy are easy of access whenever they are needed, and a mutual affection and interest bind them both together as pastors and people. Now, under the free system I maintain that both old and young are deprived of the due interest and attention of their priests and that carelessness and loss of faith are the probable results to very many. Let me suppose, for example, that a Catholic man and his family who live within the limits of this parish could claim allegiance to some other church which is situated two or four or even six miles from their home; how can that man or his family know any priest or be known by any priest to advantage, and what salutary influence can a priest exercise over the children whom he rarely meets because they live at such a long distance from the church they call their parish? The pastor of such a family, if he knows them at all, most likely has not the time to travel so far to visit them when they require it; the parents purposely avoid the neighboring priests as they would avoid Protestant ministers, lest it might be suspected that they owed them any allegiance, with the result that the members of such a family will most probably become entirely neglected and careless, and between two stools will finally fall to the ground! The consequence of living at only a moderate distance from the church is indeed sad and deplorable under the present system; Catholics have grown so lazy in late years that the church must be built at their doors; how many more of them would miss Mass on Sunday morning if their neighboring priests had no authority to visit them or correct them for the neglect of their religious duties! In the second place, the free system would not only take away the people from the care of the neighboring priests and would encourage their indifference to Mass, but would most likely result in a great neglect of the sick and it is almost a certainty that many of them would die without the last sacraments. By your arrangement, Hooley, any unfortunate fellow who got suddenly sick would have a poor chance of being prepared for his journey to eternity if the priest who should attend him would have a long distance to travel. Let me assure you, my dear man, that under such a system of discipline the pastor of any church whose adherents are scattered in all parts of the city, and who is desirous that all of them shall receive proper spiritual care, would be compelled to secure the services of an army of priests, together with a fat treasury for their car fares and expenses; while the priests themselves in the proper discharge of their duties would be on the go from morning until night unless they could hear confessions and give absolution by telephone! Nor is your example of how well the free system works in Baltimore and New York more fortunate for your side than your illustration of the crank pastor and his parishioner. I have no definite knowledge regarding things in Baltimore, but I have recently seen a printed appeal to the late Archbishop of New York from several of his priests, in which they lamented the inconvenience and injustice of the free system and earnestly requested the introduction of some more simple and equitable arrangement by which each parish should be designated by fixed limits or boundaries!"

"For the people in general I admit," says Hooley, "that the free system is not the best. You will admit, however, that a Catholic can claim any church as his parish in which he rents a pew; and also that the Church regarding the support of our pastors is not the best. You will admit that the Fifth Precept of the Church regarding the support of our pastors if he contributes according

to his means in the church where he assists at Mass. There are several old Catholic families in the city who have moved into suburban districts, but who still attend the last Mass on Sundays in the pews hallowed by many old associations. You certainly would not try to prevent this!"

"To the first part of your remark," says Finnessy, "I have a decided objection. To rent a pew in any church for the sole purpose of occupying it at the late Mass on Sunday should never of itself entitle the owner to membership in that parish. There are social and selfish reasons which frequently influence Catholics in selecting the places where they practice their devotions, but these reasons should not be considered sufficient to put aside the statutes of the diocese or give the renters of pews any parochial privileges. On the contrary, their implied disregard of their own pastors with their disobedience to the spirit of diocesan regulations, should be sufficient in the eyes of many to exclude them from exceptional favors! Neither will it in my opinion satisfy their obligation under the Faith Precept if they contribute to the support of religion outside their own parish church. If their church was endowed or even free from debt, and there was no heavy pressure on the treasury for current expenses, it might be a matter of indifference as to where or how they contributed, but if the parish church was in need of money and these people went elsewhere to present their offerings where perhaps they were scarcely needed, do you mean to tell me that such a transferring of duty can be regarded as a contributing to the support of our pastors according to the wording and intent of the Fifth Commandment? A man with a selfish conscience may so imagine, but a well-instructed Catholic can see in the circumstance only one conclusion, namely, that he is bound to give his contributions in his own parish. If he chooses to rent a pew in another church or to give generously to outside charities, so much the better; but no generosity to outside objects can excuse his neglect of local obligations or dispense him from aiding his own pastor! With regard to his attendance at the late Mass in the church of his fathers, I honor him for still clinging to old customs and hallowed memories, but would severely condemn him for doing so if he makes it an excuse for ignoring the authority of his lawful pastor or shirking the obligations of his own parish church. Let me candidly confess to you, Hooley, that long observation has convinced me that mere renters of pews, with rare exceptions, have added but little to the treasury of any church. They never assist their own churches, under the plea that they contribute elsewhere; the churches they frequent are seldom enthusiastic about their generosity for any object, because such persons, as the late Doctor Moriarty sarcastically remarked, never rank higher than a congregation of pew holders! So you need not attempt a bluff on this subject with me!"

"I still maintain," says Hooley, "that a Catholic should be free to attend whatever church he pleases and should receive the sacraments from whatever priest he pleases! If I was seriously sick I would consider it a great punishment if I could not receive the last rights of the church from the priest I preferred." "Hooley," says Finnessy, "the ideas you have expressed give you more the stamp of a Protestant than a Catholic, and whoever encouraged you to entertain them was a bigger fool than yourself! Ideas of this kind would result in turning the Holy Catholic religion into a man worship, and would lead one to believe that it was not the grace of the sacraments you wanted when sick, but the words of human consolation. Catholics who properly understand their faith lose sight of the name and personal qualities of the priest when he performs his sacred functions, because they look upon all priests, in the language of St. Paul, as the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God. It is, of course, proper to have a regular confessor, and St. Francis of Sales tells us that we should select him among a thousand; but that does not mean that we should foolishly long for any one in particular or that we should keep away from Mass and the sacraments because we don't see the person we want! The church, on account of the difficulties often connected with confession gives us the liberty of confessing to whatever priest we please; when we are sick any approved priest can give us the sacraments of penance, but the other sacraments, especially those which are intended for the dying, must be administered by the priests of the parish church as dictated by common sense and ordered by the statutes of the diocese. Any different regulation would lead to neglect of the

people and to disrespect of the sacred mysteries. It would deprive the pastor of the opportunity of knowing in what dispositions his parishioners were dying, and would also present the indefensible irreverence of the Blessed Sacrament being needlessly carried for miles through the city when the local priests could conveniently administer it to the dying just as well. Thank heaven, Hooley, no prudent priest would endorse your views on this serious subject or would encourage his people to look for distinctions in the sacred ministry. The powers of the priesthood are the same in all!"

"But," says Hooley, "I have seen good and devout Catholics in regular attendance at other churches than their own, and I understand that they were encouraged in the practice by very zealous priests, who not only invited them, but enticed them to do so. If the practice was very wrong, I cannot imagine it could be encouraged in this manner!"

"This is a mighty delicate question," says Finnessy, "and cannot be satisfactorily settled by ignorant fellows like ourselves. If a pious female imagines that she can receive superior spiritual advice from a confessor in some distant part of the city, or if some sensitive sinner takes a fancy to the preaching or direction of some particular priest, no matter how far away stationed, all the Bishops in the country could not, and will not, keep them at home until they have learned common sense by experience! With regard to the encouragement given to such persons to leave their own parishes and attend the services at other places, I prefer not to express my opinion. Priests are human like other mortals and can make mistakes even in a good cause. Moreover, I might accuse them of selfishness when they are only exercising zeal. Therefore instead of my own I prefer to give you the opinion of the celebrated missionary. Father Bernard Maguire, S.J., as I many times heard him express it in his mission sermons to the people. God be good to his noble soul! 'Tis he who was the strong believer in the oneness of the priesthood, in the doctrine that one priest has as much power as another, in the obligation of all Catholics to remain in their own parishes and in the advantage to all of assisting at Mass and receiving the sacraments in their own churches! I now can call to mind his scathing reproof of those Catholics who showed their irreverence for their lawful pastors by going elsewhere to hear Mass on the Lord's day. 'How disrespectful,' he used to say, 'is such conduct to the man whom the Bishop has placed over them as their pastor! And how useless would it result for the Bishop himself to purchase ground for a new church and send a priest to organize a new congregation if the Catholics living in the new district felt free to wander off where they pleased and leave the poor priest to struggle alone with his debts and difficulties!"

"He went even farther and in no sparing language held up to censure and the charge of unprofessional conduct any priest, be he diocesan or religious, who presented motives before any Catholic in order to induce him to withdraw from his own parish and connect himself with some other congregation. In his eyes this was not only an unfriendly interference with a brother's rights, but was an encouragement to a species of man-worship. As an illustration of his views in the matter, and in order to impress on his hearers their loyalty to their own church, he instanced the answer of a prominent St. Louis Judge who many years ago became a convert to the faith. This judge lived at that time in the suburbs of the city, in a district in which was erected a small temporary chapel. On being asked by some friends to drive to some of the prominent churches on Sunday and listen to the eloquent preachers, he decidedly answered: 'No! Since I understand that the Holy Sacrifice is the same no matter where offered, I will continue to assist at Mass in my own little church; whatever edification I can give shall be given in the place where it is God's will I belong, and if the pastor were a colored man, he will receive my assistance and respect as long as I reside in the district.' Hooley, where do you hear of missionaries talking like that to the people now?"

"It appears to me, however," continued Finnessy, "now quite in earnest, 'that you have some strange notions about discipline in the church. Don't you know that discipline indicates order, while its absence means confusion and guerilla warfare! Hooley, if you were a priest I very much doubt whether you would entertain your present ideas of what you call religious liberty. In the supposition that you were a priest, do you believe that your Bishop could persuade you to undertake the building of a new

church or that you would attempt to carry on the work of an old one if your congregation had the liberty to walk away when they pleased and could leave you alone with your burdens? Would you admire the conduct of a brother priest who, no matter how holy or zealous he might be, would systematically invade your territory and would indirectly try to lessen your influence with your people? Could you feel exceedingly pleased if with sinister motives he visited your parishioners and, with the promise of giving them superior social advantages or more solemn devotions, would induce them to rent his pews or join his religious sodalities or in any other manner cause them to withdraw from their own church? Hooley, I scarcely think you could! On the contrary, you would brand such interference as conduct unworthy of a priest and as a deception of the innocent people, and would denounce it as a dishonorable injustice and a species of sheep stealing! Yet, Hooley, such would be the condition of things in the diocese if we lived under the free system! Sheep stealing in olden times was looked upon as a mean business, and I have yet to learn that its agents have grown to be respectable. For the life of me, Hooley, I can't understand how you can excuse any man who tampers with his neighbor's fold, except on the supposition that you sympathize with the trade of your grandfather!"

"That will do," says Hooley; "you have said enough! I have succeeded in probing you until I received the information I wanted! I had also a personal reason for asking for it because the members of our family attend services at different churches and occasionally treat each other to a controversy on the respective merits and rights of priests. For myself I have always maintained, and have carried my conviction into practice, that every good Catholic should be governed by the statutes of the diocese and should assist at the services and support the parish where he lives. I never believed it was proper to go away from my own church, but felt it was God's will that I should assist at Mass and receive the sacraments from my own priests in the spirit of edification. I never believed it was the proper thing for any priest to invade the territory of a brother and hold out inducements to the people to leave their own church. Such interference with the rights of another I have always considered not only unjust, but ungentlemanly, and, to speak candidly, I have wondered at the patience of the aggrieved in permitting it. If the prowler stealthily seeks his opportunity to break into the fold, the shepherd is surely justified in defending his flock and in calling on the police for assistance! Hooley, the Free System, like Free Trade, will never prosper the country either in politics or religion. Let us have protection and order through the Diocesan Statutes! Good morning!—Z. in St. Michael's Parish Calendar.

The Ideal Physician.

A conscientious physician is one of God's best gifts to man, and from the early days of the office of physician has been held in high veneration in the Church. St. Luke was by profession a physician, the favorite companion of the great St. Paul in his apostolic labors, one of the four inspired writers of the Gospel of Christ, and the writer of the only inspired history of the Infant Church, the "Acts of the Apostles." Ever since his day, the great schools of medicine placed under the immediate control of the Church have aimed at fostering in the souls of their pupils that deep spirit of faith and piety, that innocence of soul and purity of life which can alone enable the physician to be what he ought ever to be, the second minister of God's mercy and healing power at the sick bed and in the bosom of Christian families. Hence the Christian religion has ever labored to impress on the minds of both physicians and surgeons that they are the custodians of the bodily health and temporal honor of individuals and families, just as the priest is the guardian of the soul's welfare, the healer of its wounds, its divinely appointed guide in the paths of spiritual health and perfection.

The physician, in all Catholic countries, is considered to be the conscientious assistant of the priest by the sick bed and in the hour of mortal danger, prompting the patient to be reconciled with God, and in urgent cases refusing the ministrations of his profession to the sick or dying person till the latter has been

pled with the divine commands and placed the soul's interests in perfect security. In thus aiding the priest in his most sacred functions, and helping the operation of God's most merciful ordinances for the soul's salvation, the physician also finds by experience that he is mightily furthering the success of his success of his own salutary art, and promoting the cure of the body. For besides the natural connection between peace of conscience and the subsidence of physical pain and irritation, there is a special promise annexed to the reception of Extreme Unction of alleviation from suffering and restoration to health, when God's fatherly providence deems it best for the sufferer.

The Archangel Raphael, "the Divine Healer," was sent by God to bestow his rarest blessings on two widely separated branches of a Hebrew family living in exile and distinguished for exalted virtue. To the head of one household he restored eyesight, and to the other he brought the grace of liberation from the obsession of an evil spirit, whilst both families were united in faith and charity by the nuptials of their children brought about by their heavenly benefactor. Thus Raphael became to the early Christians what he had been to the Jewish people—the ideal of the true physician, acting under the Divine guidance, and seeking the cure of the sick soul whilst laboring to heal the body. How many imitators of Raphael and Luke have not the Christian ages beheld since the beginning?

The history of every country in Christendom during the Middle Ages is filled with the most instructive and edifying stories concerning the devotion of physicians to their twofold task of promoting every good work while laboring constantly for the advancement of the sciences pertaining to their own calling. The Church showed her care for this professional excellence by founding central schools of medicine, and raising some of them to the rank of a university, as well as by her liberality in promoting the splendor and efficiency of the medical schools existing in such great centers of learning as Paris, Florence and Rome.

The honor, too, in which she held physicians soon led to their rising in popular estimation. In the Italian Republics they formed a most honorable class, whose members not only attained to great wealth, but very often filled the highest offices in the state. Just as, all through those ages of faith, the lawyers were encouraged to form separate guilds and confraternities devoted not only to self-protection and mutual encouragement, but to all sorts of works of charity, even so, and much more so, did the members of the medical profession unite for the like purpose.

The deep and sudden changes effected in Catholic countries by modern revolutions have not altogether blotted out these admirable unions. Even where they have fallen asunder the best elements of them have gone over to other newer and more active bodies like that of St. Vincent de Paul in France. Foremost among the noble men whose deeds of piety and beneficence have contributed so much to preserve and propagate religion in the kingdom of St. Louis, are to be found physicians. The long struggle they had undergone to rise to distinction in their profession, and the manifold opportunities furnished by it for mixing with all classes of men and women poisoned with Voltairian unbelief was viewed by them as the providential means of doing their duty by the sick souls brought under their influence.

Since then what heroic examples of patriotic devotion and Christian charity did these same men—not only physicians, but lawyers, students, members of the Societies of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Francis Xavier, and St. Francis Regis—display on the field of battle, in the crowded hospitals, during the horrors of more than one siege, and whilst their country was at the darkest hour of its destiny.

This country has many noble physicians who are true to the noblest attribute of their high calling. Among them are happily found many non-Catholic men, whose reputation for liberality and broadmindedness give them place in the Apostolate of the Catholic physician.

Every physician should possess in the highest possible degree a thorough knowledge, theoretic and practical, of his profession, a deep devotion to his calling, a lively faith, and an unblemished reputation. The true Christian who feels himself honored in being God's instrument for the preservation of life, the increase of health, the happiness of families, and the welfare of the community, should ever bear in mind, especially where there is danger of death, that the interests of the soul are ever dearer to God than bodily health or even life.—Catholic Columbian.

FARMING THAT PAYS.

Greenport, L.I., Dec. 24.—Down on this end of Long Island, which was once largely owned in colonial estates of from 10,000 to 50,000 acres, granted to faithful subjects by the English kings, the question, to farm or not to farm, has become an acute one in recent years. Much of the land is not fit for farming. It is hard for those who do not know the eastern end of Long Island to realize that every year nearly 100 head of deer are shot east of Babylon, in the wilds of the island between the ocean and the sound. The shores are pretty well settled with villages depending upon the summer residents and boarders for prosperity, but the interior, where the land is poor and chiefly covered with scrub oak, bayberry bushes, and sweet fern, is almost deserted. One hundred years ago all this tract was heavily wooded, but with the advent of the railroad in 1835 fires were so frequent from the sparks of the wood-burning locomotives that tract after tract was burned down. In fact so much destruction was wrought that the railway company had difficulty at one time in preventing the infuriated farmers from tearing up the tracks. This interior section, comprising, perhaps, 200 square miles, was largely used for farming purposes in the middle of the century. With the emigration to the West, however, farming was given up and to-day the tax values of land in such towns as Yaphank are less than they were fifty years ago. The land is allowed to revert to wood, a crop that, this year at least, has been fairly profitable, owing to the high prices due to the scarcity of coal.

Whether or not the more favorably situated farms can be made to pay the moment they are more than thirty miles away from the city is the question to many a Long Islander who would gladly have his sons remain on the farm instead of going West or to New York, if some sort of a decent living could be counted upon. In wandering around the country beyond Greenport, and almost opposite the fashionable hotels at Shelter Island, I was impressed one day this last summer with the beautiful appearance of one particular farm. Everything about it seemed so prosperous that I took time to make the acquaintance of the owner and to find out, if possible, how it was done. It is not a large farm, scant eighty acres. It lies about five miles beyond Greenport, in the little village of Orient. The land is not rich, according to Western standards, and yet, by common report among the neighbors who ought to know, the owner counts it a poor year when the net profits from his eighty acres do not foot up in the thousands. So far as natural scenery goes, I know of no more beautiful spot for a farm. The land slopes gently down to the shores of Shelter Island bay, with the hills of the island across the glittering waters, and to the east the dim outline of Gardiner's Island. A mile from the shore rises the white church steeple of the pretty village in which the farmer and his family find school, church, library, and whatever social intercourse they require.

The present owner, George W. Hallock, bought the farm in 1872, partly because of the natural beauty of the spot, partly because he was tired of paying a large share of his profits to the railway company. With the fields sloping right down to the water's edge, he believed that he could do without the railway. He knew that with eighty acres of land he could make a business that would give an active man plenty to do and a fair profit, provided the crops could be taken to market without ruinous expense. At that time the average yield of the farm, mostly used for growing potatoes, was 125 bushels to the acre—sometimes 150—and the cost of getting the crop to market ate up half the profits. If the whole plot of eighty acres yielded at the rate of 130 bushels to the acre, the gross returns would not much exceed \$5,000. The new owner believed that if managed to its full capacity the land would do three times as well and perhaps more. He was prepared to spend several thousand dollars a year on manure to begin with. His neighbors thought such an outlay craziness and predicted that two years' experience would satisfy the reckless newcomer. Together with this big outlay for manure, an amount of labor was expended on the fields that his neighbors stare. The theory was to make every part of the land raise vegetables and nothing else—a 1900-

vice which required constant cultivating, and which cost lots of money. Instead of employing one man to ten acres, the average in those parts, the newcomer at once employed three men to every ten acres, then four; while to-day, in the busy season, he has five men to ten acres, or from thirty-five to forty men for the eighty acres.

The results of the first three years seemed to justify the most dismal predictions; there was an increase in the yield, but nothing sufficient to warrant the extraordinary outlay. Then the tide turned and the land, having been brought to a degree of productiveness it had never known before, began to yield, or rather the manure began to yield, crops that were the talk of the country. From far and near people came to look at the potato, cabbage, and onion fields of the man who dared to spend what was considered a fortune every year in manure and labor. The earth, according to this theory of farming, serves merely to hold the plant upright while it is fed and fattened; its food has to be furnished by the farmer. The yield of potatoes rose from 125 bushels to 400 bushels to the acre, and sometimes more, while onions, carrots, and cabbages did even better in proportion. Having proved that the land could be made to produce great crops, the next step was to get these crops to market. There was deep water right within gunshot of the fields of cabbages. Why not a dock and a steamboat? So a dock was built, a small steamboat bought, and daily trips were made, from June to November, either to New York, to New London—whence the Boston market is supplied—or to Bridgeport, according to market quotations. Three years ago the business had grown so that a larger boat, capable of carrying 500 barrels of produce, was built, and now runs daily throughout the season. If there is room to spare, produce is bought from neighboring farms to complete the daily cargo. The wages paid vary from \$12 a month, with board, to \$50 a month, without board. There are ten horses and enough stock to supply milk and butter. Every device known to scientific farming is at least tried; for if ten carrots can be made to grow where only eight grew before, that means a lot of money earned. The fields are a joy to look at—as regular as chess boards, and every foot in use. Two crops on the same land are common: for instance, cabbages and carrots are grown in alternate rows, the onions being out the way by the time the carrots need all the space. Work begins at 6.30 o'clock every morning, and lasts until 6 o'clock at night, with an hour's rest at noon. Artificial fertilizers are brought from New York by the steamboat; stable manure comes from New York by schooner, 100 tons at a load. Each acre gets about \$50 worth of manure in the course of the year.

The wholesale value of this crop delivered in New York or London may be set down at about \$23,000. This year, owing to a lighter yield than usual and lower prices, the receipts may not exceed \$20,000. The value of the farm may be put down at \$200 an acre, the buildings, steamboats, tools, and stock at \$15,000. The year's bill for labor will come probably to \$5,000, and the manure to almost as much more. Taking these figures as a basis, it will be seen that farming, if carried on in this way, need not fear comparison with any other business, considering the capital involved. The owner and master spirit of this farm is able to enjoy every hour of the day, and all the year round pictures that the city man sees only for a few weeks of the summer, and perhaps not for that long. His work is comparatively free from anxiety or haste; he is surrounded by contented, sturdy men. For a good part of the year he can take life leisurely, while nature is restoring his fields and getting ready for another season; for when the bay freezes over the year's work is done. Then the big fire is lighted on the hearth, and the farmer enjoys a vacation that lasts for months, as against the weeks of the city man.

The figures for 1902 are not yet compiled, but here is the record of the crops raised by G. W. Hallock & Son in 1901: Early cabbage, 3,140 barrels; early potatoes, 10,000 bushels; late potatoes, 720 bushels; onions from sets, 3,500 bushels; onions from seed, 7,400 bushels; onion sets, 75 bushels; onion seed, 250 pounds; cucumbers, 800 barrels; Hubbard squash, 960 barrels; carrots, 14,500 bushels; carrot seed, 75 pounds; lima beans, 280 bags; corn on ear, 1,000 bushels; cabbage plants (carried over), 250,000. It may be added that this was better than the average year.

One cannot talk long to Mr. Hallock and his son without realizing that the farmer makes the farm. We have heard farming praised to the skies and as the ideal occupation for some one else. Every one knows that farming has not heretofore been the vocation chosen by the ambitious American. The farm boy's ambition has been to get away from the farm as far as possible. Farming has meant in the past, and under adverse conditions may still mean, harder work than in cities, longer hours, uncertain returns, haphazard experimenting, isolation, social deterioration, mental torpidity. We have been told that if you undertake to make a living by growing cabbages you come into direct competition with every peasant who can hire a field and buy seed, the peasant having, as a rule, the advantage of a broader back and fewer wants. Also that the isolation of farm life means dreariness for the women folk, poor schools for the children, mental stagnation for the men, all of which is to some extent true. You may expect the man who has been plowing all day to spend the evening in reading or in social recreation, or in talks about books or matters foreign to his daily work; but it is not probable that unless he is an uncommon sort of farmer, unless his interest in these foreign matters is extraordinary keen, he will go to sleep? It is certain to be so unless new methods of farming make it possible for the intelligent man so to economize his strength as to make intelligent recreation compatible with hard work.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Irish Land Question

Speaking at Dundalk recently, Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., referred to the possibility of a settlement of the Irish land question as follows:—He said they were now on the eve in Ireland of one of the strongest and most hopeful episodes that ever occurred in the whole of their history. In a few days' time a body of men would assemble in a private room in Dublin to discuss how the Irish land question might be ended. Those men would represent both sides in the fight. For the first time in the history of the Irish land question representatives of the landlords and representatives of the tenants would come together in friendly council and see whether they could devise some means of ending the blood-stained struggle which had ruined Ireland and had been so fatal to the interests of both classes concerned. They must not be too sanguine. He would be the last to lead people to believe that that conference could result in drafting any elaborate bill for the settlement of this question. That he did not believe was possible, and if it were possible he did not consider it would be wise. They must leave the responsibility of drafting the scheme on the shoulders of the Government and they must on both sides leave that conference room perfectly free to criticize the details of the Government scheme when put forward. But he did solemnly say that, in his opinion, the mere holding of this conference was in itself, and taken alone, of enormous significance and of most hopeful augury. If that conference resulted in agreement, as he had every hope and expectation it would, upon the main and essential facts of the Irish land question, then he said that no man living could calculate the enormous importance of the results which might flow from it. But he said again, by way of warning, even if that conference did agree, in the name of landlords and tenants, upon the main essentials of the settlement of the land question, they must not be too sanguine. It would be no proof at all that English statesmen would be wise enough and national enough to give legislative effect to this agreement. He knew that Mr. Wyndham stated that the English Government could not settle this question, and that the settlement must come from both parties. Well, if both parties agreed, as he believed they would, even then he was not sure that Mr. Wyndham and his Government would give effect to the agreement. But the conference would give to English statesmanship an unparalleled opportunity of putting an end to the accursed system which had been, as they bitterly knew, as bad for the English empire and the English Government as for the poor victims on the hillsides of Ireland. And he wished to say, that their real security was not to be found in any conference, and was not to be found in any promises of Mr. Wyndham. Their real security was to be found in the unity and determination of themselves.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Round Trip Tickets will be sold between all stations east of Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and Detroit, Mich., for

NEW YEAR

ONE FIRST CLASS FARE, Dec. 31st, and Jan. 1st, '03, good to return until January 2nd, '03.

EPIPHANY.

Round Trip Tickets will be sold between all stations in the Province of Quebec; also from Ottawa to all stations in the Province of Quebec and from stations in the Province of Quebec to Ottawa, Ont., at

Springfield, Mass. Through Coach

City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 129 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

NEW YEAR HOLIDAY

Excursion Rates, SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE. Going Dec. 31, 1902, and Jan. 1, 1903, Return limit Jan. 2, 1903.

SCHOOL VACATIONS

First-Class Fare and One-Third, Round Trip. Going Dec. 31, inclusive. Return limit Jan. 19, 1903.

EPIPHANY.

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE. Between all Stations in the Province of Quebec and from all Stations in the Province of Quebec to Ottawa and Intermediate Stations on the C. A. Railway.

City Ticket Offices, 127 St. James Street. Telephone Main 4604 461, and Bonaventure Station.

The Montreal City & District Savings Bank.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of eight dollars and a bonus of two dollars per share of the Capital Stock of this Institution have been declared, and the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, on and after Friday, the 2nd day of January, 1903.

By order of the Board. A. P. LESPERANCE, Manager, Montreal, November 29, 1902.

C. A. McDONNELL, Accountant and Liquidator

180 ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal.

Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Report for private firms, and public corporations a specialty.

TELEPHONE 1182.

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR

is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM given for the empty bag turned in our Office.

10 BLEURY ST., Montreal.

SYMINGTON'S

COFFEE ESSENCE

makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble no waste. In small and large bottles. Free at grocery.

GUARANTEED PURE

S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31, 1902

Winter Clothing Specials.

It is well known that the Clothing Carseley sells gives long and satisfactory wear, besides the styles charm the wearer as well as the parent.

BOYS' SUITS, BOYS' OVERCOATS.

Boys' 3-piece Fancy Tweed Suits, Middy style, made with large collar, trimmed with braid on vest and collar, very neat and useful garment. Special price \$2.65.

Boys' 2-piece Russian Blouse Suits, in very pretty gray mixture, neatly finished with fancy stitching and white belt, the most up-to-date. Price \$5.00.

Boys' Blue Black Blanket Cloth Winter overcoats, made with capot, lined red flannel and piping, high storm collars and tweed lined. Special price \$3.95.

Boys' Dark Grey Cheviot Overcoats, with side pocket, velvet collars, Italian cloth lined, equal to made-to-order garments. Price \$6.30, \$8.90, \$10.00.

Men's Winter Underwear

Saturday, Jan. 3, The Big Store will offer special values in Men's Winter Underwear. Great care has been taken in the manufacture of every garment the Company sells, and the only wonder is how it's possible to sell them so low.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR, MEN'S NIGHT SHIRTS

Men's heavy Ribbed Shirts and Pants, well made and warm. Special 30c each.

Men's natural Colored Shirts and Pants, fleecy lined, soft, warm and comfort giving garments. Special 44c each.

Men's Shetland Lamb's Wool Undershirts and Pants, the shirts come double breasted and pants trouser finished, good weight. Special 71c.

LADIES' WINTER UNDERWEAR

You will certainly be pleased with the warmth, style, finish, softness and value of the Ladies' Underwear and Hosiery sold at The Big Store, it's the best that can be procured for the money.

LADIES UNDERWEAR, LADIES' HOSIERY.

Ladies' fine natural colored all wool ribbed vests, with neck and long sleeves, open front, neck and front, trimmed pretty lace, pearl buttons, soft and warm. Special 60c.

Drawers to match, 60c pair. Ladies' black wool Equestrian Tights, open at sides, ankle length. Special \$1.20.

Ladies' extra fine quality black wool Tights, elastic tops, ankle length. CARSELEY'S Special \$1.65.

Ladies' heavy black plain Cashmere Hose, full fashioned double heel and toe, all sizes. Special 45c.

Ladies' heavy quality black Ribbed Cashmere Hose, very elastic. Special 45c.

Ladies' plain black Cashmere Hose, with pretty embroidered ankles. Special 40c.

Ladies' extra quality fine black Cashmere Hose, full fashioned. CARSELEY'S Special 80c.

MEN'S HATS, LADIES' GLOVES.

There is quick choosing and rapid selling in the Hat Store these days. Styles and prices are right.

Men's and young men's fine quality Rough Felt Hats, Panama shape, stitched crown and brim, very seasonable headwear. Special price \$1.25.

Men's and young men's fine quality Fur Felt Hats, Panama and Derby shape, very up-to-date. Special price \$1.65.

Ladies' wool lined Mocha Kid Gloves in good shades of tan and brown, 2 dome fasteners, size 6 to 8. Special 92c.

Ladies' wool lined Mocha Kid Gloves, in serviceable shades of tan, size 6 to 8. Special \$1.30.

Ladies' wool lined Mocha Kid Gloves, 2 dome fasteners in good shades of tan, brown, size 6 to 8. Special \$1.45.

THE S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street, Montreal

THOMAS LIGGETT'S

Sale of Carpet Rugs will be Continued until the New Year Bargains in every Department

THOMAS LIGGETT, 1870 BLDG., 1475 and 1477 ST. CATHERINE STREET

APOSTLE

Every Christian should love our Lord Jesus should wish to see His men. This wish costs nothing to realize the wish we ought in deed and reality. It would be a serious supposition that this professed by right, to the contrary, true patriots who have done a great happiness and welfare low-citizens, were not plain every-day civilians history of the Church the names of illustrious have founded great in done great deeds for God and His Church.

An apostle then is much more by what he is or ought to be a calling may be in the cal Hierarchy, he is a worker, sent by God to work. On the other hand, if he does not of an apostle, he is not that name, nor will it be his. We may consider two of apostleship and them we shall devote a deration. The Apostleship of Peter is or ought to be a partnership to all our association, it may at first appear that but little can our practical world by this kind. This is an error we should to take possession of for in the work of saving extending the reign of Christ is the first and great and without it, any other but the sounding brass tinkling cymbal. Man is ed by grace, and grace is as a rule, by prayer and only. With this principle fundamental in the spirit may safely assert that the ship of prayer is of all the most important, frequently the one in whose should be most eager to Let then our associates realize that they are carrying out most effectual manner, that Christ left his Apostles, when they pray daily offer up all their sufferings, for the intention League. These intentions ways most actual and beal seal of God's blessing solemn approbation of the Pontiff.

Apostles of Prayer are need most to-day, as they ways most needed in the the Church. It is the hol and the cloistered virgins, those untold legions of p unassuming souls whose pr never raised except in pr whose deeds were known God, and yet who by their appeals to the Throne of have done more for the c of the world, than the in quent preachers and most missionaries. God's grac all, is the only indispensa to raise men's hearts to th er planes of the supernatural alone can accomplish this work; and without it, all-vain.

This doctrine of the na importance of prayer, lies bottom of the whole apostle it was taught us by Christ who spent the greater part of his life in this holy exercise, even when He had begun His active work, and His hours and by night to draw down the grace of God on what He

Specials

OVERCOATS

Underwear

NIGHT SHIRTS

SOCKS

GLOVES

UNDERWEAR

GLOVES

APOSTELSHIP OF THE LAITY.

GENERAL
INTENTION
FOR
JANUARY
NAMED
AND
BLESSED
BY
HIS
HOLINESS
POPE
LEO XIII.

the Apostles, the saints, the missionaries who ever did anything lasting and supernatural. They were all men of prayer; and had ever on their side holy men and women, who prayed while they themselves preached, and who thus drew down from Heaven that celestial dew which was to refresh and invigorate the seed they had planted. No one can deny that the holy men who instituted the League and the Apostleship of Prayer were noted not merely for their learning and prudence, but for their deep insight into spiritual things. For the greater number of the first associates, prayer, in word and deed, was the only weapon they could wield in the spiritual combat. But they soon learned to value this weapon even more than they had done; and if such great and consoling success has crowned their efforts, the success is due to the excellence of the choice they made. Almighty God has willed to confirm what He Himself had told us, that without Him, we could do nothing, in the higher life of grace and salvation and with Him everything. If then we would be apostles, let us be so by prayer. It is the easiest as well as the most powerful apostleship.

Every Christian should be an apostle, because every Christian should love our Lord Jesus Christ, and should wish to see Him loved by all men. This wish constitutes an apostle in desire; and with an effort to realize the wish we have an apostle in deed and reality.

It would be a serious mistake to suppose that this apostleship is confined, by right, to the ranks of the clergy. It would be about as true to think that patriotism is to be found only amongst those whose profession it is to be soldiers. On the contrary, true patriots, those who have done a great deal for the happiness and welfare of their fellow-citizens, were not unfrequently plain every-day civilians. So in the history of the Church, do we find the names of illustrious laymen who have founded great institutions and done great deeds for the glory of God and His Church.

An apostle then is to be judged much more by what he does than by what he is. If he does the work of an apostle, no matter what his rank or calling may be in the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, he is a true messenger, sent by God to carry on His work. On the other hand, no matter what his dignity or sacred character, if he does not do the work of an apostle, he is not entitled to that name, nor will it avail him aught when he appears before the great Judgment Seat.

We may consider two kinds or species of apostleship and to each of them we shall devote a short consideration.

The Apostleship of Prayer. This is or ought to be a familiar apostleship to all our associates. Unfortunately, it may at first sight appear that but little can be done in our practical world by apostles of this kind.

This is an error we should not allow to take possession of our minds; for in the work of saving souls and extending the reign of Christ, prayer is the first and great apostleship; and without it, any other would be but the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal. Man is to be saved by grace, and grace is to be had, as a rule, by prayer and by prayer only. With this principle, which is fundamental in the spiritual life, we may safely assert that the apostleship of prayer is of all apostleships the most important, and consequently the one in whose ranks we should be most eager to be enrolled.

Let then our associates rest assured that they are carrying on, in the most effectual manner, the work that Christ left His Apostles to perform, when they pray daily, and daily offer up all their works and sufferings, for the intentions of the League. These intentions are always most actual and bear the special seal of God's blessing in the solemn approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Apostles of Prayer are those we need most to-day, as they were always most needed in the history of the Church. It is the holy recluses and the cloistered virgins, as well as those untold legions of pious but unassuming souls whose voices were never raised except in prayer and whose deeds were known only to God, and yet who by their prayerful appeals to the Throne of Mercy, have done more for the conversion of the world, than the most eloquent preachers and most active missionaries. God's grace, after all, is the only indispensable lever to raise men's hearts to those higher planes of the supernatural life. It alone can accomplish that great work; and without it, all else is vain.

This doctrine of the paramount importance of prayer, lies at the bottom of the whole apostolic life. It was taught us by Christ Himself, who spent the greater part of His life in this holy exercise, and who when He had begun His more active work, had His hours by day and by night to draw down the grace of God on what He did.

tacked. A patriot needs not have pointed out to him how he can show his love for his country, nor does the soldier need any other incentive than the presence of the enemy to make him take up arms in her defence. Neither should a Catholic layman require to be told how and when and where he can prove his love and loyalty to the Church. Let his principles be sound and his love ardent. Every such Catholic layman will be an Apostle in action.

DAILY
PRAYER
DURING
THIS
MONTH.

Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the prayers, good works and sufferings of this day, in reparation for our sins, for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer, and according to all the intentions for which Thou sacrificest Thyself continually on our altars; I offer them in particular that the spirit of true apostles may be aroused in the hearts of Christian laymen.

Daily resolution. Each day I shall note down in a book what I have done to propagate the faith.—The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Memorial of Archbishop Corrigan

The Cathedral Library Association announced that the memorial volume of the Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, D. D., was ready for delivery on Monday, the 22nd Dec. The book is a handsome product of the book-makers' art. It is bound in purple cloth and bears upon its front cover the imprint, in gold, of the late Archbishop's coat of arms. It shows throughout the richness and the excellence of workmanship for which the DeVine Press is noted. It is printed in large type, on heavy paper, and contains many half tone pictures of the Archbishop at various periods of his life, as well as pictures of some of the larger Catholic edifices in which he was particularly interested. A finely executed photograph of the Archbishop from a picture taken shortly before his death will, we are sure, be accepted as the most striking presentment of his expression and features.

A biographical sketch contributed by John A. Mooney is an interesting feature of the book, and shows the writer's sympathy for his subject, as well as diligent and patient research, particularly in the earlier life of the Archbishop. Its material, and fine literary form will receive quick appreciation from the many admirers of Archbishop Corrigan, and it will add greatly to the value of the book as a contribution to the history of the dioceses of New York and Newark. Glimpses, too, of life and travel in Spain, France and Italy are in it, and gracefully lighten the darker shades of sorrow that run through much of the narrative. Touching is the description of the guardianship and devotion of the noble-hearted sister, who died in France, and was buried there, while young Mr. Corrigan was pursuing his studies in Rome. And the sorrow in the Newark home, briefly dwelt upon, but with a moving pathos, that, after so many years, stirs one's feelings to a fellowship in the affliction. Hero and elsewhere in this admirable biography, Mr. Mooney has sketched a human life, with its multitudinous cares, its joys and its sorrows, with knowledge and discernment, and the charm of its truth and fidelity to nature, as each of us feels and understands it, will grow with the added experience that years give us.

A description of the obsequies by Rev. James N. Connolly; sermon at the Requiem by Archbishop Ryan, and at the Month's Mind, by Bishop McQuaid; speeches by Messrs. Bourke Coekran, John J. Delany, Eugene Philbin, and others at the memorial meeting of the laity—all make a very interesting work; a fitting tribute to the life and worth of Archbishop Corrigan. Price, \$8.00.

Prayer is a pasturage, a field wherein all the virtues find their nourishment, growth, and strength. Open thine ear to the voice of Nature and thou shalt hear them in concert inviting thee to the love of God.

Lessons and Examples

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—The Australian Commission on Education having recommended the introduction of Bible lessons into the curriculum, Archbishop Carr, in a sermon delivered in the Melbourne cathedral, declared that "we do not believe that the State has the duty, or even the right, to give any religious instructions, this being the duty of the parents and the obligation of those acting in their name. Protestant teachers can not assume this obligation for Catholic parents. The scheme is unwise, unworkable and unjust. Let Church schools be multiplied."

ABOUT FAMILIES.—How curiously families are constituted in some of their members. The black sheep is in almost every flock. What an abyssal difference there was between John Henry Newman, the saintly cardinal, and his agnostic brother. Both were highly intellectual but at opposite poles spiritually. It is now said that one of Emile Zola's ancestors died a Christian martyr in Japan in the same year the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and was made a saint by Pope Pius IX. in 1860. This John Baptist Zola was a Jesuit missionary.

LADIES OF CHARITY.—In the archdiocese of Westminster, London, Eng., there is a society known as the Association of the Ladies of Charity. It was founded in 1900 by Cardinal Vaughan, who felt that the work of English ladies interested in charitable works would be strengthened and perpetuated, if they were united in a well-ordered society under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul. To-day the organization numbers 282 members, active and honorary.

The report of the Hon. Organizing Secretary, Lady Edmond Talbot, covering the period from October, 1901, to July, 1902, has just been issued, and presents the following statistics:

Number of visits paid, 21,860; number of baptisms, 177; number of board school children brought back to Catholic schools, 137; number of board school children receiving religious instruction, 511; number of conversions, 32; number of lapsed Catholics brought back to the practice of their religious duties, 185.

If these statistics but speak, they would most assuredly tell us of countless works of mercy, spiritual and temporal, performed by the Ladies of Charity on behalf of those, the young and old of both sexes, sorely sick, socially, spiritually and physically.

They would tell us of visits lovingly and patiently paid to the destitute and dying in garret and hospital; to the hardened sinner in slum and prison; to the orphan and neglected little ones yet unclaimed by Holy Church; to the sick and suffering, starving and shivering in the court and alley. They would tell us of efforts, constant and vigilant, made to safeguard the faith of those leaving school to make their first start in life; of evening recreative classes opened for boys and girls; of religious instruction given week after week and month after month to Catholic children attending board schools, and who but for these instructions would receive no religious teaching whatsoever. They would tell us of a number of children prepared for their First Communion, and so prepared that, be their lives in the future what they may be, it will ever be remembered as the great day of their lives. They would tell us of some 800 working girls, who, for the first time in their lives, have learned, and learned, loved, the hidden joys and consolations of a retreat within convent walls.

They would tell us of a sympathy begotten between two classes, socially wide apart, but now united in the sphere covered by this association, into one community. A sympathy directed to the well-being of the young, the aged, the sick, the destitute and infirm, a sympathy that softens and tones down the irritation and craving for revolt against laws of God and man, which poverty, bitter and never ending, so often engenders in the hearts of those with whom it abides and against those who have never known it.

THE CHURCH AND POLITICS.—A few individuals in Sydney have formed a religious combine under the high-sounding title of the Protestant Defence Association, and in order to justify its existence and to gain that notoriety which is so essential to such an organization, it has made several silly allegations against the Catholic Church. A re-

porter of the Sydney "Morning Herald" called upon Archbishop Kelly, and invited His Grace to reply to them. The Archbishop declined to do so, as it was beneath his position as a Christian man to engage in religious warfare merely to satisfy a few persons, and "in that determination," continued His Grace, "I feel I have the sympathy of the large and more deserving section of the Protestant community of this State. I have now travelled from one end almost to the other of New South Wales, and I find that wherever I go the people share my views in regard to the unwise step of trying to stir up religious strife. It is, therefore, just as well to let a few agitators alone, and treat them with indifference."

The newspaper representative was determined that he would get an expression of opinion on questions raised by the Defence party with regard to the allegation that the Catholic Church engages in political work. "Well," replied Dr. Kelly, "I can say a word or two on these matters if you think they are of sufficient importance. We will take the question first of the Catholic Church as a political organization. No such thing exists. It is against the first principles of the government of the Catholic Church to interfere in any way with a man's political opinions. It matters not whether a man be a Conservative or a Liberal, or whether a nation be despotic or constitutionally governed, the Catholic Church uses no influence whatever in the control of such matters. As a proof of that, Ireland is a Catholic country, and there is no such thing as Catholic intolerance there. In Belfast a Catholic has never been elected to the mayoral chair, and, indeed, until lately a Catholic has not even been elected as an alderman of the city. In Dublin in electing the Mayor the people never discriminate between Catholic and Protestant. In fact, there is only one spot in the whole of Ireland where intolerance prevails, and that is the north-eastern corner, in a place called Ulster. There the intolerance is on the part of the Protestant section of the community. The word Catholic means universal, and we Catholics embrace all classes of politicians. In New South Wales it is the same. One of our strongest organizations here, viz., the Hibernian Society, has amongst its rules one excluding politics from consideration by its members. I think that is enough on that point. In conclusion, His Grace defined what his attitude should be towards all classes, and it would be well if the strife-raisers were to take to heart the dignified rebuke conveyed in the following words:—"As I said to you at the outset, I feel convinced that the more deserving portion of the non-Catholic community will share my views, and I come to such a conclusion after meeting with all classes of the community from one end of the State to the other in my travels. I hope the good feeling that now prevails will, irrespective of the seeds of discord that a few malcontents are trying to sow, continue among the people of New South Wales, and I can assure you that nothing contrary to it will on my part be ever found. I brought such sentiments with me to Australia. My official life in Rome confirmed me of their importance, and I shall strive at all times to teach others to live and to let live, and thus to act the part of a true Christian."

There is a great difference between work that is done mechanically, in the spirit of a task that must be got rid of, and energetic work, done in the joyous spirit of a creator.

Come to our aid, ye elements, ye skies, ye angels, animals, plants and flowers. Let us love God, let us love God! God is love, love is God!

There is a great difference between work that is done mechanically, in the spirit of a task that must be got rid of, and energetic work, done in the joyous spirit of a creator.

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City & District Savings Bank's Christmas Donations.

The Montreal City and District Savings Bank has made its usual Christmas distribution. This year the sum given to the various charities in the city amounts to \$9,859, and is distributed as follows:—

Soeurs Grises	\$813
L'Asile St. Joseph	240
La Salle de l'Asile St. Joseph	98
L'Asile des Aveugles	240
La Salle de l'Asile Nazareth	98
Soeurs de la Providence	576
La Salle de l'Asile, Rue Visitation	162
L'Asile des Sourdes Muettes	289
L'Asile du Sacre Coeur, Rue Fulum	98
Soeurs de la Misericorde	400
Soeurs du Bon Pasteur	450
Orphelins Catholiques, Rue Ste. Catherine	196
Asile des Sourdes Muettes, Coiteau St. Louis	196
Hospice St. Vincent de Paul	98
Hopital Notre Dame	480
Hopital Dieu	800
Hospice Auclair	51
Hopital des Incurables	400
Patronage St. Vincent de Paul	400
Union Nationale Francaise	65
St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum	575
St. Bridget's House of Refuge for Aged and Infirm Destitute Persons	280
St. Bridget's House of Refuge for Night Refuge and Destitute Poor	320
The Little Sisters of the Poor	200
Montreal General Hospital	480
Protestant House of Industry and Refuge	880
Montreal Dispensary	155
Ladies' Benevolent Society	150
Protestant Orphan Asylum	80
Protestant Infants' Home	200
Protestant Industrial Rooms	100
University Lying-In Hospital	100
Hervey Institute	100
Protestant Church Home	50
Mackay Institute for Protestant Deaf Mutes	75
Woman's Hospital	50
Samaritan Free Hospital for Women	50
Western Hospital	150
Hebrew Benevolent Society	100
Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society	50
Hebrew Ladies' Aid Society	25

An Irish Priest Buried at Sea.

The "Wexford People" states:—During the week very sad news, indeed, was received in Wexford from the steamship Runic, in which three young Irish priests left for New Zealand a couple of months ago—the Rev. Michael Furlong and the Rev. H. Holbrook, of Wexford, and Father Masterson. The two brave and devoted Wexfordmen were bound for the diocese of Auckland, and Father Masterson's destination was further north. From the moment the three met on board the Runic they became very much attached to each other, and enjoyed their trip heartily, until, in a couple of days, Father Masterson took slightly ill. Day by day his condition continued to grow worse, and notwithstanding that every possible remedy that was available under the circumstances was applied, he breathed his last and passed to his eternal reward on the morning of Sunday, October 19th. The ship at this time was thousands of miles from any land except a mere speck, known as St. Paul Island, in the Pacific. Writing to his mother in Wexford, from Albany, Western Australia, four days afterwards, Father Furlong told the sad story, and described the funeral obsequies at sea. He states that on the morning following Father Masterson's death they made ready for burial at the early hour of half-past five o'clock, and in severe wintry weather. After Requiem Mass the captain and officers of the ship and the clergymen who were on board, Protestant and Catholic, besides the Wexford curates, stood around the stern of the ship and performed the dismal and painful duty of lowering the coffin over the side into the depth of a mile the side into the depth of a mile and a half of water to "sleep as well beneath that purple tide as others under turf." The compass registered 38 S. and 77 E. at the time the position being, roughly, midway between Cape Horn and Albany, and within four days' sail of the latter port. Father Masterson, who was at Maynooth College, had been lately ordained to the priesthood in Thurles Seminary, and appears to have been of a consumptive and delicate constitution. A telegram from New Zealand has been received announcing that the Wexford priest had arrived safe.

Are You Sensitive.

"Beaten to death by the wings of butterflies," is the way someone has expressed it. It is not the big blows, aimed full in the face, that hurt most, but the little, petty annoyances and worries that beat against us with daily regularity. These usually have to do with trifles and unimportant things, but how they pain and worry and kill!

If you are misunderstood, criticised, or persecuted, do not be over-sensitive nor surprised. If you are doing right, you need fear no man. The consciousness of doing one's best is in itself a handsome reward. Nothing can be higher at the last than "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Therefore, if you are right and doing right, go right along, thinking and doing no harm to any man, faithfully fulfilling your destiny by living a noble, upright manhood.

Ruth's Legacy.

Ruth Fulton rolled up the towel which she had just finished hemming and placed it with a number of similar rolls on the table beside her, then turned with a sigh to a heap awaiting like treatment. The call to her to go out seemed almost too imperative to be resisted. Ruth gave her thread an impatient twist as she took the first stitch in other towel. It would be so beautiful down by the river, she thought, and she had planned to sketch that one bit of mingled sunlight and shadow by the willows. Later in the day the sun would be too high for the effect she wanted. Her impatience increased, as the sound of her mother's voice, softly singing a hymn as she moved about her kitchen tasks, reached her ears. How could her mother be so contented, so uncomplaining in their humdrum lot? There was no one who sympathized with her in her longing for something higher and better in life. The monotonous routine of their way of living was becoming unendurable. Mrs. Fulton came in after awhile. "Nearly through with the towels, Ruth?" she asked.

The girl raised her head, an impatient answer rising to her lips; but something in her mother's face, either its gentle patience or its tired lines, touched her. She replied briefly: "Not nearly."

"Well," said Mrs. Fulton, "you won't have any more for some time."

"But there will be something else, though," said Ruth, sighing. Her mother made no reply. She seated herself, and taking a pair of stockings from a well-filled basket on a table near her, began to darn. Presently she said: "If you wish, dear, you may put those towels away till to-morrow."

"Oh, no, I'll finish them to-day," returned Ruth. There would be no use in going out then, she thought; it was too late for the view she wanted. She worked on resolutely. Mrs. Fulton seemed thoughtful over her darning, and silence reigned. This was broken by the entrance of Mr. Fulton.

"Not out sketching Ruth?" he asked.

"Those towels had to be hemmed," explained his wife.

"Oh! I see! Well, little girl, there will be other mornings."

"I hope so," sighed Ruth.

Her father seated himself by the open doorway. "I saw Mr. Lang in the village this morning," he said. "It is decided at last that Lena is to go to the city for a year at the Conservatory of Music."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ruth, breathlessly.

"Why, how is that?" asked Mrs. Fulton in a surprised voice. "Mrs. Lang told me not long ago that they had given up all plans of that kind for Lena."

"They have sold that Western land and the price they have received is so much greater than they expected that they are able to give Lena a few hundreds for her music."

"I am glad," said Mrs. Fulton, heartily.

"When is she going, father?" asked Ruth.

"Next week, I believe."

"How unexpectedly things come, sometimes," said Mrs. Fulton.

Ruth's needle flew quickly in and out. Her thoughts were in a turmoil. All discontent which she had been striving for the last month to stifle was stirred up. Everyone was more fortunate than she. Mary Wells was going to the city twice a week for singing lessons, and now here was the news about Lena Lang. And she must go on with the commonplace routine of housework. How she hated it all! And she had talent for better things, too; she was sure of it. The artist two years ago had said that she had unusual talent for painting. Was she never to have a chance to develop it? She was sure that she could earn the money for it herself if her parents would only consent.

Her mother broke in upon her thoughts with a gentle "It is time for us to go and see about dinner, dear."

Ruth rose to follow her to the kitchen with a determination of speaking to her father of a plan, which had been forming in her mind, at the first opportunity.

She found this opportunity that evening after tea, as they were sitting on the veranda in the soft June twilight. The conversation had again turned upon Lena Lang and her approaching departure for the conservatory. "I am sure that I could earn enough for a course at the Art Academy if you would let me," said Ruth, eagerly.

"Earn it?" repeated her father. "How do you mean, child?"

Ruth unfolded her plan, which was to find a position in a dry goods or millinery establishment in the city, and remain in it until she could save enough to pay for lessons at the Art Academy. Her parents listened attentively until she had finished, then her mother said decidedly: "I cannot let you do that, Ruth."

"No," said Mr. Fulton. "It is not to be thought of."

"But—" began Ruth.

"My dear," interrupted her mother, "you are too young and inexperienced to go to the city alone in that way."

"I am nearly 17, mother," urged Ruth.

"You must give up all such plans, Ruth," said her father. "If I had the money it could be managed. I could then place you with some responsible family where you would be safe while you were going on with your studies. What you could earn would only pay your board in some cheap place where the associations would not be desirable. We'll not discuss it any further." Mr. Fulton's tone was one which Ruth knew well. His decision could not be altered.

"Perhaps we shall be able to send you next year," said her mother, hopefully.

Ruth did not answer. "I might as well give up all thoughts of making anything of myself," she thought, bitterly. "I've got to go from day to day in this humdrum way."

"My child, it is a disappointment to us also, that we cannot give you the advantages that you would like to have," said her father sadly.

Ruth felt suddenly ashamed. A remembrance came to her of the many trials and disappointments which her father had had in life, some of them within her own knowledge, and others of which her mother had told her. And he was always so patient! One day, in the latter part of summer, Mr. Fulton received a telegram from Boston calling him to the death-bed of an aunt. When he returned it was with news that took away Ruth's breath. Her aunt, after whom Ruth had been named, had left the latter \$1,000. A thousand dollars! Why it was too good to be true. It was just like the wonderful things that she had read in books. She could with difficulty realize it. "Is it mine to do as I wish with?" she asked her father.

"Yes," said Mr. Fulton, "you may use it as you please. There are no restrictions at all. It is in the bank for you."

"Oh, how splendid. Now," turning eagerly to her mother, "you will let me go and study at the Art Academy. That will surely be enough money."

Mrs. Fulton smiled. "I knew what you would do with it," she said.

"Yes, you may go now."

"Yes," added Mr. Fulton. "I was going to suggest that you use the money for that."

"When?" asked Ruth, eagerly.

"Just as soon as I can find a suitable boarding house for you," returned her father.

"I feel as though it were all a dream," said Ruth, after her going had been discussed at length.

And when her father had written to friends in the city in regard to a suitable boarding place for her, and her mother was preparing her clothes, Ruth felt that it was indeed a reality. Her great desire was to be fulfilled at last.

One morning she went with some work to the house of a Mrs. Smith near the village, who sometimes did sewing for her mother. She found her very sick in bed, and old Sally West, a neighbor, in attendance. The latter accompanied Ruth to the gate when she left to go home.

"I am very sorry for Mrs. Smith. She does look very sick," said Ruth.

"It's hard work that has done it," said Sally sharply. "And that son of hers away off. Farmin' wasn't good enough for him. Here's his poor old mother a-dependin' on strangers."

"Doesn't he do anything for her?" asked Ruth. She remembered Young Smith as an ambitious young man who had gone to New York two years before to "make something of himself."

"Not a thing. He's as much as he can do to take care of himself. He'd a sight better have stayed here and worked as his father did before him. Seems like children don't think of their parents these days—only of their own notions. If his mother dies now, I wonder how he will feel!"

At sunset that evening Ruth stroll-

ed down to the stile that gave communication between the garden and a piece of meadow land. It was a favorite spot of hers, and she had spent many hours there constructing "Castles in Spain." Never, she thought, had the view been lovelier than this evening. She found it impossible to throw off a vague feeling of uneasiness which had taken possession of her. Sally West's words that morning had awakened it.

Was it right for her to leave home as she was about to do? Certainly her parents were willing to let her go, but they were always ready to sacrifice themselves for her.

Her father's affairs were not in a flourishing condition. How much \$1,000 would do for him! And, after all, she might fail. Others with even greater talent had done so. Her mother was not strong. What if she should be sick—or die? Ruth caught her breath sharply at the thought. Just then her father crossed the yard from the barn to the house. The distance was not too great for Ruth to see how tired he looked. She noticed also, how stooped his form was getting. He worked too hard. How lonesome it would be for them when she was gone.

Ruth sat on the stile until the twilight came down around her, then she walked slowly to the house.

She found her mother sitting on the veranda alone. "Where is father?" asked Ruth.

"He has gone to bed. He was very tired. If you will light the lamp, dear, I'll come in and cut out that waist."

"You are not going to sew any more, mother—I am not going," said Ruth, softly, as she knelt down by her mother's side, and twined her arms about her neck.

"Not going? Why Ruth! What—"

"How horribly selfish you must have thought me, mother."

"But, my dear—"

"Wait, mother, let me tell you. I am going to stay at home with you and father always, I don't want to be an artist, even if I have talent enough, which I think is doubtful. We are going to take that money, and—well, we'll do lots of things with it. The first thing is that father is going to have a strong man here all the time to help him, and I am going to send you off on a visit to Aunt Margaret. You know that she has been wanting you for so long, and, oh! there are lots of things I want to do."

"But, my dear," expostulated Mrs. Fulton, "have you thought well of this change of decision? And, dear, we cannot spend your money. I—"

"You are not going to spend it," interrupted Ruth. "I am, for the things I want most. Now you must not say another word about it. Aren't you glad to keep me with you?" And the tender folds of her mother's arms about her answered her question.—Emily S. Windsor.

COURAGE.

It costs more to be cowardly than to be brave. If we are sad in serving God it is because we hesitate—we stand shivering, counting the cost, over and over again, and giving perhaps by halves at last. But, with good courage we give and it is done, and our hearts are happy.—Father Dignam, S.J.

PARS

Our God is an accurate God, and in nothing is He more adorable than in His accuracy.

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We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 3 new Subscribers to the True Witness.

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholic Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past fifty years.

Our Boys And Girls.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.—Collutta Norton was a child of pious parents. She was a good and pure little girl having a tender devotion to Mary the Mother of Christ. Very often would she go to the church and kneeling at Mary's altar, tell of her love for our Mother and her Divine Son. She was happy.

Time went on, and as she approached the years of young womanhood, she began making companions of girls of her own age who knew little of the meaning of religion. They had not the happiness of being members of the Catholic Church, and scoffed at our love for the mother of Jesus. Life to them meant pleasure only, and they were constantly in the pursuit of it. The influence of such companionship soon began to work a change in the heart of our young friend. Her mind became filled with vanities, and a desire to leave her peaceful home to seek pleasure in the great cities.

Her visits to the altar of Mary became less frequent. She did not realize it, but she was fast approaching that condition of mind and heart when she would blindly give up the real, the true happiness of life, for that which would bring only sorrow and bitterness. But she was too young and inexperienced to understand this, and her gay companions were ever urging her on and on. She visited the altar of Mary no more. Finally in spite of the tears and entreaties of her parents, she decided to go to the city with her companions, where they expected to realize their hopes for a life of pleasures.

She did not like to do so, but felt that before she went away she must go and say good-bye to her pastor, who had known her from childhood. It was he who had baptized her, instructed her, and directed her on the path which leads to peace on earth and happiness hereafter. Father Bertrand, much grieved to learn of the step she was about to take, kindly advised, telling her to think many times before she left her home to seek for pleasure in the untried world. But his kind advice and warnings seemed to fall on deaf ears. She would neither give up her plans or her companions. Finally as she was about to leave him, he asked her to come to him again before she went away, saying he wished to give her a letter. Promising to do so, she left him, returning a few days later to say that she was now ready to go and asked for the letter.

The good Father bidding her a kind good-bye, handed her a letter and told her to go at once to their little church in which she used to so often pray, to go directly to Mary's altar, and kneeling there, read the letter. She promised to do so, wondering what the contents of the letter would be. Going into the church for the last time as he thought, she quietly stepped along to Mary's altar. All was familiar, although she had not visited it for months, and her thoughts had not been less of a stranger than her steps. She was alone in the church and all was silent. She knelt as she had promised to do, and opening the letter slowly read:—

My Dear Mother Mary:—

I come to you for the last time. During the years of my life how often have I come and knelt at your feet. How well have I loved you, and asked for your love and guidance. How oft have I gathered the first wild flowers of spring and laid them at your feet. Thoughtless, yes, sinful companions, who laugh at holiness, are hurrying me on to the temptations and dangers of the great city, and I listen to their voice and am ready and willing to follow them. The step which I am about to take will separate me from you forever. I cannot now ask your prayers and protection, for I am going to do that which my parents, my pastor and my conscience tell me is wrong. Never again will I place the fairest flowers on your altar, or come to you in confidence and love. Farewell dear Mother Mary, farewell.

As the last words were reached, the young girl broke down, tears streamed from her eyes and sobe almost choked her. Every year of her life came before her mental vision, and the mistake she was about to make dawned upon her. She passed many documents in tears, then raising her heart and mind to Jesus and His Blessed Mother, she breathed a prayer of thankfulness that she had been made to see the great temptation that was blinding her before it was too late. Drying her eyes she went to Father Bertrand

and told him all. He blessed her and she went to her home rejoicing.

NOT ON THE LIST.—Ralph Holmes, express messenger on a fast night train running from Chicago to Peoria, had discharged his duties in the methodical way that comes with experience and familiarity with one's daily routine work, and sank into an easy chair with a ride of fifty miles yet before him, and nothing to occupy his attention but his own thoughts, the rumbling of the wheels and an occasional note of warning from an engine. Thoughts come thick and fast at such times, and so it was with Ralph Holmes. The events of the four years since he was thrown upon his own resources passed him in review as a panorama.

On the long, tedious "runs" he had often been absorbed in a reverie of this sort, but in this instance there were new and perplexing problems confronting him. He had always found much that was gratifying in one of these quiet invoices of his few successes in life, and while he felt none the less pleasure on this occasion than on others, he found little in reminiscence to encourage him in certain of his desires.

In all of these communions with his own thoughts there was one central figure, and that was a dear little woman, patient and loving, her hair made silvery and her form bent by the seventy years of worldly struggle. It was Ralph Holmes' mother, and well he remembered the night of his graduation from high school when she came tottering to the stage when the exercises were over, threw her arms about his neck and wept tears of joy. It was a glad event for Ralph, for he had closed his school career with honors, but it was of vastly more moment to the little old woman who proudly embraced him, for the joy which the diploma brought both of them represented years of toil and sacrifice on her part. Ralph was a sensible youth and not unmindful of the aid his mother had given him often at the expense of her own health and comfort. He, too, recalled on this night, as often before, the assuring words he gave his mother before leaving home some months after his graduation.

"You have given me a start, mother," he had said, "that many a boy in better circumstances might be glad to have, and I hope you'll live to see me prove that I deserve a fair start."

Then, as the train sped on, Ralph recalled his entrance to one of the great medical schools of the city, and the difficulties he encountered during the first year because of his limited means. Though he had been forced to study from the books of classmates and wait on the table at a restaurant for his own board, his letters to the little mother at home were always cheerful and full of hope, containing as little as possible of the darker side of his college life. Then, during the summer vacation, he had by a rare stroke of good fortune, secured the position of express messenger. Ralph confidently expected never to experience a happier day than when he made his first "run," for, if he could hold the place, it would relieve him of the anxiety that the expense of his medical education caused him.

To be sure, he had held the position and it had more than paid his own expenses. It pleased him to note, in addition, that he had been able to send a little money home to his mother. The two trips a week the year round had interfered to no small extent with his attendance, at school, but he had been as faithful as his circumstances would permit, and it seemed to Ralph, as he sat there musing, that the faculty must have known something of his struggle and helped him along. Then, too, he had been deprived of the regular hours for study which the other students had, but he had improved all his spare time. Night after night he had sat in that same old chair in the express car when his work was over and "cramped" until the whistle blew for Peoria. More than this, his dingy room in the railroad place for study when he turned in after the long "run" for a few hours' sleep. The precious sleep had oftentimes been sacrificed that he might make good recitations at college the following day.

But all this was in the past. This particular night found him a senior, and within a few weeks of his graduation—the culmination of his own great effort. In these closing days of his college career, however, a new desire had taken possession of him. He had felt a call to arms in the fierce warfare which involves all the medical schools at the close of the year—the relentless, uncompromising struggle for hospital internships.

True, he was not counted among the seniors of his own school as a

candidate for hospital honors. This, he knew, was not because of a poor class record, for in this respect he stood well in the front ranks, but his duties outside the school had made it impossible for him to take the "quizz class"—the review of the work for the whole school course, which occupies during the last year the major portion of the attention of those who expect to take the competitive examinations for internships. This formality, Ralph argued with himself, need not prevent him from entering the competition when the time came. He, too, had done a great deal of reviewing in a quiet way, and felt fairly well prepared for any ordinary questions which might arise in the course of the examinations. But of "catch" questions he stood in awe. But who could tell? Some would get the places and others would fail. He had made all the preparation possible, considering his condition, and why not take chances with the rest? It might happen that he would be among the lucky ones.

So, when Ralph Holmes locked the express door car early the next morning, and went to his gloomy quarters in the railroad hotel, it was with the determination to take the first hospital examination that came along, which would be on the following Saturday and one of the days that he would be in the city.

Tired though he was, Ralph did not go to bed at once. The new excitement kept him awake. Sitting down at the table he picked up the first book that met his gaze. Why he did it he did not know, but in doing so he followed a definite impulse—a "hunch," as he was accustomed to say. Running over its pages in an aimless sort of way, and having no thought of studying any particular subject, he stumbled, as it were, upon a chapter hitherto unknown to him. "Tumors of the Adrenal Capsule," it read.

"Well, that's a new one on me," he murmured, as he glanced casually over the pages. Inasmuch as the subject has never been assigned for study, nor, to his knowledge, had any reference been made to it in class, he thought it might prove interesting reading.

"It must be a useless lot of stuff," he murmured again, as he started to read, "or we would have heard something about it. Nothing else in particular to do, though, so guess I'll just glance over it. Might come handy some time."

An hour later Ralph laid the book aside and went to bed.

When Saturday came, and students from various schools gathered for the hospital examination, Ralph Holmes was among the number. He dropped into one of the rear seats in a careless sort of way, but his presence caused no little comment among the members of his own class who expected to see him in the competition least of all others.

"What are you doing here?" inquired one.

"Oh, just happened in to see what's going on," was Ralph's indifferent reply. But when he provided himself with paper and made ready to write, the others were convinced that he was more than a mere looker-on.

Then came a breathless silence as the questions were being written up on the board. There was one on anatomy, then a query on chemistry, another on physiology, then histology, materia medica and half a dozen other branches of medical science. Fourteen questions had suppressed groans, smiles, or whistles been given and had been met with pers of "easy" or "puddin'," as they found the various contestants prepared or wanting of knowledge. Through it all Ralph had maintained a countenance as cold and expressionless as steel. He felt satisfied that so far as he was equal to the test, but resolved not to betray his feelings to the others around him. It was the fifteenth and last question that he wanted to see, and his impatience got the better of him. He felt something tugging. A peculiar, unexplainable something took possession of him, and as the professor's hand was raised to write the question, he followed it, not alone with his eyes, but with his body. He stood up, but when he resumed his seat it was with a sigh of relief that was heard distinctly by every part of the crowded room. The professor had written:

"15. Etiology, pathology, symptoms, diagnosis and treatment of tumors of the adrenal capsule."

The explosion of a bombshell would not have caused more consternation among the students than did this one question, for in none of the schools had the subject been introduced, and it had been utterly ignored in the "quizz class" work.

As for Ralph Holmes, well—how serving an internship in one of the leading hospitals of Chicago, and the little mother is enjoying some of the happiest days of her life.

It is before me, of quaintly oak beads, linked large, black and has been to me a who cherished it in many a trouble-ger of comfort who darkest, and even of the Will of God amid the gloom. crosses, how puer weighed in the balance, trials and those who those re It was in those days when, in the Isla price was set up priest of God, who mountain-side, or recess, the faithful cret to assist at the fice, whilst devout Marias' fell from who owed their fa long night of p Lady's Rosary. E God's devoted pri- gers that encompa were souls to be strengthened, and and sacrifices were crowned with mar yea, joyfully, they lives for their fait to my Rosary and

It was a cold an when a small wea cast anchor in a port. There were of sight-seers on perhaps, on busine waiting for the ch but all too busi watching what was much notice of a y sant garb, who of this bundle and set the town. A few were cast at him a the quiet streets, questions of those turning with a smi of one or two good who gave a word o stranger.

When he reached the town, he paused iously around, as if one. He looked out ers of the bay, at slopes, at the dista with purple heath, rested on the tower the Castle that col of one of the fairest fair scenes that of the Emerald Isle what sad, flitted o said half aloud: 'home! How many sped away since las it, since last I look of those dear to m that this night may my weary waiting! has gone well, or f ments have been the little sister, what r ning for me!'

Just then he perc distance away an cautiously around the stranger he di steps, and as he d young man saw in black Rosary.

"Eva's beads! the mised to send me; the guide," and the str ward, saying in low Father Desmond; w meet me?"

The old man look 'the young priest's f he fell on his knees priestly blessing: "ence, welcome home troubles and danger How the Mistress an prayed for your com Reverence, the Rosa as a sign that y yourself to me this spies abroad, eye, a but God grant no h you!"

"Am I not to go tonight, then?" anxio priest, who longed home and kindred— prayed that she mig ceive the blessing of ter who was little child when he bade I "No, your Rever safe. The master has many there, and the out of dancing and "But my mother are they?"

MY ROSARY

It is before me now—a worn Rosary, of quaintly carved, black bog-oak beads, linked with silver, with a large, black and silver crucifix. It has been to me as it was to those who cherished it before me, a solace in many a troubled hour—a messenger of comfort when earth looked darkest, and even the sweet light of the Will of God seemed obscured amid the gloom. But how light my crosses, how puerile my tears when weighed in the balance with the sorrows, trials and persecutions of those who first revered my Rosary! It was in those dark, troublous days when, in the Island of Saints, a price was set upon the head of the priest of God, when, on the black mountain-side, or lonely cavernous recess, the faithful assembled in secret to assist at the Mystic Sacrifice, whilst devoutly murmured "Ave Marias" fell from the lips of those who owed their faith through the long night of persecution to Our Lady's Rosary. But little recked God's devoted priests for the dangers that encompassed them! There were souls to be comforted and strengthened, and if their struggles and sacrifices were destined to be crowned with martyrdom, willingly, yea, joyfully, they laid down their lives for their faith. But to return to my Rosary and its strange story.

It was a cold and stormy evening when a small weather-beaten vessel cast anchor in a pretty Irish seaport. There were the usual crowd of sight-seers on the quay, some, perhaps, on business bent, others waiting for the chance of an errand, but all too busily engrossed in watching what was going on to take much notice of a young man in peasant garb, who quietly shouldered his bundle and set out at once for the town. A few curious glances were cast at him as he passed along the quiet streets, but he asked no questions of those he met, only returning with a smile the salutations of one or two good-natured people, who gave a word of welcome to the stranger.

When he reached the outskirts of the town, he paused, and gazed anxiously around, as if expecting someone. He looked out across the waters of the bay, at the verdure-clad slopes, at the distant hills crowned with purple heath, and then his eyes rested on the towers and turrets of the Castle that commanded a view of one of the fairest of the many fair scenes that enhance the beauty of the Emerald Isle, a smile, somewhat sad, flitted over his face as he said half aloud: "My dear old home! How many long years have sped away since last I gazed upon it, since last I looked upon the faces of those dear to me. God grant that this night may see the end of my weary waiting! I wonder if all has gone well, or if Eva's arrangements have been thwarted. Faithful little sister, what risks you are running for me!"

Just then he perceived at some distance away an old man looking cautiously around. When he saw the stranger he hastened his footsteps, and as he drew nearer, the young man saw in his hand a large black Rosary.

"Eva's beads! the token she promised to send me; this, then, is my guide," and the stranger went forward, saying in low tones, "I am Father Desmond; were you sent to meet me?"

The old man looked earnestly in the young priest's face and said as he fell on his knees and begged his priestly blessing: "Oh, your Reverence, welcome home at last, even if troubles and dangers await you! How the Mistress and Miss Eva have prayed for your coming! See, your Reverence, the Rosary they sent you as a sign that you are to trust yourself to me this night! There are spies abroad, aye, and traitors, too, but God grant no harm will befall you!"

"Am I not to go to the Castle to-night, then?" anxiously asked the priest, who longed for a sight of home and kindred—the mother who prayed that she might live to receive the blessing of her son, the sister who was little more than a child when he bade her farewell.

ence. Sure Miss Eva would have ventured out to meet you but she was afraid the master would miss her. So 'twas better not."

"But where am I to go to-night?" asked Father Desmond.

"I will take your Reverence to the old cave in my boat; it is the best hiding place, and the safest. When Miss Eva heard you were coming she made all ready and comfortable, in case it would be unsafe to go to the Castle."

The young priest silently followed his guide, thinking the whole of the years that had fled since last he trod on Irish soil, since last he saw the mother and sister who awaited his coming with mingled feelings of delight and fear, knowing that his renegade brother, master of the broad family acres, retained at the sacrifice of his faith, would not spare the despised and hated priest did he know that he had returned at the risk of his life to bring the consolations of religion to his suffering brethren in the land of his forefathers.

They had now reached a secluded spot on the sea-shore, and the priest, with his guide, stepped into a small boat, and soon reached the cave chosen by Eva Desmond for her brother's retreat. The old man, after doing all possible for the young priest's comfort, reluctantly left him.

"You will return to the Castle to-night, Patrick, will you not?" "To be sure, your Reverence, I promised Miss Eva to be there to-wards midnight without fail."

"Well, tell her, with God's blessing, I'll see my mother and her soon. Give her back her beads; but stay"—and taking from his own Rosary a silver medal of Our Lady, he attached it to his sister's beads, then, with an earnest blessing, he sent the old man on his way.

The great hall of the Castle was brilliant with light, and resounded with revelry and merry making. Noble high-born guests moved to and fro enjoying to the full the magnificent entertainment provided for them by Sir John Desmond. But amid the courtly knights and brilliant ladies, Eva Desmond, in the height of her girlish loveliness, yielded to none in beauty and grace.

Many admiring glances were cast upon her as she moved about among her brother's guests, the simple elegance of her rich, white silken robes contrasting favorably with the jewelled ladies around her. But there was one among them who watched her with jealous eyes, for though Lord Errington had her brother's permission to seek the hand of his fair, sweet sister, yet he could not succeed in winning her favor. She distrusted him, as she feared and distrusted her renegade brother, who had brought such sorrow into her life, and crushed and broke her mother's heart.

As the hours wore on the girl's face assumed an anxious expression, and her thoughts seemed far away. Approaching her mother she softly whispered, "It is almost time for Patrick's return. I promised to meet him at the north tower. I will go now. Try and excuse my absence."

But other eyes had watched her departure, and Lord Errington, anxious to urge his suit, also left the hall. Very soon he saw a figure, shrouded in a long, dark cloak, silently steal through a corridor and disappear into the darkness. Just as silently did he follow her, and after a brief period of waiting he heard footsteps approaching, and in answer to the greeting of the newcomer the sweet voice of Eva Desmond said in low tones, "What news do you bring me, Patrick?"

"The best of news. I'll mention no names Miss Eva, for fear of listeners, but he to whom you sent the token is safe, and returns it to you, with a request that you will always send it by the messenger as a sign that all's well."

"These revellers will go to rest at dawn; the day will be far spent before they think of rising, whilst we will not be absent for more than two or three hours."

When Eva Desmond re-entered the house the first person she met was Lord Errington, who looked at the Rosary she carried in her hand, and his face wore an angry scowl as he said to himself that this was the token that was to be the sign between them. When the girl saw him her own face grew pale, for the fear at once entered her heart that he had been spying upon her actions, and somewhat haughtily she bade him allow her to pass, as he attempted to detain her.

"You may treat me with disdain, Miss Desmond," said he to himself, "but you may yet repent this night's work, for I will sift out your secret."

When all was quiet within the Castle, Eva Desmond and her mother softly stole out, and attended only by the faithful Patrick, made their way to the sea-shore. Soon the little boat was skimming over the waves to the lonely retreat where the son and brother awaited them.

Some weeks passed away, and Father Desmond had grown accustomed to the loneliness of his sea-girt cave; indeed, he was beginning to love it, and if he were only free to go forth to minister to his scattered flock would have been quite content with so quiet a hermitage. To a trusty few had been confided the secret that there was a priest in their midst, and more than once a little group had assembled in the cave to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, and once again after many a weary month of waiting to strengthen their fainting souls with the Bread of Life. He had even penetrated the Castle during the absence of his brother, and in a secret turret room had celebrated the Divine Mysteries to the intense joy of his devoted mother and sister, who never dreamed that so much happiness would be theirs. It consoled them somewhat for the fearful knowledge that the brother of him who came to them at so many risks, bearing in his priestly hands God's richest gifts, had sworn to pursue to the death the priest who dared bring the balm of religion and charity to the souls who longed with ardor for the blessings so cruelly denied them. And often at dead of night, Father Desmond, guided only by the faithful Patrick, had visited the aged sick and dying, whose daily prayer had been that they might not depart hence without the blessing of the priest of God.

In the meantime, Lord Errington made secret enquiries relative to Eva Desmond's unknown friend, but all to no purpose. Angry and mortified at his failure as well as at the girl's rejection of his suit, he confided the story to Sir John Desmond.

"I think you must be mistaken in the idea that my sister favors an unknown suitor—but stay!" he exclaimed, as a new light broke upon him, "perhaps she is aiding in the concealment of a priest. I have heard of a stranger in peasant garb being seen in the neighborhood. If I thought that"—he thundered in violent tones—"if I thought that I would make her repent it! Help me, Errington, help me all you can to unearth the secret."

"That old man, Patrick, knows something, and several times I have seen him, laden with bundles, going in a somewhat stealthy manner towards the beach; and I know, too, that a string of black beads belonging to your sister are sent as a sign that 'all's well.'"

"Her Rosary beads! Well, I must find occasion to send Patrick away for a time, and if he supplies the unknown with food we may be able to starve him out of his place of concealment," said Sir John Desmond, in malicious tones. "But we must go to work cautiously, and not let them suspect that we are watching them, for I do not want my sister's name to be mixed up in the business."

Together the conspirators went down to the beach, and as they sauntered along the sands, maturing their plans, Lord Errington stopped and picked up a string of quaint bog-oak beads. "Your sister's beads!" he exclaimed; "she has evidently been here and lost them."

"Very good; we may make use of them," said Sir John Desmond, "we may be able to lure him from his hiding place."

When they returned to the Castle, they at once sent for Patrick, and Sir John Desmond fabricated an errand that would take him to a distant part of the country, and keep him away a week or ten days. The old man's face grew pale as he listened, as he feared it was a plot to entrap Father Desmond. No one supplied him with food except himself,

and without the boat the priest could not leave the cave, as there was no other exit.

"But who will attend to the wants of the mistress, and Miss Eva so ill?" asked Patrick, for the anxiety and worry occasioned by the constant planning and secrecy had been too much for the young girl, and for some days past she had been unable to leave her room. "I cannot go without a word with them," he said, for he feared for Father Desmond's safety.

Then a thought entered Sir John Desmond's head. "It is all right, Patrick! Miss Eva knows you are going, and told me to show you this as a sign that 'all's well,'" and he drew from his pocket the beads that he had just picked up on the sea-shore.

The old man looked astonished, but being convinced that Miss Desmond had for some extraordinary reason taken her renegade brother into her confidence, could say no more, but set out on his journey with the assurance that Father Desmond's wants would be supplied. Surely Miss Eva would not have bade him go if the case were otherwise! But still he had his misgivings, and fain would have had a departure with Mrs. Desmond before his departure, but the conspirators took care that this should be denied him. So, comforting himself somewhat with the thought of the beads sent him as a token, reluctantly he went his way.

And Father Desmond, in his lonely sea-girt cave, looked in vain, day after day, for help and succor, praying the while that no harm might come to those who aided him, yet fearing that the worst had happened, for what else could account for his abandonment by his faithful sister and her devoted servant?

"Mother," said Eva Desmond, in anxious tones, "what has become of Patrick? He has not been here for days!"

"He knew of your illness, and doubtless will not disturb you. But we may rest assured he is looking after our beloved son and brother."

"I am sure of that, but I thought he might have brought tidings of him to you. It is ten days or more since he was here!"

It was the evening of the same day, when anxious and uneasy, the mother and daughter stood looking out across the wide waters of the bay. To their joy they saw their faithful servant on his way to the Castle, but when he came into their presence they saw at once that something terrible had happened. Almost broken down with emotion he bade them come at once to the cave, for Father Desmond was dying, and how he had been cajoled and deceived. Mrs. Desmond and Eva did not wait to hear more, but set out at once on their sorrowful errand. No murmurs, no reproaches escaped their lips, but the sweet "Welcome be the Will of God," which so often has sustained the broken-hearted in their darkest hours, was the tearfully-murmured prayer that escaped from their suffering.

But two others witnessed their departure, for in this emergency the usual precautions were set aside. Sir John Desmond and Lord Errington immediately followed, and no sooner had the little boat rounded a headland than they embarked in another, laughing in a malicious glee at how easily the well-kept secret would be discovered. If, as they supposed, the priest was preparing to instruct his flock in some hidden cave, with what satisfaction would they not thwart his plans, by putting in force the stern arm of the law!

After a time they saw the little boat drawn up on the beach at the entrance to a rocky cavern, and silently they drew their up alongside. Their footsteps made no sound on the soft, white sand, and after a moment or so a dim light was visible. They drew nearer, but instead of the assemblage of people they expected to find, they beheld a low pallet bed, beside which knelt Mrs. Desmond, pale, but fearless, whilst Eva, in trembling tones, recited the Rosary, pausing not even at the entrance of the intruders.

Sir John Desmond gazed in fear and astonishment on the scene, for on the humble bed before him lay his own brother, the companion of his childhood, the friend of his youth, the priest whom he had driven to death.

In an agony of remorse he knelt beside him, and confessed how he had deceived Patrick by means of a false message from Eva, and how he told him that she had sent her Rosary that all was right, and thus by sending the old man away had deprived his brother of sustenance. Then, taking the beads from his pocket, he silently placed them in Eva's hands.

The dying priest asked his sister to give them to him. In words of

love and forgiveness he comforted and pardoned his erring brother, assuring him that fever, contracted in visiting the sick, had contributed to his illness, as well as neglect and want; then, placing the Rosary in his hands begged him to take it as a sign that he repented of the past, and would return to the Faith of his fathers. Earnestly the remorseful man promised all this, and for a time no sound was heard but the sobs of the little group who knelt around.

Just as the dawn broke, lighting up sea and sky with floods of golden glory, the soul of Father Desmond passed away, and while Eva, heart-broken, but courageous, recited the sublime liturgy for the departed, John Desmond, his Rosary clasped closely in his hands, wept beside her a penitent indeed. — By Mary Agnes Finn, in the Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Old and New Weather Prophets.

Before the governments learned that it was the province of the state to foretell the weather there were "weather observers," who, if not furnished with all the conveniences and knowledge which science has placed at the disposal of men, were yet wonderfully acute in foretelling the weather. The success of these early prognosticators was due to close observation, just as is the greater success obtained by the weather forecasters of the present day. There is this difference, however, between the old and the new prophets. Those of to-day deal with such intangible things as high and low areas of barometric pressure and like ethereal things which the ancients knew not of. The old weather wisecracks found a sign in almost every phase and condition of life and nature. The moon, the sun, the stars, the trees, plants, animals, rocks—each spoke to the people of yesterday of the condition of the weather. The first weather forecasts were made so many ages ago that they are lost in dim antiquity. Dean Swift, the English poet, in bits of weather wisdom set forth in the following lines:—

Careful observers may foretell the hour
By sure prognostics when to dread a shower,
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics and pursues her tail no more;
Returning home at night you'll find the sink
Strike your offended nose with double stink,
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
You'll spend in coach hire more than you save in wine,
A coming shower your bobbing cones presage,
Old aches will throb your hollow tooth with rage.

The proverbs which Swift thus put into rhyme were not the result of his own observations. They were a part of the weather wisdom slowly evolved through centuries of unscientific effort to look into the future. These truths—for that many of them are truths is acknowledged by modern weather observers—have been, in thousands of instances, put into proverbs, and in that form have come down to us.

Winter being a season which often brought great hardships if by chance it proved of unusual length or severity, it was but natural that signs were carefully sought by which a hint might be conveyed regarding this period of the year. Some of the sayings resulting from these observations are given here:

A double husk on corn indicates a severe winter.
If the fall apples are one-sided, with thick, rough skins, a severe winter may be expected.
Grasses of all kinds are loaded with seeds before a severe winter.
Nuts with a thick covering denote a hard winter.

Onion skins very thin,
Mild winter coming in;
Onion skins thick and tough,
Coming winter cold and rough.

Many meteors presage much snow next winter.
The Apache Indians have a proverb which runs:

If the snow that falls during the winter is dry and is blown about by the wind, a dry summer will follow; very damp snow indicates snow in the spring.

Other snow proverbs run:
The number of days the last snow remains on the ground indicates the number of snowstorms which will occur during the following winter.

When snow falls in the mud it remains all winter.

If there is no snow before January there will be the more snow in March and April.

If the snowflakes increase in size a thaw will follow.

Among the proverbs touching November are the following:

If there be ice in November that will bear a duck.

There will be nothing after but sleet and muck.

As November so the following March.

Thunder in November indicates a fertile year to come.

December and Christmas have been made the basis of scores of weather proverbs. From among the number are chosen the following:

If Christmas finds a bridge, he'll break it; if he finds none he'll make one.

If windy on Christmas day trees will bring much fruit.

A green Christmas makes a full graveyard.

If the sun shines through the apple tree on a Christmas day there will be an abundant crop the following year.

If ice will bear a man before Christmas it will not bear a mouse afterward.

If Christmas day on Thursday be, A windy winter you shall see, Windy weather in each week, And hard tempest strong and thick The summer shall be good and dry, Corn and beast shall multiply.

Among the general weather sayings are these:

The first Thursday in March, the first Thursday in June, the first Thursday in September and the first Thursday in December are the governing days for each season. Whatever point of the compass the wind is on these days, that will be the prevailing direction of the wind for that season.

On Candlemas day (Feb. 2) the bear, badger, or woodchuck comes out to see his shadow at noon; if he does not see it he remains out; but if he does see it he goes back to his hole for six weeks, and cold weather continues six weeks longer.

Dreams of a hurrying and frightful nature and imperfect sleep are frequent indications that the weather has changed or is about to change. Many persons experience these nocturnal symptoms on a change of wind, particularly when it becomes east. In all these cases the seems to be produced immediately on the nervous system, and through it on the stomach, so that the stomach shall again react on the sensorium. The symptoms are enhanced by a full stomach and other sources of indigestion.

RANDOM NOTES.

AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS
William H. Murray was arrested at Dunlap, Tenn., near Chattanooga, a few days ago, on the charge of murder. The alleged crime was committed at Williamsburg, Ill., in 1875, and, after twenty-seven years Sheriff Manion and Deputy Satterfield, of Jefferson County, in which Williamsburg is located, and of which Mount Vernon is the county seat, succeeded in locating Murray in Tennessee, where he had lived under the name of William H. Howard for more than twenty-five years. He had amassed property, and as the years had rolled by his children had grown up.

The officers took their prisoner back to Mount Vernon, where he will be tried on the charge of murder in the first degree. Murray claims to have acted in self-defense.

TRAINMEN'S STRIKE.—Demands for a 20 per cent. increase in the wages of passenger and freight conductors and brakemen were presented last Saturday to officials of forty railroads running west from Chicago. The proposed increase affects 150,000 employees, who are members of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen and the Order of Railway Conductors. Accompanying the demands, notice was served that answer must be returned by Jan. 5.

FRANCE AND ITALY.—Innominate, the Roman correspondent, says: The Vatican has learned that, through the agency of Mr. Barrère, M. Waldeck-Rousseau had an interview with the King of Italy at San Rossore, between Florence and Pisa. On both banks of the Tiber, the return to power of the former President of the council is regarded as being near at hand, and it is believed that he will then give a new direction to the diplomacy of the French Republic.

A pure hard Soap.

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Household Notes.

USEFUL HINTS.—Use the white of an egg for a burn. It forms a coating which excludes the air.

A good remedy for catarrh, it is said, is the free use of boracic acid as snuff.

As a laxative stewed or baked apples are excellent. As destroyers of flatulence they are unequalled if their use is persisted in.

It is said that if the feet are well soaked in warm water at night and then the corns rubbed with castor oil these troublesome excrescences will disappear.

If you awaken in the night coughing and cannot stop, get a small portion of powdered borax and place it on your tongue and let it slowly dissolve, and it will almost instantly stop the cough, as it will also relieve an ulcer in the throat.

Whether only an extremity or the entire body is affected the treatment of freezing is the same. In all cases avoid a sudden change of temperature. If a person is found overcome and benumbed with cold and you take him at once to a fire or warm room, you are likely to kill him. Take him only to a sheltered place or shed, which still feels very cold to you. It will be amply warm to him. Remove any wet clothing and rub the body till dry; wrap him in a dry blanket and give him a stimulant, such as hot, strong, coffee. Remove to a somewhat warmer room and raise the temperature very gradually.

For tender feet, soak in two quarts of cold water to which an ounce of powdered borax is added and rub dry with a towel.

IMPORTANCE OF WATER.—Water is such a cheap and common thing that most of us ignore many of its benefits; we wash the outside of our bodies with it, but we forget to wash the inside sufficiently. Many persons, especially middle-aged women, fall into a state of chronic poisoning simply because they have neglected to take enough pure cold water to dissolve and wash out the impurities in their systems. Although water should not be used to wash down the food to save chewing, experiments show that gastric digestion is accelerated when the contents of the stomach are slightly diluted, so that if little fruit or other food containing large quantities of water is taken at a meal it is well to sip a glass of water during the meal. Two glasses between meals and one the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning are necessary. The stomach should not be required to hold more than a quart of food and drink at one time, but during the day at least a quart of water should be consumed. Never drink nor use in cooking, water that has stood for any length of time in vessels or pipes or that comes from a leaden or zinc lined cistern. Water containing organic matters can be filtered through sand and charcoal, but boiling is the simplest method of purifying water suspected of impurity. No animalcules are found in pure water, and none are known to exist that are not destroyed by boiling. While the foods and beverages we consume contain more or less water or the elements that compose water, there is nothing that can quite take the place and do the work of pure water in the physical economy. If girls would early form the habit of drinking water in abundance every day they would avoid many disorders that destroy health and good looks.

A COUGH MIXTURE.—Children can often be induced to take "mother's" cough mixture when they pull very faces over a physician's prescription. Most housewives have some old and tried cough mixture recipe by which they set great store, but should there be some among readers who do not possess such a recipe, I would suggest their adoption of the following mixture, which will be found very soothing to the throat and chest: Get three large,

fresh lemons and boil them in already boiling water for about seven minutes; then, when tender, slice them very thin, put the slices in a bowl together with a pound of best moist sugar, and set the bowl on the stove for some hours, so that the contents may almost be said to have distilled. Then take the bowl from the fire and let the contents cool for half an hour. Lastly, stir in a tablespoonful of oil of sweet almonds, and give a teaspoonful of the mixture at a time when the throat is irritated.

RELIEVING PAIN.—When a patient is not confined to the bed, it may be well in a case of throat trouble to use cloths wrung from hot water, but under no consideration is it safe to use water about a patient in bed, notwithstanding the belief of many in the efficacy of hot water as a cure all. It is heat not moisture, that quiets pain. Wet cloths retain heat only a brief time, but they do something else—they dampen the bedding and the patient's clothing, to his great danger. Often the dampening produces serious cramps, causing excruciating suffering, and those in attendance, thinking the cramps are a part of the illness, keep up the wet cloth treatment instead of hastening to change the wet clothing for dry. There have been cases where death soon followed such treatment. Nothing proves better than a good dry heat to quiet pain. Hot water bags and bottles are excellent if perfectly tight. Hot sand bags also are good to place beside the body and limbs. A relay of hot plates, wrapped in woolen cloth, will do wonders in giving relief to a patient. In any case of serious bowel trouble it is well to follow up the relays of hot plates, lightweight earthen or better still, because of their lightness, are the tin plates such as are used by bakers, being always careful that they are as hot as can be borne, and not too hot, and wrapped in cloth. This remedy will allay inflammation and pain to a wonderful degree. It is also excellent in rheumatism of the hip, knee or ankle. A frequent change of hot plates, well wrapped in woolen and placed beneath or over the suffering joint as the patient lies in bed will bring great relief. Hot woolen blankets greatly assist in pulling a patient through serious neuralgic pains. Another great help in the sickroom is found in the use of wool cloths smaller than blankets. These are made by cutting one or more thick wool blankets into four or six pieces each. Do not flinch at cutting up a blanket. Consider that the object is to get the sick one restored to health. The price of a pair of blankets would go but a little way on a doctor's bill, and these wool squares will last for years for use in the sick room. They can be cleansed and put away from moths between whites.

A Doctor of Business Concerns.

A newcomer in the ranks of modern experts is the business "methodizer" or "system expert." His specialty is to systematize the work in a manufacturing concern, to lop off useless expenditures, and so to increase production and lessen cost. Mr. M. Martin Kallman, himself a "system expert," writing in "The Saturday Evening Post" (Philadelphia), concerning the old and new way of keeping accounts, says:—

"The distance which the eye and hand must travel in posting from the regulation day-book to the ledger is so great that the operation involves a distinct act of memory, while under almost any of the recognized modern methods the memory act is eliminated and posting becomes simply copying figures at close hand. Science always makes for accuracy and an increase of practical results, and it is therefore clear as to which method of accounting is more worthy to be called scientific."

"Little more than a year ago a methodizer was called to introduce his system into the counting-room of a large mercantile establishment. He found a force of six men devoted exclusively to posting the 20,000 accounts which the ledgers contained. To-day under the modern system recently adopted one man does all the posting and works at the task only three hours a day!

"The new systems provide for a series of duplicates so that the sudden destruction of a set of ledger records can be almost instantly replaced. The importance of this feature of latter-day methods was recently brought home to me when the head bookkeeper of a business house to which I had been called maliciously destroyed five ledger records—no doubt to cover peculations. Under the modern systems this would have been practically impossible.

"Often I am asked: What will the best modern systems save a large business? This is difficult to answer, but there is one manufacturing establishment of enormous proportions, having many branches, which has saved \$100,000 a year in its pay-roll and time-keeping department alone through this modern agency.

"It must be a small business, speaking in the metropolitan sense, which can not be saved \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year through the introduction of a first-class modern system devised by a 'methodizer' of recognized standing in his profession."

Minna C. Smith, writing in "The World's Work" (December) on the same subject, tells of a "production engineer"—the term she uses—who by changing the course of the material in a manufacturing concern through its various processes, reduced the handling of sixty tons of weight from fifty-one times a day to thirty-seven times, with a resultant saving that surprised the president and directors. The same expert was requested to rearrange the schedule of wages in a steel-mill. He regulated it "not by tonnage alone, but by groups of steel products according to quantities and shapes; the resultant rates increased the productive capacity of the mills from fifty to forty per cent., decreased the cost of production, and increased the wages of the men." The writer describes how an expert methodizer organized an electric equipment factory which was growing so fast that its managers did not know how they stood in the matter of expenses and could not keep in touch with the general routine day by day. She says:

"The expert asked questions and was given full details. He was introduced to every official, every head of department, every clerk; and he asked each one for typewritten suggestions. He found that the huge physical growth of the factory had overtopped its intellectual and nervous organization. The organization needed a clear definition of duties and responsibilities in the various offices—a more highly organized faculty. The specialist reported a special system, unified, yet so flexible that the work in any department could now be expanded or contracted without affecting the general plan. Thirty-one departments of the executive and operating force were ordered, instead of fourteen. There could henceforth be no clashing of authority, no men receiving one order from one department and another order from another. All communications about the general organization were authorized to appear in executive orders from the president of the company, who is also general manager. The names of all officers or heads of departments were put at the head of every executive order, and each head of a department was made responsible for notifying his associates, who in turn were made personally responsible to him. A series of executive notices was posted insuring order of a high degree and making certain the prompt return of all reports and data. One man was made responsible for all the accounts of the company, so that uniformity might be developed in recording all the performances of the plant. The authority for giving orders was centralized. Provisions were made for definite recording of orders for material; and complete and accurate means of communication within the factory were insured. An accurate system of labor records for all employees was effected, insuring the charging of material and labor expended in the course of production. Centralization of authority stopped overlooking. The control of incoming and outgoing material was given to the same central authority. The nervous system of the electric equipment factory was toned up. The factory is making its product much more rapidly than before, and despite the growth of the business the heads of the concern can now keep in touch with all its details."

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Society Directory.

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ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallary, M.P.; Sec., J. P. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 16 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.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Seignours and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, O. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1878.—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. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connoy and G. H. Merrill.

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NOTES

MIXED MARRIAGES
Margaret Sangster, writes "Ladies' Home Journal" some very sage advice on danger of mixed marriages. She says: "Your indecision about who is of a different creed from your own. You say you can not marry, and he is equal to accept yours. You have discovered that you are not so vital as religion would far better not. There can be no happiness when one subject must be either the religion of the other now, and let you a wife of his own faith. This is perfect common sense. It has been an advice based upon centuries. It has been argued that 'no church, priest should come souls with but a single. This is false reasoning. start. If the two souls antagonistic on the very meet the difficulties of be claimed that they might thought, that they money entirely with each can readily conceive two opposite sexes and of 4 gions being made in 10 other. We can also understand while their passion for is at a fever heat, they beyond the immediate relief even that they care little that should prevail. It meet the difficulties of that the Church, in her raised every possible difficulty to mixed marriages. A other of her rules of discipline has proven the reasonable attitude, so in this instance displayed a wonderful knowledge of humanity. and wife are obliged 'to disagree,' especially upon mentous a question as the gion, they may conclude life they will have the the disagreement much quently than that of the They may be united legal may imagine themselves accord with each other cannot expect for a real in life or in death. Unless istic party loses the faith be no compromise. During will kneel, morning and they kneel at all on either partition that must position them; they will go the ways to Church—if they Church; and, after death, sleep apart, not having consolation of knowing same cemetery will contain ashes.

If the impetuous lovers prepared to bid defiance warnings of common prudence only have a few years of it revealed to them we are that mixed marriages would far between. They 'the veil of the Future is the Hand of Mercy;' some would be a mercy were a if rent.

A MYSTERIOUS INSTINCT
We are not generally given