

utumes just put into tributed their best keynote of this quality marks this lot.

navy and black, rt on the hips, skirt velvet bound, the Cheviot, the jacket made full flare, lin- nit. Special price.

Serge Cloth in staid, Eton style, ill flare, box seams, it. Special price.

ad Silks. SILKS. Meta Silk with good inches wide. Special

Wear Proof Silk inches, special ns, 80c.

irthing Silks with satin stripes, 22 ial 65c.

Linens. WELS. These Towels will be ing prices: Towels, size 14 4c.

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ered White Lwa k that the Hand- ll perfect goods, value of this lot price, 18c each.

And as it flutters to the breeze There loving eyes behold The cross and harp with shamrocks twined Our emblems as of old.

And as we march beneath its folds To keep St. Patrick's Day— We think of that old storied land Green Erin far away.

And as our fathers go before Who on Mount Royal sleep Still Ireland's sons in Ville Marie This hallowed feast will keep!

As Irishmen they stand— Most loyal sons of Canada Yet true to native land.

And whilst the music of the past Old memories wake again Their hearts still turn to Innisfail Across the stormy main!

—J. A. S.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., chairman of the Irish Party, in moving an amendment to the address in reply to the King's speech, recently delivered a masterly speech, during the course of which he reviewed the Irish land question. The amendment was as follows:

"And humbly representing to Your Majesty that the administration of the Irish Land Acts is not satisfactory to any class of Your Majesty's subjects in Ireland, and that the only permanent solution of the Irish land question must be found in a measure providing for the general and immediate creation of an occupying proprietary by the establishment of a system of compulsory sale and purchase."

It raised, he said, once more for the consideration of Parliament the Irish land question. Its vital urgency and importance would not, he thought, be questioned by anyone having any practical acquaintance with Ireland. Both the great parties in the House had dealt with the question, but to-day they found themselves more confronted by this great question, upon which depended not only the peace and prosperity of Ireland, but almost the very existence of the remnant of the Irish people. What was the reason for this extraordinary state of things? Was the question insoluble? No. The explanation was that upon this Irish land question Parliament had never allowed itself to be guided by Irish advice or Irish opinion. The land system in Ireland had completely and absolutely broken down.

Both landlords and tenants were united in declaring a want of confidence in it. The task presented to the Land Commission was an impossible one. What had been the cost of administration of the system? He found that the estimate for the year ending March 31, 1891, was about £132,000, exclusive of the Land Purchase Department; so that the cost of administration during the last 20 years was about 2½ millions. Then, since 1881, there had been no less than 400,000 law suits tried, and taking the average cost of each suit as £8, it meant that over six millions of money had been expending out the administration of

the system. What had been the result? Rents had been reduced by something like 1½ millions, but the tenant-farmer was no better off since the reduction, because there had been a heavy fall in the price of agricultural produce. Under the operation of this system those who spoke in the name of the tenant-farmers of Ireland asserted that they were still charged rent on their own property and improvements, and all during those years there had been hanging over the heads of every tenant-farmer in the country the menace of lawsuits. They knew perfectly well that when the tenant had come within a few years of the period when this tribunal, in which he had no compelling voice, was coming to assess the rent, he would not put his hand into the work to get as much out of the land as it was capable of producing. Under this system the landlords of Ireland were being slowly and surely squeezed out of existence. Everyone knew the difference between the condition of the Irish and English landlords.

Whereas the English landlords were able to bear the reduction their brothers in Ireland, for reasons which were unnecessary to go into, were unable to bear those reductions, and the reductions which had already been obtained had, no doubt, brought ruin to many of the landlords in Ireland. One-third revision of judicial rents would mean for the small landlords of Ireland at any rate hopeless ruin. From the point of view of the country generally, he believed the working of this system had been absolutely disastrous. What country in the world could possibly prosper which was subject to this system of constant periodical litigation? Mr. Gladstone told them that the Land Act of 1881 would enable Irishmen to live and prosper on their own land. After 20 years of the system they found that during those years more than one and a half millions of the people had emigrated from the country, and during the years 1898-1900 there had been a distinct rise in the emigration over the previous years. That fact alone was sufficient to condemn the system. It was a significant fact that while Belfast had increased in population the population of the agricultural districts of Ireland, during the last twenty years, had steadily

diminished, and the emigration had been of people in the prime of life. Yes, it was a heart-breaking thing for them to consider. The proportion of old people and the children was greater in Ireland to-day than in any country in Europe. The position was that one class of the population had been flying away from their shores. From every point of view, then, the system had failed. Surely, no prediction was ever so completely justified by experience as that of Mr. Parnell, who, in 1881, declared to Mr. Gladstone that the Act of the year could not possibly settle the question and that it had been based upon wrong lines and unsound principles. Let him come to the remedy which they had been pressing on that House and advocating in Ireland for well over twenty years. Here again there was no difference between Irish landlords and tenants.

All classes in Ireland, landlords and tenants alike, demanded the abolition of the system of dual ownership and the State regulation of rents, and asked for the substitution for it of a system of occupying proprietary. The only portion of the land system which was working any good in Ireland at all was that which was comprised in the Irish Land Purchase Acts. From 15 years' working of these Land Purchase Acts, roughly speaking, about 50,000 occupying proprietors had been created. It was remarkable that the Fry Commission reported that the slowness of the Land Commission in this purchase department increased rather than diminished as time went on. Into the precise cause of the delay he did not intend to enter at length, but in his opinion a large measure of responsibility rested upon the Irish Land Commission. He believed the spirit in which they proceeded to the administration of the Acts was altogether wrong. There was a large class of Irish landlords who could not afford to sell under these Land Purchase Acts. They were men who were living on a small margin of their income, and although these men knew perfectly well that a further reduction of their judicial rents would sweep that margin away altogether, they refused to sell their estate to their tenants.

The success of these Acts where they had been put in operation had been enormous. The State had bought tenants had been on the basis of something over seventeen years' purchase on an average with that price, as there was no compulsion upon them to sell, and the tenants, no doubt, had received enormous benefits, because at that price tenants had been called upon by way of instalments of principal and interest to pay 25 or 30 per cent. less than the reduced judicial rents which they would have had to pay had there been nothing, and speaking broadly, there had been no arrears; and the extraordinary part of the situation was this, that the very success of these Acts made it absolutely impossible for the State to do anything, indeed, it made it essential upon them that they should introduce a general scheme affecting the whole country. It was absolutely true that the greater the success which had attended the Land Purchase Acts the greater the necessity for a complete system of land purchase all over the country.

In his opinion the time had passed for tinkering with the system of land purchase. There had been 20 years' experience of these unfair rents, and 15 years' experience of these Land Purchase Acts, and they said that the only solution that could settle this question must be a broad and general scheme such as had many precedents in other countries. He contended for a compulsory sale on terms which would not only be just to the tenants, but which should be perfectly just to the landlords. The Land Commission had already been applied to for a further revision of the rents, and the Act of 1881 downwards, and the real question it was necessary to grapple with was—could this system of compensation be applied to the Irish landlords without absolutely ruining them? and he believed it could. He knew it could, and he knew that very many indeed of the wisest and most far-seeing of Irish landlords not only believed that it could be done, but believed it was the only way in which they could be saved from ruin. He would respectfully submit to the Irish landlords this fact. Every year that passed the value of their property was going down. He respectfully submitted to them they were unwise in not coming in a body with the Nationalists, in joining with them in consenting to a measure of compulsory purchase which would be just to them as well as to the Irish tenants. He believed that if they waited for a further fixing of judicial rents they would be absolutely ruined. They did not wish to ruin and exterminate the Irish landlords. And if in the operation which will be necessary to carry out this great scheme, if the British Treasury chose out of that accumulation of money which was due to Ireland in respect of the financial relations to make the operation easy for the Irish landlords, the Irish tenants certainly would not be found to raise any serious objection. Would an operation of this kind be just to the British taxpayer? In this matter England was under a deep obligation to Ireland generally, as well as to the Irish landlords, for it might be that even now the proposal before the House, if carried out, would undo the

wrongs of the past. What risk was there for England and the Chancellor of the Exchequer? In his opinion, a wholly none. During the last 15 years 18 million sterling had been borrowed and repaid regularly in accordance with the regulations laid down, and it was the merest moonshine to talk of repudiation at all. Whether the payment to be made back by the tenants would be even less than those made by them during the last fifteen years.

The Irish peasant, like the peasant of all other countries, had a master passion for the land, and his efforts to obtain possession of it had often driven him to deeds foreign to his nature. When he became the owner of the land he felt satisfied, because he knew he had something to leave his children and all that was wanted to effect this was a moderate grant of the Imperial credit being made in the interest of Ireland. He might say that Ireland was practically unanimous upon this question. He had heard the words of members for Belfast, Derry City, and Dublin University were not in favor of the scheme of land purchase. The right hon. gentleman the member for North Armagh was not opposed to the land purchase principle, but he objected to it in a compulsory form. This 95 per cent. of the Irish members of that House were in favor of a compulsory system of purchase all of whom had pledged themselves to the land purchase principle, but Lord Salisbury, in his letter to Mr. Russell, said that compulsory land purchase could not be granted now under "existing circumstances."

Were the "existing circumstances" those that would bring war and crimeless? They were not peaceful and the facts of history. It was in 1870 the first Land Act was passed, after, as Mr. Gladstone said, the chapel bell had been rung. In 1881 it was the same. The demands made before fell on deaf ears, an Act was passed after what might be called a social revolution. What they had gained has come after a long period of shame which was full of heart-breaking and sorrowful occurrences, and after inhumanity into which a gentle race had been driven.

The story of Ireland was the story of a people expropriated and scattered through the world, bringing with them a burning memory of their lost and ruined homes and a most deadly hatred of British rule. Wise, indeed, would be the statesmanship and wisdom the man who put an end once and for ever to that record of human wrong and human suffering. For the reasons he had stated he begged to move the amendment.

Mr. T. W. Russell, rising from the Unionist benches, said that the amendment, was greeted with loud and long cheers from the Nationalists. He said old members of the House who remembered his relations with the Party opposite during the last ten years of bitter strife and conflict would doubtless feel surprised at his present conduct, but during the fifteen years he had sat in Parliament he had never risen with a stronger sense of duty or more certain conviction than that he was doing right and asking for the right thing than now, because he was supported on this question by an Ireland absolutely united at the outset. He warned those who had been invited to go "scavenging in the dust bins of his old speeches and had dug up five or six speeches he had made to his constituents in fifteen years, that they would gain nothing by their actions, and it would be a great deal of trouble to find that any other member for Ulster had addressed as many speeches to their constituents. He stood up now, if they liked, as a convert, Ireland had changed, and he had been engaged during the last twelve years, not in pushing forward his constituents, but in endeavoring to restrain them and hold them back. But now the time had come to press this question. The fact which had precipitated the issue and made it the dominant factor in Irish politics was the utter breakdown of the present system through maladministration.

The failure was due to four things. The treatment by the courts of appeals from valuers, the treatment by the courts of the tenants' improvements, the conspiracy amongst landlords and landagents in Ulster to absolutely destroy the Ulster Custom, and rob the tenant of his property, and the very success of the Purchase Act, which necessitated a compulsory measure. In fourteen years the Appeal Court had heard 30,000 appeals on values. These appeals had cost the parties about £1,000,000, and the net result was that the landlords had secured an increase of their rentals by ½ per cent. The hon. member proceeded to cite the House a case in which the Court of Appeal overruled the opinion of its four experts, and raised the rent by 20 per cent. This Court of Appeal was absolutely ignorant of land values, and yet that Court overruled its own experts. Did Parliament expect free people would consent to such treatment? This was only one case out of twenty he had, and all typical of hundreds of thousands of others. This was the procedure which was driving the Ulster tenants to desperation. They were not going to tolerate it. They were determined to have justice or they would know



The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Vol. L, No 86

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MONTREAL.

"WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS"

It is the feast of Erin's isle
Once more in Ville Marie—
Where'er we look—on every side
Old Ireland's flag we see.

And as our fathers go before
Who on Mount Royal sleep
Still Ireland's sons in Ville Marie
This hallowed feast will keep!

And as it flutters to the breeze
There loving eyes behold
The cross and harp with shamrocks
twined
Our emblems as of old.

And as we march beneath its folds
To keep St. Patrick's Day—
We think of that old storied land
Green Erin far away.

And as our fathers go before
Who on Mount Royal sleep
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As Irishmen they stand—
Most loyal sons of Canada
Yet true to native land.

And whilst the music of the past
Old memories wake again
Their hearts still turn to Innisfail
Across the stormy main!

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REDMOND AND RUSSELL

On the Land Question.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., chairman of the Irish Party, in moving an amendment to the address in reply to the King's speech, recently delivered a masterly speech, during the course of which he reviewed the Irish land question. The amendment was as follows:

"And humbly representing to Your Majesty that the administration of the Irish Land Acts is not satisfactory to any class of Your Majesty's subjects in Ireland, and that the only permanent solution of the Irish land question must be found in a measure providing for the general and immediate creation of an occupying proprietary by the establishment of a system of compulsory sale and purchase."

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the reason why. With the exception of their administration, which was as faulty as it could be, the purchase acts had been an entire and unqualified success. The people who had bought were satisfied, the landlords who had sold were satisfied, peace had taken the place of turbulence where the Acts had applied, and England had lost nothing by the transactions. He believed the House had honestly intended to do right in every line, did everything in their power to wreck the policy of the Legislature desired to see carried out.

The English landlord was a real owner of property, who let his land, and as a fully-equipped going concern, whereas the Irish landlord deeded his rent without doing anything for the land. That produced the state of things in Ireland for which the remedy was only to be found in the sale to the tenants of the land they occupied, and his suggestion was that they should pay for it the highest market value, plus a bonus for compulsion. He asked the Government to recognize that they had from that day forward a new Ireland to deal with, and he believed that by the policy now recommended they would not only buy out the fee-simple of Irish land, but also the fee-simple of Irish disaffection. He seconded the amendment with all his heart.

IRELAND'S DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Judging from the following report which we clip from "The Monitor" there will be no "Rag Time Seventh" celebration in San Francisco. The grand old national songs and patriotic old dramas will occupy the places of distinction in the programme of the celebration of the national festival. The report is as follows:—

The least day of Ireland's patron saint this year promises to be celebrated in a manner far surpassing any previous affair of the kind held in San Francisco. The St. Patrick's Day Convention of 1901, which has been in session for several weeks, announces a programme for the 18th of March, the day of the celebration, which has never been equalled on any occasion.

The interesting fact that the celebration will be the first of the twentieth century, has inspired the delegates to the convention to redouble their efforts, and as a result of their labors, "Ireland's best day" of 1901 gives assurance of being one that will forever live in the hearts of all true lovers of the Emerald Isle.

The Executive Committee of the convention has labored unceasingly to place St. Patrick's Day of this year in its proper place. With this end in view, other arrangements, a circular letter has been ordered sent to all the leading Irish and Catholic firms of this city, as well as to all large concerns known to be friendly to the Irish cause, requesting them to observe the 18th of March as a general holiday, or at least to close their places of business at the noon hour. This movement has already met with great success. Many have been arranged for. Two public speakers in our midst, has been engaged as orator for this occasion. For poet of the day, John M. Miller, a well known young man of this city and a prominent member of Division No. 5, A. O. H., has been secured. The ever popular and interesting drama, "Colleen Bawn," dramatized from Gerald Griffin's interesting novel, "The Collegians," now running as a serial in the Monitor, will be produced. The production will be under the direction of the veteran Irish character artist, James M. Ward. Between the acts a number of well known local ladies and gentlemen will render several of the best and most stirring songs and recitations of the old land. Tickets for the Central Theatre exercises have been placed on sale at fifty cents each. These tickets can be exchanged for a reserved seat without extra charge at the theatre five days previous to and including the day of the celebration.

The evening exercises will be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion. The programme arranged for this occasion is a varied one. Honoreville's famous band will discourse delightful Irish melodies, stereopticon views of Ire-

land and America will be presented and a monster chorus of male voices will render the most popular songs of the "old country." The Emerald Glee Club will also participate and render many of Moore's charming melodies. A grand promenade concert will also be given and the whole affair will conclude with a dance. The price of admission to the Pavilion has been placed at the extremely low figure of twenty-five cents. That the immense building will be crowded on the occasion is assured beyond a doubt. Taking all in all, the celebration of 1901 promises to be an eventful one, and one that will reflect credit on the concentration under whose management it will be held.

NOTES FROM ROME.

THE POPE'S ANNIVERSARIES.—The celebration of the anniversaries of the Pope's birth and of his accession to the See of Peter were celebrated in Rome with great eclat. A correspondent says that:— "Hundreds of congratulatory telegrams from all the European courts and from every part of the world continue to arrive at the Vatican, and several Prelates, under the personal supervision of Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State, are kept busy all day long answering them."

SOCIALISM CONDEMNED.—Mgr. Baehleri, Bishop of Verona, taking occasion from the Papal Encyclical "Graves de Communi," published on the 18th of January, has addressed an eloquent Pastoral Letter to his clergy, severely condemning the Socialist theories which, thanks to the most active propaganda, have found many proselytes, especially in the provinces of Verona and Mantova. Mgr. Baehleri goes on to propose the remedies calculated, in his opinion, to check the progress of Socialism, exhorting the clergy to fight these shallow doctrines with the arms abundantly provided for them by the Church.

COLD AND FAMINE.—For twenty-five years back Italy has not experienced a cold spell as that which swept over the whole Peninsula, from the Alps to Sicily, during the past few weeks. The poor suffer most terribly and especially in Apulia are people and animals dying from famine and exposure. An incident will illustrate the condition of affairs—it is a sad story from Villanova in Apulia:—

A poor priest, the Rev. Giovanni Gaumarota, was travelling from Longoli to Villanova on the top of the old-fashioned stage coach which still does duty for the train in those out-of-the-way places. The wind was blowing impetuously, and he peatedly blew away the priest's hat. At first the postilion got down and picked up the hat, but at last he refused to do so any longer, and the priest had to descend himself from his lofty perch to look for his hat, the coach in the meantime driving away. Next morning the unfortunate priest was found frozen to death on the banks of the river Cervaro. It is supposed that he lost his way in attempting a short cut, and was overpowered by the intense cold."

CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

We glean a few paragraphs of Roman news that may serve to show how the Holy Father has faith in the ultimate conversion of England. On the 14th February the newly-elected Mother-General of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, with her first assistant and another Sister, were received in private audience by the Holy Father. They presented to His Holiness a beautiful bound copy of "Convent Stories," the last work of their late venerated Mother-General (Mother Magdalena Taylor), in which they had inserted her portrait. His Holiness, looking earnestly at the picture, asked if it was considered a good likeness. He then spoke some touching words of encouragement, exhorting them to continue her work in the same spirit, and giving a spiritual blessing to the new Mother-General. His Holiness inquired about the progress of the institute, showing a lively interest in every House. He repeated several times, "Pray, pray for the conversion of England," and was much pleased to hear of the devotions and English sermons in the Sisters' Church (St. George and the English Saints, Via S. Sebastiano). He spoke with great pleasure of having founded the Collegio Bedia for converts. His Holiness sent his special blessing to the Noviciate and entire institute, as also to its works and benefactors.

His Eminence Cardinal Respighi, Vicar of His Holiness, said Mass and received the vows of two novices, Sister M. Julienne O'Connor and Sister M. Odilia (Dunlevy) on February 12th (Feast of the Most Pure Heart of Mary) in the Institute. The Sisters were attended by four little children, pupils of the school, acting as bridesmaids. The Cardinal afterwards breakfasted in the convent and received the Community. The young ladies and children of the different classes in the school were presented in turn, for each of whom he had a kind word and blessing.

Our next issue will contain special reports of St. Patrick's Day celebration in Montreal and other leading centres in Canada, as well as of the demonstrations in other parts of the world.

The Archbishop's Letter On the Civic Hospital Question.

The splendid and timely letter that Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, has addressed to the Mayor and aldermen of the city, concerning the project of a civic hospital for contagious diseases, has struck the keynote and has awakened the attention, as well as the universal approval of all interested citizens. It is just such a document that the Catholics of Montreal might expect from the able Archbishop; experience, since he has been raised to the archiepiscopal See, has taught that he always has the right word to say at the needed and appropriate time. And whenever the interests of the Catholic population are at stake, he knows how to defend them, and, in so doing, accord to all others the privileges which he claims for himself.

The letter, which is a lengthy document, explains clearly and fully the reasons why His Grace finds it impossible to agree to a non-denominational contagious disease hospital. So strong are these reasons, and so well have they been understood by the non-Catholic element, that we are positive every Catholic of influence, irrespective of race, will make it a duty to co-operate with him in the attaining of his wishes.

Speaking of the objections that stand against a non-denominational hospital of the class mentioned, His Grace says:—

"In the city of Montreal we have two distinct social sections, the one Catholic, the other non-Catholic. Whilst they live together in perfect harmony, yet they have their respective creeds and principles; and in re-

gard to their creeds, there is no possible conciliation. A regrettable fact, I admit, but still an undeniable one, which necessarily is apparent in all assemblies, festivals, and ceremonies, as well as in the institutions and organizations that come under the religious control. Down to the present these differences have been taken into consideration. We have our schools, our charitable institutions, our orphanages; the Protestants have their own, independent of ours—wherein lies the secret of the peace that prevails amongst us, and at the same time, that respect for liberty of conscience, which is to be found, perhaps, more marked in Montreal than in any other city on the American continent. There are certain grounds whereon a fusion of both these sections is impossible. It would lead to either absorption, or oppression. Those so-called neutral, or undenominational schools are a striking example. Well known are the deplorable consequences, the determined quarrels to which they gave rise, everywhere, that, under the pretext of uniform instruction, of progress, or of economy they have been substituted for the separate schools which correspond with the different faiths of the parents and of the children. Does this mean that we preach exclusiveness? Not at all. For example, in Montreal here, our Catholic hospitals are always open to sick persons who do not belong to our faith, and Catholics are equally admitted into the Protestant hospitals. This is the natural result of the perfectly understood tolerance and the spirit of Christian charity which reign in all our institutions to-day. But let it be well noted, these various institutions have each but one management, and the kindness displayed in regard to patients who go there freely to seek refuge, can in no wise affect their rules and regulations. Whilst as much as said of a hospital erected by the city, to which all persons stricken with a contagious sickness, to whatsoever faith they might

belong, would be obliged to go? My profound conviction is to the contrary.

In the first place, as no public institution of that class yet exists, it would be a novel experience. To my mind misunderstandings and frictions in the management would be inevitable. Questions of preference, of language, or race, and even questions of a more delicate nature, would likely be raised. If an agreement is not absolutely impossible would it be lasting? But above all, as the hospital would be for all comers, you would make it, in consequence, non-denominational; and then you would not satisfy the Catholic conscience. You would of necessity have to inflict privations, even of the most painful kind, upon the sick, and their relatives.

"In fact, I will simply ask, if, instead of occupied by both Protestants and Catholics, it would be permitted to decorate the wall with the crucifix, the image of the Mother of God, and all those pious emblems that adorn our homes and which our eyes need to contemplate especially in the hour of suffering? Might prayers be said aloud by the bedside of the dying? Might the beads be recited, as is the case in Catholic hospitals? Assuredly not, if such were done the civic character of the hospital would vanish.

"I remember well the objections that were raised only a few years ago to the project of erecting a statue of the Blessed Virgin on the summit of Mount Royal. It was said that it would shock the feelings of the Protestants, and that argument sufficed to put an end to the project. From this alone you may judge of the delicate situations in which Catholics and Protestants would find themselves in the same hospital. I can say that, despite the best intentions, their feelings would not be of short duration. Harmony would be of short duration."

"Moreover, I think that I voice

the sentiments of all the Catholic families, when I state that I would like to have sisters of charity as nurses for their children in cases of contagious, and often mortal illness. Now sisters of charity can find no place in a civic, undenominational hospital. It would, in truth, grate upon everyone, to have them there as servants under the orders of a matron.

"These reasons, and others, which I will dispense with repeating here, convinced the chairman of the Health Committee. He understood the necessity of having done for the proposed hospital that which individual enterprise has done, up to the present, for all the other benevolent institutions. But to erect two hospitals or even one, in two completely distinct sections, would impose considerable outlay upon the city; possibly too great for the present. I grant this objection; but can too high a price be paid for peace, for harmony, amongst our citizens, for a respect of religious convictions, for the practical recognition of individual freedom in matters that are the most sacred and personal in life?"

It is to be hoped that the offer, on behalf of the Sisters of Charity, which the Archbishop has made to the Council, and which has been received with general applause and appreciation, will be accepted by our City Fathers. The question is one of vital importance; and from a financial standpoint, if the community is prepared to donate \$50,000 to the erection of a Catholic hospital, and to conduct the same to the entire satisfaction of the public and of the Health Department, it would, to our mind, be the height of folly for the civic authorities to decline the same. His Grace tells us that such is the intention of the Grey Nuns; and that there should be no two opinions.

cal profession. You find them at the head of infirmal journals, great mercantile and banking establishments—all proud that they are Catholics and feeling that the better Catholics they are, the better citizens they are. But notwithstanding the prejudice we had to encounter in this country, there is not another country on the surface of the earth where character, integrity, industry, and ability are so quickly recognized or so richly rewarded.

If asked to name some of the greatest causes which have contributed to the prosperity of the Catholic Church during the nineteenth century I would answer, first and above all others is Irish Catholic emigration. No other people on the globe have suffered for their faith as the Irish people have suffered. No other people have been put to so severe a test. No other people have so solemnly proved their fidelity to the faith of their fathers. For this they have been selected by Divine Providence as the standard bearers of Christianity to the nations of the earth.

The people are not fleeing from Ireland as in former years. The increased emigration of this year is to be attributed rather to the festal consecration than to distress. The peasant is not as much of a helot as formerly, nor is the landholder as much at the mercy of the tyrannical landlord as some years ago.

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THE TRUE ANTI-IRISH SPIRIT.

As we have been often told, the most dangerous literature is that which is refined in its immoral propaganda, so do we find that the most effective expression of anti-Irish sentiment is that which is couched in careful language and drawn up with a view to creating a prepossession, in its favor, in the mind of the public. After all, the vulgar and loud-mouthed attack upon our race is always the least harmful. It may derange the gravity of the muscular system; but it will never deceive the masses, nor cause a seriously patriotic Irishman to go to bed in dread of the morrow. It is those cleverly written, but long prepared articles from so-called Irish correspondents, that display the keenest and bitterest of the hostility felt towards the Old Land and her sons. As an example of what we daily receive as mental food, from the Protestant press, we reproduce in full a letter dated London, 8th March, to the "Evening Post."

"The favorite ditty of the London music halls for months past has run, 'What do you think of the Irish now?' This week's momentous happenings have made the question most difficult to answer. Lords Wolsey and Lansdowne are both Irish by birth and association, and together they have this week managed to send tumbling over the abyss their own reputations and the great army system for which they were jointly responsible, and watching their fall, that he may profit of it, all determined men whom English statesmanship has failed to reconcile with English rule. It has in truth been an Irish week. It is impossible to say that the British public has been very much perturbed by the Irish row in the House of Commons. Parliament has lost that halo of sanctity which great personalities like those of Pitt, Palmerston, Peel, Disraeli, and Gladstone used to give to it, and has become in the public

mind little more than a talking shop, too verbose and unwieldy for practical work. The spectacle, therefore, of politicians entering the people's chamber and hauling out representatives of the people, much as they would drunkards out of a tavern, hardly seems to have shocked the English public. Generally the little boy out of the drawing-room occurs to them, and perhaps they even share the satisfaction which the "Spectator" expresses to-day when it says that it is not sorry to see the Irish members in simulated tantrums, because they are never dangerous when noisy.

"To a Minister of the crown, whose views I have heard, the whole affair appeared as a mere Irish trick to replenish the depleted party treasury by subscriptions from the sympathizing Irish servant-girl in America. The deeper meaning of it, all hardly finds expression in the press, namely, the fact that, after three hundred years of English rule, two-thirds of Ireland's representatives seize every opportunity to block the English governing machine, and harass and degrade English public life, and win widespread applause in Ireland for their pains.

"As to the rights and wrongs of the case, Mr. Balfour undoubtedly is far too fond of closure, and can use his power in the most exasperating way. Moreover, Parliament becomes a farce when a vote of \$85,000,000 can be forced through the House after five hours' discussion on one only of half-a-dozen burning English, Irish, and Scotch subjects affected by the vote. On the other hand, the Irish members who have managed to squeeze eighty-four speeches on two and a half weeks' sittings, can hardly claim to be gagged; but, after all, the practical point is that if the Irish Nationalists choose they can bring concerted extremist measures against the British Parliament to its knees, as well now as in Parnell's day."

And this is what our people pay to encourage! Surely, amongst the resolutions to be taken on this first St. Patrick's Day of the century, one will be recorded to the effect that our people will sin no more in ostracising their own press for such as the above.

agitation and they are inclined to see insanity in a platform, advocacy of physical force, and in the counsels of men who urge the Irish people into the losing game of taking up arms under the present circumstances.

THEATRES IN LENT.—Last week we pointed out in these columns that our theatres in the Catholic city were crowded every night. The Providence "Visitor" in referring to a recent pastoral of the Archbishop of Dublin, says:—

"The lure of the fine gold is crowding dim, as the Archbishop of Dublin finds it necessary to warn his flock about going to theatres in Lent. Some years ago it was the regular custom, in Dublin, for all Catholics to keep away from public entertainments during the penitential season. Of late, such abstinence has grown rare even among the devout, although, as the Archbishop is at pains to point out, the moral tone of the theatres has sadly deteriorated. We have great pleasure in quoting Dr. Walsh's pronouncement on going to the theatre in Lent: 'The frequentation of theatres and other places of amusement is at variance with the spirit of mortification which should prevail amongst Catholics during the season of Penance.' Let him whom the cap fits wear it."

A PROOF OF SANITY.—A new light has dawned upon us from this short paragraph, which we have copied from a Boston daily paper, says the "Weekly Boquet":—

"The will of Arthur, Cole of Boston, was lately disputed in one of the courts on the ground of incompetency. It was proved, however, that only three days before the date of the will, Mr. Cole renewed his subscription for his favorite paper, 'The Boston Herald.' This fact was considered sufficient evidence of sanity by both the court and jury."

If it is a proof of a man's sanity to pay for his paper, then it must be a proof of his insanity when he neglects to do so. It is, we think, that the first sign of insanity in a man—his neglect to pay for his paper. This was the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand; he neglected to pay his subscription when it became due!

Ah! why could he not have been warned? But no, the occurrence was too common, hundreds were treading the same path, and so it went on, year after year, until the end came. How necessary, then, that we watch the first symptoms of the disease—that we warn those who are unaware as are standing on the precipice!

If the mere prompt paying for one's paper is an antidote or a preventative, how easy to do it! As we value an approving conscience—as we wish to prove our claim to sanity—let us pay in advance and promptly for our paper. A word to the wise is sufficient!

FATHER LACHAPPELLE, S. J., DEAD.

The Rev. Fathers of St. Boniface College have received news, by cablegram, of the death, at Ancon, in France, of the Rev. Rodrigue Lachapelle, S. J., who was for several years a teacher in St. Boniface College and an examiner in the Uni-

versity of Manitoba. He was born at St. Henri, near Montreal, March 5, 1865, and died Feb. 19, 1901, in his 36th year. Having distinguished himself in the classical and philosophical courses at St. Mary's College, Montreal, as one of the most brilliant students that ever passed through that famous institution, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Sault-au-Recollet, Que., July 21, 1883. His very unusual talents in all branches of learning earned for him, at the outset, a pedagogic career, a great reputation as a professor. He was chosen at an extraordinarily early age classical tutor to his own brethren of the Society, and afterwards taught the higher, and the lower classes—for in all he was equally at home—in St. Mary's College, Montreal, and in St. Boniface College. While here he gave to one of the St. Boniface winners of the university previous medal that of Dean Swift's medal for his brilliant training which enabled him to capture that much coveted prize of the higher, and the lower classes—for in all he was equally at home—in St. Mary's College, Montreal, and in St. Boniface College. While here he gave to one of the St. Boniface winners of the university previous medal that of Dean Swift's medal for his brilliant training which enabled him to capture that much coveted prize of the higher, and the lower classes—for in all he was equally at home—in St. Mary's College, Montreal, and in St. Boniface College. While here he gave to one of the St. Boniface winners of the university previous medal that of Dean Swift's medal for his brilliant training which enabled him to capture that much coveted prize of the higher, and the lower classes—for in all he was equally at home—in St. Mary's College, Montreal, and in St. Boniface College. 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Saturday March 16, 1901

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER

On St. Patrick's Mission.

While the first celebration of Ireland's national festival in the twentieth century will be held on Monday next, still to-morrow (Sunday) is really St. Patrick's Day. Apart from the national significance of the occasion, there is a deep and abiding religious glow about this feast day, for Ireland's patron is also a saint of the Catholic Church. It is not always well to anticipate a celebration of any kind, therefore it would be premature for us to write of what is to take place on Monday next; but a few remarks concerning St. Patrick as the Apostle of the Faith may not be inappropriate on the very eve of his day. I do not pretend to be able to say anything very new regarding the life of St. Patrick; almost everything that could possibly be said on the subject has been spoken and written time out of mind. But I might possibly be able to say some of these old things in a new way.

When we seriously reflect upon the career of St. Patrick we infallibly come to the conclusion that Ireland and Irishmen were highly privileged and honored in having such a sublime personage as their national patron. I know that men live, and men have lived, whose ideas of St. Patrick can, to say the least, be called false. They imagine that it is the patriotic enthusiasm of the Celt, bubbling over, that imparts to St. Patrick's day, that imparts a special importance to the saint. But such is not the case. I have vainly sought in the annals of every nation, civilized or barbaric, for a character such as Patrick, for one who with a wonderful mission, and as extraordinary a success; not in ancient, mediæval or modern times can the man be found. And this is no mere outcome of Irish national enthusiasm, nor of Catholic religious fanaticism, nor of the patriotic sentimentality of my part. If the reader will bear with me for a few moments, I hope to establish the facts that the mission of St. Patrick to Ireland, and its results, cannot be duplicated in the story of any other people.

St. Patrick was one of that great company of missionaries who, at different times, went forth from Rome to the light of the Gospel into lands where barbarism and paganism reigned supreme. His mission was crowned with a success that no other preacher of the Gospel ever attained. Others commenced the work of converting the heathen, and their companions aided them in the gigantic task; but many of these peoples were centuries in being turned to the Truth of Christianity, and not a few of them lost their Faith, with the light of the Gospel rolled along. But St. Patrick's work was successful and effective from the very outset; he performed it all alone, unaided by other missionaries sent at the same time as he; the people flocked around his standard, and his Cross; and what is more wonderful still, they and their descendants, for over nearly fifteen centuries, have preserved the doctrines taught by that great apostle, and have held to their Faith through persecutions and misfortunes such as no pen could describe and no finite mind could conceive.

When Ireland was first visited by St. Patrick, the Druids held sway, and amidst their weird surroundings, and in their sacred groves, they taught a creed that, as a pagan one, was, perhaps, the best calculated to prepare the race for the reception of higher revelations. He so satisfied the ruling classes, who could bring with them their followers, and he joined tact to zeal, respecting ancient prejudices, opposing nothing that was not directly hostile to the spirit of Christianity, and handling skilfully the chiefs with whom he had to deal. An early convert—Dichu MacTrighim—was a chief with influential connections, who gave the ground for the religious house now known as Saul. He so satisfied all the inquiries of Laoghaire, son of Niall, King of Erin, concerning the strange preacher's movements, that St. Patrick sailed for the mouth of the Boyne and went direct to the King. He eventually converted this monarch.

It is in connection with the "baptism" of this monarch that the story is told of the convert's extraordinary faith and great heroism. St. Patrick travelled with a sharp-pointed crozier, which served his purpose as

a staff, as well as a symbol of episcopal authority. When he was baptizing the monarch the spike of the crozier rested upon the instep of the King's right foot. Unaware of this, St. Patrick pressed so hard upon the foot and caused the royal convert most fearful agony. Yet he gave no sign of suffering, nor did he complain in any way. It was only after the ceremony that the Saint learned what had happened, and when he asked the King why he did not give some sign to indicate his pain, the heroic monarch made answer, that he thought it was part of the ceremony, and that as the Lord had both feet and hands transfixed with nails, he saw no reason why an earthly King should not have one foot pierced.

After the conversion of the King, his son, Laoghaire, ordered a revision of the Brehon Laws, that they might be made to harmonize with the new teachings. St. Patrick assisted in revising those laws, and no ancient customs were changed or broken, except what could not be brought into accord with Christianity. Thus, by prudence and judgment, the Apostle effected a transformation without offending the people. That collection of laws is called the "Senchus Mor." An old poem thus refers to it:—
"Laoghaire, Corc, Dairi, the brave;
Patrick, Deven, Cairnech, the wise;
Rossa, Dubtach, Fergus, the wise;
These are the nine pillars of the Senchus Mor."

It was in Ulster and Leinster that St. Patrick principally worked. Amongst the churches and religious communities that he founded in Ulster is that of Armagh, the archbishop of which is Primate of Ireland, and—through the consideration of Our Holy Father, Leo XIII.—was raised, in 1893, to a Cardinal's rank. St. Patrick was born about the year 405, and was carried prisoner into Ireland at the age of sixteen. He escaped about the year 427, and found his way home to his parents. He spent one year with them, and then four years with Germans at Auxerre. It was in 432 that he commenced his apostleship of Ireland. According to almost all authorities, he labored during sixty years in his mission, and died in 493, at the ripe old age of eighty-eight.

St. Patrick is little known as a writer; he was a preacher. He went about, like His Master, "doing good." He was an Apostle in the real sense of the term. He obeyed to the letter the order pronounced by Christ to His followers, to "go forth and preach." Of his written works we have a "Letter to Carottius," a petty King of Brittany, who persecuted the Christians; and a fragment of his "Confession." However, this latter is a sublime composition in which the beauties and grandeur of religion are pictured. The fact that Patrick left only a couple of written works behind him is no evidence that he was not learned, as some enemies of the Church, as well as of Ireland, have pretended. In fact, the works of conversions, the founding of monasteries and the building of churches, apart from his endless voyages on foot and his ceaseless preaching, should have been sufficient to meet the views of even the most exacting—there was little time left to him for writing or even reading.

Thousands are the legends told about St. Patrick; some of them are founded on facts, others were merely creatures of a heated imagination. A poetical and religiously fervent people, like the Irish, very naturally seize upon the stories, traditions and moulding of the past. But, leaving aside, all that is legendary, we have sufficient of historical incidents in the life and labors of the mighty Apostle of Ireland to satisfy the most keen appetite for the marvelous and great. Apart from his recorded miracles, there stands before us the incontestable miracle of the conversion of a whole race in the space of one lifetime, and the still greater miracle of the preservation of the Faith, which St. Patrick had preached, during all those centuries of sorrow, persecution and barbaric sufferings. Well may our race ask of God to-morrow that the Light of Catholicity, which Saint Patrick had brought to our forefathers, may never be extinguished while one individual of the Irish race survives.

EMMET'S DAY IN CHICAGO.

It appears that Chicago was favored by two distinct celebrations of the Emmet anniversary; the first took place on Saturday, and was under the auspices of the Nationalists; the second, on Monday, was the celebration of the occasion by the United Irish societies. The "New World" commenting on these events, said:—
"The sentiments expressed at the two celebrations of Emmet's day on Saturday and Monday last were in marked contrast. The United Irish societies passed resolutions formally indorsing the action of the re-united Irish party. So far as we can learn from the daily papers, the Nationalists did not formally condemn or indorse the action of the Parliamentary Party; but their speakers were very bitter in their denunciation of that party. This was especially so in the cases of Mayor Daly and Miss Maud Gonne."
We confess, we regard the action of the United Irish societies as be-

ing, in this respect, very much more rational of the two. As regards the assertion that Parliamentary agitation has done nothing for Ireland in the past quarter of a century, that assertion is simply untrue. "Parliamentary action has procured for Ireland, during that period, legislation on the land question which has produced a social revolution in Ireland more sweeping than any which has taken place in any other country of Europe in a like period of time since the French revolution."
"Peasants who, twenty-five years ago, were practically slaves, who hardly dared to look their landlord in the face when they met him on the road are now free men who walk erect and set their former tyrants at defiance. Is this nothing? It seems to us that it is far from being nothing."
It is to complete this great work of turning the tenant farmers of Ireland from tenants at will, who were

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THE NEW WILLIAMS

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal.

SUPERIOR COURT,
No. 438.
Dame Margery B. Mowatt, of the Town of Westmount, in the District of Montreal, wife of Charles R. McDowell, Plaintiff;
vs.
The said Charles R. McDowell, Defendant.

An action in separation of property has been this day instituted between the above parties.
Montreal, March 6th, 1901.

SMITH,
MARKEY & MONTGOMERY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff
35-5

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near St. Ann's Church. Trial order invited.

NOTICE.
Sealed tenders, marked "Tender for Saint Gabriel School," will be received by Mr. U. E. Archambault, Sec.-Treas. of the Commission, Montreal Catholic Schools, up to Tuesday, 19th inst., at 11 a.m. precisely, for the construction of St. Gabriel School.

Each Tender shall be accompanied by an accepted cheque for the sum of \$1,500; the Commission not binding itself to accept either the lowest or any Tender.

The Plans and Specifications may be examined, at the office of the Architect, Mr. W. E. Doran, 180 St. James street, who may also be addressed for the form of Tender.

Extra copies of our next issue, containing special reports of St. Patrick's Day celebration in all parts of the world, ready for mailing, supplied by newsmen or at the office of publication, 2 Busy street.

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. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY.....MARCH 16, 1901.

Notes of the Week.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.— On Monday, the 18th instant, the Irish race the world over will celebrate the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint.

The world, in all quarters, beholds, this year, a celebration that cannot but touch the spring of sentiment that ever bubbles up in the Irish heart. A united, or rather reunited Parliamentary Party actually holds the balance of power in the Imperial House. The voice of Ireland is heard upon all occasions of moment, and the story of her wrongs and her triumphs is repeated in every key. We have, to-day, the practical assurance that if the present condition of affairs can be maintained for a limited time, the early years of this century will behold the establishment of a reasonable degree of Home Rule, the passing away of the cloud that envelops the land.

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFTS.— It caused some surprise when the fact was announced that millionaire Andrew Carnegie had offered, on given conditions, to donate \$100,000 to a free library at Ottawa. But we find that he is willing to give \$25,000 to a similar object in Sydney, C.B.

MR. LALLY'S NEW OFFICE.— A large number of our people in Montreal will be pleased to learn of the appointment of Mr. Frank Lally to the important office of superintendent of the Cornwall Canal. Mr. Lally resided in Montreal for many years, during which time he was a prominent figure upon the then champion team of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club. We wish Mr. Lally success in his new sphere.

DE WET STILL DEFIANT.— We have been informed, from Pretoria, that General De Wet had been surrounded; that he was ready to accept terms; that he was willing to follow the course which Mrs. Botha influenced her husband to adopt; and that he has slipped away and is not likely to be captured for some time.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.— Let our advertising patrons and friends not forget that next week we issue a special number, and one, on account of the reports of the annual celebration of St. Patrick's Day, that will have a very wide circulation. The sooner space for advertisements is demanded the more likely will it be obtainable. Any one wishing to have his business or profession no-

ticed should come early, for one our complement of advertising is in we will not open the form for any consideration in the world.

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.— During the year 1900, the number of pilgrims who visited the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, going by rail, was 87,081. Thirty-seven thousand went there by boat. And about 8,000 made the pilgrimage on foot or in vehicles. In all the shrine was visited by 134,081 pilgrims during the year—an increase of nearly 14,000 over the previous year. During the past twenty-five years two million one hundred and eighty thousand five hundred and eight pilgrims frequented the shrine. And yet we are told that "there is no faith in Israel." These figures are so eloquent that comment would mar their effect.

OUT IN CHINA.— There seems to be friction between Great Britain and Russia over in China. The former power has constructed a side track to Tien-Tsin, and the latter looks on with vexation. A considerable military force was required to protect the builders of the branch. Everything is not "heavenly" in the "Celestial Empire." An American sensational organ seeks to create an impression that Irishmen are helping the Boxers, or Chinese rebels. We have no doubt at all on the subject; but we fear that the yellow journal in question has been misled by names. Here in Montreal, even at this hour, on the corner of Aylmer and Mayor streets, is a Chinese laundry managed by "Charlie Quin." It might be that some of his relatives are implicated in the troubles in the Flowery Land. If so, we can readily understand how.

HON. DR. GUERIN.—The attitude taken by Hon. Dr. Guerin in regard to the Cremation Bill before the Quebec Legislature, is well deserving of commendation. He has spoken openly, frankly, and from a conscientious motive. We can easily understand how members of the Legislature, who are individually opposed to cremation, may deem it proper to vote for the Bill, on the ground that it is an entirely Protestant matter. We can even understand them giving expression to such views. But, in the case of Dr. Guerin, we must say that he has taken the proper and more manly course, if even it should be less popular than any other. His arguments were logical, and he has no reason to be ashamed of his attitude, nor of his utterances, in connection with the affair.

SUDDEN DEATHS.— This year, so far, has been most remarkable for sudden deaths. Almost each day's paper contains one or more accounts of fearfully sudden, entirely unexpected deaths. As a rule, these sad events are attributed to heart disease, or heart failure. There is no doubt that when the heart fails, or is touched death follows instantaneously. But it seems to us that there must be other causes. In fact, we believe that there are many citizens daily paving the way to an unexpected end, by abuses or practices, which, if not really censurable, at

least do not come within the pale of ordinary prudence. This reflection recalls to us one of those quick rejoinders for which the late Bishop Lefebvre was famous. Some one said: "I fear a sudden death more than aught else." "An unprepared death you mean," said the good Bishop.

"DUST TO DUST"

The question of cremation, as far as the novel departure at Mount Royal Cemetery is concerned, will probably be settled by a vote of the Quebec Legislature before our readers peruse this issue of our paper. When a final word has been said on the subject by our legislators it will be time enough to comment upon the decision reached. Meanwhile, we cannot allow to pass unnoticed an editorial, under the heading "Ashes to Ashes," which appeared in the "Daily Witness" of last Tuesday. For more than one reason do we feel it important that reference should be made to that piece of historical, literary and religious confusion. There is a very serious, and to us important, side to the article in question; likewise is there an amusing and highly ridiculous phase of it. We will deal with the latter first; and to do so we will have to quote the words of the erudite writer of that marvellous bit of composition.

The article commences with the assertion that, "The most of us are not very partial to cremation." The most of who? Very likely it means the most of the "Daily Witness" staff. Who, then, is "partial to cremation?" Not even its advocates, we venture to say. We know, at least, that we believe in burial of the dead; but we decidedly are not "partial" to burial—we have not the slightest inclination in that direction; it is a process that never tempted us, nor do we know of any person who ever hankered after burial.

After this opening sentence we are treated to the following:—"In matters which appeal so keenly to the feelings, people are apt to prefer with regard to those dearest to them to follow the practice about which the fibres of traditional sentiment have woven themselves."

In case the reader might not be able to picture to himself the "fibres of traditional sentiment" weaving themselves about a practice which "with regard to those dearest to them" "people are apt to prefer," we have the metaphoric expressions illustrated by the following poetic quotations:—
Still to us,
"The fools of habit, sweater seems
To rest beneath the clover sod
That takes the sunshine and the rains"
and we still cleave to earth-burial even though it be no longer in the ancestral precincts.

"Where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God."
So much for burial; that side of the question is disposed of, since "the fools of habit" "cleave to earth-burial" (the writer will never "cleave" the earth "even though it be no longer in the ancestral precincts," (wherever they are to be found). The kneeling hamlet (which should be written with a capital "H" to make any sense of it) draining the "chalice of the grapes of God" is certainly as quaint and pertinent as the sentence which it is intended to embellish or explain.

Now we come to the other side of the medal. The article thus goes on:—"On the other hand, it is nonsense to pretend that there is anything more than sentiment in this conservatism or any reasonable objection, religious or otherwise, to cremation."

What about the liberalism that must stand in contradistinction to "this conservatism?" Does it rest upon anything more than sentiment? So "it is nonsense to pretend that there is any reasonable religious objection to cremation." Leaving aside the practice and precept of the Catholic Church, what must all the eminent Anglican clergymen, who are so opposed to cremation, think of the "Daily Witness" and its views on the subject?

After this very dogmatic utterance we are treated to a little Church history. The article thus continues:—"The simple early Christians, who were largely Jews, who had always buried in rocks, and who looked forward to the speedy rising of their dead to take part in the body in the glories of Christ, were naturally repelled by the Greek and Roman system of cremation."
There is information for you! "The early Christians who were largely Jews, who had always buried (he must mean burrowed) in rocks, etc." We are aware that the majority of the very first Christians were of Hebrew extraction, but we had to await the twentieth century and the "Daily Witness" to learn that these "simple Christians" "were largely Jews." An old clergyman once said that "there are

Turks who are better Christians than some of us;" there was a meaning in this apparent bull, but there is neither rhyme nor reason in what the editorial writer of the "Daily Witness" gives us. Was it these Christians (as Christians) or was it these Jews that "looked forward to the speedy rising of their dead to take part in the body in the glories of Christ?" If he means the Jews; they had no faith in Christ and the resurrection; if he means the Christians, they held no such belief—they awaited the general resurrection, as do the Christians of today.

One more quotation, and we will pass to the practical or serious phase of this wonderful article. The writer of it says:—"Yet St. Paul, in that chapter which, being read at funerals, is perhaps the most familiar in the New Testament, plainly calls those fools who think that it is the body that is buried that will rise again."
We know of only one man in Canadian journalism who could analyze this sentence and explain its construction—he is the editor of "Notes and Queries" in the "Star." To use the words of the "Daily Witness" scribe, he might be able to "resolve it to its chemical elements." We have no time, nor inclination to devote any more attention to these astonishingly confused expressions.

We now come to something ludicrous. The editorial thus continues:—"Roman Catholics attach importance to the sanctity of the earth in which a body is buried, and to the forms observed in burial, but none at all to the body after it is buried. This has been made familiar to the people in Montreal by the facts that graves are sold or rented for a term of years, that the bodies in the old burial ground were most indifferently removed to the new, and that in Dominion square coffins still from time to time make their way to the surface."

This is very clear—save in as far as concerns the locomotion of coffins. The moment the "Daily Witness" touches the Catholic Church or Catholics, as a body, it expresses its views with no uncertain sound. Dealing with historical matters, with literary questions, with abstract subjects, it may be obscure, uncertain, zig-zag in its pronouncements; but the minute it steps into the arena of bigotry, where anti-Catholic prejudices rage, it is precise, it knows whereof it writes, it is in no way embarrassed. However, the foregoing quotation contains one big blunder; if there be an institution, or a body, or a communion on earth that pays exceptional honor to the bodies of the dead, it is the Catholic Church. So well known is the fact to every enlightened Protestant, that its universal acceptance removes all necessity of refuting the ignorant calumny contained in the above-quoted sentences.

Still more clear, still more outspoken is what follows:—"If anything could change a mild and unwilling toleration into positive advocacy it would be interference in the matter by a man who, like Dr. Guerin, has no interest in it."

Why has Dr. Guerin no interest in it? Does he not represent one of the largest constituencies in the province? Is he not a member of the Cabinet? Has he no right to his private opinions? Is he supposed to have no conscience? Is he expected to be silent, when his mandate warrants him in voicing the convictions of those who elected him? Says the "Witness":—"Yet the Protestants are to be required to bury according to Dr. Guerin's prejudices. Dr. Guerin's words are concerned in out of place, especially in a Catholic newspaper. But there are times when this rule does not stand and the exception made is so made in a spirit of justice. One of these cases is that of the late Sister St. Providence, superior of St. Urbain's Academy of this city, who departed this life on Sunday evening last, and whose funeral service took place on Tuesday at the Mother House of the Congregation de Notre Dame. Now that this great and good nun is beyond the reach of aught that we might say concerning her life of sacrifice and brilliant mental gifts we pen these few lines."

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From the foregoing one would be led to suppose that the Abbe Lemire was somewhat of a lukewarm defender of Catholicism. However, the full report of his masterly address, which we read in the French press, would indicate the contrary. Another fact must be considered; the deputy priest preached a few Sundays ago in the community chapel of the nuns of the Adoration Reparatrice, in the Rue d'Ulm. The occasion was the yearly solemn novena that opens the Lenten season. We are told that: "The preachers this year included six religious, two of whom were superioress-general, and two bishops, one of whom was a Cardinal, and the sixth the Abbe Lemire."
"The theme of his sermon was in substance the same as that of his so much forensic discussion. He took for his text, 'Weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children.' It would not have been the Abbe Lemire speaking had he not made an especial appeal for the weak and the suffering."
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favor of confession to the priest. They are the same as have been advanced by nearly all the High Ritualistic section of Anglicanism. No more do we care to enter into distinctions between confession as understood by Anglicans, and confession as taught and practised by the Catholic Church. What most attracted our attention was the following statements made by the Rev. preacher. He said:—"If we are to use nothing to be found in the Church of Rome, then we must turn out the three creeds, nearly all the collects and prayers from the Prayer Book, and the selections of Epistles and Gospels; then we must cease to sing the Psalter and to read the Holy Scriptures. As wise Christians, we should use everything that is good in deepening our sorrow for sin and in developing our spiritual life, that we may grow more and more Christ-like in character every day."

There is decidedly wisdom in these words. The subject has frequently flashed upon us exactly as it is viewed by Father Davenport. It would seem to be a characteristic of Protestantism, in general, to avoid, or deny, or repudiate everything to be found in the Catholic Church. Granting, for argument sake, that the Catholic Church holds practices that are not in accord with the ideas of other Christians, and that such practices are not warranted, as Protestants claim, by Scripture; even then it is scarcely possible that such an ancient and respectable institution as the Church, should be wrong in every particular, and so much so that none of her teachings can be acceptable.

If such were the case, then logic, hard and unbending, would demand that the Protestant churches should deny the creation, the Incarnation, the Redemption, Hell, Heaven, and the Immortality of the soul. These are fundamental doctrines of Catholicity; and if every Catholic doctrine is wrong and to be repudiated, then these must be erroneous and be condemned. If nothing is to be taken from Rome, and nothing practised that the Catholic Church practices, then Protestantism must of necessity give up repeating the Lord's Prayer, the Psalms, the Gospels, the Epistles, the Acts. In a word, if you take away from Protestantism every teaching and every practice that is essentially Catholic, the result is simply the wiping out entirely of Protestant Christianity and the substitution of paganism, or rank infidelity in its stead.

Father Davenport has all unwittingly struck the keynote. But the great obstacles that he will ever have to encounter is the prejudice against the Catholic Church which reigns in nearly all non-Catholic hearts. When the day dawns that the Protestant world will admit that whatever it holds in common with the Catholic Church must be good, half the battle is won, and the roads—from all quarters of earth—that all lead to Rome will be thronged with returning pilgrims.

MOTHER ST. PROVIDENCE DEAD.

When a Catholic young lady gives up her life of the world for one in a religious community, she abandons all hopes and desires of worldly praise. Her sacrifice is made, and any words of commendation belong more to the community than to herself. This is the practise of humility in all its perfection. To individualize as far as members of a community are concerned is out of place, especially in a Catholic newspaper. But there are times when this rule does not stand and the exception made is so made in a spirit of justice. One of these cases is that of the late Sister St. Providence, superior of St. Urbain's Academy of this city, who departed this life on Sunday evening last, and whose funeral service took place on Tuesday at the Mother House of the Congregation de Notre Dame. Now that this great and good nun is beyond the reach of aught that we might say concerning her life of sacrifice and brilliant mental gifts we pen these few lines.

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ST. PATRICK'S

(The following poem on St. Patrick's Day, the first idea of the great work, and of the hopes concerning the Faith.)
"He was no Druid
Arm'd for the sea
He was no poet,
Chanting to chief
His reverent year
face
Gave to his form
His sacred song
His share in no gro
"Midly to tell,
The story of our
Of Eve, of Christ,
The hallowed and
Of God's omnipot
Of sons of earth,
Of Peter and the
And of his own p
"Leahaire, the
kings,
In terror from his
For he had dream
fair
Pillars of fire on
And that the bur
streaming
Melted the idols ir
And the dream of
nals say,
Was fulfill'd in the
day."

ST. PATRI

THE A. O. H.—T
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ST. PATRICK'S
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five gathering.

A LITTLE SLIP
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Y.I.L. and B.A.—O
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THE LATE REV. F. CALLAGHAN

At the regular meet
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God to call to a he
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Father James Callag
Resolved,—That th
St. Patrick's Society
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CONDOLENCE.—At
meeting of Branch 26
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Council of Canada,
Feb. 25th, 1901, the
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and standing vote —
That, whereas, it h
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beloved wife of our
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Resolved,—That th
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be published in the "

CONDOLENCE.—A
meeting of Branch No
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was proposed and ad
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to be eternal reward
McDonald, loving dau
L. McDonald, for man
ly deceased, member
Branch. Be it
Resolved,—That we

ST. PATRICK'S FIRST CONVERT.

(The following extracts from McGee's poem on the subject of St. Patrick's first convert, will give an idea of the great Apostle, of his work, and of the fulfillment of his hopes concerning Ireland's adherence to the Faith.)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THE A. O. H.—This powerful association will do honor to the closing hours of the day of celebration by holding a grand entertainment in the Windsor Hall, which will no doubt be attended by its hosts of admirers.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN.

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THE LATE REV. FATHER JAMES CALLAGHAN.

At the regular meeting of St. Patrick's Society, held in their hall on the evening of the 4th instant, the following was unanimously adopted: "Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to heavenly reward one of the workers in His vineyard, the universally loved and respected Father James Callaghan; be it

CONDOLENCE.

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 2, C.M.B.A., held on Monday, Feb. 25th, 1901, the following resolution was passed by an unanimous standing vote:—That, whereas it has pleased Almighty God to take to himself the beloved wife of our esteemed Brother Thos. Harding.

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of Branch No. 2, C.M.B.A., tender our most profound sympathy to the family in their sad affliction.

A similar resolution was sent to the widow of the late Mr. James McElroy, whose death was recorded in these columns last week.

CONDOLENCE.—At the regular meeting of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, held Sunday afternoon, March 10th, 1901, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved.—That this Society desires to place on record its sincere sympathy with Mr. Harding and family in the great loss they have sustained.

CONDOLENCE.—At a regular meeting of Branch 54, C.M.B.A., held on Wednesday, March 6th, the following resolution of condolence was passed:

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classes and learn the language of their forefathers. Bro. Hugh McMorro, in an address of twenty minutes' duration, gave an excellent description of the life, trial and death of Ireland's martyred son. Too great praise cannot be given the committee which had the direction of the affair and which consisted of Bros. R. Millette, J. O'Brien, W. Hickey, P. Flanagan, J. Jordan, M. Ward and W. Graham.

CONDOLENCE.—At the regular meeting of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, held Sunday afternoon, March 10th, 1901, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

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reported at some length in the C. M. B. A. News for March. The facts in brief are as follows:

In 1892 Charles Coll made application for membership in Branch 38, C. M. B. A., Pittsburg, claiming to be under fifty years of age. He received a beneficiary certificate for \$2,000 issued in favor of his daughter. He paid his dues regularly until his death in January, 1899.

An obituary notice and the report made by attending physician, both stating his age to be sixty-five years, attracted the attention of officers of the association. They verified this fact and determined to make the case a test case by resisting payment of the claim. Suit was brought against the association by the daughter. Conclusive evidence was brought before the court to prove that Mr. Coll was between fifty-five and fifty-seven years of age at the time of his initiation. Notwithstanding, the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff for full amount claimed.

An application for a new trial being granted after much opposition, the case was again brought before the court in January, 1901. After a hot contest, the association was released from any liability under beneficiary certificate. The presiding judge ruled that if at the date of Charles Coll's initiation he was fifty years of age, it was immaterial whether he knew or not that his statements were untrue, and that if they were not absolutely true, he should forfeit his rights. This is an important decision.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.

On February 2nd, Candlemas Day, Mrs. Veitch, the oldest woman in Newfoundland, was called to her eternal reward. The deceased was born at a thriving settlement called Holyrood 107 years ago. Over a quarter of a century ago, her husband, the late John Veitch, died.

She worked hard to build up a home and by industry and perseverance accumulated some means. Mrs. Veitch was a thoroughly religious woman. Her parents were some of the first settlers in Holyrood parish, long before a church was built, and Mrs.

Veitch often walked a distance of six miles to the nearest parish, Harbor Main, to hear Mass, in the good old times when faith and piety flourished, when virtues were many and vices were few. Consequently God blessed her old days with all the consolations of our Holy Mother Church, and with the kind and loving attention of her son, the Rev. William Veitch, P.P., Conception Harbor, at the bedside of his dying mother.

Rev. Father Murphy, P.P., Holyrood, assisted Father Veitch, and administered to the dying Centenarian the last Sacraments. She was conscious to the last, a remarkable thing in a person so advanced in years. She died on the Great Feast of the Purification as the church was chanting the hymn, "Nunc Dimittis."

Well could she have said, like the holy old man Simeon in the Temple, "Now, O Lord, dismiss thy servant in peace for my eyes have seen thy salvation." Calmly, like the gentle sleep of an infant, life's lamp went out, and the bright soul of that noble woman, rich in good works, hath gone to the better land. She leaves three sons to mourn her demise, Rev. Wm. Veitch, P.P., Veitch, Esq., J.P., and George Veitch, Esq., hotel proprietor, quite a number of her sons and daughters having pre-deceased her. High Mass and offices were offered for the repose of her soul, at which a large number of the Clergy of the Diocese of Harbor Grace assisted. The Celebrant of the Mass was her son, Rev. Father Veitch. Resting in the family plot at Holy Cross cemetery, Holyrood, are the last remains of this old and good woman. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works follow them."

Queen's Hotel

MONTREAL.

The only Fire-Proof Hotel in the city.

Fuchs and Raymond, Props.

Geo. D. Fuchs, - - D. Raymond.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WAITING OWNERS.

HEIRS MISSING.—You could do almost anything with the amount of money that is lying about unclaimed in England, says the London correspondent of the "New York Press."

There is more than a billion dollars' worth of it, deposited in all sorts of places; in the British Treasury, in the Chancery vaults, in hundreds of banks and in the coffers of countless private companies. There it is, waiting for its owner, or his heirs, growing greater all the time—and in almost every case its custodians are making periodic attempts to discover the persons whose property it is.

The names of such unwittingly lucky people, advertised for in 1900, when collected and printed in small type, filled a straight column in the "Times" the other day, and many of the advertisements of that year have a distinctly American interest. Here, for instance, is \$80,000 held for James E. Higgins, who was last heard of in New York; here, too, is "a large sum of money" waiting for the heirs of Joseph Sullivan, formerly of Cork, and later of San Francisco. One John Scott, who fought in the Rebellion, is entitled to money in trust here, and so are J. H. Cook, who left England for America in 1873, and Mary Wrigley, who got married and then went to live in "the States."

Probably a small percentage of the hundreds of "missing heir" advertisements of which these few are cited, are "fakes," inserted by wily "agent-of-kind" agencies to charm away the guineas of credulous folk, but a good many of them are honest efforts on the part of Government officials, lawyers, company secretaries or what not to reach the stray legacies. Not long ago an English professor remarked that in no country but his own could there be not only so much unclaimed money but so many persons ignorant of their claims, or how to establish them, and he accounted for it by pointing out "the size of the British Empire, the migratory and enterprising habits of its people, and the kinship of many families in the three kingdoms to others settled in the English colonies and other parts, and the fortunes made by emigrants and even outcasts."

MILLIONS IN BANK.—The fact that the unclaimed millions in Great Britain are distributed among so many different departments of the Government, and of the business world probably explains why no real estimate of their total amount has ever been made. How staggering such a figure would be can be guessed when it is said that a reasonably sane calculation of the unclaimed funds lying in banks alone is somewhat over \$250,000,000. Of course this estimate takes no account at all of the money in Chancery and those sums of which the Government takes charge—the property of those who have died intestate—to say nothing of all the unclaimed dividends on Government and company bonds, unclaimed soldiers' and sailors' prize money, and so on.

The extent of the treasure lying in banks is easily explained. Strangers call and make one casual deposit, never to be seen or heard of again, having, perhaps, been killed or obliged to make tracks out of the country without losing any time. Some banks, after making continued attempts to find these missing depositors, calmly add the sum to their assets, but most houses keep the accounts open and the money waiting year after year.

IN CHANCERY there is now over \$400,000,000 in cash and property, of which some \$5,000,000 is awaiting claimants, a subject dealt with in a previous article. A part of the simple surplus interest on this huge amount in Chancery was used in building the stately Royal Courts of Justice, on the Strand, in which the Chancery Court now holds forth. In 1881, too, Mr. Gladstone borrowed no less than \$200,000,000 to apply to the national debt, but it isn't always safe to do this on the ground that the unclaimed money included in the amount borrowed is never going to be demanded anyway, for in 1891, the Chancellor of the Exchequer remarked in his financial statement that he had been called upon "quite unexpectedly" to provide \$500,000 to satisfy the demands of heirs and other claimants who had suddenly popped up.

It is true, too, that the next of kin to the owners of these estates are continually turning up. In 1871 a Mrs. Mangin Brown died intestate, leaving property worth half a million dollars. All her heirs were abroad at the time, but years afterward the Government's repeated advertisements finally attracted their attention, and they claimed and recovered the estate.

THE WILY AGENT.—It is just possible that the appearance of these heirs may have been due to the efforts of the alert next-of-kin agent. He is rather uncertain, this agent, and has the reputation of being of-ten-ner tricky than otherwise, but he is never asleep. The righteous next-of-kin man spends his time in hunting up the heirs of property that really exists, and sometimes succeeds in unearthing them after years of work, during which he has performed prodigies of shrewdness. His library helps him a lot, and an odd mass that library is, for it comprises hundreds of old directories, domestic and foreign, old court guides, peerages, long records of births, marriages and deaths, school

Continued on Page Eight.

Our next issue will contain special reports of St. Patrick's Day celebration in Montreal and other leading centres in Canada, as well as of the demonstrations in other parts of the world.

Advertisement for Allan's Hats. Features the year 1901, a harp, and a portrait of a man in a top hat. Text includes: '1901 STILL HARPING ON OUR HATS!', 'WEAR ALLAN'S HATS.', 'Have a good Hat, the secret of your looks lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks...', 'We have just received a large and well selected stock of the Up-to-date Styles from British and American manufacturers for SPRING WEAR Buy a New Hat for St. Patrick's Day', 'See Our New Nobby Nock-about Hats at 75c for Youths and Young Men.', 'See our Hard and Soft Felt Hats at \$1.00 and 1.25 each.', 'See our New Stitched Hats, Black, Gray or Tan, at \$1.50 each.', 'See our Fine Qualities, in Fur Felt Hats Hard or Soft, at \$2.00 and 2.25 each.', 'SPECIAL "DUKE OF YORK STYLE," OR "IRISH LANDLORD," at \$2.50 each, as shown in illustration', 'Also New Neckwear, New Gloves, New Suits, Spring Overcoats and Men's Furnishings at Lowest Prices. Inspection Invited.', 'Allan's Corner Craig and Bleury, and 2299 St. Catherine Street.'

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. P. F. O'DONNELL, Pastor of St. Mary's, Our Lady of Good Counsel, Died Dec. 21st, 1900.

Dear Priest, patriot, prince of men, O'Donnell Saint of God: Pure was that soul that broke its bond at the dark angel's nod, The manliness of Christ's anointed marked his active way, Charity, piety, patience beamed from his brow each day.

On tablets of eternity, memory shall engrave The gratitude of widows, and of orphans he did save; A deep spirit of devotion did animate his breast.

No ostentation though, but humble as a child at rest, Nor stranger, friend, nor guest could ever break his peace in gloe, To Our Lady of Good Counsel, he loved to make appeal.

No doubt, it was inward voices that did his mind employ, And radiate his countenance with beams of holy joy: The children! how fond they loved him; like Christ of Galilee, They gathered round the pastor, and to him he spoke in gloe, And for Christian education what sacrifice he hid;

Oh children of St. Mary's bright, forget not what he did. "Ego te absolvo," confessor, yes, of Christ's true choice; The sinner's heart is melted at the Holy Spirit's voice.

When pain and suffering centered upon the bed of death, His presence, so like an angel's, cheered up the fleeting breath. Oh, Lord! upon thine altar, how pure, and how true he stood; Sure, his edifying priesthood inspired us all with good.

As citizen, a chieftain fair, among mankind he spoke, Ever honored for his wisdom, his counsel and his joke. His virtue, his genius—as his sanctity and grace, Shed lustre on his honored name, and glorified his race.

He loved his native country, still he loved his father's shore, No son of dear old Erin could ever love her more.

Now lie his holy ashes 'neath the dear-loved Virgin's shrine, Sweet Mother, in memory green, His heart was truly thine; Sons and daughters of St. Mary's will of through coming years Enshrine the tomb of him they loved with gems of precious tears.

Keep him in our memory green, while life's dull path we plod, A friend in heaven, true to us, O'Donnell Priest of God.

P. J. LEITCH.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

A Leaf From the Note-Book of an Irish Priest.

"Will my soul pass through Erin On its way to our God?"

Just outside the city of Sherborne, England—under the wing of St. Osburg's Convent, as it were—is a quaint old house, in which a merchant prince may have dwelt in the old Tudor times. It is a home for the aged poor—a resting place for those who have found life's pathway stony.

"Among the denizens of the 'home' is an aged dame on whom the storm had spent its fury when she was outside the world. Her name is Catherine Maloney; and when her birthdays come round she always looks up and says: 'Another mile on the road to Tim, father. Shure, you an me mind Tim.'"

And I tell her truly, that her Tim is never forgotten; for he is remembered at the altar and is often spoken of by one of my flock as "one whom God had taken."

I turn to my note book, and from it piece together this story: When Catherine Maloney came among us she was not a widow; she was a bright, cheerful woman with a kind and steady husband and a sturdy boy.

Mike, her husband, was a bricklayer's laborer, and during the long, dark winters, when King Frost reigned, the Maloneys would have had a hard time of it had it not been for Catherine's industry and thrift. The good God can but fill a cup full, and though Maloney's cup of life was but common earthenware, it was full of the honey of happiness—of content.

"Shure the saints are wid us; There's no stranger's land with them; and Mike is willin', and Tim is like a little robin redbreast. It's a hapen woman I am; an' if I were only in old Ireland, in me own town, wid the fisherwomen goin' to mass wid the shawls on their heads, I'd be in paradice afore I got there," said Catherine often and often.

Then came the day with the rain in it. Mike lost his life, one Eastertide, trying to save a mate who had been compelled by drink and despair to make what he called "a hole in the water." And when the brave fellow had been laid to rest in the Catholic part of the local cemetery, we set about finding a place in the world's market for the widow and her little son.

Our Irish people gave their pennies, I may say, with some kind Protestant theirs, and with the sum thus received Catherine Maloney was set up with a man and a small general store. Little Tim became junior errand boy in a watch manufacturing factory, and so the broken threads were united for a time. Young as he was, Tim was a thorough-going little patriot. He wore the Shamrock on St. Patrick's day; cultivated it in his little garden, and openly declared he intended going back to Green Erin directly he became a man.

"I'll pick up clog and watch repairing as my trade," he used to say, "back to Galway, where we'll smell the breath of the sea, and the peat, and we'll have a little pig and a cow, and something to give to the Sogarth Aroon, bless him, when he lifts the latch of the door. And I'll go to the fairs and travel round the country and keep the farmers' clocks right. And we'll speak Irish, think Irish and be Irish. We'll forget all but St. Osburg's and your father."

He was a generous boy, was Tim; but he had but one great failing; he was warm-tempered when anything put him out; he did things for which he was sorry afterwards. This, as I take it, must have been the cause of his enlisting directly as he was of the required age. His master, who wasn't exactly an iceberg himself, flung his nationality at him as a term of reproach, saying that the Irish were only fit to fight and be shot at.

"Is that so?" said Tim; "then it's fight I will." And straightway went and enlisted. I thought that his mother would lose her reason. "Evil will come of it," she said. "If the stick touches him, he'd break for be broken. Rather would I have given him the name of the Blessed Virgin when he slept, a babe on my breast."

I consoled her, tried to show her the bright side; but though she, as always, heard me with respect, I could see that she did not see the silver side of the shield. One night soon after St. Patrick's day, after I had given benediction, a small son of Erin came to me with a mysterious message. "Shure, father," he said, "it's the Widdy Maloney that asks ye, in God's name, to go to her at once."

"Is the widow ill, Pat?" I asked. He shook his head and ran off. I put on my hat and followed him, feeling that something was wrong. The little shop was, as usual, open and dimly lit, and some decent women were buying bacon and cheese; but little Pat's mother was serving them; Catherine Maloney was not there. "You will find the widdy at the back, father," said the attendant; and I passed into the living room. No one was there, only the cat on the hearth, fast asleep, and a cricket chirping.

A voice—a low, hushed, frightened woman's voice—spoke to me from the stair head. "Father is that you?" "Yes," I replied; "is anything amiss?" "For God's sake, come up stairs softly," was the reply. So I went up the creaking stairs, and at the top stood a woman holding a hand lamp—a woman on whose face was written fear and despair. The saints reward ye, father, Tim is this way dyin'." Dr. MacDermott (who said this) was his name. He came back yesterday night. I was prayin' for him, when I heard a voice say 'Mother, mother, mother,' and when I opened the door there stood a man in an old cloak and a shawl slouched hat, bent like a broken reed, totterin' like a toddlin' child. It was Tim—my Tim—come home to die! The stick had broken him, father. No smart red jacket, no cap perched on one side, like a magpie's head, no smart cane. Only shame, illness, disgrace. He wore the bit of clover on St. Patrick's day, and he was reprimanded. He spoke up, was put in the guard house, was punished. Then he deserted—ran off to what he called old Ireland in the Scenachal land. He laid low all day, hid in barns, and tramped along o' nights. An Irish friend helped him, and he is here. He'll ship him off to America, if he gets well."

"Aye, that we will," said I, "and I went into the bed room. There, on the bed, lay poor Tim! who used to come to the sacraments in his threadbare jacket, and bring me the first flowers of spring. Near him sat Dr. MacDermott. "He is unconscious, father," said the medic. "All for wearing a bit of green, they said. Why his words stung me like whips. 'Take the shamrock out of cap,' he said. I didn't take it out, and cried 'God save Ireland!' Yes; I'll go back to mother. We will go to Galway, and sing a hymn to Mary in the sea-washed streets. It's cold—cold here—and they don't love Mary. Yes, Jesus said to them, 'Love My Mother.' They'll be on my track—I know it. Mary take me to Jesus. Hide me under your mantle. I have always loved you; pity me!" He said no more. From the pale, parched lips there issued a stream of blood.

"He has broken a blood vessel, father," said Dr. MacDermott. "He is going now—fast—fast!" "Aye, he was going fast. I administered the last sacraments, and the dim eyes looked into mine, as he whispered: 'I'm sorry, sogarth aroon, sorry.' Then came the words: 'All for a bit of clover. I'll see Ireland yet.' And the spirit fled. As he lay there, cold and dead, and silent, there came a tramping of feet on the stairs. "They are here," whispered Dr. MacDermott. A sergeant and two policemen entered the room. "We have come for the deserter Maloney," cried the soldier. "Aye, you come for my Tim; but you have come too late: Christ came first," cried the widow—Inermountain Catholic.

A WONDERFUL PARISH.—In the congregation in Thurber, Texas, seven nationalities are represented, and sermons are delivered in English, Polish and Italian.

A PREMIER'S BIGOTRY.—A great deal of indignation has been caused among Catholics in Australia, by the action of Sir William Lyne, Premier of New South Wales, with reference to the position

assigned to Cardinal Moran in the Federation procession. Cardinal Moran's place was allotted to him in precedence to the Protestant Primate; but Sir William Lyne reversed the authorized order, with the result that Cardinal Moran found himself unable to accept the position offered to him, and remained out of the procession altogether, as did Archbishop Barr also, and other leading dignitaries of the Catholic Church.

A WEEK IN IRELAND.

A week is but a short stay in the land of heroes, saints and martyrs. It was a bright September morning when the boat I set sail on from Liverpool touched dear old "dirty Dublin" on the Liffey. Why it should be called dirty I know not, for it is a very paradise in this respect as compared with Liverpool.

As I reached Sackville street from the wharf, a first thing to greet my eye was a massive statue of the great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, the uncrowned king of Ireland, and probably the greatest tribute this world has ever looked upon. In France, Italy and Spain the name of O'Connell stands for the highest character of eloquence—and the man himself, for the highest type of Catholic manhood. A Sicilian priest, who came with me, awaited the arrival of the Holy Father in St. Peter's, learning that the writer of this brief paper hailed from the land of O'Connell, grew eloquent in the language of his descendants upon the great work of O'Connell.

My first visit in Dublin was to the city of Ireland's dead—Glasnevin cemetery. Here sleeps "neath 'dull, cold marble," in the comity and friendship of God, bishop, priest, patriot and poet. It is a wonderful gathering of the sacred dust of Ireland. The shaft above O'Connell's grave is a very noble and imposing one. Here, too, lies buried Lord Thomas O'Hagan, first Catholic chancellor of Ireland since the Reformation, a namesake but not a relative of mine—if, indeed, there is any descent, it is a great descent. Here, too, lies buried Judge O'Hagan, the author of the stirring Irish lyric, "Dear Land." Fitting as it was that Judge O'Hagan should have been appointed by the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone on the commission to reduce the price of land—"Dear Land!"

It is but a step from the grave of O'Connell to that of Charles Stewart Parnell. Unhappy memories swell the

celebrated revivalist of Gothic architecture—Pugin, who superintended its erection.

But, of course, the famous lakes are the objective point of every pilgrim to Killarney. The morning, however, that I had made arrangements to "do" them proved very ominous. An Irish shower continues all day, mixed with mist. "O're shure, there'll be no rain or mist at the lakes when you get there," said the man enthroned on the Irish jaunting car, and my Brooklyn friend and myself taking this Irish weather prophet at his word, climbed the jaunting car and were soon speeding towards the lakes with the droll stories of Pat ticking our ears.

Through the Gap of Dunloe is four miles, and four of us pedestrianized, amid a drizzling rain, but rain in Ireland is a comforter—it makes you thank God for the sunshine that is to come. Of course we visited every cottage on the way and beside the lake. Kate Kearney's cottage is a little on this side of the "Gap."

We met her great-granddaughter, from whom we obtained some "mountain dew."

"Oh did you not hear of Kate Kearney?" She lives on the banks of Killarney; From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney."

We had fifteen miles of a pull on the lakes—that is, the sturdy Irish oarsman had.

On the second day, in company with a Dublin friend I visited the celebrated Muckross abbey, which is the prettiest little village of Cloughmore, and stands within the enclosed demense of Mr. Herbert. It is said to be the finest preserved abbey ruins in the world, surpassing in this respect Sir Walter Scott's castle of Dryburgh, and the abbey of Cloughmore, and stands within the enclosed demense of Mr. Herbert. It is said to be the finest preserved abbey ruins in the world, surpassing in this respect Sir Walter Scott's castle of Dryburgh, and the abbey of Cloughmore, and stands within the enclosed demense of Mr. Herbert.

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Making Room for New Goods.

Lot Ladies' Boots and Shoes, were \$1.50 to \$2.50 for \$1.00
Oxford Ties, - - - - - were \$1.25 and \$1.50 for .75
Children's and Girls' Laced and Button Boots - - - - - for \$1.00
Men's Dongola Boots, were \$1.75 - - - - - for \$1.25
Box Calf, "Goodyear," were \$3.50 and \$3.00, for \$2.25
Boys' Box Calf, were \$2.00 - - - - - for \$1.50

E. MANSFIELD,

124 St. Lawrence Street Corner LaGauchetiere

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The Procession

The present condition of our streets will necessitate more than usual attention to your footwear. Provide yourself with a good pair of Waterproof Boots or Rubbers, of which we have an infinite variety, ranging from 50 cents upwards.

The Banquet

A Patent Leather Shoe is the necessary complement to a dress suit. Ours are right in style and quality.

RONAYNE BROS.,

2027 NOTRE DAME ST., CHABOILLEZ SQUARE.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WAITING OWNERS.

Continued from Page Five.

and college lists, etc., etc. One next-of-kin agent has a wonderful series of cards, millions of them, arranged in alphabetical order so skillful and comprehensively that it is hardly possible to name any man of the slightest consequence, providing he lived since 1750, about whom this remarkable reference library will not reveal something.

A FORGOTTEN FORTUNE. - Oftentimes this class of agent makes it his business to hunt up the heirs to unclaimed dividends in old, old companies, that were worse than failures for years, but which finally yielded up small fortunes in returns. One of these was a company formed to operate the Thirteen American Colonies in 1741, called the West New Jersey Society. A London goldsmith had ten shares in this company, and the subsequent history of these shares, looked upon as worthless at the time, was a thing to wonder at. In 1756, when the company was dissolved, there was a dividend on those shares, but their owner was dead and there was no one to claim them. So the money, which amounted to \$625, was invested in consols, and after a century had passed it had grown to \$85,000. Not long after one of the goldsmith's descendants, spied out by the active next-of-kin man, put in a claim and got the money.

BUT THE NEXT-OF-KIN agent who confers mighty benefits upon others and deducts only a moderate commission for himself is the exception rather than the rule. His unrighteous brother is far commoner. He disdains to seek after heirs, but lures them to him by cunningly worded advertisements. This gentleman invariably has for sale a long and enticing list of various estates and amounts of unclaimed cash for which heirs are or once were sought. This list is a queer hodge-podge of truth and fiction, in which the fiction largely predominates. The names of fictitious estates and those which were finally settled scores of years ago are to be found in this list. It contains copies of hundreds of advertisements, most of them years old. This list sells for the modest sum of \$10, and one must be the possessor of an odd name indeed if he cannot find it among those in this costly document. To the sections of this carefully compiled list, all sorts of ordinary hard-headed people fall victims, and usually spend more than the original \$10 in employing the genial next-of-kin man to pursue financial will-o'-the-wisps for them.

BURYING GROUND FOR WILLS. Barristers, Government officials and

company representatives in search of missing heirs, as well as people who are willing to discover themselves to be such, all find a happy hunting ground in a gaunt granite Government building that fronts on Father Thames, just below Waterloo Bridge, with an entrance from the Strand. It is known as Somerset House and is probably the greatest burying ground for wills in the world, for every testament that has been made in England since 1484 is deposited there. It is a great rambling sort of place, and as anyone of the 1,600 men employed there can tell you contains no fewer than 3,600 windows. The great vaults below are of a size in proportion to the building, and they are literally crammed with wills. They are all carefully arranged, however, and it is as easy to turn to Shakespeare's last testament as it is to scan that of poor John Doe, who died week before last, unlimited researches being permitted upon payment of one shilling. Here is Newton's will and Dr. Johnson's, Van Dyke's and Holbein's, Napoleon Bonaparte's was here for a long time, but was turned over to the French in 1853.

ALL these wills used to be kept in the Doctors' Commons, down in the city of London, now destroyed; and when moving day came the thousands of old testaments were shot into huge baskets and transferred to their new home in carefully guarded vans. HIDING WILLS. - It would be odd if all these years of will collecting had not resulted in the establishment of a perfect museum of things associated with them, not to mention curiosities in the way of wills themselves. And there is such a museum. "Lot No. 1" - In it is the leg of a bedstead and its castor. This formed the long unsuspected hiding place of an eccentric nobleman's will, the important document being at last discovered tied with a string on the rod that holds the castor. "Lot No. 2" looks remarkably like the skin of an animal tacked out for salting, but it is a will, a will that got shipwrecked. It was an elaborate affair, on parchment, in the beginning, and was posted from New Zealand to London, but the ship carrying it "came to grief," like Mr. Gilbert's. But the will was not to perish. It was picked up by a fisherman on the Cornish coast, who sent it to the London lawyer to whom it was addressed, but it then resembled pulp more than anything else, and it was a ticklish job to make head or tail of it. That was accomplished finally, however, and the much enduring testament fulfilled its original mission. It is not surprising that with all the material that these and other features of the museum provide, novelists of note are often found delving among them, one of them being the ingenious Miss Braddon.

One of those other features is an old "secret cabinet," dear to the heart of both author and reader of the "shilling shocker." This one was in a class by itself, for its inventor had it made to his own plan, and fitted, not with one secret drawer, but with many, for the more successful bewilderment of his heirs, who, however, found the will in spite of all his ingenuity. Beside this cabinet we see part of a bottle, inclosing a queer roll of paper. This is the will of a man who made it when suffering from the plague. He was an army apothecary, and he sent his will to a navy surgeon whom he knew, informing him casually that he had the dread disease. Naturally the surgeon was scared.

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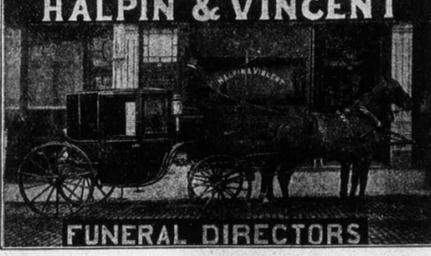
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and as quickly as possible, plunged the will into a bottle of spirits and thus sent it home. When it arrived the liquid had eaten up the ink, but luckily there was a copy and no damage was done.

QUEER WILLS. - In Somerset House of funny wills there literally "is no end." There are two or three written in doggerel verse: there is one in short hand. There is another will that was made in its writer's ordinary day book, between two common place entries. The smallest will in the collection is one for the sum of exactly 38 cents, which just missed being the abject sum constantly referred to in the slang of the day. A wealthy woman left \$125 a year to her five cats and a small sum to her next of kin. The relatives promptly contested the will, when a distinguished barrister appeared for the cats, and won, too. An Englishman bequeathed to each of his two daughters her weight in one pound bank notes, and as the young ladies were plump, they came in for something like \$250,000 each. This vast Clearing House, where one generation's money is passed on to the next, also contains the will of Joseph Hopkins of Wednesbury, who died in the fifteen hundreds, leaving \$1,000 to provide three coats and three gowns for three poor but deserving men and an equal number of women. The money was invested in land on which rich mineral deposits were afterward found, and at the latest annual distribution of the interest a few days ago 250 poor folk of Wednesbury received good suits of clothes. CURTIS BROWN.

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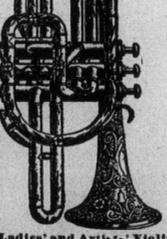
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, SUPERIOR COURT. No. Dame Marie Hymne Gagnon of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Elzear Martel, of the City and District of Montreal, duly authorized a ester en justice, Plaintiff, Vs. The said Elzear Martel, Defendant.

An action in separation of property has been instituted in this cause, the sixteenth day of March, 1901. Montreal, March 6th, 1901. DEVLIN & BRISSET, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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Irish Minstrelsy, Song and Story.

We have received in pamphlet form from one of our esteemed subscribers, the following timely contribution from the pen of one of the most gifted Irish priests of the neighboring Republic—Rev. Thomas J. Shanahan, D.D., of the Catholic University of Washington—entitled "Historical Sketch of Irish Minstrelsy, Song and Story." The holding of the festival of Irish Minstrelsy in Philadelphia last month at which the celebrated Irish baritone, Mr. William Ludwig, whose recent visit to Montreal aroused so much enthusiasm—afforded Dr. Shanahan an admirable opportunity to discuss this interesting subject. The contribution is very appropriately addressed to Mr. Ludwig. It is as follows:

Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., Jan., 1901. William Ludwig, Esq.

Dear Sir: I hear with sincere pleasure of the Gaelic festival of Minstrelsy and Song which is to be given under the auspices of the City of Brotherly Love on the evening of February 13, 1901. No more suggestive site could be chosen for such a musical event than the city which was sympathetic to the Gael from the date of his first great exodus, and whose very name recalls the common Christianity of its sea-divided sections, and the Christian principle of mutual affection and benevolence that ought to bind these scattered remnants of the world's oldest race in useful and honorable co-operation for certain great goods of life that many think to be now in jeopardy, at least from an historical and Christian point of view.

It is some fourteen centuries since such a feast or national musical congress was celebrated among free and self-governing Gaels, nearly fourteen hundred years since the Hill of Tara, the "Palace of Music," was deserted and the harp ceased to resound amid the brilliant concourse of beauty, chivalry and art that in those old days used to gather every three years about the High King of Erin. Shall the beloved island ever see again such an hour? Who knows? Father Time is not only long and patient, but eminently equitable; his records are full of splendid acts of equity that yet astound the soul of every intelligent reader. Even Golden Rome became, in due order, a proof that injustice and oppression, however large and ruinous the sweep of their action, are themselves culprits that shall one day be judged with becoming severity.

The Gaelic peoples of antiquity were the most poetic of the world. Their chief seat, Ireland, was known as the "Land of Song." How little do we know of the music of Greece and Rome or the ancient Orient? When we find a broken slab of marble with some words hymned to Apollo, all Europe and America are interested, for one brief moment the whole world listens to the music that could please an Alexander and an Aristotle. But how different is it with the music of Ireland, that is not only as old as any ancient music that has reached us, but is infinitely abundant, and has always exercised a potent influence upon the hearts and fortunes of the Gael.

The musicians of ancient Erin were a princely caste, vowed to music from their tenderest youth, educated with the greatest care. Their native tongue was far from being melodious, formed as nowhere else in Europe yehe basis of a lengthy special training. The memory was cultivated in a phenomenal way. The old Irish school-master in the stories of Cervantes and Crofton Croker is a genuine descendant of the men who formed the youthful Irish bards while the world was yet young, and the spirit of romance still unquenched. The ear was cultivated with still greater care. If the musician had to know at least three hundred and fifty "prime stories" before he was let loose on the community, he had also to be acquainted with the endless resources of the Gaelic tongue. It is said, on three hundred and eighteen metres were actually classified.

The musical capacities of the Gaelic tongue were far from being exhausted by this number. Careful students of literature like Dr. Sigerson, of Dublin, assert that it is to the Gaelic poets that we owe the introduction of rhyme into our modern languages. Thereby instead of measuring our poetry by an academic and artificial system of long and short syllables, we have the natural and pleasing effect of similar sounding syllables, the delicate attuning of vowels and consonants so arranged as to keep up a unity of sentiment in a variety of expression. The rapid play of mind and heart in the musician is conveyed by the use of fixed breaks or pauses, the number of making vowels and consonants chime unexpectedly but scientifically everywhere along the line already charged with picturesque words and the virgin emotions of the singer's heart. It has often been noticed that there is about the Irish orators of England—Dunlop, Grattan, Flood, and their congeners—a certain haud-

ing sense of solemn and magnificent music, as it were their atmosphere. So it is with the Irish music in general. It has an ineffable tone-color of its own, delicate and endless shadings of sound effects that in modern rigid, scale cannot render with accuracy. The more we read and study about Irish music the more we are convinced that under other political circumstances it would have already conquered the world's heart and affected mightily the flow of human life.

Certainly on Irish soil it has been passionately loved and cultivated. The harp is mentioned in the oldest poetical document of the Gael, the song of Amergin and Lugaid, son of Ith. Its music compared to the warbling of song birds blowing sweetly over stately golden trees. The scholarly musicians who were its best masters were sacred and inviolate in their persons, wore the rich scarlet dress of Kings, and received for their rewards not merely cups and beakers of gold, but vast estates. It is said that the whole barony of Carby, in Cork, was once given to a singer as a fit reward for his skill.

The Christianized Gael were no less devoted to their ancient music. The bards became the friends of Saint Patrick and weave for him a "thread of verse about the Breton Law that the Saint adapted to Christian teachings." e. e. they threw it into a metrical form so that it could be recited or sung before the judges. The great singers of the time became his converts or those of his disciples—Fiacc, Sechnall, Dallan, Sanchuan, Dubtach, Cearwall. From that day the Bishops, abbots and priests were wont to carry their harps with them on their apostolic journeys, and literally sang their way into the hearts of the Gael. Their common saint, Columba of the Churches, the Saint of Ireland and Scotland, was one of the sweetest singers of all Erin. Several of his poems are yet extant and they breathe a spirit of genuine lyricism—they were clearly first sung by Columba, and then handed around in writing. There is a pretty tale told about this saint who was born not long after the death of St. Patrick, how he wrote one day conversing with his brethren in the presence of the poet Cronan on the banks of the River Boyle, where it flows into Loch Ce in Roscommon. When the poet retired the monks had not asked him to sing something "according to the rules of his art." Thus the old pagan music was still lovingly preserved and cultivated by those who had written the life of Columba, praises his extraordinary voice, very sweet yet so powerful that he could be heard a mile away. His monastery at Derry was one of the first nurseries of Church music among the Gael. The old legend has it that every leaf on the oaks of Derry was occupied by a listening angel, so lovely was the song of its monks.

Perhaps such airs as "Anúinn a Roon" go back to this present tradition assigns it to the brother of the famous Donogh O'Daly, abbot of Boyle in the thirteenth century. Another says it was sung in the ninth century. Handel said once that he would rather have written it than all his oratorios. So, too, the "Coolin" song, the "Blooming Deirdre," the "Molly Ashore," the "Brown Thorn," the "Dear Black Head" are as sweet and tender. Historians of music think that many of the airs selected for the famous political and sentimental songs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were chosen precisely because they were very old and very dear to the people. It must not be forgotten that the mediæval Irish had, besides the ordinary notation by staves and points, another curious kind of musical character resembling the musical accents of the Greeks and learned by them from the Latin clerics of the fifth and sixth centuries, to whom they also owed the use of the Latin alphabet.

Our modern music, as all know, is an outgrowth of the music of the middle ages, and that was the creation of the Catholic Church. Now the Irish monks on the Continent contributed in their day no little to this music—there is for proof the well-known story of Monach and Marcellus at the monastery of Saint Gall in Switzerland in the ninth century, were they taught music. Later men like Notker the Stammerer and Hermann the Dwarf followed in their footsteps. The multitude of Irish monks in the eighth and ninth centuries in every court of Europe, at every cathedral and along every highway suggests a still more general influence of a musical character. The men who taught handwriting and the illumination of manuscripts to Frank and Teuton were not likely to neglect the supreme and peculiar art of their faith-land, the art of song. In the seventh century it was they who, at Ripon, Lindesfarne, Malnesbury and other monasteries founded by them presided at the birth of English psalmody and taught the Angles and Saxons of Northumberland to chant the psalms of David and the prayers of the Church.

Few writers have said harder things about the Gael than the famous Gerald Barry (Cambrensis), who lived at the time of the Nor-

man invasion. Yet he praises in the highest terms the musical gifts of the Irish. "This people," he says, "deserves to be praised for their successful cultivation of instrumental music, in which their skill is, beyond comparison, superior to that of every nation we have seen. For their notation is not drawing and morose like our instrumental music in Britain, but the strains, while they are lively and rapid, are also sweet and delightful. It is astonishing how the proportionate time of the music is preserved, notwithstanding such impetuous rapidity of the fingers; and how, without violating a single rule of the art in running through shakes and slurs and variously intertwined organs, or counterpoint with so sweet a rapidity, so unobtrusive an equality of time, so apparently discordant a concord of sounds, the melody is harmonized and rendered perfect."

Indeed the Irish music was precisely one of those many charms that acted so potently on all the Norman English who came into friendly contact with the people. In the sixteenth century the English traveler Stanhurst says of the Irish harper, Cruise, that he was the most famous ever heard of, not only the greatest but the sole master of that instrument. So in the "Diary of Enquiry" we read the praises of the harper Peter de Renchan tells us in his "History of Music" that it was precisely in the Anglo-Norman time that the great musicians of the families of the O'Harps, the O'Higgins, the O'Duggans and particularly of the domo Carols to whom we owe many of the exquisite strains that the world still admires. At the end of the sixteenth century an Italian historian of England, the well-known Italian Baco wrote about that time that "no harpe hath the sound so melting and prolonged as the Irish harpe." According to the poet Tassoni the ancient music of the Irish was imitated by the famous Italian composer of the sixteenth century, Gesualdo, himself in turn the inspiration of Geminiani, whose long stay in Ireland and fondness for O'Carolan's harp, Geminiani used to say that "in the domain of Great Britain we have no original music except the Irish." Handel, too, found his most appreciative public in Dublin, where he as well as the English composers have to dwell in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Old Irish airs and motifs have been detected in the works of more than one brilliant composer of the continent.

Yet the beauty and power of this music were the cause of its decay. The Kings and Queens of England pursued the harpers from the continent. Every minstrel's heart was an altar of patriotism. They were forbidden the Pale; their horses and trappings were confiscated with all their properties. Finally they were condemned to be hung because they would not cease to chant the glories, the rights and hopes of their ancient fatherland.

"When England would a land enthral, / She doom'd the muses' sons to fall; / Least virtue's hand should string the lyre, / And feed with song the patriot's fire."

With the independence of the Northern Chieftains were lost, in the seventeenth century, the castles and towers of the harpers. The minstrel's home where the minstrel pursued his art, the minstrel's Ireland, and in doing so extinguished all the elements of native culture and refinement. The occupation of the bard was gone, and with it the heart of the world. The minstrel's home where the minstrel pursued his art, the minstrel's Ireland, and in doing so extinguished all the elements of native culture and refinement. The occupation of the bard was gone, and with it the heart of the world. The minstrel's home where the minstrel pursued his art, the minstrel's Ireland, and in doing so extinguished all the elements of native culture and refinement. The occupation of the bard was gone, and with it the heart of the world.

Thus there remained only the great heart of the people as the last shelter of Irish music. Today, in a sudden sunshine of popular favor and appreciation that heart is giving back to men like Douglas Hyde, William Yeats, Lionel Johnson, John Todhunter, T. B. Rollston and to women like Fiona McLeod, Nora Hopper and Dora Sigerson some of its secrets treasured through a long night in those recesses that no law can reach, no tyrant destroy. Since the death in 1738 of the great O'Carolan the last of the world-wide race of Gaelic harpers, the wood-side cabin, the mountain shieling, the rumbly festivities of wedding and saints' days, the sad solemnities of death and burial, the tender loves and betrothals of the half-outlawed race, the memories of the past remote and near, the deep and stirring musings on life, the rises and meanings, were the refuge of the spirit of music in Ireland. In Gray's faultless ballad, "Ruin Seize the sentimentals of those old singers of Ireland who assisted at the tomb of the one art that had so long given them fame and fortune while it gladdened through every strain the peculiar social world of which they were the beloved ornament. The remembrance of cultured life in the Dublin of the eighteenth century, the presence of many Italian masters and the pa-

triotic hopes excited in the popular breast by the events of the end of that century aroused again some enthusiasm for Irish music. But it was not a genuine revival of music that arose. The meetings of the harpers in 1784 at Granard, and in 1792 at Belfast were events of more importance. They gave occasion to Blunck to sing his great collection of true Irish airs and songs. The melodies of Moore popularized the world over the spirit of Irish melody. But in more than one way both he and Sir John Stephenson failed to catch the inner soul of the splendid music. This was done by George Petrie, the antiquarian; by O'Curry, by Joyce and others who have gone down to the hearts of the Irish people and caught again those noble airs and songs where they were first born, in the innermost world of the ancient Gaelic heart. When the Petrie collection of over 1,800 airs is finally printed, we may know that one of the greatest acts of national culture has been accomplished, the rescue of a people's songs from oblivion, songs that go back, perhaps, to the pre-historic days when the Keltic people were beginning their long journeyings to the shores of the Western Sea.

Even when the political fortunes of Ireland were at the lowest ebb her children sang to suggest their noble gift of song. After all, it was the plain people of Ireland who saved the music of the nation as they saved the literature and the indomitable passion for independence.

At the cradle of her child the mother sang old soothing croons and lullabies that had drifted down along the current of mother-hearts from the dawn of history. The milk maid carolled gaily songs and tunes unrivaled for the simple beauty of the air and the feeling of the words. Over the dead the shrill and heart-melting keens of lamentation was raised as it had been for untold centuries of battle and conflict. In there in all literature grander than the ode of the O'Husssey for Maguire of Fermanagh? Sir Samuel Ferguson used to say that it was a song worthy of the grim genius of Dante, Ireland, indeed, never lost the hand of song—her old men, her maidens, her schoolmasters vied with the harpers and fiddlers in assimilating and handing down the musical genius of the race. What a lovely picture does the old Irish literature give us of the aged Alice Kenny on the hilltop amid the heather, weighed down with seventy years, yet singing delightfully for him and his companion an endless lot of old love songs, croons, lullabies, lamentations and the like! The world is only now awakening to the rich store of fancy and romance that is still to be found in the hearts of the plain Irish people. Those who know how to seek for it like Mr. Douglas Hyde and the lamented Dr. George Petrie. Even these prose stories of Erin that seem to be now attracting the world's attention are but fragments of the ancient music, for they were originally sung amid all the splendor of the old knightly life of the nation. The poor English prose of them is only the last dying echo of what the scholars of the brave warriors and the lovely women of Ireland.

The wayward whistles of the plow boy, the drollery of the village minstrel, the sportive and playful feelings of the young and gay, the spirited and lively music of the fiddle, the wild pathetic melody of the songs of departure and adieu that overflow with the passion of home and fatherland, the comic jollity of the drinking songs, the pearly recitative of aged men above the young and lovely dead, the magnificence of the marching tunes—what emotions are there in the human heart, gay or sorrowful, simple or complex that do not find a true and manifold rendering in the songs and music of Ireland! "Give me the making of a people's songs, and I care not who makes their laws," said the poet Fletcher. What these "people's songs" were like in ancient Ireland we may learn from the words of another poet, himself an Irishman born and educated within sight of the home of O'Carolan.

"The music of the finest singer," says Goldsmith, "is sweeter than what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's last goodnight or the cruelty of Barbara Allen."

How strange! While a hundred years ago Henry Maddin at Versailles, Michael Kelly at Naples and Rome, Thomas Carter at Vienna, Rophino Lacey at Madrid and The Hague, Andrew Ashe at Brussels, Michael Balfe in Dublin were charming the world of Europe with their genius as representatives of modern music, the Irish farmer's daughter, the laboring man in the field, the young mother by the cradle, the ballad singer on the streets of Cork or Belfast were preserving for our time the very soul of a music that was old when our modern world was yet unthought of.

Irish nationality is intimately bound up with the music of the Gael. While the latter lives and is cherished the hopes of a revival of the former cannot die. The power which once hung the high-souled harper of old has within recent times exiled even the tamer poets who took his place—the highest tribute to the power of song. There is, indeed, a creative, preserving, inspiring force in music as in no other art. It seeks the innermost recesses of the soul and binds past, present and future into one. It is the natural tongue and the last refuge of patriotism.

"Three men with a song at pleasure / Shall go forth and conquer a crown, / And two with a new song's measure / Shall trample a kingdom down."

Let the Irish people cultivate once more their ancient and charming music, as the Welsh have done in their admirable Eistedffods and the Scotch by their devotion to the incomparable music of the Gaelic highlands. All three have in common the spirit and many examples of the music that was sung before the Knights of the Round Table

when Tallies and Llywarch Hen were famous, that roused the courage of a Roderick Dhu and Wallace and fired with immortal bravery the souls of many an Irish soldier on a thousand fields of battle from Benburb to Fontenoy.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL

IN PENAL DAYS.

A familiar object in the golden vale of Tipperary is the celebrated Rock of Cashel, crowned by its lovely mediæval chapel of Cormac, and the ruins of the cathedral within whose walls occurred many a scene of martyrdom wherein Irish confessors of the faith, men and women, won their eternal reward. Long ago the fertile plain of Tipperary was covered by dark firs, wherein grazed herds of sables belonging to the kings of Eile (King's county) and Muskerry. During their wanderings the swine herds discovered among the oak trees a grey shining like the oak trees a grey limestone rock wherever they saw a being shining like the sun, who in the sweetest of voices sang about the coming of a great Magi (the Irish word for Druid), who would convert everyone to his religion, and that in after-ages this rock should become a sacred place. The King of Eile, hearing this tale, seized upon the rock which he turned into his chief "don" or fortress, and his old name, "Sleedrum" or "Druid-fortress" was changed into "Cashel" (Cashel) or "the rock of the King" which was paid there by the royal vassals every year. Those indefatigable Franciscan historians, known as the Four Masters, noted in their chronicle that in 1101 "Cashel of the Kings" was devoted by King Murrough O'Brien to the use of religious of Ireland in general, without the intervention of laic or ecclesiastical meaning thereby that there should be no lay vicars, which was a common abuse of that period. The cathedral which was built in the thirteenth century, the archiepiscopal palace, or castle, the round tower, a hall for vicars-choral, and the exquisite Norman chapel erected by Henry II, by Cormac McCarthy, King of Munster, who was also a bishop, form a pile of stately remains of architecture unrivaled in Ireland. The cathedral once stood a Dominican Priory, which on the plain below the Rock was Horl Abbey, which had been the home of the Black Monks of Saint Benedict until they were removed by one of the archbishops of the thirteenth century, to make room for the white-robed Cistercians.

At the Reformation the ecclesiastical buildings, like so many others, were seized by the Reformers together with the episcopal revenues, some of which were bestowed upon their own prelates, such as the apostate monk Myler McGrath. In the seventeenth century, when the troops of Cromwell were ravaging the land, one of the Parliamentary leaders, the cruel Lord Inchiquin, named Morrough an Heiton or Morrough of the Burnings, overran with his equally unscrupulous soldiery the county lying between Limerick and Cashel, and the houses of the women of the country and their cottages and crops, never very abundant. The misery inflicted by this expedition was appalling, but the climax was to be at Cashel, then a stronghold of the royalists. It was easy to capture the house which was badly fortified, and the garrison numbering three hundred men with the Catholic clergy and many of the citizens, retreated into the cathedral. The soldiers, who refused to purchase their own safety by abandoning defenceless men, women and children to the tender mercies of Morrough of the Burnings, they also sent him word "that they would rather offer up their lives to God than that Rock of Saint Patrick, than allow the sanctuaries to be profaned by heretics." Inchiquin and his 7,000 ferocious men again stormed the cathedral, and in spite of the gallant defence made by the small garrison, they at last gained entrance. Round the altar knelt men and women, old and young, as well as innocent children, and infirm people, all offering up their last prayers on earth, and there on their knees, with their rosaries round their necks, they gathered round the statue of the saint, were there put to death barbarously. One of these was Elizabeth Cragh, a virtuous lady married to Mr. John Kearney. Their house had always been a high place during the persecution, for all priests, particularly the Franciscans, and their little son in his seventh

year was so holy as to surprise all who knew him. He displayed the greatest affection for the Franciscans, and at a later period entered their order. He confessed the faith in London, where he was tortured, but eventually escaped to France.

About five years after the martyrdom of his mother in the cathedral of Cashel, Father Kearney, while on the mission near that town was seized again, and hurried to Clonmel, where in his thirtieth year, he was hanged in the market-place, wearing his religious habit, and the martyrdom of Cashel, we must now relate the fate of one of the priests captured by the brutal Inchiquin. His victim was Father Richard Barry, Prior of the Dominican convent on the Rock. He was in his black and white habit, and so greatly did his noble and venerable appearance strike his enemies, that they offered him his life if he would fling off his habit. "You are to know," replied Richard, "that this habit represents the passion of Christ our Lord; it is the livery of my warfare, and if you are disposed to save me you must respect it." When informed that the death awaited him if he would not comply, he said, "To it, so, your cruelties will be to me a blessing, and death itself great gain." The heretics bound the aged Friar to a stone chair or bench, and the soldiers made him the butt of their insolent mockery, while others were collecting the wood for the slow fire which was put under the martyr's legs and feet. For two long hours he endured this terrible agony, until some one, perhaps less hardened than the others, shortened his sufferings by plunging a sword through the body of the victim. Some pious woman who had escaped the general slaughter apparently made a search, and having found Father Barry's body, she informed the Vicar-General. As Inchiquin and his soldiers had gone elsewhere, there was no one to hinder the Catholics still remaining in the blackened ruins of Cashel from entering the once beautiful cathedral, now a scene of deepest desolation and destruction, where the martyred Franciscans remained, and carefully gathered and transported in procession to the Priory. The few clergy who had escaped the massacre intended the "Te Beum," and then they laid out to his rest the holy Friar Preacher who had so bravely sacrificed his life rather than deny his faith.

Among the other priests who were murdered on the Rock of Cashel was a Jesuit, Father William Boyton, who, at the awful hour of the storming of the cathedral, was calmly engaged in administering the sacraments to the doomed people, and encouraging them to remain steadfast in their faith. When the Cromwellians burst into the sacred edifice he was stabbed by an enraged Puritan, while kneeling at the altar of our Blessed Lady. Another distinguished ecclesiastical, very remarkable for his piety, Father Theobald Stapleton, a learned scholar of the cathedral, who, in his surplus and stole, and grasping his crucifix actually asperged with holy water the Parliamentary troops, as they tumultuously entered the church. "The heretics mad with rage, strove with each other who should pierce him with their swords, and thus he was hewn to pieces. At each wound the holy man exclaimed, "Strike this miserable sinner" until he yielded his soul to his Creator" (Cardinal Moran).

Since the days of persecution have disappeared, never more to return as we may hope, Cashel of the Kings, now a small provincial town, nestles as it were beneath the ancient Rock, once the scene of a pagan, tragical, and martyrdom enacted within the grey walls of its stately ruins, which are, as one of our Irish orators once truly observed, "an emblem as well as a memorial of Ireland—on which it is impossible to look without feeling the heart—at once elevated and touched by the noblest as well as the most solemn recollections."

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AN IRISH EMIGRANT.

By MARTIN J. ROOHE, in "DONAHO'S MAGAZINE."

The final hand-clasp had been given, the last words of farewell spoken on that fine October morn in the year 18—, and soon the tender "Irland," which was to convey us to the big Cunarder, left the quay at Queenstown and was bowling away through the dark blue waters of the harbor. We, children of the Gael, had gone through a terrible ordeal at parting from all we held sacred and dear in fair Erin, and many a sob burst forth and many an eye grew dim as we left the little tender across the gang-plank to the stately "Scythia," bound for the Republic of the West, which had afforded a shelter and a home to so many of our kith and kin.

Night came down upon the deep sea, our good ship had borne its living freight out of view of the bold headlands of the Irish coast. Of the seven hundred passengers on board, nearly four hundred Irish emigrants had been added to the ship's list at Queenstown. Their coming was attended with all the heartrending scenes that have become too familiar through many a weary year of privation and consequent abandonment of home. They were all on deck; those stalwart men and winsome lassies, splendid types of the sons and daughters of Hibernia. After the fatigue of the morning they at last realized with a grim, dull sense of despair in their hearts, that they were actually and truly leaving, perhaps forever, the dear land of their birth. So with tear-dimmed eyes they watched the coast lines gradually disappear as if into the bosom of old ocean; and when the gloom of night settled upon all, many a manly heart was breaking, many a maiden wept, thinking of home and friends and kindred, left behind in dear old Ireland. The night air was damp and chilly. The vessel had entered a thick bank of fog, and every moment the great steamer belched out its warning notes which were periodically answered by other steamers on all sides. She cut through the foam as easily and steadily as though the Atlantic were a vast mill-pond. The weather was quickly under way the deck. Ho was an Englishman, an actor by profession; the leading man of a celebrated company on route for the United States. He was a splendid type of the Saxon, tall and muscular, with frank, open, honest face, clean shaven on account of his calling. His name on the saloon list was an assumed one, and his companions called him Harry. He had carried the answer for the purpose of my story.

Harry paced the long promenade deck of the Scythia from prow to stern with all the vigor of a man who gloried in his strength. Before he was launched upon his arduous career of "Mummer" he had carried the blue in the varsity eight at Oxford and was well up in the average list at the end of the cricket season. Thus when hard work called upon him to put forth his utmost powers to ensure success, his splendid physical training was as great a factor in winning for him the laurels of victory as were the intellectual resources which were developed during his university career. He was imbued with the Englishman's love for fresh air, and he had quietly left his companions to enjoy their brandy and seltzer, and puffed contentedly at his cigar as he paced along the deck.

A few of the more robust of the steerage passengers lingered as if loth to join the seething mass of humanity below; they endeavored to keep themselves warm by cuddling up close together amidships near the door of the cook's galley, where there was considerable heat from the stoves. They smoked quietly, with that gravity of manner which always follows a violent mental struggle. The captain of the ship stood at the door of his state-room a few yards away, and occasionally cast a sidelong glance at the group of mirth and good humor to the group. He sought to divert their thoughts from the heart-rending experiences of the morning.

Harry strode back and forth. Sometimes he would exchange a few words with the captain, but paid no heed to the group of emigrants. Suddenly something in the dim light attracted his attention. On closer examination he found it was the form of a young woman with a plaid shawl folded tightly around her head and shoulders, sheltering a baby she held in her arms. She was seated on the floor of the deck, and he saw that she was asleep, but he saw that she was weeping as she slept from between her parted lips. "Donal!" she murmured, "ma bouchal, I'm coming." He gazed at the poor shivering creature, and saw that her face was of that calm, placid mould and with that unrivalled beauty very common amongst the peasant girls of Ireland; her dark hair hung in a tangled mass around her forehead and seemed to be innocent of braid or smooch. He noted her arched eyebrows and the long, dark lashes wet with tears.

Harry saw all this at a glance, and saw, too, the look of pain which "nature's soft nurse" could not take away. His kindly heart was touched to pity of this poor emigrant who had no friend among the hundreds who were aboard the Cunarder. Now she was talking, or rather crooning to her baby, "Shoo, shoo, Lu, Lu, Lu," and again: "God keep your achula, till I come, Donal, agra!" Now she murmured the words of the farewell song of the

Land of thy birth, and again visions of the country dance came to her mind and she smiled through her tears. Then she seemed to sleep more calmly, a sweet smile upon her lips, the wind playing with the strands of her hair. Her head rested against the bulwarks; her arms relaxed a little their hold on the pretty innocent child, and she slept with a little trace of the pain of the morning as if she never knew the pang of parting; she slept, though she reposed in elder-down and not upon the deck of an ocean liner with the night's chill wind cutting into the marrow. Harry was loth to awaken her, so completely was her repose; he stood there entranced by her natural beauty, and his heart was filled with pity as the story of her plight was revealed to him by her broken utterances. Harry had come of a good old English family; his father was distinguished by his liberal views; and this worthy son of a worthy sire had travelled extensively. He was more or less a cosmopolitan, and he entertained none of those unjust ideas of Ireland which characterize so many of his countrymen.

He feared the raw, piercing night wind would injure her and her baby, who calmly slept on through it all. He touched her lightly on the shoulder. She awoke with a start. She was evidently abruptly awakened from those pleasant dreams of home which had found expression a moment ago. The transition was anything but pleasant; the visions of her once happy little home were dispelled. Her dreams of the old mill, of the little chapel and the adjacent graveyard, where her father and mother slept, how dear to her memories of that quaint country church, where at eventide she often brought her little child and placed her tribute of wild flowers at the foot of Mary's statue, and prayed to the "Star of the Sea" to guide the wandering of her brave husband, Donal Maguire, who had crossed the broad Atlantic to seek a fortune in free Columbia, whither he promised he would bring Eilly through it at the earliest opportunity.

All vanished from her mental vision and with a shudder she realized that home was now only a memory to be pondered over in the intervals of unrelenting toil to which she was bound.

Harry was a well-bred Englishman with perfect control of his feelings, who could say "Good-bye" and startle around the world without a quaver in his voice, who could go to his death with a smile and never falter. But he whose life work was the study of human character, and whose career on the stage gave promise of a bright future, was strangely moved by this pathetic scene. He had nightly passed by with merely conventional salutation the professional beauties of the glittering world behind the footlights, women whose pictures adorned the newspapers and the magazines, and whose names were on every tongue. No woman had made Harry's heart go pit-a-pat since he had loved to distraction the pretty girl who had sold him tobacco when he was a freshman at Oxford; he lived through that trying time; athletics and study seemed to leave no place in his life for love. So he never really knew what the tender passion was.

Now he was more interested in this poor Irish emigrant and her little babe than he ever was in woman before. "You'll catch cold sitting there," he said.

"Oh, no, sir; I am used to the cold and the hunger now, since Donal went to America."

"And who is Donal?" he asked, in kindly sympathy.

"My husband. Ah! sir, he was young and brave and hearty when we were married by Father Phil three years ago. He had his little place, a snug cottage, a couple of acres of land and a cow. We were very happy; then little Eilly came to us. I was always glad and happy and never knew what the hunger was."

"Where is Donal now?" he said.

"I'll tell you, sir, for you are the only one who has given me a kind word since I came on the big ship this morning at Queenstown."

His eyes grew dim with tears that

he could never summon to his assistance when simulating passion on the stage. The lump gathering in his throat made him wonder whether he had the same Harry who went at all obstacles in his path with that innate pluck and determination that won for him the admiration of all his comrades. He who considered a display of emotion only fit for the tender sex was now intensely interested, and gazed into her eyes of Irish blue with a tenderness that found expression in his gentle movement as he raised her to a seat he found hard by. She smiled a sweet smile of gratitude and said:

"Oh, sir, you are too kind to a poor woman like me. You are like Colonel O'Leary who lived in the 'great house' near our little place at home in Old Ireland."

Harry had mixed in the "best" set in London; he was a society lion to a certain extent, he was handsome and clever, and as it was well known that he had the pluck and had such a spirit of adventure in his mind, he was a general favorite. Never in all the years of varying success had all this sycophantic adulation turned him into the slightest degree. He was intellectual, and loved his work for its own sake. He strove to become a great actor. He was a careful student. It mattered little to him whether the receipts at the box office were satisfactory or not. He played because he was a believer in the stage as an educator. He was an enigma to most of the society dames who invited him to their homes. He was more or less a cosmopolitan, and he entertained none of those unjust ideas of Ireland which characterize so many of his countrymen.

Now he hovered round the gentle girl in whom the ravages of hunger had left their unmistakable mark; he brought his rug from his state-room and wrapped her closely round, and she gratefully thanked him. A few muttered words from Harry and soon the deck steward came with a steaming cup of coffee and some choice biscuits.

She had eaten nothing since morning, the terror of leaving her home, perhaps forever, seemed to paralyze her, and she had passed through the door in a dull stupor, the sleep of the evening being the first rest to her troubled heart. She partook eagerly of the much needed refreshments, and then told her story.

"After a month's rest in old Duhallo by the banks of the Blackwater I was only eighteen when I married Donal. All went well until the times grew worse, Donal got thinking of going to America. He said he would take me and then send for me and the baby. He sailed Blackwater one year ago. He got work in Boston and sent me money regularly, until one day I get a letter to say he was sick. Then I had no money. For Harry cheered her and said that the rent and the landlord sent the crowd and I was thrown out on the roadside in an awful storm of wind and rain. I caught cold that black night as I struggled in a dull stupor, the sleep of seven long Irish miles to the home of my cousin Nora. When I awoke next day I had a terrible pain in my chest, and I got a cough which seemed to grow worse every day."

Thus in the mellancholy strains of a perfect Munster brogue she continued, while the occasional cough told Harry that the seeds of consumption were deeply sown.

"After a month he sent my passage to America, and now I am going to meet ma bouchal. He was always so good to me. But I am very weak. God help me! I am afraid I won't last long."

But Harry said to her: "I am afraid I won't last long." Harry said to her: "I am afraid I won't last long." Harry said to her: "I am afraid I won't last long."

self for a moment and proceeded to the ship's dispensary, where he found the doctor and spoke to him of Eilly, adding, "I'm afraid, doctor, she won't last long."

The physician accompanied him on deck, and looking at Eilly in a casual way, told Harry in an undertone that she was far beyond his skill, a hopeless case. "Two or three weeks, the longest and all will be over," he said.

Harry asked her how she felt.

"I'm very weak to-day. I think I caught cold again. I'm afraid I won't last long, but I want to see my darling husband, Donal. He'll be glad to see me and the baby."

Harry took good care to see that all his orders for her comfort were carried out to the letter, wine and all kinds of delicacies were brought to her. The baby throve apace, but the mother weakened visibly.

The next day Harry missed her from her accustomed place on deck; he made inquiries and was informed that she was very ill that morning and could not get up at all.

The doctor ordered her to be transferred to the ship's hospital and came to Harry, who was leaning over the side thinking of the whole affair. He was utterly sad as he read on the doctor's face that the end was not far away.

Before Harry could speak to the kind-hearted doctor, the latter opened the conversation, "Galloping consumption. She will be lucky if she keeps up till we reach Boston. She is quite resigned, but wants to see some one in America, probably her husband. Then her anxiety is concentrated on the baby. She asked for the priest and I have spoken to Father Ignatius, whose state-room adjoins yours. He is with her now."

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The good priest prepared her for death. He was afraid she could not last very long. The news spread like wildfire aboard the "Scythia" and her quota of poor emigrants forgot their troubles and at the close of day more than five hundred knelt on the deck and recited the rosary with Father Ignatius for the happy death of the young emigrant who had just departed for the end of her earthly career, far from home and friends.

It was a most edifying scene, and affected Harry more than any other he had ever witnessed. A violent mental struggle seemed to be raging within his breast and before the first decade of the rosary was over, he, an Episcopalian from childhood, was on his knees and joined in with the emigrants in the sweet, tender prayer. Many others who did not believe in the Blessed Virgin were so impressed by the solemnity of the scene that they came and uncovered their heads in reverence.

Next day the doctor came hurriedly to Harry saying "She is dying. She wants to see you."

Harry came. The cold sweat of death was on her brow, but she turned her lustrous blue eyes towards the door as Harry entered and smiled at her own sweet, patient smile as he approached her bedside.

"Father," she said to the "sorrowful arcon," who led the crucifix in his hand, "he was good to me, God bless him! I never thought of you from my door and God and Mary sent this stranger to help me in this journey."

"I'm dying, sir, and when I see

our Holy Mother Mary in heaven, I'll pray for you. You will meet my Donal. Oh! he will be at the quay to meet me. Give him my little baby, Eileen Oge. Tell him I loved him always, and will pray for him in heaven."

Harry was kneeling now, the hot tears were rolling down his cheeks; he could only murmur in broken accents, "I'll do all you say; now rest quietly."

She was dying. Father Ignatius recited the last prayers. She recalled a moment and said:

"Where's my baby?"

The baby was brought. She fondly kissed her little child and said, "Bring my love to Donal alanna, and mind the baby."

She smiled at Harry with that intense look of gratitude in her eyes, and died with a prayer on her lips. She was buried at sea. The beautiful burial service of the Catholic Church, read by Father Ignatius, was most impressive and was replete with interest for Harry. This was the first time in his career that he had heard a Catholic priest recite the De Profundis, and it afforded reflection for his thoughts.

Harry took charge of the winsome Irish child, and all the ladies in the saloon vied in tenderness to it. The proud Englishman guarded it zealously and lavished the tenderest care on this little Irish emigrant who had its mother's blue eyes and beautiful features.

The death of the poor emigrant cast a gloom over the entire ship. Wind and currents were now favorable to the vessel, and every hour brought her many knots nearer to Cape Cod. A few days elapsed and then, as the sun was about to sink a pilot boat came in sight.

The pilot came on board, and when morning dawned Boston Light was seen in the distance.

The stately ship steamed up the harbor to her wharf. A great crowd greeted the passengers. Down the saloon gangway came a man in faultless attire, carrying in his arms a sweet-faced baby that smiled at him as he came aboard. He went to where the friends of the steerage passengers were assembled. Donal Maguire was there. He was quickly found by the obliging agent of the line, and Harry met him with his burden the horrible truth flashed through his mind.

"Oh, sir! My baby! She is not dead, sir!"

"Yes, Donal! She died at sea. A priest was with her and prepared her for her last sad journey. I was by her side when she died."

For a moment Donal was too dazed for speech. He burst into passionate cries.

"Oh, my poor wife! Oh! my poor baby! 'Tis hard—hard! Oh, God help me to-day!"

Harry comforted him as best he could. He told him of his wife's peaceful end and gave her last message. Then with a sincere "Good-bye" to Donal and with a caress to the baby, he went away.

The American tour of the theatrical company was a complete success, and Harry added many triumphs to those previously won.

The peaceful face and the simple faith of that brave emigrant girl inspired him to nobler deeds. His heart was every lip and his great, honest heart won him friends in every place.

That peaceful death scene on the bosom of the Atlantic came often to his memory. "God bless you and I'll pray for you in heaven," he thought as he lay in his bed, and he remembered the Church of which the dying girl was such a devoted member.

He began to study Catholic doctrine and to aid him in his determination to seek the truth, he consulted a member of the Society of Jesus, who encouraged him and bade him to persevere and God would surely listen to the pleadings of the Irish girl in his behalf.

Eilly's prayers for the kind stranger were heard. Harry was received into the Church.

Donal tended the little Eileen, and had a bright-eyed Irish lassie to mind her while he worked. He always prays for the repose of the soul of his darling wife, and often the tears come swelling up in his eyes at the thought of her untimely end.

Every month there comes to Donal a letter which contains a draft, and a note invariably in the same handwriting. The letters come from different parts of the wide world and run thus:

"Dear Donal: I enclose draft for little Eilly. Her mother's last words were: 'Mind the baby.'—HARRY."

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BEQUESTS BY CATHOLICS.

The Princess Adelheid, cousin of the Emperor of Austria, has decided to enter a convent at Prague. She has also given her entire fortune of \$250,000 to the Church.

The drawings for the new Lady Chapel of the New York Cathedral have been completed. The chapel, to cost \$250,000, is the gift of the late Mrs. Eugene Kelly. As soon as the weather is favorable, ground is to be broken for the new building.

Miss Margaret E. Maguire, of Germantown, Penn., has presented to the Immaculate Conception Chapel of that place, a magnificent chime of twenty-six bells, running through three octaves. The largest weighs 3,300 pounds; the smallest, thirty. The chime is in memory of Miss Maguire's parents, brothers and sisters.

The will of Rev. Francis Gonesse, filed at Walpole, Mass., for probate, contains bequests of \$2,000 each to the following institutions: St. Mary's Boys' Orphan Asylum, New Orleans; St. Teresa's Female Orphan Asylum, Detroit; St. Vincent's Female Orphan Asylum, Detroit; Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Indianapolis; Little Sisters of the Poor, Indianapolis; Home for Destitute Roman Catholic Children, Boston; House of the Good Shepherd, Boston; Little Sisters of the Poor, Boston; House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, and \$1,000 to St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary, Brighton, Mass.

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You stand on the threshold of youth, boys, Your future lies out in the years; You're learning your parts for life's work, boys, You're planning your future careers, You'll have to fill places of trust, boys, Your fathers will pass away soon; And if you'd be trustworthy men, boys, You'll have to avoid the saloon.

If you would be honored in life, boys, If joy and contentment you'd know; If you would have plenty of cash, boys, And bank in prosperity's glow; If you would enjoy robust health, boys, That priceless but much abused boon; If God's benediction you'd have, boys, You'll have to avoid the saloon. You'll have to avoid the saloon, boys, Or sorrow and shame you will share; And poverty's crust you will eat, boys, And poverty's rags you will wear, Your future will end in disgrace, boys; Your life will be cut off at its noon; And body and soul will be lost, boys, Unless you avoid the saloon. —Sacred Heart Review.

WORK AND WAGES IN IRELAND.

The board of trade report upon the wages and earnings of agricultural laborers, prepared by Mr. Wilson Fox, is a most exhaustive one, remarks the Gael. The report, with the appendices, chart and map, occupies nearly 300 pages, and deals separately with England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. The report gives a statement of the cash wages and earnings of the various classes of agricultural laborers in each county of the United Kingdom. The averages obtained for the year 1898 in the four countries may first be stated. Including the value of allowances in kind, they are: England, 16s. 6d.; Wales, 16s. 6d.; Scotland, 18s. 1d.; Ireland, 10s. 1d. Earnings were highest near the large industrial and manufacturing centers.

There are six counties in the United Kingdom where the earnings exceed 20 shillings a week, viz.: Hereford, Lanark, Stirling and Dumfries, Durham and Northumberland, the highest being in Scotland, in the county of Hereford, where they average 21s. 9d. per week. The county where earnings were lowest in England is Suffolk, 14s. 6d. a week; in Wales, Cardiganshire, 14s. 9d.; Scotland, Shetland, Orkney and Caithness, 14s. 5d. a week; and in Ireland, Mayo, the earnings being 8s. 7d. In Ireland there are eighteen counties where the average weekly earnings in 1898 were under 10 shillings a week.

In many districts in the province of Connaught, and also in the County Donegal, in Ulster, agricultural laborers, as a class, scarcely exist, the holdings in such districts being generally small and worked by the farmers and their families. Large numbers of these small farmers and their sons go to work as laborers on farms in certain counties in England and Scotland during the spring, summer and autumn. Owing to the general absence of piecework and of opportunities of earning much in the way of extra payments in harvest time, the annual earnings of agricultural laborers who are not fed, housed and clothed by their employers, much exceed the total amount received in weekly cash wages. In estimating the annual earnings the value of the cottages where given free of rent has for all counties been computed at £2 12s.

The counties in which the highest earnings are shown are Antrim, Down and Dublin, where they average 12s. 4d., 12s. 5d. and 12s. 7d. a week respectively, Armagh coming next with 10s. 11d. In eighteen counties the earnings are less than 10s. a week, the lowest average (8s. 7d.) being seen in the case of Mayo. It will be observed that in Connaught the earnings are under 10 shillings a week in all the counties; but not only are the rates of wages low, but there is practically no piece work, very little harvest money, if any, and very few allowances in kind. In the western part of Ulster, where conditions of a similar nature prevail under 10 shillings was paid in 1898 in Cavan, Donegal, Fermanagh, Monaghan and Tyrone. In Munster under 10 shillings was paid in Cork. In this county the wages ranged from 8 shillings to 12 shillings summer and winter. In the more remote portions, particularly the southern districts, towards the coast, both the wages and earnings were low. In Leitrim under 10 shillings a week was paid in the counties of Kilkenny, Longford, Meath, Westmeath and Wexford. It will be of interest to consider how an Irish laborer can support a family on 9 shillings to 10 shillings a week, paying, say, 1 shilling a week for his rent. The standard of living is, of course, low, and compared with the English agricultural laborer, the Irish laborer eats a cheaper class of food, does not dress so well, and spends little or no money on drink. Their main diet consists of potatoes, bread, butter, but-

con, eggs, cabbage, strabout (porridge), tea and milk, and those near the coast get fish. A large number of men, and also a good many women, go every year from Ireland to work on farms in certain counties in England and Scotland. Some of the men start as early as February, and take part in the ordinary work on farms, not returning until late in the autumn; but the majority do not start until June. They find employment during the summer and autumn at hoeing, haymaking, harvesting and taking up potatoes and roots, and on dairy farms in parts of Cheshire they are engaged at milking.

When engaged in England upon ordinary farm work, such as thinning turnips and potato lifting, they are frequently employed at piecework. But in the northern counties they are generally engaged by the week or month, and in some districts they are hired at hiring fairs specially held for hay and corn harvest. In addition to cash wages they are frequently found sleeping accommodations in barns. They generally find their own food, which consists chiefly of bread, potatoes, porridge, tea and milk and sometimes bacon; but not infrequently their employers gave them fuel, milk and coffee, and occasionally a little beer. In some cases, chiefly in the North, they are found in all their food, particularly during harvest, and occasionally employers give them fresh meat. By far the greater number of migratory laborers go from the province of Connaught, and the majority of those go from the County of Mayo.

According to returns made to the department by railway companies, 27,340 in the season of 1899 were booked from stations in Mayo, Galway, Sligo, Roscommon and Leitrim, and according to returns made by the Glasgow, Dublin and London-derney Steam Packet Company about 1,100 were booked from Mayo by steamer. According to the return published by the registrar general of Ireland, based upon information obtained at the homes of the migratory laborers by the enumerators of agricultural statistics, 15,557 went from the province of Connaught in 1899, and of these 2,697 were natives of Donegal; 319 went from the province of Munster, and 100 from the province of Leinster. Of this number the registrar general states that 75.8 per cent. sought work in England, 22.5 per cent. in Scotland, and 1.7 per cent. in Ireland.

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Our next issue will contain special reports of St. Patrick's Day celebration in Montreal and other leading centres in Canada, as well as of the demonstrations in other parts of the world.

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GRAND OPENING EXHIBITION OF SPRING COSTUMES. Monday is the day set apart for the Grand Opening Reception of High Class Novelties in Ladies' Tailor-made Suits. In this charming gathering, which no lady of Montreal can afford to miss, are to be seen beautiful creations of the master minds of Europe. These novelties are perfect models of style—distinctive and elegant—ranging in price from \$9.00 to \$30.00 a garment. The Costume Salon, therefore, will be specially inviting and its fashion predictions, reliable and authoritative. Come and see a glimpse of Paris fashion land.

Ladies' New Honespun Cloth Costumes in drab, navy and black, jacket cut Chesterfield front, lined Italian cloth, short on the hips, skirt cut full sweep, inverted plaited back, lined linette, velvet bound, the latest style. Special price, \$9.00. Ladies' New Spring Suits, made in Oxford Gray Cheviot, the jacket cut short with large revers, lined navy silk, the skirt made full flare, lined through and velvet bound. A most fashionable suit. Special price \$11.25. Ladies' Elegant Spring Costumes, made of Whip Serge Cloth, in drab, navy and black, the jacket is cut double breasted, Eton style, sleeves made with pointed cuff. The skirt is made full flare, box seams, lined through and velvet bound. A chic suit. Special price, \$16.00. Ladies' Stylish Spring Costumes, made in the newest shade of fawn checked cloth. The jacket is cut straight front, trimmed black braid and gold buttons, lined through, puff sleeves; skirt is made full flare, trimmed military braid straps with 3 gold buttons, lined through. A swell suit. Special price \$18.75.

SPRING JACKETS. Ladies' New Spring Jackets, made of Black Admiral Serge, lined through, but latest style sleeves, buttons, special price \$4.80. Ladies' New Spring Jackets, made of fine quality box cloth, cut twenty inches long, lined through silk serge. Special price \$6.75. Ladies' New Spring Jackets, made of best quality fawn, blue and black box cloth, lined through heavy satin, beautifully stitched all round, fly front and pearl buttons. Special price \$10.25. SPRING CAPES. Ladies' Spring Capes in fawn cloth, fine cloth, well made and tailored, trimmed with stitching and fancy satin folds, lined satin. Special \$8.00. Ladies' Spring Capes in Black Venetian Cloth, cut very full and latest style back, high collar, lined black satin. Special \$10.50. Ladies' Black Box Cloth Capes, in best quality material, cut latest style, trimmed all round, beautiful applique of same. Special \$14.50.

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W. A. WAYLAND, GENERAL MANAGER. NOTICE. The Montreal and Southern Counties Railway Company will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the present session, for an Act extending the day fixed for the construction of the Railway; granting it the power to connect with other Railways and making arrangements for the use of other Railways lines; to construct, maintain and operate vessels and power vehicles, elevators, warehouses, docks, wharves and other buildings, and power to dispose of same; and for other necessary powers. A. J. CORRIVEAU, Managing Director. Montreal, 12th February, 1901. 32-9

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 Reports for private firms, and public corporations a specialty. TELEPHONE 1182.

W. GEO. KENNEDY, ...Dentist.. No. 758 PALACE STREET, Two Doors West of Beaver Hall Hill. NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that at the next session of the Parliament at Ottawa, the company called "Le Credit Foncier du Bas-Canada," incorporated by the Act 36 Vict. Ch. 102, will apply for amendments to its charter for the purpose of changing its capital stock and board of management; of providing for a change in its place of business; of regulating shares, securities (letters de gage), loans, deposits, and the keeping of accounts; of amending and making new by-laws and for other purposes. LE CREDIT FONCIER DU BAS-CANADA. Montreal, 19th February, 1901. GEOFFRION & CUSSON, Attorneys for Petitioners.

ROOFERS ASPHALTERS Luxfer Prisms and Expanded Metal Work, Hot Blast Heating, etc. GEO. W. REID & CO., 783-785 Craig Street. NOTICE. Is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at next session thereof, for an Act to incorporate "THE LAURENTIAN ASSURANCE CORPORATION," for the purpose of carrying on the business of Fire and Marine Assurance, and having its chief office in the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec. Montreal, 7th January, 1901. WHITE, O'HALLORAN & BUCHANAN, Solicitors for Applicants.

Society Directory.

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. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vice, P. O. Shannon; 2nd Vice, T. J. O'Neill; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Curran; B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, S. Cross, residence 55 Cathcart street.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION, organized April, 1874, incorporated, Dec. 1875.—Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, M. A. Phelan; Secretary-Treasurer, M. J. Power. All communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League, W. J. Hinchey, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division, No. 1.—Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month. President, Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Stasia Mack; Financial Secretary, Mary McMahon; Treasurer, Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lizzie Howlath, 383 Wellington street. Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording Secretary, Thouras Donohue, 312 Hibernian street, to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: —J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1863 Notre-Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Ald. D. Gallery, president; J. McCarthy, vice-president; F. J. Devlin, recording secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

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, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, 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; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 414a St. Antoine street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1883.)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, 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. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B. C. L., President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, Jr., Treasurer.

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Vol. L, N. ST. P. "Then, O! to hear strains of Irish Like gushing melody, neath far foreign Peneth the sprea... neath the trellis The bright Italian dark Canadian O! don't these old now sad, and, N Speak to your ver poor exiles far MARTIN

WEARING OF THE Monday, the 18th people of Montreal manner befitting the first anniversary; An American daily on the various ma made use of the following striking remarks Irish race, and the which the shamrock honored: "The loyalty with tives of Erin and clinging to the badge whatever part of the are a little more true, and so are the their leek, but their badge is of a very easily put out."

Since the late Que- dored that the Irish wear the shamrock March, and since the Alexandra, sent the adorn the caps of t the army, we can tr the complaint made song, "The Wearing as something belong tory of departed thi a stranger passing a pal streets of Montr last, would have nat that every leading co lishment in our city direction of an Irish Scotch and French st such an amount of g was no mistaking the importance that their position in this have learned, in form experience, that worl words are the telli their national progr are aware that much sentiment of respect their duty to creat of all by whom they and with whom they and labor.

AT THE CHURCH, religious observance, rick's Day assumed a character. The pre- Grace, Archbishop pontificated at the H Patrick's, imparted the ceremonials that ly appreciated by bot and the faithful. And sympathetic action of the first pastor of o the city of Mary, is ing with the gener sentiments—admiring Duchesi towards the element, ever since his archiepiscopal See. Without a doubt Church, in its removi