



THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the "True Witness" one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE LIBRARY QUESTION.

The question of the selection of books for the proposed Montreal Irish public library is again before the City Council, and the majority of the Catholic aldermen seem to be opposed to the idea of recognizing the right of the Church in this important matter.

The condition of the two inevitably suggested a contrast. The latter was covered with natural and artificial flowers, placed there by those who cherish his memory. Poor McGee's tomb was unadorned. The graves of other prominent Irishmen who during their lifetime devoted their best energies and abilities to the cause of their Church and their country were similarly neglected.

HIGH LIFE SCANDAL.

The British capital is again being shocked by stories of depravity on the part of men belonging to what is known as the "upper ten"—men of wealth who are members of the House of Lords and of the House of Commons, and men who bear honorable names.

MR. TARTE'S SUCCESSOR.

At last the Cabinet changes rendered necessary by the resignation of Mr. Tarte have been authentically announced. His successor in the Cabinet is Ex-Mayor Prefontaine of this city; but his successor in the Ministry of Public Works is an Ontario man, Mr. James Sutherland.

EDUCATION BILL.

With the very large and solid majority which it possesses in both Houses of Parliament, there can be no doubt as to the fate of the British Government Education Bill. The hypocritical and bigoted non-conformists are denouncing the measure in violent terms in their pulpits and their newspapers and on their platforms.

ST. PATRICK'S PASTOR.

The Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P. of St. Patrick's, celebrated his feast day on Monday. The occasion was lovingly commemorated by the pupils of St. Patrick's School, Alexander street, by whom this worthy priest has long been held in affectionate esteem ever since he first became connected with the parish, years before he occupied his present position as pastor.

DILLON AND BLAKE.

Messrs. Dillon and Blake are certain of a rousing reception when they visit Montreal. But cheers and enthusiasm will not maintain the Irish Parliamentary Party in its struggle for justice and freedom. Practical sympathy in the shape of dollars is what is needed; and this we hope, will be forthcoming in generous measure.

MISSION OF THE GESU.

A mission for English-speaking women has been going on this week in the Church of the Gesu. It has been well attended, and is bearing fruitful spiritual results.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We would remind those of our subscribers whose accounts with us are overdue, that remittances from them will be gladly received. Quite a large sum in subscriptions is owing to us at present; and if this were paid to us we would be relieved of some financial worry, freer to discuss many topics in our editorial columns, and enabled to brighten up our news department.

OUR GREAT MEN'S GRAVES.

A representative of the "True Witness" paid, as is his custom, a visit to the Catholic cemetery on All Souls' Day, and as on previous occasions, wandered by the tomb of that great Irishman, Dr. Amy McGee, that great Irishman, Dr. Amy McGee, that great Irishman, Dr. Amy McGee.

posts with the dangerous current. Collections of mails were delayed and men were stationed at the letter boxes to warn citizens not to use the boxes. At eleven o'clock the electric lights were shut off, leaving the street in darkness and the electricians were at work trying to discover the leak.

POISONOUS MILK.

We are told that formaldehyde is put very largely in milk as a preservative, keeping it sweet and palatable in the hottest weather and not affecting its taste, but it is also known to some that it makes a most unwholesome compound and has perhaps killed numbers of invalids and children.

NEGRO GHOULS.

A gang of negro ghouls has been arrested in Indianapolis for having systematically robbed graves at the instigation of the Central Medical College, the authorities of which paid handsomely for the bodies. The leader of the gang has confessed that more than three hundred graves have been robbed within the last two years.

AN OLD SLANDER.

Anti-Catholic, and anti-Irish writers commonly advance as an argument against the morality of our people, that prison records show a majority of the inmates of prisons to be Irish, and presumably Irish Catholics. They take a list of the names from the records of the police courts and triumphantly flaunt their so-called discovery in the face of our people.

PREMATURE INTERMENTS.

The "Boston Evening Transcript" tells the following strange story:—"Reverend E. Johnson, one of the most widely known Methodist ministers in the West, died in Mulberry, Ind., Saturday, aged 72. He had the distinction of having died twice, according to the opinions of noted physicians. His first supposed demise was in June, 1869, while he was the pastor of the Oakland Hill Mission Church, in Lafayette, Ind. He worked so hard in building up his congregation and erecting a new house of worship that he was overcome by nervous prostration, and after a week's illness apparently died. Dr. Kiefer, then one of the state's most noted physicians, pronounced him dead, and this opinion was concurred in by other doctors. Mr. Johnson always had been opposed to embalming and his body was not embalmed. To this fact he owed thirty-three more years of active life. The body lay three days while arrangements for the funeral were being made. Rev. J. W. Joyce, now Bishop Joyce, had charge of the funeral service. The services had proceeded to the conclusion of the scripture lesson and the preacher had just uttered the name of Mr. Johnson, preparatory to pronouncing a eulogy, when a sudden gust of wind blew a door shut and the supposed dead man sat up in the coffin. Two weeks later Mr. Joyce accompanied Mr. Johnson to his church and from the pulpit said: 'Here in this pulpit with me is a man that has come back to us from the gates of death.' Many attempts have been made to get Mr. Johnson to make a statement as to his sensations during his cataleptic state. His invariable reply was: 'What I saw then I never shall tell to mortal man.'"

ONE DEGREE MORE.

Each sect of Protestantism that springs into existence seems to remove, through its tenets, those who are its adherents, another degree away from Christianity. And the same may be said of every sensational preacher who bobs up in a sectarian pulpit with some fresh and startling theory.

One of the latest attempts comes from a Baptist minister in Denver. The report says:—

Rev. Joshua Gravett, of Galilee Baptist Church, considered thoroughly orthodox in all his preachings and methods, said he would not for the world have copies of the Commandments placed about his church, and also said that should a man break one of the Commandments it would not necessarily mean his eternal damnation or anything approaching it.

He explained to his fellow ministers that the Commandments were given as a law for the Israelites, and that they should not be applied as laws in this generation; that the spiritual grace of the people of this day comes through the epistles of the New Testament and not through that old law.

We are not surprised at Rev. Mr. Gravett—who probably has never read St. Matthew and the injunction to "keep the Commandments;" but we are astonished that he could find a Christian congregation—be it Baptist or otherwise—sufficiently patient to listen to such preaching and to refrain from making a positive disapproval felt. We can only conclude that the members of that congregation were exceedingly thankful to the preacher for furnishing them with an excuse to ignore and to break the Commandments. In practical life the Commandments are sometimes a very awkward piece of legislation. In the Catholic Church we find a great many other things very hard to admit and to reflect upon—Hell, for example, and final judgment, and Death. Yet we cannot get over the fact that we must die, and be judged, and go to Hell, if we fail to keep the Commandments.

FORGED DOMINION BILLS.

As a warning to any of our readers who may chance to have bills of the denominations below described, or who may happen to meet with any of them, we publish a despatch, from Toronto, of November 7th. It does not need comment. Toronto, Nov. 7.—Dominion Canadian bills of the denomination of one dollar, bearing the pictures of Lord and Lady Aberdeen on either side of a logging scene, and bearing the number 553,346, are in general circulation and are all forgeries but one. The genuine bills are of the issue of March 31, 1898, which date also appears on the counterfeit bill. Dominion of Canada two-dollar bills and Dominion of Canada four-dollar bills of the same issue, but with varying numbers, printed on private presses, are also in the pockets of many people, and are as worthless as those of the smaller denominations. The man who made the one-dollar bills was arrested by Detective Forest last night, and it is expected the author of the other bogus currency will be apprehended by Inspector Liuet-Colonel Percy Sherwood in Montreal shortly. If this be accomplished a most successful and daring band of counterfeiters, who have, under almost constant surveillance, plied their trade for nearly two years, will be broken up.

THE GAELIC REVIVAL.

We have had occasion more than once during the past few years to consecrate articles to the important subject of the revival of the Irish language. However, it seems to us that the enthusiasm on this question, which appeared at one time to be widespread, has cooled down to a considerable degree. At all events,

least, three days elapse between the supposed death and the burial.

Of course, there are many instances in which there can be no question as to death having taken place; but, on the other hand, there are millions of cases in which the departed one undergoes no remarkable change before the coffin is closed. There should be some law of the land regulating this matter. If a murder, or a suicide, takes place, interment is not allowed until the coroner's certificate can be obtained; in the same way, we believe no burial should be allowed until certain conditions, indicated by the legislature, have been observed. The subject is one of the very gravest moment and deserves more than a mere passing notice.

Since writing the foregoing, we learn from our Irish exchanges of another narrow escape of premature burial at a place called Ballyhane, in the County Cork. A woman named Margaret Kennedy, aged 67 years, has been ill for some time. On Saturday morning, October 4, she died and her son went to Kanlink and ordered a coffin, after which he gave orders for the funeral arrangements. The son remained in Kanlink until the coffin was finished, when he took it home with him.

When he was nearing home he met an agitated courier on horseback who told him that the coffin was not required. It appeared that the wake was being held when, shortly before dawn, they desired to remove the body for the purpose of preparing it for the coffin.

To the astonishment of all present the supposed corpse suddenly began to show signs of life and in a short while completely woke up from her trance. The people present quickly recovered from their shock and promptly administered restoratives. The patient at last accounts was doing very well.

A similar case occurred in nearly the same district about thirty years ago. On that occasion a youth was being conveyed to the cemetery when the peculiar noises inside the coffin attracted the attention of some mourners. An inspection was made, with the result that the boy was found alive, and in a terribly agitated condition inside the coffin. It the scraping of his finger-nails on the lid of the coffin that attracted the attention of some men who were walking just behind the coffin. The late Venerable Archdeacon Kennedy, of Kanlink, had a deep-rooted objection to hurried burials. He often took occasion to refer to the subject, and always contended that a corpse should at least be kept for two days before interment.

we have heard but little of the progress made here in the work of reviving the Gaelic. Still we could not expect the same fervor in a young and distant country as that which exists in the old land. There is no doubt that at home they are bound to keep the agitation alive, and we sincerely hope that they will do so with an energy that may bring about the restoration of Erin's mother tongue. We do not expect that the coming generation, or any future one, will be taught exclusively Irish; but we would like to see a disinterring of the splendid gems of Irish literature that have been so far lost under the ruins of the Celtic tongue. A most interesting account of some of the methods, and especially the latest one, adopted by the people of Ireland has come un-der our notice, and we are sure that read it. The following is what we have found in an Irish publication:—

One of the latest and most effective methods employed in Ireland to spread and popularize the Irish language movement is to hold open-air meetings in public places, where speakers and singers in Gaelic interest and attract the passerby to stop and learn something of the language and music of Ireland. The Aerid-heacht held in the open space at Tara street in Dublin on a recent Sunday was a great success. Mr. H. J. Courtney delivered an opening address in the Gaelic tongue, on behalf of the Irish language movement, Mr. McGinley, Belfast Gaelic League, a most stirring address in the mother tongue, and Mr. W. Whelan gave the stirring war song in Gaelic, "O'Don-bell Abu." One of the items which attracted great attention was the dialogue between "the Crusader" and Mr. Patrick O'Brien, of Dublin, in the Munster Gaelic dialect. There were Gaelic songs, jigs, reels and hornpipes, accompanied by the fiddle. Mr. J. Morron, of County Mayo, delivered a Gaelic address, coupled with Father Prout's grand song, "The Bells of Shandon," in Gaelic.

THE IDOL OF THE HOUR.

We have written column upon column, and our various contributors have done likewise, to show the world how rapidly the whole social fabric is being undermined by the grasping dollar-seeking spirit that has taken possession of the age. It has also been a favorite theme with us that the Catholic Church has been proven to be the very best friend and trustee ally of the State, and that the principles which she has ever advocated, and which she will ever advocate, are the sole safeguards that any State can accept with an assurance that they are genuine. It is with pleasure that we found all these arguments condensed, in an American contemporary, into a few well-chosen lines. The fact is that the following short paragraph is one of the strongest arguments that could be advanced against the enemies of our Church and in favor of her teachings. It reads thus:—

"The mad rush after wealth is demoralizing the whole country. The symptoms of this demoralization are discernible in business, in politics and in society. Imperialism is another evidence of it. Huge trusts, reaching out in every direction to rob the people, are still another. He indeed must be dull of comprehension who is unable to discern the danger which would threaten our republican institutions if the principles that animated the Coal Trust in its war upon labor should carry the day. The Catholic Church for nineteen hundred years has been battling against these principles. In doing so she has been trying to save society from the ruin which would inevitably result from the success of the modern paganism which places the dollar above the man."

And to the last remark we might add that it places the worship of the dollar above the worship of God. Paganism of the worst class it may fairly be styled. It is not even the paganism of ancient Rome's glorious days; it is that of the mighty Empire's decline.

CONDOLENCE.

At recent meetings of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association and Branch No. 10 of the C.M.B.A., resolutions of condolence were passed and ordered to be sent to the family of the late Patrick Galley.

# The One True Church

A scholarly and forcible sermon was preached by the Rev. Joseph A. Osborn, on the occasion of the blessing of the foundation-stone of the new Church of St. Margaret, Norberth, Pa., by Archbishop Ryan. He said:—

Circumstances of time, or place, or surroundings can add but little to, and can detract still less from, the real importance of an event like this. Be it for a stately cathedral, resplendent with its wealth of architectural beauty, or only for a modest house of worship, in some unfrequented district, the action is ever the same and the solemnities that accompany it can differ only in degree. The corner-stone is set in position, and upon its foundation will be reared a Christian temple, an earthly habitation of the world's Redeemer, an abode wherein the living God has chosen to dwell amongst the sons of men."

In graphic language the preacher reviewed the trials and triumphs of the Church, showing that she had passed "virtually unscathed through every storm, her glory unshaken, her doctrines safe and inviolate, herself a continued miracle." Continuing, he said:

When we see that Church, the holy Catholic Church, superior to the ravages of time, and thriving uninterceptedly with the lapse of ages; when we see her existing through all the varied history of the world, finding a place in its countless details, and yet ever enjoying an independence peculiarly her own; when we see her surviving the fall of empire and monarchy, of State and kingdom, evangelizing each in turn, yet above them all herself; when we see this; we recognize at once the stamp of the Master's approval: "I am with you all days, even to the end of the world."

The Church is divinely sure of her position; the truth is hers, and the whole truth; with the absolute conviction of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, she proclaims with him to all within hearing of her voice. "Though we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you besides that, which we have preached to you, let him be anathema, that the gospel, which was preached by Me, is not according to man." (Galat. ii. 8 and 11).

Ah! right there is the tender spot, for, although the world would seem to know it not, there is a crying need in the world to-day for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, since there stalks abroad, only too well veiled by specious appearances, a gospel which is according to man. Do you ask what it is? Would you know some of the disguises it assumes? Witness the violent, the unnatural, the defilement of the puny created intellect, when human reason will cite before its tribunal, and will pompously pass judgment on the eternal truths of God. Witness the efforts of self-styled scholars—exponents of higher criticism they like to call themselves. Witness their efforts to eliminate the divine element, wherever possible, from the most serious concerns of life. Witness the abortive attempts of so-called scientists to bring into disrepute not only the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, but even their authenticity. The idea of revelation these reject with ill assumed scorn, and even the divinity of the world's Redeemer, their own Redeemer, is not at all to their liking. The miracles of Jesus and His wonderful works they would actually weigh in the scales of the chemical balance, and pretend to explain away by figments of their own diseased imaginations. The last attempt failing, they helplessly make a childish appeal to the dawn of some uncertain day when the hidden forces of nature will be more fully developed. Witness, again, the compromising of truth, the minimizing of duty and the gradual rejection of individual responsibility to God, which are being preached so extensively and being put forth so boldly in the name of religion pure and undefiled. Witness the feverish exaltation of merely natural good qualities to the exclusion of all respect and all reverence for the supernatural virtues of the Christian life. Witness all this; see its baneful effect on the State, on society, on the family, on the home, and at once you have proof positive of the manifold evil wrought by the preaching of any gospel which is according to man.

Apparently the only gospel to find popular acceptance just now is one all brightness, all cheerfulness, pandering to the tastes of vanity. Ignorance, poverty, misery, distress—these are deadly sins in its category: but

the aims that lead to distinction, to wealth, to social advancement, are classed as the theological virtues. Vehement denunciations of sin are ruled out of order, and are not to be tolerated; the ways of iniquity that lead to perdition must not be so much as mentioned; death and the judgment to come—perish the thought; the consideration of these must not be allowed to disturb the peaceful tranquility of easily assumed righteousness. But little is needed to make every man his own priest and his own church, in regulating the affair of salvation according to the gospel that finds such ready acceptance.

Against all this stands the Catholic Church, preaching and teaching faith in a life to come, where happiness can be obtained only by fidelity to the voice of conscience in this life. On the hilltops that Church may be seen; she is found in the highways and byways of life, announcing the Master's message. That message conveys the truths of faith, the doctrines of salvation, and they are coming to be recognized as such even by the world at large, disgusted as it must be and disheartened by the disintegration that has already set in as a necessary consequence of such bitter doctrinal strife and doctrinal differences. The world has tried, to its cost, others than the true standard of morality; the world has built around its God a wall of error that cuts off its own vision of His essential attributes; the world has determined the quality and the character of its own elect, with no regard at all of the immutable law of God—and, having rushed to the verge of ruin, the world is even now casting about for some force, for some power, to avert its own destruction. Such a force and such a power are to be found only in the Gospel of Jesus Christ as announced by the Catholic Church and thither the world must sooner or later turn.

I am measuring the words I utter, and they call for no defense. There are glaring abuses basking to-day in the sunshine of the world's favor, abuses which threaten to upturn the foundations of society itself; but not a single such abuse has escaped the vigilant eye of the Catholic Church, not one has she failed to brand with her condemnation. Once and for all time that Church took her stand to defend the absolute sanctity of the marriage tie; the same is her firm stand to-day, and divorce with its nameless evils is an abomination in her sight, is unknown in her communion. She has defined the minimum of Christian duty, the line which cannot be passed without violence to the rights of the Almighty; and so she has preserved the dignity of Christian worship, whilst maintaining its necessity and enforcing its practice. She has jealously guarded the attributes of the Creator, with His prerogatives as Saviour and Redeemer. Thus infidelity is kept in check, whilst the supreme dominion of God is everywhere upheld. In the matter of education she has steered a course which appeals to the intelligence of every thinking man. In her system the intellect receives all due attention, but its faculties are never developed to the exclusion of the heart or to the detriment of the God who is above all and in all. To be brief, the Catholic Church finds her way into every detail of life; she brings God down to man, she elevates man to God.

There is good reason, then, for the importance attached to the ceremony just performed; the ritual that accompanied it is very significant. We see before us a piece of granite with little to distinguish it from others of its kind—a small and perhaps insignificant part of the structure soon to be merged into the edifice above it. But in that piece of granite is epitomized and symbolized all that we have said—in fact, all that we could say—regarding the Catholic Church in her humble beginning, her marvelous growth, her miraculous preservation, her undying renown. That piece of granite is the corner-stone of an edifice set apart for the worship of the Living God; just as Christ Himself is the foundation on which our religion rests, just as Jesus is the true corner-stone of the Church of God. "I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

I say it again, the occasion should be one of gratification to us all, to non-Catholic as well as to Catholics. This temple once erected, it will be an oasis of everything good, and noble, and pure, in a desert of misery, and sorrow, and sin. The woes, the agonies and the trials of life will here find a haven of refuge; here the poor will be blessed and the grief of the mourner assuaged; here maladies that afflict the soul will be banished by remedies better than human. Nay, even the criminal, the outcast, the degraded and the sinful—if such be found—even they will be moulded again into the image of their self-respecting fellow-

creatures. They will be taught to love what they hated, and to hate what they loved whilst they were prodigals from their Father's house, strangers to the home of peace and joy. In a word, this house of God is destined to become a fruitful source of blessings to the individual, to society, to the State; it is destined to diffuse abroad the heavenly odor of Jesus Christ; and the badge of its authority is the Master's commission delivered nineteen hundred years ago: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

## The Beauty of Brotherly Love.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Illinois, who is a member of the commission appointed by President Roosevelt, to consider and report upon the condition and claims of coal miners of Pennsylvania, preached recently to a crowded congregation at Scranton, Pa., on "Man's Love for Man." He said in part:—

Infinite power is the power of kindness in justice. The essentials of life are therefore a kindly love, helpfulness and faith. I contend that there is no deeper thought than this. Whether we look beyond or within one cannot escape the idea that what appears is not merely what is; but that beyond and above all things there must be a cause, known or unknown, from which all things spring and to which all things must be referred and to which they must in some way return.

Since the visible universe springs from an invisible cause we must think that cause is love. Love creates all harmony. Love alone creates beauty. The more one considers nature the more we see it is a harmony, not a chaos; not disorder. The quality of a man's love is the test of his nature. A man's worth is not what he has most of. Consecration to God and to truth is the test of a man's life. We must seek and understand what the man really does. We love the things which we are always thinking of. We are taught to know ourselves, and if we know ourselves, what is our purpose? What is it that I look upon as ideal? What is our permanent thought? What is the goal we are all striving for? Is it something material? Is it money, things to wear, or to feast upon, or distinction? Is it to appear among men in something that will lift us up in their estimation?

The quality of such a man is material. If he be a fop, he does not need serious attention. What our Lord aimed at in sending His son upon this earth was to create a new life in man. It is the tendency of all education to bring unto God what is His talent. Our Lord wanted to make us feel that we were under the eye of a Father whom we cannot escape. The more we think of it, the more we are made His children.

We can sin against love, although we hurt nobody else; against our body, which is the seat of an immortal soul. Lust kills all that makes life pure and fair. To love our neighbor as ourselves means every human being, whatever be the color of his skin and whatever tongue he speaks. We are to constantly do him good, and never hurt him.

"Thou shalt not steal!" If the world has grown up to recognize the right of property. Everything that we have has come down to us. We must, therefore, respect the law of property.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness." Calumny is worse than death. If the quality of our love were spiritual, there could never be any jealousy or strife, but if we strive after material things we become extremely jealous, because the thing held by one cannot be held by another. If this desire is not watched over with care it becomes greed and lust, a turning to things in which no human being can find joy. The man who is always seeking to possess more goods becomes hard, metallic and material.

The law of life is the law of love of God, of home, of the Church and of country. Society is not possible, unless men love one another. It is then representative of God Himself.

There is nothing steadfast in life but our memories. We are sure of keeping intact only that which we have lost.

## American Ritualists Joining the Church

"A. F. D.," writing in an American exchange, says:—

The latest convert to the Church from the ranks of Episcopalianism is Mr. Johnson Stuart. He was formerly a minister and had been associated with missionary work in the Episcopal Church. He is a man of about 35 years of age, and is unmarried.

Somewhat over a month ago Mr. Stephen W. Wilson, formerly rector of Grace Episcopal Church, in Cleveland, resigned his rectorship, and after a due course of instruction was admitted to a profession of his faith by Rev. Richard O'Sullivan, of St. Thomas Aquinas' Church. Mr. Wilson had been of the party who believed in the validity of Anglican orders, but when the Holy Father issued his letter in which the historical controversy was reviewed and declared that it was impossible to recognize the validity of orders received in the Anglican ordination, he turned his face to the old Mother Church, where he was sure of possessing the Apostolic succession.

These are but a few of the more prominent converts who are coming as the fruits of the new ritualistic movement. Among the laity there are hundreds in whom the love of the fundamental truths have been strengthened by ritualistic practices and who could not be satisfied with the husks of empty form and ceremony that they were getting. At the mission given in the Cathedral in Chicago by Father Conway there are now one hundred and fifty-six in the class of inquiry preparing for reception into the Church.

At the opening of the new Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Ignatius in New York the sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. George Christian, a gentleman of character, dignity and position among his people. He said in part: "We are here to emphasize the fact that this church is a part of the Catholic Church, and not a part of the Protestant sect. This is the church of the worshippers in the Catacombs and through the middle ages up to to-day."

How such a church repudiating Protestantism can affiliate with the sect whose official title is the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America is a mystery, and on the other hand how such a church can be identical with the Church of the Catacombs, and yet reject the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors is equally mysterious. No wonder the strong common sense of the best of the Ritualists is asserting itself, and one by one in ever increasing numbers they are coming back to the one fold of the Great Shepherd.

## IRISH GIANTS.

Irish traditions abound in stories of famous giants, such as Finn McCool Cucullen and others, whose extraordinary deeds of valor and strength were the themes of bards and story-tellers for centuries. The description given of those ancient giants presented them as mighty. Of the ancient giants it is said that they were mighty men of valor, their strength being in proportion to their size.

But the modern giants do not keep up this reputation. A memorial tablet in the Catholic Church, Trenchard street, Bristol, informs us that: "Here lie the remains of Patrick Cotter O'Brien, a native of Kinsale, in the Kingdom of Ireland. He was a man of gigantic stature, exceeding eight feet three inches in height, and proportionately large."

He was born in the year 1761 of parents of ordinary stature. When 18 years of age a showman paid his father for three years £50 per annum. He showed himself, and was so successful that in three days he made £30. The following is the substance of one of the handbills of the time, circulated to advertise the appearance of this giant:

"Just arrived in town and to be seen, . . . the celebrated Irish giant, Mr. O'Brien, of the Kingdom of Ireland, indisputably the tallest man ever shown."

This freak of nature seems to have had less imbecility of mind than other giants, but all the weakness of body by which they are characterized. He walked with difficulty and felt considerable pain when rising up or sitting down.

Patrick Cotter O'Brien was not the only Irish giant. The following

prodigies of nature appeared before or after him: Edmund Malone, born at Port Leicester, Co. Meath, Ireland, in 1665, and when 17 years old, with his shoes off, measured 7 feet 7 inches in height.

In the "Philosophical Transactions" we find Dr. Wm. Murrison writing thus of Malone: "The measures of some parts of Malone, shown at Oxford were communicated by Dr. Plott. One of his fingers was 6 1/2 inches long, and the length of his span 14 inches."

The two subjoined handbills are from the British Museum, 1784 and 1785: 1. Irish Giants—"The most surprising gigantic twin brothers are just arrived in Newcastle. . . . These truly amazing phenomena are indisputably the most astonishing production of the human species ever beheld since the days of Goliath. These modern Colossi are about 23 years of age, and very near eight feet high; nor does their amazing size more agreeably surprise the curious spectator than their proportion in every respect to that stupendous height, a circumstance seldom to be found in any extraordinary production of nature."

2. Irish Giants—"The most surprising twin brothers are just arrived. These wonderful Irish giants are but 24 years of age, and measure very nearly eight feet. In short, the sight of them is more than the mind can conceive or the tongue express or pencil delineate, and stands without a parallel in this or any other country."

Among the Sloan manuscripts in the British Museum is found the following certificate: "I, James Paris, born near Dublin, who was seven feet eleven inches high, without his shoes, or with anything on his head." Also, "I, James Paris, saw a woman in Ireland in 1696, who was born at Portrush, not far from the wonderful causeway. She was then 23 years old, and stood seven feet high without shoes, very well shaped, with a handsome face."

In the London "Daily Advertiser," of January 31, 1753, we find this announcement: "Just arrived in this city from Ireland, Cornelius McGrath, the youth mentioned lately in the newspapers as the most extraordinary production in nature. He has the most stupendous and gigantic form, although only a boy, and is the only representative in the world of the ancient and magnificent giants of that kingdom. He is seven feet three inches in height, without shoes."

## WAKE UP, BABY!

### A NEW GAME FOR MOTHERS

Baby's awakening ought to be looked forward to as a pleasure, not dreaded as a scourge. He should awaken bright, merry, and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.

How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knowing that he will keep every one miserable until he goes to sleep again or gets his food. These crying fits are the terror of every inexperienced mother. Mrs. Gabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby suffered much from indigestion, and was cross and restless. I gave him several medicines, but they did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they helped him almost at once, and have done him so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

God never makes us feel our weakness except to lead us to seek strength from Him.

The style of a writer is a faithful representative of his mind; therefore, if any man wish to write a clear style, let him first possess a noble soul.

**WALTER G. KENNEDY,**  
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MONTREAL.

## Healy's Ironical Speech.

At the opening of the present session of the British Parliament, the Premier, Mr. A. J. Balfour, declined to assent to the demand of the Irish members for an opportunity to discuss the present situation in their native country, where the constitution is suspended, and several members of Parliament have been imprisoned with hard labor for denouncing the system of misrule which exists throughout the land. Mr. Balfour went on to announce that, in addition to the Education Bill, one of the questions which the House would be called upon to consider would be the construction of a railway in Uganda. This brought forth a protest from Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who said that as the Government had silenced the voice of the Irish people in Ireland, at least in that great court of appeal their voices ought to be heard.

Mr. Healy made an ironical speech to which the cable news recently alluded very briefly. He said he rose for the purpose of saying a few words on the subject of the Uganda Railway. (Loud laughter.) Speaking as a native of Uganda (renewed laughter), he wished to thank the Government for a great measure of advancement, which he was sure would bring calm to Kerry and balm to Ballydeob (laughter), namely, the proposed expenditure on that country of a large amount of public money and the taking up the time of the House with regard to a project of that description. We could not help felicitating the Government upon the proposal to spend time and money upon the inhabitants of that distant and neglected island. (Loud laughter.) Uganda was a place which had ever been foremost in his thoughts. (Renewed laughter.) They had been brought up to love and reverence it, and it was now a consolation that that long-neglected country should at length have won the favor and approbation of the Prime Minister of England to such an extent that he was prepared, at a time of great stringency, and when the Education Bill for England was exciting so much passion, to give to the people of that country the hope of having a large portion of the time of the House of Commons devoted to it. There must be some reason for this flattering attention to Uganda.

He believed it was a perfectly crimeless country. (Loud laughter.) He believed its administration was in the hands of the most pure-souled removable that the British Empire could afford. Law and order there proceeded with a regularity of which they had no example in this country, and hence it was that the British Parliament turned aside from paltry topics, such as the affairs of Ireland, of England, of Scotland, and of Wales, and devoted itself with one voice to the interests of the people of that afflicted area. (Laughter.) New as the right honorable gentleman opposite was to the office of Prime Minister, he had given a pledge to the Empire at large which would rebound through Australia, through Canada and through every island and kingdom, and republic, absorbed by England (laughter) that, however much this Parliament might have its hands full, if you are a nigger, a painted savage, or a heathen roaming in the woods, he still had a tear for you at his disposal (loud laughter), and that in his generosity he would be prepared to appeal to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to pour out the gold of England for the benefit of this benighted and dejected savage.

The Irish members had long glowered in the destruction of their own Parliament, because where, in Ireland—where, within the walls of an Irish Parliament—could they imagine such disinterestedness, such altruism, when their own country was palpitating, thrilling and throbbing with passionate emotion as to turn aside to contemplate the condition of the niggers of Uganda? (Laughter.) Hence it was that in future the admiration he had always felt for the House of Commons would now be something ethereal and ennobling, and they would go back to their own country with these glorious and glowing principles that Kerry might be neglected. O'Connell might be starving, but at least the House had an eye and a watchful care for the people of Uganda. (Loud laughter.)

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SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1910

When Almighty folds His Roll of highest place there found, not the mil- riors whose laurels dended with innocer not the kings of t whose thrones are the bones of murde not they who have cynosure of men's cause of their skill, or amassed wealth first place, in golde will be recorded of those who ha their fellowmen; reached down and the lowly; who hav peace and happiness world; who have ta how to lead bet how to reverence t Among these heroe in highest place, brilliant letters, st name of Theobald

There is no need, I me to go into details the life of Father Math familiar to you all. Ye was not until his forty and the twenty-fifth of hood, that he began his of preaching total abst strong drink. But all were an unconscious pr his work; throughout o God was framing and a life and character for t store for him. Father gifted with a tender h moved at sight of suffe generous purse, that we to empty itself to reliev ies of others. His zen- ly duties had made him mation of zealous prest- tring work in the ce which he often entere o'clock in the morning- to him sinners and said heroic labors during a plague of 1832 had won esteem and admiration and conditions of men. of the industrial schoo and maintained by his forts, had caused his n known throughout the when the psychological rived, when God called great work, he was ve to be a leader of men, no raw recruit seeking a new field; no ambitio siring reputation and Father Mathew's reputa ready established; he w years, rich in experie was to be among the l lowly, and no material e hoped for in compen less and self-sacrifici ways been, and so when Light he followed it. In life we are struck with he waited so long. As had been familiar, as al with the ruin and miser low in the wake of stro had seen the need of a others saw it; yet he, they, hesitated to appl- ed. It is an awful ope the public sentiment of that such a man as Fa was should have waited had been a priest for t when the providence of him as a duty the cl Public Alms-house in the Cork. Here he was face the very flossam and let wrecked by strong dr crushed, brightest intel out; manly honor and vity dragged in the mire parents, rights of childr and neglected; marital r mockery and a scorn. I hew's tender heart was this asylum of wretched ed to be able to do som lieve it, to prevent the evil which he knew wa and continuing to work lives of men and women without.

Strong drink, he knew cause of the misery wh was in daily contact, a again he asked himself go to cure and prevent what remedy could b

Speech.

of the present session of the British Parliament the J. Balfour, declined the demand of the Government for an opportunity to present a situation in their own words to the House of Commons, and several members have been imprisoned for denouncing the Government of Uganda.

When Almighty God unfolds His Roll of Honor, in the highest place thereon will be found, not the mighty warriors whose laurels are red- dened with innocent blood; not the kings of the earth whose thrones are builded on the bones of murdered men; not they who have been the cynosure of men's eyes because of their skill, or gifts, or amassed wealth; but in the first place, in golden letters, will be recorded the names of those who have helped their fellowmen; who have reached down and lifted up the lowly; who have brought peace and happiness into the world; who have taught men how to lead better lives, how to reverence themselves.

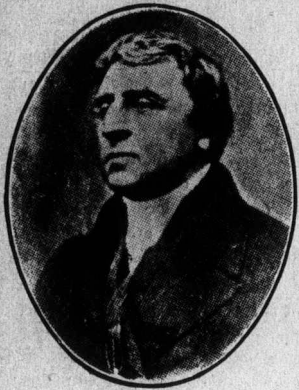
Among these heroes of God, in the highest place, in most brilliant letters, stands the name of Theobald Mathew.

There is no need, I am sure, for me to go into details in speaking of the life of Father Mathew. They are familiar to you all. You know it was not until his forty-eighth year, and the twenty-fifth of his priesthood, that he began his great work of preaching total abstinence from strong drink. But all those years were an unconscious preparation for his work; throughout each of them God was framing and shaping his life and character for the destiny in store for him. Father Mathew was gifted with a tender heart, easily moved at sight of suffering; with a generous purse, that was ever ready to empty itself to relieve the miseries of others. His zeal in his priestly duties had made him marked in a nation of zealous priests. His untiring work in the confessional - which he often entered at five o'clock in the morning - had drawn to him sinners and saints alike. His heroic labors during the cholera plague of 1832 had won for him the esteem and admiration of all sorts and conditions of men. The success of the industrial schools, founded and maintained by his personal efforts, had caused his name to be known throughout the land. So, when the psychological moment arrived, when God called him to his great work, he was well equipped to be a leader of men. Here was no raw recruit seeking experience in a new field; no ambitious man desiring reputation and emolument. Father Mathew's reputation was already established; he was ripe in years, rich in experiences; his work was to be among the lowly of the land, and no material reward could be hoped for in compensation. Selfless and self-sacrificing he had always been, and so when he saw the Light he followed it. In reading his life we are struck with wonder that he waited so long. As a priest he had been familiar, as all priests are, with the ruin and misery that follow in the wake of strong drink. He had seen the need of a remedy, as others saw it; yet he, as well as they, hesitated to apply that remedy. It is an awful commentary on the public sentiment of the times that such a man as Father Mathew was should have waited so long. He had been a priest for twenty years when the providence of God gave him as a duty the charge of the Public Alms-house in the city of Cork. Here he was face to face with the very fetsam and jetsam of lives wrecked by strong drink: hopes crushed, brightest intellects blotted out; mainly honor and womanly purity dragged in the mire; rights of parents, rights of children, forgotten and neglected; marital rights made a mockery and a scorn! Father Mathew's tender heart was abounding in this asylum of wretchedness; he longed to be able to do something to relieve it, to prevent the broadcast evil which he knew was repeating and continuing to work ruin in the lives of men and women in the world without.

Strong drink, he knew, was the cause of the misery with which he was in daily contact, and again and again he asked himself what he could do to cure and prevent its ravages. What remedy could he use that

WANTED--A FATHER MATHEW FOR TO-DAY.

would be effective? Religion? Alas! how could religion be utilized in regard to men and women steeped in drunkenness? Ah! he knew too well that holy things mean nothing to those whose spiritual sense is dulled by the effects of strong drink. Moderation? Moderation would be absurd advice to give to a nation that can be moderate in nothing. The light was just beginning to break! Among those with whom



FATHER THEOBALD MATHEW.

Father Mathew shared his work in the poor-house was a certain William Martin, a member of the Society of Friends. This man, with some others, had long been engaged in preaching and practising total abstinence from strong drink. Heart-breaking failure had attended their efforts to spread the movement. They and the few converts they had made were looked upon as eccentrics of the worst sort preaching an insane gospel. With envious eyes Martin watched Father Mathew. He knew what a tower of strength the priest would be to them in their work, for they were separated by religion from the bulk of the people who most needed the reform. Again and again he besought Father Mathew to join with them in the crusade and yet he hesitated! Day after day, week after week, and through many weary months, the zealous priest tortured his soul, seeking an answer to his question. His own common sense told him that the only effective remedy against the evil of drink must be total abstinence; he knew, too, that if his preaching were to be effective he would have to lead the way, that he would have to practise what he preached. The words of William Martin haunted him: "O Theobald Mathew, thou couldst do much good with these people!"

At length the grace of God triumphed in Father Mathew's heart. He saw the Light and followed it! On that night, memorable and historic, of April 10, 1838, in the school room in Cove street--against the granite wall of public opinion; against the might and strength of the liquor-traffic that was wound and twined about the heart of the ecclesiastical and social and civil life of the nation; against the interests of his own family; against the host of friends who had been his help in other good works,-- against all these, for the love of God and his fellow-men, the die was cast. "Here goes, in the name of God," said Father Mathew, and he signed the total abstinence pledge! That he acted in God's name, and that God was with him, the success of his mission abundantly proves.

Like wild-fire the intelligence spread throughout the city that Father Mathew had proclaimed himself a total abstainer, and had formed a total abstinence society. Crowds flocked to the meetings to see and hear for themselves. Though Mathew had hesitated, though he had trembled with fear of failure when he signed the pledge, yet when he had

once taken the step his whole heart and soul burned with enthusiasm. His experiences in the priesthood furnished him with a wealth of texts--yea, they that heard him were themselves texts--for impressing his teachings. His reputation and position added weight to his words, and his own wonderful personal magnetism made converts of all who heard him. Cove street became a place of pilgrimage. All day and far into the night he was besieged by anxious proselytes who wished to take the pledge, and reluctant victims were dragged there by solicitous friends for the same purpose. Throughout the city meetings were held, and with such success that in three months 25,000 persons had pledged themselves; in six months the number reached 121,000, while in December, at the end of the year, 156,000 men and women had ranged themselves under the banner of total abstinence. The effect of this army of the reformed was soon apparent in the numbers of well and comfortably dressed men and women and children that filled the streets of the city. Workmen went about their labors undeterred by the periodic spree, tradesmen rejoiced, and the traffickers in strong drink saw their occupation fast going from them. The reports of this wonderful change soon spread throughout Ireland, and Mathew was besought from all quarters to come and preach his doctrine here, and preach it there. Then began that astonishing crusade that has excited the wonder of all times, and that reads like fiction. To the North, to the South, to the East, and to the West went this great Apostle of temperance. Everywhere was he received with ovation by all classes and by members of all denominations. Everywhere men and women flocked to listen to the persuasive eloquence of his earnest words, and with such effect that the success of the movement became a national one. In 1840, 2,000,000 persons pledged themselves, and in 1842 the number increased to 4,000,000--that is to say, one-half the population of Ireland!

No wonder Father Mathew was regarded as a saint, and that the people brought their sick to him to be healed! Whether or not we wish to admit that the cures which followed his blessings were or were not miracles (he himself constantly protested that he had no healing power), there were the open, evident, palpable miracles that cannot be gainsaid. What greater miracle can be wrought than the transformation of a sot and brute into a respectable and self-respecting citizen? Or the conversion of a slattern and drunken woman into the happy wife and mother of a rejoicing family? Or the changing of a den of sin into a prosperous household? And yet these miracles Father Mathew wrought, through his total abstinence pledge, so frequently that they became commonplace.

That the total abstinence pledge was taken in no more fit of enthusiasm, through no mere sentiment, is proved by the substantial, practical change in the lives of those who pledged themselves. The result of this change was soon apparent in the increased prosperity of the country. In 1840 the excise duty on spirits in Ireland had been reduced one million pounds sterling (\$5,000,000); while in 1843 the quantity of liquor on which duty was paid was one-half that on which duty had been paid in 1839. On the other hand, in the same year the customs receipts on tea and sugar increased ten per cent. In 1840, in the House of Lords, the Marquis of Westmeath asked a question concerning a proclamation published by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in which it was stated that "His Excellency bears willing and grateful testimony to the benefit which the temperance pledge has conferred upon Ireland, in the improved habits of the people and the diminution of outrage." This statement called forth the highest praise of Father Mathew and his work from those who loved him not, nor his people.

The improved condition of Ireland attracted the attention of all Europe. Men were amazed at the reformation accomplished. From over the broad Atlantic came a cry as from Macedonia of old. The brave men and women who were fighting

the demon of drink in America begged that Mathew would come to them and give them the strength of his strong right arm. He came. For more than two years he travelled from city to city in our land preaching his saving crusade. He administered the pledge to 600,000 persons. Everywhere he was greeted as the public benefactor he was. Both branches of Congress gave him the liberty of the House, a privilege he shared with Lafayette, the only two aliens who were ever so honored.

In 1851 Father Mathew returned to Ireland. But he went back there a broken-down man. His robust health had at last given way before the superhuman tax he had imposed on it. The remaining five years of his life were spent in futile efforts to regain his strength. Desultory speeches were made, the pledge was administered to those who sought him; but he was spent. The death that came to this great Apostle of temperance on the 8th of December, 1856, was the death of a martyr, and he went to the reward that God holds for His saints.

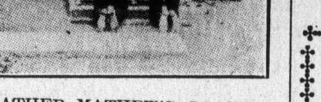
The physical collapse of Father Mathew was not due, however, to bodily ailments alone; weariness of soul and keen mental anxiety had much to do with it. Like all great men, he had enemies. Like all reformers, he was thoroughly hated; and as his reform struck at the sensual gratification of men and at the financial interests of a great power he was hated with intensest hatred. Malignant calumnies were circulated about him. He was reputed to have grown wealthy from the sale of temperance medals; and when he was arrested for debt, and it was shown that he had given away hundreds of thousands of these medals, that instead of gaining wealth he had actually impoverished himself, then the charge of improvidence was used as a weapon against him. It is due to his memory to state that, by means of the pension of fifteen hundred dollars a year granted him by the English Government in 1847, he was enabled to pay the debts he had contracted because of his munificent charity to the poor. The grant of this pension to Father Mathew is the one fair spot in the record of England's relations to Ireland! The scandals against him were not, however, the only things that wounded the heart of this zealous apostle. They who should have stood shoulder to shoulder with him in his battle against strong drink, either gave him but half-hearted encouragement or ranged themselves, openly or secretly, with his enemies. He lived to see his work almost undone by the terrible typhus fever plague of '45 and '46; and by the still more dreadful famine of the years that followed. Then men and women, crazed by hunger and with no food to allay it, turned to strong drink that they might forget their misery. He lived to see the floodgates of emigration open and his people scattered to the ends of the earth, where new environment made them forget their pledge. Of the countless number pledged most, indeed, did not remain faithful. "And some fell upon rocky ground, and having no moisture (when the enthusiasm passed) withered away." But, thank God! there was the "other sown that fell upon good soil and brought forth fruit a hundred fold."

The energy and zeal of the faithful ones compensated for the defection of the many. Mathew's work did not die away! His mission never failed and never will fail! At times the spirit has burned low, but again and again in unexpected places it has flashed out in a mighty conflagration that has purified the world. This spirit lives and will live whilst burns in man's breast love for his fellow-man. Mathew gave an object-lesson to the world that can never be forgotten. He taught the great lesson of self-control practically when he reclaimed a nation. Had they to whom Mathew looked for collaboration helped his work by organization, the history of total abstinence would have been a different story. He had no successor; no great man has successor or predecessor. Each man's work is unique. So Father Mathew did his work and did it well. Whithersoever go the Irish, there goes the name of Father Mathew and all for which that honored name stands. They who spread his fame may not as a people live out

the fruits of his mission; but just as the unfruitful wind and wave bear fruitful seeds to distant parts, where they ripen and bear fruit, so the Irish people are and have been the messengers of Father Mathew's spirit to those who put it into practice. To us the good priest and his work are a memory; to most of us but a history; and yet his spirit has come to us, and his work is our work. He was the Apostle preach-

tions of charity, are filled with the results of drinking that was once moderate. Common sense shows clearly that total abstinence is the only safe cure and prevention. Wisdom crieth aloud all this; and yet, as in the days of the prophets, "No man regardeth her."

Oh, we are a Gedeon's band against the strength of the Philistines; but God is with us and we shall succeed. See the helps we have. Mathew died broken-hearted for lack of aid; in our day many of the brightest members of the hierarchy are with us in all their mighty power. Hundreds of the clergy are followers of Father Mathew in the paths of total abstinence. The younger clergy more than ever are devoted to this glorious cause, and thousands of earnest men and women are consecrated by the pledge of total abstinence to the movement that did so much under Father Mathew's inspiration. Above all we have truth and sincerity, and the sympathy of all who wish well to their fellow-man. In union there is strength; hence by increasing the membership of our local societies we shall attain success.



FATHER MATHEW'S GRAVE.

The time is ripe for a new crusade, the beginning of the twentieth century. Would to God another Mathew would rise up here in this fair land of America!

In this country we spent two years ago for drink \$1,266,000,000. The withdrawal of it from the liquor traffic would have decreased the expenses of our law courts, our prisons, our insane asylums, our reformatories, our orphan asylums-- would have made our country prosperous. Oh, what it would mean to the Church at large if we twelve million Catholics were total abstainers! What an influence on the life of our nation! What an object-lesson to the rest of men! God grant that the day will soon dawn when Theobald Mathew from his home among the saints will look down upon us a sober nation!

The time to start another Father Mathew crusade is at hand. Among all the temperance organizations outside the Church the work has been started. 5,000,000 pledges will be distributed this winter seeking signatories. On each of us rests the responsibility of doing something. With Father Mathew, let us say, "Here goes, in the name of God." With personal consecration let us go forth to battle.

"To the Church of God we look for deliverance. "Most significant was the remark made by the chairman of a State Liquor Dealers' Association in his annual address, 'The churches can do us no good unless they will, and they know it.' This declaration ought to have rung throughout the nation, like a blast from Gabriel's trumpet, summoning God's militant hosts to an immediate united life and death struggle with the monster tyrant."

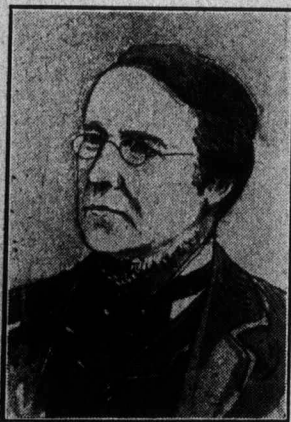
"If Peter the Hermit could, eight centuries ago, by picturing what he saw in Jerusalem, have so stirred the multitudes of Europe that 1,000,000 persons, high and low, prince and peasant, marched in the first crusade, and no less than 6,000,000 persons laid down their lives in that and the subsequent crusades, marching under the cross and shouting out their battle-cry, 'God wills it, God wills it!' should not a knowledge of the facts, which all see and know, of the doings of strong drink, the evidences of which are to be found in the prison, the poor-house, hospital, asylum, police courts, and almost every home, stir our hearts to declare 'God wills it!' and enter upon a crusade against this curse of the home, the nation, the Church, and defend the human temples of the Holy Ghost against a foe more bitter than a Saracen or Turk?"--Rev. Joseph L. J. Kerling, in "Temperance Truth."

# Mr. Blake's Summary Of the Irish Situation.

Speaking in the House of Commons on March 13 last, Mr. Blake, after condemning the limitation of free speech in Ireland and the resulting imprisonment of members, proceeded as follows:—

As a man who had lived his life in an atmosphere saturated with the doctrines of English freedom, he felt all the more strongly the degradation involved in those proceedings in Ireland. Even in England he had seen in late days an impairment of the right of free speech deeply to be deplored. There were sometimes things said in Ireland which he might regret, but that was no reason why the main foundation of the British liberties should be cut away. Free speech was a jewel, and he held that the circumstances of Ireland were such as ought to make this country very tolerant and very lenient as to language employed by a long-suffering people, very careful before exceptional laws were brought into force.

If English members could only realize the dreadful conditions in which the poorer classes in Ireland lived, they would be amazed—not at the occasional agitation and breaches of the law, but at the extraordinary patience and endurance of the people; and he was sure they would not be so inhuman as to refuse amendment of their most unhappy lot. What he had felt for a long time was that Englishmen, responsible for the Government of Ireland, must find it very difficult to reconcile to their consciences their indifference to the real grievances of the Irish people. How many English statesmen apart from those actually for the moment Irish ministers, but yet responsible for the Government of Ireland, had ever visited it in any real sense? He could not acquit those who undertook that responsibility of gross neglect of duty. They saw the main



HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

features of the history of the hundred years; they saw the country seething with wrong; they saw the frightful, unprecedented, absolutely unexampled fact of half the population, besides all the natural increase, despite all its national aspirations, despite its passionate love of home and country disappearing. And yet, although living within a paltry sixty miles of the country, they did not make it the main study of their lives to find out what the conditions were which produced those results, and to remove them. No man was an Imperial Statesman who did not put and keep in the very first place the study and redress of the Irish situation. Was it in human nature that there should be a constant condition of disaffection and disloyalty among any people who had a tolerable existence, a tolerable opportunity of attending to their own affairs, a tolerable condition of prosperity, and some hope for the future of the management of their own country. No, on the contrary it was the general condition of humanity that they paid too little attention to their political affairs. There was too great a disposition to devote one-self exclusively and selfishly to one's own affairs and too little to public affairs. England would be infinitely better off, and better governed, if

the great opportunity which her happy economical and social state afforded to all classes to promote their own interests did not dull, instead of intensifying zeal and interest, in public affairs. When they found a condition of disaffection and disloyalty, such as existed in Ireland for a long time, all history and experience showed that that condition must have a great and substantial cause. Now was it not the greatest interest of those whom he addressed, of those who insisted on maintaining a particular form of Government in Ireland to which the people objected, who refused to give the right of self-government, and who were applying remedies which the Irish members thought were mere palliatives at best, was it not their greatest interest and their double duty to remedy those grievances? It was a melancholy circumstance, that even if the Government set about reformation and redress at once, and worked diligently at it for a long time, their progress must be slow at best. They could not change the face of those wretched congested districts and other like places by Act of Parliament in a day. They had left the people without hope; they had given them no opportunities for thrift; they had taught them no lessons of providence; because the people had nothing to accumulate; and, therefore, they would have to learn by slow degrees the virtues of thrift and providence. Their means were narrower and their lives barer than could be well conceived. They could not be said to live; still less had they a chance to save. Even if land were bought for them and their holdings were enlarged, unless their power of alienation were at first restrained, being without the training of thrift or providence, the same evils which at present existed might be reproduced within a generation. What a fatal stain did such a state of things inflict on the reputation of the great and prosperous controlling Power! What was the position in England? The people there had learned largely thrift and providence. They were not afraid to encourage a man to buy, because they knew he would not throw away his purchase improvidently. In Ireland those unhappy people of the congested districts might have to be treated in their new capacity of owners more or less as minors, because their condition had been so wretched that they had had no opportunity of learning thrift or cherishing even the idea of accumulation, unless by hard work at English harvests to save up a few pence to pay the landlord or the shop debt. He saw the Chief Secretary assenting; but did not perceive that his assent meant two things; first, the condemnation of that past English rule which had suffered the creation of such a condition, and next the condemnation of that present English rule which did not at once and heroically set itself to the business of those measures of redress whose operation must at best be far too slow? The longer they would take to cure, the more imperative the duty to begin.

With every desire to be just, he could not acquit the Government of appalling responsibility. On the contrary, with the most earnest desire to be fair he there acknowledged he realized the justice and reason of that disaffection existed in Ireland; it was utterly unable to say that it ought not to continue, until the causes which created it were removed. He was there as one poor and humble, but most sincere and earnest witness to the necessity of removing the causes of that disaffection, and of so promoting the blessed day of reconciliation. He believed that all the courses lately pursued by the Government were courses which tended to intensify their difficulties in Ireland. He would suggest to the Government that they should take other ground. They, who said "non possumus" as to self-government for Ireland, had an enormously added responsibility with reference to the condition of the people whom they insisted on governing. As he had said, the history of the century contained hardly an instance of even a serious visit from English responsible Statesmen, save the officials of the Irish Government itself, and yet the country had been through the century seething with discontent. It had often occurred to him that the lines of Tenyson were very applicable to those who were responsible:—

"They live and lie reclined  
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.  
For they smile, they find a music  
Centred in a doubtful song."

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,  
Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong;  
Chaunted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,  
Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
Till they perish,  
Aye, God help them, till they perish!

Myriads by famine and its diseases, myriads more perishing at any rate from Irish soil, but rising again in the great Republic, the standing obstacle to your dream of cordial friendship, implacable till you render justice to the old land. God grant that the ears of members might at length be opened, and that their eyes might perceive the enormous weight of their responsibility. If they would not let the people govern themselves, which was the only radical and effective remedy, they ought, at any rate, to do something to address the calamities under which those poor creatures groaned. But he agreed with his hon. friend the member for South Tyrone that by the experience of a hundred years the people had been taught the fateful lesson that the only way to open those eyes and to quicken those ears was to agitate and make English Government difficult in Ireland.

It was of this speech that Mr. Mas-singham, Parliamentary correspondent of the London "Daily News," wrote that it ought to be given the widest possible circulation by the Liberal Educational Bureau. The speech was printed separately, and a few copies have reached this country.

## A Great Prelate Dead.

Wonderful has been the family of Vaughan, in England, as a source from which the Church has drawn distinguished prelates. Two weeks ago last Saturday Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Plymouth, England, passed away in his eighty-ninth year, at St. Augustine's Priory, Newton Abbot. The London "Universe" thus speaks of the departed Bishop:—

The venerable prelate, who was deeply loved by his flock, went to Newton Abbot about ten years ago; his wish was to die in the care of the Canonesses of St. Augustine's Priory, and this has been realized. The end, which was more or less expected for some time, nevertheless, came with tragic suddenness. On the previous day Dr. Vaughan had a seizure, and Drs. Scott and Margrave, his medical attendants, were summoned. Up to that time he was apparently in his usual health—or much the same as he had been for some time. Feeling unwell, the Bishop, who had enjoyed his dinner and said prayers during the afternoon, managed to call for assistance. He was got to bed, but was beyond human help, death claiming him at twenty minutes to seven the following morning. The Bishop remained conscious throughout the night, and the last sacraments were administered by the Rev. John Higgins, chaplain of the convent. The sad tidings were immediately wired to the Right Rev. Dr. Graham, his coadjutor and successor, Father Edmund Vaughan, C.S.S.R., his sole surviving brother, who is a priest at Clapham; Cardinal Vaughan, his nephew; Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., also a nephew, and others. The late Bishop was instrumental in building the Priory, and a niece, Miss May Vaughan, was prioress there. This good lady, however, has been dead nineteen years. There was a Pontifical Requiem Mass sung by Bishop Graham on Tuesday at St. Augustine's Priory.

## Changes in Religious Circles.

Sister Quinn of the Grey Nuns for many years associated with St. Patrick's parish, has gone to a new mission of her Order in New Jersey. She will be missed and remembered, especially by the poor, amongst whom she is well known for her great devotion to the sick.

Another religious who recently left Montreal is Sister St. Paula, of the Congregation de Notre Dame, who has been transferred to a house of her Order in one of the Western States of America, beyond Chicago. She performed admirable work during her stay in Montreal.

## The Civic Library Question.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

Much has been written concerning the proposed civic or public library that, with the Carnegie donation as a basis, is intended to be established in Montreal. We are not entirely without misgivings as to the ultimate establishment of such a library. And should it some day, become an accomplished fact, we have not the faintest doubt regarding its certain failure to meet all the requirements of the public for which it is expected to be a boon. As far as the Catholic element is to be affected—and that element represents the vast majority of our population—the library will be worse than useless, unless it has, in every detail, the unqualified approval of our episcopal authority. We still have a vivid recollection of all the turmoil, difficulties, and even irritating law-suits that arose to disturb the public mind and to finally efface the primal cause thereof, when a certain public library was established and carried on in conflict with ecclesiastical opinions. It is easy enough for Mr. Carnegie, considering his untold donation; it is equally easy for our municipal representatives to decide upon the acceptance of that gift and upon the establishment of a public library; but it is a very different matter when they come down to the practical question of selecting the works that are to constitute the library. We readily concede that each alderman imagines himself to be a competent authority upon the purchase of volumes suitable in every sense for the public. But, without wishing to convey any idea of disparagement, we do not believe that any one public man to-day possesses the necessary qualifications to properly perform such a duty, nor do we think that any committee created for that purpose unless it is prepared to submit its labors to higher censorship, is competent to safeguard the social, moral, religious and educational interests of the people in the matter of a public library.

In this connection we will take the liberty of quoting a couple of passages from an admirable essay, by Thomas Davis, the great Irish Protestant journalist, essayist and poet. Sixty years ago last month Davis wrote as follows:—

"Carlyle says that a library is the true university of our days, where every sort of knowledge is brought together to be studied; but the student needs guides in a library as much as in the university. He needs light and classification. Let a boy loose in a library, and if he have years of leisure and a creative spirit, he will come out a mastermind. If he have the leisure without the original spring he will become a book-worm—a useful help, perhaps, to his neighbors, but himself a very feeble and poor creature. For one man who gains weapons from idle reading, we know twenty who lose their simplicity without getting strength, and purchase cold recollections of other men's thoughts, by the sacrifice of nature."

This again is all very true, but still more applicable to our present purpose is what follows:—

"Just as men are bewildered and lost from want of guides in a library, so are others from an equal want of direction in the purchase of one. Worse than the loss of money, are the weariness from reading dull and shallow books, the corruption from reading vicious, extravagant, and confused books, and the waste of time and patience from reading idle and impertinent books."

We would gladly continue these quotations, and give readers of the "True Witness" some of the ideas of a great mind concerning education, reading and libraries; but such would draw us too far afield from our immediate purpose. We are in presence of a problem—the selection of a public library—the difficulties of which have baffled some of the wisest heads during long generations—from the founders of the famed library of Alexandria, down to the men of learning and science whose brains have been busied with the selection of suitable literature for the libraries of modern Europe. In this matter as in every other one of municipal administration there are public moneys to be expended—the donation becomes a public asset—and there are the vital principles, social, moral and religious, to be safeguarded. It is not sufficient to purchase a site, to erect a building and to fill it

with cart-loads of books. These might be the only necessary considerations were it a mausoleum that was to be built. But that library, if used at all by the general public, must eventually become the intellectual and moral reservoir from which a generation of Canadian citizens will draw the waters of knowledge—either to refresh and invigorate them or to poison and contaminate their lives. Grave is the responsibility of the men who undertake to set up such an institution, for they will either receive credit for the good their work shall have produced, or else they shall bear the responsibility of the social evils, the false principles, the irreligion, the moral degradation, and the eternal misery that a mass of dangerous literature will produce.

## Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Heretofore I have been writing about "old time reminiscences," and while my stock is far from being exhausted, still I fear that they might become monotonous; consequently I will turn, for a while, to "old letters." I have a goodly few of them; and they are nearly all of considerable historical importance. Before, however, opening my drawer and taking out those bundles of precious communications—all written by hands that have long since been trackless in the grave—I will recall a chapter in a comparatively new work.

Reader have you read "Crawford?" It is by Mrs. Gaskell, and is published by Caldwell Co., New York and Boston. I have no special interest in mentioning these facts; I am not an agent for the work, I do not know who Mrs. Gaskell is, and I never heard of the publishing house until I saw the name on the title page of the little volume before me. But if you have not read "Crawford," you should read it. There is no sensationalism about the story; I doubt if it can be properly called a story. It is, nevertheless, most delightfully home-like picture of an English country village and the society therein found, that it has ever been my privilege to read. The charm of the work grows upon the reader, and I believe that nine out of every ten who have read it will go back to it for a second reading. I am going to preface my few articles on "Old Letters" by reproducing a portion of a chapter from "Crawford," which bears the same title.

It runs thus:—

"I have often noticed that almost every one has his own individual small economies—careful habits of saving fractions of pennies in some peculiar direction—any disturbance of which annoys him more than spending shillings or pounds on some real extravagance. \* \* \* Now Miss Matty Jenkins was chary of candles. We had many devices to use as few as possible. In the winter afternoons she would sit knitting for two or three hours—she could do this in the dark or by the firelight—and when I asked if I might not ring for candles to finish stitching my wristbands, she told me to keep blind man's holiday. \* \* \* One night, I remember this candle economy particularly annoyed me. I had been very much tired of my compulsory 'blind man's holiday,' especially as Miss Matty had fallen asleep, and I did not like to stir the fire and run the risk of awakening her; so I could not even sit on the rug and scorch myself with sewing by firelight according to my usual custom. I fancied Miss Matty must have been dreaming of her early life; for she spoke one or two words in her uneasy sleep bearing reference to persons who were dead long before. When Martha brought in the lighted candle and tea, Miss Matty started into wakefulness, with a strange bewildered look around, as if we were not the people she expected to see about her. All through tea-time her talk ran upon the days of her childhood and youth. Perhaps this reminded her of the desirability of looking over all the old family letters and destroying such as ought not to be allowed to fall into the hands of strangers; for she had often spoken of the necessity of this task, but had always shrunk from it, with a timid dread of something painful. To-night, however, she rose up after tea and went for them—in the dark; for she picked

herself on the precise neatness of all her chamber arrangements, and used to look uneasily at me when I lighted a bed-candle to go to another room for anything. When she returned there was a faint pleasant smell of Tonguin beans in the room. I had always noticed this scent about any of the things which had belonged to her mother; and many of the letters were addressed to her—yellow bundles of love letters sixty or seventy years old."

"Miss Matty undid the packet with a sigh; but she stifled it directly, as it were hardly right to regret the flight of time, or of life either. We agreed to look them over separately, each taking a different letter out of the same bundle and describing its contents to the other before destroying it. I never knew what sad work the reading of old letters was before that evening, though I could hardly tell why. The letters were as happy as letters could be—at least those early ones were. There was in them a vivid and intense sense of the present time, which seemed so strong and full, as if it could never pass away, and as if the warm living hearts that so expressed themselves could never die, and be as nothing to the sunny earth. I should have felt less melancholy, I believe, if the letters had been more so. I saw the tears stealing down the well-worn furrows of Miss Matty's cheeks, and her spectacles often wanted wiping. I trusted at last that she would light the other candle, for my own eyes were rather dim, and I wanted more light to see the pale-faded ink; but no, even through her tears, she saw and remembered her little economical ways."

And the letters were all read, and "we must burn them, I think," said Miss Matty; "no one will care for them when I am gone." "And one by one she dropped them into the middle of the fire, watching each blaze up, die out, and rise away, in faint, white, ghostly semblance, up the chimney, before she gave another to the same fate."

I cannot tell why I have copied out these disjointed extracts, unless it be that I was struck by the strange coincidence of reading "Crawford" on the very night that I had made up my mind to go over all my collection of Old Letters. I have read a couple of hundred of them and have consigned the nine-tenths of them to the flames, possibly for the same reason as that given by Miss Matty—namely, that "no one will care for them when I am gone." But amongst them I found about twenty that I can never bring myself to destroy, because they were written by friends whose memories shall ever be cherished, and whose pens; had, at one time or another, traced sentiments that deserve to be perpetuated. Apart from that score of old letters, I have come upon a bundle of correspondence, the writers being men and women, who have played conspicuous parts in history of the past century. From these I purpose selecting a few that I will give to the readers of the "True Witness." As an illustration of the sentiment that prompts me to go over again those old letters, I will take one out of the bundle, and allow it to serve as an introduction. It is as follows:

House of Commons,  
Ottawa, 17th March, 1894.

"My Dear—  
"Greeting on Ireland's patronal feast. I have a sprig of real shamrock, sent me from a Wicklow vale, which I sport on my breast to-day. Do you know that I always considered the breast and not the hat, or cap, the proper place for a shamrock on St. Patrick's Day? It comes to me that over the heart, and not upon the head should the emblem appear. The head may fail in its judgment—it is human to err—but an Irishman's heart never fails in love for the Old Land. You told about a letter of Thomas Francis Meagher's that you have. Keep it, ray boy! No matter what its contents, no matter how short or trivial it may be, that letter is a sacred relic. The premature and mysterious death of its author—after coming safely through the perils of the Irish rebellion and the grim dangers of the American conflict—sets the seal of historical interest as well as that of national importance upon that small piece of paper. Success to you in your literary project. \* \* \* May Ireland's great saint be your inspiration in the sincere wish of yours ever faithfully.

N. F. DAVIN, M.P."

Needless to say that I have followed this advice regarding the letter in question, and that I have kept equally secure the one penned by the brilliant, and also ill-fated Irishman, whose name I have given.

## Ballad

INCE I have copied out these disjointed extracts, unless it be that I was struck by the strange coincidence of reading "Crawford" on the very night that I had made up my mind to go over all my collection of Old Letters. I have read a couple of hundred of them and have consigned the nine-tenths of them to the flames, possibly for the same reason as that given by Miss Matty—namely, that "no one will care for them when I am gone." But amongst them I found about twenty that I can never bring myself to destroy, because they were written by friends whose memories shall ever be cherished, and whose pens; had, at one time or another, traced sentiments that deserve to be perpetuated. Apart from that score of old letters, I have come upon a bundle of correspondence, the writers being men and women, who have played conspicuous parts in history of the past century. From these I purpose selecting a few that I will give to the readers of the "True Witness." As an illustration of the sentiment that prompts me to go over again those old letters, I will take one out of the bundle, and allow it to serve as an introduction. It is as follows:  
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# Ballad Poetry of Ireland.

BY "CRUX."

INCE I have commenced the reproduction of the admirable introduction to Hayes' Ballads of Ireland, I will now continue on till I come to that which I have in view concerning Irish literature and the part it has played both in the general education of Europe, and later on in the uplifting of that which is called English literature—meaning thereby a literature written in the English language. The essay thus continues.

No nation can afford to despise its ballads. They are an important portion of its history—the first efforts of its civilization. And in the record of a nation's ballads we find the history of its progress and its triumphs—or its decay and death. The shepherd grazing his flock in the peaceful valley, the warrior leading his men to battle, the disasters of defeat, or the rapture of triumph, the throbbing of broken hearts, or the happiness of successful love—all these will be the inspiration of a nation's infant poetry. Fancy or imagination will have little to do with it; all will be as simple and natural as the unsophisticated heart of the people. Nature offers her inspirations in gloomy woods and lofty mountains reposing in her lap of beauty, while the feelings of primitive life animate them with breathings of emotion. As society advances, the language of passion will be better defined and more cultivated. Thought will grow more vigorous, and will require a corresponding degree of elevation and nervousness of expression. The pathetic ballad will follow quickly upon the decay of the legendary and pastoral literature of a nation's infancy. The adversities of life soon develop their strain of sorrow. But when the inspirations of nature are rejected for flights of fancy and imagination, poetry loses its strongest impulse, and its most attractive influence. Nature is thrown aside for art—the flush of health for the artist's coloring—and the breathing beauty of life for the graces of Dædalus. The warmth of emotion is supplanted by the cold glitter of fancy; and that poetry which once swayed the hearts and kindled the enthusiasm of the multitude, now becomes a fashionable toy for people of quality. The soul of poetry departs with its simplicity and feeling.

The ballad is a species of narrative poetry, short, and pithy, simple in its structure and language, accurate in its incidents, consistent in its dates, costume, and coloring, graceful in its ease and beauty, and perfect in all its parts. It was the first record of the events and the laws of all nations. Its measured music assisted the memory, and popularized whatever knowledge it clothed. Though at first rude in structure and unpolished in expression, it soon rose with advancing civilization, and became an important element of power. It scorned its lowly origin, assumed all the importance of history, all the fascination of romance, and all the grace and dignity of poetry. It was the first vehicle of instruction, the earliest perpetuation of thought, the first parent of literature. The rhapsodies of the wandering minstrels of Iona were ballads borrowed from the epic of Homer. The epic, which was a development of the ballad, was again broken up into its original elements for the accompaniment of the harp. And to the same necessity we are indebted for the ballad literature of modern times. The Norman romances were broken up into fragments by the jongleurs of the twelfth century for the same purpose, and to that age may be traced the form of our modern ballads.

Lyrical poetry requires the highest degree of inspiration and intellectual development. What narrative is to the ballad, sentiment is to lyrical poetry. It is frequently an epitome of the ballad, and in such cases, it is not easy to draw the line. We need not follow the lengthy dissertation upon difference, amongst the ancients, between ballad and lyric poetry—moreover it would be no way advance our purpose. History pictures the world as it is—"poetry as it ought to be."

The poet is the oracle of dumb nature's divinity, and poetry the harmonious embodiment of his inspired revelations. The greatest poet is he who expresses this divinity the truest and the sweetest. \* \* \* \* \* One who sees more in nature than the ordinary run of mortals,

has the germ of poetry within him. If he express in harmonious language this mystery which he perceives, he is uttering poetry. He tells some what they think, but cannot say; and he tells others what they should think if they had thought at all. Homer and Shakespeare stand unrivalled in this respect; and, hence they are the world's poets.

If poetry creates a paradise of its own, and tends to make mankind happier, Ireland has indeed need of song. Scarcely had her history emerged from the "twilight of fable" when her annals became blackened with disaster. The days of her mourning are not yet ended. The dirge of a thousand years still swells over the land of numberless sorrows. The voice of her song is still plaintive over the razed homesteads of her valleys—over the sweltering plagueship and shattered bark of the Western Main. For long years she had nothing but her faith and her poetry to call her own, and by the sincerity with which she has clung to these she has preserved her distinct nationality through storms of conquest, tears and blood. Ireland needs poetry; and it is deep in her people's heart.

One may now refer historically to the wrongs of Ireland without incurring the risk of being pounced upon as an agitator. In writing of Irish Minstrelsy, we cannot avoid referring to Irish history with which the subject is so intimately interwoven. Our object is not to excite angry recollections, but to vindicate the poetic fame of Ireland, and to claim as high a rank for her ballad literature as that of any other nation. We have shown the difficulties, which fettered her in the path of literature, and their distinctive influence on that of other lands. Nationality imparts a peculiar charm to song. Scotland may also thank her nationality for the beautiful ballad literature which she possesses. Her clan-feuds, her wars against England, her Jacobite struggles, her chivalrous loyalty to the Stuarts, her wild mountains and picturesque lakes—all these tended to develop that ancient national minstrelsy which has been the inspiration of the immortal peasant poets of that land of song. \* \* \* \* \* Nationality in all its phases is mirrored in Scottish song. English character and the durability of the British Empire owe more to Shakespeare than to the British Constitution; and "ye Mariners of England" has done more for the British Navy than Copenhagen and Trafalgar. The peculiar beauty of Irish music, is its eloquent interpretation of the national character, in all its moods of joy and sorrow; and though our present minstrelsy is written in the English tongue, it is still as true to our nationality as our music.

When an eminent Scotch professor delivered, at one time, a series of lectures on poetry to the fashion and beauty of London, his intense nationality called forth the strictures of the press. An able reviewer remarked that the lecturer scarcely ever referred, even by name, to "Paradise Lost," introduced Chaucer with an apology, Pope with condemnation, Ben Jonson with pity, and Moore with a rebuke for his Eastern stories; that Scott was placed upon a pedestal just lower than that of Shakespeare, but higher far than those of Chaucer, Milton and Spencer. Campbell is faultless, and they who wrote the ancient ballads immortal. Such is the epitome given of these lectures. "He is more Scottish than British," adds the reviewer, "more national in his tastes than universal in his sympathies. In politics and poetry the Professor is national to a fault; but the fault is amiable, and criticism involuntarily applauds while it deliberately condemns." This nationality is frequently wicked in an Irishman. Nationality is amiable everywhere but in Ireland. \* \* \* \* \* We hereby put forth our claim for the "amiability" of Irish nationality, more particularly in its association with song. We trust the world will look with favor upon this Irish minstrelsy which adds new graces to the English tongue, as Irish blood grows new laurels to the brow of England and swells the tide British glory.

Thus closes this reference to the ballad and lyrical poetry of Ireland. In the next issue we will touch upon another and equally interesting phase of the subject.

## THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The concert given in the Catholic Sailors' Club on Wednesday evening last, under the auspices of the Imperial Army and Navy Veterans was an unqualified success in every particular. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the hall was filled.

Commander John J. Bolster, who occupied the chair in the absence of President Jones, owing to the death of his brother on Monday last, made a good speech, which was frequently applauded. In the course of his remarks he said: We feel that an honor has been conferred upon us by being invited to take charge of a concert here this evening. Your at-



CAPT. WILLIAM J. JONES.

tendance in such great numbers this evening, in such disagreeable weather, speaks volumes for the popularity of these weekly concerts, of which we have read so much. I hope that the large number of sailors present will avail themselves of the privileges placed at their disposal by the management of the Catholic Club, and that they will acquaint their seafaring comrades with the benefits to be derived from frequenting the premises of the Club. The management deserve great credit for the good work they are doing for the sailors coming to the port of Montreal. Mr. Bolster referred in sympathetic terms to the struggle of Ireland for Home Rule, and expressed a hope that that country would soon be enjoying the same measure of freedom as Canada does. (Applause.)

The clergymen present were the Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., and the Rev. Father Doyle, S.J. The programme, which was heartily enjoyed, was presented by the following: "Nancy Lee" and "Soldiers of the Queen;" the band; song, Mr. McMahon; recitation, Miss Brennan; song (comic), Bandsman Jack Hall; dance, Miss Whyteck; song, Miss Delahanty; song, Mr. Finn; piano solo, Master Eckstein; song, Mr. Burgess; song, Mr. Mattice; "Ennischorthy;" the band; song, Miss Pringle; song, Miss Wrenn; song, Comrade Brown; recitation, Comrade Edwards; song, Miss McCarthy; song, Mr. Blackford; "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "Auld Lang Syne;" the band; song, Mr. A. Jones; song, Master Charles; song, Joseph Donnelly.

The seamen who contributed to the evening's entertainment were: Messrs. Tully and Murdoch, Pretorian; Henry Farraday, Ottoman; S. Fahy, Birmingham; and Fred. Wilkins, Miss Orton and Miss Price acted as accompanists. Emerald Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, will have charge of the concert on next Wednesday evening. The last concert of the season will be given on Monday evening, November 24, by the employees of the James McCreedy Co., Limited.

## TO STAGE "THE FRATRICIDE."

On Monday night, the 24th of November, St. Ann's Young Men's Society will, by an elaborate entertainment, celebrate the anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs.

This is a day set down in their constitution, since the birth of the Society, for a dramatic or musical recital, and this the seventeenth year of their existence will find them staunch and true to the long-written by-law.

The dramatic section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society are not strangers to the concert-going people of Montreal, and it is for this reason hardly necessary to make mention of their oft-times displayed ability; but it will be welcome news, we know, to their many friends that

they have been singularly fortunate in obtaining a play such as they have now under rehearsal.

"The Fratricide" is a three-act drama with a heavy plot, and full of action and dramatic incident. It is said to be a translation from the French of a well known author, and retains, as rumor has it, in its English version, all the beauty and dramatic force of the original.

Nothing will be left undone to make of this a concert that shall be memorable in the annals of the Society.

New scenery will be procured and will be seen, perhaps to best advantage in the first act, where occurs on a bridge spanning two peaks of the Sierra mountains, the tragedy which gives the play its name.

The cast will be an exceptionally strong one, and will include the best talent of the organization.

In addition to this Prof. Shea is arranging a musical programme of modest dimension, but as is his wont, a programme thoroughly genuine.

We consider it then very safe to promise to those who will pay a visit to St. Ann's Young Men's hall on the night of the 24th, an evening of thorough enjoyment.

## The D'Youville Reading Circle.

Ottawa, 8th Nov., 1902.

The D'Youville Reading Circle held its fortnightly meeting in the Rideau street convent on Tuesday last. The subject proper was the Renaissance, but different topics of conversation were introduced. It was decided to devote one section of the library to Canadian literature. The works of Charles D. Roberts were referred to in pleasing terms, some of them have been recently received. Archbishop Spalding's "Essays on Agnosticism, Religion and Education" were named for serious reading. Recent books of fiction were mentioned, among them "Barbara Ladd," a tale of the Revolution; "Oliver Horn," a story of the ever-charming old south, and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." It was remarked with pleasure that there are always being new editions of Charles Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Jane Austen and such standard writers. In connection with the study of "Current Events" reference was made to the Educational Bill in England, which is of such great political significance. The Anglicans and Catholics are for the Bill which is strongly opposed by the nonconformists. Now, let us see how it will end! The November numbers of the "Catholic World" and the New York "Messenger," which contain articles bearing upon the educational question, were recommended.

One of the chief subjects of study for the Reading Circle is the Renaissance as it affected England. It was remarked that the Renaissance began to be felt at Oxford and Cambridge, the intellectual centres of life in England, during the reign of Henry VII., when there was a movement towards art and letters and larger relationship between Church and State had become a source of friction, and the men of the new learning began to tamper with doctrine. The Council of Trent was shown to be the real reformation. Colet and Geocyn were mentioned as forerunners of Luther. Erasmus will occupy attention at the next meeting. It was shown that the Renaissance was at its best in England during the Elizabethan period, and that Sir Thomas More was a striking figure in the history of the 16th century. His great work "Utopia" will be one of the interesting studies of the year. Attention was called to the timeliness of some of the Utopian principles to our own times, especially to the vexed labor question. The Utopians always considered the beautiful before the useful. Perhaps they were too easily satisfied for ordinary human nature, and that is probably the reason why such a land as Utopia has never existed except in dreams. The healthy socialism advocated by this great aristocrat of the 16th century is very interesting to us in these days of democracy, and the Reading Circle look forward to the lecture which is to be given in connection with this subject during the month. The meeting was brought to a close with the reading of a short meditation from Father Tyrrell's "Nova et vetera." This book has been selected for the spiritual reading of the Circle. The chapter read on Tuesday evening was entitled "Art and Holiness." In it the author says that the prophets see beauty in holiness, while the poets see holiness in beauty.

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LIFE AND DEATH. — Great, yes,

wonderful has been the progress of medical science, and the secrets of nature that have been discovered during the past century constitute an evidence that human knowledge has increased to a marvellous degree. Still there are depths of mystery in life and in death that no human science has ever been able to sound and will never fathom. In the report, published this week, of the death of a girl in New York, it is conceded that the most expert men of science have failed to discover the cause of her death. It is not surprising to us that such should be the case. What we consider the most astonishing is the fact that man, even though learned beyond description, should presume to investigate the ways of God. When there is no physical, or material sign to tell the cause of a life ending, the man of science gives up the research; but he rarely dreams of turning to the true and only explanation of the incontestable fact—that is to the designs of God. The report in question says:—

"Unless a microscopical examination reveal something, and this the doctors do not expect, the cause of the death of Nellie Corcoran quite recently bids fair to remain undetermined. The girl died after a three weeks' trance in St. Vincent's Hospital in West Eleventh street, and the autopsy was made there. Dr. Theodore Janeway, the visiting pathologist of the hospital, directed it."

Then, after several attempted explanations, the report thus continues:—

"From other sources it was learned that the post-mortem showed that the girl's physical condition at the time of her death was remarkably good. No gross lesions, no congestions and nothing abnormal of any nature were found. An autopsy presumably would show nothing to confirm or upset the hysteria and hypnotism theories which the hospital staff had declared to be untenable. The starvation theory disposed of by the fact that the girl had frequent nourishment throughout her long trance. Unless the microscopical examination, which should be completed within a week, unexpectedly shows abnormal conditions in the girl's nervous system, the nature of her fatal illness will remain unsolved."

It is very likely that the problem will remain unsolved. But why should we be surprised? Have not men of science done their utmost to refute the theory of miracles at Lourdes by attempting to find natural causes for the cures that they beheld? And have they not been confounded and been obliged to admit that they did not understand? Had they faith they could have understood; but faith is a gift that they have never enjoyed and for which they probably never asked. If there are miracles of life-restoration, or health-restoration that defy scientific investigation, may there not be miracles whereby life is ended that surpass all human understanding? Happy the man of faith; incalculable his advantages over the man of mere human science.

**BIGOTRY RAMPANT.**—A friend has sent us a copy of an American publication, entitled the "American Protestant." It is published in Boston, by McCreedy & Co., and has been established since 1870. This is the issue of the first of November. It is an illustrated paper, containing a goodly number of what seem to be paying advertisements. But it is about the worst sample of anti-Catholic bigotry and intolerance that we have ever met. In fact, it is so barefaced that we wonder at its success. We imagine that its circulation cannot be very great, for surely the number of people who entertain feelings as bitter at those contained in that sheet, must be very small. We have too good an opinion of our fellow-men, in general, to believe that any important number of them could be so blind and so violent. Moreover, when the writers, or the publishers, make pretence of entertaining Christian sentiments we cannot understand the striking contrast between their avowed principles and their actual practice. For not only is this organ anti-Catholic, but it is fearfully un-Christian, ungenerous, untruthful, and un-American. It appears that a certain "Hon. W. W. Towle" has been a candidate in one of the recent election contests. This "Honorable" gentleman—"for Brutus is an honorable man"—must have paid a neat sum to the "American Protestant" for the insertion of the following notice, or appeal to the electors:—

## PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD.

The Republican candidate for Congress in the 10th District is a native American, and was born in Maine. He is in favor of all that is for the best interests of Americans.

It is for us to vote solidly in this election for the Republican candidate.

The foreign element already dominant in city affairs is fast reaching out in State and Nation and unless we are united on this matter the United States Congress will be honeycombed with Mac's & O's.

Public moneys will be used for sectarian purposes and Catholicism solidly entrenched in Washington.

Mr. Towle is supported by all the patriotic American orders.

Every Orangeman in the district should vote for him.

No Irish Catholic need apply for a position if Brother Towle is elected.

No green flags shall wave upon America's public buildings.

Look at City Hall to-day.

Irish Catholic Mayor.

Irish Catholic aldermen.

Irish Catholic city clerk.

Irish Catholics in nearly every office.

Let all Americans, let all Orangemen, let all patriots, vote for Brother Towle, for Congress and he will be elected. Put none but Protestants on guard to-day.

A delightful piece of election literature is this production. We were going to say that if a Catholic candidate, or his friends, were to have perpetrated anything half so abominable, the howl that would go up, from the snows of Maine to the yellow sands of California, would awaken the slumbering patriots of the past century and a quarter. But no Catholic would be capable of any such appeal, consequently we need not speculate upon the results were he to have done so. But American Protestantism must be very far gone when its adherents cannot secure election without having resort to such tactics. We pity the people who take stock in such literature.

## FEAST OF THE DAY.

To-day, the 15th November, the Church celebrates the feast of St. Theresa. Needless to say that this great saint occupies a most exalted rank in the Church of God—that is to say, in the Church Triumphant in Heaven. Her soul was so pure, so ardent and so closely united to Her Lord that the veil which hangs between time and eternity seemed to have been raised for her. During two years Our Lord was almost constantly with her, to instruct her, to guide her, to console her, and to encourage her in her every fresh sacrifice. Yet this by no means prevented her from duly performing all the duties that her position of Superior-General imposed upon her. It would seem as if Our Blessed Lord delighted in taking her unawares and in favoring her with unexpected visions. One day, as she was walking along in silent meditation, she found herself suddenly face to face with a small, graceful, radiant child.

"What is your name, child?" she asked with deep interest.

"Tell me your name, and I will tell you mine," said the smiling child.

"I am called Theresa of Jesus," she said.

"And I am Theresa's Jesus," replied the Child; and before the saint could fully understand the importance of the vision, the Child had vanished.

## Catholic High School Notes.

A pleasing incident took place at the Catholic High School last evening, when the pupils of the school assembled to present their pastor, Rev. Martin Callaghan, with an address and a gold pyx and stock, the occasion being the feast day of the Rev. Pastor. Father Callaghan, who was evidently deeply moved by this tribute of love and esteem from the younger members of his flock, made an eloquent appeal to the boys to drink eagerly at the fountain of knowledge and truth and to engrave indelibly on their minds and hearts the maxims and principles which were now being daily inculcated into them by their devoted teachers. They would thus provide themselves with shining beacons to guide them in the future along the dark and deary path of life. Rev. Father Casey of Lindsay, Ontario, who was present, also spoke, expressing his surprise and pleasure at finding such a beautiful and well-equipped school in the parish of St. Patrick, devoted solely to the benefits and interests of the Irish Catholics of Montreal. He earnestly exhorted the pupils to take full advantage of the opportunities thus placed in their way. The proceedings ended by the Rev. Pastor granting the boys a holiday.

**You Can Buy** **BEST FOR WASH DAY.**

**BEST FOR EVERY DAY.**

**of any Grocer**

**Household Notes.**

**NATURAL BEAUTY.**—Beauty may be only skin deep, but its potency is not measured by a sounding line. We who are plain may scoff at the idea of employing means to develop the best that has been given us in the way of grace, but it would be interesting to know just how many or how few will scorn to be guided by the hints on health and beauty here given with the assurance that, by a strict adherence to them, a great share of what nature has so lavishly bestowed on some may thus be coaxed from her by her less favored children. In the morning the first thing should be ten minutes' exercise which will bring all the muscles into play—preferably with Indian clubs. Then the bath, cold, tepid or warm, which ever best suits your constitution; and the soap must be above suspicion, as there is nothing worse for the skin than a soap not absolutely pure. At breakfast, too, be guided in your diet by what experience has taught you is best. A glass of water should begin the meal; then fruit—either an orange or an apple in winter; in summer there is a variety to choose from. Some sort of meal, with cream, might follow, and then a small piece of meat with bread and coffee. If possible, go for a walk; but if there is household to do, do it (as you should also take your walk) with head erect and chest expanded, breathing deeply. This deep breathing is, at first, hard to master, but once the knack is learned its benefits quickly follow. Keep the organs of the body in good sanitary condition or your beauty will be but short-lived. Let there be as much outdoor exercise as possible if you would keep your health and thus ensure beauty. The other meals should be wholesome but not too rich, and eaten sparingly rather than with repletion. Before retiring, eat an apple or two and drink a glass of pure water to aid digestion, reversing the order of the morning. Try this regime for a few months and see if it does not conquer many ills of the flesh. Lastly, east worry to the winds and cultivate cheerfulness. Nothing was ever prevented or rectified by worryment, so why will you double your cares by taking them with you everywhere and all the time? Be content if you cannot be gay, and thus avoid wrinkles.

**SALT AS A CURATIVE.**—An excessive use of salt on food is injurious to the digestive and other organs of the body, causing scurvy and other scorbatic diseases. But it has some curative properties which should be known. For the reason that it is cheap and always at hand, the curative qualities of salt are not appreciated as they should be. We gather from an exchange that if used persistently enough it will cure nasal catarrh. A weak brine should be made and sniffed up the nose. One of the most effective remedies known for sick headache is to place a pinch of salt on the tongue and allow it to dissolve slowly. In about 10 minutes it may be followed by a drink of water. There is nothing better for the relief of tired or weak eyes than to bathe them with a strong solution of salt and water, applied as hot as it can be borne. Salt is most excellent for cleaning the teeth. It hardens the gums and sweetens the breath.

**LITTLE CONVENIENCES.**—To misplace a kitchen fork or spoon may burn to a cinder the most carefully prepared dish. The convenient holder lost from its nail may burn the cake or ruin the pie and incense the cook. A cook table, full of drawers, where flour, spices, rolling pins and cake cutters are kept, with bake pans hanging over it, will save you miles of travel and hours of time. A small shelf near the stove, kept for extra salt and pepper, will save you 50 miles of travel in ten years. Only for one day count how many times you go from cook table to stove,

seasoning various dishes, and you will see what this means. In finding places for kitchen utensils study every time to place them where it will take the fewest steps to reach them.

**CLEANING LACE.**—Occasionally a piece of fancy work on the lace order does not show soil enough to justify sacrificing its lacy newness to the process of washing. If such work is laid away for a week in a heavy book between blue tissue paper, having had rubbed into the soiled places calcined magnesia or pipe clay, it will come out cleaned and brightened by the process. This is a good way to treat Battenberg and point lace work which has become dingy or yellow.

**WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP.**—This is a sure cure for insomnia: Push away your pillow and lie flat upon your back with your muscles relaxed. Slowly draw in the deepest breath possible, hold it for four seconds then slowly expel it until your chest and abdomen have collapsed. Repeat this until you fall asleep.

**WOMAN'S WORK**

**OFTEN LEADS TO BREAK DOWN IN HEALTH.**

**Severe Headaches, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart and Other Distressing Symptoms Follow**

Woman's cares about the household are many and often worrying, and it is no wonder that the health of so many give way under the strain. To weak, tired-out, depressed women everywhere, the story of Mrs. Geo. L. Horton, the wife of a well known farmer living near Fenwick, Ont., will come as a message of hope. To a reporter who interviewed her on the subject, Mrs. Fenwick said: "Yes, I am quite willing to give my testimony to the great good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me, as my experience may help some other sufferer. A couple of years ago my health began to give way, and I suffered from anaemia, with most of the depressing symptoms of that trouble. I became much emaciated, had distressing headaches, and a very poor appetite. At first I thought the trouble would pass away, but in this I was mistaken, as I continued to grow worse. My heart began to palpitate violently at the least exertion; my rest at night was broken and finally a bad cough set in, and I was scarcely able to do a bit of work about the house. An aunt in England who had been ill had written me that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had restored her to health, and I determined to give the pills a trial. After the use of a few boxes I noticed a distinct improvement in my condition, and after using the pills for a few weeks more the trouble had completely left me. I could sleep well at night, the cough left me; the headaches that had made me so miserable vanished, my appetite returned, and I could again perform my household work with ease. I shall always feel grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, and strongly recommend them to other ailing women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have accomplished just such good results in thousands of other cases among ailing men and women, and sufferers from any of the numerous ailments resulting from poor, watery blood who will give these pills a fair trial will soon be on the high road to health and strength. Imitations are sometimes offered by unscrupulous dealers, who care more for their own profit than for their customers' health. Be sure that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is found on the wrapper around every box you buy. If your dealer does not keep these pills send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50.

**Notes for Farmers**

Director William Saunders of the Ottawa Central Experimental Farm, and Mr. Frank Shutt, chemist, were at Berlin, Ont., last week in connection with the sugar beet works in that locality. In the laboratory many important tests have been made of varieties of beets to ascertain which is best adapted to the production of sugar.

The work of preparing the grain bulletin is progressing rapidly in the directors' office. Nearly all the returns have been made from the branch farms and a large number from the farmers who received grain samples last spring.

The pea weevil was an important topic at the late meeting of the Entomological Society of Ontario. The chief address on the subject was that of Dr. James Fletcher of the Central Experimental Farm. The Dominion Entomologist emphasized the importance of the subject, especially as the pea is one of the most valuable crops in the country. He referred to the diminution of acreage devoted to the raising of peas as something tremendous. The life history of this insect he said, was thoroughly known, and the treatment recommended had been proved effective. The plan for dealing with seed peas was to place them in tight compartments, adding an ounce of bisulphide to each hundred pounds of seed peas. Professor Lochead, of Ontario Agricultural College, commented on Dr. Fletcher's address, reiterating many of its points and suggesting that the Government should employ a small corps of men to look after fumigation in selected localities, so as to practically extinguish the pest in the districts chosen. The value of peas as a feed for pigs was shown by one speaker who said that pork produced by peas was worth 50 cents per hundred more than that produced by corn.

The following resolution was moved by Dr. Fletcher and seconded by Professor Lochead:

That the Entomological Society of Ontario requests that the superintendents of Farmers' Institutes have the matter of the pea weevil brought prominently before all meetings during the coming season.

That from discussions at the Entomological Society the discontinuance of the cultivation of peas for two years is not the best remedy for preventing injury by the pea weevil. But rather the making known as widely as possible the nature of the pest, the extent of its injuries and the best remedy. That if object lessons could be given in the country showing the way to fumigate peas and the advantage of it a material help would be given to reducing the injuries of the weevil.

Treatment for the San Jose scale was gone into by Inspector Fisher. While kerosene and crude petroleum were used with good results, in some cases lime and sulphur were more advantageous. This combination was safe, effective and economical, and was a remedy for fungus disease. The proportions are a pound of lime and half a pound of sulphur to a gallon of water. The mixture need not be used while warm. Trees should be treated every year. The society tendered a vote of congratulations to the Minister of Agriculture for the success attending his efforts to find a remedy for the San Jose scale.

Mr. F. C. Hare, superintendent of the Dominion poultry fattening stations, is shortly to establish breeding yards where pure bred poultry will be supplied the surrounding districts. Large poultry houses will be erected in Durham and Huron counties in Ontario and Bromie in Quebec. At each 100 Plymouth Rock and 100 Wyandotte pullets will be wintered.

The demand for these excellent kinds of poultry is increasing and the country will develop the poultry industry by affording all conveniences for their distribution.

Next spring the chickens wintered at these stations will be mated with pure bred cockerels and the eggs sold to farmers. Last year eggs were purchased from farmers for the illustration stations and the quality of chickens raised was not uniform.

Farmers may at an advance of about five cents a dozen produce eggs that will give them a rich strain of poultry. In this way the department of agriculture will introduce to the farmers a profitable chicken.

The high prices offered for apples in England and Germany is an inducement to Canadian growers to produce a quality of fruit that would

be acceptable on the foreign market. These high prices should also induce many more into the apple growing business which can be successfully carried on in this locality.

It is learned now that the home crop of apples will be smaller than last year. Reports were circulated early that the apple yield was going to be magnificent. This report exaggerated the condition and there has been an epidemic of rot since. Much of the fruit has become affected with scab, which is such a detriment to the apple that by the time it reaches its destination its value is almost reduced to nothing. It is difficult to protect against disease in apples. An improvement in the general crop may be made, however, by close attention to varieties and treatment of the trees during the summer. The common varieties in this province are Gravenstein, King, Ribston, Pippin, Baldwin, Ben Davis, Greenings, Stark, Nonpariel, Golden Russet, Northern Spy, Spitzenburg, Fameuse, Culvert, Wagner. When fruit men have a stock of apples it pays better to ship the best by sorting the crop till a reliable shipment is selected than to send a large quantity composed of good and bad sorts. Inferior shipments injure the reputation of Canadian fruit and there is no ultimate gain. The British and German market is not appreciated sufficiently in Canada.—Ottawa Free Press.

**JOHN MURPHY & CO.**

**THE Right Goods AT THE Right Prices**

We try to safe-guard the public against mistakes in buying by the scrupulous care and forethought which we devote to our selection of stock. We recognize the vital fact that as we are not in business for a day, a week, a month, or a year only, our interests in the long run are identical. Experience has thought us, to the exclusion of all doubt, that the best and most effective kind of advertising is simply THE RIGHT GOODS AT THE RIGHT PRICES.

- New Cocoa Door Mats.** 300 Cocoa Door Mats, plain and fancy, all sizes, prices from 19c up.
- New Carpet Squares.** Just put into stock a shipment of New Carpet Squares, new colors, sizes as follows: 2x2 1/2 yards, 2x3 yards, 3x3 yards, 3x3 1/2 yards, 3x4 yards. Prices from \$2.25 each.
- New Lace Curtains.** 2,000 pairs New Nottingham Lace Curtains, new fast woven edges, and new designs. Prices from 46c per pair.
- New Filled Curtains.** 200 pairs New Filled Muslin Curtains. Prices from 85c pair.
- Imported White Scotch Blankets.** The best Blanket to wear, all sizes now in stock. Prices from \$3.75 per pair.
- 200 Fine Cotton Filled Comforters.** All filled with the best Carded Cotton, large choice of coverings. See our lines at \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2 each.

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2245 St. Catherine Street, corner of Metcalfe Street. Terms Cash. Telephone Up 27 0

**Society Directory.**

**A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 8,** meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Sec.-Secretary. 1528P Ontario street, L. Brophy Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary. 65 Young street, M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

**ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY,** established 1868.—Evy. Director, Rev. Father Flynn. President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec. J. F. Quinn. 625 St. Dominique street. M. J. Ryan, treasurer 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

**A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY,** Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meeting are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Miss Annie Donovan, president; Mrs. Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Kavanaugh, recording secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer. Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.**—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

**ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY** organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

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

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

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

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**Asphalt, Cement, and Vulcanite Floors.**

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All our work supervised by Special Experts.

**GEORGE W. REID & CO.,** 785 CRAIG STREET.

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FOR A LIFETIME.

Absolutely Safe Investment.

Write me immediately (NO RISK).

**WILLIAM F. SHARWOOD,** Mexican Plantation Agent, 180 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

**FARM FOR SALE.**

Consisting of one hundred and nine acres. No waste land. Within six acres of a village, having good stores, two blacksmith shops, wheel-right shop, creamery, Post Office, Catholic Church, a place of Protestant worship, two schools, about the same distance from R. R. Station, less than two hours ride from Montreal on C. V. R. R. The place is well watered, the buildings are large and in first-class repair. A large brick house arranged for two families. This would be a desirable place for summer boarders, or for a gentleman wishing a country home for his family in summer. There are also apple and sugar orchards; with a sufficient quantity of wood for a lifetime. With care the farm will carry from fifteen to twenty cows and team. For particulars apply to

**PHILIP MELLADY,** North Stanbridge, P.Q.

**Soft Harness**

**EUREKA Harness Oil**

Makes a poor looking harness like new. Keeps it soft and supple as with any other oil. You can keep it in its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

Makes a poor looking harness like new. Keeps it soft and supple as with any other oil. You can keep it in its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

Sold everywhere in one-half dozen.

Made by EUREKA OIL COMPANY.

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The True Witness P. & P. Co.'y, Limited P. O. BOX 1133, MONTREAL, P. Q.

I hereby authorize you to send me THE TRUE WITNESS for which I agree to pay to your order at the rate of One Dollar per year.

Signed.....

Address.....

Subscription Rates, Strictly in Advance

Canada, Newfoundland and United States, \$1.00 per year. City and Foreign, \$1.50 per year.

In front of the Presentment at Clonmel, Ireland, a life-size statue of which bears the following

A votive offering to Commemorate the Martyrdom of Sister Alice O'Sullivan Born at West Gate mel, 1836. For some years a this Convent. She died for the Fa Tien-Tsin, China, 21st 1870. Pray for the Don

Sister O'Sullivan was of the late Cornelius O'Sullivan died in Syracuse, N.Y., ago. Captain O'Sullivan ther. is very well known cause. The Very Rev. Dan van, visiting priest to the speaking Sisters of Charity out the world, is another Father O'Sullivan has headquarters near Cork for twenty years, and in 1892 don, celebrated the golden his ordination.

Thirty years ago Tient suddenly before the world scene of an awful massacre Chinese rabble of ten day St. Vincent de Paul, holy tent on the apostolic spreading the Faith. A gentle sisters who had rennetles of home and father daughters of France, Belgium, Italy, and one of Irish Alice O'Sullivan, known religious life as Sister Louise Alice's prents had c Newry, County Armagh, t shortly before her birth. O'Sullivan dying while he was still a mere baby, the left very much to the care of his nurse, and to the intentions of her brothers than herself. At a very she learned to read, and admitted to indulge her loving as she pleased, but, beyond exciting her lively tion no great harm was received her early education Mary's Presentation Convent, Clonmel, a convent been instrumental in religious to all parts of the w of the nuns who welcomed girl in those happy days vive and speak with deen of their pupil, who when years old showed great pi pressed the desire to enter gious life.

At a later date it was d she should become a Sister ty. Her brother was a missionary, and, no do circumstance in part indu choice of the Congregation Sisters of Charity of St. Paul. A brother of St. V would become, and with a this, her father sent her t minican Convent, at E near Dublin, where he t happily under the care of t Alice's open and simple and her great piety so im mistresses that they wo gally admitted her to the nity had she desired it. T Prioresse of the convent, w Alice very intimately, when give her recollections of the ance and character of he fellow replied that Alice w older than most of her co was dark in complexion, in appearance, and posses strong sense of humor, with mature common sense trust piety. She was teachers and pupils.

It was not necessary fo stay very long at Kingst then came the parting. "C ly she bade farewell to he and her home on the pleas of the Suir, where never ag she roam through the green climb the hills, or feel the "rain-washed" breezes blo her brow. The kindly an affectionate "God save y came so readily from o Irish country people she more see or hear from those known and loved her from fancy; the church where ma day and feast she knelt r prayers as a little child, s never enter nor the streets

# THE MARTYR OF CLONMEL.

In front of the Presentation Convent at Clonmel, Ireland, is a beautiful life-size statue of St. Joseph, which bears the following inscription:

A votive offering  
to  
Commemorate the Glorious  
Martyrdom of  
Sister Alice O'Sullivan,  
Born at West Gate, Clonmel, 1836.  
For some years a pupil of  
this Convent.  
She died for the Faith at  
Tien-Tsin, China, 21st June,  
1870.  
Pray for the Donors.

Sister O'Sullivan was a daughter of the late Cornelius O'Sullivan, who died in Syracuse, N.Y., several years ago. Captain O'Sullivan, her brother, is very well known in Syracuse. The Very Rev. Daniel O'Sullivan, visiting priest to the English-speaking Sisters of Charity throughout the world, is another brother. Father O'Sullivan has had his headquarters near Cork for the last twenty years, and in 1891, in London, celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination.

Thirty years ago Tientsin came suddenly before the world as the scene of an awful massacre by the Chinese rabble of ten daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, holy souls intent on the apostolic mission of spreading the Faith. Among these gentle sisters who had renounced the titles of home and fatherland were daughters of France, Belgium and Italy, and one of Irish nationality, Alice O'Sullivan, known in the religious life as Sister Louise.

Alice's parents had come from Newry, County Armagh, to Clonmel, shortly before her birth, and Mrs. O'Sullivan dying while her daughter was still a mere baby, the child was left very much to the care of a devoted nurse, and to the loving attentions of her brothers, all older than herself. At a very early age she learned to read, and was permitted to indulge her love of reading as she pleased, but, fortunately, beyond exciting her lively imagination no great harm was done. She received her early education in St. Mary's Presentation Convent, Irish-town, Clonmel, a convent that has been instrumental in sending religious to all parts of the world. Some of the nuns who welcomed the little girl in those happy days still survive and speak with deep affection of their pupil, who when only ten years old showed great piety and expressed the desire to enter the religious life.

At a later date it was decided that she should become a Sister of Charity. Her brother was a Vincentian missionary, and, no doubt, this circumstance in part influenced the choice of the Congregation of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. A brother of St. Vincent she would become, and with a view to this, her father sent her to the Dominican Convent, at Kingstown, near Dublin, where her time passed happily under the care of the sisters. Alice's open and simple disposition and her great piety so impressed her mistresses that they would have gladly admitted her to their community had she desired it. The present Prioress of the convent, who knew Alice very intimately, when asked to give her recollections of the appearance and character of her school-fellow replied that Alice was rather older than most of her companions, was dark in complexion, attractive in appearance, and possessed of a strong sense of humor, combined with mature common sense and the truest piety. She was loved by teachers and pupils.

It was not necessary for her to stay very long at Kingstown, and then came the parting. "Courageously she bade farewell to her father and her home on the pleasant banks of the Suir, where never again should she roam through the green fields, or climb the hills, or feel the soft Irish, 'rain-washed' breezes blowing on her brow. The kindly smiles and affectionate 'God save ye,' that came so readily from our humble Irish country people she would no more see or hear from those who had known and loved her from her infancy; the church where many a Sunday and feast she knelt repeating her prayers as a little child, she would never enter nor the streets of the old

Irish town that was her birth-place. Yet she never faltered, but departed to follow the call to a more perfect life—a life of obedience, of toil, of self-abnegation, of prayer, and union with God, in the modest and coarse greyish-blue habit and white cornette of a Sister of Charity."

Across two seas went the young Irish girl to the convent at Amiens, where she passed some time as a postulant, and from which she was sent to the Rue de Bac, where she received the habit of the Congregation and made her vows. As soon as her vows were made, Alice, now Sister Louise, went to Bologna, and from there to Drogheda, where she spent five years among the destitute of the town, her gentle heart grieving for their distress as she went on her errands of charity through narrow lanes and winding stairway. In the mission of Hereford the Irish Sister unconsciously prepared for the great change impending in her life, a change that brought to pass the prophecy she had spoken when a school-girl of sixteen years: "Later on you will see that I shall go to China, and there die a martyr," she had said to a very dear friend.

When Alice entered the Congregation she frequently expressed her willingness to go on any distant mission, and her generous spirit was gratified when she was selected to go with a band of foreign sisters to take charge of a hospital of Shanghai. On their arrival at Shanghai the sisters met with great discouragements; no preparation had been made for their reception and the hospital committee, having changed their minds, no longer wished for their services. Being Protestants they could not understand the wants of the nuns, who were compelled to reside in a wretched lodging with hardly anything in the way of furniture or food. Sister Alice, the only one who could speak English, acted as interpreter between her French Superioress and the committee, and so well did she fulfill her task that in a short time the Englishmen became the sisters' sincere and influential friends. In the hospital where the sisters were soon hard at work, Sister Louise's charm of manner and heartfelt kindness had an immense influence over the sick, one of whom, a Scotch Presbyterian Freemason, wrote to the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin after the massacre: "Amongst those saints was my kind-hearted nurse, Sister Louise, who was at my bedside day and night, cheering my drooping own country. Earnestly she sought out spirits, broken down with sickness and pain. Often she told me how delighted she was to have the privilege of conversing in her native tongue with a Scotchman. I will not dwell longer on the characteristics of this ministering angel, who is now with her Redeemer." In a letter written to her brother, Alice tells him that on St. Patrick's Day, 1867, thirty Irish soldiers came to pay her a visit and to present her with five pounds for the poor, out of their meagre pay.

Having made the sacrifice to go on this arduous mission, Sister Louise endured great mental suffering when she found out that she could not sympathize with or understand the people for whom she had given up all that was dear to her. The dispositions and customs of the Chinese excited deep repugnance, but she prayed for strength and endurance and her prayer was heard. "I am now, thank God," she writes, "quite at peace, only that now and then I feel a little lonely, but happy in having nothing to trouble my conscience, and with great trust in God, who has taken such care of me up to this time." And suppressing her yearning for her far-distant home, with its dear, kindly, Catholic people, she devoted herself to the care of the Chinese.

In the year 1867, Sister Alice O'Sullivan was stationed at Peking having traveled thither with Mother Azais under most discomfiting circumstances, the last stage of the journey being accomplished its way through clouds of dust, resembling ashes. Sister Alice was soon busily employed in the infant school and orphanage, which play a most important part in the work of the Holy Childhood carried out in our Chinese missions.

The society for the redemption of pagan children was established among European children during the pontificate of Pius IX., towards the middle of the nineteenth century, and its special work, entrusted to the Sisters of Charity in China, was the

support and education of baby girls, who are so frequently killed or abandoned by their inhuman mothers, many of whom have the firm conviction that infants are born without souls, which only develop at a more advanced period of existence; consequently there can be no harm in getting rid of such superfluous mouths as those of little girls, who are numerous enough everywhere.

"We receive almost every day little babies," wrote Sister Alice, "and I hold them for the Sacrament of Baptism." This seems to have been her great consolation. Through striving ever to overcome her antipathy, she could not become accustomed to the Chinese, and finally wrote to Pere Etienne, the Superior-General of the Lazarists and Sisters of Charity, admitting her failure to acclimatize herself to her Eastern surroundings. In reply he instructed her to return to France with the Sister Visitation, then on the eve of departure. Great was the joy of the little sister! To see once more the civilization of Europe, to escape her constant struggle against her own feelings, to make this voyage with Sister Azais—all delighted her and they started together for Tientsin on their way home. The people of Tientsin were filled with hatred and scorn for "the devils from the West," and the missionaries of those days, between 1862 and 1870, had indeed great need of patience and trust in God. That His Providence had marked out for the Irish Sister a different foundly dreamed when granted permission to depart from China was soon made manifest.

Sister O'Sullivan with Mother Azais stopped at Tientsin, at the convent of the Sisters of Charity, known as the Jen-tse-t'ang. Here were orphanages for boys and girls, a dispensary, and a hospital for Europeans. The sisters had been making a novena that their community should be increased by an English-speaking member and consequently on the arrival of the young Irish sister they begged her to stay with them and undertake an important post in the hospital where were many British and American subjects. Poor little Sister Alice! where now were her visions of home? Was she never to hear again the language of her childhood, or look into the kindly eyes of her dearly-loved friends and relatives? Must she give up all for the cold-hearted, deceitful and cruel Chinese? Heart-wrung and almost crushed by anguish the poor little exile reached the bitterest hour of her existence. Love of home with the Irish race often amounts to a passion and Sister Louise was thoroughly Irish, passionately longing for even a short time among her own kindred. She thought that she could interest friends in the work of the mission, and would come back herself with renewed zeal. Unhappy and resentful because she had been asked to stay, she went with some of the sisters to see the Church of Our Lady of Victories, greeted at Tientsin by M. Chevrier, the Lazarist missionary. There before the silent tabernacle she knelt, after her companions had left the church, her heart rent with conflicting feelings. Touchingly does the author of "The Martyr of Clonmel" depict the struggle and surrender of this brave, true Christian spirit:

"Surely God having accepted the sacrifice of her whole existence did not wish that she should remain in China. He must see how very lonely she was, not even one Irish sister or priest or friend in the whole of the strange Chinese town to whom she could turn for counsel, only these foreigners, kind and good though they were, who could not understand her utter loneliness, or what the giving up of the journey meant to her. It must have been a great struggle for the poor sister, kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, and trying not to admit the thought that it might indeed be the Divine Will that she should make this supreme renunciation of her cherished wish. We are told by Father Faber that 'holiness of the highest kind is distinguished by the quickness and fineness of its ear in detecting inspiration, and by its promptitude and docility in following it.' Now, Sister O'Sullivan was an extremely holy soul, and when she recognized the voice of Jesus gently calling her to accept this cross and follow Him, all hesitation, all doubts, all opposition, instantly ceased, and the renunciation (a very real mental martyrdom to the little sister) was simply made. 'Not my

will, but Thine, O Lord.' It has been thought that our Blessed Lady came to her in those moments of agonizing pain and encouraged her to hear and obey unreservedly the call to duty and self-sacrifice from the Holy Spirit, whom as Our Lord Himself has said, 'breatheth where he will.' Into those few minutes had been compressed the combat and the glorious victory over human nature. When the other sisters came to fetch the Irish nun they were electrified to hear her say, 'I am not going home, oh, I will not go.' 'What in the world has happened, dear sister?' they exclaimed. She answered: 'If I were to tell you, you would not believe me.' She hastened to find Sister Azais, and told her that she placed herself at her disposal to remain in China as she thought it was God's will. Sister Azais said to her at the moment of departure, 'Good-by till we meet again.' Sister O'Sullivan answered: 'We shall never meet again in this world. You will return, but we shall all be gone.'

A miracle of grace had been worked in the soul of Sister Alice. "Thanks to God and Our Lady of Victories, who is as powerful at Tientsin as at Paris," she wrote to Pere Etienne, "my heart which had suffered from illusions for so long a time has been entirely changed, and to-day I fully understand why it would be more perfect for me to remain till death in this poor country. I reckon on the Blessed Virgin to give me the grace of perseverance in this resolution, for it was she herself who said to me 'Remain for the rest of your life with these poor people.' With renewed ardor she took up her work, always humbling herself in the knowledge that her companions served the Chinese with pleasure, while she did constant violence to herself to overcome her dislike. In the last letter written by Sister Marquet to the community we read: 'We are very happy to have Sister O'Sullivan. Our Lady of Victories has not done her work by halves. I do not think our dear little sister has any thought now of leaving China. She is a devoted worker and does all that is in her power to supply the place of any of the sisters who may be ill or convalescent.'

The mission of the Sisters of Charity at Tientsin was one of the most remarkable foundations of their congregation. Its beginning was most humble, a small house, of which five chairs and two huge Chinese saucepans were about the only furniture. At first not a single child or a sick person was given to the sisters' care, but by degrees they opened an orphanage, a dispensary, and a hospital, and at the time when Sister Alice gave up her journey home they were 200 orphans in the Jen-tse-t'ang and 200 out at nurse; 2,007 dying children had been baptized, 48,000 sick cared for at the dispensary, fifty adults baptized before their death and 56,700 starving poor had been given relief. The sisters became a familiar sight in the town where they daily visited the poor and sick, who called them the "White Devils" on account of their cornettes, a name given to them even by those whose liking they had won.

But untoward circumstances wrought a change in the friendly feeling of the natives. A season of drought followed by a flood made sad havoc. Starvation stared the people in the face, and the babies brought to the sisters' creche arrived in such condition that they died in great numbers. Then followed an epidemic in the orphanage, and the hospital and dispensary wards were so crowded that the sick lay about on the floor. The time was ripe for the schemes of enemies, and early in 1870 a number of fanatics came to Tientsin and began a campaign against the missionaries. Among the infamous charges circulated was that the sisters tore out the eyes and hearts of Chinese children, for medicinal purposes. As the spring advanced even the respectable element at Tientsin looked towards the sisters. Angry looks met them wherever they went, accusations multiplied, and the rabble became more menacing in words and deeds, even perpetrating the outrage of digging up coffins in the cemetery to see if the sisters had torn out the eyes and hearts of the children who died in the Jen-tse-t'ang. The streets were strewn with placards calling on the people to make away with the sisters, who, however, remained at their

post despite the repeated warning of the native Christians and a few Europeans. Calmly and steadily they pursued the routine of duty, so bravely subduing natural fear that neither the children nor native under-mistresses in the orphanage knew of the storm gathering about them.

On the 19th and 20th of June, the Chinese part of Tientsin showed signs of activity inimical to the sisters, and the mandarins, secretly conniving in the disturbance, sent word that they would visit the orphanage on the 21st of June to assure themselves that all was in order.

The sisters rose at their usual hour, and passed the morning in their respective avocations, though at nine o'clock they could hear the ominous gongs in the town where their enemies were assembled under the command of the Tai-Ping chief. In the course of the day the mob massacred Fathers Ou and Chevrier, the French Consul, and several other French and Russian subjects, and set fire to the consulate, the mission station, and the church. So the hours wore on. When flames issuing from the roof warned the sisters of the burning of the mission station and church, Sister Marquet ordered every one into the chapel, in the crypt of which the babies were placed for greater safety. As the cries of the approaching mob were heard the doors were locked, the sacred vessels, hidden, and kneeling on the altar-steps received their Viaticum from the hand of their superioress, who to preserve the Sacred Hosts from profanation consumed those remaining in the ciborium, with Sister Andreoni. "Before their sick, their orphans, and their little children," says Lady Herbert in her description of the massacre, "they remained firm and strong, like their holy Mother on Calvary. Only that day they called together all those employed in the house to go into the chapel and to pray to our Lord to appease the tempest which raged against the missionaries and the sisters."

They had scarcely completed their sacred office when the house door was forcibly broken in by the infuriated mob, fresh from their atrocious work at the mission house and consulate. Sister Marquet quietly placed the pyx inside her habit over her chest and intrepidity stood before the chapel to make a supreme effort to save the children, who she thought, would be massacred with the sisters. There she could hear the mob wrecking everything in the dispensary in their mad search for the children's eyes and hearts which, they asserted, were used as drugs by "the white devils," while others were engaged in maltreating the porter of the convent, so terribly that he died of his wounds some weeks later. They then rushed to the inner court, where the chapel was situated. On their appearance Sister Marquet turned to the leader, saying calmly, "What do you want with us? We only try to do all the good we can to your poor and sick. If you wish for our lives here we are, all ten of us; we are ready to die; but spare, at least, our poor children."

This dignified and touching appeal made no impression on these Chinese fiends, who instantly cut open her head with a sabre, killing her, and then they murdered Sister Andreoni who was standing near.

While this martyrdom was going on two of the other sisters went into the crypt with the orphans, and Sister Alice O'Sullivan and five of her companions left the chapel by the side doors, in the hope, no doubt, that by exposing their lives they might thereby save those of the children. Sister O'Sullivan having come out by a door not far from the kitchen, the murderers seized a saucepan of boiling water and scalded her fearfully. In her agony she ran towards the chapel, and was killed there near her superioress. Her death, though painful and shocking enough, was, however, merciful in comparison to the tortures inflicted on three of the other sisters, one of whom had her eyes and heart torn out before her death, amid the jeers of her barbarous murderers, while two others were literally roasted over a fire. Nameless barbarities were inflicted on the mangled remains of these ten defenceless women, and before three o'clock these holy souls had all gone to claim the martyr's crown. It was stated by the pagans that as the massacre was

going on the wife of a bonze, or heathen priest, was watching the terrible scene from her balcony, and as each sister expired she beheld a brilliant cloud soaring up into heaven. She was so impressed by this prodigy that she exclaimed that these people must have been dear friends of God, and she ran over to the sisters' courtyard. On being asked what brought her there she said they were killing holy people, and that she had come to adore the God of the murdered sisters. One of the rabble at once cut off her head, and in her baptism of blood the poor ignorant soul went to join the martyrs' glorious band.

On the 3rd of August, the few carbonized remains of the hapless sisters, collected from the charred ruins of the Jen-tse-t'ang, were solemnly interred in a grave on the side of the destroyed mission station, in the presence of an immense crowd, among whom were the native and foreign high officials and all the foreign residents in the Tientsin concession. Mgr. Thierry, the Pro-Vicar of Chi-li, who conducted the funeral service, in his oration observed that "the death of the victims had been to them a gain; coming to China with a hope of martyrdom, they had attained the accomplishment of their sincere wish, and had given their lives for Jesus Christ."

For thirty-two years these heroines of the Church have rested in their quiet grave, but the lesson of their lives can never be forgotten while hearts respond to the high impulse of holy deeds. Two years ago a movement for Sister O'Sullivan's beatification was inaugurated at Rome, but was suspended because it was impossible in view of the Boxer uprising for the Apostolic Delegate to China to reach Rome. His testimony was required. Now the proceedings are about to be resumed.

The little Irish sister who hungered and yearned for the home she was never to see again has there an enduring place in the treasure house of memory. In the years to come, before the door of the convent school where her pure young heart first gave itself to God, generations of children will learn from the beautiful monument the sublime story of the life and work of Alice O'Sullivan, the martyr of Clonmel.—Francis Hogan, in Donahoe's Magazine.

## Power of a Mother's Prayer.

Once, says a writer, I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's stern duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger and in struggle.

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OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

On Guardians of the Peace.

At this moment when the internal economy of the city police department is undergoing so much investigation and consequent criticism, it may not be out of place for all who walk the curbstones to dot down a few of his observations. My object is not to lay blame at any person's door, for I am not sufficiently conversant with the details of that department to know exactly upon whom the onus should fall. The most I can do is to point out some facts, and they are so potent that none will question them. These facts should not exist; but they do. Some one is responsible; but I am not the person to sift that matter. It is possible that the actual force is inadequate to the requirements of the city, in which case it is the city's business to see that it be increased. If, however, that force is sufficient to meet all the needs of the police there must be something lacking in those who compose its numbers. But, I repeat, that is not my duty to investigate.

SIMPLE FACTS.—It is with facts that I have to deal. In the first place I will take a curbstome with which I am somewhat familiar. It runs along Craig street, from the western end of that thoroughfare to the Champ-de-Mars. I will not require to await the passing of daylight and the flickering of lamps. At high noon a citizen, of anything like a respectable appearance, cannot go the length of Craig street without being accosted by some half-intoxicated specimen of humanity, who wants a five cent piece to get a drink. He does not tell you that it is for a drink; as a rule, it is for a shave, or a mouthful of breakfast. He has come out of the hospital (more likely the jail), he will tell you. If you pause at all you are sure to be treated to a long tirade of imaginary hardships, all due to some adverse fate, but never to the fault of the victim. It is quite probable that had he the good luck of having you in a dark lane at that moment, he would be more imperative in his demands. But as it is he is obliged to exhibit a certain degree of respect for you. If you have the kind-heartedness to give him that which he asks, your fate is sealed. As if by magic every bum and loafer that haunts Victoria Square and the environs knows of your charity (?) and has you spotted for the next day. If, on the other hand, you refuse him the donation, you may as well keep out of that region in future, especially after nightfall, because you need not expect any mercy if you have the ill luck to fall into the hands of that beggar or any of his associates, you cannot, I say, go the length of the street, at any hour, without being thus met; but I will wager a dollar against two straws that you will not meet a policeman in all that walk, unless it be by the merest accident. A few detectives, in civilian dress, may be found hovering around the pawn-shops and second-hand dealers' establishments, but the ordinary citizens does not know them and would never dream of appealing to them for protection against the brigands of the square.

DISGRACEFUL SCENES.—Go along the same street at night time; say from eight till eleven o'clock. What are you sure to meet? Not a policeman, decidedly. But you will come upon gangs of rascals insulting the peaceful citizens who go past; groups of men, holding up corners, who make it impossible for ladies to attempt going along the street. You find women half, or wholly drunk, staggering ahead, and even dancing, shouting, cursing, gathering crowds and making the night abominable with their obscene language and their disgraceful exhibitions. And still no guardian of the peace—not to speak of the city's morals—will you find in half an hour's walk. Turn up St. Lawrence street, a more thickly thronged thoroughfare, and one better lighted, and generally more respectable. Here again you meet the crowd at the corner, consisting of young lads, or young men, smoking cigars, puffing cigarettes, spitting tobacco, swearing, passing filthy remarks about ladies, and, in general, disturbing the good order that should prevail in a quarter where there are so many stores and such a concourse of citizens. There is not a guardian of order to tell them to "move on," much less to interfere with their obstructions. Nor is it any better on St. Catherine street. The gangs that frequent that section are not quite of as low an order as those you meet on Craig, but they are nonetheless troublesome. Go to the doors of any of our city theatres at night and you will feel uncomfortable, unless you are conscious of having empty pockets. And if you chance to be in a lady's company you are certain to wish that she, for the time being, were both deaf and blind.

A STRANGE ABSENCE.—If we were to go the round of the city, into each ward, and to walk all the streets, we would find the same peculiar absence of policemen. I do not say that you could circumambulate the city by night without meeting with one of these gentlemen; but, if you did chance to come upon one, it certainly would not be in quarters where his presence would be most required. Now, what I would like to know is simply this: where do the police keep themselves at night? and what are their duties supposed to be? I take it for granted that if an officer were ordered by his superiors to go to a certain place or to frequent a certain district, that he would do so. Consequently I conclude that you do not meet a policeman because no policeman has received orders to be present. Yet the authorities should know by this time what sections, and what streets of the city are most in need of protection. If they do not they ought to learn it, for it appears to me that such knowledge is elementary in matters of civic guardianship. Again, if they do know what is taking place nightly in certain quarters they can have no excuse for tolerating such a state of affairs. If they have not men enough to cover the ground, they should get more; if they have enough they should see that they do cover that ground and in a sufficiently conspicuous manner to produce a salutary effect.

Obituary.

It is with sentiments of the deepest sympathy that we are called upon to announce the death of one of the oldest subscribers to the "True Witness," in the person of Michael Cross, whose death occurred at his home in St. Chrysostome, Monday, Nov. 3rd. Whilst Masses were being offered in the different churches throughout the world, for the souls of the faithful departed, his spirit wended its way into eternity. All the assistance that could be rendered by skilled physicians and sorrowful friends, prolonged, but could not save a life that was very dear. A solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by his nephew, Rev. J. A. Derome, of Ste. Agnes de Dundee, assisted by Rev. T. Prevaille, of St. Chrysostome. The funeral, which was very largely attended, showed the esteem in which Mr. Cross was held by all who knew him. For in his death his family are bereft of a kind husband, and loving father, and his neighbors a true and warm-hearted friend.—R.I.P.

Feasts of the Coming Week.

Apart from the general devotions of this month to the souls in Purgatory, each day is dedicated to a special saint. Many good Catholics are interested in knowing which saint is honored on each particular day; sometimes one learns of a patronal saint whose day might otherwise be overlooked. During the coming week the following are the saints honored by the Church:— On Sunday, 16th November.—St. Edmund of Canterbury and St. Eucher, Bishop of Lyons. On Monday, St. Gregory (Thaumaturge), Bishop. On Tuesday, St. Hilda; and the dedication of the basilicas of St. Peter and of St. Paul. On Wednesday, St. Elizabeth of Hungary and St. Hervey—Bishop. On Thursday, St. Felix of Valois and St. Edmund, King and confessor. On Friday, the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the temple. On Saturday, St. Cecilia.

The man who stands above his fellows must expect to be the target for the envious arrows of their inferiority. It is part of the price he must pay for his advance.

Championship Football Match. Round Trip Tickets will be issued from MONTREAL to OTTAWA and Ret. \$4.50. Good going by all trains Nov. 15th. Returning until Nov. 17th, 1902.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EXCURSION. From Montreal to Ottawa and Return \$4.50. In connection with Championship Football Match At Ottawa. Good going Saturday Nov. 15th. Good returning until Nov. 17th, 1902.

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White Wool Blankets. The need time for Blankets is here. The good kind are in demand, the pure white woolly kind, so soft and warm looking. Size about 54 by 72 inches. White Wool Blankets, fancy borders.....\$1.40. Size about 56 by 76 inches, White Wool Blankets, fancy borders.....\$1.79. Size about 60 by 80 inches, White Wool Blankets, blue borders.....\$2.10. Size about 64 by 84 inches, White Wool Blankets, fancy borders.....\$2.95. Size about 68 by 86 inches, White Wool Blankets, fancy borders.....\$3.40. Size about 72 by 90 inches, White Wool Blankets, fancy borders.....\$4.60.

New Lamps. Hand Lamp complete, 12 1/2c. Sewing Lamp.....75c. Parlor Lamp.....\$1.95. Decorated Globes, 39c. Gas and Electric Shades, 12c to \$1.00. DINNER SET. Just arrived from English Potteries, Five Crates of richly decorated Dinner Sets, full 97 piece sets, new designs and shapes, Art colors. As usually sold, \$7.50 for \$16.00 set. Price.....\$5.95 set.

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Gardien de la Lecture Assemblée

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FREE EDUCATION. While President Elliot University, is denouncing school system of the because of the increase criminals which its character has produced real "Star" following by the Montreal "Be dozen years ago, is "free education." This thing as "free" education has to pay for somebody in the tax and, indirectly, every land. The "Star," to be expected, makes it by the wild and absurd statements by which its advocacy of "free the "Star" says in Monday on this subject.

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FREE EDUCATION. While President Elliot University, is denouncing school system of the because of the increase criminals which its character has produced real "Star" following by the Montreal "Be dozen years ago, is "free education." This thing as "free" education has to pay for somebody in the tax and, indirectly, every land. The "Star," to be expected, makes it by the wild and absurd statements by which its advocacy of "free the "Star" says in Monday on this subject. "In Montreal we can afford to elementary education. dren here are not given unless their parents a and rich enough to the The initiative is left house may shelter wants to, and can set out into the community gain or prey upon itself. If it were a cious disease, we wot house, free of charge, keep it from harming Being only a case of do nothing but provid it can buy a cure-if elination and money nity is compelled to solely for the ripe fance. We keep up a system of goals and a costly machine houses of correction largely for the gradu that are free enough where the untaught lish, hopeless lessons criminal. But a penny would save a pound spent a trifling part schools, we should times over in reduce penses—to say nothing vate losses which st tails. And this is the of appeal. We should richer for living in a prosperous community, and poverty inter come is a mass of huclogs enterprise, cons tical and municipal business with bad del devices, sickens many with pity and self-rep erally makes life hardy for the better off. age of education in and that people forge many, the United Sta self are examples of t The writer in the " dently not well poat minal statistics of Ca or the United States fact of secular educa would not imagine th of secular knowledge decrease of crime. Fa the contrary is the c criminal statistics, w with those of Germ United States, show both of these countr al morality of its peo spends so much mon tion to its population education as does th with the result that educationalist as Pre Harvard is forced to has utterly failed to morals of the natio on the admitted fallu system of the United