

The Catholic Register

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

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MATTERS OF MOMENT

"Canada Our China"—Remember the Poor Box—A Sacrilegious Crime—Our Catholic Youth.

Nothing of more moment could have been touched upon by Rev. Father Hazelton, S.J., than when in the course of the Triduum he was conducting in St. Francis' parish, he spoke of the movement for missionary work amongst the laity. The supineness of English speaking Catholics in this regard, was the leading note in his discourse. The Rev. speaker drew attention to the work going on around us, in the direction of missionary enterprise, in which the workers are non-Catholics, and whose labors are heroic. A non-Catholic church in Montreal was quoted as subscribing in one meeting the amount of five thousand dollars. The Catholics of French Canada were also given unstinted praise for their efforts to spread the Gospel and to share with others the great things of Christianity. As for English-speaking Catholic Canada, its quota to the good work was simply nothing. Now, to share in the apostolate, said Father Hazelton, it is not necessary to go either to Japan or China. Father Faber, in his day, told the Catholics who were his countrymen, England is your China, England is your Japan. So I tell you, said the speaker, Canada is your China, Canada is your Japan. While not depreciating the work of those who go to foreign fields, and appreciating the fact that Toronto, and the parish of St. Francis in Toronto, has the honor of sending to China the only English-speaking Catholic missionaries to be found there, yet the immense field lying right at our own doors, in which the harvest is white and the laborers few, stands in need of immediate aid. The call of the lone West is over the land, its sound is everywhere heard, but few there are who rise in response to the call. The Red men and their isolated settlers, is calling aloud for priests, for teachers, for communities, but to its appeal English-speaking Catholic Canada is mute. French Canada is sending there its missionaries and means, and on the day of reckoning a glorious reward shall be theirs, but for English-speaking Catholic Canada, unless there soon comes a great awakening, great shall be the account which they shall have to give.

We lately called the attention of readers of the Catholic Register to the need for extra assistance for the St. Vincent de Paul Society of the city, and referred all charitably disposed to Mr. J. J. Saitz, Grand President of the Association. The responses were not as generous as might have been desired, at the same time the call was by no means unanswered, and those kind enough to forward contributions have been thanked individually by Mr. Saitz, to whom the contributions were sent. Conditions have not been greatly modified in the meantime, but it is hoped that the results from charity sermons will have the effect of placing the conferences attached to the parishes in an easier footing. A matter to which the attention of all is directed is the collection for the poor taken at the doors of the churches. On every Sunday throughout the year one or more of the brothers of St. Vincent de Paul present the claims of their clientele by standing patiently supporting the box beneath which all too few stop for a moment to drop in their mite. For the past few years this did not matter materially, the times being such that receipts from other sources sufficed for all calls. Now, however, conditions are changed, and a prolific source for the new necessary revenue might easily be the "poor box" presented at the church door. A little from each would scarcely be missed by the giver, and the aggregate of any one, not to speak of all of our churches, might sum up one grand total. This is a point which a little heed. The recognition of the weekly of even the smallest coin from at least one member of every family would bring blessings untold to many a hearth, and would make the hearts of the "brothers" happy beyond measure, when they counted the treasure gathered for their "little ones" as a result of each Sunday's garnering.

Press despatches, graphic though they may be, fall far short of conveying anything like a full realization of the horror that must have fallen upon the congregation in the Church of St. Elizabeth, Denver, Col., when at an early Mass on Friday of last week, and at the solemn moment of giving Holy Communion, the priest with the Sacred Host in his hands, fell dead before the altar-rails, his heart pierced by an assassin's bullet. With the cry "My God, my God," as he fell, the life of another martyr went out, his last words, like those of his dying Saviour, seeming to be a realization of all the pain, sorrow, and sacrifice, together with the priestly robes of his office about him, their purity stained by the ensanguined hue of his life's blood, Father Leo Heinrichs fell on the sanctuary floor with the dazed people beheld without at first realizing the awful tragedy being enacted, and the arch-anarchist and murderer, Guizeppe, waving the fatal weapon before him, made a desperate, but in the end futile effort to escape. While every point in the terrible crime bears the impress of the culmination of human passion, and the appalling depth of which untraced and unbridled humanity is capable, the feature that appeals most to the Catholic heart and mind, is the sacrilegious manner in which the assassination was carried out. With seemingly full premeditation and preparedness, this other Cain approached the altar-rails and receiving the Blessed Sacrament with the faithful of the congregation, took advantage of the opportunity of

ferred to send the messenger of death straight to the heart of his victim. The boldness and sacrilegious manner in which the crime was committed have about them an atmosphere to which even the most godless parts of the American continent are unfamiliar, and which makes even its reading terrible and distressing.

A crime such as the above is not the result of a momentary impulse. On its face it bears the impress of preparedness. Neither was it a result of any cause with which we are generally familiar. The murderer declared himself actuated by no personal hatred against his victim; he knew him in no way except as one of a class whom he hated, and on general grounds alone, he determined on his end. He accused all priests of being against the working man, and on this account he gloried that he had by his act, caused the death of one of the hated class. To say that this man was insane either with passion or as a culmination of a continuous course of wrong-reasoning, does not lessen the horror of the situation. Quite recently Portugal had its horror, but our remoteness from the scene lessened its vividness for us on this side of the ocean. The nearer situation of the crime in Denver brings forcibly before us the truth that such things are becoming alarmingly common, and looking for the cause it would seem that it is our boasted freedom of speech, and unrestrained liberty—the freedom and liberty of the 20th century that have degenerated into license—that are to blame for the crimes that terrify the individual and sometimes affect even a nation. When the doctrine of no God is preached at the street corners, and the Saviour of man is shorn of his divinity; when impossible tenets of a revolutionary character are thrown broadcast upon the ignorant and often oppressed masses of humanity, what other can be expected but that vice will go forth unchecked, and crime walk through the land, audacious and unafraid. The perversion of truth found in the statement that the "priest is no friend to the working man" is proof enough in itself to show the effects of the unchecked tongue of the malicious and ignorant. Better the deprivation of much of our boasted freedom, than that God should be forgotten and a sense of things sacred relegated altogether to the past.

Our contemporary, The Sentinel, in its front columns of last week's issue informs its readers that when Catholics are discriminated against in the matter of the obtaining of a position or situation, it is not the employer, in most cases, who is to blame, but the fact that "the bedrock of success is individuality" and that "the whole course of instruction and training given in the (Catholic) schools and colleges tends rather to destroy than to develop their powers of initiative." Catholics are deprived of many opportunities which otherwise would be theirs. Now, judging by the stand taken, the Sentinel is far and away in arrears of the times. Formerly when complaint was made in the direction of the reason given was the true one, and as such it was known to exist. The day, however, when a Catholic would be rapidly passing even in Toronto, and our young men and women are even places of trust wherever honesty and capability are recognized. We also contend that something more than individuality and initiative are requisite to success. Training and equipment count for a good deal, and these two are possessed by the graduates of our schools all over the American continent to-day. Business men complain that in many instances graduates from other schools have the gift of individuality and initiative so large, that it makes them useless to their employer. They display such individuality and originality in such and writing that the key to it is possessed by none but themselves. Such at least was the result of a campaign made lately by a business man among the Public Schools of New York, and complaints have even been heard in Toronto against the broad and original methods used by graduates of the Public Schools in their manipulation of such simple things as the much tried and long enduring three R's. Our Catholic business young men and women so far from complaining, find ready employment and positions of long standing, not perhaps on account of exceptional individuality, but because they are honorably and honestly, besides being mentally trained in all things that tend to prompt, efficient and courteous service.

About the Vatican

The word Vatican is often used, but many do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of one thousand feet in length and one thousand feet in breadth. It is built on a space once occupied by the garden of Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of the sixth century erected a small residence on its site. About the year 1160 Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Pope Innocent II, a few years afterwards gave it up as a lodging to Peter, King of Aragon. In 1268, Clement IV., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than 70 years. But soon after the return of the Pontifical Court to Rome, the Vatican was put in a state of repair, and again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who one after another added fresh buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books until it became the richest depository in the world.

APOSTOLATE OF LAITY

Retreats for Working Men Are Necessary to Prepare Them to Teach Others.

Father Lambert in the Freeman's Journal calls attention to a thoughtful and thought-provoking article in a recent number of the English Catholic Times by Father Charles Plater, S.J., dealing with the relation between the Catholic Church and the working man. Father Plater speaks strongly of the "spiritual isolation" of the working man and its evil consequences to society at large.

The growth of our giant cities, the progress of mechanical invention, the elaborate organization of labor—all these causes, says Father Plater, have made the workman a wheel in a machine rather than a member of society. He tends to become what man should never consent to become—a mere instrument ministering to the welfare of others, but not sharing in the higher life of those for whom he works.

In earlier times this was not so. The workman was in close and daily contact with his employer. The relation between them was a personal, a spiritual one, and did not rest merely on a cash basis. Moreover, he lived, so to say, under the shadow of a church which cared for him, which gave dignity and firmness to his life, which set him on a level with his fellow-men. The solemn services of the old cathedrals refined and spiritualized him, the guilds gave nobility to the work of his hands, and the parish to which he was bound by a thousand ties provided a setting for his life. He was not alone. His joy and sorrow were shared by his neighbors, and his welfare was bound up with theirs.

But in our day, as Father Plater points out, the situation is very different. The conditions of labor now tend to cut off the workman from spiritual influences. He is caught in the wheels of a merciless machine. A dead weight of hopeless materialism presses about him from every side. Socially, he is out of touch with other classes of society. The old channels by which instruction and grace were conveyed to him suffice no longer. There is nothing in his present circumstances to lead him to God. He has no ready-made religious atmosphere about him. He has got to create it. Catholics have got, as the late Father was never tired of repeating, "to go to the people." They will not come to us. Non-Catholics from or out of a priest and throw aside a spiritual book. Speaking generally, they have no not want religion. They think that the churches exist for the Sunday-assemblage of the well-dressed and the exclusive.

This is the case with the bulk of the non-Catholic working men of England. Such views will become widely prevalent among American Catholic workmen as well, unless prompt measures be taken to counteract them. France has a fearful lesson to teach us. The cures waited in their confessionals, waited on the altar steps—and their congregations thinned. Confraternities languished. Solidarities withered—because these things did not seem to have much connection with the realities of life. Pious discourses were delivered to empty benches. We have seen the results. If we would avoid a like fate, we must cast about us for some means of welding our working men together into an organized and active body, strong enough to stand firm amid the flood that is overwhelming them.

What we have to do, therefore, is to drive the great principles of Christianity, deep down into the hearts of our working men. And as our priests find themselves out of touch with non-Catholic working men, and, moreover, have not the opportunity of anything like constant intercourse, it follows that Catholic working men, if evangelized through the workman. The priest cannot take his place in mill or factory beside the men. The echoes of his Sunday sermon will scarcely avail there against the force of public opinion and human respect. But we know from a wide experience that one firm and resolute Catholic in a business concern may keep his fellow-Catholics together and save them from going under.

Here, then, continues Father Plater, is our plain duty—to form an elite, a chosen band of Catholic workmen, to plant in their hearts a zeal for Christ's kingdom, and to send them back to their mills and workshops and workhouses to confirm their brethren. But how is the chosen band to be formed? Father Plater tells it, and here is his plan: "We must first select our men carefully from various groups of their fellows, and then bring them together in a spiritual retreat for at least three full days, in a house set aside for that purpose. Those who have ever made a spiritual retreat honestly may realize that the effects, if the thing could be done, would be such as we desire. Those who have made such retreats with workmen will need no further evidence on this point. From a retreat workmen do go forth fortified and tranquilized. They become apostles."

Father Plater promises to give proofs in another article of the effectiveness of his plan, which he says has worked well on the Continent. It will be interesting and instructive to follow him. If Catholic workmen can be made apostles of the faith among their fellow workers, it will be a new and powerful force in the service of the Church.—Catholic University.

Catholics for Suffrage

In the debate in the Reichstag on the Prussian franchise the leaders of the Catholic Center and the Radical Union supported the demand for universal suffrage, but deprecated the street demonstrations.

McMurrugh Kavanagh Nationalist Member of Parliament.

The recent selection of McMurrugh Kavanagh as candidate for the Parliamentary vacancy by the Nationalist convention, held in Carlow, is important and significant. Mr. Kavanagh was an extensive landholder in Leinster, but has sold his estate. He is the son and heir of Kavanagh of Boris, who in the Disraeli period was leader of the Irish Unionist and Landlord Party. He himself was Unionist candidate for East Galway in 1886, but joined the Duraven movement. Becoming convinced that devolution would not work, he has now declared for Home Rule and signed the pledge of the Irish Party.

His proposers declare that Kavanagh is now as advanced as Parnell. He will be elected unopposed, as the Sinn Fein Party has no hold in the county.

A cablegram dated London, February 4th, says: Irish Nationalists find an inspiring note in the speech which the Earl of Dudley delivered in the House of Lords yesterday, dissenting from the policy of coercion in Ireland advocated by his associates in the Conservative Party.

Lord Dudley made it plain that even the Liberals are not going far enough in their conciliatory measures to please him. He said the policy of coercion would cut away the roots of all friendly relations between Great Britain and Ireland and make the rule of Ireland a future impossibility.

He contended that it was only by acknowledging and immediately and persistently remedying the recognized wrongs in Ireland that the country could be controlled and the Irish people held in friendly relationship to England.

In the House of Commons, speaking on the same subject, Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary to Ireland, definitely declined to put the Crimes Act in operation. Lord Dudley is the best liked Viceroy Ireland has ever had.

When in September, 1892, he made his state entry into Dublin he was given a cold reception. He brought with him the reputation of having been a rather dissolute youth. But soon he came to be recognized as a peacemaker. Irish Nationalist Members of Parliament say of him that he is the first Viceroy sent to Ireland who has sought to study and understand the Irish people. With Lady Dudley he made an automobile trip through the country, learning about the people whose affairs he was to govern from cottagers and village shopkeepers, postmen and parish priests.

When Lord Dudley first met his wife she was a salesgirl in a London millinery establishment. Since their marriage she has seconded her husband in all his efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the people of Ireland. She is a constant visitor among the sick. She sings and reads to those who are suffering and is generous in charities. Her efforts are constantly to teach the women of Ireland to help themselves and exert an influence for betterment on the lives of their families.

Death of Miss L. Scully, Downeyville

After a brief illness of four days there passed away on Saturday, Feb. 1st, at the Ross Hospital, Lindsay, Miss Lizzie Scully, youngest daughter of the late Dennis Scully, Emily, Miss Scully, who had been visiting her sister in Toronto, not feeling well, made an effort to reach her home, but not being able to accomplish it, she fortunately got to Lindsay, where at the time of her death she was surrounded by all those who were near and dear to her, and where all that medical skill could so was done to save her life. But God willed that it should be otherwise. The roads were then in an almost impassable condition and it required a great effort on behalf of the interested ones to get the remains home. This was accomplished on Sunday afternoon by her five brothers and many sincere friends of the family. From then until Tuesday morning, hundreds visited the home to show respect for the dead and to express their sympathy.

Considering the condition of the roads, the funeral to St. Luke's Church was an enormous one as every body seemed to feel the death of the young lady, especially as it came as a surprise to all. The Requiem High Mass was sung by the pastor, Rev. P. J. McGuire, who, after reciting the prayers for the dead, spoke words of praise about the deceased, who, he said, had been a model of perfection in the Parish, and a most devout member of the congregation. The remains were interred in the new Roman Catholic Cemetery.

This is the third death in the family within the short space of four years. Mr. Scully was one of the best-known men in the County of Victoria, where he, with his four brothers, owned magnificent homes. They were among the early settlers and got possession of some of the best land in the Township of Emily, and by their industry and business ability, became independent farmers. For thirty-five years Mr. Scully served in the Township and County Councils, and for the same period was connected with the schools, being secretary-treasurer of No. 12 at the time of his death.

There are five sons, who have excellent homes on and around the old homestead, and three daughters, Mrs. John Lucas, and Mrs. Charlie Downey of Downeyville, and Mrs. Tully of Toronto. His brother John, who is the oldest member of the family, and still hale and hearty, and a sister, Mrs. Crough of Ennismore, also survive him. The family have the sincere sympathy of all in the loss of a beloved sister. May she rest in peace.

SUBJECT OF THE HOUR

Centenary of the Church in New York—Cardinal Logue to be Present.

(The Catholic News.)

The growth of the Church anywhere is matter of congratulation for Catholics everywhere, hence the news of the approaching centenary of the Church in New York, will be read with pleasure by our readers:

The announcement of the arrangements for the celebration of the centenary of the establishment of the New York archdiocese has been made by Archbishop Farley. The celebration will begin on Tuesday, April 28, and continue for a week. On the opening day there will be a grand pontifical Mass of thanksgiving, the celebrant of which will be His Eminence Cardinal Michael Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of All Ireland. The selection of Cardinal Logue as the central figure of this imposing celebration was a fitting and happy one. The Irish Primate is the successor of St. Patrick in the See of Armagh, and St. Patrick is the patron saint of the New York diocese as well as of its first and present cathedral. The selection of Cardinal Logue is also a tribute to the memory of the hundreds of thousands of Irish men and women who during the past century have established their homes there and taken a leading part in the upbuilding of the diocese. Another reason for the selection of Cardinal Logue as the celebrant of the Mass is the fact that Armagh is the native diocese of Archbishop Farley and many of the priests of the diocese.

The sermon at this Mass will be preached by another member of the Sacred College of Cardinals, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. In the evening there will be solemn pontifical vespers, sung by the representative of His Holiness in this country, the "donned" Falconio, Archbishop of Larissa. The sermon at this service will be delivered by a member of the American hierarchy, whose name has not yet been announced.

The centenary celebration will continue for about a week and will include civic as well as religious ceremonies. The Archbishop and his council are now preparing lists of various committees for the arrangements of these ceremonies. It is intended also to have a solemn High Mass of Requiem for the repose of the souls of all who have died in the diocese since its formation.

The celebration will be the greatest and grandest religious commemoration in the history of the United States. It will be held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the largest church edifice in the United States, and will bring together more prelates and priests than ever before assembled in this country. A few days before the opening of the celebration there will be held in Washington a meeting of all the bishops and archbishops of the country. After the close of the session it is expected that the entire body will go to New York and take in the centenary exercises.

In speaking of the grand progress made in the diocese during the past century and of the coming celebration Archbishop Farley said:

"The condition of the Church in New York then, one hundred years ago, and what it has grown to be in the space of a century, has passed into the history of the Church at large and of the country, nay, of the civilized world, and forms one of the most marvellous chapters in the progress of the Catholic Church to be found in her wondrous story. It is for the blessings vouchsafed by God to this portion of His kingdom on earth that we shall be called upon to lift up our voices and hearts in thanksgiving and praise on the occasion of the close of the centenary of her corporeal existence as a diocese.

"A generation ago we celebrated the centennial of the nation, of its birth into the family of nations. Her children recalled with pride and with a due sense of humble acknowledgment of the goodness of God the lowly beginnings of this now great, glorious and prosperous country, its poverty, its struggles with false friends from within and from without, the prophecies of certain failure soon to follow the young and inexperienced nation. What was looked upon by its enemies as containing the elements of destruction, the foreign elements from which must needs come its strength in largest measure, have proved the greatest source of the nation's prosperity, its crown, its honor and its glory.

"The young republic, with a wisdom born of its own big-heartedness and warm sympathy, opened wide its arms to the oppressed and deserving of all the world. She took them to her heart and taught them in her own way how to respect the rights of each, moulded them under the influence of her own institutions, until these strangers from afar came to love her with a love stronger than death, and passed down to their children and their children's children that unending devotion. Such was her wondrous growth that when her first century had closed she stood forth amongst the foremost nations of the earth. For this she kept her centennial in thanksgiving and gratitude a generation ago. From three multiplied in the first century of her existence as a nation.

"Even so has it been with the history of the Catholic Church in this diocese of New York, and for this grace and divine favor we feel called upon to lift up our voices and our hearts in gratitude to God at the close of this century of her organized life as a diocese in New York. What are a few of the leading facts and features of that century's history? In 1848 the territory that included in the diocese of New York comprised

the States of New York and New Jersey. The total Catholic population of all that territory was held to be not more than sixteen or twenty thousand. In this city there was but one solitary church, and in the whole diocese but four priests. The parochial school is all we find recorded in 1848. Her children were not richly endowed with this world's goods. There were no institutions of charity or learning in this portion of Christ's vineyard. Even when the population began to increase perceptibly it was found necessary to appeal to the mother countries, to Spain and France, and even to Mexico, to meet the growing wants of the Church.

"In the year 1808 the entire Catholic population of this ecclesiastical province, including New York, Albany, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Newark, Ogdensburg, Rochester, Syracuse and Trenton, was 16,000. To-day, after one hundred years of trial and sacrifice and zealous endeavor on the part of bishops, priests and faithful laity, that number has grown to 3,000,000, the Archdiocese of New York alone numbering 1,200,000. In 1808 there was one church in this ecclesiastical province. To-day there are 1,700, 310 of which are in this archdiocese. In 1808 there were four priests in the whole province. To-day there are 2,565 priests in the province, 855 of whom belong to the Archdiocese of New York. In 1808 there was one parochial school in the province. To-day there are 682 parishes provided with parochial schools, 130 being in the Archdiocese of New York.

"What heroic sacrifices all this implies I need not say to you who are the descendants of the men and women who made all these things possible by their self-denial in order that God's Church might grow, that His holy faith might be known to all men, that it might be preserved to their children, that His kingdom might be established and His holy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. This noble spirit of sacrifice for God's sake is what has brought such abundant blessings on the Church during these one hundred years past.

"But perhaps in no one monument is that spirit of sacrifice on the part of the faithful of New York so conspicuously seen as in the great cathedral in which we are assembled, whose foundation was laid just fifty years ago by a great prelate whose prophetic vision saw far into the future and knew where the heart of this great city would be half a century later better than the men who governed it. Hence it is most fitting that here on this sacred spot, under this majestic roof, and within this hallowed sanctuary, beneath which repose the remains of the gifted Archbishop whose mind conceived this cathedral in all its grand proportions before a stone was laid upon a stone, where too, repose all that is mortal of his saintly, eminent and cultured successor, the first American Prince of the Church, who carried on the work to its dedication, where also rest the remains of my immediate predecessor, of pious and learned memory, who did so much to bring this cathedral and diocese to its present flourishing condition—most fitting is it that within these sacred walls should take place the celebration of all this growth and greatness and sacrifice for the honor and glory of God.

"We have therefore fixed upon April 28th of this year for the central solemnity of this centennial celebration. On that day will be celebrated here in St. Patrick's Cathedral a solemn pontifical Mass by the illustrious successor of St. Patrick, His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of All Ireland. The sermon on that occasion will be preached by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, and the solemn pontifical vespers will be sung by His Excellency, Archbishop Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

His Eminence, Cardinal Michael Logue, who is to pontificate on the first day of the celebration, has never before been in this country. He was born at Raphoe on Oct. 1, 1840. He was consecrated Bishop on July 20, 1879, and succeeded the Most Rev. Dr. McDevitt as Bishop of Raphoe. On April 30, 1887, he was appointed Coadjutor to His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Primate of All Ireland, and on Dec. 3 of the same year he succeeded to the Primacy. He was created Cardinal Priest on Jan. 16, 1893, under the title of Sancta Maria della Pace.

The Irish People and the Nationalist Party

From the joy with which the Irish people at home and abroad have received the announcement that all sections of the nationalists have once more joined hands it is manifest that never since the days of Parnell did the party occupy such a favorable position. Mr. John Redmond, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Healey have been inundated with congratulations, which have come from all classes and from near and far. The expressions of joy from Irishmen in the different countries and in Great Britain, the United States, and the colonies, occupy columns in the leading national paper, the Freeman's Journal. All are enthusiastic in praise of Mr. Redmond's tact and of Mr. O'Brien's and Mr. Healey's readiness to accept the friendly invitation extended to them by the party. Hostile journalists, naturally enough, derive no satisfaction from the reunion. They tell us that Messrs. O'Brien and Healey will soon grow restive under party discipline, and that divergences of view will become apparent before the parliamentary session is at an end. The wish, no doubt, is father to the thought. The enemy will, however, find his hope unfulfilled. The members of the reunited party have agreed that there is to be no further reference to past differences and that they shall work together in the harmonious spirit which prevailed among them in the heyday of Parnell's leadership.—Liverpool Times.

The

Children's Page

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

Actions speak louder than words ever do; You can't eat your cake and hold on to it, too.

When the cat is away, then the little mice play; Where there is a will there is always a way.

One deep in the mud as the other in mire; Don't jump from the frying pan into the fire.

There's no use crying o'er milk that is spilt; No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever is smoke; The pitcher goes off to the well till it's broke.

By rogues falling out, honest men get their due; Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy; A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half loaf is better than no bread at all; And pride always goeth before a sad fall.

Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to your bow; Contentment is better than riches, we know.

The devil finds work for hands idle to do; A miss is as good as a mile is to you.

You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear; You can't make a silk purse from out of a sow's ear.

A man by his company always is known; Who lives in a glass house should not throw a stone.

When the blind leads the blind, both will fall in the ditch; It's better born lucky than being born rich.

Little pitchers have big ears; burnt child dreads the fire; Though speaking the truth, no one credits a liar.

Speech may be silver, but silence is gold; There's never a fool like the fool who is old.

SHARED HER UMBRELLA.

As Jane stepped off the elevated train in the midst of a pouring shower, she raised her umbrella with a sense of complacency over her own foresight. A little woman, whose arms were full of bundles, stood back to let her pass.

"Please, ma'am, don't you want to go along under my umbrella?" The sharp, piping little voice caught the attention of the girl ahead, and she turned.

"Oh, I know that, and I thank you ever so much!" the little woman cried impulsively. "But you have that big box to carry, and your umbrella is not very big."

"It's big enough for two, though," said the girl. "Most things are, if folks only thought so."

But the girl who was ahead was no longer complacent. To herself she seemed to make a very poor showing beside the small, shabby girl with the faded umbrella, who had discovered that most things are big enough for two if you think so.

THE PRINCESS OF THE GOLDEN HEART.

Once upon a time there lived a lovely princess who was good and true. So kind was she that she often borrowed the golden purse of the king, her father, when she went to church.

For at the big carved church door and all along the stone steps leading up to it there always stood many poor and wretched people praying and wailing and holding out their hands for alms.

And the little princess would pick out the poorest and most miserable-looking to bestow upon them the biggest silver and gold coins.

There was one woman especially for whom the little princess felt more pity than for any one else. She was an old, old woman, bent and wrinkled, who hobbled about on a stick.

She could not clamor for alms like the rest of the beggars, for her voice was almost gone, and her poor hands shook as she held them out. But the little princess was always on the lookout for her, and whenever she saw her she gave her all the best coins she had to give.

And the old crone mumbled a blessing as the lovely princess tripped joyfully up the steps to the church door.

But one day as she was on her way to church the princess spied a golden heart hanging in the show window of a jeweller's store. It was a beautiful heart all covered with fine tracery and set with deep red stones.

And the princess wished very much for it. So instead of giving away all the coins in the golden purse, as she had always done before, she kept the best ones back to buy the heart, and gave away one of the small copper pennies.

She felt ashamed while doing so, but she thought all the while of the golden heart with the red stones; so she clutched the purse while she hurried up the steps, and closed her eyes so as not to see the poor, disappointed faces.

But just as she reached the coat, and it made her open her eyes against her will. And there stood the old woman, more bent and feeble than ever, and holding out her shaking hand. The princess, however, who had none but gold and silver pieces left, closed her eyes again and passed in.

Early next day she sent for the jeweller, and bought the golden heart, and also a chain with which to hang it around her neck, and felt very proud and happy. And when she did occasionally think of her beggars who had been disappointed she said to herself that she would make up for the coppers next time.

So when Sunday came she went to church, quite joyfully, and with the golden heart around her neck. The heavy purse she clutched tightly in her hands. She gave to the right and to the left, till all the money was gone except one big piece for her old, old woman. But when she reached the top step, the place was empty, and when she asked for the old woman one of the beggars told her she was dead.

This grieved the little princess sorely, for she remembered that she had not given the poor woman her accustomed alms the Sunday before, and that she might have bought strengthening food and medicine with it. She hung her head, and almost sobbed as she entered the church. But she was a little princess and had been told never to cry in public, and knelt down as usual.

But try as she would, she could not pray; the golden chain seemed to choke her, and the red stones of the locket glittered like evil eyes in the dim light. She fairly hated the golden heart, now, and wished to get rid of it. So she unclasped the chain and slipped the jewel on the floor. On leaving the church, however, a lady-in-waiting picked it up and restored it to her.

Thereupon the little princess thought of a better plan, and when they crossed the big bridge she leaned over the parapet and dropped the golden heart into the deep, swiftly flowing river. No one had seen her do it, and she felt much relieved, for now she was sure she would soon forget all about the old woman and her own wrong-doing.

But in the night, after she had fallen asleep, she saw a white hand rise out of the river, holding up the chain and golden heart. The hand stretched slowly towards her and fastened the chain around her neck. She awoke with a start, and there was the golden heart at her neck wet still and with the red stones glistening.

"I must hide it better," said the little princess to herself. And next day she took the golden heart with her into the garden, and having found a solitary spot, she buried it deep down in the ground, hoping never to see it again.

But in the night she saw a long, white hand dig into the ground, unearth the golden heart and hang it around her neck. And when she awoke there was the heart, half covered with the damp earth, and its red stones glittering balefully.

Then the princess grew desperate. She thought long and hard; and on the following morning she took the golden locket to the royal mint and threw it into the glowing furnace, sure that at last it would melt, and that she would never set eyes on the hateful thing again.

But in the night she saw a long white hand rise from the glowing furnace, hold up the heart by the chain and fasten it around her neck, with the red stones glowing like fire.

This time the poor little princess wept bitterly. She knew that, do what she would, she should never be rid of the golden heart again. In her trouble she knelt down and prayed to God to help her. She felt better after that and crept back into bed to sleep.

All of a sudden the door opened, and the old, old beggar woman came in, holding on a stick, and with her knitting in her hand. She sat down at the foot of the bed, leaned her stick against the wall, and began to

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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knit. She did not once look at the princess; she just knitted and knitted. But her hands shook with palsy, and she dropped stitch after stitch, and every time she dropped one she heaved a sigh.

The little princess was so frightened at first that she did not dare to speak; but after a while she took courage and said: "Please, will you not let me help you?" She was a very polite little princess.

The old woman handed her the knitting and told her to do it nicely and evenly as otherwise she would not earn her wages.

"And what are your wages?" asked the little princess. "A penny a day," said the woman, "a penny a day, and knitting far into the night to earn that."

"That seems very little," said the princess and she took the knitting. But she had never knitted before, and though she tried ever so hard, she dropped one stitch after another, and got the worsted into a terrible snarl, till finally the old woman grumbled, got up and said, hobbling away: "No penny for me to-day, and nothing to buy bread with."

"You can imagine how miserable the princess felt. She ran after the old woman and held out her golden locket. 'Won't you take that, please?' she begged of her. 'You could buy lots of bread with that, and anything else you want, and would not have to work for a long, long while.'"

The woman shook her head. "I can not take this golden heart," she said almost sternly; "it is not yours to give."

The princess looked so sad when she heard this that the old woman continued more kindly: "But I will tell you what you can do. You can learn to knit, and then you will be able to earn my penny. I will come every night to teach you."

The princess looked ruefully at her soiled white hands, but she promised bravely she would try.

And so they went to work. The old woman hobbled in night after night, and taught the little princess how to knit; and though her tiny fingers became sore and crampy and the stitches would drop and the worsted would get all snarled up, yet she kept on trying. And after a while she could knit as well as the old woman, and in the end she could knit much faster and never drop a stitch. And every night on leaving the old woman would nod and say: "Another penny earned."

But one night the old woman failed to come at the usual hour, and the princess watched for her with her eyes on the door, when suddenly the ceiling of the room parted and there descended a most beautiful woman, seated on a cloud which shone like silver. Nearer and nearer she came to where the little princess sat; and when she was quite near she took the little girl on her lap, kissed the little fingers which had been so ready to help, and began to unfasten the chain with the golden heart. The little princess felt suddenly as though a heavy load were lifted off her breast.

She wanted to thank the beautiful lady, but she felt so drowsy all at once that she could not keep her eyes open any longer. While falling asleep, the beautiful lady changed into that of the old, old woman. But of this she was never quite sure, for soon after she was sound asleep, and she slept peacefully till the next morning; and when she awoke the golden heart with the glittering red stones was gone forever.—Interior.

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THURSDAY, FEB. 27TH, 1908.

THE ASSOCIATED CHARITIES.

"Out of evil cometh good" is a saying well attested by the experience of the Associated Charities during the past two months. For years this organization, composed of representatives of some of the most active charitable societies in this city, has been endeavoring to prevent overlapping, to promote mutual confidence between the various church and society workers in the cause of the indigent, to protest against unnecessary and undesirable immigration, to see as far as possible that relief took the form of work and thus contributed to independence, instead of assuming the guise of a dole and ministering to pauperization. For years this Association dragged on a dead-level existence, holding an annual meeting in the Council Chamber of the City Hall, which evoked a generous chorus of approval and nothing much besides, and subsisting, and showing a certain amount of activity in the Press owing to the constant and unselfish interest of Professor Goldwin Smith, LL.D.

Whilst times were booming and want practically unknown the periodic utterances of the Associated Charities fell on deaf ears. What matter if there was a certain amount of overlapping, could we not stand it? What matter if the heads of our penal and charitable institutions raised the warning that an enormous proportion of our immigration was a charge on the community? Had we not a country capable of supporting 70 millions, and could we not afford to be a receptacle for the unfit?

When, however, we felt the pinch of distress recently this optimistic mood gave place to some sober reflection. The public began to see that the warnings of the Associated Charities regarding undesirable immigration were well founded, and that had they been heeded, recent developments which have advertised our city far and wide as a centre of severe suffering, would not have taken place, or at least would not have assumed anything like present dimensions. (We may say with pride that if Toronto's distress has been widely published, her noble efforts to relieve it have received equal prominence.) The result is that the Associated Charities finds itself, after years of struggle, on the high road to appreciation. The public generally has learned to appreciate the value of an Association which makes the whole subject of poverty its special study, which takes a broad survey of the field of charitable endeavor, which seeks to cultivate the independence of the worthy, whilst exposing the unworthy, recipients of relief.

The experience of those who have been called upon to relieve the recent distress has served to make them ardent advocates of the ideas of the Associated Charities. They have seen the necessity of scientific method in this work. They have learned that a thorough system of comparing notes is the only efficient safeguard against imposture. The result is that a general interest has been awakened in the work of the Associated Charities, and that for the first time in its history this association has a good prospect of becoming what its founders intended it to be—the directing and unifying centre of the various charitable societies of Toronto.

PROMISES OF THE TRIDUUM.

A particular feature of the late Triduum given in the city by Rev. Father Hazelton, S.J., which cannot have but beneficent results, if borne in mind by those who were participants in its carrying out, is the fulfilment of the promises asked by the missionary of the men of the congregation addressed. These promises contained nothing new nor startling, and were of so simple a character, that at first glance there were doubtless many who inwardly commented on the lack of necessity for bringing the matter forward. It perhaps seemed to some that the things which the promises sought to exact were carried out by at least the majority of those to whom the proposition of their acceptance was presented. Doubtless this view was correct as far as the greater number was concerned, but then there is always the minority whose bearing for better or worse can make or mar the work of the world, because it is this minority that prevents the harmony, that leads to the unity always an essential to the perfection of any and every project.

The promises asked by the zealous missionary were as follows: That all the men present should attend Mass without fail on every Sunday; that they would receive Holy Communion four times in the year; that they would refrain from using the name of God in vain and from all profane language; that they would never get drunk.

The last promise, said the missionary, may seem rather common in its wording, but it covers all that is required by those who take it.

In addition there was a fifth promise asked of those who deemed it well to make it, at the end of the Triduum and solemnly acquiesced in by a number of those present. This was to refrain from all intoxicants and to assist others to do the same, for any length of time decided upon by those who complied with the request.

All this may seem very commonplace, but it is far from being so. The parish in which the Triduum was held is one of the most exemplary in the city. Their needs in the way of reform were not greater, probably not as great as those of any other parish, and yet there is no doubt but that if the work of the Triduum is continuous, that beneficial effects will not only be a reality, but will be so great as to be perceptible to all observers. It will be in the home, however, that the changes will be first felt, and every home a happy home means the making of a jappy parish.

That the good suggestion of the zealous and experienced missionary may go out to others, besides those to whom his words were addressed is the cause of this article. It is thought by some that the Utopia of the Blessed Thomas More could never be a reality, that the happy mode of living and the blessed community it portrays, transcends the possible things of earth. But who can say that this is truth? A community whose men are regular attendants at Mass and at Holy Communion, whose mouths are never desecrated by contract with anything either vulgar or profane, and who to the fatal results of habitual intoxicants are strangers, would be far forward on the road to a real and lasting Utopia. The conditions are not hard. A good will and the grace of God are all that are required, and these each and all may have for the mere reaching out after them.

REFORM IN PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

The fact that four months of the time of our Dominion Parliament have been practically wasted in partizan wrangles over alleged scandals is a feature of our Parliamentary life which demands an immediate and drastic remedy. The Parliamentary institutions we so greatly and justly prize, and which have been won by ages of struggle, are as costly as they are valuable. Our representatives give their time to their duties in many cases at a big financial sacrifice. The sessional indemnity they receive, increased though it has recently been, does not begin to compensate them high in the professional and commercial world for the months spent at Ottawa in attending to their legislative duties. At the same time the cost of one day's proceedings to the nation runs up into thousands of dollars.

Were this money well spent there would be no reason for complaint. But when the useful work of legislation is done by a comparatively few men, whilst for others Parliament is made subsidiary to partizanship and the floor of the House a platform for campaign notoriety, it is high time that a far-reaching revision by the people both of the number of their representatives and the length of debates should be considered. If a considerable proportion of the members of the Senate or House of Commons are a hindrance rather than a help to legislative work, then the advisability of reducing the number of M.P.s and Senators should receive immediate attention. Whilst we cannot afford to reduce representation to the proportion of an oligarchy or clique, it becomes a practical question whether our present crop of legislators could not be thinned out with advantage. At the same time it must be borne in mind that if a few men do the real legislative work, there must be a fairly wide constituency from which to choose these men.

Whatever may be thought about diminishing representation, there can be no question about the urgent necessity of curtailing the length of debates. Free speech is a priceless treasure, but when free speech has been carried to the length of months of partizan wrangling over alleged scandals, for the purpose of supplying campaign material to party organs, at immense expense to the country, it is time to call a halt. The feeling uppermost in the minds of electors who have been reading the sarge nauseating round of scandals unearthed and proved according to one paper and triumphantly refuted according to another, is akin to that of a judge who would up his first charge to the jury in this fashion: "Gentlemen of the jury, if you believe counsel for the plaintiff, you will give your verdict for the defendant; if you believe counsel for the defendant you will find for his client; if, however, you are in my position and believe neither, I am at a loss to tell you what to do."

an official of the same standing as the Auditor-General to act as prosecutor-general in all cases in which Government officials are accused of crookedness. It is to the interest of the public that such accusations be thoroughly investigated; but unfortunately such investigation cannot be expected from Parliamentary committees. To such lengths has partizanship gone that under cover of Parliamentary procedure unscrupulous party hacks would take occasion to introduce all kinds of mud-slinging in the hope that some would stick. An individual armed with judicial powers and enjoying the same measure of independence as our Auditor-General would demand proof of alleged wrongdoing before initiating an investigation. This would stop the habit of mud-slinging at the outset. Moreover in bringing his charges before an independent tribunal outside Parliament, the dealer in misrepresentation would not be protected by Parliamentary privilege as he now is.

If such a step be deemed too radical, or impracticable, at least a limited time ought to be set for the debating of alleged Government delinquencies. This is the very least that can be done to prevent a repetition of the scandalous waste of time and miserable disregard of the dignity of Parliamentary life evidenced during the past four months at Ottawa.

THE TACTICS OF THE TRADE.

A certain Robert Birmingham announced in our Durham exchange as the "organizer for the L.O.L. for Western Ontario," is on his rounds in the interests of the "cause," and on a recent Sunday he sallied forth on a recruiting campaign, and the nature of the ammunition used may be judged somewhat from the following specimen: "Tolerance towards all and the protection of every man in his rights are foundation principles upon which the superstructure of Orangeism has been so nobly erected. Notwithstanding the protective and tolerant character of the organization a strong stand is taken against political Romanism and Jesuitical power."

Such was part of the address of this redoubtable campaigner. One is almost startled at his temerity in facing an audience with such antiquated and worn-out missels. Before proceeding much further, however, we shall see that this worthy recruiting officer is the possessor of boldness to which the above by comparison is but the merest bagatelle. To talk about "Romanism" and "Jesuitical" power is fairly safe, as these words are so much of an abstraction both to those who use them and those to whom they are addressed, that to deal with them is somewhat difficult. But when the names of men still living, men, too, well forward in the limelight, are used and their owners charged with association with persons and things which they repudiate, then do we say that the temerity of those who make the charges is of a nature amounting to boldness of a most audacious character.

Of such a class as this is Robert Birmingham, organizer of the L.O.L. As an encouragement to his auditors, and to give a coloring of respectability to his work, he on the occasion referred to, cited the names of a number of prominent men—most of whom were dead and so could not defend themselves—as friends of the organization he represented, but unfortunately in his zeal he encroached on the living and in this wise, according to report to hand, "such men as Sir John A. McDonald, Sir John Abbott and others of the foremost writers and thinkers of Canada, including Dr. Goldwin Smith, who must be acknowledged to-day as the great master of English literature and English thought, were all identified with Orangeism."

When we saw the name of Goldwin Smith in this connection, we at once knew that the zealous recruiter had overstepped the mark, and to make assurance doubly sure, we called up the Grange and received from the Professor the assurance that he is not and never was identified with Orangeism.

The value of a speaker who makes statements having no foundation on truth, and who uses the names of public men boldly and accompanied by a total disregard for facts, is easily gauged by anyone giving the matter a moment's thought. The preaching of toleration towards all with a "strong stand against political Romanism and Jesuitical power" is certainly inconsistent, but its very inconsistency makes it all illuminating respecting the object against which the campaign of Mr. Birmingham and his followers is aimed. The words "Romanism" and "Jesuitical power" are not in our vocabulary, but they are evidently meant to be something in the shape of a bug-a-boo to frighten the L.O.L., and their existence in any such shape is, of course, just as tangible a thing as is the identification of Dr. Goldwin Smith with Orangeism." Mr. Birmingham wound up his work of the afternoon by giving his audience some information about Alberta, Saskatchewan, and the Separate School question, in the course of which "he showed how our present Premier of Protestant Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, had gone to Rome twice to consult the Papal authorities before granting them a constitution."

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call upon His Holiness as a private citizen, or as a member of the Church of which the Pope is the earthly head, was quite ignored. A reason for which there is not the slightest foundation in fact must be fabricated for a very ordinary act of courtesy. Hundreds perform the same act every week of the year, and no sinister motive is ascribed. In the present case capital might be made out of the incident, and the redoubtable Birmingham scrupled not to assign it. And so the tactics of himself and his class continue, and the pity of it is that those who listen are for the most part ignorant and gullible; they believe the things told them; the seeds of fresh dissension are sown, and the husbandman of the unworthy crop hies himself off to fresh fields and for fresh victims for his toils.

"STAR" CATHOLICITY.

In the "Toronto Star" of last Saturday appeared certain expressions attributed to "devout Catholics" which would come with more appropriateness from the lips of sneering infidels. "It really does not matter two straws what the rule is," a prominent Catholic is represented as saying, "people will get married anyhow." Whilst another representative Catholic is credited with the following language: "There are many Catholics who, although desirous of remaining in the Church, would snap their fingers at it if it endeavored to intrude itself into affairs of the heart. Love laughs at locksmiths," he continued, "and there is not the slightest doubt that in this community at least it would laugh at priests."

To call persons who would use such language as this "prominent Catholics," "devout Catholics," or Catholics in any sense of the word, is an abuse of that name. Any Catholic with the most elementary acquaintance with his catechism knows that "matrimony is a sacrament which gives grace to the husband and wife to live happily together and bring up their children in the fear and love of God." And it is because this definition of the nature and object of marriage can only be truly realized when the contracting parties are Catholics, that the Church has ever been so strongly opposed to "mixed marriages." To say that rules of the Church regarding what St. Paul calls "a great sacrament" do not matter two straws, may be a good specimen of "Star" Catholicity, but it is certainly the very opposite of real Catholicity.

The second utterance quoted outwits its predecessor. "There are many Catholics who, although desirous of remaining in the Church, would snap their fingers at it, if it endeavored to intrude itself into affairs of the heart." In other words these "Catholics" would remain in the Church as long as she would let them do just as they like. "Affairs of the heart," it seems, are a preserve into which the Church has no right to enter. Passion holds exclusive sway there, and any attempt to make that passion amenable to right reason and religion is an "intrusion." Love laughs at locksmiths and there is not the slightest doubt that in this community at least it would laugh at priests." Aye, and love laughs at the Commandment, Thou shalt not commit adultery. Love, it seems, is above all laws, all dictates of reason and religion alike.

It would be interesting to know what standard the "Toronto Star"

uses in measuring the prominence of the Catholics who figured in its pages of last Saturday. Is it the stock market or the fashion plate rule? Too long has a certain type, that does not know or practice Catholicity in the true sense of the word, been permitted to thrust itself forward, because of social or commercial prominence, as representative of that creed. It is time to put an end to this state of affairs and to see that those who speak for Catholics henceforth will be specimens of true instead of "Star" Catholicity.

Thoughts on St. Patrick's Day

With heart fervent glowing and eyes overflowing
From the land of his birth far away,
The shamrock caressing, his native land blessing,
An Irishman welcomes St. Patrick's Day.
No truer heart beating a loyal greeting
To hills and to valleys though unseen,
Than an Irishman's daughter sends
'cross the blue water
To the Isle of the harp and the gold and the green.

To his fond heart close pressing the flower of his blessing,
Emblem of a land far away,
A father's soul yearning, with deep passion burning,
A smile fraught with tears for St. Patrick's Day.
I know his love's vow, while grey head is bowing
O'er memories sad of the days that have been,
Eternal allegiance and life-long obedience
To the Isle of the harp, and the gold and the green.

And I know his heart's calling through distance appalling
Across the deep chasm of years passed away,
For with thrilling emotion and tender devotion
Gladly he welcomes St. Patrick's Day.

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In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP! For the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation? The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS AND GIVE BENEDICTION IN A GARRET. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have NO ENDOWMENT except HOPE. What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done.

In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the great apostasy of the sixteenth century is reaching the full extent of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a refusal? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

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"May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."
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THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA
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The triplet leaf prizing, and earnest prayer rising,
That emblem be pure thro' the ages unseem,
And that dear sainted patron may drive away Satan,
From the Isle of the harp and the gold and the green.

And when his steps falter and deep tones may alter,
May he in his dear land be laid far away,
Where the shamrock is springing and sweet birds are singing
His welcome from far to St. Patrick's Day.
And then 'cross the water, the Irishman's daughter
Will reign o'er her father's dear name as a queen,
With loyal heart swelling, tho' far away dwelling
From the Isle of the harp and the gold and the green.
—N. M. Murphy, Lindsay.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

Canadian

It is rumored that a member of the Royal family is coming to Quebec for the centenary.

Mrs. Argue of Neshbit, Man., said to have been the oldest woman in Canada, died a few days ago aged 108 years.

Mrs. Mary McCarthy, relict of the late Alex. McCarthy of the Post-office Department, died at Barrie Feb. 17th.

Rev. Father Millette, for over twenty-five years parish priest of Magog, Que., died suddenly on the 5th inst., of congestion of the heart. The deceased was fifty-five years of age.

A fine new organ, built by the Warren Church Organ Company of Woodstock, and valued at \$2,000, has been installed in St. Joseph's church, Hamilton.

The first wedding to be solemnized in the grotto chapel of St. James' church, Eganville, was that of Miss Mary Wilson of Eganville, to Mr. William Henderson of Ottawa, formerly of Eganville.

A local paper, speaking of the address to the Ladies' Literary Society of Peterborough, says: Rev. Father Galvin's lecture on "The Study of History" was a masterly treatment of the subject and both on account of the pleasing manner of its delivery and its lucid presentation of facts proved an event of great interest to the members of the society.

United States

The Hon. D. J. Hennessy, the Catholic millionaire mine-owner of Butte, Mont., died suddenly in that city on January 27th. Mr. Hennessy was prominent in the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and was a member of the National Board of Directors. He was also active in Democratic party councils.

Many favors have been granted to the devout clients of this great patron, through the intercession of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who during the entire month of March, willingly offer their prayers, and good works, for such as may seek their aid. Send your petitions to Sisters of St. Joseph, Nazareth P.O., Kalamazoo Co., Mich.

January 16th marked the sixtieth anniversary of Bishop McQuaid's ordination to the priesthood. The Bishop is now in his eighty-fifth year, having been born in New York city on December 15th, 1823. In July next he will celebrate his fortieth anniversary as head of the diocese of Rochester. Bishop McQuaid in his earlier years was one of the best known educators in the Church. He was the founder and first president of Seton Hall College and Seminary in New Jersey. He is an ardent advocate of parochial schools.

Mrs. Jeremiah E. Curtin, widow of the famous author, translator and traveller, is visiting in Milwaukee. She is at present at work preparing several unpublished works of her distinguished husband for the press. "About the middle of this month," said Mrs. Curtin, "Little Brown & Company, of Boston, will bring out the first volume of his work on 'The Mongols,' which, with the exception of dividing into chapters and indexing, he left completed. It will be introduced by a long preface, written by President Roosevelt at his own request."

In his sermon of last week His Grace pointed to the increased interest of New York Catholics in mission work as one of the promising signs of the growth of the Church in the United States. During his entire priesthood he has been in deepest sympathy with the movement, and it was not, therefore, surprising to see him giving his practical support to the Society in the very beginning of his rule as Archbishop. If interest has been awakened not only here in New York but throughout the country, it is due in no small measure to his personal effort.—Catholic News.

J. J. M. LANDY

Religious Goods

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April 8, next, will be the one hundredth anniversary of the erection of the sees of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Louisville, and also of the establishment of the diocese of Baltimore as a metropolitan see.

The Papal bull naming Msgr. Denis J. O'Connell, D.D., rector of the Catholic University, as Bishop of Sebaste, has been received, and arrangements have been completed for his consecration on Sunday, May 3rd, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Baltimore. Cardinal Gibbons will officiate.

Rev. John La Farge, S.J., son of John La Farge, the great landscape and figure painter, has been appointed professor of the freshman class and Spanish and German in Loyola College, Baltimore. Father La Farge is probably one of the youngest priests in the Jesuit Order, being only twenty-seven years old. About five years ago he was ordained a secular priest, but later entered the Jesuit Order.

British and Foreign

Centenary celebrations of the birth of the late Cardinal Manning are to be held in England this year, and a monument of the Cardinal is to be erected in Westminster Cathedral.

Bishop Clancy of Elphin, Ireland, has accepted an invitation from Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, N.Y., to participate in the ceremonies at the dedication of the new buildings of St. Bernard's Seminary next summer.

A telegram has been received announcing the death of the General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Very Rev. Auguste de Lavillardiére. The sad event occurred in Lyons, France, where the General had lived since shortly after his election to the office sixteen months ago.

The forthcoming marriage of Capt. Charles Jerome Vaughan, eldest son and heir of Col. Vaughan of Courtfield, to Miss Florence Lister-Kaye, sister of Lady Oxmantown and granddaughter of the sixth Duke of Newcastle, is exciting much interest in Catholic circles of London, inasmuch as the bridegroom is a nephew of the late Cardinal Vaughan and Father Bernard Vaughan, and also one of the private chamberlains of the Pope.

W. D. McVey, the Photographer, will make your photograph day or night. Studio 514 Queen St. W. Mention this paper.

Skill Required to Cast a Bell

Few people know the amount of science and skill required to produce a pure-toned bell. They forget that a bell is a musical instrument, as dependent for its tone quality upon fixed laws as is a piano or organ.

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The best bells, like the best pianos, are made only by those who have given a life study to the work. Probably that is the reason why bells cast by the McShane Bell Foundry Co., of Baltimore, Md., bear so high a reputation. McShane bells make Sunday morning musical, and call from factory and school to daily labor and study in almost every town and hamlet.

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But a bell, when cast, is not complete, it must be mounted. Here, again, McShane bells score against others, the Patent Rotary Yoke being the best hanging ever devised, and by means of which the danger of cracking is almost entirely avoided.

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Papers from C.Y.L.L.A.

DR. DRUMMOND.

On the 13th of April, 1854, Wm. Henry Drummond, the future great poet of Lower Canada, was born at Curraon House, Co. Leitrim, Ireland. His father was an officer of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

While still a boy he came to Canada, receiving his education first at the English High School, Montreal, later attending McGill's University and Bishop's University, graduating in medicine in 1884. Ten years later he married May Isabel, only daughter of Dr. O. C. Harvey of Jamaica, W.I.

His early life in Ireland was an ideal one, shooting and fishing with his father; it developed a great love of out-door sport and nature, which followed him through life, as we see in "Memories."

"O spirit of the mountain that speaks to us to-night, Return again and bring us new dreams of past delight, And while our heart-throbs linger, and till our pulses cease, We'll worship thee among the hills where flows the Saint Maurice."

At the age of fifteen the characteristics and folk-lore of the French-Canadian habitant first attracted his attention, while passing the summer at Bord-a-Plouffe, which he has since immortalized and where, "No more de voyageurs is sing lak dey was sing away."

The first little community in which he practised gave him many types for study, being composed of Indians, Half-breeds, Scotch, Irish, French Habitant and English. The rural population of French Canada is unlike that of any other country. It retains the simplicity and poetic temperament of the old stock combined with a vigor and self-reliance engendered by pioneer life. It is this old production of Old and New France that Dr. Drummond from the abundance of his knowledge drew with such unerring skill and perfect sympathy.

Like that other well-known Canadian writer, Ralph Connor, Dr. Drummond was too modest to admit of any merit in his work, though feeling and expressing the warmest approval of the achievements of his friends and contemporaries, and only at the earnest solicitation of his friends did he consent to publish his poems, the earlier ones having been written for their amusement.

The first volume, "Habitant," so called from one of the poems, achieved such instant popularity in Canada, England and the United States that the author was astounded. He was genuinely pleased to find thousands shared his own interest in the personality of the French-Canadian peasant, not realizing, though, that it was his own genius made the type known, even to those living amongst them. It was part of the charming simplicity of his character that he accepted praise lavished on his books without either affectation or self-consciousness.

His verses reflect with inimitable humor, sympathy and delicacy the essential characteristics of the habitant, showing his loyalty to his church, his simplicity of faith, his devotion, his goodness and his love. Had he been a Catholic, Dr. Drummond could not have written more sympathetically and with truer feeling of all that Catholics reverence and hold dear, as is particularly shown in the Cure of Calumette.

"An' so long as we hear heem goin' we kneel on de floor an' pray Dat God will look after de Cure's an' de poor soul dat's passin' away!" Occasionally the objection has been raised that his poems were designed to ridicule the class they portray. The warmly appreciative introduction of Dr. Louis Frechette, and no one is better qualified to speak on this subject, is sufficient answer to any such charge. Dr. Frechette, who was called by Longfellow "The Path-finder of a new land of song," applies this title to Dr. Drummond, considering that no one merited it more than he.

His poems have done much to cement the ties which bind the two races of this country. Not knowing one another sufficiently well to appreciate the fine traits possessed by both there has not always been perfect harmony.

His characterization is not overdrawn, truth being the basis of his idealization; his poems possess all that is tenderest, truest and most characteristic of the French-Canadian habitant; they bring a tear to the eye and a sympathetic throb from the heart of the lover of rural Canada and its inhabitants. His poetry passes from humor to pathos, from pathos to humor, with that ease of transition which is the especial gift of the Celt.

Besides the "Habitant" two other volumes were published, "Johnnie Courteau" and the "Voyageur." Three centuries of wood-craft have made the voyageurs as painted by Drummond in the verses which give

the title to the latter volume. "The wreck of the Julie Plante," which is the most quoted and lately set to music, "De Habitant," "Last Portage" and "Little Beteese," are some of the best known of the poems. "Le Vieux Temps" enters into the very spirit and life of the habitant with truth, deeper and more sympathetic insight than anything in either verse or fiction. In "Pelang," one of the finest of the poems, we find the most delicate imagery; the night before the great snow-storm has enveloped Marie's lover on the Grande Montagne is described.

"I open de door, an' pass outside For see mese! how de night is look, An' de star is commence for go couche De mountain also is put on hees tuge."

Dr. Drummond wrote "The Habitant Jubilee Ode" for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee and for Albany "Le Grand Seigneur," which she sang during her last American tour.

In 1898 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of England.

He was Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in Bishop's University, and was widely known as reader and lecturer. He took a keen interest in all public questions and used his influence on the side of all movements for the betterment of Canadian life.

That his love for his adopted land did not lessen that which he bore his native land is shown in his last poem, read by himself a few weeks before his death at a St. Patrick's banquet, entitled "We're Irish Yet."

The "Last Portage," written when the Dr. was suffering keenly from the loss of his little son, shows that the French-Canadian patois lends itself to something deeper than humor, and possesses too, a peculiar charm now "that the writer has been called in the very prime of his life. In the early spring of 1907, on learning that some of his miners were ill, and though not well himself, he went to Cobalt to give them medical aid. It would seem that his act of benevolence cost him his life, as he was stricken with paralysis. Even those who knew him only by name and through his poems, received the news of his critical illness with great regret, and when a few days later, the sixth of April, it became known he was dead, it was felt as a personal loss. But to those who knew him intimately, knew him as he was, warm-hearted, whole-souled, generous, sympathetic and true as steel, it meant infinitely more.

He has crossed the last portage, but has left behind him three volumes which will live with the best in the world's literature. LENA AYMONG.

CANVASSERS WANTED

Canvassers wanted for "The Catholic Register." First-class remuneration to good workers. References required.

Catholic Grand Old Men

According to the Catholic Who's who, of London, Judge Stoner is 88. Sir Louis Casault, late Chief Justice of Quebec, is 86. Captain George Talbot, C.B. (the sole survivor, we believe, of the defenders of Jellalabad in 1841), is eighty-five. Sir Joseph Radcliffe, L. B. Bowring, G.S.I. (who entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1843), Sir Robert Glendonwyn-Gordon, and F. R. Wegg-Prosser, are all eighty-four, as is also the Archbishop of Madras, who may now, perhaps, since the recent death of the Archbishop of Hobart, figure as the oldest Bishop in the British Empire, if Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, be not his senior. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, is an octogenarian among the Bishops of the United States. The Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle is eighty-three, and so, a few weeks ago, of Viscount Llandaff, now senior on the roll of king's sons, he having worn silk these forty years. Another eminent lawyer, Sir John Day, is eighty-two, and eighty-two is also the number of General Sir Martin Dillon's years. Lord Ripon and Sir Walter Smythe are eighty-one and Sir John Edmund Barry is eighty. The ranks of Catholics are, in fact, singularly rich in their grand old men.

English exchanges chronicle the death of a distinguished convert nun, Mother Mary Catherine Philip Bathurst, who passed away at St. Dominic's Convent, Harrow-on-the-Hill, on December 11th, in her 83rd year. She was born at Keeley, in Somersetshire, in 1825, and was the youngest daughter of General Sir James Bathurst, K.C.B., and Lady Caroline Stewart. Her brother, Canon Bathurst, and herself, were the only two of the family who became Catholics. She was received into the Church in 1850.

Advertisement for North American Life Assurance Company, featuring a map of North America and the slogan 'A GOOD RESOLVE'.

Advertisement for John Dee, House Painter and Decorator, located at 709 Bathurst Street.

Advertisement for Europe 10 Countries, 300 miles coaching, featuring F. Withrow, B.A., Toronto.

Advertisement for Irish Seed Co., 48 Wood Vale Ave., Belfast, Ireland.

Advertisement for Chas. A. Cyphers' Model Incubators and Brooders, featuring a portrait of a man.

Advertisement for The Model Incubator Co., 196-200 River St., Toronto, Ont.

Advertisement for Penitentiary Supplies, featuring a list of goods and prices, and contact information for Douglas Stewart.

Advertisement for The Sample Shows, featuring an illustration of a woman and text about laundry services.

Advertisement for Royal Mail Trains, Intercolonial Railway, and Canada's Famous Train, The Maritime Express.

Advertisement for Montreal City Office, 141 St. James Street.

Advertisement for The One Piano, featuring Heintzman & Co. pianos.

Advertisement for Ladies' Bags, Portfolios, Wallets, Pocket Books, Letter and Card Cases, etc., from Brown Bros.

Advertisement for Memorial Windows, featuring Luxfer Prism Co., Ltd.

Advertisement for Free jewelry, featuring Star Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I., U.S.A.

Large advertisement for The W. & D. Dineen Co. Limited, featuring 'Special Lines in Alaska Seal' and 'Alaska Seal Skin Jackets'.

A LETTER FOR OLD JOE

(By Anna T. Sadlier.)

Winter storms were very fierce that year at the Mountain. The hedge-rows, that had been gay with the trailing wild roses in the springtime, had disappeared from sight under masses of snow; the river that flowed so merrily down in the valley was frozen over, "halting mute in the grip of the frost," and forming a path for sleighs innumerable—the traineaux of the habitants. The Mountain's hoary sides gleamed white under its mantle, whence the firs and pines rose with their everlasting promise and reminder.

The house of old Joe stood bare and dreary, its bleak wooden sides defenceless against the stormwinds, its great eaves fringed with icicles. Ghoulish tales concerning that dwelling and its solitary inmate were whispered at the veilles, or evening gatherings, with reminiscences, too, of the past feats of strength of him who was by excellence the strong man of the Mountain village. It was darkly rumored that during this severe weather the man was starving, yet none dared to approach and offer to relieve his misery. Enterprising lads who had peeped through the window at dusk, had declared that they saw the old man gnawing leather or devouring handfuls of dried peas.

Whether or not this was the case, it seemed probable that the man was in dire want, and the good offices of Monsieur le Cure were demanded. For once they failed. Joe did what no other in that parish would have done—utterly refused all intervention, and scorned the idea of aid. In the earlier part of the season he had been seen at his door, grim and erect as some Titan of old, or ploughing through deep snow upon the roads, or facing the wildest blizzards. Of late he had remained shut up in his house—a circumstance unprecedented within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and was therefore the subject of much talk and anxious conjecture. It was, in fact, the chief topic at a festive gathering at the sawmill one cold night in January.

Sitting round Mathurin's hospitable hearth, the group, which included many of the neighbors, vied with one another in recalling how the old man, even in advancing years, had been able to tire out his six stalwart sons, whether at the road-mending or at the building of stone fences or at work upon the adjoining farms. The sons had drifted away one by one, leaving the shadow of the Mountain forever. Some of them were dead, others had gone too far to make it probable that they should ever return. So the old man was left alone, continuing as long as he was able his strenuous labors.

"Ah, pour ca," said Mathurin, pursuing the subject in his easy, good-natured fashion, "it's a geant (giant) and not a man!"

And the sentiment met with general approval. In fact, the worthy mountaineers began to believe that there was something more than natural about their aged neighbor.

In an impressive pause in the narrative, the door was thrown open with violence that caused the more timorous to start, though it was only M. Auclair from the post office, puffing and panting from his efforts to distance the barber, whom he fancied was in close pursuit. The latter had been detained by a related customer. The postmaster, having ascertained that he was not pursued, began to hem and haw, seating himself in a prominent place at the fireside, as became the majesty of his office and the importance of the news he bore.

"My friends," he said, "to an official of the government, many strange things happen,—oh, yes, many strange things!"

He hurried a little over this last sentence, and glanced apprehensively at the door, fancying that he heard the hurrying tread of the barber on the icy ground outside.

"Many strange things!" echoed more than one of the listeners.

But M. Auclair, reassured as to the barber, was in no haste to proceed. He enjoyed being the cynosure of all eyes.

"This very evening," he continued, "something was put into my hands—" He paused again, and looked round. "What is it, then?" inquired the owner of the bee-house, who, perhaps from his constant intercourse with those nimble and untiring little toilers, was of a practical and somewhat irascible turn.

"Oh, nothing!" answered M. Auclair—"nothing that concerns us nearly."

But the door opening at that moment, the official feared that it was the barber, who might be capable of blurted out the news; therefore he did so himself.

"I have received this evening a letter for old Joe."

Had he announced the receipt of a murderous projectile, the astonishment could not have been greater. Exclamations of various sorts burst from the group, who were respectively engaged in masticating molasses taffy, enjoying delicious morsels of sucre a la creme, or slices of galette a beurree, moistened with a petit coup of homemade cordial with which the hospitality of Mathurin and his wife regaled their guests.

"For twenty-five years," continued the postmaster, "have I held my present position, and never has any mail arrived for that address."

"Has Joe received the letter yet?" asked Mathurin's wife, eagerly; and all present waited for the answer.

"No," replied the official. "It came late, do you see?"

The truth was that M. Auclair had felt disinclined to face the icy blast, to miss at the same time the cheerful reunion at the sawmill and the good things there provided, leaving

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Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. Tins.

the garrulous barber to relate the astounding news.

There was dead silence around the hearth after that, save for the leaping and crackling of the maple logs. Then M. Prefontaine cleared his throat for speech. He knew that he was voicing a popular sentiment; and that, moreover, as the wealthiest and most important resident of the village, he was the proper spokesman,—having most weight with the postmaster from the fact that he received more mail matter than any other person, his budget often reaching an aggregate of a letter a week.

"This," he declared oracularly, "is not an every-day matter. That letter should be delivered to-night."

The company were unanimous in their agreement with this sentiment. "That is so!" they exclaimed. "He should have it, the letter. Poor old Joe should receive it without delay."

"But," stammered M. Auclair, "I am not obliged to deliver letters. The way is long enough, and I am not so young."

While he protested, the door opened again, admitting once more the icy blast from the Mountain, which served on this occasion to propel the barber into the room. He had been disappointed in being unable to forestall the postmaster, and had not even been present when that potentate had announced the tidings. The greetings he received were of the most perfunctory sort; everyone resented the interruption. He slid into a seat, with a nod to his host and a confused murmur in the direction of his hostess.

"Have you the letter here?" demanded M. Prefontaine, ignoring the new arrival.

"It is not the custom," began the postmaster, evasively, "to carry the mail upon my person, and yet—"

M. Prefontaine fixed him with a terrible glance as though he would draw the admission from his reluctant lips.

"And yet," repeated the postmaster, "I have done so to-night, that I might show you the outside of the letter."

As he drew the mysterious document forth from his pocket there was a simultaneous movement amongst the company. Old men adjusted their spectacles, young ones jostled their neighbors, and all alike leaned over the other's shoulder. In fact, the equilibrium of M. Auclair himself was at one time seriously endangered. The letter, itself, was written upon thin paper, as if it had come from a distance, with a correspondingly thin envelope marked with a mourning border.

"The news is of the worst," observed M. Prefontaine, as if his decision settled the matter.

"Ce pauvre vieux," murmured some of the women, sympathetically.

"Not perhaps of the worst," said the owner of the bees. "It may mean money."

M. Prefontaine took the letter from the postmaster's still hesitating hand. He turned it up and he turned it down; he held it against the light and read the address and the postmark and the date upon which it had been posted, as if all these things

might convey a knowledge of its contents. Then he laid it down upon a table, whence M. Auclair, with professional caution, at once removed it.

"Joe must receive it to-night," M. Prefontaine repeated, unwilling to wait till the morning, or possible information as to its contents.

"Yes, yes!" echoed several voices. "Who will deliver it?" inquired the owner of the bees.

All eyes were turned upon the barber. He was young, comparatively speaking, he was trustworthy, he was agile; above all he could be relied upon to remember and bring back every item of news that might come within his radius. He, however, paled and trembled under the honor that was being thrust upon him.

"It is too late," he murmured. "Old Joe will be asleep."

Once more M. Prefontaine settled the matter by declaring: "He must be awakened."

"But it is not I who will do so," hastily protested the barber.

He had his own recollections of occasions upon which he had tried to procure information from Joe, and those experiments did not encourage him to make the hazardous attempt under consideration.

"You are the very man," decided M. Prefontaine once more. "It is you who will go thither."

"There is a drift," objected the barber, who had just come in from one blizzard, and had no mind to be carried by another to the door of a man who might—well, he might do many things, any of which would probably necessitate the unwelcome visitor's immediate return to the pathless road and the whirling snow, and most likely without a particle of the desired information.

"Piff!" cried the plutocrat, contemptuously snapping his fingers as a further expression of his sentiments. "The drift does not amount to that!"

"It blows hard," persisted the barber.

"That will only take you there all the sooner," jested M. Prefontaine.

"But I don't want to be taken there at all!" cried the barber, breaking out into open rebellion. "I'm well here, and the letter can wait."

M. Prefontaine regarded him severely; but, after all, it was hardly possible to force a man to go on a distasteful errand, especially when he had no official connection with the matter. The magnate thereupon reminded the unhappy M. Auclair that upon him it devolved to forward without delay an epistle that might be of life-and-death importance. The postmaster was as firmly resolved as the barber had been that he should, under no circumstances whatever, undertake so perilous a commission; but he did not so frankly announce that determination. While he was pondering upon an excuse that might be accepted, there came a welcome interruption to his thoughts in a proposal from half a dozen of the younger men to proceed thither in a body—a suggestion which was cordially accepted.

He hearkened, drawing nearer, and withdrawing again. Long ago voices used to call him, but now no one ever called. Am yet that was really a human voice he heard, and those must

Meanwhile old Joe sat within his

darkened room, not asleep, as his neighbors had supposed, but grimly erect, near the large, double stove. This was the one spot of comfort in that woefully bare and cheerless apartment. For, whatever other want or privation the man might be suffering, he had wood in abundance. The Mountain, which had sheltered him many a winter and many a summer, which he had climbed in his hardy and adventurous boyhood, had done that much for him at least; and its fragrant maple, odoriferous pine, and cheerily burning ash spluttered and crackled there as pleasantly as elsewhere.

The signs of age were gathering thick upon the old man, despite his sturdy resistance thereto, which was evidenced by his attitude, sitting bolt-upright in the high-backed, wooden chair. His dimmed eyes were pathetic, staring into the semi-darkness that was relieved only by the leaping of the flames within the stove; for Joe had neither candle nor lamp to illumine the apartment. The pipe, for which he had no tobacco, was, from force of habit, held between his lips. His thoughts, confused as to the moment, were wandering back into the past, and seeming to borrow a certain vitality from those days when all his faculties had been active. He saw old faces through the gloom; faint voices, long silent, filled the stillness, that was broken at intervals by the wind sweeping down the mountain-side, or the whirling of the snow against the dirt-begrimed panes of the windows.

Gradually, as he listened, these familiar sounds filled him with unusual sensations. They set through his frame a strong shuddering, a chill that seemed to strike inward to his very heart. He had struggled bravely and vigorously through youth and maturity; but now the night of old age was closing around him; and with a sudden, paralyzing terror, he realized that truth and another that had not hitherto struck him.

"Tou seul," he murmured, as his bleared eyes peered round that dull and poverty-stricken interior, and the grim sounds of storm and strife upon the Mountain terrified him. He shook as with an ague; a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, as he muttered over and over again to himself that single exclamation: "All alone!"

As the party from the sawmill approached, jesting and laughing amongst themselves, urging one another onward, and throwing the laggards into the deep snow by the roadside, Joe heard, and feared the more, trembling and cowering in his chair. He fancied that these sounds were but the phantom echoes that had inspired him with unwelcome and vague alarms. He listened, with his dulled hearing strained, when the footfalls upon the snow paused outside his door and began to mount the steps. Then there was a knocking, repeated over and over, while many voices cried out his name: "Joe! Joe!"

He hearkened, drawing nearer, and withdrawing again. Long ago voices used to call him, but now no one ever called. Am yet that was really a human voice he heard, and those must

The Federal Life Assurance Co. Of Canada

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the Company's Home Office in Hamilton, Tuesday, 18th February, 1908, at 2 p.m., Mr. David Dexter in the chair; Mr. W. H. Davis acting secretary.

The Annual Report, as follows, was read and adopted, on motion of Mr. Dexter, seconded by Lieut.-Col. Kerns.

Your Directors have the honor to present the Report and Financial Statement of the Company for the year which closed on the 31st December, 1907, duly vouched for by the auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of two thousand four hundred and fifty-four applications for insurance, aggregating \$3,584,100.57, of which two thousand three hundred and twenty-two applications for \$3,302,786.47 were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the Company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the Company have been increased by \$289,770.12, and the security for Policy-holders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$2,870,472.74, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$2,786,358.74, showing a surplus of \$1,083,516.00. Exclusive of unallocated guarantee capital, the surplus to Policy-holders was \$218,916.00.

Policies on ninety-five lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$168,149.22.

Including Cash Dividends and Dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, with annuities, the total payment to Policy-holders amounted to \$287,268.17.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the Company's funds in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the Company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due effort for new business. The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the Directors for your approval show an advance of nearly ten and two-thirds per cent. in assets.

The assurances carried by the Company now amount to \$18,966,117.83, upon which the Company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

Owing to the severe financial depression which has prevailed throughout this continent since about the middle of last year, the market prices of Bonds, Debentures and other negotiable securities of a like nature, issued prior thereto, were considerably lower at the end of the year than they were at the end of the preceding year, and so appear in the return made to the Government. These securities were purchased by our Company to yield the best rates of interest obtainable at the time, and are intrinsically of the same value as when acquired, and we are practically in the same position as if the money had been invested in Mortgages at a lower rate than the prevailing current rates.

The Directors firmly believe that the present depression in the values of these securities is temporary only, but in the meantime they have thought it advisable and prudent to set apart an amount sufficient to cover the same. The field officers and agents of the Company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful to the Company's service.

Your Directors are pleased to be able to state that the business of the Company for the past two months of the current year has been of a most satisfactory character, and that the outlook for the future is most encouraging.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company: Gentlemen: We have carefully audited the books and records of your Company for the year ending 31st December last, and have certified to their accuracy.

The Cash and Journal Vouchers have been closely examined and agree with the entries recorded.

The Debentures, Bonds, etc., in the possession of the Company have been inspected, whilst those deposited with the Government or Banks have been verified by certificate, the total agreeing with the amount as shown in the Statement of Assets.

The accompanying statements, viz.: Revenue and Expenditure, Assets and Liabilities, show the result of the year's operations and also the financial position of the Company.

Respectfully submitted,

H. S. STEPHENS, CHARLES STEIFF, Auditors.

Hamilton, 1st February, 1908.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1907.

RECEIPTS.	
Premium and Annuity Income	\$625,939.29
Interest, Rents and Profit on Sales of Real Estate	141,438.34
	\$ 767,377.63
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Paid to Policy-holders	\$287,268.17
All other payments	223,110.30
Balance	257,999.16
	\$ 767,377.63
ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1907.	
Debentures and Bonds	\$380,574.84
Mortgages	382,305.45
Loans on Policies, Bonds, Stocks, etc.	552,770.02
All other Assets	682,822.43
	\$3,000,472.74
LIABILITIES.	
Reserve Fund	\$2,705,577.00
Death Losses Awaiting Proofs	34,925.00
Contingent Fund to cover temporary depreciation in Debentures and Bonds	22,847.74
Other Liabilities	22,197.00
Surplus on Policy-holders' Account	213,916.00
	\$3,000,472.74
Assets	\$3,000,472.74
Guarantee Capital	\$70,000.00
Total Security	\$3,870,472.74
Policies were issued assuring	\$3,302,786.47
Total Insurance in Force	\$18,966,117.83

After the adoption of the Report the retiring Directors were re-elected for the ensuing year. Directors the retiring officers and the Executive Committee were re-elected.

be men who were crowding upon his doorstep. He had never been afraid of men, even the strongest or the most lawless; he was not afraid of them now. The thought that the intruders might be ordinary human beings coming to break upon that awful loneliness filled him with a tremulous, eager joy. He tried to assure himself that these voices were really human, while he who for so many years shunned his kind now withdrew the bolts with feeble hands that trembled in their eagerness, as tears—the slow tears of age—forced themselves from his eyes.

The barber, who had been well in advance of the party on the way thither, now hung in the background, prepared to elude any missile that might be hurled, or any overt act, on the part of the strong man within doors, that might result in his own undoing. He was as anxious as any one to discover what might follow upon the delivery of the letter. He was curious to the last degree about its contents, and unwilling to lose a syllable of whatever might be said,—that is, if even the most adventurous of the party were enabled to have speech of Joe. Still there were other things to be considered by the prudent barber, who had a very nice appreciation of the value of a whole skin, and who fully expected to see the foremost member of the expedition returning to the foot of the steps in a more or less summary manner.

No one was so surprised as he when, following upon the opening of the door, a trampling whisper came out into the darkness: "Come in, my friends; for the love of heaven, come in!"

The barber, suspecting an ambush, was the last to enter. He was met by a most astonishing sight. The bravest of the band had penetrated into the centre of the room, and lit a candle with which the adventurers had provided themselves. It seemed hardly credible, but there was the Titan of the Mountain weeping and clinging to the arm of the nearest of his visitors, as he murmured:

"It is lonely! It is triste to be alone!"

He peered into the faces of the young men, as they stood silently around him, awed by the spectacle of

his weakness and helplessness. He called them by name, mistaking them as often as not for their fathers whom he had known as little boys. It was some time before they could make him understand that they had brought him a letter.

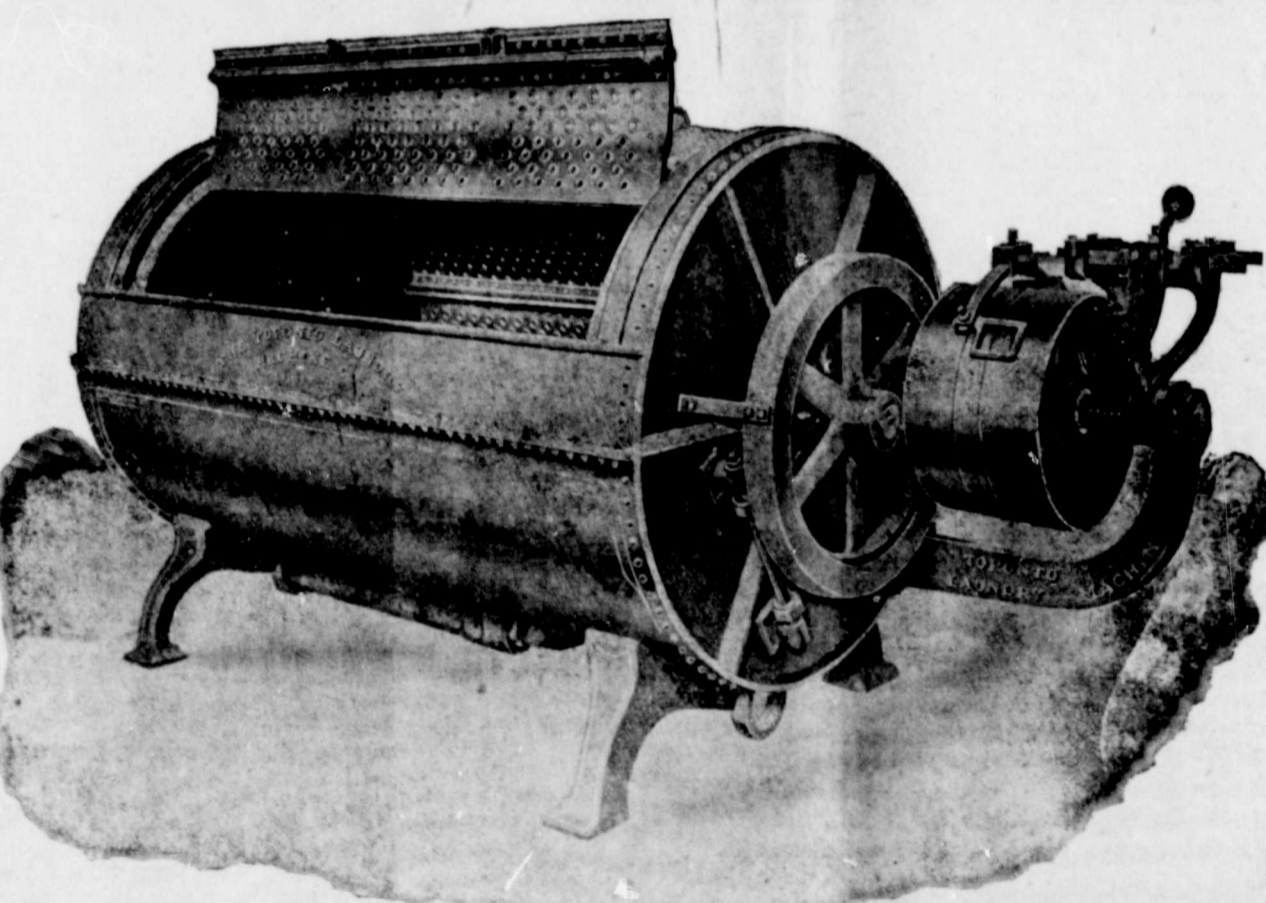
"A letter for me," he said, shaking his head. "Oh, no! Impossible! There is no letter for me!"

At last they persuaded him to listen to the message that the barber was deputed to read out. Joe was forced into a chair, while the reader, now fully reassured, settled himself upon the table, with an air of importance that could not have been surpassed by M. Auclair himself. Joe listened vaguely, scarcely understanding that those thin sheets of paper which the barber fingered so carelessly contained the assurance that he need never be miserably poor not alone any more.

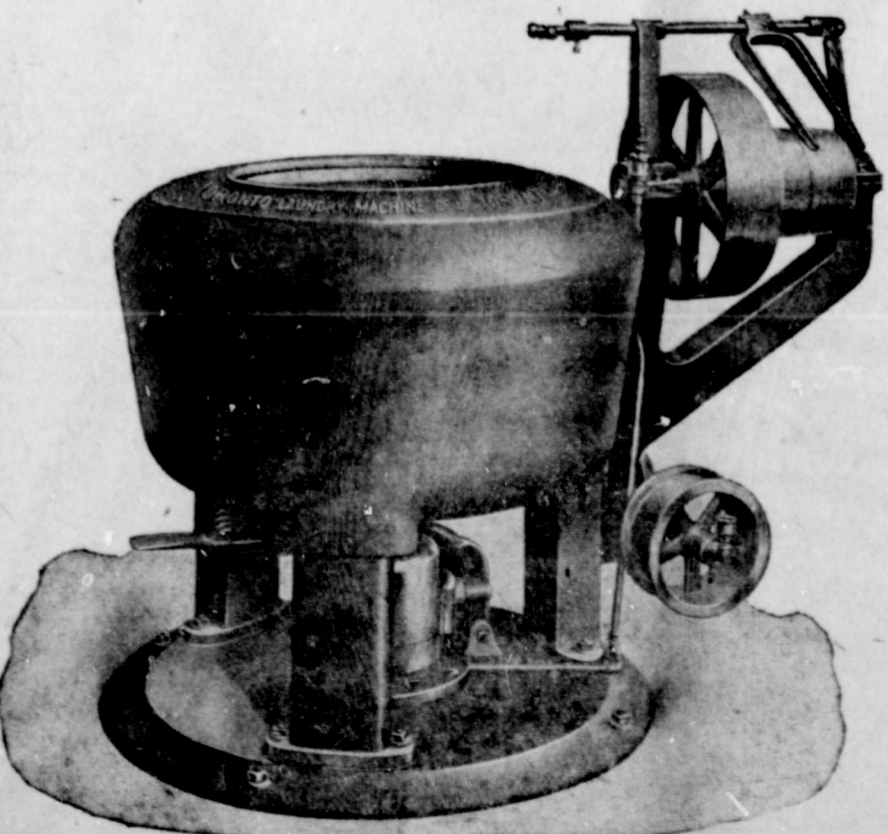
The writing stood out distinctly in a fair round hand, for the writer had been taught calligraphy in the convent down in the river village. And it transpired that one, at least, of Joe's sons had prospered in that far-off land whither he had gone, somewhere Westward, in the United States. But he was now dead, and it was his voice, as it were, that, from beyond the bourne, was breaving the silence of years. He had arranged that his widow should return to her native place; for she, too, had been a child

(Continued on page 7.)

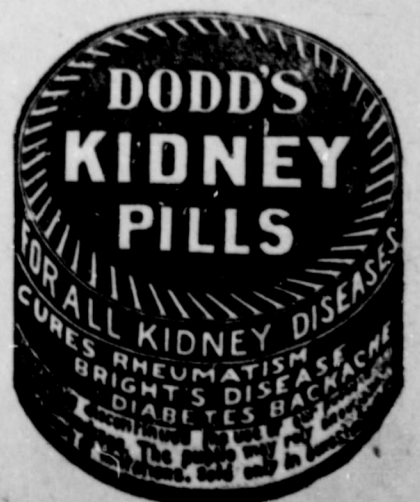
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The QUIET HOUR

TO THE EVER-BLESSED VIRGIN

(By Monsignor John S. Vaughan.)
Virgin Mother, Martyr, Saint,—
Purest, fairest! Who shall paint
Beauty peerless, free from taint?

Thou, Perfection's highest crest!
Thou, of saints the very best!
Thou, beloved beyond the rest!

Gentle, modest, loving, good,
Model of all maidenhood;
Fairest Lily of the wood.

Heaven's choicest scented Flower,
Welcome as refreshing shower
In the noontide's sultry hour.

Give this child of sin and care
Of thy love some little share,
Keep him from the devil's snare

From thy bounteous mercy-seat
Grant him, prostrate at thy feet,
What thy wisdom judges meet.

Till he may to heaven soar,
There forever to adore
Him whom Thou, chaste Virgin, bore.

ABOUT SAINT GERALD.

(The Ave Maria.)
Only a few lines are devoted to
Saint Gerald of Mayo by the learned
Dr. Butler. From these we learn
that the Church celebrates his memory
on the 13th of March, that he
was an Englishman who left his own
land to settle in Ireland, and that he
died at Mayo in 1732. Irish writers,
however, have more to tell of the
stranger who came to their country.

Saint Colman, the third great abbot
of the monastery of Lindisfarne,
was also Archbishop of Northumber-
land at the time when a prince, or
chief, of some neighboring territory,
Cusperius by name, sent his four
sons to be educated at Lindisfarne.
The four became greatly attached to
Saint Colman; and in course of time
the eldest brother, Gerald, was chosen
abbot of Winton. He was present
at the famous Synod of Whitby, when
Celts and Saxons met to settle the
trivial differences between the two
churches.

The Irish monks kept their Easter
festival a week earlier than the rest
of the Christian world, and had also
a peculiar form of tonsure. The Synod
met under the presidency of Saint
of royal birth and great learning. On
Hilda, the Abbess of Whitby, a lady
one side was Saint Colman, supported
by the royal Abbess and Saint
Cedd of Lincoln; on the other was
Saint Wilfrid, afterwards Archbishop
of York. The decision of the assembly
was in favor of the Roman usages.

Colman resolved to leave the land
where he had labored so long. He
went to Lindisfarne and related to
his monks all that had happened, and
told them of his decision. With few
exceptions, they resolved to follow
their spiritual father. A portion of
the remains of Saint Aidan, founder
of the house, was taken up, and the
little band of exiles set out on their
westward journey. Among these
exiles were Saint Gerald, his
brothers, and a large number of Sax-
on monks, who determined to follow
their beloved abbot to Ireland. Se-
grestia, Saint Gerald's sister, was a
nun, and she and her community set
out, too, for Ireland. The little fleet
of curraghs rounded the north of Ire-
land, and in due course anchored in
the estuary of the river Moy, between
the counties of Mayo and Sligo.

It would seem, however, that the
Celtic and Saxon monks did not agree
in the monastery of Innisbofin, where
Saint Colman settled; and, according
to the Venerable Bede, the Celts were
perhaps to blame. At any rate, Col-
man decided to establish the Saxons
in a monastery of their own. This
monastery was at Mayo, and Saint
Gerald was appointed abbot. He di-
vided his community into three
bodies; one was occupied in the cele-
bration of the Divine Office, one went
back to England to procure all things
needed in the new monastery, and the
third began building a rampart round
their home. Saint Gerald at the
same time had the satisfaction of
seeing his sainted sister and her nuns
established in a convent in the vicinity.

Soon after this a grievous plague
broke out in the country. So numer-
ous were the victims that the king
of Ireland held an assembly at Tara
to devise means of stopping it. Saint
Gerald attended this meeting. What-

ever measures were taken were inef-
fectual; Saint Gerald escaped the dis-
ease, but his sister and a hundred
nuns were among those that perished.

Saint Gerald lived to be a very old
man, and so famed was he for sanctity
and learning that many of his fel-
low-countrymen came to study un-
der him. Ultimately his monastery
became an episcopal see, of which
Gerald was the first bishop. It was
known by the name of "Teagh-na-
Saxona," or "Mayo of the Saxons."

The school of Mayo continued to
flourish for centuries; and there are
yet considerable remains of old build-
ings, though antiquarians say these
were built long after the death of
Saint Gerald.

TO BRING THE NEGROES WITH-
IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

(The Missionary.)

The lowest and most despised of
Christ's brethren in America are the
non-Catholic colored people. The mis-
sion field of our Southern States is
therefore the most attractive to
those who seek to relieve the deepest
spiritual misery. We fully appreciate
that other races are deserving of zealous
attention. But none of these is
religiously destitute purely and
simply because it is the race that God
made it. Such is the lot of our bre-
thren, the American negroes.

It is an ascertained fact that not
more than one-half of the 9,000,000
of our colored people have received
any form of baptism. Four millions
of them, at a low estimate, belong
to no church of any kind, profess
Christ in not even the least reason-
able of the Protestant sects. That
of those who are sectarian church
members, the grossest ignorance of
the most essential revealed truths
widely prevails. That in every part
of America, where they are thickly
settled, they are a prey to religious
mountebanks, greatly subject to grov-
eling superstition, sometimes of a
very loathsome kind. That at the
present moment the vice of intemper-
ance, that deadly foe of the poor and
ignorant classes, is beginning to make
alarming inroads among them. That
to a very great extent they are
subject to a tendency to idleness and
shiftlessness, the parent of every vice,
often the cause of those fearful crimes
for which negroes are punished with
worse cruelty than mad dogs.

What are Catholics doing for these,
their closest kindred, in Jesus cruci-
fied? Something we are doing, with-
out doubt. We have among us St.
Joseph's Society for the Negro mis-
sions. It is made up of devoted
priests, bound by vow to give up
their life to the spiritual welfare of
the colored people. These priests are
trained in St. Joseph's Seminary,
Baltimore. Their mission houses and
churches are found in several of the
cities of the South, and in various
country places. They are zealous
men, well-trained priests, having a
small number of colored members in
their community. Thanks be to God
for the Josephites, their seminary,
their Epiphany Apostolic College,
their school for colored catechists at
Montgomery, Ala., and especially for
their zeal, so hopeful, so untiring and
so disinterested. Their labors are
rewarded with many conversions. And
we have not a few priests engaged
in this choice field of God's predilec-
tion, not one whit less devoted and
competent than the Josephites. These,
for the most part, are in charge of
parishes made up of colored Catholics.
The present writer is familiar with
more than one of these congregations,
and from many years' experience of
the care of souls, he feels able to
judge of priests and people in their
pastoral relations. We say without
hesitation that these parishes are
made up of Catholic men and women
second to none in America in sound
instruction, keeping God's command-
ments, frequenting His sacraments,
supporting His church and His chari-
ties, loyally and generously adhering
to His cause. They are honest-
hearted, good living, reliable Catholic
people. It will need but the exten-
sion of all this Catholic effort far and
wide among the great mass of the col-
ored people (for no more than 200,-
000 are Catholics) to eventually pro-
duce the same conditions in the whole
race.

The latest cheering sign is the recent
most moment of our hierarchy to
better of systematic missionary efforts
of Catholics in the black South.
Rev. John E. Burke, a priest of the
diocese of New York, a life-long mis-
sionary to the colored people, has
been appointed the Director-General of
the newly-organized Bureau of Colored
Missions. He has opened his prin-
cipal office at No. 1 Madison avenue,
New York. All help given him goes
direct to the most necessitous Colored
missions.

Due to MARY.
Catholic lands and Catholic
homes to-day are beautiful in their
simplicity of virtue; in their unflinching
permanency; in their benediction it is
largely due to the sweet memories
and special benediction of Mary, the
Mother of God. If the Christian
Mother is honored and is obtaining the
obedience, love and devotion that her
high and holy place entitles her to,
it is because there is in the back
ground high above her, the example
and protection of Mary, the Mother
of God. She has been our human na-
ture's solitary boast and it is under
her benign influence that woman has
emerged from the slavery of paganism
to the white light of virtue, progress
and happiness that to-day makes her
life.

A Purely Vegetable Pill—Parme-
lee's Vegetable Pills are compounded
from roots, herbs and solid extracts
of known virtue in the treatment of
liver and kidney complaints and in
giving tone to the system whether en-
feebled by overwork or deranged
through excesses in living. They re-
quire no testimonial. Their excellent
qualities are well known to all those
who have used them and they com-
mend themselves to dyspeptics and
those subject to biliousness who are
in quest of a beneficial medicine.

There is no knowing what might
be the effect of one Communion
less in the life of a soul.—Lacordaire.



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THE Edison Phonograph is just what the average
home needs for good entertainment. It entertains
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hear the latest Records, or write to us for descriptive catalogue.
WE DESIRE GOOD, LIVE DEALERS to sell Edison Phonographs in every town
where we are not now well represented. Dealers should write at once to:
National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

A LETTER FOR OLD JOE

(Continued from page 6.)

of the Mountain, the daughter of
Loiselle at the "Stone House." She
was on her way even then, as the
letter made clear, with two sturdy
children, to take care of Joe the rest
of his days, on the single condition
that he would receive them.

It remains only to chronicle the
fact that the barber ran back as fast
as he could, outstripping all the rest,
to bring the wonderful tidings to the
company still waiting at the saw-
mill. Mr. Awdler fairly swelled with
importance as he listened to the tale,
taking credit to himself that such
good fortune had come to the village
by way of the post office, and dilat-
ing to any one who would listen upon
the glories of the present mail sys-
tem. He scarcely perceived that his
sole auditor was Ma'am Bourgeois,
who was getting very deaf, and con-
sequently could not distinguish what
all the others were saying in one
single, confused murmur.

This scarcely necessary to add that
two of the adventurous band who had
gone with the letter had remained to
keep Joe from the terrors of his lone-
liness; and that the good Samaritans
of the neighborhood exhausted them-
selves during the succeeding days in
efforts to prepare for the coming of
the new members of Joe's household,
and in cheering the lonely old man
with their constant attendance.

Are your corns harder to remove
than those that others have had?
Have they not had the same kind?
Have they not been cured by using
Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

A sure way to success—advertise in
the Catholic Register.

Impiety and Profanity

(Catholic Union and Times.)

If there are two evils connected
more closely than any other two, they
are impiety and profanity. They are
as counterparts, or the latter may be
said to be a corollary of the former.
If a man is given to impiety, he has
no thought or care for God, he naturally
has no feeling of homage for Him or
any love or reverence for Him. He
manifests it by his indifference, if not
his contempt for God and religion,
and a corresponding regard for world-
liness and the licenses and indigen-
cies of which the world is full.

An impious man is generally one
who has had no religious training. He
is the child of infidel parents or of
Christian parents who fell away from
the practice of their religion. He
sometimes is one who owes his impi-
ety all to himself. He was taught
the knowledge of God, but was un-
faithful to the lessons he received. He
did not nurture in his heart the prin-
ciples of virtue and religion and hence
his training is without fruit. He is
as the barren fig tree spoken of in
the gospels. Such a one is far more
guilty than one who never heard of
God.

The former class are only negativ-
ely impious. They are of that class
of whom we might say, "Father, for-
give them for they know not what
they do," using the words of our di-
vine Lord. The latter are positively
and formally impious. They are sin-
ning with their eyes open. They are
false to the light they have received
and are deaf to the voice of conscience
protesting against their wicked con-
duct.

They are the ingrates who turn
God's gifts against Himself. They
are the insensate who fritter away
their lives in folly and soil their faith
and manhood for a mess of pottage.

Advertisement for St. George's Baking Powder, featuring an illustration of a man and a woman and text describing the product's benefits.

It is easy, from the evil tendencies
of the world around us, for one to
fall into the number of the formally
impious unless one be ever on his
guard. There are so many things
which weaken faith and virtue that
are tolerated nowadays, such as the
many contradictory religious beliefs
and the laxity of morals even among
some who pass as fairly good. There
is so much in the plays and books
of the day that is objectionable that
one is ever in danger of losing the
religious spirit altogether and of be-
coming gradually absorbed in the
army of the impious worldlings. For
Catholics there are the sacraments to
strengthen them against these dan-
gers and they must have frequent re-
course to them if they would not be-
come contaminated and fall into the
still greater evil of profanity, which
may be said to be impiety acted out
in word and deed.

Profanity is the daughter of impi-
ety, for one soon despises and con-
demns what he does not esteem or re-
spect. It is the vice of the infidel
who proclaims his disbelief by his
contemptuous feeling for God and all
things pertaining to Him. It is the
vice of the fallen-away Christian who
follows his impiety with insult and
enjoyment. Whilst impiety is hidden
for the most part and known only to
the few, profanity is open and known
to all, unless it be practiced under
the breath, as is sometimes the case. Pro-
fanity scandalizes all who hear it.
It is the unblushing profession of dis-
regard for God, it is the waston and
sinsful use of the gift of speech, it is
the proof of ingratitude. Still, for
all this, we must admit that there is
an informal profanity in net a few
which springs not from any ill will
towards God or formal disregard of
the respect due Him, but from a
thoughtless use of unbecoming speech
which one has acquired from the pre-
valence of profanity around him.

Whilst this kind of profanity is de-
plorable in itself and ought to be re-
corrected at once, still it is more of hab-
it than of malice and as such call
for pity more than condemnation.
And yet it is not to be condoned al-
together. Profanity of this order is
inexorable among well-brought-up
Christians. It is not found in the
truly Catholic home. It should never
come from the mouth of one call-
ing himself a good Catholic. It is
unrefined, unbecoming, unworthy,
and no one deserves the title of gentleman
or lady who uses it.

It is in thoughtless youth that the
habit of using profane expressions is
most apt to be acquired, and hence
the need of parents and guardians
to keep watch over their children, lest
they become infected with this evil by
association with wicked companions.
Should it appear it should be checked
at once by having them withdrawn
from such associates, for, as says
Holy Writ, "Evil associations corrupt
good manners." It devolves on
all to discourage profanity by
showing displeasure in hearing it, or
at least in not approving it in any
way, such as by laughing at it and
the like.

One has to be specially guarded
against profanity when under passion
and excitement, or better still, not
become passionate or excited, for it
is then easy to fall into it. Above all,
parents and the senior members of
the family should be careful never to
scandalize the little ones by swearing
or cursing, for as bad as is the cor-
rupting influence of profanity in this
regard, a thousand times more would
be that of the profane and blasphem-
ous in their own homes.

Away, then, with all such evils at
home and abroad! Away with impi-
ety, away with profanity. Both
are unworthy of mankind. There
should be no place for them at least
in Christian communities. It is a
wise government that fosters religion,
it is an admirable administration of
law that forbids profanity. Let us
Catholics be factors toward bringing
about the adoration of God, the hon-
oring of His name, the obeying of His
commandments—by being models our-
selves of every Christian virtue. This
faithful practicing of our holy re-
ligion will make us. Let us be true
to the teachings of Holy Church and
be filled with her spirit, the spirit of
perfection which God breathed into
her. Then we will be the leaven of
society, as God intended, and will
leave the whole mass.

Do Your Best
The idler is never happy. The time
hangs heavily on his hands. The
busy one never notices its flight. In-
deed it seems all too short for the ac-
complishment of his worthy ends. He
is, too, less liable to temptation than
the one who finds both occupation and
recreation a bore. Do your level best
at all times and in all places. You
owe this much to your friends, your-
self and to God who created you.
Then, whether your earthly existence
be long or short, you will achieve as
much happiness as the world can offer,
and will be well prepared for the
bliss that has no ending. Following
the poet Longfellow's advice and be
up and doing.

Sisters Win Recognition

The Board of Education of Wash-
ington has recognized the work of
the normal departments of the "aca-
demies of the Holy Names of Seattle
and Spokane and placed them on the
accredited list.

At the last session of the Legis-
lature a law was passed by which
those educational institutions provid-
ing a proper course of study, should
be accredited by the State Board and
become in fact, normal schools.

The Sisters of the Holy Names im-
mediately realized the opportunities
of such a course and began at once
to make ready for the opening of a
normal department last September. Ex-
perienced normal school instructors
were engaged and placed in charge.
Every other requirement of the law
was followed. Application was made
to the State Board for recognition,
and after a careful and thorough ex-
amination of the departments, the ap-
plication was granted.

This means that young ladies grad-
uating from the normal departments
will be granted certificates to teach
in the State of Washington. The ad-
mittedly splendid general training given
by the Sisters, supplemented with
the special training of the normal de-
partments, will see fit the young lady graduates
to take up the profession of teaching.

The following resolutions, specify-
ing how school's may be credited un-
der the code, were adopted by the
board:

- 1. "Any school within this state may be accredited under Section 139, Code of Public Instruction, upon compliance with the following conditions:
1. 'It must require an attendance of two years of not less than thirty-six (36) weeks each, after completion of a four years' course of an accredited high school or academy, and completion of the normal course.
2. 'The work of this normal course must be equivalent to the work of the advanced course of the State Normal school for high school graduates, in theory and practice of teaching, in psychology and history of education.
3. 'It must provide a sufficient number of professionally trained teachers to do the work of the normal department.
4. 'It must maintain as a part of the normal department a training school equivalent to the training schools of this state.
5. 'It must provide, in connection with the normal department, a well selected professional library.
6. 'It shall make such reports to the superintendent of public instruction as he may require.
'All schools under this act shall continue on the accredited list so long as they comply with the conditions above prescribed by the board.
'All schools accredited under this act shall be inspected semi-annually by the state department and a report made to this board.'—Exchange.

Concerning the Index

(London Universe.)
Commentary on the Present Index
Legislation, by Rev. T. Hurley, D.D.
(Dublin: Brown & Nolan, Ltd. Price, 3s. 6d.)

Rome has spoken, but we ultimi
Britanni are among the last to hear.
To the majority, certainly, of Catholics
in England, the Index is but a name—a vague, shadowy something,
that places a ban on certain books;
which books, however, nobody seems
able to definitely tell you. This is
very surprising when we read in the
recent bull, Officiorum ac Munerum
(Jan., 1897) of Leo XIII., the forty-
nine rules that are to direct the faith-
ful in their reading, and which thus
concludes—"quibus catholici homi-
nes toto orbis religiose preant"—
"which rules let Catholics throughout
the whole world religiously (or scrup-
ulously) obey." Up to the present
it would seem we have been enjoying
the proverbial blissful ignorance, and
our liberties have known little or no
bounds. What fight Catholics have
made against bad literature has been
taken up by the Catholic Truth So-
ciety in its campaign against the
spread of socialistic and rationalis-
tic works—the worst of the bad. Yet
all the time there is this papal man-
date, an encyclical and forty-nine de-
finite laws, enunciating the whole of
the present Index legislation, that has
received little or no attention from
Catholic England.

Dr. Hurley's book claims to be the
first commentary in English on the
present legislation of the Index, and
as such should find a very large circle
of readers. As his Lordship the
Bishop of Elphin well remarks in the
Introduction—"At a time when the
world is flooded with pernicious lit-
erature, and the poison, not alone of
immortality, but of unbelief, is being
slowly but surely instilled into the
public mind, the importance of a book
dealing with such a subject cannot be
exaggerated." Moreover, the recent
encyclical on Modernism that has cre-
ated such sensation in all circles,
should lend this volume a consider-
able interest.

The Index legislation, as it at present
exists, embraces the Bull, Sollicita
ac Provida, of Benedict XIV.,
and the letter and forty-nine rules of
Leo XIII. It is divided into two
sections, dealing respectively with the
prohibition and censorship of books.
On the interpretation of the rules, Dr.

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being
Hammered?
As Though It Would Crack Open?
As Though a Million Sparks Were
Flying Out of Your Eyes?
Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach?
Then You Have Sick Headache!

Advertisement for Burdock Blood Bitters, featuring text describing its benefits for various ailments.

To the woman who bakes,
Royal is the greatest of
time and labor savers.
Makes home baking easy,
a pleasure and a profit.

Advertisement for ROYAL Baking Powder, featuring text and a small illustration of a woman baking.

Hurley offers a running commentary
that should satisfy the most captious.
The theological student will perhaps
benefit more than the general reader.
On the arrangement and treatment of
his subject the writer is to be con-
gratulated; we numbered, however,
thirty misprints—a fault that should
have been obviated by a more careful
revision of the proofs. A vigorous
English translation of the two Bulls,
Officiorum ac Munerum and Sollicita
ac Provida—so telling in the original
Latin—would have proved very wel-
come. Apart from these minor
faults, however, the volume is all that
could be desired.

Advertising in Germany

In Berlin no bill-boards, as we know
them, are permitted. In their stead
are erected at the principal street cor-
ners "Littfass Saulein," round hollow
columns of iron and wood about
twelve feet in height and three feet in
diameter, the surface of which is used
for advertising purposes. These pil-
lars are used principally for announce-
ments which are of general public in-
terest, such as advertisements of theat-
res, announcements of newspapers,
public notices, etc. Considerable arti-
stic cleverness is displayed in the
arrangement of the ads, which are
generally wholly in type, without pic-
tures. These signs are a conspicuous
feature of Berlin street life and are
eagerly consulted by the public.

The exclusive right to use these
columns for ten years was sold in
1901 to the highest bidder for a rental
of 400,000 marks (\$95,200) per an-
num. The number of pillars at that
time was 700, but was to be immedi-
ately increased at the expense of the
contractor and under supervision of
the city. All public notices are
printed on a special shade of red pa-
per which other advertisers are pro-
hibited from using, and these are post-
ed inside of the columns, safe hollow, and
are provided with hinged doors and
locks. These interiors are at the dis-
posal of the city for the storage of
street cleaning utensils, sand for use
on the streets, lights for electric
street railways, etc.

In addition to these "Littfass Saulein"
the city has also erected 30 "Urt-
ania columns, of the same size, but
constructed wholly of iron, and on a
more elaborate scale. The interiors
of these are not used. The advertise-
ments revolve slowly behind glass
windows, and the columns generally
hold a large clock.—Printer's Album.

The healthy glow disappearing from
the cheeks and moaning and restles-
sness at night are sure symptoms of
worms in children. Do not fail to
get a bottle of Mother Graves' Warm
Exterminator; it is an effectual medi-
cine.

In his address to the Knights of
Columbus recently Bishop Harkins ex-
horted them to use their utmost en-
deavors to have changed the law of
the state of Rhode Island which per-
mits a child, whatever its religious
belief, or the denomination in which
it was born, to be taken from a state
institution and placed in the family
of another faith. By reason of such
a law, the Bishop says, the faith of
Catholic children in those state insti-
tutions is seriously jeopardized.

YOUR LUNGS



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually coughing and
hawking?
Do you have night sweats?
Do your lungs ever bleed?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you have pains under your
shoulder blades?
THESE ARE REGARDED SYMPTOMS OF LUNG TROUBLE AND CONSUMPTION
You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your condition becomes.
We Stand Ready to Prove To You
absolutely, that Lung-Germine the German Treatment has cured completely and permanently case after case of advanced Consumption, (Tuberculosis) Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other Lung Troubles.
Many sufferers who had lost all hope and who had been given up by physicians have been permanently cured by Lung-Germine.
It is not only a cure for Consumption but a preventive. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent its development, you can build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity.
Lung-Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over forty years ago, and the patients remain strong and in splendid health today.
Here is Evidence From One Case
Under date of Mar. 31, 1907, William Schmidt, 100 Calumet St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "It is now nearly four years since my cure of Consumption was made complete by your Lung-Germine, and I am happy to say that I remain as well and strong today as the day I was cured. I am healthy and able to work every day. We will gladly send you further proof of many other remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung-Germine, together with one new book on the treatment and cure of Consumption and Lung Trouble.
WRITE TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL AND BOOK
You Pay No Duty
Lung-Germine Co. 24 Rac. Plk., Jackson, Mich.

Advertisement for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, featuring text describing its benefits for colds and coughs.

In and Around Toronto

CHARITY SERMON AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

On Sunday evening a sermon by Rev. Father Daly, C.S.B., will be preached at St. Joseph's church, Leslie street, in aid of the funds of St. Vincent de Paul.

WILL OF CATHERINE TIBEY.

Catherine Tibeys' estate is valued at \$2,992, consisting largely of cash in Post-Office Bank and Bank of Toronto. Mrs. Catherine McGinley, a cousin, receives \$100 legacy, the sum of \$200 is left as offerings for Masses for herself and parents, and Thos. Tibeys, the widower, receives the residue.

DEATH OF JOSEPH WALSH.

The death of Joseph Walsh, late sangmaster of the C.P.R., Toronto Junction, took place on Sunday morning, the 26th inst. The funeral took place from the residence of his aunt, Mrs. John Rice on Tuesday morning, from St. Cecilia's Church, thence to Mount Hope cemetery. R.I.P.

ST. PATRICK'S WILL BE OPENED

The Very Rev. Rector of St. Patrick's announced on Sunday last that every effort would be made to ensure the opening of the new church for Easter. He also urged upon the congregation the necessity for their co-operation, and reminded them that opportunities were now open whereby the gift of a new altar, beautiful statue or window, might be offered by members of the congregation and gratefully accepted by those in charge.

DEATH OF MRS. ALEX. MACDONALD.

The death of Mrs. Alex. Macdonald occurred Saturday evening, Feb. 22nd, at her late residence, 441 Clinton street. The deceased lady, who was 42 years of age, was born in County Sligo, Ireland, coming to Toronto when a child. She is survived by her husband and three young children, the youngest an infant of a few days, besides her mother, Mrs. O'Mahoney, and three sisters. The remains were taken to Uptergrove on Monday morning for burial, where Rev. Father Dollard officiated. May she rest in peace.

McGOWAN-LEE.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated on the 19th inst., in St. Francis' Church, when Miss Florence McGowan, daughter of Mr. Thomas McGowan, was married to Mr. Francis Lee. Rev. Father Stuhl officiated, assisted by Rev. Father McCann. The bride, who was charmingly gowned in a tailored suit of brown Panama, with plumed hat of tulle, was attended by her sister, Miss May McGowan. Mr. John Lee, a brother, assisted the groom. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Lee left for Chatham, Detroit and other points. Mr. and Mrs. Lee will reside at 137 Grange avenue on their return.

HELD SUCCESSFUL AT-HOME.

The Knights of St. John of the four Toronto commanderies and two auxiliaries held a highly successful at-home to their friends in the rooms of the Temple building last Wednesday night. Nearly one hundred couples occupied the floors of the beautiful rooms, the military costumes of many of the gentlemen and the pretty dresses of the ladies making a very pleasing picture as they passed to and fro to the music of the orchestra. The at-home was under the auspices of the Ontario Grand Commandery, and where were present among the guests Grand President Thos. Callaghan, First Grand Vice-President R. Prior, Col. M. K. McGuinn, Sir Knights Neville, Kye and Stobell, Mr. W. E. Blake, Dr. Dickinson, W. J. Mahon, W. J. Crampsey, J. E. Fullerton, C. J. Connors and John M. Delahaye.

FUNERAL OF MRS. McCARRON.

At 9.30 o'clock Saturday morning the funeral of the late Mary Ryan McCarron, relict of the late James McCarron, took place from her home, corner Queen and Victoria streets, to St. Michael's Cathedral, and thence to St. Michael's Cemetery. Father Whalen officiated at High Mass in the cathedral and at the grave. Many floral tokens were sent by her large circle of friends and a large number of relatives and friends followed the remains to the grave. The deceased lady, who was in her 71st year, had been a resident of this city for 65 years, and amongst those who knew her was known for her many and unobtrusive charities. She leaves behind her four sons—James, Martin, Nicholas and Thomas, and two daughters, Mrs. S. Dandy and Miss R. McCarron, at home to mourn her loss. Her four sons acted as pall-bearers. R.I.P.

TRIDUUM AT ST. FRANCIS.

The Triduum held at St. Francis church during the past week, beginning on Thursday evening and ending with the solemn closing on Sunday after Vespers, was in every sense a marked success. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Father Hazelton, S.J., of Montreal, and the object was the reorganization in the parish of the League of the Sacred Heart. The order of the exercises was not as strenuous as that of the ordinary mission. Mass at 8 o'clock with the Rosary, Benediction and sermon in the evening, with special services for Sunday comprised the work of the three days devoted to the reorganization of the League. The sermons while bearing directly on the work of the Sacred Heart, were filled with apt illustrations drawn from a large personal experience and a fund of information dealing with men and events ancient and modern, the fervid delivery of the zealous speaker leaving vivid impressions with his listeners. The practical results of the three days' grace were seen in the large number who approached Holy Communion, and in the increased forces in the ranks of the members of the League. Forty new promoters registered their names and when the bands of these are completed it will mean an increase in membership of six hundred to those already established in the parish. The closing on Sunday evening was

particularly impressive. Benediction and an eloquent exposition of the Church, past and present, by Rev. Father Hazelton, preceded the grand Reception of Promoters, when those of some months standing received diplomas and crosses and all declared their allegiance to the work of the League. The altar of the Sacred Heart decorated by the untiring acolyte of St. Francis, Frank Carroll, was gorgeous with generous offerings of scarlet bloom, and countless waxen tapers. The color scheme of the sanctuary was red, white and gold, and at the moment when the assembled Promoters, holding everyone a lighted taper, stood before the altar-railing and attached themselves to the work of the Sacred Heart by the recitation of the special Act of Consecration, the scene was both beautiful and impressive.

At the close of the ceremony the promises of the men were pronounced and the bestowal of the blessing of the Mission closed what was without doubt a beneficent visitation to the parish of St. Francis, one, too, that seemed to promise many and lasting results.

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA.

A feature so recent as to be justly entitled to the title of "new" has been inaugurated by the Crown Bank of Canada, and this is the education of the women of the land in all that concerns banking and the care of the coin of the realm, a task formerly thought to be away and beyond the ability of those commonly accepted as the "weaker sex." The Crown Bank, however, recognizes that this may be somewhat of a fallacy, and to carry on the educative policy they have set themselves, they have supplied their premises with all the equipment that could tend to make the education of the women both pleasant and profitable.

This does not mean that the Bank has a school with regular hours of study, but it means that whenever the women of Toronto have business with the Bank, they will be met with every facility in the way of making their work both easy and intelligible, and that great good will be the ultimate end achieved is a foregone conclusion. To help the work the Bank has equipped itself with a beautiful set of apartments, which in addition to the general offices contain a Women's Rest Room, at each end of the building. These rooms are so equipped as to fulfill all that their names suggest. There are retiring rooms with all modern conveniences. There is also given the customers every facility for writing or transacting other incidental work of the kind while resting from the general fatigue of the work of banking or shopping.

In short, the Bank places before its patrons an institution where courtesy and prompt service are the watch-words and shield-crest of all connected with its management, and under such intelligent and pleasant auspices the education of its women patrons cannot but proceed upon lines which will lead to the best desirable results.

TORONTO MARKETS

Grain:			
Wheat, spring bush	0.95	0.00	
Wheat, fall, bush	0.98	0.99	
Wheat, goose, bush	0.92	0.00	
Wheat, red, bush	0.98	0.00	
Rye, bush	0.84	0.00	
Peas, bush	0.88	0.00	
Buckwheat, bush	0.70	0.00	
Barley, bush	0.70	0.00	
Oats, bush	0.56	0.57	
Seeds:			
Alsike, fancy, bush	\$9.00	\$9.25	
Alsike, No. 1, bush	8.25	8.75	
Alsike, No. 2, bush	6.75	7.25	
Red, fancy, bush	11.00		
Red clover, No. 1, bush	10.00	10.50	
Hay and Straw:			
Hay, per ton	\$19.00	\$21.00	
Cattle hay, ton	14.00	0.60	
Straw, loose, ton	10.00		
Straw, bundled, ton	10.00	16.00	
Fruits and Vegetables:			
Potatoes, per bag	1.00	1.10	
Apples, per barrel	5.50	3.00	
Onions, per bag	1.25	1.40	
Poultry:			
Turkeys, dressed, lb.	0.18	0.22	
Geese, per lb.	0.12	0.00	
Spring chickens, lb.	0.14	0.16	
Spring ducks, lb.	0.12	0.13	
Fowl, per lb.	0.10	0.12	
Dairy Produce:			
Butter, lb.	0.29	0.33	
Eggs, strictly new laid, per dozen	0.30	0.35	
Fresh Meats:			
Beef, forequarters, cwt.	\$5.00	\$6.50	
Beef, hindquarters, cwt.	7.50	10.00	
Beef, choice sides, cwt.	8.00	9.00	
Lambs, dressed, cwt.	10.00	12.00	
Mutton, light, cwt.	7.50	8.00	
Veals, common, cwt.	5.00	6.00	
Veals, prime, cwt.	8.50	11.00	
Dressed hogs, cwt.	7.00	7.75	

Dr. Hingston Marries a Catholic

The reports lately circulated that Dr. Hingston, son of the late Sir William Hingston, of Montreal, is to marry outside the Church, are not true. The lady about to become his wife is a convert, received by Rev. Father Doyle, S.J., of Loyola College, and confirmed on Monday last in the Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal.

Priest Clause Mitigated

The French Council of State having decided that the ecclesiastics over twenty-five years of age, whose time for active service in the army has already passed, are subject to military service only as members of the reserve, War Minister Piquart has issued telegraphic instructions to release all students and priests above that age who were called to the colors by reason of the separation law.

Monuments

Prices Reasonable Work the Very Best
Thomson Monument Co., Limited
1194 Yonge Street Toronto, Ont.

1854
THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

One dollar starts a savings account bearing Full Compound Interest at highest bank rate.

HEAD OFFICE
8 KING STREET WEST

BRANCHES OPEN 7 TO 9 O'CLOCK EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
78 CHURCH STREET
QUEEN ST. W., COR. BATHURST
BLOOR ST. W., COR. BATHURST

JAMES MASON - GENERAL MANAGER

Clippings From Ottawa

The choir of St. Joseph's Church has begun the preparation of special music for Easter. The rendition will be Gaul's Passion Music.

The Irish students of Ottawa University have begun preparations for the holding of a banquet on St. Patrick's Day. Mr. M. O'Sara has the enterprise in charge.

His Grace Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke, accompanied by Rev. Father Latulippe of Haileybury, were the guests of Archbishop Duhamel during last week.

Rev. Father Brunet of the Basilica, who but lately recovered from several weeks' illness, is again confined to the Water Street Hospital. His many friends will be pleased to learn, however, that his illness is not serious.

The long delayed plans of the Sacred Heart Church, which were sent to Rome for the approval of the Oblate Order authorities some months ago, have been received by Rev. Father Jeannotte. Apparently they went astray in Montreal.

St. Joseph's Branch, C.M.B.A., held a very pleasant and successful party on Friday night last. The attendance was large and the splendid arrangements which had been made for the entertainment reflected credit on the committee in charge.

The many acquaintances of Rev. Father Lebeau, parish priest of St. Agathe, Que., have heard with regret of the demise of his father, Mr. Jos. Lebeau, of this city, who passed away during last week at the age of seventy years. The funeral was held to the Basilica and interment was made in Notre Dame cemetery. Many friends were in attendance.

A most successful entertainment in aid of St. Charles' Home For the Aged, was held under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of that institution in the Rideau Street Convent Hall. The attendance was large. A splendid programme was presented under the direction of the Vice-President, Mrs. A. L. Trudel, and the event was in every way both financially successful and creditable to the ladies in charge.

The members of the Separate School Board have been tendered a splendid reception by the school supporters of Hintonburg, the newly-annexed suburb. The event was held in the hall of St. Francis' Church, and a pleasing programme was presented by the scholars, who also read an address of welcome to the guests. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Fathers Corred and Patrick of the Capuchin Order, and by Chairman D'Arcy McGee and Trustee P. M. Cote; W. Rowe, T. Lavigne, T. McGuire and H. F. Sims.

Mgr. Pascal, Bishop of Prince Albert, Sask., was in the city during last week, en route to Europe, where he will visit his native land, France, and also Rome. While here he delivered an interesting sermon at High Mass in the Basilica. He spoke upon missionary work in the West, with which he has been associated for the past thirty-four years, and outlined the remarkable progress of the Catholic Church since the days of missionary work among the Indians. In his opinion that district is still a great field for Christian endeavor.

One of the largest funerals ever held in the town of Aylmer was that of Miss Annie Bourgeon, the late post-mistress. The requiem service which was held in St. Paul's church was most impressive. Rev. Father Caniere of the Church of Our Redeemer, Hull, assisted by Fathers Labelle of Aylmer, Fitzgerald of St. Mary's, Bayswater, and Bazinet of Plaisance, Que., officiated. A choir of over one

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hundred voices, consisting of the singers of St. Mary's and St. Paul's churches, rendered the requiem chant. Among those present were Rev. Fathers Richard, Superior of Rigaud; Chatelain, Hurso; Charbonneau, Outremont; Pabau, St. Lambert; Bazinet, Plaisance; Chartrand, Billings' Bridge; and Desjardins of Eardley. Deceased was well-known and respected throughout the entire province, having been always prominent in any work connected with the Church.

Telemachus The Monk
(A.D. 404.)
Ye who with pride and cruelty are drunk,
Learn Mercy from Telemachus the Monk!
Know that to witness deeds of blood is shame,
And that true Pity is the noblest fame!

The Emperors of Rome loved barbarous shows
Where gladiators exchanged fatal blows,
Where men fought with wild beasts,
And shed their blood,
Or were devoured, to please Rome's idle brood.

When the spectators wished a man to die,
Proud lords and ladies raised their thumbs on high;
When they would spare him, they but turned them down—
As if a life hung on a smile or frown!

In vain philosophers denounced such gains,
Words of reproach seemed merely childish names!
For centuries this cruel pastime raged,
Nor was the lust of blood one whit assuaged.

Until Telemachus, that fearless Monk,
Resolved to end these murderous shows, nor shrink
From journeying to Rome to risk his life,
As the one way to stop the arena's strife!

The amphitheatre was filled with gay Ladies and cavaliers. In full noon day
The gladiators, armed with shield and sword,
Awaited but their Master's ordering word.

Telemachus into the arena rushed—
Stones flew and struck him—forth his life-blood gushed!
He fell down dead 'mid mocking cries and jeers—
But fame is his through all succeeding years!

The Emperor Honorius ordained
That never more should Rome's soil be profaned
By cruel combats such as those of yore,
So that no man or beast should reek with gore.

Telemachus, a martyr he proclaimed;
The populace for stoning him were shamed;
His name will live for ever! Was not he,
In truth, a martyr for humanity?
—Denis Francis Hannigan.

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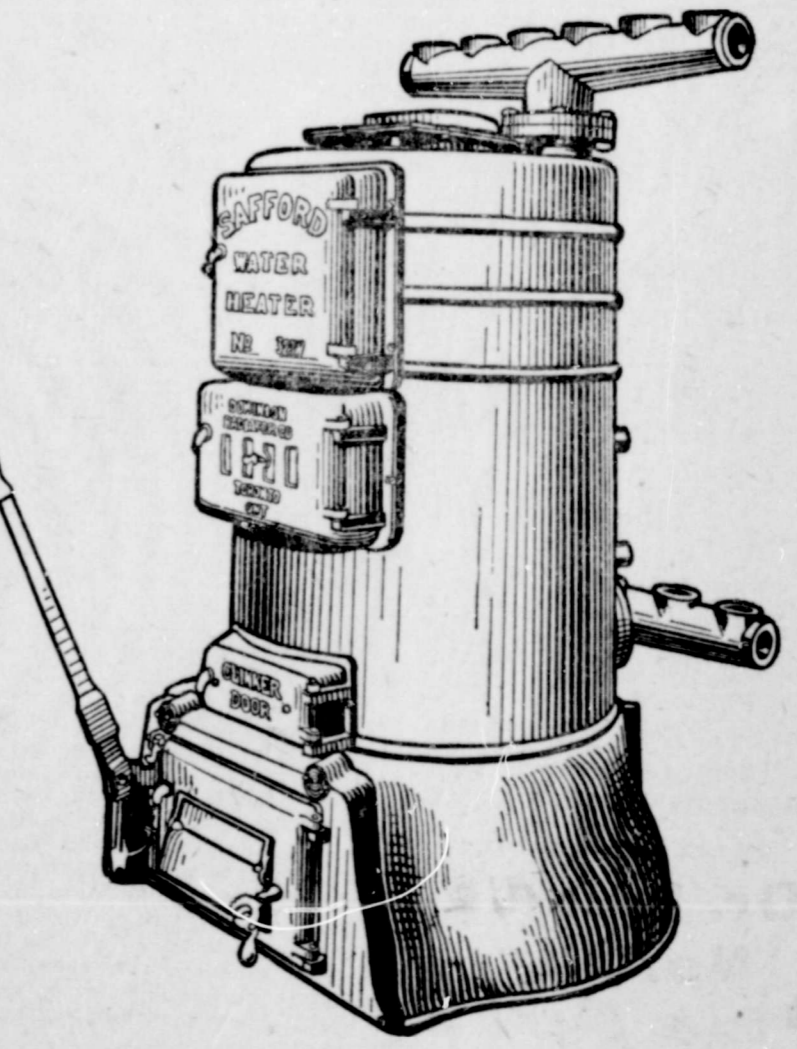
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