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# The True Witness

Vol. LI, No. 14

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

**THE RELIGIOUS EXODUS.**—Commenting upon the exodus of religious congregations from France, in consequence of the Law of Associations, that came into force a week ago last Thursday, the "Paris Tribune" indulges in some characteristic criticism. Amongst other things this writer says:—

"Those who wish to judge impartially the effect of this great ecclesiastical upheaval now taking place should remember that all that the Associations Law practically requires is that those professing so to work in association must publish the rules of their association and furnish reasonable guarantees that their funds are not applied to purposes they do not care to avow. Two-thirds of the nominally religious establishments in France decline to face a test which the remaining third are willing to undergo, and the general belief among persons of intelligence here is that the Associations Law receives considerable justification from these figures."

This is exactly the stand taken by the anti-clericals of France. The "onus probandi" is flung upon the shoulders of the religious orders, and the fact of certain of their number being unwilling to publish their rules, to satisfy the whims and curiosity of those who are not capable of either appreciating the spirit or application of such rules, is distorted into an evidence of wrong-doing upon the part of such associations. That some orders are willing to submit to the test, as it is called, by no means necessitates that others should do likewise. As regards this publication of rules the attempt on the part of the Government to coerce, the religious bodies into submission to an unjust demand is obviously most biased. Would the government demand of the Freemasons, or of any other anti-Catholic associations, the publication of their rules? Decidedly not. Yet these are secret orders, oath-bound, and dangerous. Their secrets are political in every acceptance of the term, and the oaths which they take are consequently of a political nature. On the other hand, the vows of the religious in no way affect the state, nor the political organization; they are purely of a religious, or spiritual character. In the next place, this desire, on the part of the civil authority to pry into the financial affairs of the religious orders is an impertinence that would not be tolerated, nor would it be attempted, in any other imaginable case. Just fancy a law being passed to oblige commercial houses, banking establishments, railway corporations, or any other large associations, to render an account of their funds, to unfold their financial transactions, and to satisfy the state that their funds are used for such or such purposes. Yet, it would be less preposterous than a law having the same effects in regard to congregations whose individual members contribute their very lives to the support of the poor, or the education of the young. No amount of sophistry could ever efface the iniquitous character of that abominable law, nor can any argument, however specious, justify legalized persecution, such as that to which the religious congregations of France are subjected.

**WORSHIP FORMS.**—At San Francisco the "Episcopal House of Deputies" and the various elements of which it is composed, have been having a lively time of it. The report for October 5th says:—

"The features of the day's proceeding in the House of Deputies was an animated debate between the conservative and liberal elements over the proposed permission to use other forms of worship than those found in the Book of Common Prayer among congregations that are not in complete union with the Church. The debate was prolonged and vigorous."

So vigorous, and so prolonged, so mixed up and so contradictory, so meaningless and so unchristian (in some cases) was it, that it would serve no purpose to attempt even a summary of it. One deputy even went so far as to voice the fear that Roman Catholic forms with their "unauthorized communion and obnoxious customs" would be introduced into the congregations nominally under the spiritual oversight of the bishops of the Episcopal Church.

We must admit that all this is entirely beyond our grasping power.

We fail to understand it. Possibly we have been educated in an atmosphere so entirely different from that in which these people were trained, that we are incapable of understanding their methods and principles. If we take in the situation rightly (and if we err let us be corrected), there is the House of Deputies, consisting of a number of ministers working in convocation with a number of bishops of the Episcopal Church. These clergymen must be learned, they must know something about history, literature, science, philosophy and even theology. Being such they want permission to use other forms of worship other than those which now obtain, for the benefit of those who are "not in complete union with the church." By church we suppose they mean Anglican Church. They wish to have such reforms as will suit people "not in complete union" with them. Truth is truth; there can be no real union without that it be complete. These learned bishops must know all this; their station and their studies should have made them conversant with such indisputable facts. How comes it, then, that they seem to glory in their own divisions and to pretend to an authority which their very actions repudiate? There can be one only explanation—the blindness that accompanies a lack of the Faith. As to the genius who fears the "unauthorized communion and obnoxious customs" of Catholics we fear that he is too dense to appreciate anything higher than controversial Billingsgate.

**FORBIDDEN IRISH.**—Some weeks ago we published the following item:—

"Bartley Hynes, an Irishman, living at Kinvara, county Galway, Ireland, was fined recently for having his name on the side of his cart in Irish characters instead of in English letters. Five magistrates deliberated over the enormity of the crime, and finally fined him one penny and costs, with the alternative of going to jail for seven days. Bartley refused to pay the fine and the magistrates have not yet sent him to prison. The Gael, a New York magazine, devoted to the cultivation of the Irish language has sent the following cable message to Hynes:—

"If you haven't paid that penny fine, don't pay it, go to jail. Gael will pay your wages while locked up."

We have among the contributors to the "True Witness" a poet who writes to order, a kind of laureate, but not of the Austin type. He read the above item and wrote:—

"Remember the fate of Bartley Hynes  
And the laws that made him smart—  
Condemned was he to jail and fines,  
For the Irish name on his cart—  
You may print your name in any tongue.  
As you get to the Galway mart,  
Provided no Gaelic words are flung  
With paint on the side of your cart.  
An Irish name on a cart, you see,  
Might make the squires smart—  
So if you respect your liberty—  
Put no Irish on your cart."

## THE IRISH LEAGUE'S PLANS

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., was the principal speaker at a meeting of the local branches of the United Irish League, which was held recently at Lismore, County Waterford. He said that the voice of the scoffers and the doubters of twelve months ago had now been silenced by the recent progress of the United Irish League and by the ability, industry, and wit displayed by the Irish party in the last session of Parliament. Their enemies recognized that this movement was the successor of the Land League, and they who were guiding the United Irish League were proud to avow that the principles of the Land League were their principles, and that they would never lay down their arms until the objects for which the Land League was founded had been fully accomplished.

The object of the United Irish League was to stop emigration and keep the young people of Ireland at home; and he appealed to the young men and women of the country to think seriously before they decided to leave their native shore. The only way to stop emigration was to improve the industrial condition of Ireland. With regard to Land Purchase, the object of the League was to compel the Government to do as they did in the Land League times, when they passed the Land Act of 1881 and other measures. They did not propose any scheme of compulsory purchase that was not perfectly just to every landlord in the country. He believed that it was always

better to speak straight, and he would say that he hoped this season to see an agrarian agitation adopted by the United Irish League all over Ireland so close, so intense, and so menacing a character, that the landlords who were holding out against them and the Government would be forced, as they often had been forced in the past, to come to deal generously with this matter.

He did not propose for a moment to lay down upon what precise lines that movement ought to run in every district in Ireland; but he had sufficient faith in the common sense and wisdom of members of the United Irish League to feel sure that they would translate that general declaration of policy into action according to the circumstances of each locality, always bearing in mind that this movement, if it was to be successful, must be maintained well within the laws both of God and man. Violence, and any programme and injurious to the cause, and while he would be the first to trample under foot police proclamation laws and to think nothing of vindicating the natural right of the people in opposition to any law, at the same time, when he spoke of God and man, he pointed to those laws which were binding on the heart and conscience of a Christian people, and said that such laws must be respected by this movement if it was to be successful.

## CATHOLIC UNITY.

A correspondent of the "Freeman's Journal," New York, who, in the last week of September, was privileged to see and to hear the Holy Father, furnishes a very graphic account of the reception of a special deputation that was received by the Pontiff at that time. As the account given deals with the very important question of Catholic unity, and with the Pope's personal views on the subject of socialism and anarchy, we will take from his letter such portions as are calculated to convey a just idea regarding this great issue. After telling of his presence in the audience hall, when the Pope, full of vigor and spirit, was in the act of receiving the delegation in question, he says:—

"A deputation had come all the way from Taranto to present him with the address which had been drawn up for him by the Catholic Congress, and to give him further details about the gathering. As far as the second scope of their journey was concerned they might have spared themselves the trouble—for Leo XIII. seemed to know more about the working of the Congress than any of those who had been present at it. His face lit up with pleasure when he spoke of the satisfaction with which he had heard of the practical resolutions arrived at, and of the spirit of unity and charity which prevailed throughout the deliberations. What the Catholics of the whole world, mainly require, he said, is unity, and the first step towards that is to unite the Catholics of the world, and to aim at most naturally different from those of Italy—but there could be no doubt that Catholic resolutions aimed at, and of great interest in the settlement of such questions, and he was therefore particularly pleased with the amount of attention which the Congress of Taranto had devoted to them. The need of unity was more urgent than in other countries, because more headway had been made lately in Italy than anywhere else in Europe. Socialism was threatening Europe with ruin, and it was urgent to avert that ruin was the prerogative of sound Christian principles among the working classes.

Here in Italy, at least, it is but a short step from socialism to anarchism, and Pope Leo's thought naturally passed from one to the other. President McKinley had been wounded a few days before, but the fatal news of his death had not yet reached Rome. The subject furnished much material for reflection to His Holiness. He reminded us that only a year ago King Humbert had fallen a victim to anarchy, and before Humbert two presidents of republics had been suddenly removed by assassins. All this showed, he said, that anarchism had not been directed so much against this or that form of government, but against the very principle of authority. The murder of President McKinley proved this to demonstration, because the greatest liberty reigns in the United States, and if anarchists cannot content themselves with this they will never be content with anything short of anarchy.

All the brightness seemed to fade out of Pope Leo's face while he was speaking of the crime which had shocked the whole world, but it returned again when somebody directed his attention to the Italian pilgrimage which was setting out for Lourdes that same day. There were some eight hundred of them, with several bishops and priests, and the famous Don Perosi, who had composed a number of beautiful hymns to be sung during the procession at the miraculous shrine. As usual, His Holiness had some information to give. He told us that during the month of October, a new church which has been erected in Lourdes and dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, was to be consecrated. It contains fifteen altars, each

of them representing one of the mysteries, and fifteen bishops were to take part in the consecration, while he himself was to write an Apostolic letter for the occasion. This letter appeared yesterday evening in the "Osservatore Romano," and is, needless to say, fully worthy of Pope Leo. He also spoke about another letter on the roses, which is to be addressed to the Catholics of the whole world. As a matter of fact since he has been in the Chair of Peter, Pope Leo has composed either an encyclical, constituting a letter or a papal bull on the subject. Finally, His Holiness, after encouraging the editor of the "Unita Cattolica" (one of the best Catholic papers in Italy) to continue battling for the cause of the Church in spite of all opposition, rose to his feet, blessed us, walked with a light step to his sedan chair, and in another moment had disappeared.

## NOTES FROM ROME.

**SWINDLERS.**—A very profitable business, to which guides and other hotel hangers-on were very much addicted, especially during the winter months, was the sale of forged entrance tickets to the Vatican ceremonies, writes a correspondent of the "Catholic Times." The real tickets being simply printed on ordinary light card-board, were imitated to perfection by unscrupulous speculators, who had no difficulty in disposing of the forgeries at fantastic prices. Needless to say that the scandalous traffic gave rise to numerous inconveniences, irreverent sight-seers finding their way to privileged "tribune," and often excitedly crowding the Sixtine Chapel and Sala Clementina, when the ceremonies took place in these comparatively limited halls instead of in St. Peter's. During the Holy Year the forgeries were so numerous and so effective that the Papal authorities determined to put a stop to this dangerous scandal. Mgr. Bisleti, the Pope's Maestro di Camera, has at last effected the necessary reform in the "biglietti" which are now printed on specially manufactured filigree paper by a machine similar to those used for banknotes. It will therefore be as difficult in future to imitate one of these entrance tickets, as to forge a five-pound note. The new "biglietti" were issued for the first time on Monday, when the Holy Father received a group of one thousand French pilgrims led by M. Harmand. Needless to say, this ingenious measure has created the utmost consternation among hotel porters and "ciceroni," whose yearly income has thereby undergone a considerable reduction.

**A GREAT CENTENARY.**—The oldest Republic in the world, San Marino, in Italy, has just celebrated the sixteenth century of its existence, being founded in the year 401. The celebrations began with religious functions. His Eminence Cardinal Segna, Archbishop of Bologna, celebrated Pontifical Mass, at which the Government and all the authorities assisted in their picturesque ancient costumes. All the prelates, and priests were present, and after Mass walked in the solemn procession, carrying the relics of the patron saint, St. Marino. In the address on the liberty of the Republic, the speaker said they had always prospered, and should continue to prosper, as an example to the great nations, because, as in past centuries, their union was based on a religious foundation. These sentiments were enthusiastically received. In the evening the usual "torreoni" and grand illuminations took place.

**THE FRENCH PILGRIMS.**—Numbering about one thousand, from all parts of France arrived in Rome on the 12th of September, in two trains from Florence and Assisi. On Monday they were received by the Holy Father, who visited all the basilicas, and interesting places in different parts of the city. On Sunday His Eminence Cardinal Segna celebrated Mass with general Communion in St. Peter's, at seven o'clock, after which the great relics were exposed for veneration. In the Cortile Belvedere, where the pilgrims have their meals, on different days several Cardinals and eminent prelates assisted and addressed the pilgrims. On Monday His Eminence Cardinal Cretoni gave an interesting address. On Sunday His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi spoke to them, and at 6 o'clock p.m. there was solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at the Church of St. Louis de the French. On Wednesday the pilgrims left for Loreto, Padua, Venice, Milan, and the frontier.

## IRISH UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

Strong feeling is not unnaturally felt in regard to the sessions of the Royal Commission on University Education should be held in secret. Owing to that regulation Catholics consider that they have no real guarantee of having their claims properly laid before the Commission, and are likely to prejudice the value of its final report in the eyes of the people.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

## THE PULPIT DURING THE WEEK.

**INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH.**—"Is the Church humiliated in the Present Century?" was the theme upon which Rev. Father Moloney, of Bermondsey, Eng., delivered a sermon in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Chamberwell, recently, and from which we take the following extract:—

In the early ages as now there were conflicts, yet there was one essential difference. To all men on the continent of Europe which in the early ages represented civilization there was nothing so great, nothing whose authority was so much beyond dispute, as that which was reverently spoken of as "our holy mother the Church." The Church claimed to influence almost everything in public matters, and she claimed, in a word, to be indeed the mother of the world, and thus it was that the words of Isaiah were fulfilled. The Catholic Church was exalted before the eyes of men as the greatest organization of the world, as the greatest factor in human civilization. There was holiness in the Church today; certainly there was the gift of miracles in the Church to-day; certainly all the gifts spiritual that belonged to the church were with her still in undiminished fulness. Yet could we honestly say that the Church was in a position of exaltation? It was the business of Catholics to take an intelligent interest in the general affairs of the world, and if, doing that, they cast their eyes across the continent of Europe what did they see? In the first place the position to which the Papacy had been reduced by the Italian Government was a growing scandal, and a proof of how far our mother the Church was in the position of exaltation.

Let them take the events which had taken place during the past decade. Take, for instance, the country to which he had referred. Had they forgotten that five or six years ago, in spite of the loyalty of the people, in spite of the loyalty of the Church of the Emperor Joseph, he was compelled to give his consent to a law that Catholics about to contract marriage were obliged to appear before a civil tribunal, and there go through the form of marriage, which the Catholic Church never existed. True, in 1890, we witnessed that the Mayors of provincial towns, "dressed in a little brief authority," yet bold enough to lead processions and to take down from some public building the cross which was represented by the Church in the world, and which in times past Roman Emperors had been glad to put on their crowns. During the last few months had we not been called upon to witness another movement to which the appearance of legality had been given, which it was attempted to justify under the plea of its own rights as a State, if well as the Church, but which, if closely studied in its own words, was a great attack upon Christianity.

## IF CHRIST CAME TO LONDON.

Preaching at the forty-sixth anniversary of the opening of St. Anne's Church, Spitalfields, the Very Rev. Father Donnelly, S.J., in speaking of Mary as their Mother, as well as the Mother of our Lord, asked his hearers to bring their truth home to themselves and to try to grasp it in all its reality. It was hard to do so in this land, once Mary's doings were nearly driven by the 350 years of Protestantism. It behaved us; lived in the midst of heresy without being filled with the microbes of heresy, to be on our guard, to strive more and more after the truth, and to put it into practice. He had just opened a school in the neighborhood of the church, and children came to this school from the Board schools—children of Catholic fathers and mothers. The mistress asked them to say their prayers and to make the sign of the cross. He believed about one-third of them could not make the sign of the cross. About the same number did not know the "Our Father" which he understood was taught in the board schools. And when the children were asked to pray for fine weather on a certain day some of them smiled contemptuously. They did not believe in prayer. It was very hard to live in Protestantism and heresy without being infected by it and being in danger of losing sight of the first principles of the Gospel.

Who in this modern Babylon believed in the present day in "Blessings be come, and passage after passage of the Holy Scriptures and apply them with the same effect to the modern life in London, and he would be told "Oh yes; they were true 1900 years ago, but they are not true to-day." Why, if Christ came to London to-day and preached in a London pulpit the truths He preached in Judea He would stand a chance of undergoing the same thing He underwent 1900 years ago. Would St. Paul be fettered for in the present day? Not he. The one thing to-day in London was to be respect-

able—to be able to dress well on Sunday and keep a fair exterior, regardless of the rottenness and corruption to be found in the midst of this vast Babylon. Father Donnelly appealed to them to give their children a Catholic education and to support their schools.

## ON SOCIALISM.

The following letter from the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan was read in all the churches of the diocese of Cork at each Mass on a recent Sunday:—

Very Rev. and Rev. Brethren.—We deem it right to call your attention to certain teachings which, under the name of Socialism, are now being propagated in our city, and we do so that you may instruct and advise your flocks against the dangers to which such teachings would expose them. You are fully acquainted with the nature and tendencies of Socialism—that it originated in the diffusion of a false philosophy and false principles of morality, and that it fails to effect what it promises—i.e., the content and happiness of the people. You have more opportunities than others of knowing the wants and wretchedness of the poor. You live in their midst, and your ears are ever open to their tales of sorrow and suffering. You are by their side even at death, and you frequently hear words of regret and repentance at that solemn moment for neglect in not following your guidance. You know best of all the real cause of their misery, and the most efficacious remedies to alleviate it. Socialism no doubt has taken hold of many in some countries in which infidelity is widespread, and the laws of God are disregarded. Like other great evils we have to deplore, it is the result of the godless education so much favored by the governments of the world.

The duty of Catholics regarding it is clear, and cannot be mistaken. The Vicar of Christ, whose infallibility extends not only to dogmas of faith, but also to matters of morals, has warned all the faithful in his encyclical letter, 7th December, 1887, "of the grave error in Socialistic doctrines, and their disastrous influences, not merely on material interests, but also on religion and morality." On the 15th May, 1891, he referred to the same subject, and prescribed equitable rules founded on the teachings of the Gospels, which he considered efficacious in securing the observance of justice and the protection of religion, and the removal of all disputes between the various social classes." In his encyclical letter of the 18th January, he says: "Socialists are worming themselves into the heart of the State, in secret conclaves and in the light of day, and they are driving the people to sedition—they have cast off all restraint of religion—they acknowledge no obligations; they talk only of rights—they are inflaming the minds of the poor, who are daily flocking in greater numbers to hear them, and who, from their wretched condition, fall easy victims to deceit, and are led into error. Religion and society are at stake, and it is the sacred duty of all good men to save them from dishonor."

Warnings such as these, though perhaps more applicable to other countries than our own, should be taken to heart, and coming, as they do, from him who is burdened with the solicitude of all the churches, they should remove all doubt as to the action to be adopted by Catholics. Socialistic doctrines are not according to the teaching of the Church, and cannot therefore be from God. Our people have been all ways faithful, and their consciences have been proved through ages of trials and persecutions—they have never fallen away from obedience to the Vicar of Christ. They will hear the voice of the pastor, and with God's help, will be safeguarded against new dangers which are begotten of irreligion and infidelity.

## LORD DUFFERIN HONORED.

Lord Dufferin is an Irishman of whom his countrymen in general are proud. An interesting ceremony took place in the handsome clubhouse of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club on Saturday afternoon, when a magnificent portrait of the brilliant Ulster nobleman was unveiled before a large assembly. The portrait was the gift of the members of the club, who took this opportunity to express in an acceptable manner as possible the high esteem they bear towards their commodore, the Marquis—*Belfast Weekly.*

## A DETECTIVE'S STRATEGY.

The altar piece, the Madonnas of Sasso Ferrato, which was stolen some time ago, has been recovered, says an English exchange. The manner of its recovery does great credit to the Italian police. A detective went about among dealers in pictures and antiquities, giving it out that he was an English millionaire in search of the works of old masters. After a while the thieves got to hear of the wealthy Englishman, and brought the pictures to his house. They were immediately arrested.



THE MAYORALTY

BY OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

I see that this mayoralty question is becoming once more a live issue, especially regarding the Irish Catholics of Montreal. I have no desire to enter into any discussion of the matter in connection with the present circumstances; but I find the question brought home to my mind in a very peculiar manner one day last week, and I feel that I should have a word to say about it. Some people have a faculty of asking silly, or rather stupid questions, and they generally believe that if you do not take the trouble to give them a reply, it is simply because you have none to give. I know that, in the course of my varied observations—during the past three years—I have found it necessary to treat seriously matters that appeared to me to be most foolish. On the present occasion I purpose dealing with one of this category of questions.

A few days ago I was chatting with a prominent merchant of this city, and our conversation turned on the mayoralty subject. He agreed with me that the next term belongs to the Irish Catholics. While we were running over the names of the men from whose number might be selected the coming candidate, a third party joined in our talk. This newcomer turned to me and asked me this question: "Why do the Irish Catholics want a mayoralty term?" To say the truth I was quite unable, on the spur of the moment, to make a proper reply. The question seemed to me so stupid that I felt inclined to let it pass unheeded and unanswered. But on reflection I came to the conclusion that, if I failed to make a reply, my silence might be attributed to a lack of any reason for this ambition on the part of the Irish Catholics; or in other words, the person who asked the question might conclude that I was unable to give an answer. As far as I am personally concerned it would not trouble me very much, even were my interrogator to believe that I was too ignorant to be able to reply; but, there is the nationality to consider, and I would not feel justified in leaving any one to suppose that our people have not good and sufficient reasons for demanding their fair turn. Therefore, I have taken up the question in my column for this week.

Now that I have repeated the question, I find it more difficult than I at first imagined it would be to give a satisfactory answer—I mean an answer that would prove fully satisfactory to myself. How would the reader answer any of these questions? "Why does a store-keeper want customers?" or, "why does a professional man want clients?" or "why does an employee want promotion?" I could go on filling columns with similar questions, but it would be no easy task to answer them all. The merchant wants customers, the professional man wants clients, the employee wants an increase in his salary, and so on. All these things are the lot of all who work, and especially of all who cannot find work. In almost every domain of life we can compare the race with the individual—the latter's needs are the same as those of the former, with this exception that the individual may have requirements that the race, as an aggregate, does not experience.

"Why do the Irish Catholics want a mayoralty term?" Firstly, because it is their right; secondly, because they cling to a livelihood, that is to say, a national existence, and thirdly, because they object to extinction. I could give a great many more reasons; but, for the present purpose, these will have to suffice. I do not think that anyone will question my first reason. They want to hold the chief civil position, when it becomes their turn to enjoy the same, because such is their right. It is so on account of their numbers, their influence, their interests in the community, their understanding with the other two elements. The obligations of citizenship which they yearly fulfil entitle them to the privileges which true citizenship affords. The interests that they have at stake in the administration of the city's affairs demand that they have

due and proportionate representation, in every sphere, from the most humble up to the most exalted. Hence it is that their right to have one of their people, at stated intervals, occupy the civic chair, has never been seriously challenged. It being a right they wish to enjoy to the fullest extent, and to do so without any prejudice to the interests of other sections of the community.

I mentioned as a second reason, because they cling to a livelihood, that is to say, an active national existence. As the individual seeks to advance, in order to secure the means of fulfilling all his obligations and of improving his condition, so the race that has the vital spark of ambition within its bosom, wishes to advance, to reach higher levels, to occupy its rightful position amongst the nationalities by which it is surrounded, and to wield an influence in the great work of shaping the future. One of the most effective means of attaining such a laudable end is the utilizing of opportunities, and the insisting upon due representation. As far as the city is concerned the most important office is that of Mayor. It is the highest civic position within the gift of the people. The holding of that place by an Irish Catholic is at once an evidence of the importance of his element amidst the great cosmopolitan population of the Dominion.

I added a third reason, which is styled the objection of Irish Catholics to extinction. I do not, I presuppose that, in the ordinary sense of the word, there could ever arise any danger of a national extinction. But so long and so unmitigatedly has the Irish race been persecuted, deprived of its privileges, robbed of its inalienable rights, and despoiled of its most cherished possessions, that, in this new land, under a free and constitutional system of government, they have no intention of allowing any such extinction to be perpetuated. Their influence is just as circumscribed as their opponents can render it, and they intend that it shall know no other limitations than those imposed upon it by the law of the land. It is when an Irish Catholic could not aspire, in the old land, to any position of civic or political trust; under such privations has the race suffered for generations. Here, in a country where their ambition may soar unfettered, they wish that the world may know of their qualifications and aptitudes for governing others, as well as for being governed. It seems to me that these alone should suffice as good and ample reasons why the Irish Catholics should want their term of mayoralty representation.

I have not gone into the subject as fully as I might; but, I deem the question almost too silly to deserve the consecration of so much space. But if one might take it seriously, it would be easy to point out how necessary it is for a people to hold high, honorable and responsible positions in the government—be it legislative or municipal. The Irish Catholic wants to have his share in the administration, as well as in the contribution to the maintenance of the city's affairs. Moreover, it is by the amount and variety of the representation enjoyed by a people that their worth is estimated and appreciated by strangers. Consequently, I come back to what I stated in a previous paragraph, the Irish Catholics want their term of the mayoralty, because it is their right, because it is in accord with the tacit compact that has long obtained in Montreal, because their national pride demands it, because their duty to themselves and their descendants impose it as an obligation, because their status in the mixed community of this Dominion's population requires that they should have it, and because it is the general consensus of the various national and religious elements that it is their privilege. I will add that, in view of the peculiar condition of society, consisting of so many different elements in Montreal, the Irish Catholics could not justly nor consistently—ever if ever so willing—abandon their turn, nor decline to take advantage of it. To do so would be to sin by omission against the rights of others, of their own fellow-countrymen and co-religionists, of their own children, of their neighbors and fellow-citizens and of all who have similar rights and privileges to those which they enjoy. This is "why" the Irish Catholics want the next mayoralty term.

GLEANINGS

A CATHOLIC DIPLOMAT.—It will be a matter of surprise to many to learn that the Chinese Minister to France is a Catholic. During the Boxer disturbances of last year he did much to allay popular resentment and prepare the way for a pacific settlement of difficulties. He is very devout, and every Sunday morning he may be seen at the Church of St. Rose. He is highly regarded by the Parisians. His constant presence has a conspicuous figure on the Bois.

THEIR FINEST HONORED.—The degree of nobility of philosophy was conferred on the day at the University of Toronto. The Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald was the first to receive the honor. The fact that he was a Catholic was not mentioned.

his examination Dr. Sheehan presented the following subjects: Greek, Latin and Sanskrit. He likewise presented, and has since published, a Latin treatise on the authenticity of the "Technique" ascribed to Isocrates. The doctor is a native of the city of Waterford.

AN AMBASSADOR DEAD.—Rustan Pasha, Ottoman Ambassador to the Court of St. James for the last ten years, died in London recently. He was one of the most remarkable men of his generation. Broadminded, in contact with Western ideas and institutions, he maintained the best conditions of diplomacy. It was not generally known that he was a Catholic. The fact that he was a Catholic was not mentioned.

prevent him rendering most valuable services to his country's cause. He was a regular attendant at St. James' Church, London. He received with touching evidence of piety the last rites of the Church from his confessor, Canon Barry. He was conspicuous for his ability in the ranks of the diplomatic corps in London.

CATHOLIC PUBLIC MEN.—The "Sacred Heart Review" very well remarks:— "The Catholic who holds a public office worthily and fulfills its duties in an upright and impartial manner, whose name is a synonym for rectitude, is a living, breathing proof to his fellow-citizens of all creeds and classes that the Church of which he is a member inculcates true principles of life and conduct. A Catholic elected or appointed to public office must, if he is a worthy member of the Church, do even justice to all citizens, Catholics, Protestants or Jews.

"The better Catholic he is the more impartial will be his dealings. He will be above any consideration except that of honesty and justice. The life of every Catholic, in whatever station, is day after day telling for or against the Church. By what each and every one of us does or says—be it good or evil—the Church is being judged by the people around us who differ from us in religion.

FOR RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS.—The will of Miss Ruth, Charlotte Dana, who died last month, filed in the Suffolk Probate office, contains \$12,900 in public bequests. These of special religious interest are: a bequest of \$5,000 is made to Archbishop Williams to be used in

establishing a scholarship in the American College at Rome for students for the priesthood from his Archdiocese. This is to be as a memorial of her brother, Richard H. Dana. A further bequest of \$5,000 is given to the Archbishop for establishing a scholarship in the Catholic University of America for a like purpose: also \$300 for the use of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Manchester, Mass., and \$300 for the use of St. Paul's Church in Cambridge. The sum of \$2,000 is given to the rector of Boston College as a scholarship for students preparing for the priesthood.

AT THE ANTIPODES.—Of late Canada and Australia are becoming very well acquainted; if ever there is a cable communication between the two countries, we will find that our Confederation and theirs have very many more interests in common than would be supposed—considering that half the globe divides them. In a note concerning the Catholic situation in Australia a very nice piece of information has been furnished us by a contemporary. It is couched in these words:— "News reports, no matter how startling in character, that issue from Australia, are accepted at their face-value. It is a land of generosity and amplitude. The Catholic body is not only large numerically, but it bears traces of the best traditions of Australian life. As an evidence of this an offering of \$16,000 was placed on the foundation stone of the convent of the Faithful Companions of Jesus at Bonella, Victoria, on a recent Sunday. There is an impressive lesson in this incident that could well receive application on this side of the world."

THE YOUNG MAN AND INTEMPERANCE.

An Able Paper Read by Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, at the Convention of Young Men's Societies, in Philadelphia, recently.

THE DANGER.—Out of the multitude of temptations that beset a young man starting out in the world to make an honorable name and position for himself, I wish to speak of one that, when yielded to, is the cause of untold misery, suffering and disgrace, and which, in the words of an eminent statesman, is a source of greater destruction than war, pestilence or famine. The vice of intemperance and the methods best suited to combat it are subjects that are receiving the closest study and attention from the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in this country and from thousands of laymen in all walks of life.

But though intemperance is manifest at every age, it is upon the young man that its results are most to be dreaded. When a boy finishes his High School course and leaves home to enter college, probably in a distant city, the home influence and restraint to which he has been accustomed are removed. He is, in a measure, his own master. Then, with money at his disposal and more or less spare time, he seeks amusement and makes acquaintances among the other students. A visit to a friend's room is suggested, and during the evening the host produces wine and whisky or beer, and those who have been accustomed to drink, take a drink; the others are of course invited to join them, and not wishing to appear odd, or unable to do as the others do, will drink also.

THE FIRST GLASS.—Then the evil is done. Having taken the first drink he will not stop to demur at the second, and very soon the habit is formed with all its attendant results in after life. Who has not seen the young business or professional man, that, by close application and the success that he feels is surely coming to him, has made a good beginning? He is bright, intelligent, and full of energy. The community admires him and his friends never tire of singing his praises. Plushed with the success that he feels is surely coming to him, and sure that he is a complete master of himself, he starts to drink—in a very moderate way at first, but rapidly becoming worse as the appetite increases and his friends become more numerous, and a drinking man's "friends" always increase or decrease in proportion to the amount of money he spends. He is out late nights and consequently late at his business in the morning and unable to give it the desired attention it requires. He is seen in company and in places that he should not be, and his business suffers, as no one will consult a physician who is known to be a drinking man, because no man who uses intoxicants to excess is reliable and every man who uses them at all is liable to use them to excess, and the possible results of a mistake or neglect of duty by a physician are too terrible to encourage any one to brave them. Or if he be a lawyer and has important interests to care for, his clients are never sure that he will be sober on the day that his case comes up, and so pass him by for the temperate man, who, though perhaps not quite so bright as our tipping friend, is at least reliable and attentive to business. And if he is a merchant he must leave his store to the care of his clerk while he goes out with a friend to the nearby saloon for a drink. After a while if he hasn't friends enough to treat he treats himself, and instead of being away a few minutes he will be gone an hour, and as the drink appetite gets

the better of his judgment he will neglect his business the greater part of the time.

VALUE OF PERSONALITY.—"If you wish anything done well, do it yourself"—so if you wish to succeed in business attend to the details yourself. I do not know any line of business in this country to-day that will run itself or make money for its owner without the closest kind of application and attention on his part. So that the young man in business who drinks to excess is at most certain of failure, and instead of the bright future he might have attained he falls lower and lower each passing year. Quite recently we had a case of this kind in a Connecticut town where a bright young lawyer abandoned all his opportunities and turned to drink, was disbarred for swindling a client, and was finally arrested for drunkenness, tried and sentenced to jail in the court and by the same judge before whom he himself had often eloquently pleaded for offenders. I hope that she who witnessed his triumph she did not witness his terrible downfall. It is distressing enough for the ordinary observer. What must it be for a mother? And what an influence for good a successful, temperate business man has in a parish or in a community. Especially if he is a Catholic and a young man, because it is useless to ask a boy to take a model man of 40 or 50 years of age, as he will tell you that he probably drank when he was young just as he does himself. But if the man you offer him as a model be between 21 and 30 he will make no excuse. But it is not alone to the young man who enters college that I say "Don't drink," for while the life and habits of the business or professional man are more exposed to public attention, and his faults are therefore more glaring than those of the man in a very humble station, there is no one who is without influence on those about him and whose example, whether good or bad, has not its effect upon others, and if, as the

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Information Wanted Of Elizabeth Kavanaugh and her two children, Andrew and Mary, who left Ireland for Quebec, Can. They will be anxious to hear their friends by applying to B. McFarlane, legacy agent, Truro, Nova Scotia, Box 145. (From London, England).

great Archbishop Ireland recently said, we will be asked when we present ourselves at the gate of heaven, "How many we have brought with us," we must have a thought as to whether our actions are a scandal to another.

BUSINESS AFFAIRS.—Then, again, look at the matter from a practical standpoint. One of the first questions asked by an employer when a young man seeks a position is: "Are you strictly temperate?" "Strictly temperate." Formerly it was "Do you drink?" And if the answer was, "No, only a little," or "A glass now and then," it was satisfactory. But now many of the great railroads of the country, the number of whose employees would almost constitute an army, insist upon strict total abstinence throughout their entire force from the clerks in the offices to the section hands on the line. Must there not be weighty reasons for this? Do the "soulless corporations" forbid their men to drink because they think it is foolish for them to spend their money that way? Or has costly experience taught them that the drinking man is not reliable and that scores of lives have been jeopardized and thousands of dollars wasted through his neglect? It is the same in other lines of industry, and if the drinking man does secure a position it is only to see others who although of no greater ability than he are advanced over him because they are abstainers and do not spend their time in saloons. Some of the railroads referred to, realizing that a young man must have some place of amusement and recreation, provide reading and smoking rooms for their men, where they can read the daily papers and magazines, smoke, play games and enjoy themselves, but intoxicants are strictly prohibited. In some instances a gymnasium and shower-bath are also provided. All this proves that the employers take an interest in their men and not only wish to have them sober, but are willing to do their share to assist them to avoid the saloon.

SOCIABILITY.—One of the chief causes of temptation to drink is sociability and the desire to be known in a good follow by one's friends. If a man goes to a saloon to get a drink and meets there a friend he must "treat" him to a drink and then the friend must treat back, and if, instead of one friend or acquaintance there should be three or four, the inexorable law of treating is the same, each one must buy the drink in turn, and instead of one drink which you intended to take when you entered, you have taken five or six or possibly more. There is any sense in this? Should you always enter a restaurant and order dinner and just as you had finished, a friend entered and asked you to eat another dinner with him, would you consent? Certainly not; you would not have the appetite for it and you would be afraid of overloading your stomach and ruining your digestion. It is the same with drinking—one drink, or two at the outside, is enough, and if you take any more, you are not only injuring your constitution and health, but are allowing yourself to be persuaded to take what you do not want. This is one of the prime causes of drunkenness, allowing some one to coax you to take another drink when you are sure that you have had enough, but no matter how strong a man's determination not to drink too much he will dislike to appear unsociable. A young man cannot be too careful in the selection of his friends and associates because they take such an important part in the formation of his character and because we are often judged by our friends and the company we keep. But if you are in company of men who drink, it is useless to join, a polite refusal and statement of your never indulging in intoxicants will not give offense and will often win the secret approval of many of the others who wish that they had the strength of will to enable them to give up drinking. Any man that takes offense because you refuse to drink on the ground that you are a total abstainer, is either ignorant or wicked, and in either case he is not a person that you should respect or follow. A young man would do well to make a show of the fact that you are a total abstainer. Go around with your friends, be sociable and agreeable, but let alcohol strictly alone. Your friends will see that you enjoy yourself just as well as they do but that you are all right and ready for work in the morning, and then when you see a good opening for a word or two about the sin and folly of a young man allowing any habit to overcome his reason and his manhood, and you will surely make converts sooner or later. And it is a great thing to rescue even one soul from the danger of being lost through drink.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

SATURDAY OCTOBER 12, 1901.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AN INAUDIBLE BISHOP.

At Brighton, a Church Congress has been in progress. We are told, by a leading Protestant organ, that it "concerned itself chiefly with platitudes and the intricacies of ritual." We do not question the exactness of this report, since the Bishop of Chichester, "in an inaudible address," assumed what is styled "an unusually outspoken line regarding the Roman controversy," and that it turns out, as might be expected, that the inaudible address of the said Bishop, instead of dealing in an unusually outspoken manner with his subject, merely consisted of a feeble rehash of the usual series of platitudes concerning the Catholic Church. Amongst other interesting things this inaudible Bishop said, "the Church of Rome is always aggressive, always watchful, ever setting forth the same strange unhistorical claims to place and power, demanding the unquestioning obedience of all." What a pity that such a brilliant statement should have been inaudible to the Congress. It must have cost His Lordship of Chichester quite an amount of study and time to have made the discovery set forth in such very exact terms. Possibly he has not, even, the faintest idea that he was stating the Church's case in most precise terms; of course, he did not mean them to be accepted in the sense in which some of his audience—had they been able to hear them—would have understood them. "The Church of Rome is always aggressive;" that is true; it is her mission to establish the truths of Christianity and to combat and crush error wherever she finds it. "Always watchful;" very true again. Christ, Himself, advised His disciples to "watch and pray," and that advice has been followed by the Church of His foundation, all along the ages. "Ever setting forth the same strange unhistorical claims." As in duty bound, as demanded by her mission, the Church is certainly ever setting forth her claims to place and power, that is to say to her rightful position as the medium chosen by Christ for the perpetuation of redemption's work, and to that power in a spiritual sense, which the Divine authority within her necessitates. These claims may be "strange" in the eyes of the inaudible Bishop of Chichester, but they are in no way strange to any other believer in Christ—whether he admits their validity or not. They are "unhistorical" in the sense that they are not subject to the errors that fallible and profane history, (as the inaudible one understands it) might commit, but are based upon the spoken message of Christ to the future ages, wafed down to us on the wings of Scripture and Tradition. As to the "unquestioning obedience," it is of the very essence of true Christianity. It is the absence of "unquestioning obedience" and of the authority to enforce it that leaves Protestantism, and the Bishop of Chichester, without any Head. Moreover, it is quite possible that the learned Bishop did not wish to have this wisdom of his reach the ears of his audience; he merely spoke because he was expected to speak, and did his best not to say anything new, and to have any platitudes that might fall from his lips pass unnoticed.

UNCATHOLIC CRITICISM.

Why Catholic organs should be so prone to snatch at every piece of criticism that reflects unnecessarily upon our religious communities, and to herald the same, accompanied with additional and approving remarks, to the four quarters of the globe, is something that surpasses our comprehension. It is strange that we cannot leave to the avowed enemies of our Faith the ungrateful task of picking flaws in our armor, whenever an apparent opportunity for so doing arises. We admit that it is argued that such criticism is like the surgical operation, painfully necessary and for the benefit of the one operated upon. That, in its human aspect, the Church, through some of her representatives may exhibit certain weaknesses, no person will deny; that these are subjects for amendment and correction we readily admit; but we do not believe, nor has experience ever given us reason to believe, that any improvement is ever to be obtained by such means. A Catholic layman, or woman, comes to the conclusion that there is something amiss with some system of instruction, some method of some special community, or some course pursued by some particular body of instructors; he or she at once airs the so-called grievance in the pages of a magazine. This would be all bad enough, or well enough, if it stopped there. But our Catholic press, or a section thereof, takes up the matter, reproduces the magazine article, in part or entirely, and adds thereto its approval and its critical comments. It is quite possible that the writer of the original article imagined that certain reforms of a desirable class might result from his or her explanation of the situation; but, certainly, the Catholic organ could never dream that any practical good could ever come of its course. If there be aught that demands change, or amendment in the systems, or methods, or aims of Catholic bodies, there is always a means whereby the matter may be brought under the eyes of proper and competent authority, and be brought to the consideration of those who alone can supply the remedy. It is not in accord with the spirit nor the discipline of the Church to appeal to the general public on issues that concern the internal affairs of the Church, or the spiritual interests of Catholics. We have been led to make these remarks by the recent appearance of articles that indicate a strange inclination on the part of Catholic editors to launch out in this direction. We do not presume to dictate a code of journalistic ethics, but we believe in the Catholic press being purely Catholic in spirit.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

Here is a piece of news for which the Dublin "Freeman" is responsible:—"Considerable sensation has been caused by the Protestant Bishop of Armagh's promulgation of prayers for the late President in his diocese, a course not followed by any other prelate. It is a strange fact that many of the Protestant American visitors to London have openly offered and asked for such prayers. In one or two cases wealthy Protestant Americans approached Catholic priests with a view to having Masses said, because (as one petitioner declared) it could do no harm, and might do good." Great disappointment was expressed when this was found to be impossible.

FATHER McMAHON'S MEMORY.

An item of news that brings us the story of a double commemoration is couched in these terms:—"The memory of the distinguished priest, the founder, and, for many years, the pastor of the Irish Catholic congregation in Quebec city—the late Rev. Patrick McMahon, was duly commemorated in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, last week, when a solemn High Mass for the repose of his soul, recommended by two of his former parishioners, was celebrated by the Rev. Rector, Father Whelan.

THE TWO-FOLD JUBILEE.

In the parishes of Ste. Thede and St. Tite, in the County of Champlain, on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, were celebrated, with pomp, ceremony, and religious enthusiasm the silver jubilees of the Rev. E. Janelle and Rev. J.-B. Grenier, the respective parish priests of these two parishes. Needless to say that such a double occasion was one of unusual rejoicing and that the two honored priests received every mark imaginable of veneration and devotion from the citizens of both parishes. The two sermons pronounced on the two occasions were well worthy of the events that they commemorated. The ceremonies were rendered the more impressive by the presence of Mgr. Cloutier, Bishop of Three Rivers, and a host of priests from all over the diocese. The truly Catholic spirit demonstrated in such jubilee celebrations is well worthy of the imitation of far more important Catholic events. We join heartily in the congratulations showered upon the two worthy pastors.

HOSTILE TO PRIESTS.

There is an old lady over in New York, who is asking for a separation from her eighty-year-old husband. It appears that he, apart from threatening his wife with physical punishments, has "constantly annoyed her by making attacks on her religion," and that, to use her words, "he seems to take a delight in talking against priests and religion." It is quite evident that the old gentleman has grown irritable with years, and that his wife's religion serves him as a means for her annoyance. She is apparently less able to stand such petty annoyance than in her younger days; hence the domestic crash. Be the immediate cause of difference what it may, the real fact is that the incident constitutes a striking example of the folly of mixed marriages. Sooner or later they produce evil results.

ANOTHER DECREE.

The Liverpool "Catholic Times" says:—"A Royal decree orders all religious associations in Spain to submit themselves for authorization within six months. Foreign members of religious Orders must inscribe their names at their respective consulates. The new decree is causing great consternation in religious circles in the Peninsula, but it is not considered likely to be the forerunner of legislation such as France has introduced.

THE MAYORALTY.

Despite the good work which the "Herald" has, from time to time, done along the lines of municipal reform, we cannot but conclude that on the question of mayoralty representation, to judge from its lengthy editorial of the 4th October, it has a somewhat confused idea regarding the rights of citizenship and the office of chief magistrate. After some theorizing, along general lines, upon what it considers the difficulty of maintaining the well-known tacit agreement, it comes down to particulars, and even to minor details of administration which reflect upon the present incumbent of that office. Apart from an appreciation of Mr. Doran's up-hill and almost single-handed contest last year, there is nothing in the whole article to indi-

cate any matured consideration, or any studied opinions, in connection with the subject. The "Herald" does not consider it worth while speculating about what "will be the position of minorities of one kind and another as this change goes on"—which change is the selecting of Mayor and aldermen "with a view to his probable usefulness in dealing with complicated questions of the highest interest to so large a number of people." Without going any further, we may dispose of this theory, by saying that it holds equally good whether or not the tacit agreement is maintained, and applies to all sections of the community from whose ranks candidates for civic honors may spring. But this manner of considering the issue brings us face to face with a very serious problem.

What are the rights of the minorities? Or have they any rights? We mean such minorities as constitute appreciable elements in the social organization. Of these the Irish Catholics, and the English-speaking Protestants constitute two categories. In the columns of the very same paper, the "Herald," some years ago, appeared an appreciation of the late Bernard Devlin's speech in the House of Commons, on the "Rights of Minorities," and, if memory serves us rightly, the theory then sustained by that organ in no wise corresponds with its views to-day, upon the same subject. It will be generally conceded that minorities have their proportionate privileges and just rights in all communities; the proportion to be gauged by the degrees of importance and strength which their numbers indicate. These rights are as sacred as are those of the majority. May we not ask the question: Are such rights, or the recognition of them necessary to the well-being of the commonwealth? If not; then, the rule that must obtain is one of brute force, or "might is right." If so; then, in the present instance there can be no ground whatsoever for refusing to recognize those rights, and no possible excuse for the over-riding of them.

If we properly grasp the "Herald's" meaning, it wishes to see all idea of sectionalism vanish in matters of public interest, such as the selection of popular representatives, the distribution of patronage, and such like. If so, we are heartily in accord with the principle. None have more reason than we have to deplore the presence of sectionalism. But we are now dealing with facts and not mere theories. Unfortunately, if you will, yet nonetheless truly, sectionalism obtains in Canada, and in every division of public affairs,—municipal, legislative, political, social and otherwise. We cannot help it; the condition exists, and while it exists we are obliged to accept it, and make the best of it.

If, to-morrow, another spirit were to replace that of sectionalism, in all matters affecting the public service, we would be the first to hail it with delight; firstly, because we believe in merit and fitness being the test of all preferments, and secondly, because we Irish Catholics would be the gainers, even more so than any other element in the community. But to use the "Herald's" own phrase, for the present, at least, "it is not worth while speculating about" that which is not at all likely to happen in our time.

That sectionalism has become part and parcel of our system of government and of representation no sane person can deny; but it neither springs from, nor is it encouraged by the Irish Catholic section of the community. We don't want it; but, we have to accept it. Let us suppose for a moment that the Irish Catholics sought to monopolize any position,—that of Mayor, for instance,—would they not soon hear, and in no uncertain terms, from the French-Canadians, and the English-speaking Protestants? Whence would come the sectionalism in that case? Suppose an Irish Catholic were appointed to a place made vacant by the death, or resignation of a Protestant, or of a French-Canadian; especially in the former case, would not the "Herald" be the first and the loudest in denouncing the iniquity and demanding sectional rights? Whence, in that case, would come the sectionalism? Take the position the highest removed from the turbulence of sectional strife—that of a judgeship. A man to reach the Bench must not only possess all the legal and professional qualifications, but he must belong to the political party that is in power (sectionalism); and belong to a certain section of the Dominion; and be of a certain nationality; and profess a certain religion—otherwise his appointment would raise a tempest of sectionalism about the heads of the government.

The question of nationality and of religion comes into every matter of representation and of patronage; if it were otherwise, we Irish Catholics

would hold far more positions than we do, for the simple reason that on a basis of merit and ability we have the men.

This tacit agreement regarding alternate representation in the mayoralty office is based on sectionalism. We cannot help that, such as we regret it. But since sectionalism forms the basis of all representation in Canada to-day, we insist upon our rights, as an important factor, an influential element, a strong minority, being respected. Would the "Herald" advance the same theories, and advocate the same cause, if next term belonged—according to tacit agreement—to the Protestant minority? When our critical friend is prepared to take the same stand in regard to the Protestant minority, that it takes concerning the Irish Catholic minority, we will begin to speculate about the possibility of this system of sectionalism becoming eventually effaced, and replaced by one based entirely upon individualism—or individual capacity, ability, merit, and combined qualifications. Meanwhile, both in our own interest and in that of other minorities, we insist upon alternate representation, or as nearly so, at least, as it is practicable; and we object to all monopoly of either representation or patronage, while we emphatically oppose every form of political, national, religious, or other ostracism.

THE OFFICE OF MAYOR.

The other day we heard a citizen remark that he considered the office of Mayor more important for any element than the possession of half a dozen aldermanic seats. At first this sounded somewhat strange and unnatural. But, on reflection, we have come to the conclusion, that if he referred to the office of Mayor, properly understood, and as it should be, he was perfectly right. The mayoralty of a city, such as Montreal, decidedly lends itself to the advancement and development of the public welfare, in a degree far surpassing the aggregated influence of all the aldermanic positions. To a certain degree, we must admit, the Mayor is obliged to be ornamental; that is to say he is, of necessity, the most conspicuous personage on all occasions of public moment, and he has social as well as other functions to perform which oblige him to appear more important than any other citizen in the public eye. But the exercise of these functions is merely accidental to his position, and not of its essence. Were he to confine his duties to the merely ornamental phase of his office, he would naturally degenerate into a figure-head. But he has administrative obligations of paramount importance, which he cannot, or, at least, should not neglect.

As chief magistrate his words should carry more weight than those of any other citizen; and as head of the civil government, he should be conversant with every detail of the whole civic machinery. The president of a great railway system, or of a bank, or of a large commercial establishment, is acquainted with every branch and every requirement of the organization under his direction. Were it otherwise, he never would have been elected president. So should it be with a city's mayor. There should be no item too insignificant, and no operation too unimportant for his careful examination and serious study. He should be heard frequently, and above all, upon all great issues, by the members of his Council. It is not sufficient that he preside over the deliberations of the Council; he should take active part in them. From time to time, when the occasion requires, he should render publicly to the citizens an account of his stewardship, and take the public into his confidence in all actions calculated to affect the material well-being of the community.

We will go further and say that if, heretofore, the office has ever been lacking in any element of importance it is for the incumbent to supplement that want, and to raise the office to what it should be. In his hands rests very much of the city's future prosperity and development. He can either make or mar our prospects. He should, therefore, possess a most exalted opinion of the importance of his position, and act in accordance with that opinion.

It is of more consequence to preside in an active and intelligent manner at a Council meeting, than to occupy with grace and dignity the chair at a banquet. While this latter function may be required in the ordinary course of events, the former one is constantly needed, from year's end to year's end. But we see no reason why the Mayor should not be able to combine both qualifications. The fact of being an able and logical debater by no means precludes the fact of being a pleasing and happy after-dinner speaker. Of the two the administrative functions

are more important than the social ones; yet neither need exclude the other. This simply brings us to the conclusion that the Mayor should be an "all-round" man, as far as the public and the public's interest are concerned, and that he should strain every nerve to avoid appearing as a figure-head, and to present his office from degenerating into the semblance of a sinecure.

The Mayor should be the moving spirit in all matters of civic reform and advancement; he should be the source whence spring all initiative municipal legislation; in a word, a glance at the city charter will furnish a fair idea of his scope for action and of the responsibilities that attach to his office.

The office very often makes the man; but more frequently is it the man that makes the office. Let the Mayor consider it his duty to add to the importance of the office and he will leave his impress upon the face of our civic affairs. His example will be imitated and emulated, and by degrees, under successive mayors possessed of the highest conceptions of his duties, the position of chief magistrate will develop into one of the greatest importance in the country.

REV. FATHER QUINLIVAN.

It has been well known, especially amongst the parishioners of St. Patrick's, that for quite a while back, their zealous pastor, Rev. Father Quinlivan, has been suffering from illness, and that the precarious state of his health obliged him to seek rest and change on more than one occasion. It will be a source of pleasure for all his friends, and their name is legion, to learn that the last reports received are of a most cheering and gratifying nature. Father Quinlivan has benefited by his sojourn in the West, and he will very soon be amongst us again and at his accustomed post of duty. The past few weeks he has spent at his father's home, in Luxembourg, Minn., and, by the way, we have received news of a very sad circumstance in connection with his visit to the paternal residence. During the course of last week Mr. Quinlivan's house was burned to the ground, and most of the contents were lost. It must have been a painful experience, in every sense, for our good pastor, and have marred to a great extent the otherwise unalloyed pleasure of convalescence in the midst of surroundings that appealed to his fine sentiments of filial devotion. We can readily imagine the heart-promptings of such a son, when we know what kind of spiritual father he has been to others. In congratulating him on his recovery, we cannot but add a word of sincere sympathy for his father in the loss he has sustained.

CLARKE-WALLACE DEAD.

After a lingering illness of some weeks, in his fifty-eighth year, Hon. N. Clarke-Wallace, M.P., quietly passed to his eternal account, on Tuesday, the 8th October instant. In his person death has removed a conspicuous figure in Canadian political life. He was a native of Ontario, but of direct Irish parentage. A man of more than ordinary acquirements, possessing gifts that could not have failed in raising him above the ordinary level of those who court public notoriety, he unfortunately subjected every consideration—political, social, and national—to a sectarianism which is foreign to the interests of this young Dominion.

As has been our custom, on all occasions, when the inevitable hour came to a public man whose life has been marked by unreasoning opposition to our faith, we allow the grave to end all recriminations, and to bury the past as far as unpleasant memories of strife are concerned. Thus in announcing the fact of Mr. Wallace's death, we can only regret that the circumstances of his public career have been such that silence, on our part, is preferable to comment.

BISHOP BUTLER DEAD.

The Right Rev. Dr. Anthony Butler, Catholic Bishop of Demarara, the announcement of whose death is made in our English exchanges, had an eventful career. He was born in 1830, and was connected with many well-known County Clare and Galway families. At eighteen years of age, Anthony Butler, who had been educated at Clongowes College and at Oscott, near Birmingham, entered the army. He served in the Royal Irish Fusiliers (Fusiliers-Ballagh) for eighteen years, seeing much active service and receiving many medals with clasps for China and the Indian Mutiny. At that time "Tony Butler's" brother officers would have been much surprised if told that he was to be their chaplain later on in the West Indies. He left the army in 1856 and joined the Jesuits, and was ordained in 1857. In 1875 the Pope appointed him Bishop of Demarara. His funeral was a military one, and a large number assisted at

the funeral. He was a man of high character and a devoted pastor. His death is a great loss to the Church in Demarara.

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THE OFFICIAL TITLE OF OUR RELIGION

No Pope, no general or national council, no father or doctor of the Church, not one of her approved creeds, rituals or liturgies has ever used the term "Roman Catholic" as the official title of our religion...

Local Notes. THE LADIES OF CHARITY of St. Patrick's parish held their first meeting for the season on Tuesday evening last, the eighth instant...

PROF. FOWLER'S CLASS. Sixteen young men availed themselves of the opportunity offered by Professor Fowler and joined his sight-singing and musical theory class...

A NEW COMMUNITY. A new religious order has just been introduced into our diocese. The Sisters of Charity take care of the poor sick, visit their homes and remain with them, even during the night...

CARMELITE BELLS. On the 24th September, Mgr. Bruchesi blessed two bells for the new Carmelite Church in connection with the monastery. This monastery has been transferred from Hochelaga to the parish of Saint Denis...

BRANCH NO. 232. C. M. B. A. Grand Council of Canada, will inaugurate their social season on Friday evening, Oct. 25th, in the Drummond Hall, when the first of the progressive euchre parties and socials for the season of 1901 and 1902 will take place...

THE DOMINICANS. On Sunday, 29th September, the Rev. Dominican Fathers were installed as future pastors of the parish of Notre Dame de Grace. On that occasion the Rev. Abbe Ferland, who had acted as parish priest for a time...

ALL THE DIFFERENCE. The following convention took place during a recent election in the land between two free and independent electors: "Wat's these 'ere Socialists, Jack?" questioned one of the other. "Well," replied the other, "it's this way. If you had two pigs, one would, wouldn't you?" "Just think I would," replied Bill. "An' if you'd two fields, you'd give me one, wouldn't you?" "You bet I would," said Bill. "You bet I would," said a born Socialist. "If you'd two pigs you'd give me one, wouldn't you?" "Nay, I wouldn't," replied Bill. "Before I'd give yer one I'd fight yer fer it!" Bill had two pigs.

the Congregation de Notre Dame, the contemplative communities are represented by the monastery of the Precious Blood, and now the evangelizing communities will be represented by a convent of Dominican Fathers.

THE LATE O. J. DEVLIN, N.P. This week we have to record the death, after years of a lingering illness, of Mr. Owen Joseph Devlin, notary public. Mr. Devlin was for long years one of the leading and most active citizens of Montreal...

PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY LAND. The Most Rev. Father Frigidian Giannini, Custos of the Holy Land, Jerusalem, has received the consoling news that the Holy Father had instituted a "Commemorative Sacred Signia" to decorate the Faithful of any part of the world who devoutly visit the Holy Land...

RECEPTION FOR IRISH DELEGATES. By the following item of Boston news, it will be seen that preparations are being made for the proper reception of the coming Irish Parliamentary representatives. On Tuesday evening at the American House the United Irish League of Massachusetts met and made arrangements for its reception of the Irish envoys who are to speak at Mechanics' Hall Nov. 10.

A NEW CRIME FOR SILLERY PARISH. The parish Church of Sillery, Quebec, was the scene of a most inspiring and imposing ceremony last Sunday, when a chime of three bells was blessed by His Grace Archbishop Begin in the presence of a large number of the clergy and of thousands of the laity of every rank. The "Daily Telegraph" in referring to the event among other things, says:—

members of the parish and other friends of Father Maguire. During the ceremony the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Louis Jette and several distinguished guests filled the seats which were specially prepared for them in front of the altar railing. His Grace appeared in full Canonical vestments, and was supported on either side by the Rev. Father Tourangeau, O.M.L., Superior of St. Saviour Church, as dean, and Rev. Father Field, Superior of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, as sub-deacon.

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Minto Cup Struggle TO DECIDE THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP. Y. M. C. A. SHAMROCKS (Champions Vancouver) (Champions of the World) S.A.A.A. Grounds, Saturday, 12th Oct., 1901. Ball faced at 2.30 p.m. 1 1/2 Hours Play, Rain or Shine. PRICES OF ADMISSION, 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c. RESERVED SEAT TICKETS for sale by BRENNAN BROS., 1907 St. Catherine street; MACKENZIE BROS., 2346 St. Catherine street; JOHN T. LYONS, corner Craig and Bleury streets; FRANKSON & CO., Chaboullon Square; JOHN TUCKER, McCord street. N.B.—Members' Passes are Suspended for this Match. T. F. SLATTERY, Hon. Secretary.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY FOR IRELAND. Rev. Father Darlington, S.J., M.A., and Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, delivered a lecture on the subject of a Catholic University for Ireland in St. John's Hall, Wigan, last week, in the presence of a large and influential gathering of Catholics. The chair was taken by the Rev. Father Hayden, S.J., rector of St. John's, Wigan.

DEATH OF REV. MOTHER AUSTIN. At the House of Providence, Peterboro, on Thursday, Sept. 26th, at 3.30 p.m. Rev. Mother M. Austin, Superior of Congregations of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in the diocese of Portland, surrounded by the sorrowing Sisters of the community, departed this life. Her sickness was short. Ten days previously she visited the home of her beloved poor away from them she happily passed away. Her name in the world was Catherine Doran.

PEN PICTURE OF A PIONEER. From "The Cave by the Beach Park," an interesting and well-written story of pioneer life in Kentucky, from the pen of Rev. Henry S. Spalding, B.S., published by Benziger Bros., New York. We take the following pen picture:—"At the close of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century many Catholics emigrated from Maryland to Kentucky. One of these was a farmer named Zachary Howard. He sought a home where he and his family could enjoy the comforts of their holy religion, and for this end consulted Father Byrne, the resident pastor of Bardonia. Father Byrne had been for some time in quest of a settler who had means sufficient to buy a farm about nine miles east of Bardonia, and to erect a house which could be used as a stopping place for the priest who attended to the spiritual wants of the neighborhood. Such a one he found in Mr. Howard. The good man was overjoyed at the honor to be conferred upon him. Yes, what an honor! To have the Catholic families assemble beneath his humble roof, and the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered in his own dwelling.

As soon as Mr. Howard had occupied his new home he set to work to improve it. For miles around, except a few scattered clearings, there was one continuous, and in many places impervious forest. For wooded lands bordering on the Beech Fork River, about a half a mile from the settlement, were as wild and unbroken as when the Indians fought and hunted in the "Dark and Bloody Ground." The labor of hewing down the large oaks and hickories, or of "clearing," as it was commonly called, was a herculean one. Mr. Howard, however, was equal to the task before him. Although in his fifty-sixth year, he was as strong and active as a man of thirty. After ten years of hard and patient labor, he was the owner of a large and well stocked farm, with more than one hundred acres of rich land.

# Led Into Light.

By KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY, in the "ROSARY MAGAZINE"

I.  
George Ross felt tired, mentally and physically; moreover, a sense of impending calamity weighed him down. Although he tried to reason away the intangible fear that tugged at his heart-strings, it increased in force.

For some time he had been walking up and down the length of his library, listening nervously to the hurrying feet in the room overhead. But now he passed by the open window and looked out. Below him the smooth asphalt of Lexington avenue gleamed in the electric light. A ray from the lamp on the opposite corner fell upon his striking hair and his crown of crisp dark hair, and on his rugged face looked deep, penetrating eyes dark forth.

That he was a man of strong individuality and keen intellect was discernible at a glance. His firm mouth and square jaw betokened tenacity of purpose and a dominant will. But in his expression there was a kindness amounting almost to sweetness which attracted his weaker brethren. The night was hot; the atmosphere seemed surcharged with electricity. This thirtieth day of June had been a record-breaker in point of heat and a storm was imminent. Masses of lowering clouds hid the moon; a rumble of thunder sounded in the distance.

At another time George Ross would have lingered to watch the marshalling of the atmospheric forces, but just now he was too restless to remain inactive, and he soon resumed his tramp through the room.

Before he had taken many steps the door opened and a grave-faced doctor advanced towards him: "I'm sorry I can't bring you such good news this time, Mr. Ross. The child is a fine healthy little fellow as I reported before, but the mother's condition is causing us great anxiety; in fact, Dr. Latham bade me tell you that our worst fears are being realized."

Mr. Ross' lips whitened, but he gave no other sign of the emotions that rioted through his mind and heart.

"I have every confidence in Latham and yourself," he said quietly. "I know you will do your best for Mrs. Ross. Shall I go to her now?" "No, we'll send for you later on if well, if we think it advisable."

Mr. Ross nodded. He escorted Dr. Norris to the foot of the stairs and watched him enter the room above; then he returned to his study. As he stood there he thought of the eighteen years of his married life, and of the woman who had been his helpmate in sunshine and shadow.

If he had known how to pray, or if he had believed in the existence of a God, he would have poured out his soul in agonized supplications for her safety. But since he had passed the adolescent stage he had been an unbeliever, and now in his maturer years he was known as the founder of a new school of anti-seism which outrivalled the Kantian school.

This being so, he could only hope and wait. And all the while the undefinable fear grew stronger, until at last his blood felt as though it had turned into water.

He tried to calm his mind by thinking of his brilliant career as lecturer, author, and man of science. He thought of the pinnacle on which his labors had placed him; of the adulation he was constantly receiving from his disciples; of the ideal home and social life which he enjoyed. He dwelt, too, on the fact that after years of fruitless yearning he now had a son to inherit his name and fame; and that this, the dearest wish of his heart, had been gratified long after he had ceased to hope for its fulfillment. For the moment, the pride and ambitious hopes engendered by thoughts of his boy, made him forget all else. The next instant, he was roused from his reverie by the breaking of the storm.

The sky looked like congealed blood; streaks of forked lightning shot diagonally across it; peal after peal of thunder crashed over the roof-tops; the very air seemed palpitating with terror.

All at once his wonted calmness returned. He went far out and fearlessly watched the conflict of the elements.

The rain-swept avenue was deserted; even the cable cars no longer whizzed by. In the opposite house he caught a glimpse of a group of women huddled in a corner of the room. The vivid flashes of light showed him their white, scared faces. He noticed that they repeatedly made the sign of the cross, and his lip curled scornfully at sight of what he considered a superstitious practice.

As he again looked skyward, he beheld an intense, blue-white glare from out of which a line of light shaped like a writhing serpent, suddenly shot downward; it twisted about the slender spire of the church, then raced off; and, simultaneously, he felt as though a red-hot wire had pierced his eye-balls.

He jerked in his head and pressing his hands over his lids, swayed to and fro in voiceless agony.

"The lights, John!" he cried hoarsely. "I can't turn them on. Bring lamps—candles—anything—only be quick, to kill her!" he exclaimed. "Here—Mary—Jane—Bill—some of you bring down the doc—"

The word died in his throat as a strong hand gripped his wind-pipe. "Be still, you fool!" commanded Mr. Ross, "my wife will hear you. Do you want to kill her?" His fierce grip relaxed, and he said in his usual even tones:

"Go now. I forbid you to gossip about this down stairs. And unless I ring see that I am not disturbed." The man whimpered an assent and left the room.

Slowly and uncertainly Mr. Ross walked to his desk in the space between the two windows, and sank into a chair. The fury of the storm had abated and a cool, refreshing breeze played on his forehead. He was quaking from head to foot. A sense of utter helplessness oppressed him. The darkness which hemmed him in, filled him with horror. He turned his head from side to side and waved his arms wildly as though to dissipate it. Staggering to his feet he moved towards the window. A heavy oak table was in his path. He collided with it. In his frenzy he beat his hands against it until they were cruelly bruised. Once more he sought the chair before his desk. As he settled into it, he moaned, "Blind! Blind!" and great convulsions in impotent fury. But he consoled himself with the thought that his aid, and presently was able to think calmly.

He fully realized what had befallen him. His scientific knowledge made it possible for him to diagnose his own case. And, by a curious coincidence, his friend Professor Knapp had told him only three days before, of a parallel case, where sudden and complete loss of sight had resulted from exposure to intense light. He remembered that the great oculist had said the prognosis in these rare cases was bad, as the central scotoma or blind spot produced by the exposure, invariably remained, despite all leeches, electricity, or hypodermic injections of strychnia which were tried.

The thought that his public career was practically closed in this, his forty-fifth year, was inexpressibly bitter. He would have to abandon the series of lectures which were setting New York agog; he must cease working on his new book of Materialistic Philosophy, which he confidently expected would win fresh laurels for him; he would be forever shut out from the sunlight; and, bitterest thought of all, his eyes would never be gladdened by the sight of his child's face!

As these ideas flashed through his mind, he was seized with a sickening sensation of giddiness; his head fell forward on his breast and for a period merciful oblivion was vouchsafed him.

II.  
When George Ross struggled back to consciousness, he nerved himself to face with stoic boldness the darkness which no longer trembled like a frightened child. He resolved to accept misfortune with as cool and immovable a front as he had hitherto accepted the favors showered on him by Dame Fortune. None must think that disaster had bowed the proud spirit, or broken down the superb courage for which he was noted.

His firmness of purpose wavered somewhat as he thought of the grief into which the news of his condition would plunge his wife,—that loving, gentle woman who had made him her god. In his solitude for her it accidentally comforted him to remember that if the doctors' fears were well grounded, she need never know the worst; that her life would flicker out peacefully, and that she would not be called upon to share his burden.

As though in answer to this unspoken thought, he heard Dr. Latham's voice at his elbow: "Ross, dear friend, I have a painful duty to perform. Your poor wife is dying. For years she had suffered with valvular heart trouble of a serious nature. She would not let you know lest it disturb you to the extent of interfering with your work. Neither Dr. Norris nor myself dared oppose her will by speaking openly. But for the past few weeks I have been trying by guarded hints to prepare you for the inevitable. She wishes to take leave of you now. I beg that you will try to keep your natural emotion in check. She has been so patient and resigned all along, that it would be a pity if her serenity was disturbed at the end."

He paused and waited for an answer. None came.

Ross, dear fellow, you must meet this trouble like a man. Come now, look up—Oh, good God!

The exclamation was wrung from the doctor at sight of his friend's anguished face and unseeing stare. "So you, too, think this is the handiwork of your God!" said Mr. Ross bitterly. "Yet you call Him good, and John duba Him merciful! Why not say He was wise, also, to bide His time and make me blind when I most need my sight?"

Dr. Latham answered soothingly and asked for details of the accident. They were given clearly and succinctly. "Knapp is out of town," wound up Mr. Ross. "When he comes back to-morrow I will place myself under his care. He has one similar case. In speaking of it he told me the eyes looked normal when glanced at casually, but that the ophthalmoscope disclosed an opaque spot of white at the macula surrounded by a ring of congestion. Examine mine and tell me if Millicent is likely to notice my blindness. I intend to conceal it from her, if possible."

"She won't know. Dying eyes are not sharp. But have you strength enough to play such a part beside her deathbed? It would be a terrible ordeal!"

"You had so terrible a case to let her suspect the truth, or to ram it down her throat when she asks for me. Give me your arm, Latham. You must help me to a chair close by her, and guide my hand so that it may clasp hers. Don't be afraid. I won't break down."

A few moments later he was in the room where the Angels of Death and Life hovered over the mother and her babe.

"I have given you a son, Heart's Dearest," Mrs. Ross said faintly. "Before long he will take my place."

"No one can ever do that, Millicent,—neither man, woman, or child."

He could not see the love-light in her face, but the weak pressure of his fingers spoke volumes.

"I want you to look at our boy now," she whispered. "Nurse bring him here, please. See, George, isn't he pretty? What color do you think his eyes are?"

Mr. Ross' head drooped lower: "I hardly know, dear. Blue, are they not?" She smiled triumphantly. "George, you are color-blind! They are brown,—deep, deep brown, like your own."

A stifled groan broke from the blind man. She did not hear it. The fictitious strength which had come to her at sight of him was fading away. She gasped for breath and moaned feebly as a spasm of pain shot through her.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Millicent?" he asked tenderly. "Is there any wish of yours ungratified?"

Her cold hands clung to his. In broken sentences she cried: "Oh, George, I'm afraid to die! You said there was no after life. I gave up my faith for you, and now I'm left here, nothing is slipping away from me; there is nothing to hold on to. I feel death's icy touch on my heart. The logical sophistries of the people we know, bring me nothing of comfort. There is a God somewhere. I feel it now. But I cannot see Him."

She fell back exhausted, the death-dew on her brow. He bent over her, murmuring every word and reassuring word that came to him. For awhile there was silence. The ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece seemed to beat on his brain with the force of a sledge hammer.

Presently she spoke again, this time more faintly than before: "George—the baby—I want him baptized. I won't rest easy in my grave unless—"

The nurse, a stout woman in snowy apron, kerchief, and quaint cap, stepped to the bedside again. Her stern-faced face looked like a withered apple which still retained a tinge of pristine rosin.

She bent over the dying woman and said softly to her, "You must, as you say, listen to Peggy, for she knows you all the thirty-eight years of your life. Let me send for the priest. Old Father Mack lives in the next block. He'll christen your baby and give you the good word in your ear. Darlint, let me fetch him!"

With sudden and marvellous strength Millicent Ross raised herself on the pillows: "George, I may send for him? You will let him come?"

"Old Father Mack will carry her rheumatic limbs close as fast as he can. Dr. Latham administered a cordial which brought back some color to the gray face. George Ross still sat, beside her, with lowered eyelids. His self-control never faltered although a venerable old man, who had seen her through her darkest hours, whispered, "My baby, — baptize him!"

Peggie made some hasty preparations and picking up a small white bundle, she stepped to the door. When he approached the bed Millicent whispered, "My baby, — baptize him!"

"What name?" asked Father Mack. Mr. Ross did not answer; neither did his wife. She was watching that animate bundle with wistful eyes.

"George, after his father, permit me to suggest Dr. Latham," Mr. Ross shook his head negatively.

"Anthony, after your father, darlint," put in Peggie. "And this is St. Anthony's birthday, too!"

No objection being made, the priest repeated the name and went through the baptismal service in its simplest form. Then he again stooped over the mother, and spoke to her in low, earnest tones.

"The trend of his thoughts was disturbed by her thrilling whisper: "Dear love—goodbye! We'll meet again. Our boy will bring you to me. I'll wait for you—up there—with my Saviour and—"

These were her last words. Her breathing became more labored; the dread death-rattle sounded in her throat; then followed a few long-drawn breaths; a convulsive quivering of the limbs, and all was over.

Father Mack closed her eyes, and turning to the bereaved husband murmured a word of comfort. "That will do; you've completed what you considered your duty."

"Here—I will pay you, my dear! He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills. The priest gently pushed back the outstretched hand:

"We expect neither money or thanks for doing our duty," he said with simple but no less earnest words. "May God in His mercy console you. And may you one day see light."

A species of frenzy shook George Ross. "Clear out all of you!" he shouted. "Leave me, Peggie, and you, sir, go! Leave me alone with my dead!" They obeyed silently. But at the door the priest stopped and took the child from the nurse. He went back and held it up so that its stiff face touched that of the stricken man.

"The living has a claim on you as well as the dead. Remember that!" he said solemnly.

Suddenly Mr. Ross' arms closed around the little one. The downy head cuddled against his neck and his eyes, which had been closed, opened and gazed intently through the room. Then Father Mack raised his hand in silent benediction and went out softly.

III.  
Five years rolled by, bringing to George Ross an ever-increasing gloom and despondency.

The leading oculists of America had failed in their efforts to restore his sight. They had all declared him incurable. But an English specialist who had won fame by a new method of treating the eyes with electricity, gave a different verdict. He assured the patient that he would bring back the sight by persistent treatment, and that it would probably return as suddenly and as completely as the lightning flash which had struck him.

Mr. Ross put himself in this specialist's hands, yet he felt utterly hopeless as to the result. He was weary of life and was only restrained from self-destruction by love for his son. The child was the one ray of light in his darkened existence—the one bright star in the never-ending night, through which he moved. He idolized the boy, and Anthony, in turn, adored this sad-faced man who was so cold and stern to all save him.

Soon as he could toddle, he led him into the street, and he grew older he gravely called himself "Daddy's Eyes."

They were inseparable. "Mr. Ross talked to him as though he were a companion of his own age. The sympathy existed between them and just now Anthony was perched on his father's knee. He held a small mirror into which he gazed intently.

"I haven't grown much since my last birthday, Daddy," he said, "you must have how I looked then?" "Yes, little son, but I want a word picture of yourself. But I want another now."

"Well, my eyes look like Peggie's chocolate drops, or you there a lot of shiny white round them, and they're very big, and my hair's the same as with it's, too long, it makes me hot an' the boys call me girl-baby. Can't I cut it off, Daddy?"

"I'll speak to Peggie about it by-and-by, dear. Go on."

"Oh, that's all, only I have a teeny weeny mole on an' there's a frowny place, just like yours on my forehead."

"But you never grow, Tony, you are always smiling?"

"Dead, no, Daddy. I've got a big temper, inside of me. It did jump out to-day, when I saw a tin-toe, an' I knocked Cousin Eddie down."

"Anthony! He's older and stronger than you! What was the trouble?"

"He snatched you, Daddy. He said you didn't believe in God; then I hit him hard on the nose!"

"So you are an exponent of muscular Christianity! Humph! All you professing believers, big and little, are alike; you are ready to kill each other at any time for a mere difference of opinion. Now you must tell your cousin you are sorry. He was quite right. I do not believe in God!"

The child wound his arms around his father's neck, and kissing the shut lids, said pitifully, "Oh, my poor, poor Daddy! That's 'cause you can't see!"

The sorrow in the sweet voice went straight to the father's heart. He dared not trust himself to cry. "I am your 'Eyes,' Daddy dear. I'll show you where God is. His house is in the sky. My mudder is with him. She comes sometimes when I'm asleep. She says she's waiting up there for you an' me, an' that I must bring you to her."

George Ross started at the remembered his wife's farewell words. Then he said quietly, "You are fanciful, my boy. Your mother died when you were six hours old, so how could you know her even if it was possible for her to come to you in a dream?"

"Oh, I did know her the very first time," the child said confidently. "It was when I was so awful sick. She did hold out her arms and smile at me. Daddy, you believed in God that you pray to Him."

George Ross winced. He did not like to be reminded of what he called his "momentary weakness," when he had dropped on his knees beside his fever-ravaged child, and echoed old Peggy's prayer: "Oh, God, don't take him from me. In thy mercy let him live!"

He put the boy down gently. "Then away, Tony, and play with your birthday presents."

The child obeyed, and the father paced the length of his library wrapped in thought.

He recalled the days of his youth, and the unhappiness in his home resulting from that crying evil known as "a mixed marriage."

When he grew old enough to have an opinion of his own, he refused to embrace the religious tenets held by his father, and was equally reluctant to find out for himself the underlying principles of Christianity, and select the creed that seemed most in accord with them.

To further this end, he began a course of desultory reading, and was soon lost in a quagmire of sophisms, as misleading as it was brilliant. He emerged from it a confirmed unbeliever, and for twenty years waged war against the Creator. His weapon was not the sword of ridicule so stingingly wielded by some of his brethren, or the blasphemous invectives which defeated their own end by disgusting the listener. With all the strength of personal conviction he denied that there was anything mystical in the universe outside of human consciousness. He rejected the Bible as an authority in doctrine and morals on the plea that it consisted solely of hypothetical assumptions and untenable statements; and he had a way of presenting the rationale of his narrative,—human and theological adjectives,—which impressed the hearer.

As he was master of one of the best prose styles, his writings were eagerly read, and his lectures were largely attended. "Facts" when expounded by this clear-voiced, keen-brained man of science were accepted more readily than they would be if presented by a less gifted individual.

He paused now in his walk, and sighed heavily as he remembered that this was the fifth anniversary of the night when his public career had come to a sudden end.

His gloomy reflections were interrupted by the hasty entrance of his son. The boy rushed up to him, and in a voice vibrating with excitement, cried: "Daddy—Daddy,—come quick! Peggie's niece told me 'bout a Church of Science street, where blind people are cured. St. Anthony is down there. Let us go. He will make you see. Hurry—Oh, Daddy, hurry!"

"Don't be a silly baby! Peggie must not let any one put such superstitious notions in your head. I won't have it. Now let me hear no more of this nonsense!"

Never before had Anthony heard a note of sternness in his father's voice when addressing him. He quivered back, dismayed, abashed, brave little fellow, so he tried to restrain the starting tears, but he could not choke back the sob that shook his small frame.

At sound of it, the blind man's head was bowed, and he said tenderly: "Come to me, Tony. I didn't mean to be cross."

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Our Boys

A BOY'S SUGAR

hundred years ago, a faced, awkward years dressed in coat and short stockings or shoring at the door in northern England the village school, that person appeared very modestly.

"I would like to go to school, sir."

"And what do you want to be when you are grown up, sir?"

"I want to be a writer, sir," answered the schoolmaster.

"The schoolmaster's boy's honesty (as scornfully and you can attend, legged laddie like he doing something in his letters."

"door in the lad's hall, corner Seigneurs and Notre-Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kano, secretary."

"He did it by his cause he made up the best he could away. His ignorance, not a fault, too poor to send a young man to a school where he would be a failure."

"For several years he picked stones, made fireman him at the age of six, pigman of a post superior to him."

But all this time of books, he had on engineering and complete a knowledge that he was able and make any one else "grip, bare legs, smarter than he is."

fact his teacher was ing out after that, after that to drive a crew coal from the fed and half cloth that" he had a "his sturdy little man."

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