

The Truth and Witness



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PREPARATORY JUBILEE RETREAT FOR MEN, AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

An Outline of Rev. Father Ryan's Eloquent and Practical Discourses.

SUNDAY EVENING.—"The Rights of God and the Duties of Man Towards God" was the subject of the eloquent sermon with which the Rev. Father Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, opened the retreat for men in St. Patrick's Church on Sunday evening last. He took as his text the words "I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt not have strange gods before me." These words, he said, are written, as St. Paul declared, on the fleshy tablets of every man's heart, and can be read by him in the natural light. The predominant note of this new century will be "The Rights of God and the Duties of man Towards God." A good deal was said during the last century, and especially towards the end of it, as was also the case towards the end of the century that preceded it, of the rights of man, as they are called. The old man of the Vatican, Leo XIII, who looks into the future as he reads the records of the past, in writing a luminous letter regarding this new century referred to it as one in which there would be special recognition and devotion to the Kingdom and Royalty of the Eternal Son of God.

Almighty God has a triple right over man—the right of property, the right of labor, the right of purchase. Corresponding to these rights man has a threefold duty to fulfill—the duty of education and worship, the duty of prayer, the duty of service and self-sacrifice. There is no necessity to enter into a discussion on the rights of private and personal property—movable or immovable things, such as land. In reality man has no absolute, no supreme or independent right to such things. For instance, man did not make land. He cannot do as he likes with it; for he must respect the rights of others. Henry George said that man has a right to everything he makes. He was logically correct in arriving at this conclusion from the principles he laid; but those principles were false. Man makes nothing. He only gives form to things. He may build a wooden house, but he did not make the tree. He may chisel a statue, but he did not make the marble. God alone makes everything, and He has an absolute, independent, and supreme right to everything. He made man, and He made the dust, out of which He created man. He created man's soul. He has therefore a supreme and independent right over man. When man was about to be made the Eternal Trinity took counsel, and said, "Let us make man." So that God has a perpetual right to man; and every creature, from the highest angel to the lowest intelligent man has the same duty to perform—to go on his knees and adore and worship God. The so-called science of the age has done its best to rob man of his knowledge of the existence of God. Catholics should defend God's rights, and spread His Church's teachings amongst those whose souls are darkened by sin and whose hearts are hungry and thirsty for a knowledge of the truth. Every Catholic has an individual apostleship in this respect.

God has a right to man's labor. One of the problems of the day is the labor question. What is wanted is a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. Leo XIII, who loves to be called the Pope of the people, has descended from his Papal throne, and mingled amongst the workmen, and written powerful letters in advocacy of fair treatment for the laborers. But a greater than Leo has solved the labor question for ever. Christ came down from his throne in Heaven and labored, both as a man and as God; labored with the sweat of His brow and His heart. Some people are talking about dignifying labor. Christ has already dignified it, and defiled it. It is the laborer who stands in need of being dignified. What wages does God ask for having come down and labored for us? Not much. Morning and evening prayer, which takes very little time to say devoutly, and Mass once a week, on Sundays, and a frequentation of the sacraments. To go to communion once a year, at Easter time, to keep barely within the Church's fold, is surely not enough. It is not a generous wage, considering the work that God has done for us. To-day's beautiful Gospel told us that the Lord said: "I am the Good Shepherd, and I lay down my life for my flock." He did not say laid, but lay. Our Lord did not only live for us; but He also died for us; that gave Him a new right of purchase. In commercial affairs a man gets what he pays for and pays for what he gets—although in these days some men do not always pay for what they get. That, however, is the gen-

eral rule, Christ paid for us. St. Paul says: "You are bought at a great price; the price was the blood of Christ, who paid it over the counter of the Cross. Each of us must say 'He lived for me, and He died for me.' God does not act generally with men, but particularly and individually. What are we to do for God for having died for us? We are not absolutely bound to shed our blood for Him, although some of the early Fathers held that we undertake to do so in Baptism if necessary. The early Christians, as we all know, were nearly all martyrs; and there are, thank God, martyrs to-day—noble men and noble women who are ready to live and die for God, and who do live and die for Him. Others write in the press and talk on platforms about what they have done; but these Catholic men and women give up their lives in silence in spreading the Gospel and in assuaging human misery and suffering. We are not asked to do that, but we are asked to kill our sinful selves, to kill the sinful other self, to kill the sin within us. To accomplish that end retreats are made. Let the men who are listening to me do that. See what are the occasions of your sins and avoid them. See what led you astray, and shun it. Resolve to persevere in this amendment of your lives; and not your own lives alone; but help others to amend theirs. Pray to Almighty God, pray to Jesus, the Great Self-Sacrificer, in all sincerity of heart, to give you grace to do your duty towards God, towards the Redeemer, and you will have here a foretaste of the glory for which you will thus be preparing yourselves.

MONDAY EVENING.—"Whv, how and when should I save my soul?" was Father Ryan's theme in his discourse on Monday evening. The text was taken from the Book of Genesis; and the angel said: "Save thine own soul." Man, the preacher pointed out, has a duty to perform to himself—he has, of course, several duties. He has the duty of self-respect, the duty of self-reverence, the duty of self-denial, the duty of self-sacrifice. But he has also one supreme and universal duty—that of saving his own soul. In the sermon I delivered on Sunday evening I answered the question, why should a man save his own soul? It is a business-like question—a question of profit and loss. Before a man invests his money in an industrial, commercial or other venture he asks himself, "Will it pay?" It is very difficult to find out beforehand whether it will or not, there are so many uncertainties connected with the things of this life. The money market may change; prices may vary; the weather, fire, water, and the free will of man could affect the investment. There are many risks to the investor to run; there is always danger of failure; and perhaps there are more failures than successes. There is only one investment worth making—one that will last forever—and that investment is in our own immortal soul. What is the value of this soul? In this investment there is no deceit, no danger of loss, because its value is absolutely certain. It is valuable because of its very nature. It is essentially material, spiritual, immortal, created to God's own image and likeness. On the previous evening I explained the value which God has placed upon man's soul. He is infinitely good and all-wise; and He would not pay for it the price of laying down His life and shedding His blood if it had not an infinite value. We know this for certain. Yet how little do we think of our soul? How ready we are to barter it, to give it away for nothing! At the university of Paris St. Ignatius met a gifted young man, whose talents were bound to make him succeed in life. His name was Francis. Ignatius read his character. "Francis," he said to him one day, "you are brilliant and gifted, you are first in the ranks of the students here in the university. When you leave it what do you intend to do?" "To follow my profession of the law," was the reply. "But what then?" asked St. Ignatius. "To rise to be a judge." "What then?" To become distinguished more and more." "What then?" The young man could not answer. St. Ignatius spoke to him of his soul. "O Francis!" he said, "you are a gifted, noble youth! Take thought of your soul." And he quoted the very words of Our Saviour on the question of profit and loss. "What will it profit you if you gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of your soul? What will you take in exchange for your soul? Francis took the words to heart and afterwards, as St. Francis Xavier, he became a millionaire—that is, he went east and converted

millions to the true Church, saving millions of souls. Here is a lesson for every one of you. You are all in a sense apostles. Learn the value of your soul. Take steps to save it. This is an age of societies, some of them not Catholic; not Christian; others Catholic, like the excellent Total Abstinence Society attached to St. Patrick's Church, the League of the Sacred Heart, etc. Join one of these, and become soldier in the good cause. But take care of the danger that lies in some of these Catholic societies—that of selfishness, bred by jealousy of the success of other Catholic societies. Join good Catholic societies, in which all the members are united in our common faith for the work of the salvation of souls.

How am I to save my soul? In the Scriptures you read of the young man who came to Our Saviour asking him what he should do to save his soul. He was told to keep the commandments, and he stated that he had kept them from his youth up. Our Lord looked at him, and said: "If you want to save your soul, to be a hero, sell all you have, give the proceeds to the poor, and come and follow me." The young man paused, and the Scriptures tell us he went away sad, for he had great possessions. He did not earn them; he inherited them from his father; to inherit great possessions is a misfortune. Mr. Carnegie, the Pittsburgh multi-millionaire, said the other day that the greatest misfortune that could befall a young man was to be too rich. Of course, the Scriptures do not say that it is impossible for the rich to be saved; but it is hard for them to be saved. These misfortunes—to inherit much wealth, or to expect to do so—keep young men from working and saving up; they live idle lives; they wear their own souls and the souls of others; they bring shame upon their people; they die young as a rule and go to the grave in degradation. We should all work at legitimate employment. What each of us has to do is to save his soul simply to keep the commandments of God and the precepts of His Church; to work out our own salvation.

TUESDAY EVENING.—"Sin" was the subject of the sermon on Tuesday evening—a subject which is, said Father Ryan, ever ancient yet ever new. Giving a liberal translation to a passage in Isaiah, its real meaning was that the fruit of every mission and every retreat, and all the sacraments of the Catholic Church and the sufferings and death of Christ, has the same end; and that is, that sin should be destroyed. If all these powerful supernatural agents are concentrated that sin should be destroyed, then surely sin was worth while considering. Sin, although great, though terrible, though awful in its effects, is very difficult to understand. One of its effects is the falling away from God's Church and the peril which that means to the soul. The greatest triumph of the devil is the loss, the obliteration of the idea of sin. We hear about sin as an external impiety, as a personal and as a social evil. That is true so far as it goes, but it leaves the real nature of sin out of the question, because it leaves out God. Sin is not an of-

fence against the state or against society, or against man's dignity and honor. Possibly it may be such; but it is much more. It is an offence against Almighty God. God's judgment and punishment of sin should be considered very seriously. Sin was first committed in Heaven amongst the angels. They were created for the glory of God; they have free will; they have powerful intellects; they have superior knowledge; they are of different ranks; and as the poet well says: "Order is Heaven's first law; and this confounded. Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

Lucifer belonged to the greatest order of Seraphim. He thought himself like a God. But the highest angel, as I remarked on a previous evening, had to save his own soul as well as we have, by prayer, respect, reverence and adoration. The reward is eternal glory; Lucifer was wanted to be greater than the Most High, and that thought he communicated to other angels, who became his followers. But he and they were immediately stricken by the power of God, and they sank to the lowest depths of hell. There are millions and millions of angels; they are more numerous than all the men who have lived. One-third of their number fell with Lucifer; and the men who save their souls are to take their places in Heaven, once occupied by those fallen angels. Oh! pause and think of that swift judgment of God for a single sinful thought; and pause and think of the hell judgment. The punishment of the angels was eternal and terrible; and if that were so for one sin, one sinful thought, what must be His punishment for numerous sins of thought and word and act! God bears with us because, although He is infinitely just, even in His justice there is mercy; and because He is also infinitely good and infinitely merciful. If He does not give us at once the punishment we deserve for all our sins, it is also because Christ shed His blood for us, and loves us, and wishes us to be saved; and because His Beloved Mother is praying and interceding for us, and saints and friends and little children are praying for us. But God may not always be so patient with us. Any of your sinful thoughts or your sins may be your last; and you may not have time to repent. You all know of the sin of the first man, Adam, and of the terrible consequences of it—all the wars, plagues, diseases, miseries, sorrows, all the evils which have punished and are punishing us ever since.

Those fallen angels are ever going about throughout the world seeking to tempt man to sin. Be on your guard against sin and all the occasions of sin. See the evils that Marxism is bringing into different countries, especially in that once great Catholic country, France. It is making war upon God's Church, that Church which is putting forth all its energies to save your souls. Make reparations to God for all this. Stand together in defence of the Church. Join such excellent Catholic societies as that of the Holy Name, and the League of the Sacred Heart. Wee to the man who lives all alone! Rally round your clergy, and second their endeavors in behalf of Catholic education, particularly higher education. I was delighted to see your High School. It is just what was wanted. A better time is, however, coming; and it is of great importance for Catholic young men to be equipped for every work of active life, industrial, commercial and political. Once more I say, rally round your priest; be capable and earnest defenders of the Church; join good Catholic societies in which the rule is for the members to go to communion once a month. Examine well your hearts, your minds, and your surroundings, and do your duty as Catholics. In this way sin shall be destroyed, and you will promote God's glory and secure the salvation of your souls.

Church that in the next world there are but two states—Heaven and hell. They denied the existence of purgatory. Luther said that it did not matter what a man believed so long as he lived well. But it does matter a great deal. The Church teaches us—they are dogmas of the Catholic Church, and it is not for us to argue about them, but to accept them—that there are three states: Heaven, a place of eternal happiness; hell, a place of eternal punishment; and purgatory, a place of temporary punishment. Into purgatory the saints have gone before they entered Heaven. The Church will come from there by the Church Triumphant in Heaven, the Church Militant on earth and the Church suffering in purgatory. It is our duty to pray for the souls in purgatory, so as to hasten their entry into Heaven.

Let us consider the funeral, the burial, and the epitaph written on the tomb of the soul eternally damned. "The rich man died, and was buried in hell." You all know who the rich man was. He was clad in purple and fine linen and he feasted sumptuously every day. He turned Lazarus, a poor beggar, away from his door. The rich man, the capitalist, is feasting sumptuously every day on the blood-money taken from Lazarus, the poor workman. It is said that the next great upheaval will come from there by the north, nor from the east, but will be caused by the millionaire capitalists, who are lordling it over the downtrodden and despised masses of to-day. However that may be, the rich man died, and we may infer that he died suddenly; and we are told by implication that his body was borne with a showy procession to the tomb. Nobody would bury poor Lazarus. But the angels did, and they accompanied his soul. Instead of angels there were dancing demons around the soul of the rich man, for he went to hell. The Church teaches us that everyone who dies in a state of mortal sin goes to hell, and that as true as God is in Heaven, He may have been baptized, and confirmed, and have gone many times to Communion, and even have been anointed, and prayed for in Church, and mentioned in the newspapers; yet, having died in mortal sin after a bad life, he is buried in hell. The epitaph on the tomb of his soul was: "To the memory, intellect and will of the soul buried in hell." He remembered Lazarus, for he called out to him for a drop of cold water. In this life he was unjust, cruel, hard-hearted, sensual, voluptuous, bad sinful! It must be remembered that he was not condemned because he was a rich man. Abraham was a rich man too, and Lazarus rests in his bosom. He was justly condemned because he died in mortal sin. Had he died in mortal sin he would have been buried in hell also. There are many poor men who get no comfort here, and who have no hope of going to Heaven, and who will go to hell. For God is just, and rewards or punishes according to merits or demerits.

Now is the time for you to review your lives and ask yourselves seriously what you have done with your talents, your gifts, your lives. By putting off confession, contrition, resolution of amendment, communion, you are running the risk of being buried in hell, where the eternally tortured souls see clearly the bad lives they led, but see it too late. As the prophet said, they see their shame. Rouse up, and accustom yourself to see the state of your souls, to see the danger of postponing repentance and contrition, of being sent to hell for eternity. If you do your duty to God your epitaph will be written in His Sacred Heart in Heaven.

The poet said: "Let the dead bury their dead." But the dead past cannot bury its dead. The dead will rise again to be rewarded or punished. Every soul is created for putting off confession, contrition, even in hell there is a yearning amongst the lost souls for the sight of God, a desire to leave that place of everlasting torture and to pass over the great chasm which separates Hell from Heaven. But they cannot pass over it. In this life they could have passed over; but they would not. Angels have passed over that precipice; the Blessed Mother of God and her Divine Son have passed over it. And the damned souls have come on their knees to the Son of God, praying Him to have mercy on them, and they have supplicated the Blessed Virgin for her intercession. But it was in vain. They were in hell for all eternity. The body of Lazarus had been rot-

ting for four days; and when Jesus Christ saw it he wept with compassion. What a sublime spectacle! He called to Lazarus to arise and come forth, and he did so. Jesus Christ, as the apostles tell us, is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, with the contrite sinner, with the man who leads a good life. He is calling him to-day to arise and come forth. "Now," He says, "is the time for mercy. Come, and follow me." Here the will comes into play. Will you not listen to and obey the merciful and compassionate voice of the Saviour and arise from your sins? or will you say to yourself that you are contented where you are, and you will not heed His voice. If He is merciful and tender to the repentant sinner, His wrath is terrible to the man who persists in sin and refuses to follow Him. For the sake of your own souls, for the sake of those who are dear to you, for the sake of the Blessed Virgin, for the sake of Christ the Son of God, rise up, heed His voice, accept His great mercy, place your hearts and intellects and will at His disposal, make a general confession of your sins, be truly repentant, go to communion, and then you will pass over the abyss and enter Heaven.

A GRAND TRIBUTE.

In reviewing the life of the late James Martineau, the great Unitarian Minister, an American writer quotes his tribute to the Catholic Church. It is one that surpasses even Macaulay's famous passage in Van Ranke's "History of the Popes." The Rev. Mr. Martineau wrote thus:—

"Long and far was this church the sole vehicle of Christianity, that bore it on over the storms of ages, and sheltered it amid the clash of nations. It evangelized the philosophy of the East, and gave some solidity to its wild and voluptuous dreams. It received into its bosom the savage conquerors of the North, and nursed them successively out of utter barbarism. It stood by the desert fountain, from which all modern history flows, and dropped into it the sweetening branch of Christianity, truth and peace. It presided at the birth of art, and liberally gave its traditions into the young hands of color and design. Traces of its labors, and of its versatile power over the human mind are scattered throughout the globe. It has created the memory of the lost cities of Africa, and given to Carthage a Christian, as well as a classic, renown. The mountains of Switzerland have heard its Vespers mingling with the cry of liberty, and its Requiem sung over patriot graves. The convulsions of Asiatic history have failed to overthrow it; on the heights of Lebanon, on the plains of Armenia, in the provinces of China, either in the seclusion of the convent, or the stir of population, the names of Jesus and Mary still ascend. It is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm which this ancient and picturesque religion kindles in its disciples. To the poor peasant who knows no other dignity it must be a proud thing to feel himself a member of a vast community that spreads from Andes to the Indus; that has had defiance to the vicissitudes of fifteen centuries and adorned itself with the genius and virtues of them all; that beheld the transition from ancient to modern civilization, and itself forms the connecting link between the Old World in Europe and the new; the missionary of the nations, the associate of history, the patron of art, the vanquisher of the sword."

A JUBILEE GIFT.

Rev. Matthew A. Taylor, rector of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New York, whose silver jubilee is soon to occur, has been presented by his parishioners with \$30,000 to pay for a new parochial residence. The people wished to make a personal present, but Father Taylor asked that it take the form of a rectory.

There is only one person in the world to whom we may be severe. There is one who deserves it and on whom we may vent all our severity, and that person is our own self.

GOLDWIN SMITH

On the Progress of Religious Thought.

A REVIEW BY "ORUX."

In last week's issue I analyzed a portion, especially the introduction, of Professor Goldwin Smith's contribution to "Religious Thought in the Nineteenth Century," to the "New York Sun." I have left aside for a brief space the serial essay on "Irish Endurance," in order to take up this important work. As the Professor's article fills twelve solid columns of the "Sun," it stands to reason that I could not do it justice in less than a dozen issues of the "True Witness." However, I cannot allow his expressed views concerning the Catholic Church in Europe, and in the Province of Quebec, to go unchallenged; and as his closing remarks—which constitute a summary of the whole article—are of paramount importance, I will have to crave indulgence if I continue, next week, this review, and follow the able writer to the end of his story.

While it would be absolutely impossible for me to go step by step along the lengthy road traversed by Goldwin Smith in this elaborate exposition of his personal views, still, for obvious reasons, I desire to quote one paragraph, which deals with a man whose name once rang throughout all America—I mean James Anthony Froude. Smith says of him:— "James Anthony Froude had been a follower and fellow-worker of Newman. But on Newman's secession he not only hung back, but violently recoiled and produced a highly sceptical work, "The Nemesis of Faith," which entailed his resignation of a clerical fellowship in an Oxford college. Then he exemplified the strange variations of the age by coming out as an historian in the colors of Carlyle."

It is evident that there was "no love lost" between Goldwin Smith and Froude. Of course, the personal jealousies of rival professors may account for the somewhat uncompromising manner in which one ex-Oxford teacher deals with the life-work and influence of another; but, it is impossible, in tracing the progress of religious thought in America, to dissociate Froude and Father Tom Burke, O.P. Yet Smith finds a way to slap Froude a little sharply, while absolutely ignoring the historian's great rival, opponent and conqueror. In this do I perceive, still more strongly than in his actual work, the animus of the Professor against aught that was good, great, or grand in the Catholic Church.

Possibly Mr. Smith is honest, that is to say, that he does not believe himself to be swayed by any unfounded and unjustifiable prejudices; yet, no man can read the following without a feeling akin to amusement:—

"The Roman Catholic Church has not suffered from criticism, historical, literary, or scientific, in the same way as the Protestant churches, that is, internally, because it depends not so much on intellectual conviction, as on ecclesiastical organization; and rests comparatively little on the authority of the Bible. Its priesthood has not been affected like the clergy of the Church of England or the ministries of the Protestant churches. But it has everywhere been losing the educated classes, or retained a part of them not so much from conviction, still less from speculative conviction, as because its alliance is congenial to political and social reaction."

Reasoning false; facts inexact! The Catholic Church has not suffered from criticism; but ecclesiastical organization is not the reason. She has suffered no loss of strength and influence, because she is the "Pillar and Ground of Truth," her doctrines are immutable, her foundation was Divine, and she enjoys the exceptional advantage of the perpetual presence of Christ to prevent "the gates of Hell" from "prevailing against her." In support of his assertion that she has been losing the educated classes, he can only cite the case of St. George Mivart—a very poor and isolated case when contrasted with the Newmans, Mannings, Brownsons, and scores of other eminently educated men that have been attracted to her standard by the light of Truth within her. He then says:—

"In Italy, the centre of the system, while the poorer classes still flock to the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples or the exudation of the bones of St. Andrew at Anagni, still climb the Holy Staircase on their knees, or make pilgrimages to the House of Loreto, the general tone of intelligence is described as sceptical, though aristocratic families, more especially those of Papal creation, adhere to the Papacy on political and social rather than on religious grounds. Near to the shrine of Ignatius Loyola stands the statue of Giordano

Bruno, on the spot of his martyrdom by fire, 'dedicated to him by the age which he foresaw.' " This all proves nothing. The scenes in Rome, Naples, Loreto, Lourdes, and other shrines of Catholic pilgrimage during the Holy Year just closed, constitute facts that crush into powder this assumption of the unbelieving professor. Not the "poorer classes," but the representatives of every social grade, in every land upon which the sun shines, flocked to these scenes of faith-inspired devotion. After attempting to establish the existence of a division in the Catholic Church, and failing most signally to do so, he explains everything this way:—

"The Jesuit has ruled at the Vatican. Under his guidance the Papacy has proclaimed the infallibility of the Pope and the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, thus breaking completely and finally with reason and with all who, like the 'Old Catholics' in Germany, remained in some degree within that pale. It has gained in its own despite in respectability and influence by deprivation of its temporal power, against which the prisoner of the Vatican still hopelessly protests."

At first glance I could scarcely believe that the writer of "pure English" par excellence, could have couched such an amount of pure nonsense in so few words; but when I perceive the "Jesuit" bounding upon the scene, conjured into a fanciful existence by the magic pen of the wizard professor, I am forced to the conclusion that this is but a fragment of his ill-conceived theory regarding the influences within the pale of Catholicity. Firstly, the Jesuit did not rule at the Vatican, neither on the Pontifical throne, nor in the conclave, nor in any of the congregations. No more did any other of the religious orders of the Church rule there. It was the direct inspiration of Pius IX. unsuggested by any special religious or secular body, that brought the promulgation of the pre-existing dogma of the Immaculate Conception, before the Council. The dogma of the Infallibility was only taken up as an item of that Council's programme, after the Council had met and had completed more than half of its pre-arranged work. In both cases the necessity, or advisability of a promulgation came in such a spontaneous manner, that the working and inspiration of the Holy Ghost were obvious. The "Old Catholics" in Germany—Dollinger and others—did not "remain in some degree within that pale" of the Catholic Church. It is not possible to remain therein "in some degree"; none better than Goldwin Smith knows that you must accept all the teachings of the Church, without exception, or else be outside her pale.

"He who is not with Me is against Me;" there is no compromise, no half measures, no degrees—Truth is one and indivisible. Consequently he is wrong to say that the "Old Catholics" remained, in any way, within the pale of the Church. Perfect and entire submission is exacted; otherwise the Church would be false.

There was no "breaking with reason" in the promulgation of these dogmas. If they conflicted with reason after their promulgation so must they have conflicted for all time before. Moreover, reason, in matters of faith, must submit; human reason is fallible, the Church is infallible. But apart from this stand, both of these dogmas are most rational. The Divinity of Christ presupposes the Immaculate Conception; if He had been conceived in sin, or in aught that was tainted, His very Divinity might be challenged. His Divinity again necessitates infallibility—otherwise His omniscience would vanish, and with it His Divinity.

Then Mr. Smith says:—"It has gained in its own despite in respectability and influence by deprivation of its temporal power, etc." For a master of "pure English" this is a very sorry specimen of his style. What he means, very likely, is this:—"In spite of itself the Church has gained in respectability and influence in being deprived of its temporal power." If this is his meaning, he errs; in respectability an institution founded by Christ cannot gain; it already possesses that quality in its plenitude; in influence, the Church could not possibly have gained by losing one of the sources of that influence.

I leave myself but scant space to deal with Mr. Smith's erudition in matters concerning the Church in this province. I regret this the more on account of the interest we all

have in this phase of the question. However, I will attempt to briefly direct his unfairness towards French and Catholic Canada. He says:—

"In French Canada the Catholic Church has reigned over a simple peasantry, her own from the beginning, thoroughly submissive to the priesthood, willing to give freely of its little store for the building of churches which tower over the hamlet, and sufficiently firm in its faith to throng to the fane of St. Anne de Beaufre for miracles of healing. She has kept the 'Habitant' ignorant and unprogressive, but made him, after her rule, moral, insisting on early marriage, on remarriage, on controlling his habits and amusements with an almost Puritan strictness. Probably French Canada has been as good and as happy as anything the Catholic Church had to show."

This is the same old, narrow, bigoted and prejudiced story. A man of Goldwin Smith's intellectual calibre should be above such petty methods. That "simple peasantry" in thronging to the fane of St. Anne de Beaufre has done exactly what one million of other races from other provinces, and from the United States, have done six hundred thousand pilgrims during the past ten years. Faith drew them, and miracles uncontestedly avouched confirmed that faith at the shrine. It is even something that Mr. Smith admits the moral character of the "Habitant," under the Church's influence—more than can be said of his own fellow-countrymen (if he can claim any special country in his erratic migrations, or of his own co-religionists (if any such exist).

Now, we are treated to something really new, in this form:—

"The priesthood was of the Gallican school. It lived on good terms with the state, though in French Canada the state was a conqueror. From fear of New England Puritanism it had kept its people loyal to Great Britain during the Revolutionary War. From fear of French atheism it kept its people loyal to Great Britain during the war with France. It sang 'Te Deum' for Trafalgar. So things were till the other day."

The priesthood was no such a thing. If he means of French extraction from Gaul, I'll admit he is correct; if he means that the Canadian priesthood was tainted with Gallicanism, I deny the assertion, and defy him to substantiate it. The French hierarchy and clergy preached loyalty to the people, not on account of Puritanism, nor of Atheism, but because (as Mr. Briand so well explained) the Church exacts from all Catholics respect for and loyalty to the constituted authority under which they live. On principle, on Catholic principle; on the Church's precept and invariable practice; and not for any other reasons or motives, were the Catholic episcopate and clergy loyal; and for the same reasons, as well as for others additional, are they more loyal to-day than is Goldwin Smith.

But here comes the perpetual Jesuit! What a haunting phantom! How he disturbs the dreams of the sage ex-Professor of Oxford, the Yankee Englishman with anti-Canadian proclivities. He says:—

"But then came the Jesuit. He got back from the subservience of the Canadian politicians, the lands which he had lost after the conquest and the suppression of his order. He supplanted the Gallicans, captured the hierarchy and prevailed over the great Sulpician Monastery in a struggle for the pastorate of Montreal."

The Jesuit did not come "then." He came in 1511; he came before Quebec was founded; he established in 1635 the first college on the continent—one year older than Harvard—he evangelized the native before Montreal was visited by De Maisonneuve; he discovered the great lakes and the Mississippi; he died at the stake; he perished on the frozen prairies; he taught, he suffered, he labored, he civilized, he Christianized; he acquired, under these conditions, his estates; he was robbed of them; he had them restored to him; he came into his own; and Canada is the greater, the better, the more prosperous, the more glorious, because of that awful Jesuit.

He did not "supplant the Gallicans;" he supplanted no one—much less non-existent persons. He did not "capture the hierarchy;" we doubt if there is a single Jesuit Bishop in Canada. Members of other orders—several Oblates, for example—have received the mitre; but the Jesuit not only has not usurped any episcopal honors, but his mission and his rules both constitute barriers to his probable advancement in that direction. Finally, he did not "prevail over the great Sulpician monastery in a struggle for the pastorate of Montreal." To begin with, no such struggle ever existed; the pastorate of Montreal, or of any other place, is entirely within the discretion of the ordinary. In Montreal to-day the great central parish of Notre Dame is under the care of the Sulpicians, so is the large parish of St. James, so is the great

central Irish parish of St. Patrick's. Facts—cold facts—at once refute Mr. Smith and establish his lack of information on the subject which he presumes to treat in such a dogmatic manner. Then again, there is no such thing existing as a "Sulpician Monastery." The Sulpicians are not monks; they are not cloistered; they are known as the "gentlemen of the Seminary;" their "mother-house" is the Grand Seminary—for theological studies—combined with the Montreal College—for regular classical education—and, thereto do they add parochial work wheresoever the Episcopal authority requires it of them.

Next week I will have more to say concerning Goldwin Smith and his "Progress of Religious Thought."

CATHOLIC EDITORS On Many Themes.

IMPORTANT STATISTICS.—The "Catholic Transcript" says:—The clerk of the Health Board tells us that there were 1,883 births in the city of Hartford during the year 1900. The records of the parish registers of the city which are faithfully kept in the Diocesan Chancery, show that there were baptized in the various Catholic churches of the city during the year no less than 991 souls, or ninety-nine more than one-half of the entire births in the city.

The population of Hartford, according to the latest census, is about 80,000, or, in exact figures, 74,850. Of these, not quite one-third are Catholics. If we reckon them at just one-third, we shall be able to make some striking combinations. Thus, we will allow that there are 26,616 Catholics and 53,232 non-Catholics in Hartford. From 26,616 Catholics, 991 children were born; from 53,232 non-Catholics, 829 children were born. A striking disparity it will be confessed.

The birth-rate among Catholics for the year just closed was about 39 to the thousand. The birth-rate among non-Catholics for the same time was about 17 to the thousand. From which it appears that in the matter of fecundity people of our way of thinking are twice blessed when compared with their dissenting neighbors. Thus far, Hartford.

It is impossible at the present time to obtain returns from the whole state for the year 1900, but it is safe to predict that when the number of births shall have been returned to the Capitol, it will not be twice as large as that which records the Catholic births in the Chancery office of the diocese of Hartford, although Catholics are barely one-third of the population.

In the year 1899, there were in the State of Connecticut 20,855 Catholics. The Catholic baptisms for the same period were 10,292, or about 600 less than one-half of the entire number of births. In 1900, the Catholic baptisms of the state were 519 more than the previous year, or 10,781, which makes it allowable to conclude that more than half of those born within the confines of the commonwealth during the last year of the old century, were baptized in the Catholic Church.

These figures should be interesting to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Could we call a citizen of this state who passed to his reward sixty years ago and read to him the figures quoted above, would he not question and doubt and dismiss them as altogether fabulous? Those of us who are given to forecasting the future may well ask what will the next sixty years bring. It is a strange fact that one-half of the children born in Connecticut during the last year of the 19th century should be of Catholic parentage, when at the opening of the same century not one in a hundred was of that faith. Food for speculation lies under these eloquent figures and those who are interested should not fail to take thought.

UNITY NECESSARY.—The Milwaukee "Catholic Citizen" in referring to the Catholic College Conference held in Chicago last week, says: The central idea of these conferences is unification of the higher educational system among Catholics. Each school is a law unto itself. They lack uniformity in method, in text books and are scattered in units working for the same end, without connection or co-operation.

Let us have a Catholic School Conference, or if this is not feasible at present, Diocesan or Archdiocesan School Conferences.

THE FRENCH CRISIS.—On this subject the Providence "Visitor" very properly remarks:—"In spite of the increasing virulence displayed by the supporters of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry in their interminable discussion of the Associations Bill, we cannot think that the principles lurking behind the proposed law are destined to win in the long run. Those principles are, in brief, the absolute right of the civil power to regulate the thinking of its subjects, and the theory, first preached by Danton, that every child belongs to the State in a much

more fundamental sense than it belongs to its parents. As so often happens in French legislation, public opinion is slowly burrowing its way down to first principles. Danton's detestable doctrine will prove too much even for a French radical. Human nature could never endure it. As the Comte de Mun was careful to point out in his most recent speech on the measure, M. Waldeck-Rousseau is 'not likely to succeed where Napoleon and the convention failed.'"

METHODISTS ARE RESTIVE.—The Western "Watchman" asks:—Are the Methodists going to yield on the question of card playing and dancing? At a conference in Brooklyn last week Rev. B. M. Adams, of Bethel, Conn., declared that his young ladies were falling away from the church because of the prohibition to indulge in these worldly amusements. His statement was applauded by the conference, showing that other ministers had the same experience. He said that because the Methodist young ladies did not mingle in the play cards and were unable to make favorable matrimonial matches. With Methodist parsons and Methodist spinsters the greatest commandment of the law is to get married, and anything that is an obstacle to this must go.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—Boston is ceasing very rapidly to be the city of the Puritans, remarks the "Sacred Heart Review." A writer in the "Congregationalist" says that in a certain school district in this city of 2,700 children 2,650 are known not to be Protestants. The seating capacity of the Protestant churches in Boston exceeds the needs of their worshippers. The same writer says that if all the Protestants able to attend church should be present at one service, the Protestant churches in Boston would still have 21,625 empty seats.

LAST WILLS.—Wills should be made with care and deliberation, says the Cleveland "Catholic Universe." Many postpone the making of their wills until the last sickness. As few know what sickness will be their last, many die intestate. Dying in this condition, obligations of justice are frequently unprovided for, and foundation laid for expensive and acrimonious litigation.

Many people look upon a will as binding or almost as binding as a deed, and hesitate to make one under the impression that the would thereby sign away their rights. While the testator is living, the will, though signed and sealed, is dead; the will goes into effect only on the testator's death. A new will can be made at any time, and the last will disposes of any or of all other wills made by the testator.

In making a will, be mindful of your parish church or school and of the charitable institutions. These provisions may make amends for some shortcomings and neglect. Before you go to meet God, write in your will something for His greater honor and glory.

CHASIS TO YOUNG MEN.

The story printed by one of the New York papers that the salary of Mr. John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, is to be raised an additional \$27,000 a year, recalls the incident that proved a turning point in Mr. McCall's career. It reads like a chapter from the books that used to be published for good little boys, and incidentally shows that it pays to do more than your mere duty.

In the seventies, Mr. McCall, then a young man with a wife and two children, received an appointment in the New York State Insurance Department in return for work done for his political party. When he entered upon the duties of his position, which was that of a clerk at \$1,200 a year, he dropped politics and attended strictly to business. This fact did not save him from being marked for dismissal when a Republican Insurance Commissioner was appointed to succeed the Democrat under whom Mr. McCall held office.

Things looked pretty black for the young clerk. Out of his salary he had been able to save little or nothing after providing for his family, and the prospects for getting another place were almost hopeless. But the fact that he was going to lose his job did not apparently interfere with Mr. McCall's conviction that he ought in the meanwhile to earn the salary he was still drawing. Therefore it happened that when passing the Capitol late at night, he noticed on half a dozen occasions that lights were still burning in a room of the Insurance Department. This made him curious, and he concluded to investigate. So he went upstairs and found young McCall bending over ledger and record, and working away as though his term of office were to extend forever.

"How is it you are working here so late when everybody else has gone home?" the new Commissioner asked. "Well," was the response, "there is a lot to do, and when I go out I want to leave everything cleaned up." "Was it you that was here last night, and night before, and the night before that, burning the State's gas?" "Yes, I was here." "Are you in the habit of working nights?" "Whenever it is necessary, I am." "And have been in the past?" "Yes; whenever there was work to do, I have always thought it a good scheme to get it out of the way, because it proves troublesome if I let it accumulate." "H-m!" grunted the new Commissioner. "I am glad to see that somebody is anxious to earn his salary. Good-night." The next day the Republican Com-

missioner saw the Republican Governor and said:

"I guess that fellow McCall is all right. He is the sort of chap I want, even if he is a Democrat." As a result, the notice to Mr. McCall, advising him that his services were to be dispensed with, was withdrawn, and he remained in the Insurance Department, in various successive capacities, until 1883, when he was appointed by Governor Grover Cleveland as Insurance Commissioner. After his term expired he accepted an offer from the Equitable Life Insurance Company to act as its controller, and when the New York Life was reorganized he was, by the unanimous vote of its directors, elected as president.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 21st April, 1901:—Males 298, females 39. Irish 180, French 117, English 24, Scotch and other nationalities 16. Total 387.

The Drink Habit CAN BE CURED AT HOME without pain, publicity or detention from business, by the use of the DIXON VEGETABLE REMEDY

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NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED.

New Silk Embroidered Blouse Flannels, all new colors, assorted patterns, fine All-Wool French Flannels, with Silk Embroidered designs, 65c per yard. 50 Patterns Finest All-Wool French Flannels, all the choice new shades, all the new patterns, 50c per yard. Plain All-Wool French Flannels, all colors now in stock, extra fine make, 50c per yard. 200 Pieces New Fancy Muslins, all the latest and choicest colors and patterns; prices from 15c per yard. 500 Pieces Finest English Prints, all warranted fast colors, all the latest patterns; prices from 10c per yard. New Fancy Scotch Gingham, the finest assortment we have ever shown; prices from 15c to 50c per yard. New Plain Organic Muslins, in White, Cream, Pink, Blue, Heliotrope, Nile and Yellow, all prices. Country orders carefully filled. 90c Worth for the Kitchen for 29c. Strong Solid Tin Wash Boilers, sizes 8 and 9, regularly sold at 90c, our Special Price while the lot lasts, only 29c.

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CURBST

Passing along days one cannot numberless loads being carried fully to another city to another fully have these scribbled that I cupy space with million annoy these almost habitations. Wiclate all that I have had a half self during the other thoughts when I observe fitting about I sort. One familn in a flat, and I other, while the that other one flat. There are I spent the winter houses they arvel is that so I cannot conce through the t Some move bec have increased, become too re others cannot a lords; others ha and there a char find the rent to commodations t roundings uncon through the vil be it for one re

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In a more resti is the place of childhood was s lived and died, into manhood, w peace, hopefule enjoyments were a harsh world h them. Home is t ily hearth, the p whence you se ney to which you to return, and i to end your day ents ended their with its legitime ence, with its forms of aged fa "love-worshipped And I now r "where are our

I will tell you some homes, out where the farmer builds a shelter fly, and abides homes still aw and din of the e even these home the danger of de farmers-to-day c selves with the fact that they enjoy the city, drawn nets, and their h

RELIG

Mr. Samuel Sn noteworthy add at a meeting of deavor Society i day, spoke of pr as being detrim individual respon trite Protestant has been used i tense. Upon it tention that Pr prosperity, which ears of Protestan of their pastors, dealt with by M in the course of a just, published by Oates, Mgr. Vau the earliest days

McCall is all the sort of chap I am a Democrat.

Notice to Mr. McCall that his services are dispensed with.

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CURBSTONE OBSERVER ON "HOMES."

Passing along the streets these days one cannot fail to observe the numberless loads of household goods being carried from one section of the city to another.

into stranger hands, and exist no longer for them.

In the city the men who possess sufficient means to purchase a property can be said to have homes—that is to say, houses of their own.

Unfortunately, I again must say it, there are no homes, or scarcely any. The wealthy do not care to contend perpetually with the vexed question of domestics.

When I observe this "moving" activity at the end of April, I ask myself, "where are the homes now?" Are there any homes in our large cities? In fact, is there such a thing as "home" to be found in the world and at the dawn of this twentieth century?

But it is amongst the middle and the laboring classes that the home is becoming extinct. Take a child that was born in one of our most comfortable flats, ten to one he will have lived in four or five different places before he is old enough to understand the full meaning of a home.

The world has progressed; men live in railway cars, and dash over continents with greater ease than their fathers visited the next village or city.

In a more restricted sense "Home" is the place of one's birth, where childhood was spent, where parents lived and died, where youth passed into manhood, where the heart knew peace, hopefulness, ambition, where enjoyments were pure and keen before a harsh world blunted and sullied them.

"When the oldest cask is open, And the largest lamp is lit, When chestnuts glow on embers, And the kid turns on the spit, When the young and old, in circle, Around the fire-brands close, And the girls are weaving baskets, And the lands are shaping bows; When the old man mends his armor, And trims his helmet plume, When the good wife's shuttle merrily Goes flashing through the loom."

I will tell you where there are some homes; out in the country, where the farmer tills his soil and builds a shelter for himself and family, and abides there.

This is a home picture; but no homes of this class are now to be found. In all our boasted civilization we are going backward, because our modern conditions are destructive of the primitive conditions under which men were happy.

RELIGION AND PROSPERITY.

Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., in a noteworthy address which was read at a meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society in Liverpool on Friday, spoke of priests and sacraments as being detrimental to the sense of individual responsibility.

asks if we could imagine or conceive the prosperity argument on the lips of the Apostles. In plain truth, nowhere has God promised any kind of temporal reward to those who follow the teaching and the example of His crucified Son.

ings as likely to lead to perdition, and whilst in that respect pagan nations have reached as high a pinnacle as Christian countries, we will grant that even from the religious point of view the provision of the ordinary means and comforts of life for the people is a question of the utmost importance.

The amount of the endowment would have been sadly inadequate to the requirements soon made upon it, if John A. Creighton and his wife had not generously supplemented it by large donations.

On the death of his wife, who had bequeathed \$50,000 as a nucleus to build a hospital, Mr. Creighton built and equipped St. Joseph's hospital, Omaha, at an outlay of \$250,000.

There are many other testimonies of his liberality, of which the founding of the convent of Poor Clares, near Omaha, is one of the best known. In recognition of his services to Christian charity and education he was, a few years ago, honored with the distinction of Roman count by Pope Leo XIII.

A BUSY PRIEST.—The Rev. Felix Mariani Lepore, of Denver, is not only a busy priest, but is a busy inventor as well. He not only spends his time in saving souls, but uses his wonderful talents in devising apparatus for the saving of lives as well, and has taken out several patents covering his inventions.

CANADA'S POPULATION.—A Montreal correspondent of the New York "Sun" on this subject writes: "A great deal of interest is felt in the interpretation of Scripture no authority is recognized save the intelligence or whims of the individual."

BENEFACCTIONS OF AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC FAMILY.

Creighton university at Omaha, Neb., received something very substantial in the way of an Easter gift. On Good Friday Mr. John A. Creighton, the brother of the man whose honor the institution was named, added to his many previous donations the magnificent sum of \$75,000.

The Milwaukee "Catholic Citizen" says:—Mr. Creighton and his late brother Edward went early to the west and soon became prominent in the building of the Union Pacific railroad. It was this enterprise that laid the foundation of the Creightons' fortunes which have been so splendidly used in the cause of education.

being taken. It is generally believed that the Canadian census which is now being taken, will show a substantial increase for the ten years since 1891, when the last census was taken.

The population of the Dominion at that date was 4,833,323. From 1881 to 1891 the population was almost stationary, but the census figures for 1891 as compared with 1871 showed an increase of 1,198,215 for the twenty years.

Those who are expecting a diminution of the French-Canadian influence in the Dominion as the result of the census are likely to be disappointed. Their high birth rate is one of the greatest assets that the French-Canadians possess, and unless the Canadian Northwest is settled by a large English-speaking population French-Canadian influence is likely to increase rather than diminish.

VARIOUS NOTES.

SHIRT WAISTS NOW.—An order has been issued by the Postal Department at Washington by which letter carriers throughout the country may, during the heated term, be permitted to wear a neat shirt waist or loose fitting blouse instead of coat and vest, all to be uniform at each office.

A RAT CONTRACT.—According to a despatch from Chicago, the Pasture Vaccine Company has signed a contract to rid an establishment covering thirty-five acres—presumably the stock yards—of rats.

FAST SERVICE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.—Fast trains leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 9:59 a.m. and 4:10 p.m., arriving at Ottawa at 12:15 noon and 5:35 p.m. Local trains for all C. & O. points to Ottawa leave Montreal at 7:40 a.m. daily, except Sunday, and 5:50 p.m. daily.

THE INTERNATIONAL LIMITED

Leaves Montreal daily at 9 a.m., reaching Toronto at 4:40 p.m., Hamilton 5:40 p.m., London 7:30 p.m., Detroit 9:40 p.m. (Central time), and Chicago at 7:20 following morning. A Cafe Parlor Car is attached to this train, serving luncheon a la carte at any hour during the day convenient to passengers.

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THOMAS LIGGET'S

Final Removal Sale, at the Old Stand, will last a few days longer. Thousands of yards of Carpeting being sold at from 15 to 50 per cent discount.

THOMAS LIGGET, 1884 Notre Dame St.

Montreal City and District Savings Bank.

The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at its Head Office, 176 St. James Street, TUESDAY, 7th May next, at 1 o'clock p.m., for the reading of the Annual Reports and Statements, and the election of Directors.

By order of the Board, H.Y. BARBEAU, Manager. Montreal, 30th March, 1901.

BE SURE TO ORDER ROWAN'S

Relief Ginger Ale, Soda Water, Apple Nectar, Kola Cream Soda, etc. Note our "Trade Mark" on every bottle. "The Shamrock," Agents and Bottlers of the "Beaver Brand" CALLEDONIA WATER. McWILLIAMS, BROS., & CO., 22, Vallee Street, Phone, Main 718.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Leaves Montreal daily at 9 a.m., reaching Toronto at 4:40 p.m., Hamilton 5:40 p.m., London 7:30 p.m., Detroit 9:40 p.m. (Central time), and Chicago at 7:20 following morning. A Cafe Parlor Car is attached to this train, serving luncheon a la carte at any hour during the day convenient to passengers.

EVERY CATHOLIC

Should possess a copy of "The Catholic Student's Manual of Instructions and Prayers." For all seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year. Compiled by a Religions, under the immediate supervision of Rev. H. Rouxel, P. S. S., Professor of Moral Theology, Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at the next session of the Parliament at Ottawa, the company called "La Credit Foncier du Bas-Canada," incorporated by the Act 36 Vict. Ch. 102, will apply for amendments to its charter for the purpose of changing its capital stock and board of management.

THOSE FASHIONABLE SHOULDER CAPES.

A smart gown is a necessity for the Horse Show. If you haven't decided on yours, better call and talk it over with us. We are specialists in tailor made costumes, riding habits, and more elaborate dresses; because our designer has been trained in the best dress making saloons of Paris and New York.

A WORD ABOUT SUITS.

Our man-tailored ladies' costumes will amply repay a visit to our Mantle Department. Whatever is new, fashionable and well fitting in ladies' outer garments you will find there. Note these two examples, they are chosen at random.

OGILVY'S

St. Catherine and Mountain Sts. Ask for our new catalogue. Ogilvy's. St. Catherine and Mountain Sts.

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LE CREDIT FONCIER DU BAS-CANADA.

Montreal, 19th February, 1901. GEOFFRION & CUSSON, Attorneys for Petitioners.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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All Communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1135.

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 APRIL 27, 1901.

Notes of the Week.

THE IMMIGRANT MONUMENT.— It is announced that on Sunday, May 5, at 2.30 p.m., in the basement of St. Gabriel's Church, Centre street, a meeting, in connection with the removal of the "Immigrant Monument" at Point St. Charles, will take place. The meeting will consist of three delegates from each of the Irish societies of Montreal. We hope that this meeting will reach some satisfactory and practical conclusion in this very important matter. The stone, which has become recognized as a national monument, has attracted considerable attention of late, and differences of opinion regarding its removal have been met; but we trust that this time the subject will be settled in a manner satisfactory to all.

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH.— One night last week a very sad event took place on a St. Denis street car. An elderly lady boarded the car at Marianne street; the man paid the three fares. He and his companion left the car at Ontario street, leaving instructions to the conductor to see that the elderly person should get off at Ste. Julie street. When this street was reached, to the surprise of all present, the old lady was dead. This is one of those striking incidents that stand out in broad relief upon the page of each day's story, and which should serve as lessons and warnings to all who hear of them. Nothing more certain than death; nothing more uncertain than the time, place and manner of death. The moral to be drawn is found in the old Latin maxim "Nunquam non paratus"—never be unprepared.

KIDNAPPING.—In this city at the beginning of this very week a bold attempt at kidnapping was frustrated by the energetic and heroic action of a little nine-year-old girl. This fact goes to show that all these reports which we read about the abominable practice of kidnapping children in various large centres in the United States are not entirely without foundation. It is evident that blackmail is the ultimate end which the perpetrators of such acts must have in view; otherwise it would be simply an evidence of insanity. The punishment, however, for such a crime seems to be altogether too light, or else there is not sufficient zeal on the part of the authorities in prosecuting the detection and punishment of such deeds.

THE DELPIT CASE.— Ever since the judgment rendered by Mr. Justice Archibald in the now famous Delpit case, we have had occasion to write several articles upon the important question involved; but we still regarded the matter as "sub judice." And so it is. An appeal from that judgment will soon be taken. It will be based upon the prior judgments of Mr. Justice Jette and others, and now the case is in a fair way to reach the Privy Council before the end of it is gained. It will be exceedingly interesting to note the progress made in the future in this matter, and we will await with patience the final outcome of the whole question.

PAPINEAU AGAIN.— Of course, we are aware that the direct descendant of the great Papineau, the present seigneur of Montebello, has, for reasons of his own, seem fit to abandon the Church of his fathers and link his future to one of the many sects of Protestantism. In a letter to the "Star," on the occasion of the proposed monument to Montgomery at Quebec, Mr. Papineau said: "Montgomery, like Franklin, and the priest, Carroll, of Baltimore, came to offer us liberty and independence, etc." The words "the priest Carroll" indicate the narrowness of the mind that conceived them. The wonder is that he has even admitted that Bishop Carroll, being a Catholic prelate, could have offered us anything but slavery and ignorance. But the closing part of the sentence explains it all: "but

they were repulsed by our bishop and his priests"—he means that they repulsed liberty and independence. Mr. Papineau may be a greater man, for aught we know, than either Louis Joseph or his father; yet each of these took a decidedly different view of the subject—but they were Catholics.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S VISITATIONS.—His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi has commenced in this city and the vicinity his regular pastoral visitations. Last week he went to St. Ann's parish, where he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a great number of young persons. His reception in the good parish was a most pleasant and cordial one, and Rev. Father Strubbe, the energetic pastor, spared no pains to make the Archbishop's visit one of exceptional benefit for all the parish. On his return to the palace, His Grace was accompanied by Father Strubbe, and escorted by the St. Ann's Cadets with band. It is certain that the fervor displayed in the parish and the strong evidences of the deep-rooted faith of the people must have constituted a source of consolation and pleasure for the first pastor of this great archdiocese.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.— Although there are yet many months between us and the next municipal elections, still we deem it proper to do, as we have done in the past, "taking time by the forelock" raise a warning note. We have heard rumors already to the effect that next year an attempt will again be made to juggle the Irish-Catholic element out of their regular turn for the mayoralty. It is yet too early to say much on the subject; but we would advise our people not to fall asleep in a dangerous security. As a rule, we allow matters to take their course until the very last moment, and then we come along when it is too late. The last contest proved this. Had our advice, given as early as May of that year, been heeded, an Irish Catholic would have been Mayor of this city during the present year. We hope that energy like that displayed at the eleventh hour, on the last occasion, will be noticed from this moment forward. If so, there can be no question as to the result. But we must not "let the grass grow under our feet," or else it will soon spring luxuriantly over the grave of our departed influence.

AN EDIFYING SPECTACLE.— During the past year we have read of the wonderful scenes in Rome, as the various pilgrimages flocked to the shrine of the Apostles, and we were edified by the more recital of all the fervor of faith and depth of devotion demonstrated. Since last Sunday, however, we are in a position to more fully understand the wonderful effect that such events produced on the non-Catholic world that surrounds the heart of Christendom. Truly is this the "City of Mary"; rightly is it called the "Rome of America." Not all the combined congregations of the various denominations could display even the quarter of what constituted a most exceptional demonstration. Not less than ten thousand people took part in the processional visits to the prescribed churches.

For a time there seemed to be a slight hitch in the proceedings owing to the meeting of too many sections at one place. As an evidence that there was no prior arrangement between the various sections, we find them all coming together. At the exact same moment, and consequently interfering considerably with each others progress. At one time, as the men of St. Patrick's poured out their hundreds, even thousands, they were met by the men of Notre Dame, seeking admission to the Church, in still greater numbers, while the women of St. James parish came along Alexander street and the women of St. Patrick's, on their way back from the Gesù to their own Church, came by a side street.

Imagine between ten and twelve thousand people, consisting of parishioners from four sections of the

city, meeting by the accident of circumstances, all moving in the direction of the appointed pilgrimage churches; each section unaware, until they met, of the others' intentions; and, finally, once the visit over, the whole vast concourse vanishing—just as they came—without noise, demonstration or ceremony. Silence reigned again within the temple, where so recently thousands thronged. One grand object had they all in view; namely, the fulfilment of the jubilee conditions. As we contemplated that vast concourse of various ages, sexes, conditions, races, and from different parishes, coming and going, bent upon one grand central purpose, and accomplishing the processional duty of visits, we could not but think of the Church which was thus so positively represented. This is the manner in which the hundreds of millions of Catholics, scattered all over the earth, move by one grand impulse impelled to them by the infallible head of our Holy Religion. Never such a sermon was preached in our city; never before such an edifying evidence of the faith that is in the hearts of our people.

THE CHINESE WAR.—We have not yet done with the troubles in China. It was thought for a while that a peaceful solution of the problem had been reached, but now, with Russians driven out of one section of the country, and an army of 27,000 men marching out of nowhere to shake the hold that the "strangers" have upon the Empire, it would seem as if China was going to give the world a season of great sensations. What will be the result?

A BIGOTED JUDGE.— There are bigots who are not the descendants of patriots, and in this connection we find the following editorial comment, from an American exchange, quite appropriate:—

Judge Solders delivered an address last night. It was at the Fifteenth Annual Commencement of the Cleveland Homeopathic Medical College. He is said to have elicited some applause by referring to the caps and gowns of the graduates as relics of Romish times and Romish customs. "I am an American," he said, "and I want intellect to rule this world and not the relics of the Fourteenth Century." It is said that Judge Solders is a renegade Catholic. If so it will give some explanation for his senseless and bigoted attack on the Catholic Church. It is not unusual for those who sell their birthright for a mess of pottage to spit venom in the face of their spiritual Mother, and boast of their American citizenship as though it was incompatible with Catholic life and principles. Judge Solders has written himself down as a narrow-minded bigot, too weak to live the robust life of Catholic faith, and too shallow to sound the depths of Catholic truth. Unless he voiced the sentiments of the Homeopathic College of Medicine he proved himself a boor by insulting his audience and taking advantage of the courtesy of the College to do so.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.— A very important vote was taken on Monday night last in the Imperial House of Commons. It was on the question of education in Ireland. While the motion made by Mr. Roche was rejected, still the large number of votes cast in favor of it, goes to show how the cause is gaining strength. When we find the leader of the Government, Mr. Balfour, supporting the motion in a strong speech, and 147 members—or about 67 apart from the solid Irish party—voicing in its favor, we cannot but conclude that the hour is fast approaching when Ireland's needs will be duly recognized. The despatch telling of the vote reads thus:—

The House of Commons this week debated a motion made by Mr. John Roche, member for East Galway, demanding facilities for a university education for Catholics in Ireland without restrictions violating their religious feelings. Mr. Arthur Balfour, Government leader in the House, whose personal attitude on the question is well known, his views being at variance with those of a majority of his party, earnestly supported the motion. He asked the House whether it was decent or tolerable to continue to starve education on account of prejudice. Ireland, he said, was behind Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States and the colonies, and her educational needs would not be satisfied unless the course was followed which England had been driven to adopt in the matter of primary and secondary education.

Mr. John Rodmond, leader of the Parnellite Nationalists, protested against Mr. Balfour treating the subject as an individual in behalf of the Government.

The debate was closed by a vote of 225 to 147, and the motion was defeated without a division.

OUR YOUNG MEN.—Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., whose zeal in behalf of the Catholic youth of this city is well known, delivered a powerful sermon at High Mass on Sunday at St. Ann's Church, during the course of which he warned his parishioners against the modern pitfalls for young men. After pointing out

the difference between the young men of to-day and those of a generation ago, he condemned the practice of allowing a young man to have the money to spend as he pleased. The modern young man dressed well and if allowed to go around and spend money, soon acquired habits which the amount he earned was insufficient to satisfy, and often to free himself from obligations contracted in this way he will stoop to dishonesty. Intemperance and the crimes which follow in its train were also pointed out as the great pitfalls for young men starting out on their careers. A young man who had a few dollars in his pocket and no one to guide and watch over him would surely fall in with bad companions, and after intemperance, would come other evils which would drag him down in a short time to an abyss of impotent manhood. When this result had taken place it was too late to look to the cause. The evildoer preacher condemned as pernicious, and the young parents to exact from their sons a small amount as board and the young fellows free to do what they liked with the remainder of their salaries. Parents, and especially fathers, should look after their sons; mothers, and after intemperance, would come other evils which would drag him down in a short time to an abyss of impotent manhood. When this result had taken place it was too late to look to the cause. The evildoer preacher condemned as pernicious, and the young parents to exact from their sons a small amount as board and the young fellows free to do what they liked with the remainder of their salaries. Parents, and especially fathers, should look after their sons; mothers, and after intemperance, would come other evils which would drag him down in a short time to an abyss of impotent manhood. When this result had taken place it was too late to look to the cause. 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FOR FAITH AND COUNTRY.

Carra Castle stood on the south side of the Boyne, where it flows by the fertile lands of Meath. There is but a single tower remaining of what was once a great and stately pile—a square tower with ivy clinging in thick festoons to the walls and swaying like green banners from the battlemented roof. When Cromwell laid siege to Drogheda, and swept the valley of the Boyne with fire and sword, the little garrison of Carra had resisted his assault valiantly until superior force overwhelmed them. Then Felim O'More, the hereditary lord, with his few surviving men made the last target for the Puritan bullets. He had fought like a lion throughout the conflict, and fell—shrilling with his dying breath—the war-cry of his clan—among the ruins of his ancient tower.

Thus it happened that Sir William Kendrick, captain of Cromwell's body-guard of horse, noting the rich lands that sloped to the river, and being in high favor with the Lord Protector, petitioned that this district should be granted him for his services. Cromwell, anxious to gratify his favorite, accordingly made over Carra to him by private treaty. But Sir William, knowing that it would be impossible for himself to undertake the personal supervision of his new property, sought for a trustworthy person who would hold the tower and territory securely for him in his name. He remembered his cousin, Humphrey Bedingfield, who had settled in Dublin some 20 years before, marrying an Irish wife and adopting the Catholic faith. Humphrey, he recollected, had been a grave and wary man, cool of judgment and scant of speech. In only one instance had he shown instability of character, and that was when he took the Irish girl to wife and followed her to the Mass House.

But then, mused Sir William, "these Irish wenchers are undoubtedly handsome, and beauty will ever turn a man's head, even turning it from the religion of his fathers towards the contemplation of idols."

So he finally determined to send to Dublin for Humphrey and find if he would undertake the responsibility.

When Humphrey Bedingfield, silk mercer of the Coombe, received the sealed letter from his cousin he perused it attentively without any show of surprise. But he sat staring straight before him, with wrinkles of perplexity between his brows, which his wife well knew meant an affair of importance. She did not dare to break the silence until it was his pleasure to speak.

"Dame," he said finally, "come hither until I tell you of this matter. It concerns us both deeply and also one who is dearer to us than our own lives."

And he read the letter slowly while tears gathered in the soft blue eyes that followed his along the page.

"This surely the will of God," said Honora, when the reading was over. "Surely it is, sweetest, and perchance it meaneth that our darling may yet come into her own. For of course, all being well, I shall accept this offer of my cousin, Sir William, and become his faithful steward in trust for one dearer than he."

"But, Humphrey," said she, "sudden fear gathered in the soft eyes gazing at him. "But, Humphrey, should he demand more than stewardship from you; should he ask you to disown our Faith, how will it be then? Better, dear husband, to dwell in our happy obscurity here than run such a fearful risk," and she stroked his hand tenderly.

A loving smile transfigured his stern face.

"Fond heart," he said, "have I ever failed you that you need fear for me now? Have I worshipped you all these years to find you doubting my security at last? Ah no, sweet wife, no. 'Tis true that it was you I sought in those far days, not your Faith; but even then it was precious to me for your sake."

Honora's sipped.

"Yet I would, Humphrey, that you valued our holy religion for its own sake not mine. If I were gone—I often think of this when I lie awake at night—could you be firm without my help and my prayers? These are evil times, and evil powers walk abroad. The monasteries and churches are the prey of the invader; the priests are being hunted to death, with the same price upon their heads as is on the head of a wolf. Here we are safe, but there—within reach of the fanatical soldiery Cromwell keeps to guard Drogheda, men who go about with God's name on their lips and the devil in their hearts—temptations may come to assail you, and you may grow lax, and fall."

"Oh, my timorous dame," he cried playfully, to reassure her, "this business may come to naught, though I am wishful it should be arranged satisfactorily. And to comfort you I shall speak a word to Sir William concerning our Faith that you may not be molested. If he is still the same generous soul he will not hesitate to befriend his old schoolmate in this. But," he added hastily, "we are thinking only of ourselves. Had we not better convey the news to our dear child?"

"She was at her prayers," replied Honora, "when I left her. You know she has many sweet thoughts these days. Her heart is heavy for your O'Hanlon, lest he should be seized and transported, perchance to the Barbadoes, with the other unfortunate. And she sorrows bitterly for her father's death, although she is proud that his end was what he would have chosen. She has a brave heart, Humphrey, for all her wistful

and there found his cousin, the wretched captain, awaiting him. There were mutual expressions of wonder that the years had wrought such changes in each. Of the two, however, Bedingfield showed less signs of wear and tear. He still preserved his hardy, spare figure, but the soldier looked heavier than such a seasoned campaigner had a right to be. There was no appearance, though, of the Puritan about Sir William—the twinkle in his eye came and went too often, and the self-indulgent lips and chin spoke volumes for his tastes. It could easily be seen that here was a man who accepted the rigid tenets of the Ironsides merely because it suited his purpose, not because he had any especial love for psalm singing and a cropped head.

"Well, lad, an' here you are! Put your faith 'tis not the same man," he cried in greeting, "some what sadder than of old. Now, since you are here, let me hear of your adventures. It may be—though you were ever discreet, even in our boyhood—an' grizzled a bit about the temples. Who seeks Time's mercy is a fool, good cousin, for he spares neither the sage like you, nor the merry like myself. He has left me stouted, an' our last meeting, and less nimble of foot, so that I feel better in a home and rest would be pleasant. But the Lord Protector, whom God defend, is loth to spare me 'n his scourging of this unhappy country."

"Ay, truly an unhappy country," Bedingfield murmured sadly, "but it is plain your sympathies are not with us, cousin, from the manner in which you have said these words. But you are safe with me. You are my flesh and blood, an' it may be that Will Kendrick hath charged you to him that he forget the claims of kindred. An' I will remember too how you screened me from the blame of many a wild escapade when we were boys together."

"I loved you, Will," said Humphrey, "but tell me, cousin, what about the Papist wife. It is hinted, too, that you have joined her Faith and practise her Popish mummeries."

"Speak gently of her, Will, for my Papist wife is the dearest and best wife ever man had. Nay, she is more than so faultless a helpmate as mine. And if I adopted her Faith it was because I esteemed all things that were dear to her."

"Spoken like a man," cried Sir William heartily, clapping the other on the shoulder, "but must I have charged some time or other. Are ye blessed or cursed with children?"

"Neither the one nor the other, alas!"

"Well, yet hearken, Humphrey. It would be discreet to show yourself at church when you go to work in the stewardship—that is settled. Cromwell is astute beyond belief, and there are ever those about him who whisper tales into his ear. It will screen your wife and you, and I need not tell you that the war against the Irish is a war to the death."

"It would break her heart if I did such a thing. I had rather die."

Sir William stared at him. Then he turned abruptly to his desk, and began sorting his papers, which he charged some time or other. Respect and consideration from the Puritan soldiers, their only interceptors, for the kindly native Irish and the Norman-Irish of the Pale, with few exceptions, had been driven to "Hell or Connaught" by orders of Cromwell, and the brave old priest begged them to be of good cheer, "for," said he, "I am on my father's business and He will guide me aright. Not even one hair of my head shall be touched unless it be His holy will."

ed but a sorry sight, under the sinking sun, when the little cavalcade halted in the ruined courtyard. Una burst into tears as she gazed upon the desolate home of her fathers, but Honora drew her aside and whispered to her to restrain her grief, lest the soldiers who had attended them to their destination, should suspect any personal reason for her sorrow. It had taxed the good woman's patience and ingenuity to baffle their curious interest in the shy servant maid during the journey, and now that they had arrived the end, a very slight indiscretion might undo all their carefully arranged plans. Fortunately, however, there was no accommodation for the escort in the tower, which was to be the dwelling-place of the little family—so, grumbling at the necessity, they turned the heads of their tired horses towards Drogheda, and rode off as quickly as fatigue would allow.

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One room only was untouched, because undisturbed by the priest's room—to which she introduced Bedingfield, explaining to him the secret of the spring lock, and of the flight of steps that led to a passage way underneath the building.

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Una had regained some of her young fresh bloom, though her eyes had not lost their sadness. She spent most of her time about the ruins; wondering on what spot her father had fallen and seeking carefully among the stones for some chance memento of him. She was anxious, too, of news of her lover, O'Hanlon, who, with his people, was under sentence of banishment into Connaught. He had not ventured near Carra since Una's return, though a message, carried by a priest, disused as a soldier, had reached them.

O'Hanlon conveyed, in this way, to Una his plans for their marriage and flight to Spain, though he warned her that it might be some time until an opportunity should offer to permit the accomplishment of his scheme. She felt restless and unhappy in the dread that she had brought trouble upon Humphrey and Honora. Then the household were menaced with another grave danger—this was the question of their religious duties. It was difficult to account for their non-attendance at the Protestant worship at Drogheda, even though Sir William Kendrick had voluntarily tried, when questioned on the subject, to explain it by a statement that his steward, Bedingfield, was a follower of the "true faith," and would in due course frequent church like any other God-fearing Protestant; but that at present, being a sufferer from rheumatism, he was unable either to walk or ride, and the way was too long and too dangerous for his women-folk to travel unprotected.

This explanation sufficed for the occasion, and meantime, Honora and Una prayed fervently night and noon for the safe coming of Father Donogh Heggerty, with his kindly advice and the spiritual comfort that made him an eagerly welcomed guest in all quarters of the land.

He arrived one October evening, storm-buffed and spent; his ragged clothing sodden with rain, and his bare feet bleeding with the flints and thorns of the fields and roadways. The news he conveyed was heart-rending. Cromwell's murderous march still continued, and everywhere innocent blood was crying to heaven for vengeance.

The priest-hunters were particularly active, since the price on the head of a cleric had been raised from five pounds to ten. Father Donogh had more than once on his journey to Carra, but God had not decreed that he should fall a victim as yet.

He remained but a few days before leaving them to go into the Fens—his native place. Both Honora and Una sped the parting with many tears. But the brave old priest begged them to be of good cheer, "for," said he, "I am on my father's business and He will guide me aright. Not even one hair of my head shall be touched unless it be His holy will."

Not long after the departure of Father Donogh, Humphrey Bedingfield had an unexpected visitor. This was Captain Edward Piers, who had received a grant of the lands of Dumboyne in Meath from the Commissioners of the Revenue in Dublin on the terms of maintaining at Dublin and Dumboyne wolf-dogs and a pack of hounds for the purpose of hunting the wolves with which the country had become infested. This terrible increase in numbers of the savage animal was solely due to the wars and the wholesale massacres that had taken place by Cromwell's orders, and as the dead were permitted to lie in heaps unburied the wolves had, in consequence, been feasting. Captain Piers, on his way to the hunt one blustery November day, thought it would be neighborly to pay his devoirs to the new steward of Castle Carra, whose relationship with Sir William Kendrick he was aware of.

Accordingly he halted his party

before the tower and dismounting proceeded to knock with his whip-handle on the massive oaken door. Unfortunately none of the maids were within call, so Una, hearing the uproar as she passed down the stairs undid the bolts and opened to the impatient stranger.

Now this was a thing which Humphrey had expressly forbidden her to do, but knowing that he was not within, and that Honora was confined to her room with a feverish cold, she, forgetful of his admonitions, hurried to attend to the summons.

Her surprise, at the sight of the intruder, surrounded by the yelping dogs, was equalled by his surprise at the vision of loveliness which confronted him in the gloom of the dark hall. For a moment he did not speak, then as the girl gazed at him with a gathering fear in her eyes he remembered what politeness demanded.

"Your pardon, fair mistress, I came to have speech with Master Humphrey Bedingfield, whose neighbor I am by reason of my residence at Dumboyne. Is he within?"

"Nay, sir," Una answered with a shy blush under the bold admiration of his look, "but is not far distant. If you will enter I shall inform him."

Nothing loth, Captain Piers followed her through the hall and into the sitting-room, where, despite his efforts to engage her in conversation she left him to seek for Humphrey. When she found the latter and acquainted him with the name of the visitor, he gravely reproved her for indiscretion in admitting the wolf-hunting-adventurer.

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One room only was untouched, because undisturbed by the priest's room—to which she introduced Bedingfield, explaining to him the secret of the spring lock, and of the flight of steps that led to a passage way underneath the building.

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ASSOCIATION OF OUR LADY OF PITV.

Founded to assist and protect the poor Homeless Boys of Cincinnati, Ohio. Material aid only 25 cents year. The spiritual benefits are very great. On application, each member receives gratis a Catechism, Bible, and 500 days' indulgences, also indulgenced Cross.

Address, The Boys' Home, 526 Sycamore street, Cincinnati, O.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1884. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinn, M.P.; President, Wm. E. Moran; 1st Vice, T. P. O'Neill; 2nd Vice, F. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding-Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.O.L.; Recording-Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Division meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p. m., and third Thursday, at 8 p. m., of every month. President, Miss S. Harvey; Vice-President, Miss B. Harvey; Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Doyle; 68 Anderson street, Telephone, 1006 Main; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Miss Lizzie Howlett, 383 Wellington street; Division Officers: Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076 St. Catherine St. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel's Church corner Centre and Lajarririe streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanaugh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone, Main 2232; Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 812 Hibernian street, — to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Cavanaugh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanaugh.

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

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe C.S.B.; President, D. J. O'Neil; Recording Secretary, J. Deane; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neil and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 414 St. Antoine street.

M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1883.)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular business is held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B.O.L.; President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

Last week the spring work commenced at the Central Experimental Farm which is twelve days earlier than last year, counting from when the first seed was sown, says the Ottawa Free Press.

By getting the seed in early a good chance for the necessary experimental work is insured. This summer the plots will be of special interest to observers as a number of new varieties are being tested.

Professor Dextrud of Christiania, Norway, wrote Director William Saunders requesting an exchange of grain varieties.

A number of samples arrived from the northern part of Norway. As they have grown in a high latitude it is expected they acquired an early ripening habit and will consequently prove a useful Canadian grain.

Professor Saunders in return has sent three sets of valuable samples of oats, barley and wheat.

A number of varieties have been received from the United States Department of Agriculture being part of a collection made by the officials in Russia and one of the other northern countries of Europe.

Professor Saunders is also sorting out and sowing a collection brought over by him from the Paris Exposition last year. These grains were taken from the exhibits made by Russia, Sweden, Tunis, Algeria, and other countries.

In the area west of Lake Ontario and north of Lake Erie last summer the Hessian fly infested the fall wheat crops to a degree which has seldom been equalled in Canada.

Reports from the Bureau of Industries show that the eastern part of Ontario has as yet been generally free from the Hessian fly pest.

In the season of 1899 there was a remarkable outbreak of the Hessian fly in Manitoba, but during the last season no such report was received from any part of the province.

After carefully observing the growth and origin of this insect as the Hessian fly and time of its attack Dr. Fletcher writes the following as the best remedy:

The most important preventive remedy against injury by the Hessian fly is the postponement of seeding at the end of September.

By this means the appearance of the young plants above the ground is delayed until after the egg-laying flies of the second brood are dead.

Where fall wheat has been sown in August as is frequently done, the plants are ready to receive the eggs of the flies when they emerge from the fall seeds of the summer brood.

It is sometimes advised to feed off the green tops to a certain extent with sheep during the months of September and October, in which way it is claimed that many of the eggs are destroyed.

There has never been able to prove that there is any advantage in this method other than giving a supply of good fodder at a time of the year when this is sometimes short.

The chief objection to sowing so late as the end of September is that, as a rule, the plants have not time to make vigorous roots and tops so as to withstand the cold of severe winters. This however is seldom true, and in a great number of experiments, even at Ottawa, I have frequently found that good crops can be obtained from wheat sown much after the Hessian fly is out.

Another question which is at present taking up the time of the entomologist and botanist is the distribution of seed at the time of the winter. Samples of various Bromo Grass which was introduced into American agriculture by the botanical department of the Central Experimental Farm is now grown on thousands of acres in the Northwest and Manitoba. This grass has practically solved the question of providing a large supply of fodder on the vast areas which without this grass could hardly be used for successful agriculture.

The botanist claims that the introduction of this plant has been the whole cost of the Dominion experimental farms from their establishment.

Regarding the cultivation of Bromo Grass it should not be sown with moisture on the grain takes too much moisture from the young plants. It is, consequently better to sow it alone, about 12 pounds of seed per acre. The seed being light, the only practicable method is sowing by hand and then a calm day must be selected. The first crop of hay may be cut the next year after seeding and in ordinary years will be ready early in July. Twenty days after being cut it should be used for planting. From three to six hundred pounds of seed may be expected from an acre, the threshing of which is better done by a flail to prevent it from blowing away. It is harvested with a binder the same as grain.

Mr. J. Grisdale, agriculturist of the Central Experimental Farm, sometimes ago sent out circulars enquiring to a number of dairy farmers seeking information as to their methods of feeding, rations used in the summer and winter, breeds and use made of whey and skin milk. Enquiry was also made as to whether farmers would be willing to carry on a dairy herd test in 1901 in conjunction with dairymen in other sections of Canada and at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

The only expense apart from labor would be a scale to weight the milk daily. Mr. Grisdale undertakes to furnish the necessary blanks each month for keeping the records. A large number of responses have already been made and the agriculturist is still receiving communications relating to the matter.

FOR FAITH AND COUNTRY.

(Continued from Page Six.)

"Captain Piers is a dangerous man, child, and an enemy of my cousin, Sir William. It has been told me since our coming here that he had hoped to obtain a grant of these lands for himself, and was in a fury because he was forestalled. His victim, child, go upstairs to Honora, and remember, should Piers or any of his men make inquiries as to your position in the household, that you are my daughter. It would be well to warn the maids also."

Meanwhile Captain Piers sat impatiently waiting Una's return. When the door opened and he saw a stern-faced man enter instead of his eyes showed evident disappointment. "But only for an instant. Before Humphrey could speak he was on his feet and smiling blandly into the unsmiling countenance of the other man. "Piers is my name, Captain Edward Piers of Dunboyne, at your service," he said boldly. "An is it Humphrey Bedingfield?"

"The same, good sir," answered Humphrey, coldly. "I made bold to call, Master Bedingfield, it being but neighborly to invite you on our wolf-hunt to-day. There is every reason to expect good sport, and, knowing that you have lately come into these parts, it occurred to me that you might wish to join the chase. I am under terms with the Commissioners, as doubtless you are aware, to keep the lands of Meath free of these pests, and would gladly hail your company such times as it might be agreeable to you to honor us."

"He was a very handsome man, this Captain Piers, of middle size, strongly built, and of an agreeable, pleasant appearance. His eyes were a frank blue, and his good-humored mouth, even when he spoke, did not lose its smile. His age might have been 35, though his florid complexion and fair hair gave him a certain youthfulness. This was not the style of man Humphrey had expected to see, and for an instant he doubted that he had quite caught the name aright.

"Captain Edward Piers, I think you said, good sir?"

"Even so," smiled the worthy captain. Humphrey bowed stately. "I am truly grateful for the honor of your visit, Captain Piers; but it chances that I cannot be one of your party on this occasion. My wife, being in ill-health, is doubly timorous these unsettled times, and I dare not leave her even for a day."

"I had the privilege of meeting another lady of your household on my entrance," and the captain looked interrogatively at his host. "A pretty wench, I faith, a very pretty wench."

"My daughter, sir," said Humphrey, curtly. "I thought as much," well, Master Bedingfield. A charming maid, and I have no doubt, an obedient one. I should have thought the pleasure of paying my duty to her before long.

He smirked complacently, while Humphrey only registered a vow that his neighbor of Dunboyne should not see Una again if he could help it.

But he reckoned without understanding the character of the man. Piers began to hunt Carra Castle coming at all unexpected times on trivial excuses, so that it was impossible for Una to avoid him.

Besides, his cheerful air of consideration himself quite at home made it difficult to show him that his frequent appearance was an intrusion. His frank admiration for Una was a serious embarrassment to her, but Humphrey contrived to refrain from exhibiting any displeasure, as he suspected there might be some secret motive underlying the captain's apparent friendship. He thought it might be a menace to Sir William Kendrick, but Una held a different opinion.

"He is a wolf-hunter, guardian," she said, "and the folk whisper that he is a priest-hunter as well. I like not that perpetual smile of his, nor the way he comes here by stealth as it were. His visits are duly timed, else why should he come so early and so late? It is our good Father Donogh he is seeking, perchance."

Honora, slowly recovering from her sickness, lay and listened to the discussion between the other two. She was filled with a vague unrest,

which aggravated her complaint, and made her convalescence more tedious than it should have been. She could only pray that her dearer ones might be saved from the deadly wiles of this man, whose name was one of terror far and near.

At length Captain Piers proved to the amazed and indignant Una that he was no laggard in love. One noon he came boldly into her presence where she sat at her embroidery and without any preliminaries abruptly offered her his hand and forced her to take it. She was so taken by a blow, while the smiling eyes of the wooer noted her discomfiture and seemed in no way displeased.

"I cannot," at last she murmured faintly. "Take leisure to think, fair mistress," enjoined the captain. "My time is yours."

"This too great an honor, Captain Piers, for a penniless maid," said Una, bravely striving to meet his advances. "An it be an honor, sweet Una, it is an honor I am quite willing to bestow."

"But, sir, I do not love you."

"I fear not," said the captain. "How so, mistress? Have I a rival? Gad!—and the captain stamped his thigh in un-Puritan-like enjoyment—"then the sport will be somewhat wretched while I did not think it worth my wooing. Who is it now, this rival? Some gay dog of a soldier from the camp below, or a wild Tory from the mountains over yonder?"

The girl grew white to the lips. "Speak, mistress, speak. I am keen to strive with him for the prize. Speak," and he thrust his finger under her chin, lifting her face so that he could look into her downcast eyes. She drew back from the contact.

"Oh, sir, leave me," she breathed piteously, endeavoring to rise. "Leave you, fairest! Why, I mean to stay with you always. Tell me now why it has dared to love you? Not Sir William Kendrick, surely?"

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"You have abused my hospitality in presuming so," replied Humphrey. "My daughter is not for such a man. And let me tell you plainly that though I have not refused you with any harshness, I have never intended to give you an open door to my home. I am not blind to your character. This innocent child is as far above you as the heavens above the earth."

"Have a care, Master Bedingfield, have a care, for it may be that I know more concerning her than you dream."

"Your threats cannot alarm me, sir. Go, and never enter this house again."

Piers stood silent for a second, then he turned and lifted his hat from the table.

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He kissed his hand gaily to the shivering girl as he went out. Honora's motherly bosom pillowed Una's tear-wet face as she sobbed out her story.

"He means to work evil on you," she said when the tale was ended. "He suspects you are not our daughter, and God grant he does not guess you are the child of O'More. I must cast aside my weakness now and be ready to guard my treasure as a mother should. Better death—aye, a thousand times over—than that you should fall into the power of such a man."

"If only O'Hanlon were here, sobbed Una, "if only O'Hanlon were here."

In the priest's room of Carra Castle a little group was assembled on the Eve of Christmas. Humphrey and Honora were there, and Una, too, kneeling beside a stately youth whose dark head was bowed in prayer. Standing before the improvised altar was Father Donogh Heggerty—a miserable, miserably-miserable minister of God, clad in his sacred vestments, with hand uplifted to give the blessing of the Midnight Mass. When it was over, Una and the tall youth approached and knelt together at his feet. Then above the two young heads—the brown and the black—the old priest murmured slowly the words of the marriage service. Una's silvery response came like a whisper, but O'Hanlon's deep voice echoed through the room, while Dame Honora's sobs mingled with the will sighing of the wind outside.

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"The curse of Cromwell is all over the land," said the priest sorrowfully. "And when we reached the crossing-place there was no ford, and the water was frozen over. So we crossed on foot, and my men remain be-passaged where and the secret passage should be a surprise. Una I may thank for my knowledge of the place, since she first showed it to me in our childhood."

"That is well," said Humphrey. "And on the opposite bank my cousin Remy waits with a strong force of his men, so if this Piers were to come, he would find himself the quarry instead of the hunter."

"Just then through the storm the loud rattle of horses' feet was heard in the courtyard and the command to halt given in authoritative tones. All bent their heads to listen. "Piers!" cried Humphrey, straightening himself with a start.

"Piers," murmured Honora, making the Sign of the Cross. "He has tracked you here."

"Have no fear, pulse of my heart," whispered O'Hanlon, drawing Una into his arms and kissing her trembling lips. "Remy is at hand and he will give him the call across the water. He lifted her to bear her away, but she stopped him."

"I cannot leave my dear friends behind," she said. "My more than mother and my kind guardian. How could I go in peace and they in danger? They must come with us."

Honora gazed at Humphrey with tears in her eyes. "She is all we have," she murmured. "Then let us go, wife," Humphrey replied. "Down the passage they made their way cautiously, and at length felt the cold air blowing upon their faces as they neared the entrance. The snow had drifted in between the screening branches until it made a white carpet under foot. Bidding them stay in a sheltered niche O'Hanlon crawled out into the opening, giving a low whistle which was only heard by his men crouched among the trees.

"They were around in an instant, pointing towards the tower. When he looked in that direction he saw a sudden tongue of flame shoot up, then another. "The hounds," he cried. "They are setting it on fire. Then clear, shrill, far-reaching through the night air went the cry of a plover. The Puritans at their episcopal task heard it not, but the Rapparee on the further bank had keener ears and he knew his cousin O'Hanlon had need of him. Over the ice-bound river he and his kerns stole noiselessly and unseen for the sky was dark without moon or stars. The crackling of the flames reached their footfalls over the rough ground, and then— "O'Hanlon! O'Hanlon!"

"That wild shout made the enemy turn quickly, hand to sword. But Remy was fast as they were out-numbered as the mountain men swooped down on them with battle-axe and spear. One trooper fell, then another, and another, as if a blight had struck them, so suddenly and surely did retaliation overtake their evil work."

Then by the leaping Remy O'Hanlon saw one man who fought like a lion—a fair, ruddy man of middle height. "This is my prey, the wolf-hunter," he cried, as he dashed through the smoke and faced him. "O'Hanlon!"

words stuck. Then "Who are you?" he whispered. "One who was in time to save the innocent from your hellish plot."

"Are you the other, my rival? Mistress Una's lover?"

"I am her husband."

"Curse her—and you. She scorned me. . . . They all scorned me. And I tracked the priest. Curse you! It had been a fine sport but for you, Curse—"

His head fell backwards, and Captain Piers had gone to his account.

Early in January a ship sailed from the Bay of Broun, and near by a Spanish ship, bound for Lisbon, and on board were many poor fugitives from Irish plains and valleys, who crowded the decks to look their last upon the land of their love and sorrow.

Una and her husband stood together, hand in hand, and near by Humphrey Bedingfield and Honora gazed sadly at the receding shore. When the blue peaks of Mourne were faded into the greyness of the last upon the land of their love and sorrow.

He prayed fervently that God might lift her heavy burden of woe from poor Ireland, and grant her children once more peace and happiness on the soil that gave them birth.

Father Donogh Heggerty did not accompany the others to Spain. He remained to do his Master's bidding, the poor and needy of his Faith, and the State Papers of that day tell of his consequent imprisonment and execution in the gaol of Clonmel.—Catholic Fireside.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME. — We advise every grammarian just entering on Murray's book, or any of the thousand grammars which he is bound to commit to memory the following easy lines, and then they never need to mistake a part of speech:—

Three little words you often see, Are articles—A, an and the.

A Noun is the name of anything. As School, or Garden, Hoop or Swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of Noun. As Great, or Small, Pretty, White or Brown.

Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand. He, her, his, my, yours, and them, and hand.

Verbs tell of something being done.—To Read, Count, Laugh, Sing, Jump or Run.

How things are done the Adverbs tell. As Slowly, Quickly, Ill or Well.

Conjunctions join the words together. As men and women, wind and weather.

The Preposition stands before A Noun, as In or Through a door.

The Interjection shows surprise, As, Oh! how pretty. Ah! how wise.

The whole are called nine parts of speech. Which reading, writing, speaking, teach. —Beverly (Mass.), Times.

THE CHILD OF MARY — Long, long years ago, when the faith was pure and strong throughout England, a little girl tended her sheep in the green shadows of a wood. She was poor and ignorant, but God had taught her to pray and had given her a yearning, tender, love for His Blessed Mother.

Her great longing was to visit some of the shrines of Mary. She had heard of these from people who had talked with her, and once a pilgrim passing through the village had told the orphan girl of the little house in which the Holy Family had lived on earth—of its bands of pilgrims and the costly gifts they made, of the wax lights and brilliant jewels round the golden shrine. Then the little girl confided her trouble to the pilgrim—that she could not even linger in the old church in the valley, because it was so far away, and the old man, as he listened, smiled upon her and gave her an image of the Blessed Virgin and child.

"See, my daughter," he said, "I will fix it for you in the trunk of this old tree. This must be your shrine, and here you can pray to your Holy Mother."

The little maiden was delighted, and it became her daily care to deck the image gaily. True, she had no offering of gold and gems, but she found the fairest flowers of the meadow, and berries—roses of pure, pale tint from the hedgerows, to twine round the humble shrine of her queen, and even in winter she could make it wreaths of evergreen and holly.

The girl had neither parents nor friends, and so she made a humble cot under the spreading branches of the old oak, and here she dwelt in poverty and want, unthought of, uncared for, but by God.

At length the priest from the distant village was summoned to the dwelling of the shepherd maiden, for the people found her ill and near death. But when he reached the door he paused in silent wonder, for a lady stood by the lonely bedside, fair, majestic, with a band of costly gems round her forehead and a blue mantle covering her figure. With the gentle care of a mother she bent over the girl, wiping the dew of death from her forehead, pressing her lips on the cold, thin, cheeks, speaking to her in words whose sweet tone the priest had never heard or imagined before.

"See, my child," said this lovely visitor, "the priest is here, bringing thy Jesus to thee. He will bear thee safely home."

Then the priest entered the hut, kneeling on his knees he heard the last confession of the dying girl, and the lady raised her in her arms, while sweet strains of angel music filled the humble dwelling, because the Lord of Heaven had entered there. He has come to His suffering child, He rests in her heart, and the angel music sinks into faint, sighing whispers. One glance of un-speakable love, of unimaginable longing, and the spirit of the shepherd girl has fled.

The good priest is kneeling there all alone now, the radiant, queenly form is no longer by the bedside, and yet the angel voices are singing, and yet a sweet fragrance lingers round the straw pallet. Then a soft voice whispered: "Tell this vision which you have seen. Tell it, that men's hearts may be moved to love, shall who will always be with her children in their need." So the good Father told his story for many a mile around, and the faith and love of the people caused them to build a little chapel on the consecrated spot, within which for many a year an oak tree might be seen with an image of Our Lady in its hollow trunk wreathed with flowers and green leaves.

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QUEBEC.

Grass it should not be sown with moisture from the young plants. It is, consequently better to sow it alone, about 12 pounds of seed per acre. The seed being light, the only practicable method is sowing by hand and then a calm day must be selected. The first crop of hay may be cut the next year after seeding and in ordinary years will be ready early in July. Twenty days after being cut it should be used for planting. From three to six hundred pounds of seed may be expected from an acre, the threshing of which is better done by a flail to prevent it from blowing away. It is harvested with a binder the same as grain.

Mr. J. Grisdale, agriculturist of the Central Experimental Farm, sometimes ago sent out circulars enquiring to a number of dairy farmers seeking information as to their methods of feeding, rations used in the summer and winter, breeds and use made of whey and skin milk. Enquiry was also made as to whether farmers would be willing to carry on a dairy herd test in 1901 in conjunction with dairymen in other sections of Canada and at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

The only expense apart from labor would be a scale to weight the milk daily. Mr. Grisdale undertakes to furnish the necessary blanks each month for keeping the records. A large number of responses have already been made and the agriculturist is still receiving communications relating to the matter.

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THE DANGER OF BEING BURIED ALIVE.

(Continued from Page Five.)

touched by any one. He makes his certificate, which covers every possible point in the case, and this is countersigned by the attending physician. Delay and resuscitation may be employed at this stage if the inspector sees fit. Ordinarily he allows from two to twelve hours' delay in the residence for ceremonies, etc., when the body must go to the waiting mortuary, where it remains for twenty-two hours or longer, under medical observation, when the mortuary physician gives his certificate, if all goes without incidents and the interment takes place in the adjoining cemetery.

Thus it is seen that there are, with the hearseman, four independent expert inspectors. All are on the qui vive in carrying out the system, which is popular and understood by all classes.

The waiting mortuary consists of a main hall, where the bodies lie in open coffins, embowered by plants in the midst of light, warmth and ventilation. There is also a laboratory equipped with apparatus for resuscitation, post-mortem room, separate rooms for infectious cases and accidents, a chapel, and quarters for the physician and attendants and office.

There is no law in force anywhere in America that requires either physician, undertaker, or embalmer to employ any specific means to decide that life has left the body before it is placed in the ice, embalmed, buried, cremated or submitted to autopsy. As a rule, the appearance of death are accepted as conclusive. This laxity is not astonishing when it is considered that no special instruction upon death counterfeits and the dangers that may occur from mistaking apparent death for actual death is given in any medical school in our country. Consequently, the medical profession is not specially on its guard against these dangers. Young physicians go out upon their careers knowing scarcely anything about these matters, and even old practitioners sometimes declare that they have never seen a case of apparent death.

In the absence of protective laws, which long experience in the Old World has proved to be necessary, it is possible for a physician to give a certification of death to any one without his knowing anything about the case, whether there was actually a case of death or not, or whether it was a case of homicide, contagion, poisoning, or malpractice. He need not see the body he certifies as dead. A lethargic dose may be given, embalming done without the knowledge of the attending physician, and if an autopsy be undertaken in the interests of science or justice, the chemicals employed in the operation would disguise the poison, and render it impossible to establish the guilt or innocence of the parties accused. It is significant that between 1858 and 1892 not a single case of murder by poisoning was tried in New York city.

Protective laws in the United States should embody the following provisions—namely:

First.—To determine if a body be dead in order that no one shall be placed on ice, embalmed, autopsied, buried or cremated who is apparently dead.

Second.—To prohibit any operations upon the body that might cause pain, efface important appearances or add deceptive ones without the permission of the attending physician or coroner.

Third.—The identification of the body; registration of a certificate of verified death, giving proofs of dissection found in a personal examination of the body, by a qualified physician before the issue of a burial permit.

Fourth.—To ascertain if persons died from natural causes, of certain diseases or from accidents, suicide, crime, neglect, ignorance or contagion.

Fifth.—To provide materials for statistics of mortality; to furnish proof of the fact and cause of death for the use of life insurance claims; in pension cases, in order to assist the honest and to prevent the false ones, and to guide expenditures for public health purposes.

Sixth.—To require all cemeteries to provide waiting mortuaries for the detention of bodies—contagious cases separated—under medical supervision, until putrefaction appears, excepting cases which have been embalmed, autopsied or with injuries to the vital apparatus.

Seventh.—To fix penalties for violations of these provisions.

Association for the prevention of these dangers are easily formed among relatives, friends or by members of clubs by written agreements that on the appearance of death in any member strenuous efforts to restore animation shall be made, and failing in this, that no steps toward embalming, autopsy, burial or cremation shall take place until general decomposition takes place and is certified by two physicians of standing.

One copy of the agreement should be retained by the signer himself—separate from his will, which is often opened only after the funeral. Another should be kept by a trusted member of the family and a third deposited with the records of the association.

The extensive literature of this subject will be found under the heads indicated among the above causes of apparent death. The library of the Surgeon-General's office, Washington, is rich in this kind of matter.—Edward P. Volkmann, M.D., Colonel United States Army, in the Washington Post.

THE HOLY FATHER ACTIVE.—Holy Week must have been a severe strain upon the Holy Father. We know how the energies of young men are taxed during those days of cere-

monials and lengthy offices; yet, by all reports Leo XIII. was equal to the task before him. On Palm Sunday His Holiness received a group of 150 persons, including Colonel Howard and family, the Hon. Mrs. Clifton (sister to Archbishop Stonor). Mrs. White and Miss White, Countess Waldburg, and others. On the following day the Grand Duke Maximilian of Baden, accompanied by his wife, Princess Louise of Brunswick-Lunenburg, related to the English Royal Family, had the honor of a private audience with the Pope, who received them most cordially, dwelling at length on the late Queen Victoria, for whom Leo XIII. always entertained the greatest friendship and esteem. The Holy Father celebrated Mass in his private chapel on Easter Sunday, and afterwards received the congratulations and good wishes of the Sacred College. It was remarked with general satisfaction that the Venerable Pontiff was looking remarkably well, in spite of the unusual fatigue he has undergone of late.

KEEP THE NERVES SOUND.

Nervous prostration is the prevalent disease of the moment with notable persons in all walks of life. It cannot be classed among the fashionable diseases, for it rarely attacks those of the leisure class, but doctors, lawyers, financiers and actors have been the principal victims this winter, as well as politicians of more or less renown and a statesman or two from Washington's population.

This exclusiveness in the selection of victims was also noted in the grip, which, when it first made itself known in America, chose only the prominent for its prey. Since then it has become more general, bestowing itself impartially upon rich and poor alike.

Physicians rarely give bulletins of their cases of nervous prostration. It so frequently heralds serious results that in many cases it is deemed wisest to call it by some other name. But the outgoing steamers carry away many prominent persons of all sorts who are ordered abroad most imperatively for the open air and to escape from the routine in any particular business or profession.

Rest is the invariable prescription and it rarely fails to effect a cure when the disease is taken before artificial means have been employed to quiet the nerves of the affected. The victims of the complaint are nearly all those whose brains, eyesight or nervous systems are called upon in their vocations. The excitements of the theatre prove to be a most powerful cause, as the loss of sleep, the dramatic efforts that have collapsed during the season now closing shows.

But the old adage that hard work never kills holds good in this instance. It is not hard work but injudicious work, irregular hours and loss of sleep, that are the great causes that really are the predisposing causes, as well as excessive smoking and drinking. A great worry, a bereavement or a shock, will frequently bring on an attack of this sort, especially with women. The increase in open air sports for men, however, is largely driving this complaint out of the feminine category. Most of the women patients are from the stage.

Quiet rest is the great and universal cure for neurasthenia but unhappily in cases that have been allowed to advance, quiet is the boon denied the sufferer. The nerves refuse to become calm and no sleep comes to rest the clockwork of the brain and nerves so intricately bound, the one to the other. Brain lesions come and the result may be one of the many forms of insanity in which this awful disease ends.

Paralysis is one of the most frequent results. Affections of the optic nerve are common; the reason is weakened; sometimes the mind becomes permanently unbalanced or the dreaded locomotor ataxia sets in.

Nervous prostration has no set rule of approach. It takes its victims in various ways often by a complete physical collapse as in the case

Advertisement for 'My Shoe Creed' by Mansfield, The Shoelist, 124 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. Includes an illustration of a shoe and text describing the quality and comfort of the shoes.

of actors who faint on the stage during a performance. Suicide is often the sudden culmination. 'The dangers of the disease,' said a physician 'lie in the fact that people go on disregarding the warnings which they have flashed to them from the tired-out nervous system. These warnings are excessive nervousness and irritability, these being the first symptoms and often continuing for years before any breakdown occurs. Then there is a general condition of illness, loss of appetite and insomnia, depression, a tendency to worry over trifles and to these, more serious symptoms add themselves as the disease progresses. The heart frequently is affected, the head is heavy, hot and aching, then the speech becomes jerky, confused and uncertain and the movements of the body are spasmodic and not controlled by the brain. Eccentricity of speech and action is noted and violence is often the result of the complaint. Then the patient who has resisted all the appeals of his physician to rest from his work is condemned to a sanitarium where enforced idleness is necessary for weeks and sometimes for months. 'Open air exercise is a great preservative against this sickness. Cold baths, the plunge and shower and needle spray should be the accompaniments of the morning ablution of those disposed to nervousness even slightly. It is never wise to adopt harsh or sudden methods in this cold water treatment. If one is accustomed to warm baths the temperature of the water should be changed gradually. An excellent plan is to fill a large sponge with cold water and holding it at the back of the neck, squeeze it so that the water trickles down the spine, repeat this several times and the subsequent shock of cold water on the rest of the body is slight. Brisk friction with a coarse towel follows. 'Above all exercise—not with bells or pulleys, but in the open air, with deep breathing and plenty of walking and running, if possible. Well ventilated bedrooms are a necessity. Business men complain that they have no leisure for exercise in the open air, but I now have a number of patients who walk to and from their offices each day from uptown homes. 'Cold showers are of the utmost benefit in nerve trouble, correcting the conditions in all slight attacks very readily. In severe cases patients must give up reading and writing or even listening to music. Study is forbidden to students who develop nerve disease. But in these advanced cases it is better for the sufferer to leave the city, and a sea voyage is a splendid tonic for the nerves. Living in cities surrounded by the awful street noises, the clang

of firebells and those of ambulances and cable cars and the buzzing of automobiles the only wonder is that the disease is not a scourge. 'The greatest danger of nervous prostration is that so many sufferers anxious to avoid giving up their various pursuits resort to remedies that produce only an artificial calmness to the nerves. These are the cases most difficult to cure.'—New York Sun.

Advertisement for Boys' First Communion Suits by J. G. Kennedy & Co., The One-Price Clothiers, 31 St. Lawrence Street. Features two suit options: a three-piece suit for \$4.25 and a two-piece suit for \$6.50.

Advertisement for Boys' Clothing by The S. Carsley Co., Limited. Promotes 'Boys' Tweed Suits' and 'Boys' Communion Suits' as matured styles for 1901.

Advertisement for Ladies' Jackets by The S. Carsley Co., Limited. Features 'New Spring Jackets in Fawn Box Cloth' and 'Ladies' 3-4 length Raglan Coats'.

Advertisement for First Communion Prayer Books by The S. Carsley Co., Limited. Lists various prayer book designs and prices.

Large advertisement for Mothers' clothing by Allan's, Corner Craig and Bleury, or 2399 St. Catherine St. Features an illustration of a young boy and the slogan 'Read This.' Promotes 'Overall Suits' and 'Jackets at same price'.

Market Report section containing various commodity prices: Cattle market, Cheese, Butter, Eggs, Maple product, Potatoes, Beans, and Onions.