

...AY, FEB. 20, 1904.
...ety Directory.

...K'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
...March 6th, 1866, incorpor-
...S, revised 1884. Meets in
...ick's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-
...et. First Monday of the
...Committee meets last Wed-
...Officers: Rev. Director,
...Callaghan, P.P. Director,
...r. Justice O. J. Dunery,
...F. E. Devlin, M.D.; and
...J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treas-
...ank J. Green; correspon-
...retary, J. Kahala; Sec-
...retary, T. P. Tansey.

...K'S T. A. AND B. SO-
...Meets on the second Sun-
...day month in St. Patrick's
...St. Alexander street, at
...Committee of Manage-
...ts in same hall on the
...day of every month at 8
...Director, Rev. Jas. Kil-
...sident, W. P. Doyle; Rec-
...o. P. Gunning, 716 St.
...treet, St. Henri.

...T. A. & B. SOCIETY,
...d 1868.—Rev. Director,
...er McPhail; President, D.
...P.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn,
...Dominique street; M. J.
...asurer, 18 St. Auguste
...Meets on the second Sun-
...day month, in St. Am's
...er Young and Ottawa
...t 8.30 p.m.

...YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY
...1885.—Meets in the
...Ottawa street, on the
...ay of each month, at
...Spiritual Adviser, Rev.
...yn, C.S.S.R.; President,
...re, Sec., Thomas
...eo.—Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

...OF CANADA, BRANCH
...nized, 18th November,
...nch 26 meets at St.
...Hall, 92 St. Alexan-
...very Monday of each
...the regular meetings for
...section of business are
...the 2nd and 4th Monday
...nch, at 8 p.m. Spiritual
...lay, M. Callaghan; (hon-
...r. Secs; President, P.J.
...e.—Sec., F. J. McDonagh;
...ary, Jas. J. Costigan;
...J. H. Feeley, jr.; Mel-
...ra, Drs. H. J. Harless,
...nnet and G. H. Merrill

...ROH BELLS.

...Bells in China
...None
...McShane's
...FREDERICK, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

...Y BELL COMPANY

...Y, N. Y., and
...WAY, NEW YORK CITY.

...Superior, ENURCH BELLS

...ELLANHOUS.

...er, When You Buy

...wan's

...and Chocolate

...olutely Pure Coofs.

...CELEBRATED

...F-RAISING FLOUR

...inal and the Best.

...W given for the empty 100
...lbs.

...RY St., Montreal.

...190

...which

The True Witness



Vol. LIII., No. 34

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"CATHOLIC SCHOOLS," remarks the "Catholic Times," of Liverpool, "are the porch of our Catholic Churches, not in metaphor merely, but in fact."

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE is well and graphically described in a letter addressed to the President by two Eminent Princes of the Church.

LENTE MISSIONS—If we are to judge by the attendance at the various Lenten missions and exercises in our parish Churches, Montreal is well entitled to the honored name it bears in Catholic ranks, the "City of Mary."

PARLIAMENTARY FUND—The Trustees of the Irish Parliamentary Fund have addressed an appeal to the Irish people for a renewal of the support which they have given towards the maintenance of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

CATHOLICS SET ASIDE—In Ireland, as in Canada, and in the United States, Irish Catholics have to submit to injustices and struggle against prejudices. The "Leader," of Dublin, in a recent article published a striking array of figures showing the extent to which Catholics suffer in Ireland.

VILLA MARIA'S JUBILEE—As announced in these columns about a year ago, and again last week, the Convent of Villa Maria, under the direction of the Congregation de Notre Dame, will celebrate the golden jubilee of its foundation during the present year.

THE HUMBLE SERVANT—The other day a hearse noted for its lack of the usual fancy carvings and draperies which are so prominent a feature of the modern funeral equipment, passed along St. James street, followed by a vehicle containing three members of one of our well known religious orders in this city.

MONEY IS THE CRY—One of the evils of this age is the desire of a large class of people to accumulate riches so that they may enjoy the pleasures of this life by living in luxury and ease.

WAR NEWS—Since our last issue, although an entire week has gone past, there has been little change in the situation in the Far East. It is true that the daily press has published columns of news; but some of it is unconfirmed, other portions are evidently cooked up to suit the hopes and desires of the different correspondents, while none of it can be taken with assurance, for there is too much contradiction coming on the heels of assertion.

As far as news goes of a reliable character, there is none of sufficient

importance to claim serious attention; but of rumors there is no end. Amongst these latter not a few have been concocted for the purpose of affecting the stocks in various countries. Take for example that in France which had the effect of depreciating the value of securities on the Paris Bourse to the extent of millions of dollars. This is due to a mere war scare. But the world knows full well how very panicky the French stock market has always been. On the whole there seems to be a certainty that the great Powers are determined on keeping their neutrality. Germany, France and England are all interested in preserving harmony amongst the Powers, and none of them will lightly attempt to interfere as long as it is possible to maintain neutrality. If any outside interference takes place it will probably be on the part of China. And China cannot be looked upon exactly as disinterested, for the fate of either sides much affect the Flowery Kingdom.

Villa Maria has sent forth thousands of ladies, the mothers of the best families in the land, and its courses have the sanction of universal approbation. It has drawn to its halls young girls from all ends of America, and, in every instance, it has returned them to their families models of Christian womanhood.

It is not always the one whose name is the most loudly proclaimed, and whose fame is the most widespread that performs the greatest and most effective work. In the Catholic Church, above all, are there thousands of men and women of whose existence the world knows almost absolutely nothing, yet who are delving away, laboring day and night, in order that Truth may become known, or that humanity may be made happier, or that the secrets of science may be revealed, or that souls may be raised to God.

General Kouropatkin will not leave for the front for another fortnight. In the meantime he is going to his country estates to bid farewell to relatives. His status has not yet been fully settled. By the terms of his appointment the General will command the Manchurian army, subject to Admiral Alexieff, but his powers probably will be extended to include the troops north of Manchuria. The official view of the status is that Admiral Alexieff will remain in supreme command, but the viceroy, being a sailor, General Kouropatkin will be appointed his lieutenant for the army, as Admiral Makaroff is for the navy.

The viceroy's departure from Port

that would ensure them a fuller measure of success than they enjoy to-day.

If our Catholic young women and young men do not, as a rule, occupy a position equal to that of other creeds and nationalities, the fault is due to the fact that, with one or two exceptions, our well-to-do co-religionists are not public-spirited enough.

WAR NEWS.

Correspondents of the daily press in various parts of the world and others engaged in the task of newsgathering are busy—very busy—in their endeavors to satisfy the appetites of the average reader who is ready to wade through columns of war news, whether genuine or not.

Here are a few of the despatches of the week. The first bears the date of St. Petersburg, Feb. 23, and is as follows:—"The war will end in August or September in the complete defeat of the Japanese," said a high authority in intimate touch with the Russian war plans, whose opinion can be taken faithfully to reflect the belief in the highest official quarters. To the Associated Press to-day he added: "How the Japanese can hope to succeed when our army in the East is strengthened to a point equal or superior in numbers to that of our adversaries we are honestly unable to comprehend. It will not be difficult to place two, four or even six hundred thousand additional men in the field, if necessary. When our forces are concentrated and ready they will finish by driving the Japanese into the sea."

"Frankly, it seems to us that the Japanese either have utterly failed to appreciate Russia's resources or have counted on the aid of Great Britain or the United States, neither of which ever contemplated becoming involved. So far as Great Britain is concerned, we do not believe any hallucinations existed there. We think the British statesmen who did so much to push Japan into war realized that with Japan's defeat they would accomplish two things for Great Britain—first, to give Russia a check, for of course the war must impede our progress temporarily; second, to cripple Japanese maritime power, which was beginning to be greatly felt in the Pacific."

"It can be said with the utmost positiveness that Russia will bide her time. She will act on the defensive until she feels confident that her weight of numbers will leave no doubt as to the result. Reinforcements are going forward at the rate of 3000 a day. Probably some time will elapse before Russia feels fully prepared to assume the offensive."

"The conviction is growing here in official circles that in spite of Japanese denials, the Japanese fleet was severely crippled off Port Arthur in the engagement which began on Feb. 8. The Admiralty has no direct official information to support this except the manner in which the Japanese abandoned the attack at the end of forty-five minutes. It is pointed out at the Admiralty that two weeks have now elapsed without the whereabouts of the Japanese fleet being definitely reported, and the opinion is gaining ground that it has gone to a Japanese port for repairs. It is pointed out also that it has always been the Japanese policy to announce only victories, the Admiralty adding: "We know they sustained losses in the China war which were never admitted."

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The viceroy's departure from Port

Arthur was not due to apprehension of the possibility of its investment, but simply to the requirements of the strategic situation, so as to enable him to direct the operations now in progress along the line of the Korean frontier from a more central point. Possibly he will not remain at Mukden, but will go from place to place, as circumstances demand.

Speaking on the subject of the possible investment of Port Arthur, the military authorities here do not believe the Japanese will attempt to make a landing in force on the Liaotung peninsula. The former say there is nothing the Russians would like better, as such an attempt is doomed to certain failure. The authorities here assert that the southern portion of the peninsula is strongly guarded, and the northern shores present insurmountable obstacles. The only chance of the Japanese, it is claimed, would be marching down from Corea, but to do this, it is added, they must first defeat the Russian army on this side of the Yalu river, and, even if successful, they would be face to face with an impregnable stronghold.

The Associated Press now understands that the Grand Duke Alexis, uncle of the Czar, and high admiral, has reconsidered his decision to go to the Far East. He was extremely anxious to go, but the Grand Duke felt that his duties here would necessitate his remaining in St. Petersburg.

Rumors reached this city on Wednesday that four ships of the Japanese had been sunk as a result of an encounter with the Russians at Port Arthur.

From Tokio comes the news that a fresh engagement was fought near Port Arthur; but it is not confirmed. Then we learn of a Russian squadron of four warships in the Korean straits, and a naval battle that is believed to have been fought off Fusan. But the next day we find that no such battle took place.

In St. Petersburg the Russians have awakened from what is styled their panic.

There is little, therefore, at our disposal whereon to base any guess work regarding the actual situation or the probable outcome. From New York comes an item of news that may help to cast some light upon the mystery of Japan's intimate knowledge of Russian plans, operations, strength and weakness. S. Y. Furukawa, a Japanese engineer, has landed in New York and has told the press something about his mission. He came direct from Russia and is on his way to Japan. Here is what he says:

"I am going back to Tokio as fast as I can get there. I got out of Russia because I had an idea the officials might detain me if I remained longer. It is pretty hard for a Japanese to disguise himself in a country like Russia, where everybody is suspicious even of his own family."

"Early in November, when I was at St. Petersburg, I secured some valuable data, including blue prints of the trans-Siberian railroad. I used to be a bridge builder, and the data on that subject which I obtained is sure to stand my country in good service."

"The Japanese Government knows more about Russia's weakness than Russia knows herself. Any idea that the war will be a long one is not correct. Not only will Russia lose, but Japan will win faster than is supposed."

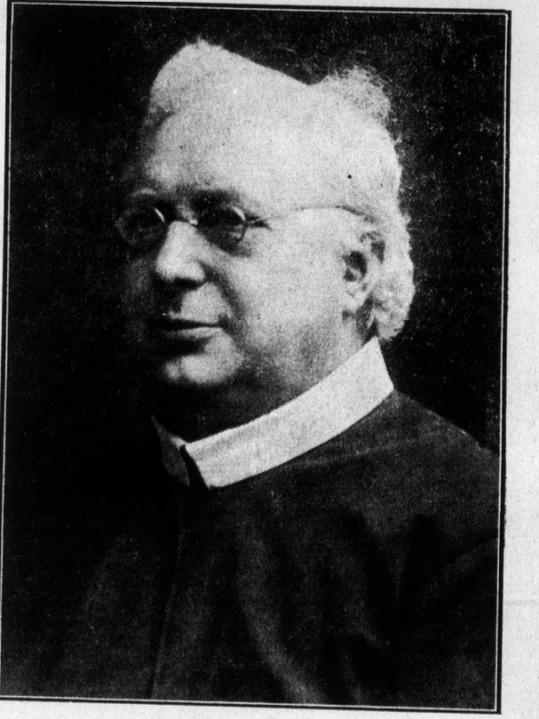
A JAPANESE POLITICIAN.

Ambition and energy may achieve much in the temporal sphere, as the following item will explain:

"A few years ago a young Japanese student caused a sensation by appearing at the home of Mr. Bryan at Lincoln, Neb., and announcing that he had come there from the Orient to be adopted by Mr. Bryan and learn the arts of statesmanship. Mr. Bryan when Yashitomo, the young Jap, annexed himself to his household, demurred at first gently, but later strenuously, but without avail, and he finally yielded peacefully to what seemed the inevitable. This young student completed his course at the University of Nebraska this week and was given his degree. He intends to return to Japan and endeavor to become a political leader with reform ideas."

NOTES FROM HISTORIC QUEBEC.

(By Our Own Correspondent)



REV. JOSEPH HENNING, C.S.S.R.

Rev. Joseph Henning, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, is very much loved by his parishioners. Although he has entered upon the decade of years leading up to that of the Golden Jubilee of his career in the holy ministry, Father Henning is a striking figure in the spiritual and temporal life of this city.

The impress of his piety, zeal, sacred eloquence, and administrative ability may be found in many lands as the result of his forty-two years of missionary labor—zeal for God's glory and salvation of souls—but in no place are evidences more marked than in the midst of those true Irish hearts which compose his flock in Quebec.

During the last few years he has completely renovated the Church, in which undertaking he received the hearty co-operation of his congregation. Three new altars, which are considered real works of art, have been erected, the old floor in the Sanctuary and Church has been replaced by one made of hardwood, new and modern pews have taken the place of those that had done service since the Church was built, a new altar rail has been placed in position, four new bells have been put in the belfry, and the entire church has been re-painted. In addition three magnificent paintings have been placed in the Sanctuary, being painted on canvas and afterwards affixed to the wall. One above the main altar represents the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, another on the Gospel side, the Annunciation, and on the Epistle side the death of St. Joseph.

The Sanctuary has been further embellished by four new stained glass windows, the gift of members of the parish. Mr. A. and Miss Behan donated one each, representing the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Conception; the third, representing St. Patrick, is the gift of Dr. P. Coote, while the fourth, Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Alphonsus, was erected by Mrs. R. Barden in memory of her husband. The stained glass windows in the body of the Church were paid for by the parish. New and magnificent vestments of different colors have also been bought for use on solemn occasions, as well as copes of the same color as the vestments. At a large expense the church is lit by well-nigh countless electric lights, and on festive occasions presents a grand spectacle.

This, in brief, is the work done by Rev. Father Henning in a few years. The Church certainly does

credit to the Irish Catholics of Quebec, and no visitor to the Ancient Capital should go away without paying it a visit. All this has been done, and the debt on the Church, which was something like \$35,000 many years ago, is now below the \$1000 mark.

The Mission mentioned last week is now going on. It is conducted by Rev. Fathers Cullen, Sterne and Reis, of the Redemptorist Order. Immense crowds fill the Church to hear the eloquent preachers, even the exercises at five o'clock being well attended. Many non-Catholics are attending the services.

St. Patrick's Sanctuary and choir boys, to the number of about 70, had a very enjoyable outing a few days ago to Montmorency Falls. After partaking of a specially prepared luncheon at Kent House, they indulged in sliding and other amusements to their heart's content, singing, dancing, etc., forming part of the programme.

The unusually cold weather has had the effect of depleting many coal bins, many among the poorer classes being unable to replenish them. The various charitable societies are busily engaged hunting up those in need and rendering assistance. St. Vincent de Paul Society particularly doing noble work in this respect.

Owing to illness, Seamus McManus, who was to have lectured on "Irish Wit and Humor," on the 19th inst., was unable to reach the city, and the lecture has consequently been postponed till March. When he does reach Quebec, he is sure to receive a cordial welcome.

Headed by the A.O.H., Quebec Irishmen are actively engaged making preparations for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. Deputations from the C.M.B.A., C.O.F., St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, and Sarsfield A.A.A. are conferring with a committee of the A.O.H. as to the route of the procession, etc.

The municipal elections are over and passed off very quietly. Almost every seat was contested and the old Council re-elected almost to a man. The reform party put several candidates in the field, but only succeeded in electing one of them.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

AT ST. MICHAEL'S—The most beautiful of all the devotions of the Church, that of the "Forty Hours," was inaugurated at St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday last. Special decorations had been prepared, and the Church was at its best. The Archbishop was in the Sanctuary and preached the sermon of the morning. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Marjoui, C.S.B., assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. All the ceremonial which surrounds this now established annual exercise was carried out with the exactitude which characterizes the ceremonies of the Cathedral. In the evening the congregation filled the Church to overflowing. Rev. Father Marjoui sang Vespers, and a sermon from the text "This is My body," was preached by Rev. Father Ryan. The choir under the direction of Mr. Miller, with Miss Le Maitre at the organ, rendered some excellent music. The "Cujus Animam," from Rossini's Stabat Mater, was sung with fine effect by Mr. Miller, and "O Salutaris," by Miss Foley, and a "Tantum Ergo" all excellently rendered, composed the musical part of the devotion. After Benediction, the vast congregation advanced to the altar rail and adored the Lord there present, in a special manner.

The Devotion continued until Wednesday, with particular exercises and sermons in the evening, in addition to the Masses of each day.

CHANGE IN STAFF—Rev. Doctor Treacy, who for some years past was stationed at the Cathedral, has been transferred to Dixie. Since the death of Rev. Father Bengin, the parish of Dixie has been in charge of the Rev. Doctor, and it is now rumored that the change is to be permanent. So quietly was the going of Father Treacy accomplished, that even yet many are in ignorance of it having taken place; should the transfer be permanent, then, indeed, will the Cathedral have sustained a very great loss. During his term at St. Michael's, Father Treacy had been a leading spirit in all that concerned the interests of the parish, all the energy that youth and an enthusiastic temperament could throw into his work was spent by him upon the spiritual, and often temporal needs of the people of the Cathedral parish. The children of the school, the Sunday-school classes, the boys of the Sanctuary and of the various societies of the parish, were all and each his particular care. The scholarly priest, who preached sermons among the most learned and eloquent that have ever echoed down the aisles of St. Michael's, and with equal facility whether in English, French or Italian, could also laugh the hearty laugh of a boy, and enter into the childish and youthful sports of the children of his parish and so they all loved him. The poor, too, will miss him, and the many who for the past eight years have profited by and enjoyed the highly spiritual and intellectual discourses and instructions of Doctor Treacy will experience a void great and unexpected. Dixie is certainly favored. The presence of Rev. Doctor Treacy in that parish means the loss to the city of one of its most scholarly and devoted priests.

DEATH OF MR. T. P. COFFEE—On Sunday morning, at her residence, 41 Maple Avenue, Rosedale, Toronto, occurred the death of Madeline Alice, wife of Mr. T. P. Coffee. The deceased lady was the daughter of the late Mr. Ben. Hughes, of this city, and sister of Mr. Vincent Hughes of Montreal. Mrs. Coffee was one of the most cultured and charming women in Toronto, and a member of one of its oldest Catholic families. She was married only about two years, and her early taking away is keenly felt by the many friends who had known her from childhood. The funeral takes place from the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes on Tuesday morning. May she rest in peace.

A VALUED BOOK—A most interesting sketch of Lady Georgina Fullerton and her works published in last week's issue of the True Witness, brought to mind one of her books not mentioned in the list quoted, one indeed seldom mentioned, and for that reason I speak of it here though the subject can claim no kin whatever to Toronto happenings. The title of the book is "Too Strange Not to be True," and it all find it

as interesting as your correspondent did, then is a most enjoyable hour in store for all who read the delightful tale. I read it when a child, and it remained in my childish category as the "nicest book I had ever read"; a few years ago I read it again, just to see if it still possessed its first flavor; I found it equally appealing. At this moment neither the plot nor character are very vividly before me, but the "after taste" of the book is still strong. Try it then, any who want a pleasant hour or two with Lady Georgina Fullerton.

A GOOD STORY—The following story came to hand lately, and as it is really good, and is vouched for as being authentic, I am going to give the readers of the "True Witness" the benefit of it. Not long ago, Archbishop Farrelly promised the boys in certain schools and institutions of New York that the one who came out best in a Catechism contest which he was about to inaugurate, should receive a watch as a reward of merit. Accordingly the boys set to work to win the coveted prize, and on the day appointed a number of priests and others interested were gathered together to witness the result. Representative boys from the different schools took their places in the line of contestants; the work went merrily on; one by one the boys were "plucked" by some piper and reluctantly took their seats, until at last only one of the large number remained on the floor. This lad was put through a rigid catechizing by His Grace himself, but he remained invulnerable; nothing seemed able to penetrate his armor of knowledge, in which he had encased himself. "Well, my lad," declared the prelate at last, "the watch is yours. What is your name?" "Solemon Jacobs," was the astonishing answer. "Are you a Catholic?" asked the Archbishop. "No," said the boy, "I am a Hebrew." "Then how does it happen that you know the Catechism so well?" "Oh!" said the lad, "I am a member of the same club as some of those boys, and I was here the night you promised the watch to the one who knew the Catechism best. I then made up my mind to get the watch."

The story speaks for itself.

ST. CECILIAS—About fifteen years ago a wooden building was erected at Toronto Junction, and for about half that period afterward it did double duty as Church and school house. The edifice was blessed on a Sunday morning; the congregation was not large, and the children from the neighboring school of St. Helen's walked through what seemed the bush, to take part in the function by singing the Benediction. The late Vicar General Rooney performed the ceremony, assisted by Vicar General McCann, then parish priest of St. Helen's, with the Junction as an attached Mission. Eight years ago a small frame Church with seating capacity for two hundred and fifty was purchased and fitted up for the celebration of Mass. This is now the parish Church; it is bright and comfortable, and the statues and other appointments though small are dainty and altogether in keeping. The walls and confessional curtains are beginning to look faded, but as a new Church is probably in view sometime in the next years, those can be put up with. On Sunday last Father Dougherty, the assistant parish priest, stood within the porch as the people filed in to High Mass apparently having a word or smile of welcome for all. He afterwards said Mass and preached a very lucid sermon on the Gospel of the Day; the Rev. Father prefaced his sermon by remarking that the parents did not do their duty regarding the teaching of the Catechism to their children; justice and charity demanded they should do this, yet on examining the children he found this work often times altogether neglected. Father Dougherty also made some strong strictures on the drink habit, urging his listeners to refrain entirely from the vice, especially during Lent.

The little choir sang the music of the Mass very pleasingly, under the direction of their organist, Miss McEnaney, who is doing good despite the disadvantage of not having a choir balanced in all the parts; Miss Lyla Middleton sang the leading solos of the Mass; an outside parish is seldom favored as St. Cecilia's in possessing a singer such as Miss Middleton. She sings in a trained, musical soprano voice of superior range

and compass. Her services in this line are given generously, as in addition to singing at High Mass she plays and trains the children for singing at the early Mass. Miss Middleton has lately won the Mason & Risch Scholarship and there are doubtless more laurels in store for the young lady. Those who like a nice ride and a pleasant change on Sunday morning may be commended to attend Mass at St. Cecilia's.

GREAT FIRES OF MODERN HISTORY.

Generally it has been supposed, says an American weekly newspaper, that the day when whole sections of a town could be swept away by fire was past, owing to modern improvements in building and to methods of fire extinction. But the recent catastrophe at Baltimore destroys faith in that belief. Of the serious conflagrations of the last century first to be mentioned, of course, is the Chicago fire of 1871, with its loss of \$190,000,000; the Boston fire of 1872, sustaining a loss of \$80,000,000; the Hamburg (Germany) fire of 1812, a loss of \$35,000,000; the Aldersgate street (London, England) fire of 1899, a loss of \$10,000,000; the great New York fire of 1835, a loss of \$30,000,000; the Bleeker street (New York) fire of 1891, a loss of \$7,000,000. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the European cities suffered conflagrations which differed from those of the present day in one respect.

During these centuries the cities of Northern Europe consisted of nothing more than a vast collection of squalid huts of logs, rushes, wattles and daub, grouped about a few magnificent buildings. Such was the London of Queen Elizabeth's day. The great fire in London in 1666, while it destroyed the greater part of that city, resulted in a loss much less than that of the Baltimore fire. It destroyed the miserable huts, but spared the Tower, Westminster and other notable buildings. Such, also, was pretty much the case with Moscow, when Napoleon arrived there. The Kremlin and several of the grand Cathedrals were very fine buildings, to be sure, but the greater portion of the city consisted of log cabins. In fact, from about the middle of the seventeenth century down to 1835 nearly every one of the great European capitals suffered from fire, and, as a result, arose from their ashes more substantial than before.

To-day there is only one city left in Europe which remains just as it stood prior to 1600, and that is Constantinople. If anyone should desire to know what London or Edinburgh, Paris, Amsterdam, or Moscow were like, both as regards buildings and fire protection, prior to the beginning of the eighteenth century, all he need do is visit Constantinople. There he will find the old-fashioned, unpaid, volunteer fire companies, with their hand-power engines, the old-fashioned watch-towers, about over the city, the vast area of wooden hovels, with a few magnificent buildings, just as they were in London in the days of good Queen Bess. Mr. Curtis, in his work entitled "The Turk and His Lost Provinces," describes a fire which he once attended in Constantinople, the alarm of which was given by one of the watchmen in one of the wooden towers, the nearest company responding accompanied by a great rabble.

When they arrived at the scene one building (a store) was in flames, and several more were threatened. The proprietors of the shops adjoining were frantic to have the firemen begin operations at once, but they could not at first agree on the price. The firemen wanted a certain sum for the good of their organization, which the merchants regarded as extortionate. While they wrangled over the price of fire protection, the flames rapidly encroached on the very properties they were so anxious to save, so finally, in desperation, the merchants agreed upon the amount, which was forthwith collected on the spot by the captain of the company before a hand was turned towards checking the flames. Then the firemen set to work and put out the fire.

Fires are productive of some curious results. Just after the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago, a writer in one of the Eastern papers called attention to the fact that it was quite possible to render the scenery of a theatre completely fireproof. He quoted proofs showing that over 80 years ago after a serious theatre fire

in one of the Eastern cities, one of the best known theatrical managers of that period had the scenery, as well as the stage floors of his playhouse, treated with a certain cheap chemical. When this was done a stream of burning gas was directed against both scenery and floor, the result being that while the parts on which the flames was directed crumbled and fell to pieces, it did not burn nor did the crumbling extend farther than the parts affected by the intense heat of the burning gas. About twenty years ago another serious fire destroyed the greater portion of the business section of a large manufacturing city on the western slope of the Appalachians. It started in the basement of a large department store, and before the saleswomen and clerks could leave the building the flames had reached the upper floors, and several persons were cut off from the stairs. As a result they were finally driven by heat and smoke out of the windows, and lost their lives jumping to the pavement below. Immediately following this an inventive genius set his wits to work, and invented a most ingenious contrivance for leaving a burning building. It consisted of nothing more than a long and stout rope, run through a peculiar check pulley. All that one had to do to escape from a burning building was simply to make one end of this arrangement fast to something in the room, attach the proper end about his waist, and cast himself out of the window. For the first six or eight feet his descent would be quite rapid, but the farther he descended, the slower his speed, the check pulley operating in such fashion as to arrest a rapid descent on the part of the person attached to the end. Several persons, the inventor included, descended by this means from the top of tall buildings in perfect safety, and the safety and utility of the device were publicly demonstrated in several places. But by the time he set out to sell his contrivances, people had forgotten about the fire, and he received no encouragement whatever; what few he sold hardly paying him for the time and energy he had wasted in their invention.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

THE APPROACHING SESSION.—Although the session is almost at hand, there is nothing around the Capital or the Parliament Buildings to indicate an abnormal state of affairs. There is considerable speculation as to the probable duration of the session. So far ninety-four notices have been given of private bills. This time last year there were over one hundred and fifty. The most important of these that are now on the list is that which concerns the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Bill. It reads as follows: "Notice is hereby given that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an act amending the provisions of the act incorporating the said Company, in so far as they relate to the powers conferred upon the directors, of issuing paid up capital stock; defining the powers of the provisional directors and confirming the action of the said directors in entering into an agreement or agreements on behalf of the said Company with His Majesty the King, represented by the Minister of Railways for the Dominion of Canada, and other acts and proceedings of the provisional directors of the said company."

This means the bulk of the session's work; for, apart from the estimates, the amendments to this now famous bill will constitute the great bone of contention. There being no tariff changes, it is not likely that the session will last over three months.

A NEW HOTEL—There is every indication that Ottawa is going to have a million dollar hotel. The New York World says: "A syndicate of New York men has been formed for the purpose of building a new \$1,000,000 hotel in Ottawa, Canada, next spring. John H. Langton, manager of the Hotel Spaulding, and Colonel Montgomery, of this city and London, are the prime movers in the scheme."

A local organ here has the following comment on the subject: "The site generally agreed upon is the Clewley property bounded by Rideau street, Mackenzie avenue and Sussex street. Chief Powell, who is interested in the management of this property, when the New York World item was read to him, said: 'It is true that several American capitalists have been making negotiations regarding this property as a hotel site, but none of the names mentioned in the article are upon my list. However, I wouldn't be surprised if it is the same company.'"

Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan has arranged for the fitting celebration of the National festival by the parishioners of the mother Irish parish, old and young, at the Windsor Hall.

The afternoon will be devoted to the presentation of a spirited Irish drama by the pupils of St. Patrick's School, for the benefit of the boys and girls; in the evening a historic and spectacular scene laid in Ireland several centuries ago will be staged. Irish music, instrumental and vocal, will also be a striking feature.

Parishes and societies or institutions, holding celebrations in honor of Ireland's National Day, should send us some notes of their proposed celebrations if they desire to have their entertainments noticed in the True Witness.

Local societies and parishes should not fail to avail themselves of our advertising columns. A few dollars for advertising will be profitably spent, as all Irish families who send representatives to public demonstrations on such occasions are readers of the "True Witness."

SYMPATHY OF POPE PIUS.—Cardinal Gibbons, who is in New Orleans on a visit, has received the following telegram from Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, regarding the recent fire in Baltimore: "Holy Father sympathizes deeply in the great affliction which has overcome your episcopal city, and inquires about your health."

"MERRY DEL VAL." Cardinal Gibbons has replied as follows: "Profound thanks to Holy Father for paternal message. Baltimore's loss by fire probably \$100,000,000."

"CARDINAL GIBBONS."

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

home for incurables was brought up by Rev. Canon McCarthy at the quarterly meeting of the English-speaking conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul on Sunday afternoon. The need of such an institution was impressed upon the members by the reverend speaker and it was discussed in a general way, the meeting agreeing with the proposition. No definite step in the matter was taken, however, but it will be carefully considered. Reports were submitted in respect to the work among the poor during the past three months, and while on account of the severity of the season there has been a good deal of hardship the work afforded by the removal of the great quantities of snow has furnished money to keep the ladders of many of the poor going, and applications for fuel have not been abnormal.

Sunday morning the members of the different conferences attended Mass and received Communion in a body.

OBITUARIES.—A despatch from Bouchette, on the Upper Gatineau, announces the sudden death of Rev. Father Isidore Garon, parish priest of that place. The deceased priest who was a highly esteemed and most zealous missionary, was born at Rimouski in 1857, and ordained priest in 1892. He is a brother of Rev. Father Paul Garon, parish priest of Masham, also on the Upper Gatineau. The two brothers, whose parishes were in the wild regions of the North, have done immense work for the diocese of Ottawa. His Grace the Archbishop will personally officiate at the funeral service, and thus pay tribute to the memory of the good priest whom God has called away so suddenly.

I must also record for you the death of Mr. Joseph Nelligan, a promising young man of only 21 years, and one of the brightest of the rising generation of youthful Irish Catholics in Ottawa. Deceased was born in Gloucester and moved to Ottawa at an early age. He resided at 116 Cambridge street, and is survived by a mother, four brothers and two sisters. The brothers are Messrs. Richard and William, of the Ottawa Fire Department; also Joseph and Michael. Mrs. Michael Carney is a sister, as is Miss Bridget Nelligan. Deceased was the son of the late Joseph Nelligan and grand-son of the late John McCabe. The late Michael McCabe, who was at one time a member of the famous Shamrock lacrosse team of Bytown, was an uncle of deceased. The deceased was very highly esteemed by all who knew him, and his untimely demise occasions much sympathy for the bereaved family.

He was a member of St. Patrick's congregation, and from that Church the funeral took place on Monday last to Notre Dame Cemetery, R.I.P.

LENTEN SERMONS.—The Lenten sermons to be preached at the Basilica this season will be given by Rev. Fathers Allard and Trudel, of the Redemptorists of Montreal. It is expected that very large congregations will attend the instructions. The preachers are amongst the most able missionaries in Canada to-day.

THE CHINESE GAMBLERS.—A Chinese gambling resort has been in full blast here for a long time past, but it was raided on Sunday. It would seem that from all over Canada Chinese gamblers came here to risk their money. A visit to the police station on Sunday night would have imagined himself in the heart of Chinatown. Curled up on benches in the cells which lead off the dingy corridors were nineteen Chinamen, as the result of the sensational raid made on the gambling place.

HOME FOR INCURABLES.—The question of establishing a Catholic

JEW IN IRELAND.—The Dublin Irishman, in a recent issue, notes the increase of the Jews in Ireland: "Twenty years ago we had few Jews in Ireland. To-day we have Jewish magistrates to teach us respect for the glorious constitution under which we exist; Jewish lawyers to look after our affairs, and Jewish money-lenders to accommodate us; Jewish tailors to clothe us; Jewish photographers to take our pictures; Jewish brokers to furnish our houses and Jewish auctioneers to sell us up in the end for the benefit of all our other Jewish benefactors."

DISPENSATION CATHOLICS.—"There are Catholics whose idea of being up in their faith consists of a knowledge of what is the minimum religion demands that we believe. There are Catholics whose study of the Lenten regulations is a search after dispensations."

THEIR VICTORY.—The Sacred Heart Review says: "Fifteen old veterans of the Civil War, in the Michigan Soldiers' Home have been received into the Catholic Church."

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RUSSIA V

The reports received by correspondents of the in a position to supply information enable us to step towards penetrating the veil of mystery which surrounds the proceedings of the Russian armies in the field. Until evidence is given the very complete summary of the Russian of Lake Baikal, sent correspondent of the 21, the estimate of a given holds the fields. the available troops. the correspondent plots strength on the data 000 men and 266 guns must be regarded as a in the art of military and as a model of accurate reporting. A criticism of the very complete in this remarkable serves to confirm its almost every point.

It includes the whole of the First and Second Army Corps and of military district, besides troops, frontier guard forces not included in the now present in East Asia. The names or numbers of the garrisons of all the known in England, and tion concerning them be rigorously checked. in question, contains pre- count has been taken of changes in Russian military in the Far East, merates regiments which been formed during weeks on the strength quite recent date.

We are also enabled time to ascertain which in the West is being drawn reinforcements. Of the first two belong to Russian Army Corps of district, and the remaining Seventeenth or Moscow. Whether the remaining corps are under orders to move eastward there is nothing to show.

Besides these regiments five army there are, it is clear, sixteen battalions of infantry in Manchuria. It but it is not quite certain belong to the First Siberian Brigade, whose base are at Chita. The Times dent very properly remarks numbers he gives "renewed war strength" and take of waste. The numbers, in fact, accurately represent strengths which are credit- sian units by the best and formation at disposal. Troops in east Asia are ad- dually on a war footing, it be added that for some companies of infantry drawn from European garrisons sent east to complete effect.

Many considerations arise close study of this information would appear that out of guns only thirty-six are a quick-firing pattern. This ment that has been made, faith of German reports of origin, that the whole of lery to be employed again "is now armed with guns." Both the Russian Japanese artillery are at the stage of transition, and is more difficult than to secure information of the re- armament of a fore- lery. The new pattern 3-in- firing Russian field gun is of manufacture, and the ex- lar of batteries issued to is not known. The same re- plies to the new Arisaka qu- field gun of Japan, at pres- construction at the Osaka ar- is, however, probable that it will make superhuman effort bring the largest number of new guns into the field. fact may account for the ru- the movements of Russian from garrisons like Lodz, o German frontier, which wou- rally have been the first to the new material so long- was no danger of war in th- We must remember, however, wholesale change in the arti- ment entails the transport- only of the new guns, but of munition columns and parks, when such change is effected, personal must either be repl-

RUSSIA WAS NOT READY FOR WAR.

The reports received from several correspondents of the Times who are in a position to supply accurate information enable us to advance a step towards penetration of the customary veil of mystery which enshrouds the proceedings of Russian armies in the field.

Until evidence is given to disprove the very complete and remarkable summary of the Russian forces east of Lake Baikal, sent by the Pekin correspondent of the Times on Jan. 21, the estimate of numbers therein given holds the field. Reckoning up the available troops of all arms the correspondent placed the total strength on the data given at 150,000 men and 266 guns. His telegram must be regarded as a tour de force in the art of military intelligence, and as a model of accurate and concise reporting. A critical examination of the very complete details sent in this remarkable telegram only serves to confirm its accuracy at almost every point.

It includes the whole of the troops of the First and Second Siberian Army Corps and of the Kwantung military district, besides fortress troops, frontier guards and other forces not included in the larger units now present in East Asia.

The names and numbers and the normal garrisons of all these troops are known in England, and all information concerning them can therefore be rigorously checked. The telegram in question, contains proof that account has been taken of the latest changes in Russian military organization in the Far East, since it enumerates regiments which have only been formed during the last few weeks on the strength of forces of quite recent date.

We are also enabled for the first time to ascertain which army corps in the West is being drawn upon for reinforcements. Of four regiments names, Nos. 123, 122, 139 and 140, the first two belong to the Tenth Russian Army Corps of the Kharkoff district, and the remainder to the Seventeenth or Moscow Army Corps. Whether the remaining units of these corps are under orders or on the move eastward there is at present nothing to show.

Besides these regiments of the active army there are, it would appear, sixteen battalions of reserve infantry in Manchuria. It is probable but it is not quite certain that these belong to the First Siberian Reserve Brigade, whose headquarters are at Chita. The Times correspondent very properly remarks that the numbers he gives "represent the full war strength" and take no account of waste. The numbers, in point of fact, accurately represent the war strengths which are credited to Russian units by the best and latest information at disposal. The Russian troops in east Asia are always nominally on a war footing, and it may be added that for some time past companies of infantry have been drawn from European garrisons and sent east to complete effectives.

Many considerations arise from a close study of this information. It would appear that out of 266 field guns only thirty-six are of the new quick-firing pattern. This statement may be compared with the announcement that has been made, on the faith of German reports of Russian origin, that the whole of the artillery to be employed against Japan "is now armed with quick-firing guns." Both the Russians and the Japanese artillery are at present in the stage of transition, and nothing is more difficult than to secure accurate information of the progress of the re-arming of a foreign artillery.

The new pattern 3-inch quick firing Russian field gun is in process of manufacture, and the exact number of batteries issued to the troops is not known. The same remark applies to the new Arisaka quick-firing field gun of Japan, at present under construction at the Osaka arsenal. It is, however, probable that each side will make superhuman efforts to bring the largest number of these new guns into the field, and this fact may account for the rumors of the movements of Russian batteries from garrisons like Lodz, on the German frontier, which would naturally have been the first to receive the new material so long as there was no danger of war in the East.

We must remember, however, that a wholesale change in the artillery armament entails the transport not only of the new guns, but of the ammunition columns and parks. Even when such change is effected, the old personnel must either be replaced or

trained in the efficient use of the new material, and, whether one solution or the other is preferred, it is a work requiring time.

The technical details made public respecting these two models are at present insufficient to enable us to institute a close comparison or to draw any final conclusions, but it would seem that the new Russian gun has a greater initial velocity and a longer range, and can fire with more rapidity. In the older classes of field guns the Russians also seem to have the advantage, and in case of war the first dual of the rival gunners will be watched with an interest not untinged with anxiety by the friends of Japan.

The information of the Pekin correspondent of the Times differs somewhat from that given by other authorities in relation to frontier troops, or, to give them the more correct Russian title, "defensive guards." The Pekin correspondent of the Times places the frontier guard infantry at 13,371 and the cavalry at fifty-five squadrons, presumably Cossack sotnias, which at war strength would give nearly 30,000 men; adding the six batteries of frontier guard artillery we should find a total of between 22,000 and 25,000 men told off for the guard of the line of communications along the railway. On the last occasion when an accurate estimate was made by a competent observer the figures were 24,000, but it was believed that a steady increase of these numbers was taking place, and that it was intended to raise them to 80,000.

It may also be noticed that the five Cossack voiskos in east Asia presuming all classes liable to serve are called out, can supply 60,000 men and nearly 50,000 troops horses certain categories of the reserve and of the opotchenie, or landstrum, in non-Cossack territories would also give an additional number to be drawn upon in case of emergency, without calling up fresh troops from the West.

One of the points of greatest interest in the Pekin telegram is the proof it appears to afford that a smaller number of Russian troops has been despatched from the West than has been believed. Confirmation of this is given by the Times correspondent on the Russian side, whose letter of Jan. 12 from Kharlar an important station on the Manchurian railway, makes it clear that he has so far found little evidence of special preparation for war; and he states that he learns on excellent authority that only 15,000 men have passed eastward since June last, and several thousand time-expired men have been sent home. All this gives the measure of the amount of reliance that can be placed on statements which have been made in the Continental press respecting the flow of Russian troops eastward and serves to confirm the impression that Russia has neither desired nor intended to make war. It is clearly her interest to avoid war at almost any cost until the railway round Lake Baikal is completed, the Port Arthur docks built, and the battleships now on the stocks in the Baltic made ready for sea. When these things are done, the whole conditions of a struggle with Japan for supremacy in the East will become radically altered.

So far as concerns communication by land, the strangulation of Lake Baikal is a serious disadvantage for Russia. The Times correspondent in Manchuria states that two steamers are now running across the lake, the largest making seven voyages, or fourteen crossings, in two days. He tells us that the railway around the lake will not be completed until 1905, or a year later than Russian calculations had anticipated, and he adds that by the combined means of sledges and steamers some 750 tons of stores can be conveyed across the lake in twenty-four hours. From this he concludes that eight trainloads can be taken across the lake every day, and that this figure represents the maximum capacity of the traffic on the line of communication at this important point. It is a liberal estimate, and it may be observed that it only applies to the next three months, and is conditional upon the unlikely event of both sledge and steam traffic continuing without interruption.

The question requires a little further elucidation. The break in the

Trans-Siberian at Lake Baikal is the greatest blot in the Russian military position in the East. A railway is under construction around the southern end of the lake, but so far it has only reached Tonkhol, whence it is a two hours' journey to the eastern shore.

The railway enterprise encounters many difficulties; it requires the piercing of nineteen tunnels through the spurs of the lofty mountains which fall abruptly to the shores of the lake, and Russian engineers have very little experience in making tunnels and are not adepts in this branch of railway work. There are, besides, many broad and deep marshes to be spanned, and the plant necessary for this purpose will require many construction trains to be devoted to its transport if the work is to be carried on concurrently with the supply and reinforcement of the army in the East. We learned what it meant in the Sudan to continue work on a railway and yet keep an army of only 20,000 men at the front supplied. The Russian numbers are ten times greater; the Russian difficulties are therefore greater, even though the Trans-Siberian is, on the whole, more solid than the desert railway of 1898. Lake Baikal is 400 miles in length and is usually frozen over for several months in the winter, the first serious frost having occurred this year on January 2. The ice generally increases to a thickness of three feet, and though a steam ice breaker, the Ledokol, is able to break through ice of moderate thickness, heavy frosts is liable to cause steam traffic to be suspended.

During the months of February, March and April the traffic is almost exclusively by sledge; it is at this moment that the circulation of the Russian roads in the East reaches its maximum, and so long as Baikal remains hard frozen it is rather an advantage than the reverse. But the lake is subject to severe ice has become firmly set it becomes storms, and if these occur before the hammock, and the traffic by means of sledges is often delayed. In early spring and in autumn the greatest difficulties arise, since the ice is too weak to bear sledges, and yet strong enough to impede navigation except by specially constructed craft. With the melting of the ice the Russians are thrown back upon their steamers and when this moment arrives the French General staff calculates that only two trainloads can be despatched each way in twenty-four hours.

The calculation of the Japanese staff is that six trains a day can be sent east every twenty-four hours under wholly favorable circumstances, but they believe that four trains a day are more likely to represent the fact. The report that dynamite has been discovered in the masonry of bridges of the line, and that other preparations have been made to destroy the railway may be true or false. In any case the insecurity of the railway is plain, and the necessity for breaking it up must have long ago occurred to the Japanese Staff. One must, however, differentiate between the Trans-Siberian and the so-called East China railways of Russia. The methods used in the construction of the latter sections were a distinct advance upon those employed in the Siberian line. There was less corruption and fraud, more honesty, and consequently more solidity in construction. For these reasons one must calculate that for all local railway transport in the triangle Port Arthur-Kharbin-Vladivostok, it should be possible to despatch twelve to fifteen trains a day at an average speed of twenty miles an hour, and that so long as these railways remain intact they should play a most important role in enabling Russia to meet a Japanese attack or to transfer Russian forces from one flank of the front of strategic importance to the other.—London Times.

Slaughter of Statesmen

Our foremost public men are dropping into the grave before their time. They are simply working themselves to death. The whole earth is convulsed, and a dozen men control the awful play of its titanic forces. The ex-Premier of Italy died of sheer exhaustion the other day. The ex-Premier of France is a hopeless physical wreck, Chamberlain is a dying man. Two of the strongest men in Irish politics have been compelled to exile themselves in order to find rest for their shattered nerves. The foremost politician in this country died the other day completely broken down by political activity. The storm and stress of statesmanship is becoming fatal to the public men of our day, and there will have to be something like "a trace of the Devil" or we shall be stripped of our great diplomats in a short while.

These men are ridden to death by a double ambition. Nations are in the race for commercial supremacy, and all the ambitions of the past are now bent to serve this one devouring greed of gold. No one cares for military glory now. Armies are now advanced agents of commercial thrift. The arts and sciences are sent to the kitchen and will be rated hereafter only on their qualities as bread-winners. Politics is free-bootery, pure and simple.—Western Watchman.

Churches Destroyed By Fire.

A Chicago correspondent of the Catholic Union and Times, in referring to the destruction by fire of two churches, briefly reported in these columns a week ago, furnishes the following additional details of the fires, and the efforts being now made to rebuild. He says: Two diocesan churches have been totally destroyed by fire within a fortnight. Neither had insurance to cover the value of the buildings. Sacred Heart Church at Palos, an out-mission of Sag Bridge, was a fine stone building erected in 1865. It was totally destroyed by fire of unknown origin two weeks ago. The congregation have already subscribed four thousand dollars towards the erection of a new church, and work will begin at once. The second church to burn was the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, one of the oldest German churches in the city.

While flames were devouring St. Francis' German Catholic Church, West 12th street and Newbury avenue, Monday afternoon, and a few moments before the great clime of bells fell in with a crash, the mother of the pastor of the Church, Mrs. Theresa Thiele, aged and blind, was rescued from the basement of the burning structure, where she had groped her way and fallen unconscious, overcome by the smoke.

Friction in the automatic clock in the tower of the church is thought to have caused the fire, which was discovered by the janitor. In the delay by the firemen in reaching the building, the fire had spread without resistance in the spire, and it toppled into the street, and the building was a mass of flames when the engines arrived. When the fire reached the lower portion of the Church, it was learned that Mrs. Thiele was still in the building, and blind and infirm, she was unable to get out without assistance. Two men volunteered to enter the structure through the basement, and had only taken a few steps in the darkness and smoke when they stumbled over her unconscious body. She revived in a short time, apparently unharmed.

Father Thiele succeeded in saving the altar service but that was all. The loss to the building, which was valued at \$85,000, was total. The church was insured for only \$31,000. The parish house, which adjoins the Church did not take fire, but owing to the many streams of water directed against it, it is much damaged by water.

This Church observed the fiftieth anniversary of its dedication last August. The congregation is the pioneer German Catholic body on the West Side, having dedicated its first edifice August 15, 1851. In 1863 the Church was destroyed. Rev. Denis M. Thiele has been pastor since 1893. He is a brother to Rev. Aloysius Thiele, the representative of the Germans in Archbishop Quigley's council.

AN IMPORTANT WITNESS.

It was in a country police-court, and the lawyer on one side had occasion to refer to a dead man whose evidence, had he lived, would have been important. "The defunct," the lawyer said, "would have corroborated me in this, your worship"; or "The defunct, may it please the court would, were he here"; or "It is notorious that the defunct declared frequently, your worship, and so on. Whenever these references to the dead man were made, indignant objections came from the lawyer on the other side. The words, "the defunct" in fact, always caused a squabble, and it was to be observed that in this squabble one of the magistrates—a self-made man—had from the beginning been disposed to take part. He frowned and shook his head in reprobation a great deal, and finally he said, impatiently "What's the use o' talkin so much about this chap you call 'the defunct'? Can't you bring him here and let him speak for himself?" "The defunct's dead, your worship," the lawyer interposed, hastily. The magistrate looked mollified. "Oh! that alters the case," he said.

Washington's Birthday at St. Laurent College

(By An Occasional Correspondent.)

Washington's Birthday is one of those days that will never die in St. Laurent College. It is a day on which the American heart gives vent to great outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm in honor of him whose memory we hold dear; a day when the true national greatness of the American Republic manifests itself even in its infant sons, celebrating their country's glories in an alien land; a day when our greatest boast, after "I am a Christian," must be "I am an American citizen."

Hand in hand together, the American and Canadian students celebrated the day with all possible pomp and splendor. The feature of the celebration was the entertainment that was given in the Academic Hall by the Kottophos Minstrels, a body whose musical and entertaining abilities have long been known to acquaintances of St. Laurent. Each dark faced minstrel was superb in his respective role, and conjointly they worked to preserve untarnished the golden diadem of victory of St. Patrick's Literary and Dramatic Association.

At 7.30 o'clock the doors of the theatre were thrown open to the Reverend Faculty, students and invited guests.

At their entrance the College orchestra, of wide renown, struck up the inspiring strains of one of our national airs, "The Star Spangled Banner." Soon the curtain rose and revealed to an admiring audience a stage so tastefully decorated as to elicit a round of enthusiastic applause. The orator of the occasion was Mr. Francis Fullam, and of him comment must needs be made. His speech was grand and inspiring in thought and well delivered. So patriotic was his oration that several times he was forced to stop until the thunders of applause had died away.

The following was the musical programme of the evening:

Part I.

Grand Chorus—"When Mr. Pickwick Leads His Own Brigade."
Vocal Solos—"Kiss Yourself Good-bye," Mr. George Kane; "Bedelia," Mr. Adolphus Fillion; "The Man in the Overalls," Mr. Horace Gelineau; "Sammy," Mr. Cornelius Maher; "Under Southern Skies," Mr. Michael

Doherty; "Ninon's Father Doesn't Seem to Mind," Mr. John Dineen; "Courage," Mr. Aloysius McGarry; "A Little Attie But It's Home Sweet Home," Mr. Charles Sullivan; "He May Get Over it, but He'll Never Look the Same," Mr. J. L. Kennedy.

Part II.

Banjo Solo, with piano accompaniment—"Moonlight on the Mississippi," Minstrels.
Characteristic Dance, Mr. Jas. Gallagher.
Heidelberg, Quartet.

Mr. George Kane easily had control of the audience's risibility both by his solo and original manner in delivering his jokes. Mr. Fillion's solo, the popular "Bedelia," was well rendered, and well received. Mr. Doherty is too well known as a singer to need any additional words of praise from the critic. "The Man in the Overalls," by Mr. Horace Gelineau formed a very pleasing number of the programme. Mr. Dineen, of old repute as a fun-maker, even surpassed former records, and Mr. McGarry's solo, "Courage," was one of the musical features of the evening. Charles Sullivan upheld his old reputation in the song "Just a Little Attie, but it's Home Sweet Home." Mr. Kennedy, the director of the minstrels, closed this part of the programme with a very amusing solo some of which was original and showed to the full our director's ability. Probably the palm must, however, be awarded to Mr. Cornelius Maher, who has many times before appeared before the footlights and has always left a lasting impression.

Dancing, buck and wing, and characteristic jigs formed the first number of the second part of the programme. Then old Southern songs and a darkey scene, "Moonlight on the Mississippi," closed a most amusing and entertaining soiree.

Thus passed Washington's Birthday—a day to be remembered as long as the memory of Washington remains first in American hearts.

J. R. M.

SERMONIZING OF A SCIENTIST.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

According to a London Catholic Journal, Sir William Ramsey, speaking, one Sunday afternoon recently, at the Alhambra, said: "We scientific men have faith, in the laws of nature and the constancy of its action. We have hope that we shall live to discover much yet and gain a greater insight into thinking the thoughts of God. I have mentioned faith and hope, but the Apostles names another important virtue—charity, and I think you will agree that, fascinating as the exercises of faith and hope is in science, still more important is the exercise of charity." Now the Catholic newspaper in question adds this comment:

"This last passage of Sir William's lecture was listened to in profound silence, and at the close he was loudly cheered." About the cheering at the close of the lecture we can say nothing—quite possibly it was an expression of appreciation of the whole effort. But as far as this special passage having been listened to in silence, we are not surprised. The audience would certainly need to be both silent and recollected in order to grasp the significance of what would seem, on the surface, to be a very deep and important remark—but which, when analyzed, is shallow and meaningless. There can be no objection to Sir William preaching charity, nor in his imitating the Apostle in giving charity a higher place than faith on hope. But we fail to see the applicability of this sermonizing by a scientist. We understand that he has faith in nature and her laws, and hope that he yet may learn more about them; but when does the charity come in? If he had

been talking about faith in God and hope of eternal salvation we could see the pertinancy of dwelling upon charity. But there is very little charity in nature, or in nature's laws or in cold science, or in ought that is purely materialistic. When a man, supposed to be learned, begins to talk about "thinking the thoughts of God," we begin to have grave doubts as to his scientific attainments or the logical turn of his mind. To say that by means of science one could expand to a sufficient degree to be able to think the thoughts of God, is as absurd as to say that by the power of human science the finite mind can be made to grasp the infinite.

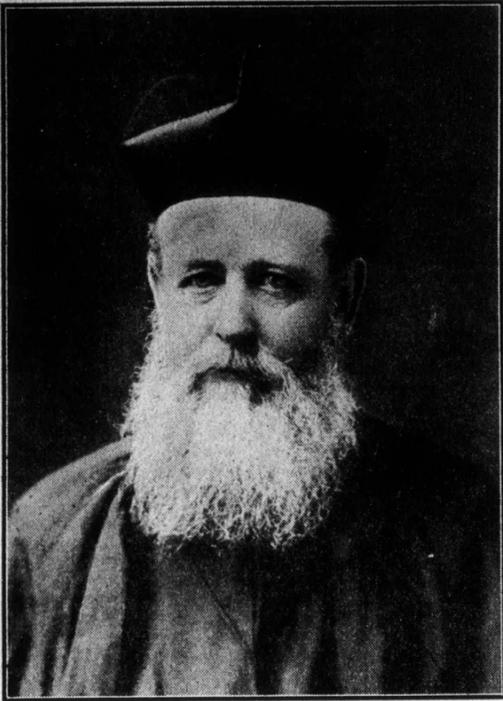
A Surgeon's Unique Monument

The New York Eye and Ear Infirmary has in operation a department known as the Du Bois Pavilion the only endowed pavilion of the institution. It is named after Dr. Abram Du Bois, who for fifty years was a surgeon and director of the institution. He left a legacy of \$80,000 for the institution, which endowed the pavilion. The endowment is in memory of Katherine Brinkerhoff Du Bois, and \$25,000 was given by William A. Du Bois, Matthew B. Du Bois and Catherine Du Bois, making a total of \$75,000. To support this pavilion William A. Du Bois has further given \$30,000 which makes a permanent fund for the infirmary.

This is the only endowment that the infirmary has, which allows, to a certain extent, the work among the poor to be carried on. To-day the officials of the infirmary, in making the endowment public, stated that the institution receives no money from either the city or State, and relies entirely for support upon the voluntary subscriptions of the public.

Lenten Sermons and Missions

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.



REV. WILLIAM DOHERTY, S.J.

AT THE GESU—On Sunday evening Rev. Father W. Doherty, S.J., began his series of Lenten sermons, which he preaches each Sunday evening at eight o'clock. The subject, or rather general theme that Father Doherty will treat in these instructions is—"The Church of the Living God." We might say that this year's sermons constitute a continuation of the series preached by the same eminent theologian last Lent. The particular subject of last Sunday's sermon was "The Church of the Living God, as The Pillar and Ground of Truth." The sermons given last year on Faith, as the foundation of our justification, led up to this consideration of the Church. We have in that Church the guide of Truth, and such we should understand the Divine Institution, in order to be more prepared to follow its teaching on the all important question of Truth. We will, thus, examine in these sermons the nature of the Church of the Living God, its attributes, its constitution and system of government, and finally its relations to society. The preacher characterized this vast subject as the very sublimest in the domain of speculative thought. The subject, then, of the Church of the Living God, the Pillar and Ground of Truth suggests at once a necessity of knowing its nature. The first evidence of the Church, to which all must belong, being Divine in its origin, and therefore the depository of Truth, is to be found in its antiquity, and the unbroken record that it presents throughout the long ages that have elapsed since the beginning of Christianity. In the earlier days the nature and truth of the Church were made manifest by miracles that are as numerous as they are incontestably avouched. But we need no miracle to-day to prove the wonderful character of that matchless system. It is a spiritual, visible and social organization, the most numerous in point of membership, and the most perfectly constituted and organized establishment on earth. Alone, in all the world, the Catholic Church is the perfect

model of unity, compactness and strength. Her government, her constitution, and her influence upon those who have the happiness to belong to her fold, suffice to establish her unique claim to the title of the Pillar and Ground of Truth. The world has never witnessed so perfect a system of spiritual government. Its symmetry and harmony are such that the destruction of the smallest particle in her system would entail the ruin of the entire fabric. The world has changed; empires, kingdoms, republics, have come and gone; but the Church has remained ever the same, and she is more powerful at this hour than she ever has been since the commencement of her existence. Her sway includes all men, of all classes, and has exercised its influence over the greatest intellects of the world.

At this point the preacher quoted from the beautiful and erudite pages of Cardinal Wiseman, to demonstrate the attributes and glories of the Catholic Church, the perfection of her doctrines, and the evidences that she can be none other than the Church of the Living God.

As there were two natures combined in Christ, the human and the divine, so in the Church, His spouse, are there two natures—that which has its human characteristics and that which has its divine qualities. These are intimately united in one great body. In the ordinary Catechism we learn the nature of the Church as an institution, and especially from its human side; but we need a closer study to grasp the nature of the Church as a divine institution. Our Lord, the Founder of the Church of the Living God, referred numberless times to her, when in the beautiful language of the parable, He spoke to the first Apostles and Disciples. In that parable of the vineyard, Our Lord compares Himself to the wine; in that of the shepherd, He styles Himself the shepherd; He tells of the temple as the House of God; and when He

compares the Church to the Kingdom He is the King that rules. But He has gone farther in parable and has called the Church the Bride of the Lamb. He is the Lamb of God, and His Spouse is the Church. That Spouse must be immaculate, without stain of error, in order to be worthy of the Divine Bridegroom. St. Paul, following in the avenue traced for him by Our Lord, calls upon husbands to love their wives even as Christ loves His Church. The great Apostle again makes a comparison in which he figures the union of the human and the divine in the Church, for he says: "Know you not that you are the members of the body of the Church of which Christ is the head." Take then, the mystic union of the divine and human natures in Christ, and you have the illustration of the same kind of union of two distinct natures in the Church. Even without ascending to Christ, we have in man the miracle of a union that truly exists but which none can comprehend—in man we have the mortal that must perish and the immortal that cannot die—the body and the soul. Even so is it in the Church; there is the human side that will pass away with the ending of time, and the immortal and divine side, that will live on as a Church Triumphant throughout eternity. St. Augustine tells us that "The Church of the Living God, is Christ Jesus incarnate."

In his peroration Father Doherty resumed all he had said regarding the nature of the Church, indicated how the next sermon would fit in as a continuation of the present one, and declared the Church to be an organization that is worthy of divinity—for it is the Church of the Living God, who is the Father; it is the Spouse of Christ, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity; and it is the temple of the Holy Ghost, the third Person of that adorable triune Deity. It is the city on the hill, that cannot be hidden from the eyes of men. That is to say, the City of God, and, as such, it has remained immutable through all the changes of time—the most bold, most holy, most sublime pyramid in the desert of ages.

AT NOTRE DAME—"The Word of God," was the subject announced by Rev. Father H. Delor, O.P., who commenced on Sunday last the Lenten sermons at Notre Dame Church. On his arrival in Canada the eminent preacher had fallen ill with la grippe, but not wishing to disappoint the thousands that flocked to hear him, he made a supreme effort, and ascended the pulpit, as announced, at High Mass last Sunday. Evidently he was not prepared to see an audience of about ten thousand people, the greater number being men, and he experienced emotions of a very natural character. In France to-day the great preachers are not used to seeing large churches filled with men. But in Canada it is another story, and the surprise is all the more agreeable. The preacher is young, of fine appearance, and a gesture inimitable. He gives evidence of his early training as a lawyer and of his subsequent extensive experience as a preacher. He announced that his sermons would deal with the "Word of God." But before touching upon the immediate theme of his series of Lenten instructions he delivered an exordium calculated to win the attention and hearts of all who heard him. He spoke of the profound emotion that he experienced in beholding such a

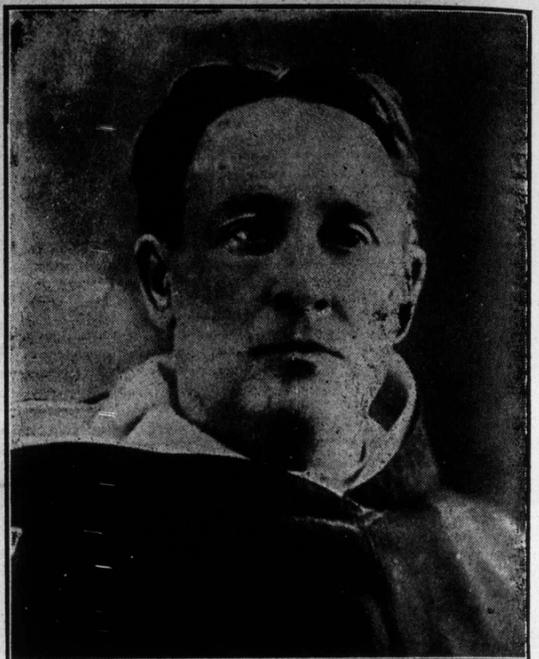
vast throng. His emotions were both patriotic and religious, and they made him forget that he had left the expansive ocean between himself and France, and had come to a new France, where he found the same blood, the same language and the same faith. And he then cried out: "No I am not a stranger amongst you, for from this pulpit I will speak my mother tongue, the beautiful French language, with the certainty of being understood not only by a few of you, but by all who listen to me, understood as perfectly as if I were speaking in the heart of Paris. No; I am not a stranger, for I can give vent to the deepest sentiments of my heart and the dearest convictions of my life, with the assurance of finding an echo in all your hearts, which, like my own, live by the same faith, in the same hope, and by the same love. And I feel that the word "Brethren," which I have addressed to you, as it passed over my lips was no vain or meaningless word."

He then announced that he came here with the Word of God. God, then, has a Word. God has made man hear that Word. And man can repeat to his fellowmen the Word of God. Why did God speak to man? What did He teach man? What does He ask in return for His Word? What has He ordered us to do that we may attain the object He has set before us? Such are the questions that will be answered in this series of sermons. It will be a study of the Happiness, of the Faith, of the Love of God, and of the Charity of men.

While it seems to be a most natural assertion that God has spoken to man, yet no assertion has ever been more bitterly combated by the audacious of our age. We live in an age of negation; therefore, in a time when more than ever we need to harden to the word of God. The Word of God is a living doctrine, that millions are speaking all over the earth in countless temples. It is not a doctrine born yesterday and destined to perish to-morrow; it is one as old as history, as old as the world, written in the sublimest of all books, the Bible. Let us take up that Bible and see what it tells us.

It tells us that if sin came to put an end to the sweet conversations between God and primeval man, that God did not abandon the human race. He selected, from time to time, great men to be the instruments of His revelations to man; He even selected an entire people to be the guardians and transmitters of His Word through long ages; He raised up prophets; who for ten centuries, ceased not to speak in His name to the human race. Finally that Book teaches us that the prophets and patriarchs were only the precursors, and that after them came a Man, who not only spoke of God, but who said that He was God made man, for the purpose of speaking directly with humanity. That Man is Jesus Christ. No matter how unbelieving the free-thinker may be, he must admit that history has to reckon with Christ, for he constitutes the culminating point of all history. What did Christ do? For thirty years He lived in obscurity and silence; and for three years He went about speaking the Word of God. He said things that no human being had ever before dared to say. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us," says St. John—and that Word was Christ, the Son of God—the Word of God incarnate.

The preacher then takes up the



REV. H. DELOR, O. P.

words of Christ as we read them in the New Testament, and in a most beautiful style tells of the one who goes forth to sow the few grains in the field; of the loaded wagons and bursting barns when that seed becomes a crop, a harvest. And he adds: "Sublime is the gesture of that sower. So for the word of Christ is the jestura sublime. He gathered around Him a handful of men, humble as the grains of seed, poor fishermen, and He said to them, "Go ye forth and teach all nations, preach My word to all creatures, behold I am with you unto the end of time." And those men went out over the world, in all lands, and in all tongues, to repeat what they had heard. After nineteen centuries that handful of men became the great Catholic Church of to-day, which sends out missionaries all over the world to preach the Word of God.

Father Delor then turned to the necessity of God's Word. No matter how learned man may be, science has its limitations. Beyond the material world, with which science has to do, there is another world—that of the soul. What is God, this wonderful and mysterious Being, that has had no beginning and can have no end? Why did He create this world? Why did He create man? What does He want with us? Why has He loaded us with the burden of this life? Why must we suffer? Why sorrow? Why must we die? Science cannot answer all these. We must, then, turn to the Word of God for the replies that we seek. What was there for me the day before my birth? What will there be for me the day after my death? The Word of God will answer all these important questions.

AT ST. PATRICK'S—The first week of the Mission, now being conducted by four members of the Paulist Order—Rev. Fathers MacCormy, Kennedy, Devine and Moran—at St. Patrick's for the married women, has been well attended every morning and evening.

The closing sermon of the week will be preached to-morrow afternoon.

The unmarried women will enter upon their week to-morrow evening at 7.30 o'clock. It is expected that the attendance will be representative of every household in the parish.

AT ST. ANTHONY'S—The Lenten Mission in this parish, which opened for the married and unmarried women on Sunday last, has been a great success. The exercises are under the direction of the Rev. G. O'Bryan, S.J., and Rev. O. B. Devlin, S.J., two of the best known missionaries in English-speaking districts in Canada.

Next week the sterner sex will have their turn. It is to be hoped that they will respond in an enthusiastic manner.

AT ST. ANN'S—Much care has been displayed by the zealous Rector, Rev. Father Caron, C.S.S.R., in the preparation of the order of exercises for the Lenten season. The following is an outline:

Every Sunday, at 3.30—Special sermon for married women. At 7, Rosary, sermon by Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., and Benediction, for all the parishioners.

Every Monday, at 8 p.m.—Sermon for unmarried women, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Every Wednesday, at 8 p.m.—Rosary, Sermon and Benediction, for all the parishioners.

Every Thursday, at 8 p.m.—Sermon for the men and boys of the parish—Benediction.

Every Friday, at 7.30 p.m.—Stations of the Cross.

There will be a Low Mass every morning at 8 o'clock.

The attendance at the various exercises is characteristic of the past reputation of our co-religionists in old St. Ann's.

Centenary of St. Gregory the Great

The circular issued by the committee for the thirteenth centenary of the death of St. Gregory the Great reproduces in fac simile the autograph encouragement sent by His Holiness. These words of the Sovereign Pontiff were the following: "We bless the promoters of the centenary celebration in honor of the Holy Pontiff, Gregory the Great, in the fervent hope that their efforts will be crowned with success. From the Vatican, August 27, 1903. Pius PP., X." The circular is as follows: "Encouraged by the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, the committee for the festivities in honor of the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of

St. Gregory I., the Great, appeals with confidence to all who hold dear the glorious memories of the Church or who have at heart the welfare of Christian society to help as far as lies in their power the worthy celebration of this great event.

Gregory, Pontiff and Saint, by his many-sided activity, left his impress broad and deep on the Church, not only of his own day, but also of succeeding ages. The solemn celebration of his thirteenth centenary cannot, then, be a mere transient demonstration of joy; by enabling us to look more nearly upon his noble figure, to realize more intimately his personality, his spirit, his work, it will teach us many lessons of lasting profit to our own times. Rome is the natural centre of these celebra-

tions, as the birthplace of the Holy Pontiff, the chief scenes of his labors and the spot hallowed by his sacred remains. But the generous co-operation of other lands is looked for, especially of England, which claims the Great Gregory as her Apostle, and which of all countries outside of Italy was the most favored by his affectionate solicitude.

The principal season of the festivities will be in the Easter and Low weeks (April 6-13), at which time the Holy Father will pontificate in the Basilica of St. Peter's, with a grand choir of the students of all the national colleges in Rome to sing the Mass in plain song. There will be scientific reunions under the presidency of Mgr. Duchesne, in which distinguished men from different coun-

tries will treat of matters of history, liturgy, sacred art, and church music which have some point of contact with St. Gregory, and of Christian Archaeology of the sixth and seventh centuries.

Associated with the illustrious French historian in organizing this scientific tribute to the Saint are the following persons resident in Rome: Father Ehrle, S.B.; Professor Ludwig Pastor, Dom, L. Janssens, O.S.B.; Father A. De Santi, S.J.; Professor G. Mercati, and Professor P. Franchi De Cavalieri. It is hoped that the benefactions sent to the committee for their work will be sufficient to enable excavations to be made under the Church of St. Gregory on the Coelian Hill, where it is supposed important remains of the

paternal maison of the Saint lie awaiting discovery. Contributions for this special purpose will be gratefully accepted.

The project of excavating the Church of San Gregorio al Celio has been under way for several months. The level of Rome rose everywhere, within doors as well as without, during the Middle Ages and modern times, and the name of St. Gregory has been generally taken as marking the beginning of the medieval era. That the probabilities of discovering important remains of his paternal mansion under the level of the present church (which is of the sixteenth century) are very strong is clear from the fact that the Saint's paternal domus was of preceding classic era. But some of the optical indications are stronger still.

The Church of Saints John and Paul stand at less than a stone's throw from the temple which St. Gregory dedicated to St. Andrew, and the excavations made in the former by Padre Germano di San Stefano, islaus have been the most remarkable undertaken since Father Mulholland discovered the lower Church of St. Clemente. It may seem surprising then, that nothing has been attempted at San Gregorio, but this is not precisely the case. Cardinal Manning, who was titular of the Church in his day, as Cardinal Vaughan was afterwards, desired to devote a considerable portion of his jubilee fund to this grateful task, but difficulties were made by the Municipality or Government, on account— it is said—of his attitude about the independence of the Holy See.

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IRISH NEWS.

A STRIKING FIGURE GONE.—The death of The MacDermott, K.C., at the age of 70 years, which occurred in Dublin, on the 6th inst., removes from the scene a notable figure. For more than forty years he has practised his profession with unvarying success on the Connaught circuit, and in the Dublin Four Courts. A man of great legal acumen and profound learning, he was ever ready to assist his less gifted professional brethren when in doubt or difficulty. He held office in the Liberal Administration as Attorney General from 1892 to 1895, and on the change of Government resumed his old position at the Bar. Two facts militated against his attaining to the Bench, the highest prize in the legal profession, to which he saw so many mediocrities promoted over his head—he was a Catholic and a Home Ruler. Deceased was the representative of the princely house of Coolavin, Co. Sligo, where his ancestors owned much property, including Rockingham, the present viceregal residence. R.I.P.

Commenting on the death of that distinguished man, the Liverpool Catholic Times says: "The death of The MacDermott, K.C., has aroused public attention in Ireland to the extent to which, so far as the law is concerned, Irish Catholics are handicapped in competition with Irish non-Catholics. The MacDermott should have occupied the Bench, and would undoubtedly have done so but for his Catholic creed. The acknowledged leader of the Irish Bar, it was expected when the Unionists secured their majority in 1886 that they would free themselves from the bad traditions of the system of legal appointments that prevail in Ireland. But the influence of the place-hunting supporters of the Government in the North of Ireland was too strong. The Bench in Catholic Ireland is reserved as practically a monopoly for Protestants. Lord Russell of Killowen, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, considered early in his career whether he should, as a lawyer, remain in his own land; but his knowledge of the manner in which legal posts are filled in Ireland decided him to come to England. Writing to a friend at that time he declared that he left Ireland because there would be no future for him there, inasmuch as he was a Catholic and a lover of his country. He was wise. Had he continued to live in Ireland, he would in all probability never have been on the Bench.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The Saturday Review publishes some strong comments this week on the Government's refusal to bring in a Catholic University Bill. "We sympathize frankly," it says, "with the Irish members in their disappointment that no Government Bill dealing with the University question in Ireland will be introduced this session. We can affect no surprise that their disappointment was expressed in terms of heated indignation. We are very sure that English Nonconformists in so tantalizing a position would give way to far stronger language than did the Irish members of the House. The truth is that nothing but prejudice, fortified by ignorance,

of canvassing. We all know some of this class, the half of the population which does not as a rule mix in municipal elections of any kind, partly because they have no definite opinions, and partly because they know nothing of the candidates or of the questions at issue. Those we may know of this class it is a duty to canvass even more vigorously than Catholics, for they may as easily be persuaded by the specious representations of the no-religion advocates as by the arguments of fair treatment all round. It is this class indeed, which can, if it chooses to vote at all, elect the London County Council for 1904-1906, a period of three years which must have incalculable effect, good or bad, on the progress of our Catholic schools. To this class the most persuasive arguments, because the shortest, and least to be denied, will be that the advocates of the Voluntary schools subscribe throughout England and Wales, and also throughout London in particular, more than half the money spent altogether on education, whether in the form of rates or taxes—that in return for this more than half they are even now not to receive even half the share of the total money subscribed for the Board schools, given as great efficiency and as many pupils, will receive just as much of the Voluntary schools, and where building and alteration is required all cost of that at the public expense, whereas all building and alteration charges for Voluntary schools must be paid, not from the public, but through private money. In other words, the supporters of religious training, who, to put it at a low proportion, pay half the rates, will receive half the education rate in return, minus the cost of building, whilst the advocates of godless schools, who, to put them at a high rate-paying proportion, pay half the rates, are to receive one-half of the education rate, plus the cost of building. That is the people who today are shouting, for ends not unlike the promoters of the Ephesian riot, "Great is representation for taxation," are, in reality, so confused in their bawling that they do not see their very cry make for the other side, who should have their fair share of representation, namely, at least half the children taught more than the vague idea of God, which even the pagan Athenians acknowledged, and the pagan Emperor of Rome recognized. But no, the anti-religious idea of fair representation is that the godless schools should be run by those who favor them, and that the Voluntary schools should be run, not by those who favor them, but by those who might in a hostile district be elected to act contrary to the definite principles involved in the very being of Voluntary schools. That, of course, Catholics would not tolerate, nor Anglicans either, except those who fancy that concession giving to those who want all increases strength. The solid ground on which the fight is made is that these unhappy persons who care not for definite ideas of religion to be taught, should rule the schools of their choice; those who do wish, and for Catholics it is a necessity, to have a proper religious training, mental and moral, should have the running of their schools, for which they are still to pay in public contributions proportionately more than the secularists, though for thirty-three years under the School Board they have paid not more in public contributions, but built and mainly maintained their schools also by their private contributions. It is Catholics indeed who should have representation for their taxation and rating; the secularists have had more than their share all along.

The School Question In England.

Once more we remind our readers that the day of decision of the lot of the voluntary schools is near, and nearer, at hand, says the London Universe. On this day three weeks London will be called on in the person of its municipal electors to elect its sixth County Council from which will be chosen the main body of those who will have it in its power to make or unmake the Education Act, by encouraging or thwarting its fair interpretation. That the Catholic vote should be cast in favor of those who will pledge, or have pledged, themselves to such an interpretation and administration should go, as the French express it, without saying, and after all the reasons advanced, religious and otherwise, we fear that the obstinate, who fancy like little Egalites they can run with the Catholic hare and hunt with the anti-Catholic hounds, are unlikely to be turned at this hour from their un-Catholic views. Still canvassing

ance, of a section of the Unionists now stands in the way of the University question being settled in Ireland."

DEPRESSING FIGURES.—The elaborately-prepared vital statistics of Ireland for the last quarter of 1903, which have just been issued by the Registrar-General, says the Belfast Irish News, whilst highly creditable to the painstaking labors of the compilers, must be depressing on those who peruse them. The only relieving feature in the grim figures is that there is an apparent decrease in emigration during the three months dealt with in comparison with the corresponding period of the previous year. But pauperism is on the increase. Compared with the averages for the fourth quarter of the ten years 1893-1902, the number of workhouse inmates shows an increase of 1038, and the number of persons on outdoor relief an increase of 256, the total under both heads being 1.5 per cent above the average for the fourth quarter of the ten years. The estimated decrease in the population as compared with the average of those years is 2.3 per cent. As to the number of emigrants who left our shore in the last quarter of last year, the total is given as 5844 (2409 males and 3435 females). This shows a decrease of 1530 on the corresponding period of the previous year, though it is an increase of 57 on the average for the last quarter of the ten years 1893-1902, and does not, unfortunately, indicate that the flow of emigration has been in any way checked.

In the return under notice a table is given of the estimated population of Ireland at the middle of each of the seventy years since 1829. In that year it was 7,563,879, thence it yearly increased till 1825, when the total was 8,295,061. Since that year the numbers have steadily gone down year by year, till at the middle of 1903 they had dwindled to 4,413,655, showing a falling-off of 381,975 since the general census of 1901. From the date of Catholic Emancipation, from which the statistics given begin, onwards till the "Dark Forties," a steady increase in the population was maintained. Thereafter the tide of emigration set in, with the deplorable results that have been witnessed. The efforts made to keep the people at home within the past two or three years, have not, so far as the statistics go, shown any tangible token of success. The attempts made by the British Legislature, in pursuance of its traditional methods to improve the conditions of life in Ireland, have not so far succeeded in killing the prejudice against English misrule, which have induced so many of the flower of Ireland's youth of both sexes to seek their fortunes—or misfortunes, as it often happens—in other climes. It is to be hoped, however, that the slight decrease noticed in the emigration statistics for the last quarter of 1903 may prove an augury, that better counsels have prevailed, and that we may look for less discouraging statistics in the future.

such as many of our readers will know how, and especially those who enrolled in the Catholic Democratic League, have this as a particular work to do, may well be continued and maintained even to the end, when the close of the poll of March 5 will have settled the present prospect of the Catholic elementary schools. For those schools Irishmen especially have, since 1870, made sacrifices and expended vast energies in erecting and keeping going, never asking in the olden days whether a Radical proclivity should warrant their deserting the cause of the children of Irish born parents in the Metropolis. Most of the older priests of the twin dioceses of Westminster and Southwark knew well how for long years of London Irishmen, of workmen who toiled for the schools even before the London County Council was organized, was their chiefest encouragement in the poorer missions. Will any of the representatives of these Irishmen fall now, and under the delusion or the pretence that they are Progressive, work for that singular mode of Catholic progressiveness—the hampering of Catholic education? The answer should be too obvious to give here. But there are many, far outnumbering Catholic voters, who may be persuaded to vote with a little energy

Catholic Schools In Massachusetts.

The annual report of Rev. Louis S. Walsh, supervisor of Catholic schools in the archdiocese of Boston, contains several interesting facts. The report shows a material gain in the number of pupils in attendance at the schools and mentions several new scholarships. Two of these are in Boston commercial schools. The report shows the successful operation of 79 schools, with a total of more than 45,000 boys and girls, and a teaching staff of more than 900. The schools are distributed over among 69 parishes in five counties over which the jurisdiction of the Boston archdiocese extends. The city of Boston alone contains 26 of these institutions, this being the total number in Suffolk County, except one, which is in Chelsea. Essex County is next in the number with 22, and Middlesex follows with 19. Norfolk County contains six schools, and there are six in Ply-

mouth County. Nearly all of these institutions now occupy school buildings erected especially for their purposes and which compare favorably with the most modern educational structures.

The pupils in Catholic schools of the State outside of the archdiocese number more than twenty-six thousand, making a total of over seventy-one thousand scholars in Catholic free schools in Massachusetts.

During the past year supplementary work has been undertaken in the way of lecture courses open to the pupils of the higher grades and in the schools of Boston by the extension of the school library system in connection with the city public library.

A French school has been opened in Amesbury in connection with the new French Catholic parish in that place. It is taught by lay teachers.

Two new religious communities of Sisters have been introduced as teachers in schools in Waltham and Salem. St. Joseph's school for boys at Haverhill has been put in charge of the religious society of Marist Brothers.

The report comments favorably on the centenary exercises held by the schools in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the dedication of the first Catholic Church in Boston, and in this connection mentions the generosity of the interest manifested in the schools by the New England Catholic Historical Society, which presented each school with a large picture of the first Church, the Church of the Holy Cross.

The study of the important facts of Irish history from the point of view of "race" and "religion" has been taken up in many of the high schools and in the last grades of some of the grammar schools. This innovation has the approval of the Archbishop of Boston. In some localities the text books for this Irish history study have been furnished to the schools by the local divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, as a mark of appreciative interest in the special work.

Secular Books And Magazines

In view of the fact that the counters of the average book-store in this city are loaded down with secular magazines and novels, more or less sensational in their make-up, the following article from the pen of Mr. John McIntosh, published in St. Vincent's Calendar, is well worthy of a careful perusal.

"Books have been aptly called the 'reflectors' by which the light of God's truth is flashed into the mind. But 'self and passion and prejudice are so many absorbents,' and often there is darkness where light should be, and ugliness and mediocrity and evil too frequently usurp the place of beauty and distinction and goodness. 'Of making many books there is no end.' The world abounds in books, good, bad and indifferent; and small wonder is it in a skeptical and scoffing and pessimistic age like ours when printers' ink flows like water, that the bad and worthless should preponderate. To avoid the positively and professedly bad in literature is not a difficult task for any, though an imperative duty of all. The greatest danger to faith and morals lies not in books confessedly bad and flagrantly immoral. These carry with them their own condemnation—their very wickedness and grossness repulse and shock the decent and the pure.

"No Catholic worthy of the name would knowingly read a book of this description. But how many of the faithful, well meaning and intelligent are inveigled into the reading of books and publications from which they would instinctively shrink in disgust and horror were their real character known. Vice was ever wont to assume fair forms and masquerade in Virtue's garb, and doctrines most monstrous, principles most mischievous and destructive in the highest degree to moral and social order are subtly insinuated, under the guise of wisdom and truth and beauty, into much of the writing of the day. And if Christianity is not assailed as its very corner stone and its principles openly and boldly assailed, it is attacked covertly by innuendo and implication and all the arts of sophistry and misrepresentation are employed to discredit and bring it into contempt.

"Never were greater demands imposed upon the judgment, discernment and good sense of Catholic rea-

ders than at the present time, and never was their responsibility and that of parents and others charged with the education and direction of youth heavier than in this boasted age of 'free thought' and 'free speech,' when liberty, with many, means license, when authority is sneered at and law held in contempt. It is not refreshing to heart or mind to breathe the polluted literary atmosphere of the day; it is not easy to control and guide aright the tendencies of the young and immature mind amid the corrupting influences and distractions of the times. The sensational daily or hourly paper, with its detailed and revolting record of world-wide crimes and scandals and indecencies, and silly gossip and vulgar illustrations, brazenly thrusts itself before the public, and caters to the vicious, depraved and drurient taste of the multitude; and the sordid and venal publishers of these 'yellow' and disreputable sheets assume the air of virtue, pose as public benefactors, and 'moulders' of opinion—and wax wealthy with the tribute money wrung from the unthinking rabble. Is it not time that our Catholic people realized that they share the terrible responsibility of these literary panders precisely in the measure of their countenance and support of them and their methods? Is it not time that Catholic journalism and literary effort received a larger recognition and more generous support? Is it not time, in short, that every decent, and right-minded man and woman in the land insisted on the elevation and purity of the press?

While the awakening is apparent, here and there, considering the efforts put forth by the Church it should be more so. There are Catholic families, beyond question, who would rather subscribe for the most sensational and un-Catholic secular daily than the more reliable Catholic weekly. There are Catholics, moreover, who would rather take Munssey's Magazine, the Metropolitan, the Broadway or worse, than take the Catholic World, Donahoe's or the Rosary. It will take strong speaking to waken such people, but somebody must do it. There is need of its being done.

It would be interesting and instructive to know exactly what part of the money annually laid out by Catholics in the United States for literature under its various forms is applied to the support of Catholic literature. It would be interesting, and we venture to say surprising and disconcerting to many to know the number of Catholic homes in this

city into which neither Catholic magazine nor Catholic paper enters from one year's end to another. Books of doubtful utility, novels the latest and most 'popular,' secular magazines and papers they have in abundance; but the pitiable dearth or entire absence of Catholic art and Catholic literature in these families would lead one to question seriously whether they were Catholics at all. "But in truth and justice be it said that this lamentable condition of affairs is surely, though slowly, improving. Our people are awakening from their lethargy of indifference to an active, enlightened and responsive appreciation of the claims of Catholic literature as an instrument of good and a factor most potent in the betterment of their lives and in their moral, intellectual and social uplifting. This is most encouraging and gratifying to those in care of souls, to each and every one who has at heart the welfare temporal and eternal of his fellow; and is at once the highest tribute to the intelligence and the surest earnest of the loyalty and faith of the Catholic millions of America."

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FRENCH CARDINALS PROTEST.

(Translated from the French for the N.Y. Freeman's Journal.)

Paris, Jan. 24, 1902.

To the President of the Republic:

At the moment when Parliament re-assembles and is about to discuss a bill brought in by the Government which completely suppresses teaching by religious congregations, we believe we are performing a duty imposed alike by our office and by the dictates of conscience in making known to you the sentiments of the Church of France. The Venerable M. Wallen recently delivered himself of these weighty words in the tribune of the Senate:

"It is not peace, but the most deplorable kind of war—a religious war—which exists at this moment in the country, and it is the Government that has started it." It was not yesterday that this war was declared against us. For a long time we have suffered from it. For a long time we have addressed our prayers to God in regard to it, asking light and wisdom for those who govern us, mercy for those who persecute us, strength and courage for those persecuted, and peace and union between the sons of France. We have spoken of it to the people confided to our care in order to enlighten them and to remind them of their duty. But we must also speak of it to him who wields the supreme power and who imparts to the laws their validity and their force. We must speak to him in the name of God, from whom all authority flows, and in the name of a Christian people whose rights have been violated. The voice of all who suffer, Mr. President, cannot reach you; perhaps ours will be heard.

Although we are no longer surprised at the unmerited hardships to which we are subjected, yet we cannot help experiencing a feeling of profound sorrow at seeing introduced into the Chamber of Deputies, in the name of the President of the Republic, a measure which by a single blow not only does away with all the teaching religious congregations, but with Christian teaching itself. It was not enough to eliminate from the curriculum of public instruction all religion under the pretext of maintaining a strict neutrality which manifestly cannot be maintained on the part of the teacher, as experience has amply demonstrated.

To safeguard the imperiled souls of their children, Catholics, conforming to all the requirements of the law, have opened at their own expense free schools. In these schools the religious convictions of the family and the religion of the children are respected. But this was not to be tolerated. Catholic schools were to be broken up at any and every cost. To deal with them more effectually the Government, in total disregard for the liberties still remaining to us, has aimed a blow at the existence of the religious congregations that supply teachers to a Christian people. We use advisedly the words "existence of the religious congregations," because the new legislative measure by its inhibition of teaching, prepares the way for the inevitable dispersion of the teaching congregations.

Why is this done if it is not for the purpose of rooting out Catholicism from the souls of men through anti-religious training and education? Mr. President, those who represent these things to you in any other light and who would have you believe that all these odious measures are only political acts directed against political enemies, deceive you and abuse your confidence.

It is impossible not to see in these acts the suppression in the interest of sectarian doctrines, of every sort of liberty except the liberty to do wrong. The official head of a Government cannot fail to see in them a danger to the country, for, as has been said, education not founded on religion only diffuses poison throughout the State. Mr. President, if you consider these acts from a still higher plane, it is impossible that you, who are elevated above partisan strifes will not think of the rigorous account that will have to be rendered to God and posterity by those who are charged with the education of a people. They will have to answer for millions of children brought up without religious faith, without morals, and without respect for anything. They will learn that what weighs in the scales of justice are the tears shed in Christian homes and the houses of our religious communities.

If it is your duty to bestow thought upon the future in store for the French people and for France in consequence of the suppression of Christian education, and as a result of the sort of education and instruction enforced upon you you will not be lacking in sympathy for the members of our religious congregations of both sexes, who, by the arbitrary enforcement of the present law supplemented by the new measure, will be either scattered penniless into every corner of the land or be brutally driven into exile.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau has declared in the Chamber of Deputies and repeated in the Senate that the aim of the law of 1901 was to grant legal authorization to religious congregations which did not possess it at that time. Soon, however, the thought of withholding authorization from certain religious congregations took shape. The Government asserted that it wished to strike at the militant orders. What really happened was that the applications for authorization by religious congregations were rejected without even being read.

The law of association, after all, dealt with religious congregations as such. But the Government has struck at the individual members of those congregations even after they had been secularized, nay, even after the religious community to which they had belonged had been dissolved.

It was asserted that religious vocations would be fostered by the authorized congregations, but here we have the Government itself asking Parliament, in the name of the President of the Republic, to enact a law to dissolve all authorized congregations that are engaged in teaching.

At first a pretense was made of wishing to protect the secular clergy from the encroachments on the part of the regular clergy. To-day the Government is openly preparing to sever the relations existing between Church and State, not with the purpose of restoring liberty to the Church, but with a view of ruining her and enslaving her.

It is time, Mr. President, that you should know that Catholics indulge in no illusions. They suffer cruelly from the wrongs done them as well as from the bad faith that has been manifested in dealing with them. It pains them to have to acknowledge what hitherto they persistently refused to believe, namely, that the Government of the Republic obeys a secret power, which, in order to gratify its hatred of the Church, hesitates not to place "three-fourths of the citizens outside of the protection of the law."

The Catholics are also grieved at seeing not only their own dearest interests sacrificed, but likewise those of France herself. They see her suffering financially because she has had burdens imposed upon her in the shape of foolish expenditures of money to replace our educational and other institutions which the Government has destroyed.

With profound sorrow Catholics witness "French influence sacrificed abroad, for it cannot be unknown to you, Mr. President, that the members of religious congregations, men and women, now persecuted at home, were the persons who caused the name of France to be blessed in foreign lands. Finally Catholics are shocked at seeing France's honorable traditions sacrificed by her being induced to make war upon women who at all times have been her glory—angels of charity—the possession of whom the whole world envies us.

Yes, our hearts bleed at this spectacle and we anxiously demand of you, Mr. President, whether you have forgotten your own equal protection to all Frenchmen, and whether in your character of guardian of our liberties and of our rights, as you are also the guardian of the dignity of the country, you will make an effort to hold in check this new form of barbarism, for such it is, which threatens to enslave us all?

The expression we have just employed will not offend you, Mr. President, nor will it seem to you exaggerated if you but bestow careful thought on the immediate consequences of this religious war. These consequences inspire us with grave fears. We fear for the generation of children who, throughout France, are on the point of being submitted, so far as it depends upon the Government, to the baneful influence of a godless education. Free thought has no moral basis. It has only opinions—in other words, only doubts. It has no other principle but that of self-interest.

We fear for the people, for that great mass to whom they have promised the impossible and who are already manifesting a spirit of impatience. Whatever is done the Gov-

ernment will not do away with the necessity for working, nor will it abolish poverty, suffering and death. If they deprive the people of the only consolations and hopes that in the hours of trial and tribulation can bind them to life, what will be left to them? They will be delivered over without any restraint to all their passions. Can we hope that brute force will be able to restrain their anger and despair within just limits? From indications already too apparent it is not evident that notwithstanding the progress of material civilization, moral civilization, which is the only true civilization, has entered upon a downward path? Is it not evident that the equilibrium has been disturbed, and that our society only exists on the wreckage of order?

We cannot conceal the fear we have lest God's mercy, having become exhausted, will be withdrawn from us. For the individual man who is responsible to God there is an eternity which we should never lose sight of. But for a people, as such, there remains only time. God treats a people in this world as they deserve to be treated. Is there no reason to fear that France, who has been favored among the nations, will be punished if she becomes forgetful of her past, both for her own shortcomings and for the crime of those who have arrayed her against God? Finally we fear—we speak frankly, for the time for frank speaking has her, France will prove recreant to her away from the old beaten paths by those who have undertaken to guide her, France will prove recreant to her providential vocation, and, having no further reason for existing, will end as many other nations have ended, whose decadence and final overthrow are recorded in the pages of history.

We have no wish, Mr. President, to recall the inutilty of the efforts we have made during many years to influence those in office and foremost it the fate that awaits this letter. We do not know what you can accomplish in the face of dangers that threaten the Church of France and the fatherland. We know not that our words will be listened to. We shall at least have fulfilled our duty.

In the name of the truth which it is our duty to proclaim to all we shall have reminded you that, to use the words of the historian Guizot: "To desist not only evil, but the principles of evil; not only disorder, but the passions and the ideas that beget disorder is the essential mission, the first duty, of every government."

Finally we have demonstrated once more that the spiritual power with which we are invested remains faithful to its mission even after every other form of resistance has been weakened and vanquished.

We pray you, Mr. President, to accept the expression of our respectful consideration.

†H. M. CARDINAL LAGENIEUX, Archbishop of Rheims.
†FRANCIS CARDINAL RICHARD, Archbishop of Paris.

Venice, the Home of Pius X.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

The general public does not take kindly to the lecture, for the mere suggestion of the word seems to convey the idea of a long, dry discourse, with nothing very often to recommend it to the ordinary mind than that it "was learned." But last Friday's lecture in Windsor Hall given by the Rev. Gerald McShane, of Notre Dame, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, was a most pleasing exception, for from beginning to end the attention of the audience was sustained and Father McShane has the happy faculty of making his hearers see as he sees and feel what he feels. The subject was "Venice, the Home of Pius X."

After an appropriate tribute to his large and representative audience, Father McShane, in an interesting talk, gave an insight into the customs, climate and language of Italy. By the aid of the limelight and a fine collection of lantern slides added interest was given to a most delightful description of the glorious city of Venice. The history of the city built upon a hundred isles was briefly touched upon, the manner of its founding was outlined, and the mode of living of the Venetians was clearly explained. The lecturer first transported his hearers to Naples, which was the port of landing. Views of Padua and its famous Cathedral were then shown, with the Shrine of Padua's patron saint. Whilst the audience in spirit knelt at the tomb of St. Anthony, the ce-

lebrated Murillo was thrown upon the screen.

Then were rendered the words and melody of Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," which, as the speaker remarked, was composed by the saintly author whilst he was journeying as we were along the shores of Italy.

Then came in succession views of Venice: the charming gondolas and their stalwart gondoliers—the Grand Canal in one of the palaces of which the Moor Othello was seen to woo his fair Desdemona by his wondrous and enchanting tale—the Rialto where Antonio rated Shylock about his moneys and usances—the Piazza with its winged lion, St. Marks with its steeds of brass and historical pigeons, the Bridge of Sighs, and Doge's Palace, immortalized by Silvio Pellico's Prisons and Lord Byron's lines:

"I stood in Venice, upon the Bridge of Sighs,
"A palace and a prison on each hand."

In a brief talk upon Venetian art and architecture, attention was drawn to the strong influence upon these of the fascinating Oriental luxury, arising from Venice's constant intercourse with the East. Of more than passing interest was the palace of the Patriarch, which had been the home of Sarto, our present Pope.

• • •

It seems almost impossible to consider Pius X. without those whose influence has played such an important part in his career, and to whom he generously attributes all for which he stands to-day. The good old mother, born of an humble parentage, dreamed not, when she made innumerable sacrifices to give her son the advantages of higher education, of the brilliant future of Sarto. Perosi, the choirmaster of the Sistine Chapel, whose picture was seen, is a strong advocate of Gregorian chant and Palestrinian music.

Father McShane's personal reminiscences of Cardinal Rampolla, Sarto's so-called rival in the recent conclave, and of Cardinal Merry del Val his new Secretary of State, were extremely interesting.

No less appropriate and well rendered were his quotations from Ruskin, Shakespeare, Veillot and Byron; the melancholy lines of Childe Harold being exquisitely emphasized by the touching "Cavalleria Rusticana," of the orchestra. The homeward journey furnished the lecturer an occasion of taking a glimpse of Genoa, birthplace of Columbus, and of making a brief pilgrimage to Rome.

When the shores of America were reached, pictures of New York, of Canada and of many representative people were shown.

A charming idea was the rendering of popular airs by the orchestra as familiar scenes were presented. Local clergy and members of the Knights called for round after round of applause. Mr. Bernard O'Sullivan's splendid baritone was heard to advantage in two excellently rendered songs. He is well known to frequenters of the summer school and received quite an ovation. Father McShane delighted the audience with several Italian songs, his expressive rendition of Sarto's adieu to Venice being very generally commented on.

Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty moved a vote of thanks to the speaker of the evening, and called on the Mayor to address a few words, which he did in a most gracious manner.

The Knights may congratulate themselves on the complete success of this, their first public entertainment, and the hope is expressed that in the not distant future they may see fit to organize another such, the refining influence of which can hardly be estimated.

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This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholics Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

The Friendly Hand and Aspirants for Public Office.

From a sketch published in the New York Sun, of the career of the late Mark Hanna, whose death occurred during this month in Washington, we take the following extracts, which reveal how important it is to an aspirant for public office to have the assistance of an enthusiastic and wealthy citizen. The incident deals with the nomination and election of President McKinley. The writer says:

Looking over Ohio he beheld two men—John Sherman and Foraker. There was warm blood in Mark Hanna; there wasn't overmuch in Sherman. Furthermore, Sherman was out of the bud, being full blown, a snow flower within the frost of politics.

Accordingly Hanna turned to Foraker, and Foraker was young, handsome and impetuous, gifted and pugnacious. The coalition did not last.

Sherman remained—Sherman, who was reserved, precise and cautious. It was a whimsical alliance—Sherman and Hanna—a bringing together of contrary temperaments, of prudence, and ardor, of thrift and generosity, of craft and candor.

Hanna wrought with spirit; he became enthusiastic. He pointed to a long and splendid career, to the resumption of coin payments, to a family distinguished in peace and war.

But to no result. It was Blaine in 1884; it was Harrison in 1888.

In the meantime McKinley, the son of a worker in iron, had been growing in fame and influence. He was a rising man in Congress. The manufacturers of the country were much concerned in his career. He had become their spokesman.

Mr. Hanna saw him as quickly as opportunity, sweeping Ohio for a year—Mr. Hanna on the tower of President.

McKinley went to Minneapolis in 1892, engaged, bound by promise, to Harrison. He was taken straight from the railway station to Fair Oaks, the home of William D. Washburn, millionaire and miller.

At that same hour Mr. Hanna threw open a parlor at the West House, a large parlor filled with good cheer and McKinley boomers. Gen. Harrison was re-nominated and easily, but the McKinley propaganda had begun. Mr. Hanna had found his man, but almost had lured him into an embarrassing and dangerous situation.

The four years that followed were hard but happy years for Mark Hanna—hard in ceaseless and dexterous effort; happy in prospect and in the hazard of pursuit.

There was system at the very start—system that went everywhere, that covered cities and villages, that found a way into the remote settlements of Texas and was carried by trusted men into very nearly every hamlet of the South and West.

Mr. McKinley made all the speeches he could with propriety. Mr. Hanna was paymaster and chief proselytizer. He applied the methods of business to the work in hand—methods of organization, of appeal, of suggestion; methods that were fair and moral.

He was called a coarse money grubber; there were sneers for McKinley. Yet Mr. Hanna spent no money corruptly; he promised nothing.

Mr. Hanna's aggressive activity, his growing strength, his impetuous zeal offended the ablest and most powerful politicians of his party. Accordingly, when Mr. Hanna went to St. Louis early in June, 1896, where the Republican convention was to meet, he was confronted by one of the strongest and most skillfully organized coalitions in the history of American politics.

Many candidates were to stand together until McKinley was beaten. Thomas B. Reed, of New England; Levi P. Morton of New York; Quay of Pennsylvania; Cullom of Illinois; Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota; Senator Manderson of Nebraska; Senator Allison of Iowa; Chauncey I. Fillee of Missouri and Gov. Bradley of Kentucky were the candidates of the combination that had been raised up for McKinley's destruction.

Mr. Hanna nominated his man for President.

After the election; after Mr. Hanna had returned to his home in Cleveland, he was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Union Club. In a little speech that he made, a little speech full of emotion, he told how he began his work "of love and devotion" to McKinley. Then McKinley had said to him:

"My friend, I trust you with my

future. But there are some things I will not do to be President, I leave my honor in your hands."

"When I took charge of McKinley's honor," Mr. Hanna said to the men at that dinner, "I swore to my Maker that I would retain it unsullied. And when I came from that memorable convention, proud and satisfied with the work his friends had done, I went to Canton and laid my report at the feet of my chief and I said to him:

"McKinley, I have not forgotten the trust, and I bring back without a blot and not a single promise to redeem."

"On election day I voted, and again I went to Canton and said to its foremost citizen:

"Governor, that honor and that es-cutehon which you confided to me are still untarnished. Again I say, you haven't one promise to redeem." The men to whom Mr. Hanna thus spoke had known him throughout their lives—they were among the best men of this city. Some of them had been in business with him. They accepted all that he had said, believing every word he had uttered, knowing him to be a truthful and honest man.

Mr. McKinley at the beginning was merely a political enterprise, an enterprise for Mr. Hanna's love of adventure and conquest, an enterprise for his strenuous and imaginative spirit.

Likewise Mr. McKinley was a citizen of Ohio, and Mr. Hanna rarely showed much interest in public men who lived elsewhere. But the time came when Mark Hanna took William McKinley into his heart as well as into his pride—took him as a father takes a son, as an artist takes his masterpiece, as a writer takes his most cherished creation. At the last these two uncommon men were as brothers.

"Mark," said the President one day, "I have just made another man happy by giving him an office. I pledged, 'it is your turn now. I had like to be in a position where I can help others, where I can make them glad."

"Yes, Mr. President," Hanna replied, "it is your turn now. I had mine in St. Louis."

Thus was cheery arrogance kept in check, and thus was boast returned for boast.

To his best friends, Mr. Hanna, while resenting restraint, sometimes complained of Mr. McKinley's timidity. Occasionally Mr. McKinley thought Mr. Hanna to be without discretion. And so the one offset the other.

Mr. McKinley was an adroit politician. He fought his battles in the closet with smiles and soft words. Mr. Hanna took to the open fields, and planted his artillery where the enemy could see it.

So it came to pass that in those campaigns in which both men were personally concerned there was art and there was dash, there was strategy and there was hard fighting at the front. Intellectually one man was no better than the other. Their experience had differed widely—that was all.

In character they were unlike. One was bold; the other was prudent. One was soft; the other wasn't. Both were pure in speech and morally excellent in their private lives.

Remarkable business activity followed McKinley's election in 1896. Mr. Hanna believed that he helped restore prosperity to the country—he was told so a hundred thousand times—told so by bankers and mechanics, by farmers and merchants.

Prosperity returned, he sought to keep it permanently. In the Civic Federation he thought he saw his opportunity. He would bring capital and labor to a common-purpose and understanding.

Strikes would stop. Lockouts should lock no more. He went into this patriotic effort with vehemence and enthusiasm. He said that he would rather succeed in this great work than be President—a statement that had only to be written to be accepted fully by those who knew him well and read it.

INTO OBLIVION.

The Northwestern Messenger, a Catholic weekly established six months ago at Duluth, has suspended. It had a vigorous editorial page but the field was too limited, even with the best editorial and business effort. We understand that the Messenger Co. had its capital stock, \$10,000, in cash in the bank prior to the first issue of the paper.

NEW

This week I turn from manacks' for a change to still older, but very interesting have before me a volume in 1813, and the content will certainly be new to the majority of the readers of this Poem: in Five C. dictated by Permission, to Hon. The Earl of Fingal, Joseph Smyth, of Belfast, Street, Dublin, in 1813. The Dedication and I give a better idea than a of mine could of the scope of this extraordinary will, therefore, quote from liminary pages for this will in succeeding issues of the remarkable passages Cantos. There are some of notes at the end, that the greatest historical value be remembered that this is written between the passing Act of the Union, and the Catholics Emancipation. I appreciate it the more have to transport himself period of transition.

DEDICATION.

To the Right Honorable the Fingal:

My Lord:

I am fully sensible how honored I have been in permission to dedicate this Catholic" to a nobleman so sally, and so justly esteemed well for his uniformly patriotic, as for those less brilliantly endearing and attractive of private life. It may a truly pleasing reflection to you, that, in the person of you, he is enabled to look up of the brightest ornaments of Irish name; and how trifling the merits of the composition appear to the generality of us; a name so beloved as the Earl of Fingal must be a recommendation to its receipt the world, being persuaded the possibility of a doubt, could not be placed under a statutory shade, or a more umbrage, than beneath the care of Catholicity's most Irish patriarch, and the indelibly zealous champion of her cause.

I do not mean to offer Lordship's wisdom and good with such fulsome panegyric too common to dedications; do I intend to enlarge on the mess of your ancestry or your many excellent qualities. Of former, every individual who least conversant with the biography of Ireland, must be acquainted; and of the latter, no man can be otherwise than ignorant, when they are most and indelibly engraven on the heart of every true Irishman characters of gold.

I am, my Lord, With the warmest feelings of affection and gratitude, your ship's most obedient, and devoted humble servant.

JAMES SYLVIOUS LA

Belfast, January 12th, 1813.

PREFACE.

(As there are eighteen large Preface, and as I do not wish come back to this portion of work, space forbids the reproduction of the entire essay, so I will not take the most striking passages in presenting the "Irish Catholic" to his countrymen, the Author indulges the expectation, that he be graciously received in the

Household Not

TABLE MANNERS — Under heading an American daily newspaper, in its special weekly issue, offers the following hints: Nothing indicates the well person more than table manners. A woman may pass muster dressing well, and may sustain self tolerably in conversation,

and Office.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

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This week I turn from my old "Almanacks" for a change to something still older, but very interesting. I have before me a volume, published in 1813, and the contents of which will certainly be new to the vast majority of the readers. Here is the title:—"The Irish Catholic; A Patriotic Poem: in Five Cantos. Dedicated by Permission, to the Right Hon., The Earl of Fingall, by James Sylvius Law." It was printed by Joseph Smyth, of Belfast, and published by H. Fitzpatrick, Capel Street, Dublin, in 1813.

The Dedication and Preface will give a better idea than any analysis of mine could of the scope and character of this extraordinary poem. It will, therefore, quote from these preliminary pages for this week, and will in succeeding issues cite some of the remarkable passages in the five Cantos. There are some fifty pages of notes at the end, that are all of the greatest historical value. It will be remembered that this poem was written between the passing of the Act of the Union, and the securing of Catholic Emancipation. To properly appreciate it the reader will have to transport himself to that period of transition.

DEDICATION.

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Fingall:

My Lord: I am fully sensible how much honoured I have been in obtaining permission to dedicate the "Irish Catholic" to a nobleman so universally, and so justly esteemed, as well for his uniformly patriotic conduct, as for those less brilliant, but equally endearing and attractive virtues of private life. It must afford a truly pleasing reflection to an author, that, in the person of his patron, he is enabled to look up to one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish name; and how trifling soever the merits of the composition may appear to the generality of my readers, a name so beloved as that of the Earl of Fingall must be a sufficient recommendation to its reception with the world, being persuaded beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it could not be placed under a more salutary shade, or a more friendly umbrage, than beneath the paternal care of Catholicity's most noble, Irish patriarch, and the indefatigably zealous champion of her cause.

I do not mean to offend your Lordship's wisdom and good sense, with such fulsome panegyric as is too common to dedications; neither do I intend to enlarge on the greatness of your ancestry or your own many excellent qualities. Of the former, every individual who is the least conversant with the ancient Biography of Ireland, must be acquainted; and of the latter, no Hibernian can be otherwise than willfully ignorant, when they are most legibly and indelibly engraven on the heart of every true Irishman in characters of gold.

I am, my Lord, With the warmest feelings of veneration and gratitude, your Lordship's most obedient, and most devoted humble servant. JAMES SYLVIVUS LAW, Belfast, January 12th, 1813.

PREFACE.

(As there are eighteen large pages of Preface, and as I do not wish to come back to this portion of the work, space forbids the reproduction of the entire essay, so I will merely take the most striking passages.) In presenting the "Irish Catholic" to his countrymen, the Author indulges the expectation, that he will be graciously received in the land

of his nativity. He does not send him forth to shew himself to the Irish public in the tinselled drapery of flowery fiction, or in the borrowed garments of Grecian or Roman poets; but in the dress more becoming an Irishman—the genuine Toga of unsullied Truth. Countrymen! do not despise this (perhaps unprepossessing) appearance; suffer him not to pass unnoticed; he goes forth among you to shew his wounds, and recount his miseries. Behold him bearing on his shrinking shoulders the unwieldy burden of the Penal Laws—his former wounds bleed afresh at the recollection of past and present injuries—his arms wear the ponderous chains of slavery—he rests on the broken shield of Liberty, and weeps over her faded glories.

(We will skip all the details of the persecutions under Elizabeth, Cromwell and others, and hurry on to the main subject of the poem—an appeal to the Prince of Wales, the heir apparent. In the poem itself we will see how the poet maps out for the future King a course exactly such as that which King Edward VII has, of his own accord, adopted.)

The author speaks not with any design to awaken slumbering indignation within your souls, or to create enmity in your hearts; no, his mind does not engender ideas so cruel. He addresses you with the laudable intention, that his words may, not only affect his brethren; but that they may also reach the ears, and strike the senses of intolerant power. Often has the "Irish Catholic" plaints been heretofore uttered in vain; he now appeals with confidence to him, who, next to heaven, can redress his grievances, and reward his services. He dreads not that his supplications will fall, any more, on the cold ear of insensibility, for he reposes his fondest hopes in the breast of the promising scion of Royalty, who will not let them perish, if he attend to coronation vows, impartial justice, admonitions of reason, the rights of subjects, and the dictates of wisdom and political prudence.

(Then comes several additional pages, written since unanimity began to reign among Irishmen of all creeds. Great praise does he give the Presbyterians and High Churchmen for the patriotic manner in which they espoused the cause of Catholic emancipation. Finally he thus closes his lengthy preface:) How far the Author has succeeded in the annexed production he leaves to the judgment and candor of his impartial countrymen; and he anxiously hopes, if it possesses not the power of pleasing, it may at least have a claim to their forbearance. He flatters himself that they will do him the justice to believe that when the theme of this poem began to operate on his imagination, he sat down to write, actuated by the purest motives, the most honorable intentions: National love and Patriotism were his directors: Catholic Emancipation was the object in view: And the approval of the Irish Nation the ultimate end of his highest expectations. To obtain this his pride will be ennobled, and the happy labours of his Muse amply rewarded.

He finally begs of his fellow-countrymen to read his poem divested of prejudice and without giving way to any malevolent criticism.

It seems to me, after all, that the most important part of all this old work is neither the preface nor the poem, but the notes at the end. There is a mass of most valuable historical information in those notes, and I will not close this volume until I shall have extracted some of it. Next week I will give a few extracts from Mr. Law's "Irish Catholic," just to let the readers have an idea of this quaint and wonderfully strange poem.

with each course. They are placed exactly one inch from the edge of the table.

The salt cellars, one at each corner are also placed very near the edge of the table. In helping to salt, take some on the side of the plate; don't put it on the tablecloth; don't sprinkle it over the viands, but take a little as needed. It is considered a reflection on the cook to make too lavish use of condiments. The Frenchman will tell you that Americans do their cooking at table—such an elaborate ceremony do they make of salting and peppering every bit of food.

Bread is always broken in small pieces, never cut, and never crumbled into soup or sauca. Oysters and clams are eaten without bread. Don't butter an entire slice of bread, but a small piece as you eat it.

Soup is taken from the side of the spoon, which is filled by drawing from the edge of the soup plate opposite. Don't fill the spoon with the movement towards you.

Wield knife, fork or spoon as quietly as possible. Don't let fork or spoon jangle upon the dish.

In using the knife and fork, a movement of the wrist, not of the elbow, is the proper thing. Some people seem to think that vigorous exercise with the elbows aids mastication. The handle of the knife should rest in the centre of the hand, and no part of the hand should touch the knife above the handle. In using a fork only half of the handle, and that half farthest from the prongs—is covered by the hand.

Don't leave the knife and fork at sixes and sevens on the plate at the end of the meal. Place the fork a little to the left of the plate's centre, with the ends of the prongs down and the knife to the right of the fork and parallel with it. Let the edge of the blade be turned to the fork.

There may be people who take fish or soup twice, just as there are persons who believe in the regeneration of Turkey. This is a bad breach of table etiquette. By so doing you delay the appearance of the second course, to the great inconvenience of your fellow guests, and to the chagrin of your hostess.

In serving soup, one ladleful to each plate is sufficient.

A knife, if of silver, is used for fish, in conjunction with a fork. The old fashion was a fork, aided by a piece of bread. If the knife is steel don't touch it to fish. The King of England takes his fish with two forks. All vegetables are eaten with a fork, and asparagus with knife and fork, although it may be taken up with the fingers, if one prefers to do so. A safe rule at table, however, is never to touch any bit of food with the fingers, olives and hors d'oeuvres generally excepted.

All pies are eaten with a fork only, and also most puddings, except custards, which require a spoon. Cheese is eaten with a fork. Poaches and pears are peeled, cut in half, then broken by the fork and thus eaten. An orange may be cut in half and eaten with a spoon.

Ice cream is eaten with a fork in America, in England a spoon is used. With all deference to English customs, a safe rule is, eat nothing with a spoon that can be taken with a fork.

A hostess does not press a guest to eat more, nor assure her that there is an abundant supply; it were invidious for her to doubt it. Where considerations of health do not forbid it, it is courteous to partake of a little of every course.

No guest passes a plate, or offers to serve anything unless requested to do so.

To detect oneself in a solecism is, as a rule, as mortifying a thing as can happen. Under such circumstances, men and women behave very differently; and so betray themselves in the sequel more than they do in the act.

A young woman with an undue amount of indiscretion and lack of experience was invited to luncheon at a fashionable house. Bouillon was served in cups. The girl thought it was tea and asked the maid for sugar. Before she put it into the bouillon the hostess, by whose elbow the young woman was sitting, said:

"That, my dear, is bouillon."

"Yes, I know," retorted the guest, "but I always take sugar in mine."

As a matter of fact, she had never taken bouillon in any way, and had not the remotest idea what it was; and she made her mistake all the more glaring by not following the plan which indicates breeding—simplicity.

Abraham Lincoln had an experience not entirely dissimilar to that of the young woman in question. At a dinner party at which he was present there was a saddle of mutton. When the butler passed a glass of jelly Lincoln took it and ate its contents. Another glass was passed from diner to diner and each took a spoonful. Lincoln observed this, and with

a characteristic quiet laugh said: "I seem to have taken more than my share."

There was no apology and no embarrassment. A particularly fastidious woman who was present said afterwards that the sad-looking and rather awkward frontiersman was, by nature, a better gentleman than any one she had ever met, even in places where men were supposed to be gentlemen as a matter of course.

One of the fundamental rules to observe is the manner of sitting down at the table.

In a certain recent book a young girl writes to her mother: "I am sure you made a mistake in what you told me, that all well-bred people behave nicely at dinner, and sit up, because they don't eat a bit. Lots of them put their elbows on the table and nearly all sit anywhere on their chairs."

Do not sit on the edge of the chair nor sidewise. Nor should the back rest continually on the back of the chair. An easy upright position is the proper one. The feet should rest on the floor, and sit far enough away from the plate to be able to use the knife and fork without awkwardness. "It is worse than a crime; it is ill-bred," the society woman will tell you about the care-less manner of sitting. Nothing points out the ill-bred woman more quickly than the position she takes when she sits down to table.

HONESTY AS A POLICY.

(From the Catholic Universe, Cleveland.)

Honesty as a policy cannot compete in staying powers with honesty as a principle. Some of our business men and some of our professional men and quite a number of our politicians practice honesty as a good policy while they do not give it much thought as a duty and as a principle.

Honesty as a duty teaches us that it is a sin to take or keep, that which is really the property of another. It is founded on the command "Thou shalt not steal." Property, though dumb, is graphically said to cry out for its owner.

This age is one in which "Security companies" and "bond companies" flourish in insuring at so much per \$1000 the honesty of "trusted" employees. Old-fashioned honesty does not lead the procession; it is rather too feeble and too halt for the fast pace of modern life. The education of the day "calculates" to make people "smart," it has not much to do with conscience in theory or in practice. Moral teaching is not in the curriculum of the "up to date" education.

The public has come to look upon political life and political action as having its mainspring in cupidity. "How much will it cost to put the bill through?" is reckoned as an expense, "How many votes must we buy?" is figured upon by corporations who seek rights, favors or privileges.

The revelations of corruption in cities and in legislatures has been brought out and proven in Philadelphia and Pittsburg, in St. Louis and Minneapolis, and elsewhere.

By way of illustrating how difficult it is for a man to remain honest while in the Ohio Legislature, Congressman Beidler tells this story: A sturdily upright member from one of the country districts was approached by a lobbyist, who asked him to vote for a certain bill, hinting at a handsome money consideration. The indignant member, who was opposed to the measure, began to voice his anger when the lobbyist said the other side was spending a good deal of money to defeat the bill. The member at once said he should not take sides at all, whereupon the lobbyist suggested that he stay away when the vote was being taken. The country legislator, thinking that was a good idea, did so. On his return the lobbyist handed him \$500 for absenting himself. "Great Scott!" said the astonished member, "is there no way for a man to be honest here?" and then he pocketed the \$500, just like an old-timer.

Dr. De Costa Dying.

It is reported in the press dispatches from Rome that the Rev. B. F. De Costa is dying. Dr. De Costa is the Episcopal clergyman who embraced the Catholic faith and who, after the death of his wife in 1900, went to Rome to study for the priesthood. He was ordained November 29, the ceremony being hastened on account of his feeble health. The Doctor has reached a venerable age and has been in failing health for several years.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

It begins to look as if electric fighting will soon put gas lighting in the shade. Certain statistics furnished by the Electrical World and Engineer are in support of this suggestion. Gas lighting is an old industry. Gas producers showed a singular lack of enterprise in neglecting to stimulate the demand for their product until electrical competition came and made the gas men hustle for their business. A generation ago the people of the large cities should have been using gas stoves and improved gas burners, but there seemed to be no enterprise in the gas industry.

Detroit is confronting a sidewalk situation which reminds one of a period in the history of Chicago when accidents from damaged sidewalks furnished the principal business of the hospitals and the circuit courts. There is no question but the municipal Government has been dangerously indulgent to citizens, especially the owners of large tracts of unproductive realty. Wooden sidewalks were allowed in a moment of misguided indulgence, and a wooden sidewalk becomes soon a source of danger to pedestrians. Many people are more or less hurt. Some are entitled to damages, many are not, but the liability of the city stimulates duplicity and greed, and the way that damage cases are rolling in suggests that getting hurt by bad sidewalks is becoming a lucrative industry.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Temperance Men Elect Officers.

At the regular monthly meeting of the St. Gabriel T. A. & B. Society, held on the 7th instant, the following installation of officers for the ensuing year took place: Rev. Director and President—Rev. P. McDonald. 1st Vice-President—P. O'Brien. 2nd Vice-President—H. Dumphrey. Recording Secretary—W. H. O'Donnell. Financial Secretary—E. J. Colfer. Treasurer—P. Polan. Librarian—E. Myles. Grand Marshal—L. Conroy. Executive Committee—Messrs. John Lynch, Jos. Burns, John McCarthy, James McCarthy, Michael McCarthy, Wm. Orton, Timothy Sullivan, Jas. Phalen, James Kane, John Harrington, Richard Coliver and Alex. Grant.

MARRIAGE OF A DUKE.

The Duke of Norfolk, Premier Duke of England, and the leading Catholic layman, was married on Monday in London to the Hon. Gwendolen Mary Constable-Maxwell, eldest daughter of Lord Herries. The Duke is 57, his bride is 27.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths will be inserted for Ten cents. Each notice must be prepaid, and bear the name and address of the sender.

DEATHS.

FOGARTY—In this city, on Feb. 22nd, Hanora Quelch, beloved wife of the late Patrick Fogarty, aged 82 years.

Solemn Requiem Mass was chanted at St. Patrick's Church. Interment at Cote des Neiges Cemetery, R.I. P.

O'CONNOR—In this city, on the 22nd, John O'Connor, aged 24 years and 9 months, youngest son of the late Thos. O'Connor.

Funeral was held from his brother-in-law's residence, James McInerney, No. 30 Emily street, on Wednesday afternoon. Interment at Cote des Neiges cemetery.

Professional

FRANKJ. CURRAN. LOUIS E. CURRAN. Curran & Curran Barristers and Solicitors, Comm'rs for Quebec & Newfoundland, SAVINGS' BANK CHAMBERS, 180 St. James Street, Phone Main 127. Montreal

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Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Report for private firms, and public corporations a specialty. TELEPHONE 1182.

Building Association in Aid of St. Michael's Parish.

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michaels during four years two masses a month according to the intentions of those who contribute 50 cents yearly.

These two masses are said for members of the Association towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are; they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefits of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend—These tickets are excellent "In Memoriam Cards" to present bereaved relatives.

Communications may be addressed to the Pastor, Rev. J. P. Kiernan, 1602 St. Denis street, Montreal, P.Q.

KIND THOUGHTS.

If a man habitually has kind thoughts of others, and that on supernatural motives, he is not far from being a saint. These men are rare. Kind thoughts are rarer than either kind words or kind deeds. They imply also a great deal of thinking about others without the thoughts being criticisms. This is rarer still. But kind thoughts imply also a contact with God, and a divine ideal in our minds.

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way, and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while an angel's nature into us. Kind words cost us nothing, yet how often do we pledge them!—Father Faber.

ANOTHER LESSON.

The will of Mrs. Maria Beck, of St. Louis, who died recently, contained many charitable bequests for the benefit of the Church and religious institutions. Among other bequests she left \$1000 to the Kenrick Seminary and \$1000 each to the Little Sisters of the Poor, St. Vincent's German Asylum, and the Confraternity of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor.

Household Notes

TABLE MANNERS—Under this heading in an American daily newspaper, in its special weekly blanket issue, offers the following hints: Nothing indicates the well bred person more than table manners. A woman may pass muster by dressing well, and may sustain herself tolerably in conversation, but

if not properly au fait with les convenances, she is betrayed by her manner at table.

There is a correct way of doing everything, no matter how trivial, even to helping one's self to salt and butter.

The rows of knives and forks on each side of the plate are a thing of the past, together with oddly shaped knives and forks; many smart hostesses do not even use a special fork for oysters. Only the knife and fork are placed for each person, and are changed for fresh ones

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

make delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble necessary in small and large bottles from all grocers. GUARANTEED PURE.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The subject of Father Higgins's lecture, given last Sunday night at St. John's, Duncan Terrace, was "Christ and the Labor Problem." The speaker, taking for his text the words of St. Matthew xxv., 40, "As long as you did it to one of these My least of brethren you did it to Me," said the condition of the working classes, and these included not only those who worked with their hands, but also those who worked with their brain—was to the mind of the late Pope Leo XIII. the most pressing problem of the hour. It was one affected not only by the place and circumstances in which the workers lived, but also by events happening in the most distant climes.

put before the eye of faith the vision of a land where there was no distinction of Jew and Gentile, bond or free, but all were equal in love, riches, glory and happiness. The second axiom was—Christ, perfect man and perfect God, was concealed under every human form that they met. Consequently whatever service was rendered a fellow creature it was Christ who was put under an obligation, and as Christ stood as the type of a perfect gentleman He would certainly not allow Himself to be outdone in generosity. As a King with boundless treasures at His disposal, He would requite magnificently every kindness, every good charitable deed. Apply now to the labor problem those two fundamental tenets of Christianity—viz., that man, what ever may be his condition here, was the son of a King and himself called to a throne, and that every man represented Christ, who considered as done to Himself whatever was done to His human representative. What would be the result?

Marvellous Power Of Church Music.

"Church Music: Its Present Condition and its Prospects," is the title of a very interesting article contributed by William Joseph Finn, to the current number of the Catholic World. Mr. Finn says: Is the legitimate place of music in the services of the Catholic Church understood and appreciated nowadays? The accession to the chair of St. Peter of the Pontiff who, if report speak truly, will lend his influence to the growing movement for the revival of true ecclesiastical music, makes the question apropos at the present time. Since the election of Pius X. we have heard much of his significant patronage of Dom Perosi, the head and front of the new agitation for better church music. The encouragement given to the gifted maestro of the papal choir has generally been considered auspicious by those who are ardently longing for the radical change which seems necessary. And we, here in America, cannot remain indifferent to the new prospect. We have long been complaining that our church music is in a condition little short of deplorable. Whatever may be the cause of the evil, whether it be an initial misconception or a long-standing forgetfulness of the mind of the church, the fact is only too patent that nowadays little or no attention is paid to the original spirit or the one essential purpose of church music. The purpose of sacred music ought to be evident from the very name, and as a matter of historical fact, the precise and proper relations of music and liturgy were well understood centuries ago. Its object was considered to be two-fold: first, to stimulate, and secondly, to express devotion. It was to be an integral, if not an essential part of the service.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC Universal Exposition, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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ON THE TIMBER LIMITS

OLD AND NEW.—This would be an opportune time for some person well acquainted with the woodsman's life to tell the story of how the great lumber operations were carried on some years ago. At present railways are penetrating the domains of the lumber kings, and the steam-drawn car has usurped the place of the bark canoe and the great driving-boats. Rafts of square timber no longer come down the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, and the shanty-man of to-day has a life of comfort compared to that led by his predecessors in the great woods of the North and West. A very interesting article on this subject has been written for one of the Ottawa papers, and although the author gives no indication of who he is, it is clear that he must be in some way connected with the lumber business. As hundreds of our readers are interested in this subject, and not a few of them have practical remembrance of the old-time methods, we will reproduce, without further apology, the article in question:

be well posted on this interesting subject. In the late summer and early fall months gangs of lumber jacks are seen on their annual pilgrimage to the "tall pines." Occasionally an odd one may be seen on the streets of the Capital during the winter months, but it is not until the return of the spring, with its tonics, new fashions, and poems, that the lumber jack storms the Capital in his full strength of numbers. His existence in the interval has been a blank to the city man. However, the long winter days are full of healthful work, and the long winter nights are made bright with pleasure by the lumber jacks in their distant shanty homes.

It was the realization of the marvellous power of the chant that urged St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, thirteen hundred years ago or more, to such patient efforts in introducing it into the church; Ambrose teaching hymns and canticles of praise to the faithful of Milan, and Gregory, even as Pope, himself instructing the youth of Rome to chant the divine offices to the sublime melodies which have come down to our own day associated with his name. For many centuries the use of the august chant was universal; it grew and waxed strong. But in our days we have with consummate fatuity thrown away the treasure that might have been ours. We have made ourselves strangers not only to the chant, but even to the ideal of which it was so eloquent an expression. We have forgotten the essential and fundamental purpose of ecclesiastical music, so far that it is the rare exception to hear in our churches any piece that is a genuine aid to devotion. Frequently, or rather ordinarily—it is scarcely an exaggeration to say it—the music of our churches savors more of the concert-hall than the house of God, and suggests rather the stage than the sanctuary. The sacred liturgy is not uncommonly disgraced—in as far as it can be—by a forced association with florid and meretricious musical compositions.

is the same—the annihilation of all religious sentiment. If church music is to make any pretense at serving its legitimate purpose, it must be distinctive and distinctly rendered; distinctive; that is, having a tone and style of its own incapable of being counterfeited by secular music of any description. We must be able to know a hymn from a ballad, and a Mass from an opera; distinctively rendered; that is, it must be sung by a surpliced choir in the Sanctuary. What we look for and demand is serious, fervent, expressive music; what we get are quasi-operatic selections, and displays of vocal pyrotechnics. From our hearts we can sympathize with the sentiment of a recent writer in the London Tablet, who indignantly demands to know why, "if they (the people in the choir gallery) won't help me, they cannot let me alone?" Better to have no music than music that prevents devotion. The enthusiasts for figured music will declare that the majority of people enjoy and profit by the music they get. But let the enthusiast mix with the crowd, and hear the remarks.—"What an interminable Credo that was! They must have sung the Amen at least twenty times! And did you see how long they kept the celebrant waiting at the Offertory?" etc., etc. We have heard them universally and persistently. And the contagion of discontent, if one has but eyes to see it, is spreading. The same writer in the London Tablet, quoted above, declares that in his annoyance and indignation against frivolous church music he "meets with never-failing sympathy from a multitude of equally impatient fellow-sufferers." The consequence is that people avoid High Mass and Vespers. It would surprise some pastors to know that in many cases their earnest efforts to get a large part of the congregation to High Mass are frustrated by the music, which may possibly appeal to the musical critic, but can only be a source of great distraction to the ordinary worshipper. But why argue it out? The necessity of distinctive music will not be called into question by any one who has given thought to the subject. It is evident that if the divine service is to be an organic whole, liturgy, ritual, sermon, music ought to be of a piece. The music should be regulated by special, pertinent, and consistent rules of composition, and be judged by one simple criterion: that of harmony with or dissonance from the spirit of worship. Now, the church has her own proper music which she officially recommends, and to which she points as the true, the ideal ecclesiastical music; and that is the Gregorian Chant. This chant has been progressively chosen because it combines all the peculiar properties which make music worthy to be associated with the celebration of the divine

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THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

A REVIEW BY "ORUX."

Rev. Dr. Paul Carus is the lecturer, and "The Still Small Voice" is the title of his lecture. A sub-heading declares the subject to be "The Nature of the Divine Revelation that is Taking Place To-day." He opens by stating that never before were the changes that took place in man's religious attitude more significant than during the last decade, and yet the transition is scarcely marked by any noise. He follows the Reformers, the persecutions, the battles, the sanguinary wars that were all due to that great change. The quiet reformation now taking place is due to the influence of science upon religion. So far we have the bare opening assertion of Dr. Carus. Having presented his subject thuswise, he proceeds to develop it. He gives us the Catholic view of the situation, and with his statement of it we have no fault to find. Considering the mass of errors that follow, when he comes to combat the Catholic side of the question, we feel all the more inclined to do him the justice of quoting what he has to say about our Church and her attitude.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW.—We quote Dr. Carus: "The reformed churches, it is claimed by Roman Catholic critics, (and there is some truth in it) stand on a slanting platform. Their position (that of the reformed churches), is inconsistent. Having cast off the authority of the established Church, they are driven by inexorable logic to deny all authority both in religion and government. They called for a free Bible and now they suffer from the cancer of the higher criticism; they granted the liberty of theological investigation, and now one dogma after another is condemned before the tribunal of science. While the Roman Catholic Church, built upon the rock of St. Peter, remains the same and shows a strong united front, Protestantism has from time to time to change its position and is divided into as many sects as there are different opinions."

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.—It would not be possible to follow Dr. Carus through all the vagaries of his illogical reasoning. But we will take up the principal points. He says that this new reformation is the "influence of science upon the minds of the thoughtful, the honest, the truth-loving, and it comes about by the gradual establishment of a scientific world conception." Now, these are words, but nothing more. It is shallow. He follows this with the assertion that the "Reformation of Luther was a moral reformation," because it swept away "saint-worship," "reverence for relics," "submission to Papal authority," and was the "logical consequence of the recognition of a free science." We can understand that Dr. Carus may still be in the dark concerning Catholic doctrines and practices, that he may never have read nor understood the relations of the accusations that he reiterates; but we fail to see how a so-called reformation can be a "moral" one when the world knows that it had its birth in most flagrant immorality. Save this contradiction there is no sense in the foregoing statements. He claims that this transformation operated by science upon faith is radical, and that affects even the Catholic Church and the "result is that Protestants take more kindly to their old adversary and begin to set aside the old grudges against it." If it be true that Protestantism is becoming more tolerant of Catholicity, it is not on account of science, but on account of the visible fact that the Christian social structure, as well as Christianity itself, must depend for the future upon the solidity and stability of Catholic doctrine and practice. The lecturer then asks a series of pertinent questions: "Is the influence of science not antagonistic to religion? Is it not destroying the Christian faith? Does it not take away the fond illusions of our dearest hopes? Philosophy offers us nothing but empty attractions, and

higher criticism invades the Bible and destroys its sanctity!" Why does he ask these questions? One would suppose for the purpose of replying to them. But he does no such thing. After setting forth a vague statement of a something that he dignifies with the title of a silent reformation, he goes off into several pages to prove that "empty abstractions" are not empty unless they are meaningless. Interesting as this wading through a quagmire of unintelligible matter may be, it simply takes us away from the original train of thought, and leaves us no nearer the end—whatever that may be—that he has in view. Our idea was that he intended to prove that the effects of science upon religion were of a beneficial character; but, instead of proceeding in that direction, he darts off after totally irrelevant "empty abstractions."

UNCHRISTIAN DOCTRINES.—Naturally we will be expected to accept this "silent reformation" as a transition from stable dogma to the negation of doctrine—that is to say, if we are to suppose that its effects on the world will be the same as they have been on Dr. Carus himself. We cannot better judge of this pretended new reformation than by taking the anti-Christian doctrines that it has instilled into the lecturer. Let us take a few of them. "The scientific view of God, which sees in the laws of nature the eternal thoughts of God, does not declare either a personal or an impersonal God, but a supernatural God." A while ago Dr. Carus spoke of the sweeping aside of the paganism in the Church of Rome; and here he is bringing us back to paganism. The Indian, in the wilds, revered a supernatural God, in the Great Spirit; but not a personal God. At the very basis of Christianity is the conception of a personal God; and if this "silent reformation" is going to sweep that away, we can see from the very start that it is a reactionary movement, carrying us back to barbaric days, and against which the unchanging Church on the rock of Peter alone can contend. Then Dr. Carus tells us that "Our notions of a heaven above the clouds, and a brimstone hell, and many other religious conceptions, have become mythological, but they have not lost their meaning." Thus, one effect of science on his faith has been to efface the formal doctrines of the Scripture, to reduce the most important part of the Bible to mythology, and to set up a symbolic for a real teaching such as Christ gave to His Apostles. Worse still, he plainly tells us that "our religious traditions, no longer assured facts of history, are changed into legends and myths." This he proceeds to prove. For example he points out that the first chapter of Genesis is the mere echo of a pagan cosmology; Samson is the Babylonian Shamash, a Hebrew Hercules; the Book of Esther is the myth of Ishtar and Marduk; Moses is paralleled by Hammurabi, and Isaiah by Zarathustra, and the golden rule was pronounced more than half a millennium before Christ by Confucius. Then he comes along with a string of "ifs." If the Jewish prophets had not arisen the Persians would have had like prophets; if Persian monotheism had been accepted, Zarathustra would have replaced Moses and Cyrus would have stood for King David; if we had got our religion from the Persians, their Bibles would have become canonical. Finally, he tells us that "the idea has been proposed that all religion is purely human—and truly it is." After this long tirade against the most consecrated principles of Christianity, we are treated to the following flourish: "Verily and truly, science, if it be but genuine science, is a divine revelation, and the spread of a scientific world-conception is the coming of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God, who will guide us into all truth. (John xvii., 18.)"

For a Christian minister this is certainly going a long way into the realm of paganism, or, at least, of anti-Christian indoctrination. If science is going to so influence religion that will usurp the place of God, become the Holy Ghost, and assert its divine origin as well as its own divinity, we feel that it is time for the Christian world, Protestant as well as Catholic, to rise up and drive it back into its own sphere. As Protestantism has neither the interest, the energy, nor the power to do so, Catholicity will have to stand again between human-

ity and this invading enemy—even as of old it withstood alone the incursions of the Goths and Vandals from the North, and the Moors and Saracens from the South.

GLEAMS OF TRUTH.—In all this confusion of ideas and windings of the way, the lecturer seems at times to catch passing gleams of truth. For example, he condemns Agnosticism "because it pretends to take an advanced position, when it is as reactionary as it is wrong." Had he stopped at this we would have no fault to find; but instead of telling us in what Agnosticism is wrong and reactionary, he proceeds to show the "difference between dogma and doctrine, between belief and faith? discard the former, I retain the latter; and at the same time I cling to the old ideals of Catholicity and orthodoxy." He calls dogma symbols, i.e., formulations of the faith in allegorical language, they are collected in the symbolical books." If such were true we would not blame him for discarding them for what he calls doctrines. But Dr. Carus certainly cannot refer to Catholic dogma. He says truly that "theology is the science of religion." If he has even an elementary knowledge of Catholic theology he must know that its dogmatic phase is the very opposite of allegorical, that it is mathematical in its precision and inexorably logical in its deductions. It permits of no symbolism or figures of speech; but each word is chiselled and set in exactly as a stone in a mosaic. What proves to us most conclusively that he has not the faintest idea of Catholic theology, dogma or doctrine, is the fact that he says: "We need a radical theology reverent towards the past, respectful in tone, considerate of the faith of others, even if it be erroneous, yet unshrinking and uncompromising as to the essentials of truth." In the name of all that is scientific, how can a theology—the science of religion—be at the same time considerate of error, and uncompromising as to truth? The two clash. They are oil and water. They are light and darkness. They are destructive of each other. There can be no possible association between them. Error is the negation of Truth. Truth is the absence of error. If then we are to be uncompromising as far as Truth is concerned, how are we at the same time to be tolerant of error?

DESTRUCTIVE CRITICS.—We have ever claimed that Protestantism is, of its very essence, destructive of Christianity—of Truth. Here comes Dr. Carus to establish the same, though far from intending it so. "All the destructive critics," he says, "are theologians. With very few exceptions, they are professors of theology in good standing; Hamack, Holzmann, DeWet, Kuenan, Wellhauser, Cornill, Deletzsch, Gunkel and other Old Testament scholars are not only theologians, but descendants of theological families, and their very fathers are known as great lights in the orthodox circles of Protestant Christendom." He then informs us that "The higher criticism destroys not religion, but only a wrong interpretation of the Scriptures, a narrow conception of theology, the pagan features of religion." Thus we see that in all this plea for science as the ruler of faith, the lecturer knows nothing of Catholicity. When he talks of orthodoxy, he means heresy; of theology, he means the denial of all authority; of religion, he means Error and Truth combined. He distinguishes between dogma and doctrines, and cannot define either of them. He advocates a Christian theology based upon the reduction of the Bible to the level of mythology, and of a personal God to that of an "empty abstraction." Dr. Carus is vague, but very dangerous.

Missionary Life in The Far West.

In this northwestern part of the State of Washington is an Indian reservation inhabited by a peaceful and very intelligent tribe of Indians numbering about 1800 souls, 800 of whom are Catholics. Most of the remaining are receiving instructions in preparation for baptism. In a short time I expect the entire tribe will be in the true fold—now that they have a Church and a resident priest. Twenty years ago Rev. Father De Rouge, a Jesuit missionary, was assigned to this place. His parish extended from Yakima on the south

clear up and far into British territory, and from the Cascade Mountains on the West to Idaho on the East—three hundred square miles—the souls he must minister to scattered over it few and far between, and poor, with no railroads, nor even wagon roads to bring them together.

It is impossible to exaggerate the hardships of these days for the brave missionary who faced them single-handed. Think of it, ye who dwell in cities lit by electricity, in houses heated by steam, and furnished with heated cars for even a few blocks of travel.

Just try and picture the difficulties in the life of a missionary to the Indians of the West. Tearing himself from the comforts of home and the companionship of friends, taking with him nothing but a brave heart burning with zeal for the saving of souls, he faces all sorts of privations, thankful for any kind of a meal any time of the day, and very fortunate if he secures a corner and a cover where he may sleep the sleep of the truly weary.

The first good fortune he meets is the present of a pony from a kind Indian. Proudly he packs a few coarse provisions—donated by other kind Indians—and a blanket, also a donation, and prepares to make a tour of his parish. He expects to sleep out at nights, for even is he meets Indian habitations here and there they have poor shelter for them selves and nothing to spare. Their camps are always two or three days' travel apart, and though the bill of fare is only smoked salmon and dried berries, the ride of two or three days on an empty stomach or with very little food at best makes them a veritable feast.

Then the riding on horseback is often through the mountain passes, and on the edges of precipices, where a slip of the horse would be death to horse and rider. Sometimes the trail is dangerous, but always it is rough and tedious, with the sky for a roof, and the ground for a bed, and no companions but the savage beasts, almost more welcome than the savage loneliness, night after night is passed. A paper—daily, weekly or even monthly, would be a welcome relief in the daytime, but no telegraph, no telephones, no mails, no intellectual chats with a friend; no face of a white man! In a word, not one of the comforts that he knows his friends are enjoying so freely and unthankfully.

Nothing of all these must he look for or think about. He has left them all for—what? For the greatest motive that ever urged man to deeds of heroism—for the love of God, for the love of his neighbor, for the winning of human souls to people heaven. And he has his reward. Eight hundred devout Indians come from all sides,—some of them one hundred miles, to Holy Communion on feast days—Christmas, Easter, Corpus Christi, All Saints' Day—at St. Mary's Mission, and gladden the heart of the faithful Jesuit, who loves them next to God and Mary.

There is a neat little Church, exquisitely finished, and furnished with statues and paintings, and stained glass windows and an organ. The Indians sing at High Mass and Vespers, and the music is excellent, as well as devotional.

In addition to this Church at St. Mary's, Omak, Washington, there are now eleven other chapels at different posts of the mission—all the result of Father De Rouge's good work. A great deal of the money needed he got in France from his noble countrymen, who always stand by their missionaries. The Indians are to be praised, too, for their cheerful cooperation with their beloved pastor.

When the Father would be making the rounds of his parish and stop at certain places to say Mass, the Indians would come to him from all around within forty miles, and after a few years in that place a chapel would be built, so that now Father De Rouge has eleven such chapels.

Now comes the white settler in several of these posts. By the homestead laws the reservation has been opened to white settlers, and about 400 white Catholics are added to Father De Rouge's charge; and at least two new chapels are badly wanted now. Meantime Mass is said in one or other of the farmhouses in turn.

The school at Omak has forty pupils; many of them must come fifty to seventy-five miles, and, of course, must stay the week with the pastor. Instead of assisting him, the Government has set up a rival school where no religious morality is taught—where boys and girls are allowed together, and where a bait in the shape of free board and clothes is offered, for which Catholics pay their pro rata, but which is making the work of the Catholic missionary harder and sadder.

There is a law forcing the Indians to send their children to school. They would gladly send them to the Mission, but the good father, for lack

THE MASS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

There are six parts in the Mass, The first comprises the preparation, which is made at the foot of the Altar, the second from the Introit to the Offertory; the third from the Offertory to the Canon; the fourth from the Canon to the Pater; the fifth from the Pater to the Communion; and the sixth from the Communion to the end of the Mass.

We will examine the first part of the Mass in this article, leaving the remainder of the Sacrifice for succeeding numbers. Before commencing the Mass, the priest stands at the foot of the Altar, there to acknowledge, as it were, his unworthiness, as a man and sinner, to approach the altar whereon the dread Sacrifice is going to be offered. Standing at the foot of the steps, he invites with himself the faithful who are represented in the acolyte that serves the Mass, and all bow down confessing their faults, and, like the publican of old, striking their breasts thereby rendering themselves, through humility, more worthy to approach the Holy of Holies. The priest makes the sign of the cross, repeats the Psalm, says the Confiteo and other prayers. Let us commence with that first action, the sign of the Cross. It is repeated a number of times and in many forms throughout the Mass. It is the especial mark of the Christian and Catholic. There are some who do not believe in that sign, although they profess to depend for their salvation in the fact that Christ died on the Cross. There are many amongst Catholics who are ashamed to be seen making that sign; most likely it is because the generality of their neighbors do not believe in it and strive to ridicule it. But even in olden times, long before the Reformation was dreamed of, in the first ages of Christianity, there were those who blushed to make the sign of the Cross, and we read that the Fathers of the Church were often obliged to rebuke them. St. Cyril says in one of his sermons, "Let us not be ashamed to confess Him who was sacrificed; let the sphaeris (the sign of the Cross) be confidently made upon the forehead with the finger." It was a custom among the early Christians to make the sign of the Cross before and after every important action, and during the Mass the priest whether in commencing or terminating any part thereof, whether blessing himself or the people; whether consecrating the Host or the wine, whether making use of the patina, the chalice, the book, the censor or the cruets, invariably makes, either upon himself or over these objects, that sign of the Cross. In opening the works of Tertullian we read the following paragraph: "We sign ourselves with the sign of the Cross on the forehead whenever we go from home or return, when we put on our clothes or our shoes, when we go to the bath or sit down to meat, when we light our candles, when we lie down and when we sit."

So much for the first action of the priest. In all these prayers the priest confesses his unworthiness and accuses himself of his faults, the people imitate him, for it is by repentance that we must prepare for the sacrifice. St. Augustine writes: "Our Merciful God wills us to confess our faults in this world that we may not be confounded in the next." St. Gregory says: "Mingle your

of means, cannot provide for them. These Indians deserve to be helped. They are eager to second Father De Rouge's every effort, but the lack of means cripples them and him. Shortly after the Father established his school—of which he was the sole teacher—in his own cabin, he was called away on some urgent work, and the weather prevented his return for some months. When he did get back he found a neat little school-house built by the Indians and a white teacher employed in it with money raised from the sale of their ponies. Many of the Indians who are not Catholics send their children nevertheless to the Mission school, paying what they can out of their little means rather than have them go to the godless school, plus free board, clothes and all. This proves the Indians' confidence in the good Father, and the good the priest is doing among the Indians. His work is tremendous. He has no

supplications with those of the priest and humble yourself before the Altar." Lactantius tells us: "Strike thy breast, bend thy head, while acknowledging thy fault, and God will make thee worthy to approach His sanctuary." Thus it is that the priest, having proclaimed that he is about to "go unto the Altar of God," bends his head and striking his breast repeats aloud the Confiteo; and the boy who serves Mass, in the name of the congregation, follows the priest in the Psalm and says the Confiteo also. For the first time, the priest raising his hands to Heaven, says to the faithful Dominus vobiscum (The Lord be with you); eight times during the Mass does he repeat the same invocation or rather blessing, and the congregation, answering, proclaim their wish that the Lord be with his spirit, throughout the whole Sacrifice. Some times when the priest comes to an important part of the Mass—for example, the Gospel—he draws the attention of the faithful to the fact by that exclamation, The Lord be with you! Also three times during the Mass he turns to the congregation, and, from the Altar, summons them to a deeper devotion by the expression of the same wish—that the Lord be with them.

Having thus prepared himself by an act of humility, and having called upon the faithful to join with him in that spirit, the priest takes the first step towards the Altar. In so doing, he raises his hands aloft in imitation of that form and posture adopted by the ancients, the first Christians, and the Jewish leaders and priests in prayer, and calls upon the faithful to unite their prayers with his by saying: Oremus (Let us pray)! It was thus that Moses of old held aloft his hands as he prayed upon the mountain top, while the Children of Israel fought and conquered the infidels in the valley below.

When the priest reaches the Altar he bends down and kisses it through respect for the spot whereon the Sacrifice of love is about to be offered. He asks God in the name of His saints whose relics repose beneath the Altar stone, to forgive him his sins. In High Masses, the next ceremony is that of incensing; this is an action prescribed by the Almighty Himself of Moses. Incense signifies charity, prayer, and the order of virtue, which we should bring with us into the Temple. It was considered amongst the ancients one of the highest honors that could be paid to a person to offer incense to him; therefore, as the priest represents Christ Himself after the incense is offered to God, the servant offers it to the priest, and generally the priest turns to the faithful, or at least the deacon does so for him, and offers the incense to them. It is a mark of respect to the children of the Church and the soldiers of the Church Militant.

Thus ends the first part of the Mass. While we have been thus proceeding, if it is a High Mass, the choir has been singing the Introit and the Kyrie Eleison. In the next article we will reflect upon the second part of the Mass; meanwhile we leave our readers to reflect upon the foregoing, trusting that some benefit may result to all of us.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE. Report for weeks ending Sunday, 21st Feb., 1904: Irish, 158; French, 146; English, 28; Scotch and other nationalities, 18. Total, 337.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

ON NICKNAMES

It is a dangerous thing to give children nicknames; they often cling to them throughout life and not infrequently become impediments in their pathway.

Justice of the Peace, has been signed to a score of commitments. Mr. Long's father left a large farm, divided between his two sons; they lived side by side, and brought up their two families, and constantly associated together.

INJURIOUS NICK-NAMES - I will not attempt to give a list of the many instances in which I found nicknames to have been injurious to those to whom they were applied.

THREE QUEER CASES.—'What' Hogan was the name of a boy with whom I went to school, and whom I subsequently knew as a very successful criminal lawyer.

SAVED BY MARY.

Some sixty years ago a young merchant came into the neighborhood of Hal, Belgium, to dispose of his wares. While walking in a thoughtful mood, on the banks of the river Senne, he heard suddenly a shrill cry; and, looking around in surprise, towards the large green meadows bordering the river, he saw, within a stone's throw, an infant in a cradle floating down the Senne.

courageous deed; and in gratitude for your own safety, I beg you to say one 'Hail Mary,' daily in honor of that good mother.

Robert, he had learned to appreciate the value of a soul. He had often asked permission to go to Africa, to bring the light of faith to the nations that sit in the valley of death.

One day, whilst he was taking his accustomed walk, he was informed that a foreigner was on the point of dying in the hospital of the town.

The priest was about to give up in despair, when he noticed something glitter upon the dying man's neck. He reached out to examine it, and was very much surprised at the discovery.

The dying sinner, illuminated by a heavenly light, could no longer refuse the powerful grace of God. He wept bitterly; and for a time they remained with clasped hands, unable to utter a single word.

Catholic Journalism And Public Opinion

'Some good folks excuse themselves from taking a Catholic paper because, as they say, they can get all the Catholic news in a daily paper.

'The business of a religious paper is to make the business of disseminating slanders on Catholics an unprofitable and even dangerous business for the careless or the malicious propagator thereof.

'Therefore I say it is useful for any man or woman in the living world to have with him an organ of his faith which will give him the true side of any and every question.'

Charity and Its Solace

In his recent lecture on 'Charity' Mr. Bourke Cockran, the well known American orator, said:

always settles. It is not the hospital, not the almshouse, not the prison nor insane asylum nor house of correction. That one place where no merriment ever enters is a safe deposit vault.

'If you exclude the spiritual element from life, every man must either be worried or bored. And here lies the danger. If a man is without luxuries, he is worried; with them he is bored.

FREE SCHOOL BOOKS FAD ABANDONED.

Our school board will recall its action in ordering free books. The experiment has proved a dismal and disgusting failure.

We told the school board when they ordered free books in the schools of the city that they had committed a blunder.

Notes for Farmers.

LIVE STOCK—Good shelter for the stock is absolute economy. With warmth there must be an ample supply of pure, fresh air.

Many farmers now keeping but a pair of horses which are ordinarily of the heavy type, could, judged by the writer's experience, keep three of lighter weight and quicker movement to good advantage.

Proper ventilation in poultry-houses during the winter is of quite as much value to the poultry as proper ventilation is to your own sleeping-rooms.

MANURE—Farmyard manure is the most natural and perfect plant food available, and it has indirect results that no other commercial fertilizer can give.

WOOD—The question of the farmer's woodlot must be brought down to one of simple home consumption, each average farm requiring twenty or thirty cords of wood annually.

PREPARATION.—The spring will soon be upon us. The hurry and bustle of farm life will be here in earnest.

There is just one place where sadness always prevails and gloom

Secular Ideals of Marriage

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Following up that peculiar system of securing information, called the symposium, the New York Herald gives the opinions of four prominent men on the question of love and marriage.

It is quite evident that they all look upon marriage as a purely human institution, ignoring entirely the divine or sacramental aspect of the matter.

Turning for a moment from their statements regarding marriage, we find that in their conception of love they do not distinguish between that sentiment and animal passion.

It is not our intention to analyze these four opinions, but simply to justify our assertions concerning love and marriage we will quote a few phrases from their contributions:

Rev. Mr. Savage says: "I am inclined to think that marriages are, on the whole, as successful as other human arrangements. There are no ideal political institutions. There are no ideal organizations."

Rev. Mr. Collyer does not answer the question at all. He merely gives us a long essay to prove that "All men marry for love. And the women? Their motives are various and complex. Men may marry, but women must. A man has all to lose by marriage (from a worldly standpoint), a woman all to gain."

able by heavy fine and imprisonment for any person to have a docked horse that is not registered with the County Clerk, or to import such a horse into the State.

DOCKING HORSES TAILS—Owners and fanciers of high grade horses, says the New York Herald, are trying to discover the true significance of a bill introduced into the Legislature, entitled: "An act to prohibit the docking of horses' tails, and to require a registry of all docked horses now in the State."

What makes the bill appear extraordinary to horsemen is the fact that there is already a law in the State which prohibits the docking of horses but the present bill goes still further and makes it a misdemeanor, punish-

they separate. There are other cases where it is an undoubted injury. The result of all this reasoning is to be found in these parting words: "I would make it a little more difficult for people to get married in the first place. I do not mean that I would stand in the way of marriages. I mean simply that people should be compelled to take a little time and think before they enter such serious relations with each other."

As to the opinions of Mr. Howells, the novelist, we may as well skip it, for all he says is this: "I did not make a modern marriage, and therefore don't know anything about the amount of love that enters into an alliance of that sort."

The most sensible of all these commentators is Rev. Mr. Slicer. He says: "I think all marriages should be entered into with sacramental seriousness (whatever that means). As the matter now stands, it is far too easy to get married, and the ease with which this bond is broken promotes immorality, and is often characterized by extreme vulgarity."

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We need not quote any more. What we have above given is sufficient to show how very superficial are the ideas and conceptions of most men in matters of the highest spiritual importance.

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CHAPTER III.

"My future, my child, you thinking of?" "My life is almost over, no future to think of?" "Yes, dear father, I intended to speak so, but rather to wait and would not speak first; for to elude the topic gested, this came out."

At that moment the ed, so no more was se subject, and when they more alone, Mr. Grey p unwilling ears of his plans he had made fo could only see you mar gan, "I could die con proceeded to tell her ho few days before his depar home, he had promised drew Hurley, who was th to go to Europe, and h to promise to marry the soon after his return.

"Oh, father," stamm "please do not ask me t for I never can. I know good man, and I resp friend, but I do not wis ry."

"Why not my child?" hope it is not on account foolish scruples about m rriages being unhappy, fo happily your mother an lived together."

"Yes, father, I know yo py, but your cause was o- exceptions," said Alexia. I have no desire to marry "Foolish girl," said with a smile, "but you forgot that whim and I will not refuse the good loves you—he hesitated at her face and said: "What is the matter? You though you were going to am afraid you have not enough after your long jo you had better go and lie

"I am a little tired," "but prefer remaining with "No child," he said, "I ther have you rest until ev you may return, for the l are the hardest for me to The young girl went to across the hall, but not t her mind was filled w thoughts, so she sat dow window and gazed blankl the strange scene. It wa father she was thinking of the grief of losing him; t thoughts were of Andre and with many regrets sh herself if she had given courage to his little True she had attended a gatherings with him, bu and Robert had always b them, and she had never that he cared for her othe a friend.

Again her mind was wite ed one who stood unprepa very portals of death an moment her eye rested on which she had not seen b tering in the sunshine not away, a gilded cross, the demption, tipped the spiri tiful church. The vision thrill of joy to her heart, y donning her hat and c knoed her way to the chu kneeling before the altar r prayed for his conversion.

Three days later Mr. Gre his daughter to his side and that he wished to see a pri xia's happiness was und she hastened to comply w request. The next mornin was thought to be his last, received into the Church, several hours after his hap appeared to be so much that hopes of his recovery retained, but it was only t of the lightness of heart he ter two weeks more of int fer, borne with Christian tion, Mr. Grey fell into a slumber from which he neve Sad and lonely indeed wo been the long weary hour which Alexia scarcely left her bedside, had it not been for

Marriage

THE TWO COUSINS.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"My future, my child, what are you thinking of?" asked Mr. Grey. "My life is almost over, so I have no future to think of?"

"Yes, dear father, I know," said Alexia, sadly, but are you prepared to meet your Creator?" She had not intended to speak so abruptly at once but rather to wait and see if he would not speak first; but in her efforts to elude the topic he had suggested, this came out involuntarily.

"No, Alexia," he said faintly. "I am not prepared as your mother was if that is what you mean, nor do I consider it necessary; for while I have great respect for the religious professions by my wife and daughter, I cannot believe in it. My dear child, I have always tried to live an honest upright life, so I have no fear of death."

At that moment the doctor entered, so no more was said on the subject, and when they were once more alone, Mr. Grey poured into the unwilling ears of his daughter the plans he had made for her. "If I could only see you married," he began, "I could die content." Then he proceeded to tell her how, only a few days before his departure from home, he had promised her to Andrew Hurley, who was then preparing to go to Europe, and he wished her to promise to marry the young man soon after his return.

"Oh, father," stammered Alexia, "please do not ask me to marry him for I never can. I know he is a good man, and I respect him as a friend, but I do not wish to marry."

"Why not, my child?" he asked. "I hope it is not on account of your foolish scruples about mixed marriages being unhappy, for think how happily your mother and I always lived together."

"Yes, father, I know you were happy, but your case was one of the exceptions," said Alexia. "As I said I have no desire to marry."

"Foolish girl," said her father, with a smile, "but you will soon forget that whim and I hope you will not refuse the good man who loves you—he hesitated as he looked at her face and said: "Why Alexia, what is the matter? You look as though you were going to faint. I am afraid you have not taken rest enough after your long journey, so you had better go and lie down."

"I am a little tired," she said, "but prefer remaining with you."

"No child," he said, "I would rather have you rest until evening then you may return, for the long nights are the hardest for me to be alone."

The young girl went to her room across the hall, but not to rest, for her mind was filled with sad thoughts, so she sat down by the window and gazed blankly out on the strange scene. It was her dear father she was thinking of now, and the grief of losing him; then her thoughts were of Andrew Hurley, and with many regrets she asked herself if she had given any encouragement to his little attentions.

True she had attended a few social gatherings with him, but Virginia and Robert had always been with them, and she had never dreamed that he cared for her other than as a friend.

Again her mind was with the loved one who stood unprepared at the very portals of death and at that moment her eye rested on an object which she had not seen before. Glimmering in the sunshine not two blocks away, a gilded cross, the sign of redemption, tipped the spire of a beautiful church. The vision sent a thrill of joy to her heart, and hastily donning her hat and cloak, she made her way to the church and kneeling before the altar earnestly prayed for his conversion.

Three days later Mr. Grey called his daughter to his side and told her that he wished to see a priest. Alexia's happiness was unbounded as she hastened to comply with his request. The next morning, which was thought to be his last, he was received into the Church, and for several hours after his baptism he appeared to be so much stronger, that hopes of his recovery were entertained, but it was only the result of the lightness of heart he felt. After two weeks more of intense suffering, borne with Christian resignation, Mr. Grey fell into a peaceful slumber from which he never awoke.

Sad and lonely indeed would have been the long weary hours, during which Alexia scarcely left her father's bedside, had it not been for the kind-

ness of two Sisters of Mercy who came daily to alleviate her cares, and it was they whom she thanked for his conversion and happy death. Ere she left them she made a resolution to give her services to God in their order.

After laying her father to rest in the little Catholic cemetery beside her mother, the orphan went to live with her aunt. In a few days she received a long and affectionate letter from Andrew Hurley, who had sailed for Europe a week after her departure for the West. He expressed his regret at not having seen her before she went away, then followed a few touching lines of condolence for her loss, after which he delicately told her of the talk he had with her father, and of his own bright hopes of claiming her for his own on his return. Alexia read the letter when alone in her room, and shed many tears over the unhappy fate which had won for her the love of a noble-hearted man, whose affections she could not return. Not daring to read a second time that missive which was so full of the tender pleadings of human love, and fearing that it might fall into the hands of her cousin, she burned it, then wrote a short answer in which she thanked him for his kind offer, telling him that as a friend she would always respect him, but she could never marry.

CHAPTER IV.

June, the month of buds and bridal roses, had come; and in all the country there could not have been a happier bride than Virginia Summers, as, after the last touches had been put to her toilette, she stood before the long mirror and gazed admiringly upon a slender, girlish figure, arrayed in a gown of heavy white satin and a snowy veil, fastened to her golden hair with a festoon of orange blossoms. Beside her stood her cousin, arrayed in pale blue silk, the first color she had put on since her father's death.

"How pretty you look, Virginia," said Alexia, "and so happy too, it really seems that the elements of nature have combined to make your wedding day a delightful one, and my only hope is that your life may ever be as full of sunshine as it has been this day."

"Thank you, Alexia," said her cousin,—she paused for a moment, then continued in an undertone. "I believe my happiness to-day would be unmarred were it not for one little disappointment."

"And what is that," asked Alexia, "I thought that the arrangements for the wedding were complete."

"So they are," said the bride-elect, "but I had hoped that this would be a double wedding."

Alexia looked at her in amazement and asked: "What do you mean, Virginia?"

"Why, Alexia," said her cousin, "how innocent you are. We had hoped that Andrew and yourself would be married to-day and I believe you might have been had he not been recalled to Europe last winter. What a disappointment."

"It was no disappointment to me," said Alexia, "for while I am very happy to see others married well, I have no desire to follow their example."

"Oh, Alexia," said Virginia, "you have spent so much time mourning over the death of your parents that you have given yourself no time to think of what happiness there is in this bright world. If you only know what it is to love and be loved," and as she said this the bride's eyes grew brighter, "but you will soon know for Andrew's is home, to remain, now, and when he asks you to marry him please do not refuse him for he loves you devotedly and will make you very happy as his wife."

To almost any other young lady in the city the oft repeated announcement of the love of a man of Andrew Hurley's wealth and nobility of character would have been very pleasing, but the mere mention of his name pierced the heart of our young heroine like a poisoned dart. "Oh, Virginia, please do not talk so," she said, "I do not like to hear it."

Her cousin turned to her and noticing for the first time the expression of pain, which she could not hide, she said, "Alexia, dear, why do you act so strangely, you are so changed from what you used to be

I can hardly understand you at times."

The girl smiled and said, "You may understand me some time."

The happy light had faded from Virginia's face, but it returned with new vividness as she drew her cousin to the window and exclaimed, "See they have come, there is the carriage."

"Stand back, Virginia, or they will see you," said Alexia, drawing her back into the room, where, unobserved, they could see the two gentlemen who alighted. They were Robert and Andrew Hurley, and Alexia felt as though she would faint as she saw the latter stand for a moment and look up as though expecting to see some one at the window, then he followed his brother into the house. Never had Alexia longed so for solitude as she did now, when she was about to face the crowd in her aunt's parlor and attract almost as much attention as the bride herself, but with a silent prayer for strength she took her place in the bridal procession, and those who gazed upon her calm, sweet face as she stood by her cousin's side during the ceremony, never dreamed of the conflict going on within. Only once had she raised her eyes to meet the fervent glance of the groomsmen, who watched her intently, and she had dropped them as quickly, pretending to see him not.

Andrew Hurley had returned from Europe, when he was expected in the fall, and hoped to remain; but in two months he had been recalled to attend to important business in England which had kept him away until a week before his brother's marriage. Alexia's letter, stating that his offer had not been accepted, had at first filled him with a grave fear of losing the girl, who from the first time he had met her, had been very dear to him, but as he re-read her statement that she never intended to marry, hope returned, for he believed that it required only time and patience for him to win the prize which would be dearer for the winning.

It was her modest, retired ways which had first attracted him and he believed that she could not be easily won; but noble-hearted man that he was, he liked her for it. He had at first thought of answering her letter and begging for a word of hope, but after more mature consideration, he decided to wait until he saw her. By that time she would probably have recovered from the grief caused by her father's death, and might be willing to listen to him. From tidings from her he contented himself with what his brother wrote in nearly every letter. That she was keeping company with no one quieted every fear of there being any chance of losing her.

Several times during his two months at home he had sought an interview with Alexia; but with a queenly dignity she held herself aloof; meeting him only when necessary, and then always in the presence of some of her friends. He contented himself by watching her at a distance, as it were, for the present, hoping that when she had discarded her mourning, she would change. He had expected that his second European trip would detain him from home only a few weeks, but the weeks had lengthened into months, so that he could not return until a week before his brother's marriage, and now he was firmly resolved to leave nothing undone to win Alexia's heart and hand.

Mr. Hurley's visit at home had been a source of much anxiety to our young heroine, and the fear of meeting him often kept her at home when she might have spent a pleasant afternoon or evening among her friends. The caution, however, did not save her from the tongue of idle gossippers of the city; for having been seen on a few occasions, when he accompanied his brother to Mr. Summers', it had been reported that he went to see Alexia; then somebody said they were engaged, and there would probably be a double wedding in the spring; but Alexia's engagement had not been announced on account of the recent death of her father. Dame Gossip caught up the refrain, which reached the young girl's ears and caused her much suffering, which was renewed as she saw the admiring glances cast first at her, then at him, while the bride was receiving congratulations after her marriage. One lady turned to the bride to her, and in a tone that was audible throughout the room, said: "It is too bad, Miss Grey,

that this could not have been a double wedding, but I suppose it will not be long ere you, too, will wear the bridal veil and orange blossoms."

Alexia blushed deeply, but made no reply, for she was thinking of the pure, white bridal robes worn by the brides of Christ, whose number she hoped soon to join. Andrew Hurley saw that blush and mistaking its meaning, his heart throbbled with hope that encouraged him to approach her. As soon as supper was over he would ask her to take a stroll with him on the lawn; but he was disappointed, for as he turned to speak to Virginia, on arising from the table, she had disappeared.

"I have found you at last, Miss Grey," after looking for you for nearly an hour," said Mr. Hurley, as he came upon Alexia, alone in a secluded part of the lawn, whither she had flown to escape him.

"Been looking for me," said Alexia, rising from her rustic seat, and endeavoring to control her voice, which she knew trembled. "The heat and confusion in the house made my head ache, so I came out here to be quiet for a while and get a little fresh air." This was her excuse, and it was partly true, for her temples throbbled violently; but it had been his presence more than anything else which had caused the pain.

"It is much pleasanter here than in the heated parlors," he said, "and as that seat was undoubtedly made for two, can we not sit down and have a pleasant little chat?"

"Not now," she said, "I prefer returning to the house, as we will probably be missed, and besides I must help Virginia dress for her journey."

"I hardly think two would be missed any more than one has been," he said, "and it will be two hours or more before the carriage calls to take them to the depot, so you need not be in such a hurry to go."

"Come, let us go," said Alexia, deigning not to hear his last remark.

At that moment the orchestra struck up a lively waltz and Mr. Hurley said, "Yes, Miss Grey, on condition that you will favor me with this waltz."

"Thank you, Mr. Hurley," said Alexia, "but I never waltz."

"I forgot that your church disapproves of it," he said, apologetically, and although I see no harm in it, I admire your obedience to your religious principles; but you will not refuse me the next square set."

In her eagerness to get to the house, and thus prevent his speaking to her on the subject she dreaded most, Alexia consented, when they reached the front veranda the bride met them, and, with a face radiant with smiles, said, "Been out for a stroll in the twilight, I see, and I have been searching the whole house for you. How happy you look."

Others than Virginia had been watching them, and Alexia was greatly pained by the few remarks she overheard concerning her marriage, which they expected soon to attend. For this reason she at first declined to accompany the bridal party to the depot; but Virginia begged her to go and she could not refuse what might be the last favor she could ever grant the girl who had been as a dear sister to her.

Alexia was the last one to give the bride a farewell kiss, and as she embraced her cousin her tears flowed freely, bringing forth the whisper, "Why, Alexia, are you unhappy because I am married?"

"No, Virginia, I am very happy, because I know you are," said the young girl, and I hope your life will ever be as bright as it has been this day."

"Thank you, Alexia," said the bride, "and my best wishes are that you, too, will soon wear the bridal robes and orange blossoms."

"I hope I shall," whispered Alexia; "but good bye, your husband is waiting for you."

The cousin's lips were pressed together in another farewell kiss, and then like two beautiful streams which for many miles had flowed in parallel channels, then suddenly plunged off in opposite directions to flow through vastly different soils for many long miles, they separated.

CHAPTER V.

"Come, Miss Grey," said Andrew Hurley, taking Alexia's arm to lead

her to the carriage, "we must not stand here, for you know the old superstition says that if we watch our friends out of sight we shall never see them again."

"I am not at all superstitious," said Alexia, withdrawing her arm; but as the train is moving I suppose there is no need of waiting."

When they returned to the carriage and Alexia realized that she was alone with the man who had chosen her for a wife, and whom she knew loved her devotedly, she felt as though she would faint. When his arm stole gently and affectionately around her waist she had power neither to speak or move.

"Why are you so silent, Miss Grey?" he at length ventured to ask. "It seems so strange to know that my cousin is married, she said evasively, "I was thinking of her."

"And you doubtless envy her her happiness," he said.

"I am glad to see her so happy," said Alexia, "but I do not envy her."

"I suppose not," said Andrew, "that is well—you would not have wished to be my brother's bride, but—he hesitated again for her coldness chilled him so that he hardly realized what he was saying, then he added, "Alexia, I had hoped that this might have been a double wedding, that you and I would be the other bridal couple, but so far, fate has seemed to be against me."

He spoke sadly, and Alexia's heart went out to him in a bond of sympathy as to one for whom there is no shadow of hope. She strove to tell him so, but her voice had forsaken her and she only opened her lips to close them again over her firmly set teeth. Unfortunately it was dark, so that he could not see her death-like face, otherwise he would not have dared to continue.

In the deepest tones of pleading tenderness and love, he told her how long he had waited in hopes of winning from her some love in return for the deep feeling which he had borne for her from the first time of their meeting. He reminded her of her father's approval of their marriage, telling her how her refusal had grieved him, but how she had still retained a tender spot in his heart and how his brightest hours, during his long months abroad, had been spent in dreaming of the beautiful home of which she was to be mistress.

"Mr. Hurley," she said at last in a faint trembling voice which sounded so unlike her own, "please do not talk so, I can not bear it when I can never be your wife."

"Do you mean it, Alexia?" he asked sadly. "Is there no hope for me?"

"None," she answered in a low, firm tone, "so let us dismiss the subject."

"And why?" he asked, "is it on account of our difference in religion?"

"That would be a sufficient reason," she said, "for marriage between people whose religion differs so vastly is almost sure to bring unhappiness, but I have a much stronger motive."

"I see no reason why a husband and wife who are devotedly attached to each other should experience any unhappiness even if their religious opinions do not coincide," he said, "and I know of some mixed marriages which have been far happier than many where both parties believed the same."

"There are exceptions to most rules," said Alexia, "but it is not always well to run the risk with hopes of being an exception."

"But your motive for refusing me," he said, "my I ask it?"

"I have told you," she said, "that I never intend to marry, and is not that sufficient?"

"You are a strange girl," he said, "and I cannot understand how a young lady of your position and talents can choose to become an old maid rather than fill her proper place as the wife of a man to whom she is dearer than life itself."

"God did not intend that all should marry," she said, "and as for myself, I am fully convinced that I have chosen right."

"Alexia," he said—he would still forbear the formality of addressing her as Miss Grey.—"I hope you will ponder well on this ere you give your final answer."

"I have," she said, "my first answer was final." No more was said until Mr. Summers' house was reached, then as he

helped her to alight he said again: "Ponder well on the decision you have made, and I shall hope for a more favorable answer at our next meeting."

He looked at her face, which had never seemed so beautiful as it did now in the light of the full summer's moon. There was such a sweet sadness in those bright eyes which would not meet his, but seemed looking far away into some unknown space. It reminded him of the expression he had noticed when early in the evening she had stood under the brilliant light in the parlor and sung "Kathleen Mavourneen" in a voice filled with plaintive sweetness which had thrilled his heart, but at the same time had seemed to whisper to him that the singer lived in a world far above him, and he could not reach her.

The disappointed lover tried to hold her hand, but she drew it away as soon as her feet touched the ground. Pretending not to hear his last words, she said "Good night, Mr. Hurley," and as if forgetting that any one was near, she hurried up the walk singing.

"It may be for years, it may be forever."

These words sank deep into Andrew Hurley's heart and repeated themselves to him again and again not only on his way home but in after years, whenever he heard that beautiful ballad, there came with it a vision of the young girl whom he saw for the last time that evening.

On re-entering the carriage his hand rested on something in the seat which he at first thought was a necklace. On closer examination he found that it was a little pearl rosary, which Alexia had evidently dropped. His first impulse was to call her back and give it to her, but, thinking it would serve as an excuse to call on her soon, he put it in his pocket.

"Where is Alexia, mother?" asked Virginia Hurley after greeting the rest of the family on her return from her two weeks' wedding tour. I expected she would be the first one to welcome me."

"Alexia is gone," said Mrs. Summers sadly.

"Gone, mother!" said Virginia, "where has she gone?"

"To the convent," was the reply.

"What, mother, gone to visit the Sisters again," said Virginia, "and it is only a little over a month since she spent three whole days at the convent in A—. When did she go?"

"Two days after you left," was the reply.

"And has not yet returned," interrupted Virginia before her mother could proceed with an explanation. "I almost fear at times that the Sisters will be trying to coax my cousin from us entirely. How I wish that she would not visit them so often."

"And that they have done already," said Mrs. Summers sadly, for our Alexia has not gone to A— this time, but to the Mercy Convent in Hilton, where she intends to join the order."

"Mother!" said Virginia, "oh, mother, I can hardly believe it."

"It is so," said Mrs. Summers. "Oh, mother," exclaimed the girl, sinking into a chair, "how could you permit it. Why didn't you keep her at home?"

"We did all we could to prevent it," said her mother "but it was all to no avail, for she turned a deaf ear to all our entreaties. You know, Virginia, that as mild as your cousin appears she has a strong will, and being of age we could not keep her."

"This is dreadful, mother," moaned Virginia, "and poor Andrew, how does he bear it?"

"I do not know," said her mother, "as I have not seen him since the evening of your marriage; but it was doubtless sad news to him."

"And well it might be," said Virginia, "for we all know how dear she was to him, wasn't she, Robert?" turning to her husband, who in his surprise had been unable to speak.

"Yes," said Mr. Hurley, "the one ambition of my brother's life was to marry your cousin but, let us hope that she may return."

(Continued.)

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HAROLD'S DREAM—Harold Temple was a bright, bonny little fellow of ten years old. Unlike many little boys he was fond of going to Church and would always sit and listen attentively, as long as any one would tell them to him the stories of the Holy Family and of the Saints.

It was his mother's habit to go to Church every Friday afternoon, and on many of these occasions Harold would accompany her. He would generally sit quiet at her side and call to mind all he had read or heard of the Holy Child and His Blessed Mother, hardly ever stirring until his mother was ready to return home. Sometimes, though very rarely, he would slip quietly out of his place if he got tired of the very long wait, and go away home alone. When Harold did this his mother was never anxious, as she always found him waiting for her, or playing with the little friends who were his companions.

On the occasion of our story Harold and his mother arrived at the church about four o'clock in the afternoon—it was winter time, and was growing dark—the church had not been lighted up, but was wrapped up in that dim gloom which has such a soothing effect upon us, and which helps to make us so much more devotional.

Harold's mother was on her knees praying, and for some time Harold remained at her side, but, at last, growing restless, he slowly and reverently walked around the church.

"At either side of the sanctuary was a statue, on one side that of St. Vincent de Paul, and on the other Our Lord, as the Good Shepherd.

After wandering about for some time, feeling a little tired, Harold grew sleepy and sank down at the foot of the statue of St. Vincent de Paul and fell fast asleep, the last thing his drowsy little eyes having rested upon being the Good Shepherd statue opposite him.

And this was what he dreamt:—He was still in the same Church, but instead of the dimly lighted building they had entered, he saw what appeared to be a cloud of beautiful light, spreading itself all over the sanctuary. Brighter and brighter it became, seeming to issue from the Tabernacle, which was the centre of this radiant cloud.

Harold had always been taught that this was the Home of our Lord, and, of course, had a great reverence for it.

Gradually out of the clouds appeared a glorious company of angels, hovering round and chanting in sweetest music their beautiful hymns of praise. The music of angel voices the sweetest music ever heard, appealed to the little lad, and he looked with wonderment upon the scene.

As the singing died away into a soft and tuneful melody, the angelic host formed themselves around the gilded doors of the Tabernacle, which were now one blaze of brilliant light. The doors seemed to swing back silently upon their hinges, the curtains part asunder, and there issues forth Our Lord—the Good Shepherd—bearing in His sacred arms a little lamb.

As Harold watched the imposing form of Him, of Whom he had heard so much, and Whom he loved so well, accompanied by the angel choir, the Divine Shepherd walked slowly and with gentle steps towards him, until at last, stopping at his side, He placed the little lamb upon Harold's knee.

"Harold, love this little one, make him your companion; he is an orphan care for him for My sake," the Good Shepherd said, and, as slowly and majestically as he had come, returned to the Tabernacle. The doors closed, fainter and fainter grew the voices of the angels, gradually the brilliant light faded into the cloud which had at first appeared, and so died away, leaving the church even darker than it had seemed when he and his mother had first come.

"Harold, my darling, wake up. Whatever made you go to sleep there for so long, too? Mother has been looking for you all over, and could not tell what had become of her little boy. Why, Harold, whom have you got here?" exclaimed his mother, as she found the sleeping boy.

As consciousness began to dawn upon the little fellow, he, too, was as surprised as his mother to find upon his knee a little baby boy.

Harold told his mother the wonderful dream he had had, and she, good woman that she was, realized that the Good Shepherd had singled out her little boy to care for one of His little lambs. They took the wee mite home, to keep it until it might be claimed.



"Until it might be claimed." Yes, the Good Shepherd Himself might ask the little one back at their hands but no earthly claimant would ever appear. The mother, whose own sad story is only too familiar, had abandoned her baby when she left it on Harold's knee.—Contributed by C. A., Montreal, February, 1904.

FRED'S SURPRISE—It's provoking, so it is," exclaimed Fred Winters, leaving the window where he had stood for the last five minutes watching the snowflakes come tumbling down on streets and houses and fences, decking all in a fleecy attire. Feeling quite exhausted, Fred threw himself languidly down on a couch, and held both hands over his eyes, as if by so doing he could forget the disappointment which had lately been his.

The facts in the case were that Fred had been quite sick with la grippe for the past week, or, as he himself expressed it in the note sent his teacher, there was a terrible grip holding him down until his brain was nearly wild with pain. To-day, Saturday, was the first day on which he had been allowed to leave his room and come down to the library, but this was not very much appreciated. Why? Well, because it was too late, anyway, he declared.

Now, to be more explicit, Fred was a boy of fifteen years, who loved fun and sport about as well as most healthy young fellows do. Not that he did not care for his books. Ah, no, don't misunderstand me thus, for this had something to do with his disappointment and—but let me begin once more.

Brother Andrew's class of boys in College was about as jolly a crowd of fellows as you could find anywhere; but their teacher could also tell you that they were a more intelligent class than he had the pleasure of having for several years before.

"How they do work for the prize," he said to another of the Brothers, a few weeks ago. "There's Fred Winters, who makes you think that it's the whole world to him, while Charles Frohman impresses you with a look that seems to say, 'Who'll get ahead of me?' Then Frank Brent takes home every book in his desk to brush up for the contest."

"It's going to be a close fight, no doubt of that," the other Brother replied, and praised the scholars' ambition.

The week before Fred contracted that dreaded la grippe the scholars went through the ordeal familiar to all students; namely, semi-annual examination in all studies, and it was on that very Friday afternoon, the last day of the spirited contest, that Fred came home complaining of a terrible headache, which was the beginning of his sickness.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday were days of most acute suffering, doubly hard to a boy unused to illness, hence very seldom did Fred's thoughts refer to school matters. When, however, the pains gradually lessened and the raging fever had somewhat abated, his mind continually wandered to the school and he waited impatiently for news of the examination's results.

It had not been customary for the school faculty to give prizes in the middle of the school year, but a certain friend had donated a fine set of books with this special purpose. Hence all the boys' anxiety.

All day on Thursday Fred waited for Frank Brent to come, for Thursday was free day at school, and Frank was Fred's best friend.

"I thought Brother Andrew might have come anyway, when we're only three squares from the college," Fred complained to his mother that evening; but she seemed for once a poor consoled.

"Oh, well, it just shows how I'm deceived in those whom I thought were my best friends," he went on in a bitter, sarcastic tone. "I wouldn't care so much, but I happened to see Frank down at Guy's corner from my window upstairs, and he was talking with some of the boys. Friend ship, Bah! there's nothing in it; it is all a sham. I thought once they all looked this way and then laughed heartily. All right, Frank Brent," continued the boy bitterly, after Mrs. Winters left the room.

The next day passed in anxious waiting, but no one came. On Saturday Fred came downstairs, as before stated, and waited, as the day proceeded, in vain.

"Mother," he said, when she finally came in and inquired whether he felt worse. "I've been wondering how I could ever like Brother Andrew as well as I did. It makes me angry now."

"Why, Fred," his mother interrupted, "I'm sure he deserves all your affection and esteem, and something is certainly keeping him from coming. Do you feel strong enough to eat with us in the dining-room to-night? Jennie is preparing a few of your favorites—fried oysters for instance."

"Good for her, but why has she been in the kitchen ever since school? Where's papa? No one cares—"

"What's that I hear?" rings out a manly voice, and Mr. Winters, tall, portly, and distinguished looking, enters the room. "How are you, old boy? Better eh? Doctor says you'll be all right in a day or so," and Mr. Winters, in a kinder manner than his speech would indicate, patted his son on the shoulder.

"I've been so lonesome and was waiting for you, papa; but disappointments are getting to be an old thing. Oh, how harsh that door-bell did sound! Who could have given it three such rings?" he exclaimed, impatiently, as Mrs. Winters went to open the door. The tread of many feet in the hall, and a well-familiar, much-loved voice caused Frank to grasp his father's hand and sit upright on the couch.

"Surprise, Fred, surprise, for yours is the prize!" came in gleeful tones from the boys who stood in the doorway, while heading them all was—Brother Andrew, with a package under his arm.

For a moment Fred's pale face grew still whiter. The unexpectedness, the shock, one might almost say, however pleasant it undoubtedly was, proved a little too much for him, still so weak; but when Brother Andrew came up with the words, "My dear boy, how are you? We wanted to please you by bringing your prize in this manner"—when he said this and clasped Fred's hands in his, the boy felt the hot tears fill his eyes, and, in a voice choking with emotion, he said, "I don't deserve it—indeed, I don't, Brother."

"That's for us to decide, not you, my boy," replied the teacher kindly, bidding Fred lie down on the couch again.

But the boy would not be silenced. "No, you don't understand, for—Brother, I've been thinking awful mean about you. You see, I thought I had a few true friends, and, of course, expected them to visit me while I was sick; but when no one came on Thursday, free day, I told mother that friendship's all a sham and wondered how I ever came to think so much of you as I did. I was very angry at you, brother, and that's why I don't deserve this kindness." But the prize," he continued, as Brother Andrew began unwrapping the books, "surely it can't be mine!"

"You bet it is, Fred," and from the boys in a chorus, and Frank Brent stepped forward with outstretched hand, adding, "I want to congratulate you, Winters—excuse me, I mean Fred. Your average was three ahead of mine."

Not a word could Fred say in reply, but his face now flushed with suppressed emotion, and his eyes glistening with suspicious moisture, explained all he could have said, while Brother Andrew again interposed.

"We can understand your disappointment, Fred, when you thought we all forgot you; but you see, it was this way: We planned this surprise on Thursday, and, of course, under the circumstances, none could have called, for you surely would have inquired about school and the prize, and then what could we have said?"

"It was hard work keeping Frank Brent away, though," Clarence Thorpe began. "He said he's risk coming, anyway, for it seemed shameful to let all Thursday go by without coming to see you."

Just then a tiny silver-toned bell sounded from an adjoining room and Mrs. Winters rose to lead them all to supper.

"I asked Fred a while ago if he felt able to eat with us in the dining-room, but then he didn't seem

to care for supper. How about it now, Fred?" she added, turning to her son, who had risen beside Brother Andrew, while Mr. Winters was laughing heartily with the boys at their success in making it all a complete surprise.

"Nothing could keep me from going now," he replied; and then what fun they did have at that bountifully spread table.—Young Catholic Messenger.

THE BALLAD OF ATHLONE—The courage of the Gael cannot be gainsaid. History records countless deeds of valor done by Irish soldiers in every age, in every land. Take, for instance, the siege of Athlone in 1691, by the united Dutch and English under Ginkle, in the service of William of Orange. Athlone is built on both sides of the Shannon, one part, "The Irish town," being situated on the west bank, and the other, "The English town," on the east bank. Gen Ginkle's army had already taken "English town"; they were elated with the victory and were about to cross the bridge to Irish town, but the Irish determined to prevent them by breaking down the bridge. To effect this, six warriors rushed through a storm of shot and shell from the enemy. They wrenched at the planks amid a hail of fire, but fell in death before their task was half done. The bridge still remained firm, while nearer and nearer the foe swarmed darkly, densely on from the other side. Then a second appeal was made to the valor of the Irish soldiers. Six more warriors rushed forth from their ranks and flung themselves upon the fated bridge.

Again and again they dashed at the rocking planks; four were shot dead and the two surviving heroes tugged at the groaning timbers till the arch, giving away, the whole bridge was precipitated into the surging waters below, carrying with it the two gallant survivors, who, being stalwart swimmers, gained the shore amid the cheers of their loyal comrades. St. Ruth, the French commander in chief of the army of James II in Ireland, stood up in his stirrups and declared that he had never seen a deed like that in France, but Sarfield, the Irish general, replied with a toss of his head, that such deeds of heroism were common in Ireland. For many and many a year upon the banks of the Shannon, upon heath and moor, was heard the song in praise of the heroes who bravely faced death for Faith and Fatherland.—Paraphrased by F. Keegan, St. Patrick's School, Montreal, February, 1904.

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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. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

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