

The Catholic Register

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

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MATTERS OF MOMENT

French Spoiliations—Appeal From Poor Mission—Quebec's Tercenary and Education.

The changes effected by time are forcibly brought to mind by the action of the French Government in extending the tyranny of its power across the ocean's breadth, and meeting out to the people of the islands of St. Pierre, Isle des Chiens and to the people native to the soil of France. It will be remembered that when France ceded her claims in the New World to England she retained those islands which were since her sole possession in the continent she once claimed as all her own. In keeping with the people of the mainland the simple fishermen of the islands received the Faith from the missionaries of France of the olden days. To harbor this Faith was the work and solace of these islanders through the generations that have intervened since the Cross was first planted in the early days of the French explorers. Midst the sparseness and greyness of a life of hardship, the sailor-fishermen of the islands had one thing which they had heretofore clung to with tenacity which belongs to those whose entire cast is vented on one hope, and on one alone, and now with a single sweep this one foundation has been taken from them. A military force was employed to carry out the decrees of the government and the work was accomplished in the usual relentless and cold-blooded manner.

In the Libre Parole of Paris a writer describes affairs in the islands in the following strong and graphic words: "We are shocked at the horrible crime, this stupid and despicable government commission in depriving this poor people of the right to bring up their children in a Christian manner. The expulsion of the Christian Brothers from St. Pierre is one of the most abominable acts of our epoch in which abominable acts are past counting. Among those driven out was a venerable Brother eighty years of age who had taught on the island for fifty years. These hardy mariners stifle themselves to support the Church, even the little children giving their scanty pocket money, in order that the beloved Sisters may not suffer from hunger. They obstinately refuse to attend the Government lay schools. The stupid policy of the authorities bids fair to depopulate the islands, for last year 1,500 abandoned their homes to settle permanently in Canada, where their rights of conscience will be fully respected. "Sometimes we in Canada are apt to grumble at our lot, comparing ourselves with others, such as the poor people of the French islands, we are indeed in an eddium of bliss, an El Dorado much to be desired."

The programme for the Quebec Tercenary is just published and very inviting it seems. The festivities are to last a week beginning on July 22nd, when the Prince of Wales is expected to arrive at Quebec, and continuing until July 29th, when His Royal Highness will leave the port. The programme includes historical reproductions of the landing of Champlain, military and naval reviews, Thanksgiving day with Mass on the Plains of Abraham, for which special music is being prepared, a display in which 10,000 sailors will take part, representations of the bombardment of Quebec by the British fleet and army under Saunders and Wolton and day-light fireworks on the Plains of Abraham. Special visitors are expected from many parts of the world and Ontario and Toronto will surely be interested to the extent of sending many to take part in the rejoicing of the sister province. Quebec, the oldest and by every right the most venerated of the provinces, has stores of historical lore and record the repetition of which will furnish pleasure and profit to all who visit her during the coming days of festivity and reminiscence. To Catholics everywhere her story presents for their personal one of the most fascinating pages of history. The annals of the Church in Quebec from the days of the pious Champlain himself until the present, show chapter after chapter of struggle and conquest for the Church that cannot be surpassed by those of the most Catholic countries in the old lands. No missionaries did more or suffered more cruelly in the cause of Christ than did the early and intrepid sons of Loyola amongst the savage tribes by which they found themselves surrounded and at whose hands they afterwards, in many instances, met death. Nowhere, too, has Catholicity gained a stronger foothold, placing the imprint of its coming on the entire country and impregnating the very atmosphere with the spirit of its poetry of its teachings. Of particular interest then, to us, should be the festivities that mark the three hundred years of its existence and while all would doubtless receive a certain amount of benefit from viewing the pageants and ceremonies it is the children and young people who would be most impressed and benefited by the display. As many as possible should be taken under suitable supervision to witness the tercentenary of Canada's first and oldest Province.

For the past two years readers of the Catholic Register have seen an appeal for help published weekly in our columns. The appeal is from Rev. Father Gray of Fakenham, Norfolk, England, who asks for financial aid in the erection of a suitable sanctuary in which to have divine worship and in which the people of that part may gather to offer sacrifice to the Most High. Though a mission has been

established for three years now, Father Gray announces that there is still no church, no presbytery, no diocesan grant, no endowment. At the same time the further announcement is made that through the generosity of the public a valuable site has been secured upon which it is hoped a church and presbytery will be erected. Funds for this, however, are lacking and a renewal of Father Gray's appeal goes out to the friends of the little mission wherever such are to be found. The district of which Father Gray's mission is the Catholic centre, covers an area of thirty-five by twenty miles. It doubtless seems strange to us in the New World to think of old England as under the necessity of calling to us across the ocean to help in what is after all a seemingly small affair. Every parish in America looks after itself and is as a general thing self-supporting. But then it is to be remembered that conditions there and here are vastly different. Here we have wider areas to be sure, which naturally call for a greater number of places of worship and ministers for God's altar, at the same time we have greater general prosperity and an almost total absence of contested cities such as are common in the old lands. England in many parts has not yet recovered from the death and coldness left from her days of persecution—days which banished the Mass, destroyed her temples and monasteries and put to death or banished her priests to far-distant climes. The richness and plenitude of religion which have been restored in certain parts of the country have not apparently even sent their sound to the district in which Father Gray struggles, that a glimmer of the beauty of God's worship may come to his people. The barrenness of the situation in which for three years the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been offered in a mean upper room, must be something too utterly wretched for us who are accustomed to the decorous and dignified ceremonial of our city churches to contemplate. The brotherly love which is the first precept of charity, calls for us to help in bringing to others something of the good things that we ourselves enjoy. Every gift, no matter how small, will help, and will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged by Father Gray. When the object of this good pastor is attained and he has an abbey somewhat like that take rank amongst the temples which Catholics the world over are raising to the honor and glory of God, then all who assisted will have the satisfaction of sharing in the reward which comes to the doors of good deeds; and will also know that they have helped those much poorer than themselves, those who come under the category of the little ones of our Lord of whom He says "As much as you have done it unto one of these, My little ones, you have done it unto Me."

A week or two ago we had Mr. Langlois, M.P.P., telling us of the paucity and crudeness of the educational methods of Quebec. This week we have evidence which accord with our own belief that Quebec is far from being behind hand, but is rather in the advance in things that tend to the making of a cultured people through the medium of a liberal education. A writer in the Globe says "The Province of Quebec has a habit of sending to Parliament its young men eloquent. The flowers of speech the nice fancy, the grace of diction and all the artistry of effective oratory, seem to belong naturally to those who in the Canadian Commons speak the language of la belle France." Here is a tribute to Quebec! All the power exercised by those who sway the minds of men by the potent means of voice and tongue, in the House of Commons belongs to those who hail from Quebec. As proof of this the names of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Rudolphe Lemieux and Deputy Speaker Marcell, are given as those who hold the attention of their conferees and are reputed as the speakers of those who represent our country. This, too, despite the fact that they have to think in French and speak in English. Reverse the process, and how many English speakers could achieve the task of being eloquent? The answer would be few, very few. Then we have another example of Quebec's zeal for education in the address of Rev. Abbe Choquette of Quebec to the Canadian Club. The speaker declared that it is not the nations who have acquired wealth that have done most for the world, but those who have added to its intellectual sources—those are they who have been the world's benefactors. While a practical education was necessary for many, a liberal education for some was just as essential in order that the present generation might leave to posterity an aristocracy of intellect which could only be gained by the study of letters, by an acquaintance with the works of the Greeks and Latins as well as those of England, France, Germany, Spain and Italy. For this time and age means are necessary bold enough to call on the government for "one hundred thousand dollars for literature, arts and sciences—one hundred thousand dollars for the future of Canada. He trusted that the Province of Ontario would raise up many a Lord Derby, many a Beaconsfield in the world of minds. This does not seem as if Quebec had a stunted idea of education. On the contrary it shows leadership along the only educational paths that lead to magnificence in the making of a nation.

A Norwegian inventor has patented a suit of clothes which is said to protect its wearer against drowning. The garments are lined with a non-absorbent material made of specially prepared vegetable fiber which, without being too heavy, will effectively hold up the weight of a man in the water. Twelve ounces of the new material will, it is claimed, save a person from sinking. The invention has been tested with favorable results.

MOTHER OF THE ARTS

The Attitude of the Church Towards Art and Science—Revealed Truth Goes Hand in Hand.

Our late Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, in his encyclical on the Christian Constitution of States, affirms that the Catholic Church, though she has for her first and essential mission man's spiritual welfare and eternal happiness, yet could scarcely have done more for his temporal well-being if she had been established solely for that purpose. Many indeed are the causes that tend to man's happiness in this life apart from the spiritual consolations of religion. Man is a many-sided character. He is a member of the state or society, a member of the family, an individual or unit in creation, possessing a body and soul and capable of sensitive, emotional and intellectual enjoyment. By promoting civilization which has for its object the development and perfection of the whole man in the sphere of actual life, the Church has been the most powerful instrument in promoting his earthly happiness. In the home, Christianity by re-establishing the law in regard to the unity and indissolubility of marriage, by raising woman to that place of honor which belongs to her and by teaching the reverence that is due to childhood, has tended to establish peace and happiness in that primal society of man's life. Likewise by the suppression of slavery and serfdom by fostering civil liberty within proper bounds, by establishing societies or guilds for the workingman and an organized system of charity to assist the poor and afflicted, she has contributed to the well-being of the State as a whole and to its individual members. All these moral reforms come under the head of what the Church has done for the temporal happiness, but the object of this article is to bear witness to the truth of our late Holy Father's statement in regard to the cultivation of the arts and sciences which appeal to man's emotional and aesthetic nature, to his intelligence and inventive genius.

I will first deal with the fine arts—music, painting, sculpture and architecture—for in that sphere the Church's beneficent influence has never been seriously called into question. Suppress in your mind all the monuments of Christian art, be the days of the catacombs, and what a void remains! It is but fitting that the Church should have fostered the fine arts; for there is a striking similarity between faith and art. As faith raises us above the things of this world to the supernatural, so art draws its inspiration from a world of ideas; for it can find nothing here below in complete harmony with its dream of beauty. Then again, as St. Thomas teaches, religion makes use of the fine arts to instill into the minds of the people her truths, which, on account of our intellectual insufficiency, are more easily grasped and more effectively retained when conveyed to the mind by material images and objects. The Catholic Church recognizes that man has not only a head, but a heart, and she is a child of emotion, and therefore she brings the great truths of our faith before his mind in painting, sculpture and music. These are her handmaids and she sends them to invite to the tower and the walls of the city many who might not at first be attracted by the stern dogmas of our faith.

A word about music. Hearing being the most spiritual of man's sensitive faculties, Christ made it the channel of divine faith; for "faith comes by hearing." The Church has made it the channel of her truths, the interpreter of her doctrines, not only by the spoken word, but by the sweet and solemn strains of her sacred music. From the very dawn of creation man attempted to interpret the harmony of nature, for we are told in the Bible that Jubal was the father of those who played upon the harp and the organ. Ever since the Church has made it a principal part of her worship. King David played on the harp before the Ark of the Covenant and the sons and daughters of Israel to the accompaniment of the timbrel's sound the sweet songs of Zion in thanksgiving for their deliverance from the tyranny of Pharaoh. With the passing of the synagogue and the establishment of the Christian Church, with its grand majestic truths and its clearer insight into the mysteries of faith, the need of the higher musical perfection in its worship. Upheld in by the song of the angelic host on the first Christmas night it was fitting that its choirs should reflect something of that celestial harmony. From the catacombs comes the personification of the earliest Christian music in the person of St. Cecilia. Guido, a Monk, placed music on a scientific basis by inventing the notes of the gamut. St. Gregory, a Pope, is the father of plain chant. Who has not heard of the immortal works of Palestrina, Rosini, Mozart, Gounod, Beethoven and Handel? Do not Protestants flock to our churches at Easter to hear the music? Have they not appropriated portions of our masses and our Ave Marias though they do not understand the faith that inspired them, the soul that lies within? In our day that celebrated Italian priest, Petrosi, who is to visit America this year, has succeeded in uniting all that is most beautiful in secular music with the solemn tones of the Gregorian Chant. Truly is the Catholic Church the fostering mother of music.

Does anyone question her influence in the realm of painting, let him remember that the eight masterpieces of the world are all the works of Catholic artists. Let him remember that it was Giotto the friend of Dante and the protege of Boniface VIII., who was the father of the Italian Renaissance that gave to the world such masters as Leonardo de

Vinci, Raphael and Michael Angelo. That these men's works have rendered them immortal in the world of art is due to the Catholic faith that alone could furnish them with ideals worthy of their genius. Canova, the great sculptor, wrote to Napoleon: "All religions nourish art, but there is none of them that does it in the same measure as the Catholic Church." Under her influence in the dark ages sprang up those majestic Gothic Cathedrals so airy yet so huge, so complicated, yet so simple, that harmonize so well with the majesty of her worship, and that after centuries are the wonder and admiration of the world. In justice, therefore, may we say, the Catholic Church in the centuries past was the chief inspirer of art, the fostering mother of art and artists.

We now come to the second part of our thesis—what space permits us to consider but briefly—viz., that the Church has always been the true friend of science. This is a subject that is of special interest at present, since the encyclical of our Holy Father on Modernism being misunderstood or willfully misinterpreted in many quarters, has again called forth the oft-repeated accusation that the Church is the enemy of science, of modern progress and intellectual development.

Some men have gone so far as to assert that revealed truths are in contradiction with the results of scientific investigation. It is no wonder, therefore, that this subject has been the subject of a paper to discuss this controversy which centres chiefly about the Mosaic account of creation as recorded in the Book of Genesis. Suffice it to say, that no authoritative interpretation of the Revealed Word, has ever been disproved by science. Arguing from cause to effect, how could this possibly happen? Is not God the author of truth, scientific truth and revealed truth, and can He contradict Himself? "Science and religion," says Cardinal Gibbons, "are like Martha and Mary, both daughters of a common father." "He who is the author of the Bible," says Archbishop Ryan, "is also the author of the illuminated manuscript of the skies." Difficulties do not constitute denials, and if men have found difficulties in reconciling revelation with science, it is either because of a false interpretation of the Revealed Word or because they have accepted as fact what is merely a scientific theory. "Not only," says the Council of the Vatican, "can faith and reason never be opposed to each other, but they mutually aid each other; for right reason demonstrates the foundations of faith and enlightened by its light, cultivates the science of things divine, while faith frees and guards reason from errors."

Now, to come to our subject, does it not follow that since God is the author of reason and faith and since the Church is His representative upon earth, she will assist in the cultivation of reason and foster the sciences, that she will consider new discoveries of science as trophies placed upon her altar to honor the God of Nature? Does it not follow that she will make use of them in illustrating and disseminating her truths as of old she made the philosophy of Plato a stepping stone to the firm foundation of faith and utilized the Roman roads in sending her apostles to convert the nations? Let us examine the facts, and in order to do so logically we shall consider chiefly that period in the Christian era known as the Middle Ages, when the rulers of Europe acknowledged the supremacy of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the Church was a dominating force in the civilization of the world. Was it not the home of scholars when the invasion of the Northmen almost destroyed civilization on the continent? Was it not the Church that established the universities of Aberdeen in Scotland, Oxford and Cambridge in England, and almost all the great schools of learning in Europe? Was it not the monks that preserved the treasures of the Roman and Grecian literature and handed them down to the generation of to-day? Is not all the best of our literature and at least inspired by Catholic ideals, for says Cardinal Newman, "It is our Catholic heritage of faith and sentiment that has inspired the sublimest passages in our Wordsworths and our Tennysons, our Longfellow and our Lowell." Where will you find such a galaxy of talent as among the champions of our faith in those ages—St. John, Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Gregory, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Aquin? In our own day there is not every one admired not only for theological learning, but also the literary accomplishments of Leo XIII., through whose munificence the Vatican library, the greatest treasure-house of learning in the world, has been thrown open to the students of all nations? In the face of the facts it is indeed strange that people will still cling to the old prejudice that the Church is opposed to learning and scientific progress.

Cardinal Wiseman affirmed in a lecture before the Catholic Literary Society of Leeds, that science has not where it has been pursued under the influence of the Catholic Church. In confirmation of this statement, let us recall a few of the discoveries or inventions made by Catholics. The paper on which I write, the clock that ticks the hours, the printing press, the barometer, the thermometer, the microscope, the telescope, the mariner's compass, photography, the magic lantern, spectacles, the hydraulic press, the Gregorian calendar that keeps a correct record of time,—for these and many other inventions were the world indebted to Catholics. The discovery of the continuous current of electric energy which is the foundation of telegraphy and telephones, is due to two Catholics, Volta and Galvani, whose names have been incorporated in the nomenclature of the science of (Continued on page 5.)

SUBJECT OF THE HOUR

In-forming and Opportune Address by the Archbishop of Boston to the Men's Sodality in Retreat.

The Archbishop addressed the Alumni Sodality in the chapel of Boston College at the end of their Retreat, at the termination of their Commission Mass on Sunday. His Grace dwelt upon the opportunity their Retreat gave them of pausing for a while in the busy world of their active life to get their true bearings.

"No doubt, in the main," he said, "the general trend of Sodality men is towards the right, but there are many-wards of influences surrounding every busy man's life which tend to make him swerve, even if ever so little, from the supernatural norm which Christ has set up for His followers. And this ever so little variance at the start if uncorrected from time to time, acts as a false compass, and, if followed, inevitably leads ultimately to shipwreck. The Retreat serves to correct this variance, which the merely human life is constantly alleging as excuses and puts the truth of our relations with the world flatly before our eyes. The bad example of others especially of men not openly vicious, unconsciously lowers our standard of right and justice and duty. The Retreat readjusts our whole bearing to life by proving the falsity of worldly weights and measures.

"The question is not really Who do men say that I am? but what am I? The Retreat has revealed the true answer, if it has done anything at all. That answer you must carry with you into the world, that you may give the world the lie in your own hearts. After all the world is easily satisfied, but the honest man is rarely satisfied with himself, and this feeling of self-dissatisfaction is the first step upwards.

"Doubtless," His Grace continued, "you found yourselves in earnest about trifles and fatally trivial about the most serious things of life. Needless to say this is poor philosophy and still poorer religion. It is certainly a wonderful paradox to see intelligent, educated men who thoroughly believe in a future life, the happiness of which depends upon the present one, so absorbed in the follies of the day that the question of where their souls will be a year from now has small share of their consideration. It is strange, to say the least, to witness an educated Catholic who not only believes, but who can give cogent reasons for the Faith that is in him, bowing to idols which he knows to be false. It is a curious anomaly to find an intelligent Catholic who knows that the voice of his Church is the infallible voice of God Himself, so influenced by the neo-paganism about him that his actions bespeak a species of diffidence in the actual guidance of the ecclesiastical authority of this Church, and attempting a sort of cowardly compromise between what he knows to be the truth and what he knows to be false.

"It is this unreasoning and unreasonable attitude, which weak Catholics attempt to assume in non-Catholic surroundings, which puzzles even the unbeliever, and it is this miserable, cowardly attitude which gives so much scandal. There is one thing which every honest man respects; and that is sincerity. All the world knows the true position of a Catholic and where the true Catholic stands; namely upon the principles, or platform, of his Church as an organization. The unbeliever may disagree with the platform, but he can have no fault to find with the Catholic who stands squarely upon it, as he can have no respect or confidence in the Catholic who makes a platform of his own to stand upon and pretends that he is still a Catholic.

"We know that it is their lack of knowledge of the principles of the Catholic Church which prevents their correct judgment of it, but they who are sure in the knowledge that she alone is the pillar and the ground of the rock, who would nevertheless erect a pillar of their own, have neither truth nor sincerity to stand upon. And in the end they forfeit even the respect of men. You know the truth; stand by it, and the world will only admire.

"You must also have learned from this Retreat that there is some lack in your life. You are busy, perhaps successful. Are you happy? What is the lack? Or what is it that creates the lack? Happiness is a sentiment. The lack of this sentiment gives heartache. You are yearning for something you have not yet acquired. Have you learned what this is? In the light of the Retreat, which is the true white light of God's illuminating grace, you know it is not money. You know it is not even success, though, doubtless, both for people will bring some show of contentment. What is it, then? I shall tell you; it is the charity of Christ.

"What are you doing for somebody else? I do not mean now those who are doing something for you. That is trading. I mean those who are doing nothing to you; no, not nothing, for every man is your brother in Christ. But I mean the men who are neither your patrons nor your clients, the men from whom you get nothing and expect nothing. I mean the patient who is too poor to pay his fee; I mean the immigrant of yesterday; I mean the poor woman who is unable to purchase. What are you doing for them? Nothing? Then that is the void. That is the lack. Do you think God will allow you to be happy while those who need you and are your patrons are suffering? Do not tell me that they do not come into your path. Then your path must be a narrow one; it is only a room; so narrow that there is no light for self. Do you never go to the houses of the poor? Then you are missing a great deal in life. There is so much they could teach you, so much they would give

you for an act of kindness. There are whole quarters in our great city which could supplement your university education. The doors of this great school are wide open to you, and the only passport needed is an act of Christian charity, which in the end would enrich you far more than those to whom you do it.

"Of course you must be business-like in your life of business, but the life that is only business is no life at all. It is only a cruel machine. It is that that is drying up the kindness that is natural in every human heart. Business in the end begets pure and simple selfishness. Unless there is some small part of every day into which business cannot enter, which is reserved entirely and solely for some word or act of deed of unselfishness, the heart-springs will surely run dry and the true joy of life be turned into dismal ashes. This the Retreat must have shown you, and unless you go out from this Retreat less selfish, you will certainly go out more unhappy."

The Sodality listened with the deepest interest to the Archbishop's short address, after which the episcopal blessing was given.

Death of Mr. John Kennedy, Lindsay

The public in general received a severe shock Saturday morning last when it was learned that one of our most highly esteemed and valued citizens, in the person of Mr. John Kennedy, had suddenly expired. Mr. Kennedy had been suffering for some time from a cold following an attack of la grippe, but was apparently recovering his wonted vigor, and not even the members of his family had the faintest idea that there might be any serious results issue. Heart failure appears to have been the immediate cause of his demise. A man of the keenest intellect, possessed of the soundest judgment and business capacity, strictly honorable and honest, straightforward, kindly and charitable, truly may it be said that the country and more especially our town can ill afford to lose a citizen of the type of Mr. Kennedy.

The deceased was born in the Parish of Borrisoleigh, county of Tipperary, Ireland, on the third day of June, 1835. When seventeen years of age he came to Canada and entered the employ of Messrs. Brown & Harty, Kingston, Ontario, then one of the leading wholesale and retail business firms of the Province. In the year 1857 he removed to Lindsay and commenced business for himself. For a short time he conducted a general store, but later, and until the year 1898, he confined his attention to the dry goods business. In the latter year he retired from active mercantile life, and since that time has carried on a financial and insurance office.

Though a man of modest and unassuming demeanor, Mr. Kennedy has filled many offices and positions of honor in the gift of the people. He was a treasurer of the township of Ops for thirty-four years, president of the Board of Trade, and for many years a member of the Separate School Board and the Board of Education, holding the latter office as an appointee of the Town Council. On several occasions efforts were made to induce him to offer himself as a candidate for the mayoralty.

Seven children survive Mr. Kennedy. These are Reverend Father Joseph Kennedy, C.S.B., of Assumption College, Sandwich, John of Chicago, Matthew of St. Louis, Philip of Battle Creek, Mich., Peter of Lindsay, and the Misses Mary and Nora of Lindsay. His wife predeceased him six years ago. He also leaves surviving three sisters; Reverend Mother DePazze of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; Mrs. Loughlin, of Convent, Ontario; and Mrs. Cline of Warkworth. A large number of sorrowing relatives and friends accompanied the cortege this morning to St. Mary's church, where the remains were received by Rev. Father Kennedy, Solemn High Mass was sung sung by Ven. Archdeacon Casey, assisted by Rev. Father Murray, C.S.B., Toronto, as deacon, Rev. Father Scallion, of Grafton, as sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Collins as master of ceremonies, and thence proceeded to the Roman Catholic cemetery. At the conclusion of Mass Ven. Archdeacon Casey spoke very eloquently and very feelingly of the deceased. The pall-bearers were Hon. Senator McHugh, J. R. McNeillie, Theo. Brady, J. D. Flavell, R. Kylie and J. J. Stewarts.—Lindsay Post.

The Bells of Shandon

Each of the "Bells of Shandon," says a late issue of the Freeman's Journal, now lying in a Liverpool dock, whence they are to be conveyed to an English factory, for repair, bears an inscription. One of them gives the "note" of the whole set, namely, "We were all cast at Gloucester, in England, by Abel Rudhall, 1750." Another inscription is: "Peace and good neighborhood," an aspiration which is amply fulfilled on this occasion by the casting of a new bell in England instead of Ireland. Fortunately the bells will preserve their Irish interest through the genius of "Father Prout."

Your Attention

The attention of our readers is called to the very fine advertisement of the T. Eaton Co., on another page of this issue. To those who purchase through the Mail Order Department special encouragement is given for how that every order, no matter how small, receives the closest attention, the staff employed in this branch being all experts in their own particular line, the possibility of mistakes being thus reduced to a minimum. Moreover, no goods are sent out other than those bought and ranked as first-class of the order advertised. In ordering mention the Catholic Register.

HOME CIRCLE

ONE LIL' LAMB. I'm a little sheep mos' too black to see...

Folks say dar's one black sheep in every flock, But dat hire-man-shepperd don't hear me knock...

But de Master come singin' adown dat way To see ef His sheep airy one gone astray...

Des a little black sheep am me! Deen de Master look all around, and he say, 'I'm missin' of one'—He speak des dat away...

And Mammy's little Black Lamb am he! —Martha Young, in The Outlook.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING TEA. Warm the teapot (crocker- is best). Put in a teaspoonful of "Salada" Tea for every two cups...

THE TIE THAT BINDS. Suppose two people begin their married life on the plane of sanity and reasonableness, says Grace D. Goodwin in the course of a very interesting article...

trying, and I am behaving like a saint; the patience that is a woman's first and middle and last qualification for a happy married life...

"Most necessary point of all, these two who are to build a home must have confidence in each other, must say 'we' and learn that the two being one, everything must be shared. The sharing of joy and grief, the mingling of smiles and tears, the bits of humor that wake double laughter...

A Soothing Oil.—To throw oil upon the troubled waters means to subdue to calmness the most boisterous sea. To apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to the troubled body when it is racked with pain means speedy subjugation of the most refractory elements...

THE FAITH IN ITALY. (From "Rome"). Here is a Christmas story, which labors under two great disadvantages, for it is true and it happened only last week. It was Christmas Eve and the Redemptorist Community of San Michele at Paganì had made everything ready for the midnight festival...

But it was growing late, and the community at Paganì were waiting the return of the fathers who had been giving a mission in a parish some six miles away. Everything was very still in the darkness around until at last a faint murmur was heard in the distance, which grew louder and louder and nearer with every minute...

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS. A wild bird's song is a little thing—lost in the deeps of a frowning sky. And yet as it falls on a listening ear and leaves its message of melody earth's green seems brighter and life is sweeter all through an autumn day...

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

Ask for a Pocket Savings Bank at the 34 King street west office of the Bank, and—be Stingy.

Thrift does not mean miserliness. The mean man is he who spends his money upon the gratification of his desires, and who allows others to help him when he is in need.

afterglow of a smile that is warmly kind. A kindly word is a little thing—a breath that goes and a sound that dies. But the heart that gives and the heart that hears may know that it waxes and sings and sings till at last it blends with the wild bird's song and the coo of babes in what men call the celestial choir.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who, then, would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

Nothing adds so much to the homelike appearance of a room as a growing plant.

SELF RELIANCE. To be able to meet an emergency in life, no matter what it may be, is a form of self-reliance that every well-man should train and develop himself for. It expresses itself in an ability to make quick decisions, and having done that, acting without doubt and hesitation, straining at every point to justify the action by bringing it to a successful finish. More than half the women in the world fail, not only in important, but trivial things, because they are afraid. Necessity in some form obliges them to make a decision, and of their obligation to this they have no doubt, but as there is always the possibility of another way being better than that decided upon, they lack self-reliance. They were not sure of themselves, either of their ability of wisdom, and neither is strengthened. Self-reliance does not preclude doubt of one's infallibility, but it does mean faith to do whatever has been undertaken. A self-reliant woman does not say, "I cannot," but "I will," even at the time she does not know how she will accomplish the task. But her very faith in herself is a help, which trains herself to be alert for anything that may further the end and her self-reliance begets the confidence of others.

If you desire to reform your fellows remember that example is more potent than precept, and vastly more agreeable than precept in the form it usually propounded. "Attend to your own business" is rather bluff advice, but it is worth considering. Your fellows have fault, no doubt about it, but if they occupy much of your attention the chances are ten to one that their virtues outnumber your own ten to one. Just keep in mind that you have housecleaning of your own to do. Nobody likes a busybody.

OUR FACES. The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right eye is also as a rule higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the large percentage of defect prevailing among fair-haired people. The smallest interval of sound can be distinguished better with one ear than with both. The nails of the fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In fifty-four cases out of a hundred the left leg is shorter than the right.

HOW OLIVE OIL IS MADE. The finest olive oil in the world is grown in Tuscany — the garden of Italy. The trees blossom in Tuscany in the month of May. The fruit begins to ripen in November and is generally in full maturity by January. It is a risky crop, says What-to-Eat, maturing as it does during winter weather. A cold snap with frost may cause great damage to the fruit. Sometimes the fruit remains on the trees till May, yielding a pale, very thin oil, appreciated in some quarters but which speedily develops rancidity. The process of extracting the oil is simple in the extreme; the fruit is first crushed in a mill to a uniform

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HAS NO WORRY. Most men are eager to learn the secret of a great man's achievements. Newspaper reporters and magazine writers interview the day's celebrity, that readers may be informed what new formula for success he is able to give. A busy editor and author who does the work of two or three men, when asked how he accomplishes so much, said: "I do not worry, and I never lose a minute." One who heard the simple words thought that here, at last, was the new formula for which men have been seeking. But as he reflected he realized that there was, after all, nothing new in it. The message was spoken, some nineteen hundred years ago, by two humble disciples of Christ who urged their followers that, "casting all their care on Him," they should "not be slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." There is no new formula for success. The "success-secrets" were every one stated for all time by the men to whom God gave His message to the world. And that the man who patterns his life according to God's teachings in His Word is most certain of achieving real success.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE. In England to call a woman homely means that she is fond of anything about the home and is unpretending; in the United States it means not handsome. To be clever in England means to be dexterous and with us the term signifies good-natured or honest. We say crackers, they say biscuits; our mail is the post, and a baggage check in England becomes a baggage, while they say luggage for baggage. A tramp in the United States is a vagabond, but in England any traveller may be so called. But there is even a greater difference of terms in different parts of the United States than in the two countries. In New England a man is brought up and in the South he is reared and a colored man raised.—Exchange.

A bottle of Biekle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, taken according to directions, will subdue a cough in a short time. This assertion can be verified by hundreds who have tried it and are pleased to bear testimony to its merits, so that all may know what a splendid medicine it is. It costs you only 25 cents to join the ranks of the many who have been benefited by its use.

JUST SEE YOURSELF. It is a waste of time to be busying yourself with what you conceive to be the faults of other people. Be assured that others see quite as many and as reprehensible faults in you. A good many people, who think themselves reformers especially chosen to point out and reprove the sins of others, are merely insufferable nuisances.

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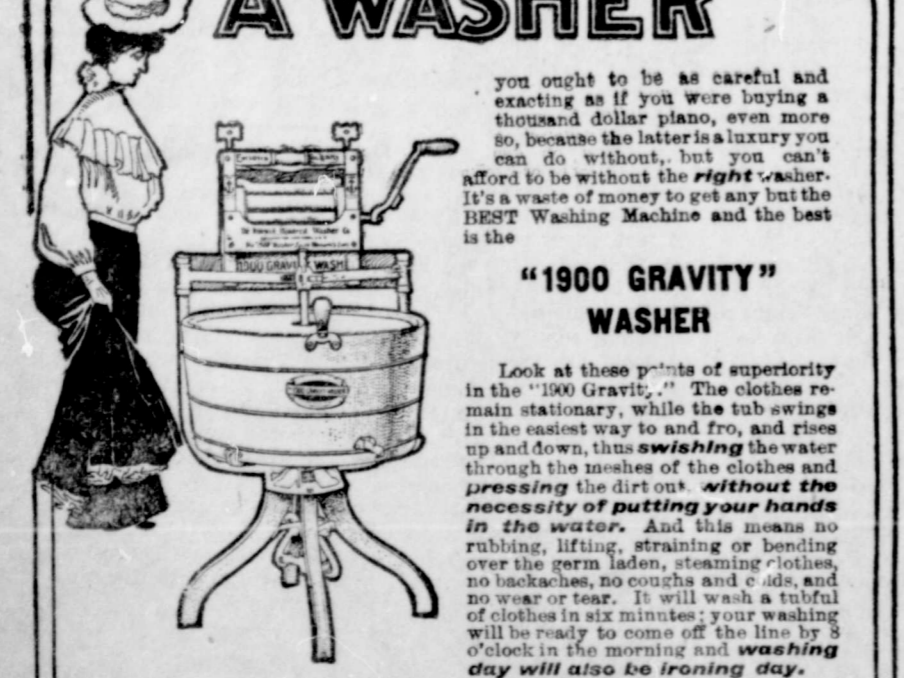
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The Children's Page

BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS. Lourdes is a little well-known town...

The waters of the river Gave flow through this honored place...

A favored child, named Bernadette, near this fair spot did dwell...

In tending sheep, she was engaged, all through the live-long day...

And ere her fifteenth summer shone, this simple little maid...

One day the child was at her task, beneath a lofty oak...

High on a fissure of the rock the wild rose the wind feeds...

'Tis I, dear not, she seemed to say, as smilingly she raved...

Her vesture was of purest white, adorned by girde blue...

In answer to the maiden's prayer, pray tell me who thou art?

"O! pray for sinners, pray I say, look all the world around...

The child, entranced with blissful love, from which her thoughts ne'er strayed...

Sweet simple little Bernadette, your life on earth's gone by...

O help, still help us by your prayers, till we, the race have won...

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms...

THE WELL BEFORE THE DOOR. "Where shall we dig the well?"

After much discussion, they decided to dig it in front of the house...

It made him tired to go to bed, it made him tired to rise...

And so through life young Albert went, a lazy, lazy lad...

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It was not wholly ill humor on the part of the young man...

"Mother," said he, "I want to change the line of the front fence...

Now they were in the performance of this duty in the past...

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THE LAZY LAD. Young Albert was a lazy lad, and idled all the day...

Once he took up a slice of bread, and looked at it in doubt...

On journeys he could never go, he tried and tried in vain...

He would not work, and even had a great dislike to play...

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TORONTO, APRIL 16TH, 1908.

PALM SUNDAY.

The characteristic points of this day's service are the blessing of the palm and the reading or saying of the Passion. In the former we see once more the multitude who pour out from Jerusalem along the slopes of the Mount of Olives to meet our Lord and conduct Him amidst the waving of palm and olive branches and the chanting of hosannas in triumph into the temple.

What they did unconsciously the Church wishes her children to do consciously at the beginning of the week on which the Saviour died for us. She calls upon us to proclaim Christ our Lord and King, our Deliverer from sin and death, to be in good and evil report steadfast soldiers of the Cross in order that we would thus by our constancy make reparation for that blindness which drew tears from Jesus as He entered Jerusalem in triumph on the first Palm Sunday.

The second characteristic of Palm Sunday is the reading or singing of the Passion. Very impressive is this as it is read. The abruptness with which it commences, the omission of all the usual ceremonies at the opening of the Gospel—the solemnity of the moment when as the words which record the Saviour's expiring cry are read, priest and people prostrate themselves for a few moments as overwhelmed by the death of the God-man—whilst all the time the palms of victory are waving—all portray, with a vividness and power too deep for words, the confusion into which the followers of our Lord were thrown by the death of their Master and the thrill of horror which shook all Nature at its Maker's expiring cry.

HOLY WEEK.

The week which commences with Palm Sunday and ends with the Vigil of the Resurrection, known in the Liturgy of the Church as the "Greater Week," and in popular phrase as Holy Week, covers the most momentous events in the world's history. To hundreds of millions this week is the centre of all that ennobles life and gives a meaning and a grandeur to the chequered drama of human existence. For during this week the Cross, the standard of hope, the altar of reconciliation between God and man, the candlestick from which the Light of the world shed His ruddy beams, rose upon the world's horizon and changed that world's whole history. Even the cold dispassionate student of events, who has no sympathy with Christianity other than that of a critical observer, must admit that compared to Christianity, all other religious systems are as the Aurora Borealis or Northern lights to the rosy glow of the coming day.

Next he reads the Passion; then he pours out prayers for all classes and conditions of men, heretics, infidels, Jews, Pagans, bishops, priests, the faithful of every degree. Christ died for all men, and all are remembered on the day on which He died. Then the cross is gradually unveiled and held aloft, to show all present at what a price their Redemption was purchased. Next, the priest, those serving at the altar, and the whole congregation, in turn prostrate themselves before and devoutly kiss the image of their crucified Saviour.

After this exceedingly touching ceremony the Mass of the Presanctified is commenced. The Host consecrated yesterday and reserved for this day is brought in solemn procession to the principal altar and placed therein. Wine and water are poured into the chalice whilst the customary prayers are recited. Then the service passes at once to the Pater Noster and the prayers before Communion. Just before Communion the Host is elevated, and immediately afterwards partaken of by the celebrant, after which the service concludes as abruptly as it commenced. There is no Consecration—no Mass in the proper sense of the term, for the Church does not wish that the death of the Saviour be represented on the day on which He actually died.

THE TENEBRAE.

On the Wednesday of Holy Week, known popularly as Spy Wednesday from the tradition that on this day Judas made his bargain to betray his Master, the Office designated by the name Tenebrae or Darkness commences. A dark triangular candlestick, on the apex of which stands a solitary lighted candle representing our Lord, whilst on its sloping sides a number of candles, also lighted, stand for His followers, throws a dim radiance on the violet-draped altar. The Psalms of Matins and Lauds or the morning Office of the following day, are recited and after each psalm a candle is extinguished. Then the lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah over the ruins of Jerusalem, the most eloquently pathetic words of sorrow ever penned, words which breathe the very soul of grief, are sung to music as full of mournful beauty as they. One by one the candles go out until the solitary candle at the apex alone remains lighted. Then the six lighted candles on the altar are put out, one after another. The lights throughout the church are turned out. The solitary candle is removed, still lighted, and hidden behind the altar; the low tones of the penitential Psalm "Miserere" are heard, appealing for mercy, a sharp noise is made; and amidst the darkness relieved only by the light showing about the altar from the lighted candle behind it, the service comes to an end.

Nothing can be more impressive than this service. The heart-breaking grief of the mother of our Lord and His faithful followers—the manner in which He is left alone in His sorrow—the darkness which covered the earth at the time of His crucifixion and the earthquake which burst the rocks as He expired—the Divinity which remained united to His body even in the tomb, and would presently manifest in the glory of the Resurrection—all these are most expressively brought home in the service of the Tenebrae.

HOLY THURSDAY.

Holy Thursday is a day of contrasts. The Mass of the day is marked by all the splendor of the Church's Ritual. The Gloria, unheard during Lent, sends its joyous strains through the aisles which will on the same day re-echo the wail of the Lamentations. Yet the sorrow of the Church breaks through even the pomp of the ceremonial of the Mass, which begins after the manner of Mass for the dead. Immediately after the Mass the second Host, consecrated for the following day, is borne in solemn procession to a side altar richly adorned, whilst the altar on which Mass has just been solemnized is stripped of all its ornaments. Thus whilst lights burn and flowers bloom in profusion in one part of the church, the main altar presents a spectacle of desolation.

Why this contrast of pomp and grief? The reason for the latter is clear enough. This is the day on which the Saviour was betrayed—the eve of His death—the day of Gethsemane. But it is also the day on which He instituted the Blessed Eucharist—the "New Testament in His blood." On this day He established that "priesthood" for ever according to the order of Melchisedek, by which the death He was about to undergo would be continued to the end of time, by which all ages and nations would be brought into living personal contact with His divine Personality, with the blood that was to redeem the world. On this day He gave men His own adorable body and blood, soul and divinity to be their strength, their consolation, their pledge of immortality, in every age and clime. And in the midst of her grief the Church must show her joy over this dying Pledge of the infinite love of her divine Spouse.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The ceremonies of this day are in complete harmony with the most awful and yet the most glorious scene in the world's history—the death of the God-man. Every church is draped in black, and filled with the atmosphere of death. The vestments of the priest are those of death. When he arrives at the altar he prostrates himself for some time at its foot. Next he reads the Passion; then he pours out prayers for all classes and conditions of men, heretics, infidels, Jews, Pagans, bishops, priests, the faithful of every degree. Christ died for all men, and all are remembered on the day on which He died. Then the cross is gradually unveiled and held aloft, to show all present at what a price their Redemption was purchased. Next, the priest, those serving at the altar, and the whole congregation, in turn prostrate themselves before and devoutly kiss the image of their crucified Saviour.

The whole service is one of desolation of sorrow unto distraction, but with a note of triumph, rising ever clearer until it bursts into the grand alleluia of Easter Saturday, on the beautiful service of which the blessing of the Paschal fire, the Paschal candle, the Easter and Baptismal water—followed by joyful anthems of the Mass—we have not now space to dilate.

May the hasty sketch of the Holy Week services given inspire a deeper appreciation of their meaning and beauty and of the mighty truths they so eloquently convey.

THE RESURRECTION.

On Sunday next, the 19th inst., the Catholic Church will celebrate the festival of Easter, or the triumphant Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ from the dead.

Our divine Redeemer came to this earth in human form for the Redemption of mankind, and we know of no other purpose than this which He had in view, as we are told in the Nicene Creed which is read every Sunday, and on many other days at the Holy Mass, that being:

"God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God, begotten, not made, consubstantial to the Father, by whom all things were made," He "for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, and was made man."

On Good Friday He suffered death, and was buried, to atone for the sins of men; and this was part of the great plan of salvation; but on Easter Sunday, the third day after His death, "He rose again, according to the Scriptures." This was the culmination of our Redemption, and this great fact is the corner-stone of the Christian Faith, so that the Apostle St. Paul declares: "And if Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is vain... for you are yet in your sins." (1 Cor., xv., 17.) Most appropriately, therefore, does the Church apply to the great festival we are about to celebrate the words of the royal prophet, David:

"The stone which the builders rejected, the same hath become the head of the corner. This is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes. This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us be glad and rejoice therein." It is of the Resurrection that David here speaks.

The mystery of Christ's Resurrection from the dead is the greatest of His miracles, and the most powerful proof of His Divinity, for our Catechism says that "as by dying on the cross, He showed Himself a real mortal man, so by raising Himself from the dead, He proved Himself God."

The dead have been raised to life by several of Christ's disciples, but in such instances this effect was brought about by invoking the sacred name of Jesus, and by the power of Jesus; but it was by His own power that He rose from the dead. As He said in one of His public discourses to the people of Jerusalem: "Therefore doth the Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I may take it again. No man taketh it away from Me; but I lay it down of Myself, and I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again." (St. John x., 18.)

Modern unbelievers have exhausted themselves in framing sophistries to show that the Resurrection of Christ from the dead is a myth invented by the Christian Church in order to prove the divinity of the Christian religion, but there is no fact in history better authenticated than the truth of the Resurrection. Christ Himself foretold both His death and Resurrection, as we have seen in the passage of Holy Scripture already quoted; but the same prophecy was many times repeated by Him, so that the chief priests and the Pharisees came together to Pilate while Jesus was in the sepulchre and blasphemously speaking of Him, said:

"Sir, we have remembered that that seducer said while He was yet alive: 'After three days I will rise again.' Command, therefore, the sepulchre to be guarded until the third day, lest His disciples come and steal Him away, and say to the people, 'He is risen from the dead; so the last error shall be worse than the first.'" (St. Matt., xxvii., 63.)

Pilate granted their request and the petitioners were allowed to guard the tomb with a company of soldiers, to prevent the possibility of the stealing away of Christ's body. But notwithstanding all such precautions, Christ rose from His sepulchre in triumph while the guards, struck with terror "became as dead men." When they reported to the chief priests what had occurred, they were paid "a great sum of money" to assert that "His disciples came by night and stole Him away when we were asleep," and this story is kept up by the Jews and infidels to the present day. It is evident that if these soldiers were really asleep, they were not competent witnesses of what occurred. But it was not the custom of the Roman soldiers to sleep at their posts, and if they had so grossly offended against Roman discipline, they would have been severely punished for their dereliction of duty—but no such punishment was inflicted. On the contrary, the chief priests promised them immunity as a further reward for the lying tale they circulated among the people.

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The witnesses to the Resurrection of Christ were the Evangelists and the Apostles, who had and could have no motive to deceive the world with a false tale if Christ had not risen from the dead. If Christ, being God, were truly risen, they could hope for a heavenly reward for promulgating His teachings, but if He were shown to be a false prophet who could not fulfil His promise to rise again, they could have no such hope. But, in fact, nothing could induce them to give any other testimony than to assert that they knew that the Resurrection was a truth. As St. John the Apostle says: (St. John xxi., 24.)

"This is that disciple who giveth testimony of these things, and hath written these things, and we know that his testimony is true." Christianity would not be in existence at the present day, if Christ had not proved His divine mission and His divinity by rising from the dead.

The Catholic Church has taught this truth and teaches it to-day as she has upheld it for nineteen centuries in spite of infidels, Arians and Unitarians, and through her constancy in teaching it has maintained the Christian Faith throughout the world one and unchangeable, as she will continue to do to the end of time, according to Christ's promise: "Lo! I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

THE PROFESSIONAL UNEMPLOYED.

This expressive phrase was used a few days ago in the police court to describe a group of men whose principal occupation has been parading the streets during the Winter, demanding work or bread, registering their names on the roll of the unemployed complaining of the inferiority of the board furnished by the House of Industry, and patriotically trying to make work for the breweries and distilleries by generous potations. A sample exhibit of this type of patriot recently added to our population, drew some characteristic remarks from our worthy police magistrate. One of the number playfully stole a comrade's revolver, another in the same spirit of good fellowship pawned it. A number of the chums of both filed into the witness box to give evidence for or against the accused. The odor of liquor, which is so strong as these precincts, was so strong as these patriots "who left their country for their country's good," faced the magistrate, that he asked one of them if he had been drinking. He replied airily: "I only have had a little sensation." Evidently if his capacity for the "sensational" were fully satisfied the odor would have been as strong as that of a distillery. Questioned as to his employment, he answered gaily: "Oh, I'm one of the unemployed," and proceeded to inform the Court that by vocation he was a comedian.

The caustic comment of the Police Magistrate on the whole proceeding was: "I am so pleased that the unemployed in this city have not only plenty of liquor to drink, but comedians to entertain them."

We suggest that these worthy individuals would get up a play called "The unemployed." It could be staged on the City Hall steps. A few black flags could be easily procured. Any neighboring tavern would furnish fluent speakers for the principal casts. The clown and the heavy villain parts would be special favorites. By all means a drinking act should be introduced. We have no doubt that the play would com-

mand a wide patronage and help to furnish a succession of "little sensations" to the worthy actors and their boon companions.

Seriously, is it not time that our Mayor appointed a committee of investigation to examine into this whole business of last winter's distress, and to set the work of city relief on an organized basis, which will prevent overlapping, sponging, undesirable immigration, and will insist on giving "the professional unemployed" the alternative of either getting to work on any task provided for them or leaving the country.

LIGHT WANTED.

Christianity is now nearly two thousand years old and yet there are countless numbers living under its banner and registering themselves as its followers who have not grasped in even the remotest degree the meaning of its primary teachings. The salvation of mankind was secured by the passion and death of our Divine Lord on the Cross. The Cross was the instrument by which the gift of salvation was brought to every child of Adam. Despite this we have even in Toronto, which boasts of its culture and calls itself "the good," those who have evidently failed in forming for themselves anything like a true conception of the great and sorrowful tragedy through which alone eternal life may be theirs. At St. Luke's Anglican church on Sunday it is reported that an innovation in the shape of a professional Cross was introduced, and that altar lights are about to be installed. In an interview on the day following the rector of the church, Rev. A. G. H. Dicker, is reported as saying: "There may be a little unrest and unquiet in St. Luke's over these matters at first, but I expect it will not be important." Of course the situation at St. Luke's is only the same as that which maintains in many places the world over. But what a spiritual death, what a darkness of the understanding of things is displayed in those few words. The bringing forward of the Cross upon which the Saviour of the world poured forth His life even to the last drop of His blood, is the cause of unrest and unquiet. In the beginning the great command "Let there be light" was given, and the beneficent element covered the earth. If the same command might go forth now, and the spiritual light of understanding might flood the world and find its way into the recesses filled with ignorance and materialism, what dense walls it would have to penetrate, what obscurity it would have to illumine. Even after the lapse of twenty centuries it is difficult for some, and that some, many, to appreciate the meaning or value of the Cross, the instrument which played so great a part in the sufferings of the Saviour and the redemption of mankind.

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I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope.)

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35,220 mi. sq.

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I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. So, if the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Address—FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. (Episcopal Authorisation) Dear Father Gray, You have duly accounted for the aims which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards procuring what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to set it aims for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

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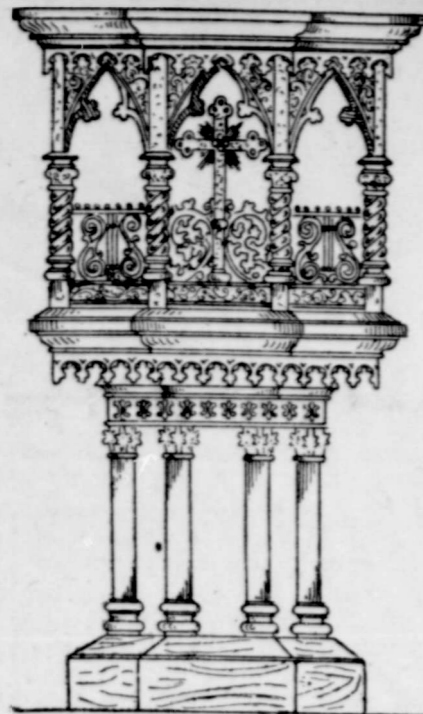
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NOTES FROM OTTAWA

(From our own Correspondent.) Rev. Father Carriere, parish priest of the Church of Our Redeemer, Hull, recently chanted the third anniversary requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of his father, the late Mr. M. Carriere.

Rev. Father Sherry of Ottawa University delivered the sermon at the monthly meeting of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood which was held in the chapel on Sunday.

Rev. Father Brunet of the Archbishop's Palace, who has been confined to a hospital for several weeks past, is now convalescent and will shortly resume his duties.

Archbishop Duhamel officiated at a recent ordination ceremony in the Basilica, when there were two candidates for the diaconate and one for the minor orders from the Congregation of Mary Scholasticate, on the Montreal Road.

A summary of a recent lecture by Very Rev. Monsignor Laflamme of Montreal, as an essay, has won the prize awarded by Lady Evelyn Grey. It was won by Mr. Stewart Witten, on the subject of Forestry, in which Mgr. Laflamme has shown a keen interest.

Mrs. Routhier, Vicar-General, has formed committees in connection with the Quebec Battlefields fund and those in charge of the project are awaiting the action of His Grace, the Archbishop, in regard to special services on May 24th, Empire Day. The pupils of the Rideau Street have already contributed \$12.93

In a sermon on Passion Sunday Rev. Father Fitzgerald of St. Mary's, Bayswater, preaching on "Holy Orders," deplored the fact that more Irish Catholic and English-speaking young men do not become priests and thus avoid the present scarcity of priests to minister to English-speaking congregations. This condition he attributed to a too-eager desire on the part of the present-day young men to engage in commercial enterprise.

Mrs. Patrick Baben, an attendant for many years of St. Patrick's church, and a member of the League of the Sacred Heart and the Order of the Living Rosary, has passed away. Deceased, who was seventy-one years of age, is survived by two sons, James of Ottawa, and William of British Columbia, and two daughters, Mrs. M. Smith and Mrs. G. Goulet, both of this city. One sister, Miss Ellen O'Neil, also survives her. The funeral was held at St. Patrick's church and was largely attended.

On the evening of Passion Sunday, Gaull's oratorio, "The Passion of Christ," was rendered in St. Joseph's church, with full orchestral accompaniment by the choir, under the direction of Mr. E. Tasse. Rev. Father Wm. Murphy, the parish priest, prefaced the musical parts with explanatory remarks and at the close Chopin's Funeral March was admirably rendered by Mrs. E. Tasse, who presided at the organ. The rendition was a distinct success for the choir and its capable director, and was especially well attended.

The closing ceremonies of the Men's Mission which has been conducted by Rev. Fathers Kalen and Andran in the Church of Our Redeemer, Hull, was undoubtedly the most largely attended service ever held in that edifice. His Grace, the Archbishop, presided and in a brief discourse complimented all present on the progress of the parish and expressed his pleasure at the success which had attended the retreat. A splendid sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Kalen, parish priest of Our Lady of Lourdes church, Montreal Road. Among those present were Archbishop Duhamel, Very Rev. Canon Compeau, Basilica; Rev. Father Lamontagne, Superior of the Redemptorist College, Bayswater; Rev. Fathers Boucher and Desjardins of Hull; and Rev. Fathers Lalonde, Mangin and Carriere. There were over 3,500 communicants during the Mission.

Dennis O'Sullivan, a gifted singer and actor, who recently commenced to star in "Peggy Macree," died last month in Columbus, Ohio. He was born in San Francisco in 1868.

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The Gaelic revival has another distinguished convert and lover in Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart, a sister of the Marquis of Bute. In her admiration for the ancient language she has changed the name of her yacht, Ethelreda, to the Gaelic name, Faoileann (sea-gull). Lady Margaret is one of the few women who hold a master mariner's certificate, and she has put her knowledge of navigation often to good service.

A Devout Catholic Artist.

It is said that J. James Tissot, the world's greatest Bible Artist, during the many years of his pilgrimage in Palestine, never failed in his devout daily worship at the historic monasteries of that Holy Land. Mr. W. E. Dyer, 111 King street west, Toronto, general manager for Canada of the American Tissot Society, has recently issued a beautiful catalogue containing two reproductions in original colors of the Tissot paintings, and 240 miniature half-tone engravings. One of these will be mailed to any readers of the Catholic Register on receipt of 5c. in stamps. Portfolios containing 120 reproductions, mailed for \$1.00, post-paid.

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

MOTHER OF THE ART (Continued from page one.)

electricity. Is not Marconi of present-day fame a Catholic, also Roentgen, who discovered the X rays, so useful in surgery? Pasteur, the greatest scientist of our day, was a devout Catholic and his religion did not retard him in arduous scientific research. The great explorers, America, Vespucci, Columbus, Magellan—who was the first man to circumnavigate the globe—Marco Polo, Vasco de Gama, La Salle, Marquette, Joliette, the Cabots, Cartier and Champlain, were all Catholics. The banner of the cross accompanied them and the prayers of their Catholic fellow-citizens were offered up for them. "In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were on their knees For the safe return of Cartier from the undiscovered seas."

But one may object. Did not the Church condemn and persecute Galileo, who was the author of some of the inventions mentioned, and did not the Pope thus prove himself fallible?

This objection has been so often answered that it is not necessary to restate the case. It may, however, not be amiss to recall a few of the

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facts connected with it. Galileo was never persecuted by the Church; for he tells us himself that he suffered neither in his person nor in his honor. He was permitted to continue his experiments at Florence and died a faithful son of the Church. He was condemned and his doctrine, viz., that the earth moves about the sun—which is now known to be true—was declared heretical by a disciplinary council of Rome to which no infallibility was ever attributed. It is true that the Pope himself in a private communication declared it heretical and contrary to Holy Writ, but the Pope as a private theologian is not infallible. The matter, bearing as it did, on the inspiration of Scripture, came within the scope of an infallible definition, and when we consider that almost all the learned men of the time, and the Reformers themselves, believed Galileo's teaching to be false, we must admire the Providence of God that restrained the Head of the Church from formulating an ex-cathedra decree. Why, we may ask, was Galileo condemned while Copernicus, a Catholic monk, who taught the same doctrine a century previous, was not interfered with? Because Galileo put forward his doctrine not as a scientific theory, but as a fact, without adducing any substantial proof. Because he proposed a new system of biblical interpretation to reconcile his theory with revelation. Because the Holy Father saw danger to the faith and morals of the people, owing to the disturbed state of society at the time, by the promulgation of a doctrine so subversive of popular ideas.

To return to our subject, no one will deny to the present age the credit of having made great progress in the field of applied science. We may well ask ourselves, however, is the world more happy and enlightened than it was in the ages past. Our old friend, that inimitable humorist and philosopher of Archey Road, Mr. Dooley, has made some reflections on this subject that contain much wisdom. "Never before," he tells us, "in the history of the world has such progress been made. Thirty years ago we thought it was marvellous to be able to telegraph a man in St. Joe and get an answer that night. Now by wireless telegraph you can get an answer before you send the telegram if you are not careful. What has science done for the world, says you? It gave us an automatic hoist for the hod and a taste of solder in the peaches. If anyone says the world is not better off than it was tell him that a machine has been invented that makes honey out of petroleum. If he asks you why there are no Shakespear-to-day, say no, but we no longer make sausages by hand. Mechanical science has done everything for me but help me. I ought to feel superior to my father. He never saw a high building and didn't want to. He couldn't come here in five days, but if he could have come in three he was a wise man, and he would of staid in the County Roscommon. The doctors have found the microbe of everything from lambago to love and from jaundice to jealousy, but if a brick bounces on my head I am carried up the same as of yore and put away. Rockefeller can make a piano out of a barrel of crude oil, but no one can make a blade of hair grown on Rockefeller. Modern progress is like a merry-go-round. We get up on a speckled horse and a mechanical piano plays a tune and away we go hollering, but the man that doesn't care about merry-go-rounds knows that we will come where we were. I was up to the top of the high building in town and I wasn't any nearer heaven than when I was on the street. Beneath is a lot of us running and jumping about, building sky-scrapers and yelling progress. Oh! I can see the stars winking at each other and saying 'aint they funny.'"

But away with cynicism! We gladly concede that the present age has made wonderful material progress, which if rightly directed, tends to our temporal well-being. This we hold, however, that it has drawn largely on the centuries past for the knowledge that it has applied, and as any nearer heaven than when I was on the street. Beneath is a lot of us running and jumping about, building sky-scrapers and yelling progress. Oh! I can see the stars winking at each other and saying 'aint they funny.'"

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Death of Sister Pulcheria, Peterboro

In the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Mount St. Joseph, Peterboro, on Tuesday morning, March 24, at 9:30, occurred the death of their beloved Sister, M. Pulcheria, after an illness of some weeks. Sister Pulcheria had succeeded in practicing so perfectly the rules and virtues of the religious life, that she will ever be remembered as a model religious by all who knew her. Rt. Rev. R. A. O'Connor, D.D., celebrated the solemn requiem Mass on Thursday morning at eight o'clock. Rev. Doctor O'Brien and Rev. Father Kelly, both of the Cathedral, assisted as deacon and sub-deacon. His Lordship addressed in a few touching and consoling words, the Sisters and sorrowing friends, bidding them, in spite of the tears caused by natural affection to rejoice and be glad, for "Blessed are the dead who die in the

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Parlor Suites, 3 pieces, birch-mahogany finished frames, carved and polished, upholstered in silk tapestry. Regular \$72.00, for 56.00 Parlor Suites, 3 pieces, birch-mahogany finished frames, highly polished, upholstered in silk damask. Regular \$49.00 for 36.50 Parlor Suites, 3 pieces, birch-mahogany finished, carved and polished, upholstered in silk damask. Regular \$49.00 for 37.50 Parlor Suites, 3-piece, birch-mahogany finished frames, carved and polished, upholstered in silk damask. Regular \$44.00, for 35.75

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Couches, heavy show-wood frames, open construction, upholstered in tapestry or velours, spring edge, buttoned tops. Regular \$12.00 for 8.95 Couches, upholstered in velours, show-wood frames, roll edge, open construction. Regular \$15.00 for 11.75

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The J. F. BROWN CO., Limited, 193-5-7 YONGE ST.

Unexpected Visitors are always welcome when you have bread in the home made from PURITY FLOUR It makes bread tasty and nourishing. WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERIC AND BRANDON

ESTABLISHED 1856 SIMMERS' STANDARD SEEDS There is no guesswork in selecting the best varieties of either Vegetable or Flowers from our SEED CATALOGUE We give our customers the benefit of the numberless practical tests made in years gone by. Of each kind of vegetable we select the best for all purposes. If you plant these thoroughbred strains there will be no disappointment in either the quality or productiveness of your garden. Our beautiful ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE is FREE for the asking. Write for it at once. J. A. SIMMERS, SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS TORONTO, ONT.

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TENDERS addressed to the undersigned at Ottawa, and marked on the envelope "Tenders for Carbide of Calcium," will be received up to the Eighteenth day of April, 1908 for supplying 50 tons, more or less, of Carbide of Calcium for the use of acetylene gas buoys and lights, to be delivered in quantities as required at the following places, viz.: Prescott, Ont., Halifax, N.S., Sorel, P.Q., Charlottetown, P.E.I., Quebec, P.Q., Victoria, B.C., St. John, N.B. Specifications of the Carbide required, showing the quantity to be delivered at each place and the manner of delivery, can be obtained at the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, and samples of the carbide showing size may be seen also at the Department here. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit cheque equal to 5 per cent. of the total cost of the carbide, as security for entering into a contract and delivery of the carbide. Cheques accompanying tenders not accepted will be returned when the tenders are considered. Papers copying this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid. F. GOURDEAU, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada, 4th April, 1908.

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TWO GRAND DRESS GOODS SPECIALS

FANCY CHECK AND PLAID TAFFETAS

F2-466 C.R. A special grade of checked and plaid Taffeta Silks for dresses or shirt waists, high quality at an ordinary price, come in assorted sized checks and plaids in black and white, blue and white, brown and white, great value, 19 inch, per yard, **.50**

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F3-568 C.R. These Fabrics are in a splendid cloth to wear, and launder beautifully. In assorted stripes, checks, or plain Lawn weave if preferred. The value for the quality is surprising, 27 inches wide. Per yard **.11 1/2**

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An offer never before equalled in 20 year 10k. gold filled case, choice of plain polished, engine turned or fancy engraved case, and an absolute guarantee of satisfaction. **10.00**

As positively the Acme of Perfection in 16 Size 17-Jewel Movements, we offer this movement which is marked The T. EATON Co. Limited, and is made specially for us in solid nickel richly damascened and finished. Has 17 jewels, accurately and specially adjusted.

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E3-1083, C.R. Men's Suits, made from Eatonia Worsted Serge. You can have it either single or double breasted sack shape in navy blue or black, fast indigo dye, smooth finish, botany twill fabric with good serviceable linings and trimmings to correspond. Sizes are 34 to 44 in. chest measure. Special **12.50**

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REMARKABLE OFFER IN WOMEN'S DRAWERS

R1-4303 C.R. Drawers, fine cotton—deep umbrella-frill with one cluster of five tucks and frill of lace. Size 25 and 27 ins., open and closed styles. **.23**

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GREAT DAMASK TABLE-CLOTH SPECIAL

A full bleached Satan Damask Table Cloth, Irish manufacture, bleached snow white. This cloth is unapproachable in value and comes in patterns that are simply beautiful, pure linen. Size 72x90 in. G1-1000 C.R. **1.78**

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C2-321 C.R. Your choice of Bordered or Allover Dresden Ribbon in a full 4 1/2 inch width and a dozen or more acceptable color combinations. A goodly representation of pinks, blues, greens, reds, brown, violet, and some with white border. This line promises to be a special favorite among the 1908 misses for bows, neckwear, millinery, sashes and fancy work. Special price per yard **.25**

A DAINTY CORSET COVER FROM OUR OWN FACTORY

AN ELEGANT VALUE

R2-3302, C.R.—Corset Cover, made of cotton, full front with two rows lace insertion and cluster of tucks, pointed effect, round neck and arms finished with lace, draw string at waist, sizes 32 to 42 bust measure. Our price **.23**

NEW SPRING SUITINGS—SAVE MUCH

OUR SPECIAL WOOL VOILE

F1-150-C.R. We offer this quality, our leader, made of the purest wool yarn, noted absolutely fast dye, rich clear black, firm weave that will not sag or pull. One of the very best qualities made in this Cloth. Charming for evening or street costumes or separate skirts. We anticipate many orders for this delightful fabric. 44 inches wide, **.89** per yard

BLACK TAFFETA SILK

F2-400-C.R. No silk is better for wear and style than Taffeta. This rich fabric is a guaranteed high quality, perfect black, specially manufactured for us. A beautiful silk for dresses, shirt waists or linings. Sampling this line is unnecessary unless you particularly desire it, you have our usual guarantee of money refunded if not as represented; 22 ins. wide, per yard **.69**

STYLISH SPRING SKIRT **2.95**

Style J-6009, C.R.—Made of imported Vicuna Cloth, beautifully designed and trimmed with silk military braid; front and back made in panel effect with double box pleat; side gores finished with side pleats, giving a generous fullness round the bottom; neatly tailored and finished throughout; choice of colors, black or navy. Sizes 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29 inch waist bands, with choice of lengths 38, 39, 40, 41 and 42 inches. Special price **2.95**

A BEAUTIFUL WAIST FOR **1.39**

Style T-8332, C.R.—Is made of fine white Swiss lawn with dainty embroidered front, trimmed with tucking and Valenciennes lace insertion; attached collar and cuffs of three-quarter sleeve, trimmed with tucking and lace; insertion edged with frill of lace; back neatly tucked. The wide pleat extending over the shoulders gives that broad effect so fashionable this season. Sizes are 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Special price **1.39**

Write for our new spring and summer catalogue to-day.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

Summer Supply Catalogue is now ready. Write for it.

LARRY O'NEILL

Half an hour past noon on a bright May day Larry O'Neill, for lack of anything better to do, dropped into Christie's salerooms. Some necessary legal business had obliged him to leave his retirement in Donegal, and when he found that the family solicitors were not to be hurried into any unlaywer-like speed, he had found time heavy on his hands. Once he would have had no difficulty in spending a few days pleasantly enough in London, but that was prior to the time of the occurrence that had transformed the light-hearted Captain Lawrence O'Neill into a gloomy and morose recluse.

The famous salerooms were pretty and well filled, and Larry found an unoccupied chair, and looked indifferently around him. As he did so, the occupant of the next seat turned towards him, eyed Larry doubtfully for a few minutes, and then held out his hand.

"Captain O'Neill, isn't it?" the man said eagerly.

Larry's face darkened.

"No—I am in the service no longer, Mr. Hilton," he said quietly.

"Well, you're Larry O'Neill, anyhow," Mr. Hilton said, "though I never knew you had a taste for bric-a-brac."

"Oh, I haven't!" Larry smiled slightly, "merely strolled in here because I had nothing else to do. Are you purchasing?"

"I have just bought a Kang-he vase," Mr. Hilton replied. "It is very unique." Then he sighed, "One has to cultivate an interest in something or other."

"I suppose so," Larry assented indifferently, and rose to his feet. Mr. Hilton did likewise.

"There's nothing else I want," he explained. "Come, my flat for luncheon, will you, Law?"

Larry began an excuse. Mr. Hilton interrupted him.

"You'll do me a kindness, really, old fellow," he urged. "I'm very lonely at times," and then Larry remembered that Mr. Hilton's wife, to whom he had been tenderly attached, had died at San Remo seven or eight years before.

"Thanks, then, I will," Larry assented, "but I should warn you that I'm not the best of company."

"Neither am I," Hilton responded. Soon afterward the two men were seated at a simple, well-cooked luncheon in a quiet street not far from Piccadilly.

"I couldn't bear the country," the elder man confessed, "nor the house where Jane and I had lived so long alone together. My nephew, who will succeed me, occupies the house in the summer. I brought a couple of the old servants with me to London."

Larry was sympathetically silent.

"But you, Larry, why have you turned hermit? Jane liked you—for her sake, excuse what may seem an impertinent question," Mr. Hilton went on after a moment.

Larry looked across the table.

"Do you not know?"

"Painful memories are seldom long away from me," he said. "You know I went to India?"

Mr. Hilton nodded.

"Well, I was in command of a troop during a period of unrest among the natives. A certain tribe was disaffected, and we dreaded a rising. It took place, and though we had been in a measure expecting it, we were surprised at the moment I was in command, and I blundered hopelessly."

"How was that?"

"I don't in the least know. I felt drunk, stupid, dazed, and my man had to help me into the saddle. What orders I gave I have no idea; but we were beaten back ignominiously, disgracefully, and through me. Only for Tyson, the next in authority, matters would have been worse. As it was, India and England rang with the miserable story. There were some who said, because I was an Irishman, that I was a traitor."

"But could you not account in any way—"

"In no way. I have no recollection of anything really till our defeat was accomplished. I was a ruined and disgraced man. For myself, though I loved the service, it would not have mattered; but my father—the old man believes we are descended from Conn of the Hundred Fights. You can guess the blow it was to him to hear his only son described as a coward or a traitor."

"Larry, you were neither?"

"I was one or the other to all men. My father never openly reproached me or questioned me. Ah, Hilton, I think I could have borne it better if he had. I retired to Carrickdun, and I have tried, God knows, to make the best of things both for him and me. Sometimes I see a look on the old man's face that seems to me to ask for an explanation, and I can give none. I wonder you did not hear of the affair at the time it occurred."

"When was it?"

Larry mentioned a date.

"Ah! My wife was dying then, abroad," Mr. Hilton said. "I was only interested in that fact. And then—things are speedily forgotten. Some new sensation turns up."

Larry nodded, a deeper shadow overspreading his face.

"I seldom leave home," he said, after a moment, "but I had to come here. A piece of land was sold to the railway company. I dreaded meeting any of the set I once knew. I need not have feared—not things alone, but people, are forgotten. You are the first to recognize me."

Mr. Hilton played nervously with his fork. He had liked Larry O'Neill well in the days long past, and ventured on a question hesitatingly.

"And—you were engaged, Larry. Did the marriage come off?"

"No—how could it? I released Miss Trevor. She accepted her release."

"Miss Trevor—Constance Trevor?"

Mr. Hilton thought a moment. "She is unmarried yet. I saw her at some art show not so long since—as beautiful as ever. Did she act under compulsion? Her father was rather determined."

"There was no compulsion. Constance simply thought as the world thought—I was either a traitor or a coward."

"Strange!"

"To none more so than to me,"

Larry said. "How could any one account for what was unaccountable? There was only one person who believed in my honesty and courage."

"Who was that?"

"Mollie Blake. Miss Trevor's mother was Irish, you know. That's how my acquaintance with the family began. Mrs. Trevor was Mollie's aunt. Poor Mollie! She was an orphan, unprovided for, and exceedingly simple, young, uninformed, and quite ignorant of the world, too. Yet her vigorous and foolish championship gave me comfort. I wonder what became of the child?"

Mr. Hilton shook his head.

"Like you, I have not mixed much with my kind."

There was a long silence. Mr. Hilton was not an adept at the art of making conversation. He tried to think of something to talk about, while Larry sat grave and abstracted, his thoughts far back in the past. The host was relieved by a summons from his man servant, and left the room. When he returned he carried a vase in his hand. Larry had not moved.

"This is my recent purchase," Mr. Hilton began. "It belonged to Sir Stephen Mereham, once Foreign Secretary. He died a year ago."

"Yes," Larry responded, "I know. A sister of his was married to an officer in my—his regiment. Mrs. Tyson was a pretty, hysterical little woman, but very kind. She was much affected by that unfortunate affair. More than she had the least right to be, seeing we were mere acquaintances."

Mr. Hilton had no desire to go back to the unsatisfactory subject. He began divesting the vase of its inner wrappings.

"Just look at this, Larry," he said; "even if you aren't an art critic, the vase will appeal."

There was a loud crash. The precious vase had slipped from its owner's hands and fallen on the side of the brass fender.

"Oh!" Larry ejaculated. Mr. Hilton was gazing at the fragments in consternation.

"What a pity!" Larry said. "And the thing is shattered, I fear. No patching of it up."

"No, no," Mr. Hilton stooped over the pieces and lifted a couple of sheets of paper. Half mechanically he began reading them.

"God bless me, God bless me!" he cried. "How on earth—what on earth!" He dropped into a chair and went on reading while Larry retreated to the windows and looked out. When he turned from his momentary contemplation of the opposite houses Mr. Hilton was still reading, with distended eyes, the thin, crumpled sheets of paper.

"Larry, Larry! Do you know what this is! It is most marvelous, most wonderful! How fortunate I am to find it! God bless me!" Mr. Hilton ejaculated excitedly.

"What is the matter, Hilton?" Larry inquired.

"And you here! Why, it is simply astonishing, dramatic!" Mr. Hilton tried to compose himself, and held forth the sheets. "This is a letter from Mrs. Tyson to her brother, Sir Stephen. He must have stuck it in to the vase."

"Indeed!" Larry observed.

"And forgotten about it. He was absent-minded, it is said, or perhaps he compromised with his conscience. One doesn't know, can never know."

Mr. Hilton said. "Read the letter, Larry."

"Why should I read what was not intended for my eyes?"

"Not for mine," Mr. Hilton laughed; then added solemnly: "Why, Larry, it is your justification. It was Mrs. Tyson that had you—drugged."

"Drugged?"

"Yes. She was nervous about her husband going into action, into danger—a poor, foolish goose of a woman she was, I should judge. She obtained some powerful native drug from an Indian servant, which she determined to administer to her husband when the hour of danger arrived. The dose was warranted to produce a form of illness that would render the person taking it quite unconscious. The illness was to resemble an attack of heart trouble that would even deceive medical men. Well, the woman placed the powder in a cup of coffee, and in the confusion of the moment you drank it, and not Tyson."

Larry raised his hand to his head.

"Wait a moment, please. I remember the coffee. It tasted queer, and I did not finish it."

"Consequently you missed the full dose."

"Tyson got all the credit out of the rising. He is General Tyson now," Larry said. "He was a brave soldier."

"His wife was not a fit mate for him, evidently. She did not confess anything till your ruin was accomplished. Then she wrote to her brother, telling him all."

"I can not believe it!"

"There it is in black and white. What are you going to do, Larry?"

Larry made no reply.

"Look here," said Hilton, "let me interview Mrs. Tyson. I know her. She is a society woman, and capable of denying the affair altogether if she is allowed. Let me tackle her. She

might suspect you, and be prepared."

Thus it was that Mr. Hilton journeyed into fashionable quarters that same afternoon, and was fortunate enough to find Mrs. Tyson alone in her drawing-room. He told the story of that interview to Larry O'Neill at dinner.

"She's a poor, weak creature, and capitulated almost at once. She was simply bewildered into doing so. The lapse of time had left her almost forgetful of India. What will you do, Larry?"

Mr. Hilton was not left unanswered as before.

"Nothing, I think. So many years have passed, and I have grown accustomed to the present state of things. My father, of course, shall know."

Hilton determined differently.

"Oh, well, perhaps you are right," he commented, in non-committal tones; but next day he sought and obtained an interview with an important personage in the Foreign Service. He also called on Miss Trevor. As a result of these two calls Larry received a couple of invitations. The interview with the important man did not last long. Larry was determined to leave the past alone, and perhaps the Foreign Office individual was not altogether sorry. His interview with Constance Trevor lasted longer. The passing years had touched the lady but lightly. She was fully as beautiful, perhaps more so, than when Larry had seen her last; nevertheless he greeted her, much to his own surprise, without a quickened pulse.

"No, don't apologize, Constance," Larry said. "I may call you Constance, may I not? You could do nothing but follow the example of all the world. Nobody kept belief in me—well, excepting little Mollie Blake. By-the-by, has she married yet?"

"No. She developed modern independent notions after her mother's death, and is a hospital nurse. Just at present she is spending a part of her annual holiday with me. She will be down in a moment or two. Won't

you take a cup of tea—Larry?"

Not only on that afternoon, but on several subsequent ones, did Larry partake of tea in Miss Trevor's drawing-room. Constance was never deceived. It was not for her sake he lingered in London even when his business at the lawyers' had been accomplished. Four months later Hilton was induced to visit Carrickdun, and one September evening he and Larry's father—the latter younger in looks and spirit than for years back—sat smoking by an open window while Larry and his wife strolled about in the gathering dusk.

"Mollie is just the wife for him," Mr. O'Neill commented. "She says she would have married him at that unfortunate time had he asked her; but, of course, she was only seventeen then."

"And Irish-hearted," Mr. Hilton replied. "I have a sort of pity for Miss Trevor, and," the speaker laughed, and for myself."

"Yourself?"

"Yes. Didn't the truth come out through the breaking of my beautiful Kang-he vase? It was smashed, you know, and it was a beauty," and Mr. Hilton laughed again, lightly, as if he were well pleased.—Magdalen Rock.

This is the Time to Organize a Brass Band

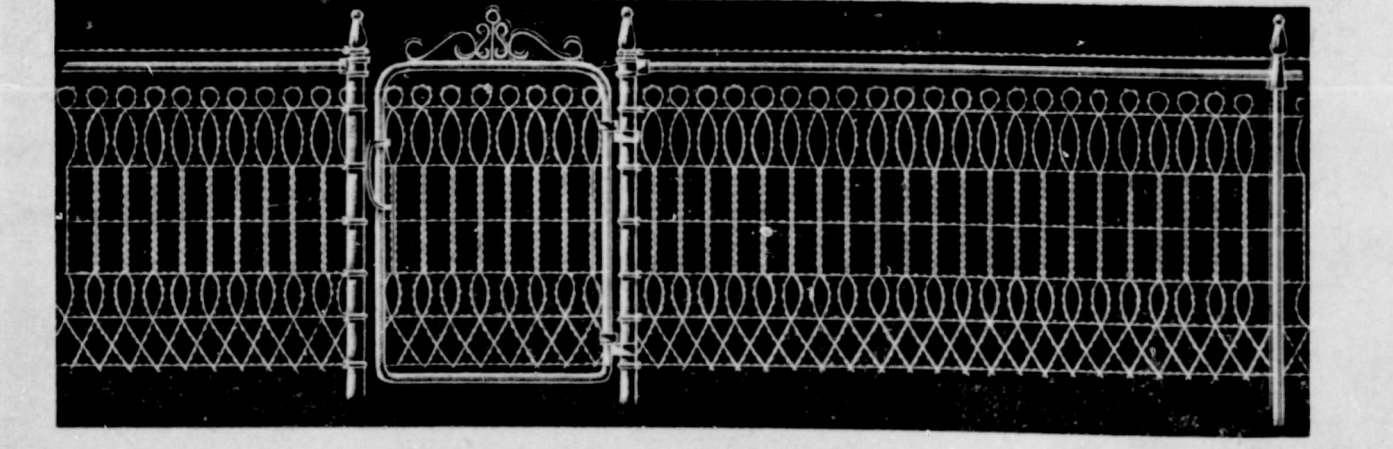
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The QUIET HOUR

THE MAN OF SORROWS. (By Mary Kennedy, in Ave Maria.) He rode into Jerusalem, that far-off Sabbath Day...

He went into Gethsemane that far-off Eastern night, And only shadows followed Him amidst the purple light...

THE PATRON OF LAWYERS.

It is a singular thing to find in the columns of the governmental Temps of Paris an article on the patron saint of the legal profession.

"The question, 'which one,' asked by M. Pasquier, goes to prove that, in the reign of Henry IV, in France, lawyers were not unanimous in invoking the patronage of St. Yves.

"We know his life fairly well, especially since M. Chade la Romaine has given it to us in a charming little work, written after the fashion of pious erudition.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold?

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very fine principles, which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

ished celebrating Mass. Scarcely had he finished the sacrifice, then the parties were reconciled. This saintly lawyer not only did not care for what he might have won through the case...

INTENTION FOR APRIL.

The general intention for April is "The Integrity of the Faith." We read in our leaflet: The Holy Father, the Guardian of the full truth committed by our Blessed Lord to His Church, recommends the integrity of that faith to the prayers of the Apostleship.

This precious gift received in baptism is the very root and foundation of all merit and good works. With out it St. Paul tells us, we cannot please God, cannot be acceptable in His sight.

This great blessing we can weaken in our souls and even lose completely. In every day life the atmosphere we breathe is so tainted in the miasmatic vapors of unbelief, that unless we are on our guard we soon inhale the poisonous air and our faith is readily tarnished.

APOSTOLATE WORK AMONG COLORED PEOPLE.

Last Sunday night there was completed in the city of Baltimore one of the most notable missions that have been given for a long time. It was in the newly opened Church of St. Barnabas and it was among the colored people.

The conversion of the negro race to the Church of God is after all only a question of men and means. There are ten millions of negroes and only a quarter million are Catholics.

The leaders in their church life have been men with scant educational opportunities and have stumbled and blundered along in preaching gospel truths.

The mission was notable also because it was the inauguration of a mission band among the Josephites. Father J. J. Albert and Father J. J. Plantvigne, the latter a colored priest, both of whom spent the past year at the Mission House, under the leadership of Father Doyle received their first practical experiences of mission work.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is a great man?" "A man who manages to gather about him a whole mass of assistants who will take the blame for his mistakes while he gets the credit for their good ideas."

A Good Friday Pilgrimage

(Ave Maria.) On the shores of the Bay of Biscay, where the giant Pyrenees bend in soft curves to meet the Atlantic, and extending on both sides of the frontier line between France and Spain, lies the Basque country.

We had been spending Lent in a charming seaside village under the shadow of the Rhune; and, having been much in contact with the Basques, soon came to know and like them well. As we were fresh from another region of France where the religious spirit is not so strong as it should be, the sincere piety of this primitive people excited our admiration.

On Good Friday, therefore, we start—having secured a carriage the night before to take us part of the way—and, leaving the village behind us, drive rapidly, in the golden light of the April morning, along the winding cliff road.

By midday we have reached Hendaye, beautifully situated at the mouth of the Bidassoa. The tide is ebbing fast, so we are soon settled in a boat manned by two stout Spaniards, who point out to us Fuenterrabia rising picturesquely in its circling crown of mountains on the opposite side of the river.

The morning has kept its promise, and we are enjoying one of those Southern spring days, luminous and brilliant, the perfect blue of the sky contrasting with the sparkling river, and the stern peaks of the distant mountains throwing into relief the nearer hills.

In a quarter of an hour we are on the Spanish shore, and are at once reminded that we have left thrifty, orderly France behind, and have entered a country where the clock of Time seems to have stood still for the past three centuries.

Fuenterrabia is built on the Bidassoa, just where that historic river empties itself into the Atlantic. It is a quaint old place, and, as a specimen of Spanish architecture, is much more interesting than the neighboring city of Saint Sebastian, which is quite modern.

The church is Gothic, of the fifteenth century, but its tower has been modernized. It stands on a little square in the highest part of the town; and when we arrive there we are much struck by the animation of the scene.

The church is Gothic, of the fifteenth century, but its tower has been modernized. It stands on a little square in the highest part of the town; and when we arrive there we are much struck by the animation of the scene.

We are soon in the interior of the church, which is richly carved and gilded,—almost too much so for our eyes, unaccustomed to Spanish gorgeousness. On this day, however, heavy crimson curtains veil the window, and a mystic red light filters through the draperies, falling on the kneeling crowd and on the terribly realistic figure of the Dead Christ—scarred and bleeding, the veritable Man of Sorrows—enclosed in a crystal coffin before the high altar.

After a time the procession begins to form; so we leave the church and hasten to join our friends, who have hired windows in the Calle Mayor, or principal street. We are soon installed in an old dark-paneled room, with delicate tracery around the ceiling and chimney; and lose no time in gaining the balcony, where a curious scene awaits us.

Suddenly a roll of drums is heard, the doors open and the procession issues forth, headed by a boy of fifteen or sixteen, who, attired in brilliant armor and with uplifted sword, personates Saint Michael. He marks his steps in a martial manner; and is followed by the Holy Innocents, represented by a number of the little children of Fuenterrabia in white dresses and with shining gauzy wings.

A good-natured Basque accompanies them, and like a vigilant shepherd, surveys his little flock, encouraging those who seem inclined to falter, and consoling with a bonhomie some tiny child oppressed by the absence of its mother and frightened to tears by the strange faces of the crowd.

Behind the penitents appears a detachment of Spanish soldiers from Saint Sebastian, carrying their arms reversed, in sign of mourning. Then come the "Romans," familiar figures in all Spanish religious ceremonies. In this case they are simply Basques, wearing antique casques and bucklers, to personate the Roman soldiers who were present at the crucifixion. They carry statues of Saint John, Saint Mary Magdalen and Saint Veronica.

A beautiful representation of the Saviour, clad in the purple garment, crowned with thorns, and bending under the weight of the Cross, follows immediately afterward. Next come the choir boys, chanting the Stabat Mater with sweet, clear voices; then the priests bearing the precious statue of the Dead Christ uplifted on their shoulders.

A hush falls on the people as the solemn cortege winds past. Even those in the crowd who are indifferent or hostile do not remain unmoved, and every head is bowed as the glorious emblems of the Passion are borne down the Old-World street. The whole scene is like a dream; for it seems as if we had stepped back out of

Mr. P. A. Labelle, Manitowish, Wis., writes as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B.

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Minister's Fine Tribute to Catholic Church

Rev. Thomas Barney Thompson, speaking recently in the Plymouth Congregational Church, Chicago, referred to the Catholic Church as "the most splendid institution the world has ever seen."

"The Roman Catholic Church has stood solid for law and order. When she speaks legislators, statesmen, politicians and governments stop to listen, often to obey."

"In the realm of worship her ministry has been of the highest. In employing beads, statues, pictures and music she has made a wise and intelligent use of symbolism. Her use of the best in music and painting has been the greatest single inspiration to those arts, and her cathedrals are the shrines of all pilgrims."

"The love and veneration of the Virgin Mary plays an important part in the ritual of the Church. I find no difficulty in appreciating the attitude of the Catholic worshipper towards the Mother of Jesus. Jesus is the love of God made manifest. But Christ Himself has often been made so austere and so unapproachable that a mediator between Him and man has become an insistent necessity. What is more natural than to worship Him through the gracious influence of the Mother?"

"Nor do I discover any difficulty in understanding the basis of the confessional. The confessional appears everywhere in life. The erring child confesses to its mother; the patient confesses to his physician; the accused confesses to his lawyer; the penitent confesses to his priest. It is most natural for the penitent, burdened, doubting soul to confide in his spiritual leader."

"Protestantism has wasted much of its force in a forced revivalism, which would have been unnecessary had we paid less attention to religious education. We may rail against the parochial school system as being un-American. But the Roman Church existed centuries before there was a United States, and for many of these centuries she was the great agency of enlightenment, education and culture. The parochial school is the most serious and successful attempt to hold people for the religious life."

"Our country has a magnificent system of public schools. She will teach the children history, science, art, languages; but they will not let the world's greatest literature be taught under their guidance, nor will they help to develop the noblest capacity of the human soul, the capacity for God. This task is assigned to the Church. So be it, and let the Church choose that method which in her wisdom seems the best."

"And so we stand in the presence of her history, her majestic worship, her universal ministry, and we confess that God must have moved mightily in all this. We think of her Loyolas, her Xaviers, her Fenelons and her Marquettes; we look at her hospitals, orphanages, schools, colleges, monasteries, missions, and we see a Church ministering to the body, mind and soul of humanity. Her weakness is the common lot of every human organization; her strength is of God."

A Vision

Last night as I sat dreaming by the fire, it was given me to behold a beautiful island far out in the sea. Over the sea hovered clouds more or less ominous, and a storm arose and the waters grew rough and there were whirlpools and dangers of every kind, but when the raging waves neared the island they seemed to lose their fury and to break in ripples upon the shell-strewn shore and the sun shone full upon the island and tropical plants waved in the gentle breezes while the stillness was broken by the song of birds and the laughter of innocent children.

our feverish, sceptical century into the mystic, medieval times, so full of faith and reverence for holy things. Many who came to scoff remained to pray; and I am sure that the impression left by this touching ceremony has not been lost, and that more than one will remember with pleasure and profit the Good Friday spent in old Fuenterrabia.

I could not understand the strange scene and looked about for some one to explain it to me. Suddenly a beautiful being appeared at my side and as though divining my thoughts spoke thus: "I am the Spirit of Happiness and that fair island is my home. The sea which you behold is the sea of life, and men are trying to steer their boats to the island; but each one thinks he knows the way and will not listen to my warning. In one direction they see shining peaks of gold, and they think the island is just beyond, and others go another way, lured by the Siren's gentle singing, and they learn too late that they are still far from the island."

"And the maidens?" I cried, as soon as the Spirit had ceased speaking. "They are twin sisters, the Spirits of Innocence and Self-Reliance. They possess the secret of the only true way to the island. But Innocence is too cold and white to be loved by the multitude, and Self-Self-Reliance is plain and her hands are bleeding and she has no rest night or day, so they faint would go in fairer company; but, alas! they never reach the island at all and the strange part is they pity those who set out with the maidens and refuse to believe that their voyage will be successful."

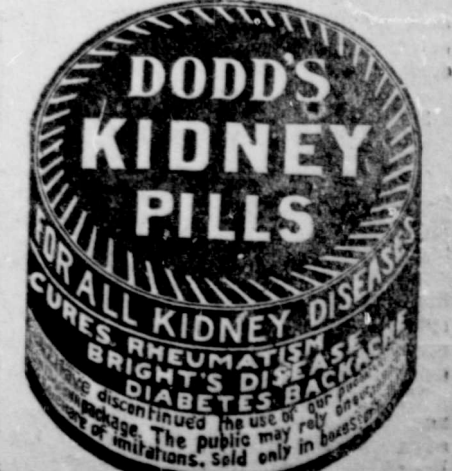
Physiological Comfort For Lent

In some measure the fasting enjoined by the Church during the season of Lent may be defended, at all events in a large number of cases, on physiological as well as moral grounds. The custom of the Church is a very old one, and though modern life has rendered the carrying out of fasting on strict lines untenable, most intelligent people are prepared to confess an admiration for and a sympathy with the general principles of a scheme which has for its object the discipline and well being of the body and the mind. That being so, the strength of purpose is more likely to receive help when a specific season for carrying out the disciplinary exercise is selected than if the time were chosen in a haphazard way. Lent may therefore be regarded as a convenient season when the individual addicted to various obvious luxuries and excesses can effectually brace his moral strength to forego those things which he knows perfectly well he can do very well, if not better, without.

From the Church's point of view there is, of course, a wider and deeper significance attached to what she regards as a holy season, but it is only in our province to consider the subject in its bearing upon the welfare of the body. The season gives the creature of more or less selfish or bad habits an excellent opportunity of relinquishing those habits for at any rate a certain period, and he may, and probably will, receive a salutary and moral lesson which may induce him to lead a better and physiologically happier life. He may be poisoning himself, for example, by overdosing in tobacco, alcohol or even food, and he may find that as a result of his determination to give up these excesses for a season his mental and bodily activities are improved, his health is altogether better, and he is constrained to go on with the "godly, righteous, and sober life."

Mgr. Amette, who succeeds Cardinal Ricard as Archbishop of Paris, is in his fifty-eighth year of his age, having been born at Douville (Eure), in 1850. He made his ecclesiastical studies at St. Sulpice, and was ordained priest in 1873. He was appointed Bishop of Bayeux in 1898, and coadjutor, with the right of succession, to Cardinal Richard in February, 1906. He had had a very difficult position to fill since he went to Paris, but all sides agree now, though they did not do so always, that he has filled it with marked ability and success.

Vicar-General Corbett and Rev. Corbett McKee of St. Columba's church, Cornwall, were in Ottawa during last week attending the funeral of John J. Corbett Esq., brother of the Vicar-General and uncle of Rev. Corbett McKee. The remains were taken to St. Finnan's Cemetery, Alexandria, for burial.



In and Around Toronto

PALM SUNDAY. The ceremony of distributing the palms and the reading of the Passion took place in all the churches on Sunday last. Large congregations assisted at all the Masses.

AT THE CATHEDRAL. Palm Sunday at the Cathedral was inaugurated with all the solemnity befitting the day. His Grace the Archbishop pontificated. The procession in which all the members of the Sanctuary took part was in memory of the triumphal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem. The processions carried palms, which were also distributed to the large congregation present.

DEATH OF F. J. HEYDON. Mr. Frank J. Heydon died on Sunday at his home, 651 Markham street. He was a well-known and popular athlete in Toronto, when he was a student attending St. Michael's College, and also at Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, from which school he matriculated in 1889. Until the last few years he had been a resident and in business in the United States. He belonged to a well-known family in Toronto Junction, where his mother and brothers and sisters live. His father was the late Councillor Heydon, a prominent pioneer of the town. Mr. Heydon is survived by his widow. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning from St. Peter's church, thence to St. Michael's cemetery. R.I.P.

MUSIC AT ST. MARY'S. At St. Mary's the music of Palm Sunday was of an exceptional character and reflected highly upon all who took part, the members of the choir, the organist, Mr. Frank Fulton, and the leader, Mr. Donville. During the blessing and procession of Palms the music was mostly unaccompanied, the beauties of the four part harmonies produced being all unaided by any musical instrument. During the procession the choir was distributed so as to give the effect of alternate verses being sung from the loft and by the processionists. The result was very effective, and the first procession, when our Lord rode in triumph into Jerusalem, and the men women and children strewed his path with palms and sang "Hosanna to the Son of David," was brought forcibly to mind. The music was arranged in the same manner and with the same harmonies as are heard in Westminster Cathedral, London, England. The numbers given in addition to those of the Mass were "Hosanna Filio David" by R. R. Terry (choir master at Westminster). In Monto Oliveti (R. R. Terry), Pueri Hebraeorum (Palestrina), and "Ingentes Domino," written in 1756 by Weldon. During the blessing of the palms an appropriate number—"The Palms"—was sung by Mr. M. Costello, and later the "Pater Noster" as a solo was heard in the full rich voice of Mr. Victor Stone. During this week the office of Tenebrae will be sung on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evening.

HOLY NAME AT ST. BASIL'S. The quarterly meeting of the Holy Name Society of St. Basil's parish was held on Sunday afternoon, April 5th. Rev. Father Hurley, C.S.B., preached an eloquent sermon on the hidden life of Jesus. "And He went down with them to Nazareth and was subject to them, and Jesus advanced in wisdom and grace and knowledge with God and man." The Rev. Father congratulated the men on their appearance in such large number to do honor to the Holy Name of Jesus. He said that now-a-days it is the custom to leave religious observance to the women. The plea is made by men that they have not the time nor the opportunity to attend to many religious duties. Therefore, it is all the more gratifying to find men like the members of the Holy Name Society who can spare a little time to devote to the service of God. In applying his text the Reverend speaker said that it was difficult for men of the world to understand why Jesus did not occupy a more prominent position in the world. Why did He hide Himself away for eighteen years working at the lowly occupation of a carpenter? The primary reason was to prepare himself for His public ministry, and secondly, to teach us by example the virtues of patience and obedience. He rendered obedience to Mary and Joseph. He performed the little duties that a boy or young man would be called upon to perform in a small household and all the time He was learning the trade of a carpenter. His story impressed upon us the dignity of the law of labor. Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy face" is a law that all must conform to, and to attempt to evade this law brings unhappiness on those who make the attempt. Contemplation of this period of the life of Jesus should reconcile those whose lot is hard. Father Faber has said that it is a great mistake to try to restrain vice within ourselves. We should as far as possible lead a life of contemplation. If we look upon Jesus in the proper spirit our sins will fall away through this act of mere contemplation. The members of the Holy Name Society should constitute a body of active missionaries in the world. They should—and they could if they would—be a lay apostolate to those they associate with, not necessarily by preaching but chiefly by example. On Sunday, March 12th, the members received Holy Communion in a body. There were about two hundred present.—Com.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY. The 13th annual meeting of above Society was held in St. Vincent's Hall, Shuter street, on Monday evening. His Grace, the Archbishop, who was unable to be present, expressed his regrets through Rev. Father Rohleder, who also told of the high appreciation in which the work done and being done, was held by His Grace. The President, Mr. Matthew O'Connor, presented his report, which proved a very interesting one to the Board of Management. The report told of a very perceptible decrease

in crime, the decrease to be attributed greatly to the active work of the Society along amendment and preventive lines, together with perpetual insistence on temperance.

The annual report of the Board of Management showed that during the year 100 cases affecting 161 children had been reported. Of these 188 cases were reported privately. The remaining 212 came up in the children's court on charges as follows: Truancy, 7; theft, 65; disorderly conduct, 46; vagrancy, 30; trespass, 15; malicious injury to property, 10; assault, 2; breach of the city by-law, 7; gambling (throwing dice), 10. The report stated that since the inception of the society thirteen years ago 3,818 cases affecting 6,035 children had been attended to by the organization. A letter from Chief Inspector Archibald and endorsed by Colonel Denison, was read in which the Inspector expressed the greatest satisfaction with the way in which the St. Vincent de Paul Society co-operated with him in the Children's Court in handling the cases. The writer said that he would support the society in as far as his influence went in aiding it to secure an increased grant from the City Council.

Those present were Rev. Fathers Hand, Cruise and Minchan, M. O'Connor, D. Miller, Remy Elmsley, J. J. Murphy, Wm. Burns, Jas. J. Pape, T. K. Rodgers, P. P. Lee, Jno. T. Ryan, Com. Law, P. Hynes, T. W. Hynes, P. Peagent, Eugene O'Keefe, W. T. Kernahan, L. J. J. Cosgrave, J. J. Murhy, Jas. McConvey, Mrs. Elmsley, Miss Lee, Miss Macdonnell Mrs. Walsh and others.

The officers of the society were re-elected from last year. They are as follows: Patron, His Grace Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto; President, Matthew O'Connor; Vice-Presidents, J. J. Murphy, Remy Elmsley, Eugene O'Keefe and Thomas Long; Secretary, W. J. Kernahan; Treasurer, Daniel Miller; Council, Messrs. J. J. Seitz, L. V. McBrady, J. J. Harratty, L. J. Cosgrave, J. B. Wright, P. T. Lee and John Rogers; Ladies, Mrs. Elmsley, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. P. Hynes, Mrs. French, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Hugh T. Kelly and the Misses Foy, Macdonnell, Welsh and Hart; Advisory Board, Rev. J. L. Hand, Messrs. Matthew O'Connor, Remy Elmsley, Hugh T. Kelly and James J. Pape; Assistant Secretary and Agent, P. Hynes; Hon. Solicitor, Hugh T. Kelly; Auditor, W. T. Kernahan.

Owing to the general financial depression and to the fact that all calls from the unemployed had been met, receipts were not as great as might be desired. The annual fees to the amount of \$125 were taken at the meeting and handed to the Treasurer.

PAPERS OF THE C.Y.L.L.A.

VII.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

William Dean Howells was born at Martin Ferry, Ohio, in 1837 and even up to the present time is still in the enjoyment of life and not yet weary of penning day by day for the benefit of his fellow men gems of thought in prose and verse. "The Dean of American Letters" he may indeed be called, and is par excellence the most brilliant of American literature today. His father was the editor and publisher of one of Ohio's small newspapers and it was in his office, as well as a few others in which Howells himself served, that he made the first steps in his literary career. To use his own words, he was "in love with his work and felt the enthusiasm for it with which nothing but the work we can do well inspires us." He has in his time been editor of almost every American magazine of note and written many excellent essays on different topics in which at certain times has centered a national interest.

In the summer of 1861 he published a Life of Lincoln and a short time before this his early poems were published in the Ohio papers and the "Atlantic Monthly."

In the Autumn of the same year he was appointed United States Consul to Venice. One can imagine the delight of the young author who must have before this time often yearned to travel through the Old World and visit the different seats of learning on being given a consulate to Europe, and above all places to Italy, to Venice itself. To say that he was charmed and impressed by this city whose very atmosphere is laden with the memories of by-gone glory and a sovereignty long since passed, and yet whose very name breathes of things beautiful, would be mild indeed.

In "A Foregone Conclusion" he echoes Goethe's thought, who as speaking of Venice describes her as a "ghost of a city," and the idea seems also to have appealed to Howells. He remarks: "Its haunts of pleasure and idleness, weary of themselves, and unable to escape, are sadder than anything in Venice, and they belonged, as far as the Americans were concerned, to a world as strange as any to which they should go in another life—the world of a faded fashion and an alien history." Howells saw the things which other men saw, but he also carefully mark-

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ed details and smaller incidents which others would never have noticed, and in this close attention to detail lies the charm of his Italian poetry. To his residence there a number of his poems descriptive of Venetian life are due as well as different scenes in his works of fiction.

He was a contemporary of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet most dear to American hearts, and what Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has done for American verse William Dean Howells has done for American prose. His advent marks a new era in the literature of this continent, as up to this time American readers allowed themselves to be supplied with food for literary thought by European thinkers and sought recreation and amusement in books of foreign authors. It was not until then that they had a novelist whom they could call their own, one of their own race and blood, and one who so naturally and so well depicted scenes typical of American rural life.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century William Dean Howells, F. Marion Crawford and Henry James were called members of the new purely American school of literature. The last two, however, oftentimes allow the scene to shift to the other side of the Atlantic, and of Mr. James, especially, one critic says: "He has indeed a way of devoting himself to aliens and has perhaps an undue tendency to take his characters to Europe." This, however, cannot be said of Mr. Howells, for he, excepting the introduction of the Venetian scenes as mentioned above, uses an American background for his various plots.

Howells was practically the author who created the novel of American Social Life. For his material he uses men and women rather than incidents, and in reading his works one cannot but mark his attitude towards women as shown in the treatment of his female characters. His feeling towards them is not "the exaltation of a man who has found them out or the pity of a superior being for attractive inferiors, but rather the sympathy of a man who understands them."

In the "Lady of Aroostook" the author gives us the following little comment: "The women owe this continent a double debt of fidelity. It is the paradise of women; it is their promised land where they have been led out of the Egyptian bondage of Europe. It is the home of their freedom. It is recognized in America that women have consciences and souls," and throughout his whole career Howells has ever followed along these last lines and, giving credit where credit is due, often pays tribute to the different virtues of "Perfect woman nobly planned. To warn, to comfort and command." But in one instance descriptive of a woman's receiving an apology, he remarks that women know how to accept reparation on account without giving a receipt in full.

This great man, after so many years of useful labor, is still happy and "in love with his work" as his two latest books, "A Son of Loyal Langbrith" and "Some Charming English Towns" show, and in conclusion I would say that we should all be proud to have for a contemporary such a man whose "—life was gentle; and the elements So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up And say to all the world—this was a man."

MARY POWER. He was crowned with thorns who crowns martyrs with eternal flowers; He was smitten on the face with palms who yield true palms to them that conquer; He was stripped of His earthly raiment who clothes others with the robe of immortality. He received gall for food who gave the Food of Heaven; and He had vinegar to drink who instituted the Cup of Salvation.—St. Cyprian.

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Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, for the sum of \$600, to the order of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. This cheque will be forfeited if the party whose tender is accepted declines to enter into a contract to deliver the Chain, Swivels and Shackles, or fails to carry out the contract. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. Newspapers copying this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid. F. GORDEAU, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada, 23rd March, 1908.

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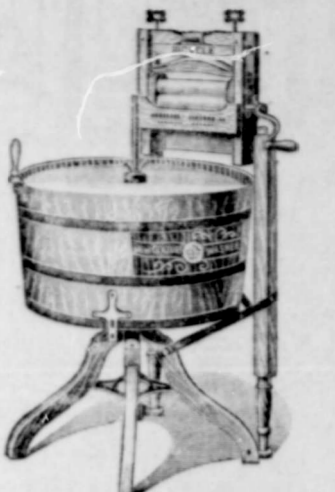
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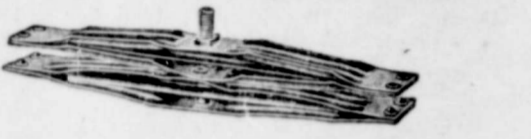
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