

VISION NO. 6 meets on... at 816 St. Lawrence... Officers: W. H. Turner, McCarl, Vice-President;... Recording-Secretary: Denis street; James... Joseph Turner, Secretary, 1000 St. Denis

VISION NO. 8, meets on... at 268 Notre Dame... Officers: Al-Gallery, M.P., President;... Vice-President;... Secretary;... Financial;... Standing Committee;... Marshall.

ES' AUXILIARY, Di... Organized Oct. 10th... Meetings are held in St... 92 St. Alexander... Sunday of each month... on the third Thursday... President, Miss Ann... Vice-president, Mrs... Recording-Secretary... Financial-Secretary... Doyle, 68 Anderson... Mrs. Charlotte... chaplain, Rev. Fa...

SOCIETY.—Established... 6th, 1856, incorporated... 1864. Meets in... Fall, 92 St. Alexander... Monday of the... last Wednesday... Rev. Director... P.P. Presidents... Justice C. J. Doherty;... E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd... Durran, B.C.L.; Treasurer... J. Green, Correspondent... John Cahill, Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

OUNG MEN'S SOCIETY... 1885.—Meets in its... street, on the... of each month, at... Rev. J. C. S.S.R.; President... Treasurer, Thomas... Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

S COURT, C. O. F.,... second and fourth... month in their... and Notre... H. C. McCallum, C... ne, secretary.

S T. A. & D. SO... on the second Sun... month in St. Pat... 2 St. Alexander St... after Vespers. Com... Management meets in... first Tuesday of every... p.m. Rev. M. J. Mc... President; W. P... Vice-President; Jno... Secretary, 716 St. Ar... St. Henri.

CANADA, BRANCH... 13th November... 26 meets at St... 92 St. Alexander... Monday of each... regular meetings for... of business are... 2nd and 4th Monday... at 8 p.m. Spiritual... M. Callaghan; Chan... Curran, B.C.L.; Pre... J. Sears; Recording... J. Costigan; Finan... Robt. Warren;... H. Feeley, Jr.; Med... Drs. H. J. Harrison... and G. H. Merrill.

The True Witness



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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

DAILY DISASTERS.—Elsewhere we publish an account of the shipping disaster, the details of which came to us from Marseilles. We might well quote the words of the "Boston Post," in dealing with the subject of the forest fires throughout the New England States, in which that organ says:—"This phenomenon, however, is entirely of home production. And it means a great deal more than any distant volcanic disturbance can mean. It marks a vast destruction which many years will not fully repair." In this remark we hear the natural cry that goes up from each one as soon as the great calamity comes to his own door. With a kind of indifference we read or hear of the disasters in distant lands. But when these commence to multiply to an abnormal degree; when they grow so frequent that we almost become accustomed to them; when we find them of daily, and almost hourly occurrence, we begin to feel that the danger is ever drawing closer and is gradually encircling us with its chain—and we know not the moment that ours will be the next fated region. In no part of the world to-day is there a set of people free from such calamities. Taking up the ordinary daily paper we are told of the terrific collision at Marseilles and the hundreds of lives that were lost; in another column we read of the scores of people killed by cyclones in Texas and Georgia; on the same page the death dealing elements are recorded as playing havoc along the valleys of the Missouri and Mississippi; then below is an account of the people killed in the conflagrations that have raged for weeks in our own section of the country; Turtle mountain again menaces the remains of the town of Frank; Pelée is in active eruption; the southern seas are swept by hurricanes that engulf whole ships and hundreds of lives; railway collisions are of hourly occurrence; the plague is mowing down human beings at the rate of a thousand per week, in India; and the forms of these papers are made up with smaller items of murders, suicides and robbers. Such the spectacle that the world presents to-day.

There are some who laugh at the idea of prayers being sent up to heaven for the protection of the people and of the country. But generally they who so scoff and ridicule are the most miserable of cowards when the hour of danger actually comes. In this connection we might well quote another passage from the same article, as cited above, and we do so to furnish these poor, unbelieving, trembling creatures with an idea of how a Protestant paper considers the matter. The "Post" says: "It is an exceptional experience (referring to the fires). We can only await the rain and pray for it." And this is exactly what our faithful Catholic population of Quebec has been doing. It was enjoined by Our Divine Lord, on one important occasion, to "watch and pray." Not only to wait for God's good time and to watch for the Providential change but also to "pray," that what was needed might be accorded. Again He has said plainly "Ask and you shall receive." But He insists upon the asking. If we do our share of the contract, if we do the praying and the asking—the easier part by far—He will do the rest. But we should not hesitate in the asking. It is a necessary act upon our part; it is an acknowledgment of our dependence upon Him, and He has made it exceedingly easy for us. Never before was the efficacy of prayer more abundantly proven.

THE WELCOME RAIN.—It would seem as if the general appeal that went up in so many churches and from so many hearts on Sunday last had the desired effect of bringing the most needed rain. It came as a blessing from heaven; it came to satiate the parched earth and impart fresh life to the burned up vegetation; it came, above all, to put an end to those endless forest fires that have been so long devastating the country. We have no recollection of the time when rain was more needed in Canada, and when its appearance produced an effect such as that which inspires us to chant the "Te Deum." The fearful menace that hung over the land, "neath the shadow, or rather the glare of which, property and even life seemed in momentary danger, grew to such proportions that the people instinctively had recourse to prayer.

It is told that the Atheist when in presence of a terrific and mortal danger is naturally impelled to cry out "My God." It is only when man is confronted with elements beyond his control, and in presence of which he must bend as the twig in the tempest, that he turns to the source of all power and the Hand that guides all nature, for that help which can be secured no place else. There are exhibitions daily of the Omnipotence of the Creator, and in them, by way of contrast, we read the significant lesson of our own impotence. When the volcano belches forth the boric streams that bury entire centres of industry and life; when the thunder flings its electric bolt into the midst of men; when the storm lashes the ocean into a fury that engulfs all the proudest productions of human ingenuity; when the avalanche mows a path down the declivities of the mountain; when the wind rages with the might of the hurricane, lifting and scattering, human habitations as if they were but chips; when the earthquakes and rocks, and finally bursts its crust, swallowing up all that is within reach of the cataclysm; when fire assumes the mastery and devastates entire countries, leaving but ashes where prosperity smiled; in a word, whenever the Hand of Providence lets loose the reins of control over the elements, man ceases to be the creature of power, of invention, of genius; he sinks into his native nothingness, and he must either perish miserably, or turn to the Master of all things and beg for mercy and salvation in the hour of peril.

Daily are we taught these graphic lessons; but how soon, alas, are they not forgotten!

AGAIN THE POPE'S HEALTH.—Is it actually a fact that some writers are in a hurry for the excitement that the end, whenever it may come, of the illustrious Vicar of Christ, will create. One would think so. Again and again they have him ill, shaky, slowly dying,—then dead; when lo! the next news we receive is an account of some special audience or of some exceptionally important public function performed by His Holiness. Each has his own way of putting the subject, the old crude form is too well understood to awaken any interest now; a fresh and more detailed, or a more sincere-looking method must be adopted, or otherwise no credit is expected. Here is the method of the Roman correspondent of "Le Temps" of Paris. On June 8th he writes thus: "I have had occasion, during the last few days to see a number of persons on intimate terms with the entourage of the Holy Father and I find their opinion is almost unanimous that Pope Leo has been slowly wasting away, atrophying, for some time. The Pope rises late and does not celebrate Mass, except on Sunday, when no one assists him except the faithful Centra, who serves him at the Masses. The Pontiff appears not to desire that others should see his infirmities. The trembling of his hands has become noticeable. Dr. Laponni requires the Pope to drink iced medicinal water in the morning. The ice is used mainly because the Pope is subject to slight inflammation of the gums."

The petition also states that there are no debts against the estate. A number of poor relatives of this strange man have been found, and what was of no use to him in his lifetime will prove of considerable benefit to those who were actually in need all that time. The lesson to draw is never to allow any passion to get full possession of the mind and heart, otherwise it will triumph in the end.

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW.—There are Roman correspondents upon whose accuracy we have generally good reason to depend; but sometimes, while their facts may be sufficiently correct, their deductions take the hue of their momentary surroundings. One of these is "Vox Urbis," the correspondent of the New York "Freeman's Journal." As a rule, this writer is pretty sure of his data and he rarely gives way to rash or unreflected conclusions. But, like all other men, he is liable to his moments of either weakness or forgetfulness; and one of those moments must have come to him on May 21st when he penned the following:—"The news which has most interested at the present moment in Rome is that which comes from France. This evening's papers announce that in the French Chamber of Deputies the anti-clericals have begun the debate on the relations between Church and State in France, and even the most sanguine of the prelates in Rome have abandoned what little hope they entertained until now in a cessation of hostilities against the Church. The Concordat will be abrogated, and whatever the ultimate results for religion may be the immediate future is very dark indeed. It is not at all impossible that within a month or two France will be plunged in civil war. The patience of the moderately minded has been strained to the furthest limit, and the frequent instances of resistance to the tyranny of Combes and his minions are but the prelude to an outbreak which will involve the greater part of the country. In the present temper of the Government it will not be surprising to find Christianity utterly proscribed in France. With the abrogation of the Concordat the civil authorities will attempt to take possession of all the ecclesiastical buildings through the length and breadth of France, and the stipends of all the French priests and bishops will be at once suppressed."

This is decidedly a pessimistic view of the situation. There is no doubt that the situation in France has been alarming; but it is equally easy to see that the Combes Ministry has almost run its course. The civil war predicted is not at all likely to arise, for the forces of the atheistic crew that hold the reins of power for the moment are growing weaker through pure exhaustion. They have spent their superfluous strength in seeking to carry to savage and barbaric extremes their iconoclastic laws and they can no longer check nor breast the rising tide of popular, or rather national, resentment. There is no danger that the Concordat will be suddenly abrogated. France could not afford any such act of suicidal folly; and the Government that would push the country to the abyss will find that before it allows itself to topple over, body and soul, into the gulf below, it will turn, take a firm hold, brace up, and repel the assassins of its existence. Moreover, the very course taken by Rome is indicative of a strong and abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause of Truth. Hence it is that we regard such pronouncements as those we have just quoted as so much nervousness, in the author, that had to find a vent.

A MISER'S WEALTH.—Oh! the sad, sad story, ever the same of the sacrifice of all "that makes life worth possessing" for a few dollars that man must leave behind him. There is no passion so overpowering and so miserable as that of the miser. He has been caricatured in romance, in song, in burlesque; he has been denounced from every source of authority; but he still reappears, somewhere or somehow and he is miserable, and he renders the world uncomfortable around him. His sole pleasure—if it can be called a pleasure—lies in hoarding and counting over his gains. And he loses all other feelings; his heart grows hard and he becomes distrustful of all his fellow-creatures. Jealousy is mild and Revenge is milder still when compared to that all-absorbing passion that will sacrifice the dearest interests and the most tender ties in life, in order to glut its own thirst, or hunger for gold. And to think that money is only of use in as far as it can produce or secure comforts and enjoyments. He drags out a few miserable years, absolutely devoid of either pleasure or ease and dies leaving all the sources of his misery and worry behind him.

Every day examples come to light. Last week, from Rochester, we read the following:—George Washington Todd died in Hamilton, Ont., the other day. He was widely known as a beging tramp throughout Southern Canada and Western New York. But what gives interest to George Washington Todd at the present time is that he left \$53,000 behind him when he passed on to another world. Half of this sum was deposited in Western New York counties. This man's story reads like a romance; but it shows how insane such a passion can make a man. He had made money as a peddler when he fell in love with a farmer's daughter and sought her hand in marriage. She refused him and shortly afterward he disappeared. He came East and travelled with his pack for some years through Erie, Monroe and Onondaga counties and also through Southern Canada. His one idea was to hoard money and he became so avaricious that the prices he asked for his goods were so high that his onetime customers refused to buy from him. He then threw away his pack and became a tramp, securing his living without paying for it. The end is easy to imagine.

Following is the schedule of Todd's wealth: Bank and promissory notes, \$115; securities and bonds, \$24,194.48; on his person, \$38.66, and in the banks, \$28,751.68. Most of his money was banked in this state.

THE SENATORSHIP.—Last week we were painfully obliged to draw attention to the small and narrow methods of "Le Journal," in connection with the succession to the seat in the Senate vacated by the death of the late Senator O'Brien. If anything, the remarks of that organ in an issue of this week, are still worse. That there may be no mistake we translate them literally. "Le Journal" casts the burden of

blame on what it calls "a ministerial organ," and quotes from it, without giving its name. It says:—"A ministerial organ declares itself favorable to the appointment of a French-Canadian, in succession to the late Mr. O'Brien, to the Senate. Here is what it says in its issue of the 2nd June. 'It is said that the Victoria division which the late Senator O'Brien represented contains a large French-Canadian population; it would be an excellent occasion to appoint a French-Canadian.' Would it be Hon. Mr. Prefontaine who would be the cause of the delay that the Government displays in the appointment of a successor to Mr. O'Brien? Not possible! And is the organ quite sure that its wish will be granted? Still less likely."

There is an oppression going on in France of a religious character, that carries with it all the characteristics of open robbery. But that is not considered in the list of the oppressions that are being inflicted upon the peoples of the earth. There is an oppression of another class that is widespread over this continent, and a taste of which we have had in sections of Canada—the infliction of educational restrictions upon the Catholic parents, in antagonism to their interests and to their consciences. There is no remedy suggested for these and scores of other oppressions affecting either particular races or particular elements, religious and otherwise in this great free country of America. Quite possibly these are not looked upon as actually oppressive. To some oppression requires an element of brutality, of murder, of wholesale destruction in order to be sufficiently important to arrest the attention. And in the list of remedies there are two which have been left out; the educational and the religious. It is wrong in theory and in practice to claim that political remedies alone can be effective. In a word, the idea is disjunctive and characteristically American. The reduction of all matters of interest and of every possible situation to the level of politics, and the measuring of every movement and of every social or national action by the mere political standard are what we find prevailing in America to-day. But when it is universally admitted and abundantly proven that politics are corrupt and the American system of politics is the most corrupt of all, it is a poor consolation for the future to know that no other standard can be used in weighing and gauging the influences and counter-influences around us.

There are fundamental principles of Catholicity, which, even though antagonistic to those of daily politics, would tend to rectify much of the wrong done in the world, and that would destroy the force of oppression in every centre, if only they were adopted, or if they were even acknowledged by those who govern to-day. But political remedies can never check oppression that is the offspring of political corruption.

FUNERALS OF THE WEEK.

JAMES DUNN.—The funeral of Mr. James Dunn, a former well known hotel-keeper of Montreal, took place to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. Mr. Dunn had been an invalid for the past twenty-five years.—R.I.P.

MISS DRUMMOND.—The funeral of the late Miss Jorephte Elmire Drummond, daughter of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Drummond, and brother of Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., took place to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted, after which the remains were interred in the family plot in the Cote des Neiges cemetery. Deceased had been a notable figure in educational and charitable institutions of this city, where she was highly esteemed for the enthusiastic interest she displayed in all their undertakings.—R.I.P.

O'CONNELL.—The funeral of Thomas Francis Leo, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Connell, which was private, was held this week. The highly esteemed couple will have the sympathy of their large circle of friends in their bereavement.

MISS McCALL.—Yesterday the funeral of Miss Jennie McCall, daughter of P. McCall, was held to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was sung, after which the remains were taken to Cote des Neiges Cemetery for interment.—R.I.P.

J. F. CORCORAN.—On Sunday last the funeral of Mr. James P. Corcoran, son of Mr. B. F. Corcoran, well known in our circles, took place and was largely attended.—R.I.P.

Ireland's Ballad Poetry.

BY "CRUX."

LAST week we had Davis' essay on Irish Music and Poetry. It may be as well to now complete the entire series, by giving the last that ever came from that fertile and patriotic pen. It deals with Ireland's Ballad Poetry. Unfortunately it was never completed. It remained unfinished on that fatal day, in September, 1845, when Davis took ill in his office and went home, to never again return. Almost all his associates were out of town on holidays, and scarcely any of them had heard of his illness. It was short and swift. The first intimation that Duffy had that Davis was incapacitated was a summons to his house on Baggot street, where he looked upon (to use his own words, "the most tragic sight my eyes ever beheld—the dead body of Thomas Davis.")

As it is, however, and for what is in it we will now take in this last essay of one whose gigantic talents were dedicated entirely to the cause of his country.

How slow we have all been in coming to understand the meaning of Irish nationality!

Some, dazzled by visions of Pagan splendor, and the pretensions of pedigree, and won by the passions and romance of the older races, continued to speak in the nineteenth century of an Irish nation as they might have done in the tenth. They forgot the English Pale, the Ulster settlement, and the filtered colonization of men and ideas. A Celtic Kingdom with the old names and the old language, without the old quarrels, was their hope; and, though they could not repeat O'Neill's comment, as he passed Barrett's castle on his march to Kinsale, and heard that he hated the Norman churl as if he came yesterday; yet they quietly assumed that the Norman and Saxon elements would disappear under the Gaelic genius like the tracks of cavalry under a fresh crop.

The nationality of Swift and Grattan was equally partial. They saw that the Government and laws of the settlers had extended to the island—that Donegal and Kerry were in the Pale; they heard the English tongue in Dublin, and London opinions in Dublin—they misook Ireland for a colony wronged, and great enough to be a nation.

A lower form of nationhood was before the minds of those who saw in it nothing but a parliament in College Green. They had not erred in judging, for they had not tried to estimate, the moral elements and tendencies of the country. They were as narrow bigots to the omnipotency of an institution as any Cockney Radical. Could they, by an accumulation of English stupidity and Irish laziness, have got possession of an Irish government, they would soon have distressed every one by their laws, whom they had not provoked by their administration, or disgusted by their dullness.

Far healthier with all its defects, was the idea of those who saw in Scotland a perfect model—who longed for a literary and artistic nationality—who prized the oratory of Grattan and Curran, the novels of Griffith and Carleton, the pictures of MacIver and Burton, the ancient music, as much as any, and far more than most of the political nationalists, but who regarded political independence as a dangerous dream. Unknowingly they fostered it. Their writings, their patronage, their talk was of Ireland; yet it hardly occurred to them that the ideal would flow into the practical, or that they with their dread of agitation, were forwarding a revolution.

At last we are beginning to see what we are, and what is our destiny. Our duties arise where our knowledge begins. The elements of Irish nationality are not only combining—in fact, they are growing confluent in our minds. Such nationality as merits a good man's help, and wakens a true man's ambition—such nationality as could stand against internal faction and foreign intrigue, such nationality as would make the Irish hearth happy and the Irish name illustrious, is becoming understood. It must contain and represent the races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic, it must not be Saxon—it must be Irish. The Breton law, and the maxims of Westminster, the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael, the placid strength

of the Sasanach, the marshalling insight of the Norman—a literature which shall exhibit in combination the passions and idioms of all, and which shall equally express our mind in its romantic, its religious, its forensic, and its practical tendencies—finally, a native government, which shall know and rule by the might and right of all; yet yield to the arrogance of none—these are the components of such a nationality.

But what have these things to do with the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland?" Much every way. It is the result of the elements we have named—it is compounded of all; and never was there a book fitter to advance that perfect nationality to which Ireland begins to aspire. That a country without national poetry proves its hopeless dullness or its utter provincialism. National poetry is the very flowering of the soul; the greatest evidence of its health, the greatest excellence of its beauty. Its melancholy is balsam to the senses. It is the playfellow of childhood, ripens into the companion of his manhood, consoles his age. It presents the most dramatic events, the largest characters, the most impressive scenes, and the deepest passions in the language most familiar to us. It shows us magnified, and ennobles our hearts, our intellects, our country, and our countrymen—binds us to the land by its condensed and gem-like history, to the future by examples and by aspirations. It solaces us in travel, fires us in action, prompts our invention, sheds a grace beyond the power of luxury round our homes, is the recognized envoy of our minds among all mankind and to all time.

In possessing the powers and elements of a glorious nationality, we owned the sources of a national poetry. In the combination and joint development of the latter, we find a pledge and a help to the former.

What a magnificent peroration to a life that was one grand sermon of patriotism for the people! What a pity it had not been prolonged till the race could have enjoyed all the fruits of its erudition and judgment! It was young to die—thirty-three—with such talents, such energy, and such principles! But Ireland has always lost her great and good ones when they were most needed.

Mgr. O'Connell And Italians.

On the 19th May last, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connell, of Portland, Me., celebrated the second anniversary of his episcopal consecration. He sang a Solemn Pontifical Mass, in which he was assisted by members of the Episcopal Council and diocesan officials as well as the priests of his household. There were present the religious communities of the city, representatives of the Catholic Union, the Ozanam Club, the Boys' Holy Name Society, the children of the cathedral schools and a large congregation.

A remarkable feature in the address delivered by Bishop O'Connell, was his expressed interest in the Catholic Italian colony.

He called attention to the works which had been instituted for the Italian immigrants in Portland, instancing the class for their instruction in the faith and in sewing and household work under the charge of young women. He called the attention of the priests of the diocese to the necessity of providing for the spiritual welfare of these children of the faith, strangers in a strange land, and needing special care and affection from the clergy of the Catholic Church. They came from a land which is the seat of the visible head of the church, a land which in a human way also has done great things for the spread of the faith and civilization. The Bishop exhorted the clergy strongly to institute special works throughout the diocese for the education and care of Italians, particularly the children.

THE ECCENTRIC RICH.

Cardinal Moran tells in a recent speech that "some years ago a good old lady died in Plymouth and bequeathed £10,000 to buy spectacles for the South Sea Islanders to enable them to read their Bibles."

THE OFFERING OF A DIOCESE.

The Pope on May 30, received in private audience Monsignor Kennedy, rector of the American College who, in the name of Archbishop Ryan, gave the Pontiff \$10,500, the offering of the archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Lessons In Irish History.

In an address before the Gaelic League, Mr. Barry O'Brien sought to show the necessity of doing away with all "those miserable local terms and local differences, and to build up a movement on the sure foundation of National Unity." He pointed out how the Irish are divided between themselves, and he detests hearing a man talking of being a Munsterman, or an Ulsterman, for this indicates a provincialism that militates against nationalism. To establish how this spirit dates back to the days of the Norman Settlement he gives one of the most unique and correct as well as perfectly entertaining account of the Norman invasion, and of all the futile attempts made to settle Ireland's troubles, from the days of Strongbow, in the twelfth century, to the time of Art MacMurrugh. The moral he draws from it all is that—1st. The Irish were sufficiently inspired by the national idea to hate the foreigners; 2nd, they do not seem to have had an objection to a common King with England, provided that they were left in possession of their land, their laws, and their institutions; 3rd, the national idea was not sufficiently developed, the national character not sufficiently balanced, to enable them to sweep the English into the sea. And the unfortunate divisions—so prevalent even to-day—formed the root of their weakness.

So exceedingly interesting, graphic and easily understood is this sketch of Ireland's struggle during that century, and of all the vain attempts to settle her difficulties that we do not hesitate to take it in full and reproduce it for the benefit of our readers.

STRONGBOW'S AND DE COURCY.

—Donogh met Strongbow at Thurles. The Normans were supplied with the Lee Metfords and Long Toms of the time. The Irish were unused to fighting in armour, and, as a matter of fact, even when they were supplied with mail they flung it off before going into battle. The battle raged from morn to night, and Donogh won. Strongbow sent to Raymond for help, but Raymond said: "Before I do anything to help you you must give me your daughter." If you were to tell that story to an English audience and say that it happened amongst Irishmen they would say: "So Irish." Strongbow consented, and with his patriotism thus strengthened Raymond marched on O'Brien. The fight again lasted from morning till night—it took place at Cashel—but this time the Normans prevailed. Strongbow was recalled, and died in 1172. Peace was ultimately made, by which Henry was to be nominal Lord of Ireland and Roderick actual ruler of the country. Henry then generously shared out the land amongst his followers. But it was one thing getting the grant of the land and quite another getting the grant of the land itself. The rich who owned it did not know anything about the grants and did not care a fig for them. De Courcy went to take possession of Ulster. The English went many times that way to take possession. They went to take possession as if they were on a picnic party, as they did elsewhere recently, but with an even worse result. De Courcy might as well have tried to take possession of the moon. He took possession of nothing but a good whacking. De Lacy became jealous of him and said he was a traitor, whereupon he was seized and carried away to England. De Lacy held his ground for a time in Meath. His chief achievement was to destroy a monastery and build a castle in its place. Roderick O'Connor went into a monastery, which was probably as good a place as any for him. In 1192 Donogh O'Brien and the Normans had another great fight at Thurles. O'Brien won. Two years after he died—in 1194—and certainly his later deeds will wipe out the first error he committed. John was sent to Ireland. He arrived at Waterford. He was met by the Irish chief. He thought them "very Irish" and treated them accordingly. They rose and left his presence, and before night-fall sent a great Irish army and drove him out of the country. John thought "So Irish," and went. There then was a succession of Viceroys or Governors, each one of whom came to "settle the question." One divided the land into twelve counties, and then he went home.

NORMANS AND IRISH.—The early Normans fought the Irish and robbed them, but they were not going to let the English at home have the booty. Speaking of them a writer says: "We are English to the Irish, but we are Irish to the English, and we will not allow them to interfere with us in this country."

Then at last the Irish determined to call in Edward Bruce, of Scotland, brother of the great Robert Bruce, to help them. The Irish attitude to the English was "We have had plenty of experience of you. You are not the people to conquer us, or to plunder us, or to have anything to do with us. If we are to be ruled by foreigners then in God's name let us have a new set of foreigners; we have had enough of those people." These are practically the sentiments of the letter of Donal O'Brien, King of Ulster, to Pope John XXII., in the year 1318. He gives at first a description of the condition of Ireland, and goes on: "Your holy predecessor, Adrian IV., gave a Bull to Henry II. to take possession of Ireland. For what reason was this given? Partly upon the ground that the Irish were in a state of barbarism, a state of anarchy, a state of irreligion, and the English were to come in and raise the country. What is the position to-day? All is confusion. Not only have they not raised the condition of things, but they have created a worse condition than existed before their arrival. If there was any justification for calling in England it was on the understanding that England should improve the state of the country. She has instead plunged it into the deepest misery, and we have made up our minds that we shall call in our kinsman, Edward Bruce, and make him King of Ireland and throw off all allegiance to England entirely, and drive the English from our country."

EDWARD BRUCE.—The Pope sent the remonstrance to King Edward II., and he backed it up with a statement of his own. He said: "Are these statements true? If so the people are most badly done by, and we now call upon you to exercise your authority to put matters right." That was the right thing. He threatened to excommunicate the Archbishops of Ireland if they helped Edward Bruce. That was the wrong thing. The Archbishops obeyed, but the clergy supported him to a man. He landed at Larnes, or Carrickfergus. He was joined by Irish chiefs, by Normans, and by some of the De Lacy's. He marched to Limerick. He destroyed every force that came before him, and the English were in terror of his name. Everywhere he went he was victorious. This war wasted the whole country. It told against Bruce when he himself began his march back from Limerick, so that he could not get sufficient food on the march back. His army was 6,000 men, and for a time he swept all before him, but in 1318 a battle was fought between the English and Bruce at Fanghaid, near Dundalk. Bruce at Fanghaid, near Dundalk, he was greatly outnumbered, and in the end was slain and his army defeated. His efforts, however, were not entirely a failure. Through them the Irish and Normans came closer together, though desperate efforts were made by the English Government at home to keep them apart.

THE GOVERNMENT POLICY.

The objects of all governments are the advantages, benefit, and welfare of the people whom they govern—their business to weld them into one harmonious whole. The policy of this alien Government was not to consolidate the nation, but to divide the nation. They did all in their power to set Irish chief against Irish chief, Irish against Norman settlers, and Normans against the Irish. I say therefore that I do not know of any case of relations between conqueror and conquered where a policy so wicked was pursued with so great a determination as was pursued by the English in Ireland.

THE GERALDINES.

—Meantime the Geraldines had become very powerful. The Government in England had helped them at first, but finding them becoming too dangerous, they sought to curb their power. One of these Geraldines had become Earl of Desmond, and he was nothing more or less than a King. They called upon Desmond for an interview. He went home first and brought his soldiers on calling, so they left it at that for a time, and before long he became more unpopular with English than with Irish. The King did all in his power to put down Desmond. In 1331 Sir Anthony Lucy came to settle everything. Desmond refused to attend Parliament. Lucy sent Bermingham for him, but Bermingham joined Desmond. Eventually

ly Lucy succeeded in putting Desmond in gaol, and, having thus settled the question, was recalled. As I have said Lucy had put Desmond in gaol. Sir John D'Arcy arrived. Each new governor wanted to do something new and the first thing he did was to release Desmond. So the game of misgovernment went on.

FAILURE UPON FAILURE.

—The Baron sometimes took sides with the chiefs against the Government—sometimes with the Government against the chiefs—sometimes against each other independent of anybody else, until by 1389 the Irish were more powerful than they had been at any time since the arrival of the Normans. So powerful indeed that they could easily, if they had been led, have broken up the Norman settlers. This being the condition of things the English Government thought another attempt at settling the question should be made, so they sent over Sir John Morris. Sir John called a Parliament about a week after he arrived in the country. He summoned Desmond and Kildare to come to a Parliament in Dublin. Instead of going to the Parliament in Dublin they called a Parliament of their own in Kilkenny at which they said: "The curse of this country is your English officials that come over here full of ignorance and arrogance and, as a rule, the Lord Deputy is . . . biggest robber of the whole gang." Sir John having thus failed to settle the question they sent on Sir Ralph Ufford. Ufford first of all tried to placate Desmond—then he attacked him and put him into prison. The Normans were everywhere adopting Irish names, customs, and manners—becoming Irish in fact—so it was ordered that no person was fit to hold a Government office in Ireland unless he was first born in England. Lionel, son of King Edward, was then sent to settle everything. He issued a Royal Proclamation, and had his army cut to pieces. He came again, convened a Parliament at Kilkenny, forbidding intercourse with the Irish, and the adoption of Irish manners and customs.

A COMEDY OF SETTLEMENT.

—As soon as an Act of Parliament was passed, everything, of course, was settled. Nobody took any notice. Edward III. passed away. On the accession of Richard II., the English held portion of four counties, and that was the extent of their conquest since 1169. Richard the Second was then to settle everything. He went and met Art MacMurrugh, tried, but was hopelessly beaten. He only succeeded in supplying Art with provisions. Richard immediately gave a banquet. He invited all the chiefs, and they all came, still keeping up that very curious condition. They seemed to be always ready to receive the English King. They had no objection to dine with him, but it stopped at that. Richard left, feeling sure that things were settled. He had not been in London a week when the country was in a blaze again! Richard returned from England, and Art beat him once more, so Richard went home for good. Art MacMurrugh held his ground, and died King of Leinster, receiving a tribute from the Governor in Dublin for allowing him to carry on trade around Dublin. Richard Duke of York was appointed Deputy, and he was the first Englishman who tried to unite Normans and Irish. The Normans were, by this time, quite broken up; the Irish had recovered the whole country, except strips of territory round Dublin.

Here the account ends as far as Mr. Barry O'Brien's recital goes; and a more rapid, humorous, yet withal serious survey of a whole country, with all its confusing changes, we do not think could be produced.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Information relating to the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

- 80,320—Wm. Godfrey Arnald, Kamloops, B.C., stove pipe.
81,048—Wm. Godfrey Arnald, Kamloops, B.C., stove.
81,067—Messrs. D'Artois & Brouillette, Waterloo, P.Q., moving machine.
81,068—Origene Gosselin, Drummondville, P.Q., churn.
81,100—Joseph LaBrecche, Terrebonne, P.Q., ore separator.
81,155—Phillips Grenier, St. Joseph (Maskinonge), P.Q., hay press.

Old Letters.

By a Regular Contributor.

Last week's letter seems to have created considerable interest in some circles. I had occasion to hear a few comments that were made without the persons having the slightest idea that I had any connection with these letters. One of them was this: "I don't believe that that fellow (meaning, of course, your humble servant), has anything of the sort. He has been borrowing those letters from others." Now this would not be a sin. Suppose I did borrow some of them, it does not change the fact that while I am copying them, I have them in my possession. The truth is that I did borrow six of them; or rather six, and of the scores that I have given, were handed to me by friends for the purpose of reproducing them. Now, amongst other borrowed letters is the one that I am about to now transcribe. I cannot give the name of the person to whom it was addressed, for I have not that permission. But the letter is brief, and is valuable, as far as the signature goes. It was written in great haste. The writer thereof, according to all I could learn wrote a very neat, distinct, round hand; in this instance the note is dashed off, as if in a fearful hurry, or as if the writer were suffering under some great excitement. My friend received this letter by hand one Sunday morning from a minister of the Episcopal Church, who told him that it was a relic he had kept for many years. Before my friend had an opportunity of returning the letter to the aged clergyman, the latter died. He consequently retained it. He, in turn, is now a very old man, residing here in Montreal, and very well known in many circles—especially in certain political circles a few years ago. He was originally an American, but his residence of over forty years years in Canada, may have turged him into a regular Canadian.

The letter runs as follows: Philadelphia, Wednesday night.

Rev. and Dear Sir: You may be possibly aware that I am to lecture in Gerard Hall to-morrow evening. My name may be familiar to you, as I believe it is, but my circumstances are not probably within your knowledge. The latter are by no means flourishing; to add to my discomfiture my portmanteau has gone on to Baltimore. The mishap leaves me minus a suitable suit for to-morrow evening, and my lack of funds forbids my purchasing one. For an obvious reason I apply to a clergyman—not alone that he is most likely to be charitably inclined, but particularly because the "cut of his coat" is that which is most a la mode on the platform. Not wishing to take you by surprise I now forward this my request, and I will take the liberty of following it in person to-morrow forenoon.

Most respectfully yours, EDGAR A. POE.

It is unnecessary that I should tell the readers who Edgar Allen Poe was. His "Raven," his "Bells," and his many other weird and beautiful productions have immortalized him, have made his name familiar to every school boy. His life has been written, and it is one long sermon. He died young and under most unfortunate circumstances. He was an orphan boy, cast upon the world, with no fortune save his keen intellect and bright, handsome face. A Mr. Allen adopted and educated him, and even intended to make him his heir. But Poe fell into evil ways, from which evil associates prevented him from departing. He was more a victim of weakness than aught else. He had a fiery, imaginative soul, and he had a quick temper, to which may be added an innate pride that made him feel keenly his every relapse. He struggled long and manfully, but against odds. Through all the clouds that hung over his life the flashes of his grand mind—expressed in inimitable and most original verse—were as the lightnings in a tempest. They illumined all around them, but only to plunge their surroundings in a profounder darkness when they had vanished.

His death was sudden and sad. But his works remain as the most original in American literature, and he wrote himself into the society of the classics. The foregoing letter tells a story, or rather a chapter in a sad life story.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

CHRISTIAN BROTE

recent exchanges we well-deserved effort made in Dublin to aid Brothers in their endeavours on their noble working has taken the form and fate. The object proceeds are intended, tion of a training college at Marino. The in the Rotunda where in progress has been ted up. The general coration is the represent and peculiarly rural remains, and in tion the result is parting. The ancient structure include the Prie Glendalough, the door client temple at Rahany; a doorway and with Cille of the Tribes. temple from Devenish Chancel Arch of Cor the stone roof of the Kevin's Kitchen, a notable reminders of a In this connection it amiss to reproduce being spirited and patriotic the assistant Superior ther Hennessy, who in a speech at one of ments held in connect bazaar, stated the post Order in a manner that contrast to the silence fest in other parts of connection with other ders, Brother Hennessy The Christian Brother critics, like all bodies and some of those critic "Why should not the O thers raise this building own resources?" Well, easy for him to answer cause with the intimate knowledge which he ha sources? the Christian emphatically said that the resources to meet demand as the erection ing must entail. Unde had some resources. sources as they had we the specific purpose of their congregation, and to utilize and use up resources in the erection ing, they would then tion of having a building still on it, and they w earthy means of keepin order. Many people derstand the tremendous were on such resources big body like the Christ. The Superior-General h purse to draw from, an collections to enable hi tain the heavy demands had to meet. He was that the Superior-Gener at all such large resour should have to meet th In face of that fact it solutely impossible to he could expend these re the erection of the bu was now being raised, was that he had been have recourse to this b collection, not alone but in counties outside enable him to meet the the case. The position of the C thers as an educationa an unique position. He he thought, with a feeli lity or pride, if they lik so, that the Christian cupied rather a unique the history of Ireland, educational history of ticularly, their body wa of all State control so cation was concerned. they had maintained fo hundred years, and t they continued to maint maintained further, th the benefit of education throughout Ireland that continue to maintain t They had had it repeate the highest ecclesiasti in the land that, were i position which they occ the perseverance and co which, they stuck to the their congregation all t changes which had been the State system of edu land would not have b about, and hearing that authorities as these, the fed, in saying that if th continued to maintain of independent existe, ence of State control; it be for the benefit of e general in this country. Their aims as educati

NOTES FROM IRELAND.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. — From recent exchanges we learn that a well-deserved effort is now being made in Dublin to aid the Christian Brothers in their endeavor to carry on their noble work.

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday night. Sir: Possibly aware that I in Gerard Hall to my name may be as I believe it is, I have not been able to procure the necessary knowledge.

EDGAR A. POE. My dear Sir: I should tell you that I have read your "Bells," and I am glad to find that you have immortalized him, one familiar to every life has been written long sermon.

their methods of education were their own, and they felt that if they were to ally themselves with the State system they could no longer employ their own ideals, and hence they had maintained the attitude that they had taken up, and which they intended to maintain, please God, to the end.

FINANCIAL AID.—The Belfast "Irish Weekly" in referring to the results so far attained in collecting funds for the cause, says:—

The list of subscriptions to the Irish Parliamentary and Defence Funds which is published this week gives further evidence of the determination of the Irish people to stand by their representatives in the British Parliament in their efforts to secure the emancipation of Ireland.

ROYAL VISIT.—The Dublin "Evening Telegraph" says:—During the absence of the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Dudley at their newly-acquired place, Bockingham, in Co. Roscommon, the Viceregal Lodge in the Park is undergoing a thorough rehauing.

The position of the Christian Brothers as an educational body was an unique position. He might claim, he thought, with a feeling of humility or pride, if they liked to call it so, that the Christian Brothers occupied rather a unique position in the history of Ireland, and in the educational history of Ireland; particularly, their body was independent of all State control so far as education was concerned.

the Duke's English seat, and which had to be abandoned owing to the sudden indisposition of the King. In addition to the regal festivities, several big house parties have been arranged in the Counties of Dublin, Kildare, and Meath.

A MEMORIAL.—The lesson of the recent decision of the pupils of the Christian Brothers of Armagh in deciding to honor the memory of one of their former teachers—Brother Caton—who died about two years ago, is worthy of emulation in other cities.

IN AID OF CONSUMPTIVES.—A few years ago the progressive and enthusiastic Bishop of Down and Connor purchased one hundred acres with a homestead known as Orlands, for the purpose of providing facilities for the open-air treatment of consumptives.

A NEW CHURCH.—A correspondent says:—In Roscommon a new church, the foundation stone of which was laid on St. Patrick's Day, 1897, is fast approaching completion.

STRONG PRAISE.

From One Who Has Proved the Value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"We have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in our home for the past eight years for various troubles, and have always found them successful." Thus writes Mrs. H. Hevenor; of West Gravesent, Ont., and she adds:—"At the age of eight years, my little boy was attacked with la grippe, and the trouble developed into St. Vitus' dance, from which he suffered in a severe form.

Catholic Endeavor in Philadelphia

Under the very appropriate heading "A Great and Holy Work," the "Catholic Standard and Times" gives the following summary of the eight annual report of the Central Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

For this archdiocese these facts are given: New councils since January 1, 1902, Nativity B. V. M., Media; Ascension, Philadelphia, and St. Mark's, Bristol. Conferences reporting, 58; members on roll, 738; families relieved, 2,158; persons in families, 7,812; visits made, 18,002; situations procured, 95; receipts, \$29,309; expenditures: provisions, \$19,129; clothing, \$2,097; fuel, \$2,160; board of orphans and rent, \$1,606; funerals and general expenses, \$2,103; special works of relief, \$2,833; annual contributions to councils, \$619. Total, \$30,548.

The extracts from some of the parish reports show how varied is the work of members of the conferences. In view of the fact that the report of the American Society for Visiting Catholic Prisoners showed an intimate connection between drink and crime, it is pleasing to note that the conference members where they find drink the cause of children being neglected by their parents and wherever they find it responsible for poverty and misery they insist on the drinker taking the pledge of total abstinence and uniting with the total abstinence society.

A widow with five children, because of drink, had not attended her religious duties for six years. Children placed in home and she in House of Good Shepherd. Released and children returned to her. Fell again. Family furnished with necessities and she was prevailed upon to join total abstinence society and two of her children the Guild of the Sacred Thirst. The mother attends her duties regularly now.

The father of a family receiving relief from the Conference had previously been a hard drinker, neglecting both family and Church. Persuaded to go to Mass again and approached Holy Communion for the first time in thirteen years. They are all getting along nicely now.

A member met a man whom he had known but had not seen for many years. He had become a common tramp and for sixteen years had not practiced his religious duties. He was induced to take the pledge, clothed and a boarding house secured for him, also a situation. He made the mission and is now a sober, industrious citizen.

A husband because of his drinking habits left his family. He was induced to take the pledge and to return to his family. Another father was prevailed upon to cease drinking, support his family and send his children to Sunday School.

A woman, a non-Catholic, deserted by her husband, had a house rented for her, her furniture taken out of storage, her children restored to her from a home in New Jersey and all necessities supplied by the Conference. She and her children afterwards became Catholics.

A colored man, his wife and child, he a rheumatic, were furnished with transportation to Maryland. He has improved and is now at work. The above mentioned items give but a faint idea of the varied character of the work of the conferences. Among the other deeds recorded are the furnishing of transportation even as far as Germany to, unfortunately stranded in this city, baptizing, of dying children and the securing of the last rites for dying adults and Christian burial and Masses for the dead; the instruction of neglected Catholics, of children in Sunday schools and instances of conversions of non-Catholics; the furnishing of doctors and medicine for the sick; one conference reports the adoption of a little girl who is now attending

for them. The Media conference announced that one of its members attends the Juvenile Court and has succeeded in having Catholic boys committed to the care of Catholic families or institutions, instead of that of non-Catholics.

In view of the approaching hot weather, the report of the committee on summer outing is of special interest now. From July 12 to September 6, 1902, a period of eight weeks, two hundred and eleven children were sent to Lenox, Delaware County, for one week's vacation each. It is suggested that the best way to manage this is as the New York Council is doing, by having their own resort in charge of Sisters. However, in order to do the next best thing, the same committee will conduct the summer outing this year, and they solicit contributions for that purpose, which may be sent to Richard Devine, treasurer, 1435 Chestnut street. Every dollar donated will go to the work, as the members never accept salaries for their services. The children who get away from crowded streets, courts, alleys and lanes for even one week are greatly benefitted physically, morally and spiritually, as they are under the care of conscientious men and women. The larger the donations, the more children can be sent. The cost last year for transportation, board, wages of caretaker and incidentals, was about \$3 per child. While those who can afford it should give more, how pleasant it would be to know before going on your own vacation that you have been the means of one child having a week in the country or at the seashore who never saw either before and whose enjoyment would be thus magnified and your own increased not only by the knowledge of a good deed done, but by the blessing that goes with it.

While the conferences outside the diocese report work along the same lines, yet some parishes show special features. St. Agnes', Pittsburg, brings the blind from the Bellfield School to Mass and furnishes them with catechisms and other Catholic books in raised letters.

To St. Mary's, same city, a Protestant churchman donates coal in increasing quantities annually. A new member furnished Christmas dinners to thirteen families.

St. Hubert's, Danville, reports that through the instrumentality of the conference twenty-seven Catholic newspapers are regularly subscribed to for poor Catholic families who could not afford to pay for them, and other Catholic literature is distributed among the poor.

Much second-hand clothing not appearing in the reports is distributed and many free visits are made to the sick by physicians. These are not included among the visits recorded in the statistics. The Epiphany Conference, of this city, enumerates 352 of these.

FOREST FIRES

The destruction of forests by fire in the United States, reaches a yearly figure that is fairly appalling, and it is becoming increasingly evident that, not only is better legislation on the subject needed, but also an awakened public sentiment and unremitting vigilance on the part of private citizens. Investigation by the Bureau of Forestry has shown that, in an average year, sixty human lives are lost in forest fires, \$25,000,000 worth of real property is destroyed, 10,274,089 acres of timber land are burned over, and young forest growth, worth, at the lowest estimate, \$75,000,000, is killed. The forest fires in the Adirondacks have once more called public attention to the imperative need of precautions. The experience even of those States which have the best forest fire legislation has shown that legislation alone cannot solve the problem. Pennsylvania, which probably leads in this respect, spends annually \$15,000 in checking forest fires, giving the State constables extra pay for their services as fire wardens in their respective townships. New York has also done something in this direction, especially with regard to the State reserves and parks, but much remains to be done. A great portion of the fires owe their origin to sheer carelessness. Watchfulness is the duty, not merely of the paid official, but also of every private citizen. It has been suggested that trees along the country roads and trails be placarded with notices calling attention to the danger, and stating the penalties incurred by violation of the fire law. Such notices are posted in the Yellowstone Park, and what is more, soldiers are there to force campers back for ten miles sometimes to extinguish the fires which they had carelessly left burning. — New York Post.

Value of Folk Songs.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

Any one who has followed the various articles that your correspondent "Crux" has been either writing or compiling during the past few months, cannot fail to have noted how much emphasis is set, by those whom he quotes, upon the value to a nation of its folklore, its ancient music and its popular ballads. This is a feeling that appears to have entered into the heart of almost every race. Every year, the Emperor of Germany gives a prize for the best chorus singing in the Fatherland. It is one way of encouraging the arts, the sciences, and all that tends to raise a nation to a higher level in the scale of civilization. At Frankfurt, the other day, the different singing societies met for a preliminary contest in view of the Emperor's prize. Some five thousand seven hundred voices were heard. The Emperor was present in person and took a deep interest in the contest. However, when all was over, he assembled the conductors' jury and gave them his views as to the kind of songs that amateurs should sing. The remarks of the Emperor bear a very strong impress of common sense. In fact, two very important points are made in that brief address. He said:—

"It is a happy fact that the cultivation of art does not suffer in Germany, in spite of the great amount of time consumed by the more serious lifework. Above all, I am astonished that laborers, who are all day in bad air, coal dust and heat, have exhibited vocal qualities here which can only be heard with admiration. On the other hand, one must ask how many sleepless nights have they sacrificed to reach this height of technique? In this connection I must add what I have to say against your work. We have already reached in instrumental music the acme of intricacy. That may be characteristic. I cheerfully admit; but it is not beautiful. When, however, this style is carried into song you forget that the human voice has a limit. What this style of composition leads to is proved by the fact that most of your societies pitched their prize songs half tones too high, because they were too excited as to whether they would be able to master the technical difficulties, and, therefore, they did not have the compass necessary for striking the right pitch. You should not try to imitate the Berlin Philharmonic Chorus. You must devote yourselves to folk songs and not venture upon music in grand style. Leave that to others. I do not demand that you sing exclusively folk songs. 'Kalinka' was composed here in Frankfurt in 1838. That is a beautiful German song which none of you sang. You have the Rhine in your vicinity, yet who of you sang a Rhinish folk-song? I can only say to you that if a single one of you sang Mendelssohn's 'Von Beautiful Forest,' that would have been a real relief for us. Gentlemen, I repeat, I can only admire your achievements, but you are on the wrong path. I am going to have a collection of folk songs published, which you can buy cheap. Study them, and then, being in the right path, show the next time we meet to Germany and the world what a wealth of poetry and art lives in The Germany folk-song."

In this very sensible address the Emperor sets forth two points that appear to us very important. That which refers to the value of folk-songs is certainly based on patriotism and common sense. But there is that in which he advises the amateurs not to be carried away with a desire to sing classical and intricate, sometimes almost impossible, compositions. It is exactly by that means that they ruin their voices and they fail to attain success. While if they were to confine themselves to the minor and melodious compositions, more adapted to the popular ear and more in accord with their own attainments, they would court success after success, and would reach a degree of perfection far more pleasing than even that attained by the professional and technical singer.

RELIGIOUS SPIRIT.

It is estimated that at least 200,000 people were present on May 17th in Turin at the coronation of the far-famed picture of Our Lady Help of Christians venerated in the beautiful sanctuary which was dedicated to her by the late Dom Bosco.

Ecclesiastical Notes and Comments.

A TOUCHING CELEBRATION. — On Tuesday last, at 9 a.m., the Church of Sault au Recollet was the scene of a most touching and edifying celebration.

The late Mr. Racicot was born at Boucherville, the 2nd December, 1802, of Pierre Racicot—a farmer—and Marie Des Anges Laporte.

Mr. Racicot married a second time, taking Leocadie Tremblay, of Sault au Recollet, Mgr. Racicot, Vicar-General, and Mr. Ernest Racicot, advocate of Sweetburg, and former member for Missisquoi, were born of this latter marriage.

We can join in this unique event by uniting our prayers with those of all who participated therein. We pray for the soul of the departed father, and also that God may grant long years to come to his gifted and saintly son and grandson, to continue their noble work in the cause of the Church and for His greater glory.

DEATH OF A PRIEST. — Last week the Seminary of St. Sulpice lost another of its old and greatly beloved priests in the person of the late Abbe Alfred Tranchemontagne, P.S.S. After several weeks' illness, at the hospital of the Grey Nuns, on Guy street—of which institution he has for some years been the zealous chaplain—Father Tranchemontagne passed peacefully to his reward.

On Monday last a Requiem Mass was chanted in the chapel of that institution, whence his remains were transferred to the Seminary on Notre Dame street. On Monday evening the coffin was taken to Notre Dame Church, and there the grand priest remained until Tuesday morning. A solemn Mass was sung on Tuesday, at 8.30 in the forenoon, after which the remains were taken, amidst a vast concourse of sorrowing friends and companions to the crypt of the Grand Seminary. All are requested to offer a prayer for his soul.

AN ORDINATION CEREMONY. — The many friends of Rev. James Killoran, nephew of Mr. John Killord, of McCord street, will be pleased to learn that he will be ordained

to-morrow (Sunday) at Ste. Therese, and that he will say his first Mass in St. Anna's Church on the following day, Monday, the 15th inst., as well as officiate at Grand Mass in the same Church on Sunday, the 21st. On the latter occasion the Rev. Father Heffernan will preach the sermon.

C. N. D.—The elections for the administrative offices of the Congregation de Notre Dame, which are only held every six years, took place on June 5th, under the presidency of His Grace Archbishop Bruchest, in the Mother House on St. John Baptiste street, with the following results:—

Mother-General, Mother St. Anaclet.

1st Assistant, Mother St. Marie-Josephine.

2nd Assistant, Mother of the Immaculate Conception.

3rd Assistant, Mother St. Beatrice.

4th Assistant, Mother St. Marcel.

Bursar, Sister St. Marie de l'Esperance.

Bursar, Sister St. Marie de l'Esperance.

General Mistress of Studies, Sister St. Marie-Euphrosyne.

Provincial of Notre Dame, Mother St. John Baptiste.

Provincial of Montreal, Mother St. Aglaie.

Provincial of Ville-Marie, Mother St. Alice.

Provincial of Quebec, Mother St. Sabine.

Provincial of Ontario, Mother St. Cecilia.

Provincial of Maritime Provinces, Mother St. Angelina.

The new Mother-General has in the past occupied important positions in the community. She has been Mistress of Studies and Director of the Normal School in connection with the Order, and is held in the highest esteem. Her appointment to the honored office has met with general approval. The third Assistant to the Superior-General—Mother St. Beatrice—is English-speaking and enjoys the reputation of being an able administrator. The new Provincial of the Province of Ontario, which includes supervision of the establishment of the Order in the United States, Mother St. Cecilia, who is well known in Canada and the United States, having been Superior of the Gloucester street Convent at Ottawa, and of the convent in Waterbury, Conn.

The Congregation of Notre Dame has always been held in high esteem in this province by the English-speaking section, and particularly by our race and creed; upon its rolls of membership are inscribed many names of bright and clever young Irish girls of our well known families. It has had the loyal support and co-operation of all Irish Catholic homes and we do not hesitate to say without being guilty of any indiscretion, that we hope to see the dawn of the day when one of our section of the community will hold a place still higher on the honor roll of the administration. The Order has done much in Montreal for our race, and the right thinking loyal Irish men and women are not unmindful of that fact, as they have shown on more than one occasion. Its achievements have furnished many bright pages to Canadian history, during a period of more than two and a half centuries. May it continue in its noble task for centuries to come and may Irish hands and Irish hearts long unite in promoting its welfare, not alone in sending pupils to its establishments, but also in swelling its ranks with those whom God may deign to bless with the graces of a religious vocation.

BEQUESTS OF LATE

HON. JAMES O'BRIEN

The bequests to public charities provided for by the Will of the late Senator James O'Brien made some six years ago, are as follows:—

Table listing bequests: Montreal St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum \$2,000.00, Montreal St. Bridget's Refuge 2,000.00, Montreal General Hospital 2,000.00, Notre Dame Hospital 2,000.00, Little Sisters of the Poor 1,500.00, Providence Nuns 500.00, Total \$10,000.00

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Like other sections of the land Ottawa is feeling the benefits of the rain. There is a complete change in the aspect of the country since the heavens have sent us this refreshing weather. The session is still on and is likely to last out the month of June. Nothing of any moment has yet taken place. The week has been spent in the rushing through of some Government measures, and in the continuation of the estimates. Most of the private legislation is done, and there remains only the big Grand Trunk Pacific scheme of railway to be settled and that is likely to be one of the difficult knots of the session. As far as the Redistribution Bill goes there is no knowing yet when it may come before the House—if the committee ever gets ready to report on it.

In the religious world of Ottawa there has been quite a lot of news this past week. On Saturday, the 6th June, Rev. Father Kelly, a young and promising Irish priest, was ordained and on Sunday he said his first Mass at the University.

Rev. Father Kirwin acted as assisting priest, and the sermon, an eloquent effort, was preached by Rev. Father James Fallon. A large number of relatives and friends of the new priest assisted at the Holy Sacrifice.

The celebrant of High Mass at the Holy Family Church, Ottawa East, on the same morning, was a newly ordained priest, Rev. Father Sasseville. The scholaestica choir rendered Bordelaise's beautiful Mass, the solos being well taken. During the Offertory the boy sopranos, Masters J. Tighe, Mavielle and Leclerc, sang with good effect.

A procession of the Blessed Sacrament will be held next Sunday.

In St. Patrick's Church, on Sunday, at the children's Mass, Archbishop Duhamel gave First Communion and administered Confirmation to one hundred and eight children—forty-eight girls and sixty boys, and at High Mass at 10.30 His Grace paid his pastoral visit to the parish, making his solemn entry into the Church and being received at the door by the pastor, Rev. Father Whelan. After the usual ceremonies pertaining to the occasion were performed, His Grace assisted at the throne at solemn Mass, of which Rev. Father Patrick, of the Capuchin Monastery, was celebrant. The Archbishop preached a beautiful sermon on Faith.

At the parish church of the Holy Family, Ottawa East, which is in charge of the Oblate Fathers, the beautiful and impressive ceremony of blessing the fine new bell took place on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Seguin of the Palace. When the bell was christened, receiving the name "Mary Immaculate," the following ladies and gentlemen stood sponsors: Hon. Sir Elzear and Lady Tacheau, Hon. F. R. and Mrs. A. Belcourt, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Davis, Mr. James O'Gara and Mrs. M. O'Gara, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Slattery, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. St. Laurent, Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Patenaude, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lemay.

Rev. Wm. J. Murphy, O.M.I., pastor of St. Joseph's parish, to which the English-speaking members of the Holy Family congregation formerly belonged, delivered a splendid sermon, in which he pointed out the reasons the people have for being grateful in possessing, within two years after the formation of their parish, such a trim and substantial edifice as this is, in which to hear Mass and attend the various religious services of the church. Speaking of the ceremony of blessing of the bell, Father Murphy showed the spiritual significance of it as the instrument seemed in the functions it was called upon to perform, to be endowed with intelligence, and even possessed of a soul. He traced the invention of bells as means of summoning worshippers to prayer as far back as the fifth century. The bell, he said, is the friend of man. At his admission to the church it rings out joyously, and at his death, it mournfully publishes the fact to the world.

Rev. X. Portelance, O.M.I., who as rector of the Sacred Heart parish, was formerly the parish priest of the French portion of the Holy Family congregation, delivered an inspiring sermon in French, eulogizing the bell as the instrument by means of which the various sentiments of the human heart are most eloquently expressed. No matter, he said, how eloquent and far-reaching the voice of the priest may be, the bell, from its bell-tower, joy, alarm or invitation many, many times farther.

The bell cost \$475; the weight is 1,250 pounds, and it is 9 feet 7 inches in circumference at the base; 5 feet 5 inches around the top, and it stands 3 feet 3 inches high. Its musical note is "G" sharp.

If Ottawa has not any very wonderful freaks to exhibit, at least it has some queer and even eccentric people within its bounds. There is no need of making any comment upon the following:—

The late S. J. Major some time before his death gave instructions as to his funeral, and his wishes, calling for a somewhat novel hearse, will be carried out to the letter. A large carriage is to be used, on which three platforms are erected, 14 feet by 7, 12 by 5 and 10 by 3, one above the other, each about one foot high. On the top of these the coffin inclosing the remains of deceased will be placed. The entire hearse, with a graceful canopy 8 feet high, will be covered with black cashmere, and bound with a handsome gilt moulding, three inches wide. The inside of the canopy will be lined with purple and the structure will be surrounded by a beautiful cross. It was Mr. Major's wish that the carriage be burned after it is used.

There is something akin to the cremation idea in this peculiar desire expressed by a dying man. However, we have no right to object as it is probably none of our business. Still we cannot help thinking that the cost of the car would have been more profitable to all concerned had it been expended in Masses.

Mr. Frank McCabe, formerly of Montreal, and now of Ottawa, has just returned from the funeral of his mother, which took place last Thursday at Glennevis, in Lancaster, County Glengarry. The late Mrs. McCabe was 84 years of age, and had lived 40 years in the one place, and by her exemplary and thoroughly Christian life she had won the esteem of all the country around and had given an unbroken example of pure Catholic devotion. The funeral service was celebrated by Rev. Father McCrae, of Glennevis. The attendance was very large. There remain to lament her loss, out of a large family, only four children—two brothers and a sister at the old homestead, and one brother who is now a resident of this city. The "True Witness," whose many Glengarry subscribers are friends of the bereaved family, joins the expression of its condolence to that of so many friends of the deceased, and prays that her soul may rest in peace.

Quebec's Irish Fervor.

On the 27th May last Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., addressed a meeting in Tara Hall, Quebec, which was held under the auspices of the Quebec Branch of the United Irish League. Mr. Felix Carbray, president of the branch, and one of the most practically patriotic Irishmen in Canada, occupied the chair. The audience was most enthusiastic and widely representative. It is not as a mere report, for the event took place some weeks since, that we now recall it to our readers, nor need we give the various details; but our intention is simply to illustrate the fervid spirit of honest Irish patriotism that prevails in the ancient Capital. After a most timely and hearty address was read by Mr. Carbray, Mr. Devlin delivered a lengthy and eloquent speech in which, amidst reiterated applause, he related the story of Ireland's present-day struggle. Then the President explained that the object of the meeting was to secure funds to enable the Irish Parliamentary party to carry on the good work in the cause of Ireland. Nearly \$900 were there and then collected, which with the ticket sale made a sum of \$1,000. It is only just that we should give the names of the first subscribers, for this is a lesson that cannot receive too much publicity, both as an encouragement to others and as a small mark of the appreciation merited by those patriotic Irishmen of Quebec.

The first to respond to the appeal for funds was the Quebec Division of

the A.O.H., which subscribed \$50. Mr. J. A. Lane followed with \$10 from the people of St. Roch's, when Mr. J. G. Hearn, M.P.P., called out \$50, then the amounts came in thick and fast. The following are the names of subscribers and amounts: W. Power, M.P., \$50; A. O. H., \$50; F. Carbray, \$25; Father McCarthy, C.S.S.R., \$25; Father Maguire, \$25; Ald. P. Hogan, \$25; Ald. B. Leonard, \$25; P. Evoy, \$25; J. Timmons, \$25; Dr. Brophy, \$25; Dr. Ahern, \$25; Mr. H. O'Sullivan, \$20; Ald. Madden, \$15; T. Delany, \$15; J. E. M., \$15; Frank Carrell, \$15; Hon. E. J. Flynn, \$15; Mrs. C. Ballarge, \$10; J. A. Lane, \$10; E. Foley, \$10; Mr. E. Connolly, \$10; J. E. Walsh, \$10; F. Gunn, \$10; Wm. Lee, \$10; M. Foley, \$10; M. Monaghan, \$10; M. W. Coleman, \$10; W. J. Breen, \$10; Prof. J. Wallace, \$10; J. Gallagher, C.E., \$10; A. Conway, \$10; M. Tucker, \$10; Ferguson Murphy, \$10; Mr. Behan, \$10; J. Timmony, \$10; W. Murphy, \$5; L. A. Cannon, \$5; John Martin, \$5; J. Kelly, \$5; J. J. O'Flaherty, \$5; Thos. Murphy, \$5; Deputy Chief Walsh, \$5; D. Kennedy, \$5; M. Dinan, \$5; E. Lennon, \$5; J. C. Sullivan, \$5; Ald. Griffin, \$5; J. W. McDermott, \$5; J. Howard, \$5; P. B. McHugh, \$5; J. A. Collier, \$5; M. W. Collier, \$5; Dennis Coveney, \$5; W. Carbray, \$5; Thos. Carbray, \$5; C. T. Donnelly, \$5; J. P. Donnelly, \$5; G. Mulrooney, \$5; W. & J. McManamy, \$5; J. McGovern, \$5; J. G. Boyce, \$5; P. O'Farrell, \$5; R. Swindell, \$5; J. Monaghan, \$5.

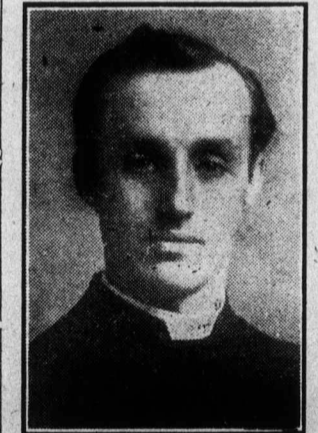
At a recent meeting of this society feeling references were made to the recent death of Daniel, son of an esteemed member—Mr. John McCarthy—and a resolution of condolence was accordingly passed.

Movements of Our Clergy.

Last week we announced several changes which are to take place in the ranks of the clergy of the Mother Irish parish—St. Patrick's.

This week we have to add, with regret, the name of Rev. P. McGrath to the list of our spiritual guides who will sever their connection with that parish during the approaching vacation.

Father McGrath, it may be said without hesitation, has devoted his best energies to the various important tasks entrusted to him by the two pastors under whom he has served. In addition to performing his share of the duties immediately associated with the services, in the pulpit, and in the confessional, he has been director of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society and the



REV. P. McGRATH.

Holy Name Society. In his enthusiasm and solicitude for the rising generation he founded a junior branch of the temperance society which exercised an influence over the minds and hearts of a large number of our youth that it would be difficult to estimate at present.

Father McGrath has never sought to hide his feelings of pride in beholding the progress of St. Patrick's parish and the happiness it afforded him in watching its members, young and old, of both sexes, march along in the van of progress in their respective spheres. In bidding adieu to scenes wherein he has labored for many years, Father McGrath may accept the assurance that his name will always be treasured with a feeling of affection and his future endeavors will be watched by the parishioners of St. Patrick's.

VISITORS AT PRESBYTERIES

Mgr. Gauthier, of Kingston, was a welcome guest at St. Patrick's presbytery this week. He is an old friend of the present pastor.

Another visitor of this week at St. Patrick's, was the Rev. Garrett Dolan of Pittsfield, Mass.

Our Fraternal Societies.

ST. GABRIEL'S T. A. AND B. — At a recent meeting of this society feeling references were made to the recent death of Daniel, son of an esteemed member—Mr. John McCarthy—and a resolution of condolence was accordingly passed.

C. O. F.—The sixth annual provincial convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters was held at Lachine this week. The delegates were numerous and were received by the local Court. High Mass was celebrated the first day of the convention, at which Rev. Father Adam, P.P., Sacred Heart Church, officiated; assisted by Rev. Father Four-ouge and Cullinan, as deacon and sub-deacon.

Sermons were preached in French and English by Rev. Father Ignace Adam and Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan respectively. Father Callaghan emphasized the necessity of harmony between the members of the Order and of faith in God and the Church. Lord Nelson had inspired his men with the words, "England expects every man to do his duty." So to-day the Church looked to every member of the Catholic Order of Foresters for loyal support. Let them obey the command of St. Paul and live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world.

After the service a procession was held through the principal streets of the town, the music being furnished by the bands of Caughnawaga, Presentation, St. Hyacinthe, St. Jerome and St. Henri.

The official report of the secretary of the Provincial Court shows 227 courts in existence, with 17,360 members in good standing, as against 14,162 in 1901. The annual statement of affairs gives assets amounting to \$27,561.48, and disbursements totalling \$17,866.47.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. — At its recent meeting St. Patrick's Society voted the sum of \$50 to the fund in aid of the sufferers of the disastrous fire at St. Hyacinthe.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY.—On Sunday last this most prosperous organization, associated with St. Patrick's parish, made a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Lourdes, where a High Mass was celebrated by the Director, Rev. P. McGrath, and Rev. M. J. McKenna preached an eloquent sermon. The beautiful new banner of the society was blessed on the occasion.

A Great Missionary.

In Boston preparations are being made to celebrate the centenary of the dedication of the first Catholic Church in New England. A London Catholic organ says that this centenary has a special interest for Londoners, because the preacher on the occasion of the dedication of the church referred to—Holy Cross—was Rev. John Cheverus, who founded the mission of St. Francis, Tottenham, England, the centenary of which was celebrated a few years ago. Father Cheverus was afterwards made Bishop of Boston, and later further honored by being transferred to the French Archbishopric of See of Bordeaux, during the occupancy of which he was created Cardinal.

The same organ adds that it is a rare distinction for one priest to have left his mark so plainly in his work in three so diverse lands as England, America, and France. The Church of Christ has produced some wonderful men, and like herself, many of them have given their lives to humanity and to all nations—which means simply the giving of them to God.

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Topics The

A GOOD ANSWER. — pleases us more than a effective answer to those are ever seeking to buy ies and create trouble Catholic affairs, who they know absolutely the Church, beyond w picked from most sources. Recently a w "Alfred Porcelli"—an to all appearance se the London "Universe, says:—"Sir,—I see you styl England's unfortunate mistaken move a visit to the Vatican," saw nothing, practical tican," confining himself talk with the Bishop of private room. "The V. building. Nor was the visit co in the true meaning of was politic perhaps, a make things work mo Ireland, Canada, Maltr fia, where those Br who are co-religionists of Rome give no end their bluster, their

"LA PRESSE" AND IRISH CATHOLICS.

One of the Catholic exchanges in another province recently made reference to a rumor in circulation that an effort would be made to appoint a French-Canadian as successor to the late Senator O'Brien. This aroused the ire of our Catholic contemporary and it indulged in some vigorous language in condemnation of such a proposal.

"La Presse" in its issue of Wednesday referred to the matter in an article entitled "Gratuitous Insults to French-Canadians," in our opinion, an extravagant use of strong words for the caption under the circumstances. The outburst of indignation of "La Presse" is not justified by events that have occurred within our memory.

French-Canadians, as we state elsewhere in this issue, have no reason to complain of the attitude of our people in the Province of Quebec. All those who have been qualified to speak on behalf of our section of the community in this province, and who have represented us in public affairs, have, whenever the occasion occurred, nobly defended every principle dear to the heart of French-Canadians.

What are the facts? Let our contemporary pause a moment and reflect upon the following. In religious life have not our section shown loyalty and devotion under French-Canadian superiors, in the ranks of the regular and secular clergy, in religious communities of both men and women.

Can "La Presse" point to any incident in any French-Canadian parish in this province where an Irish priest has been made the object of such real affection as that displayed by Irish Catholics towards French-Canadian priests, Fathers Singer, Campion, Toupin, Ouellete and Leclair, the latter now holding the high and responsible office of director of affairs, spiritual and temporal, of the leading Irish Catholic charitable institution of Montreal, the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. Can they point to any incident illustrating such a spirit of true Christian charity as that of the golden jubilee celebration, held in the mother Irish parish in 1887, when the idol of the Irish race in Montreal, Father Dowd, took the venerable Father Toupin by the hand and insisted that that distinguished and saintly French-Canadian priest should share the honors and congratulations of the Irish laity on that memorable occasion.

In political life, when their language was menaced with the threat of extinction, in so far as the public business of the country was concerned, did not our Irish Catholic public men and the "True Witness," regardless of all considerations express their condemnation of such a policy of coercion.

In social life have not Irish Catholics, who have been afforded the opportunity of enjoying the society of French-Canadians, shown their appreciation in various ways.

In the cause of charity where French-Canadians' interests were in question have not those of our race by their confidence, energy and financial contributions aided those undertakings.

In commercial life have not Irish Catholics at all times, whenever and wherever the proper Christian spirit prevailed, shown a disposition to join hands and allow no sentiment of race to intervene. So on in various ways.

What is there to justify the question of "La Presse"?

"Why do Irish Catholics who should be the natural allies of French-Canadians always display such antipathy; it is for us inexplicable. We will be happy to behold a change in this condition of affairs, because we are ready to manifest a spirit of reciprocity with them as a section of our community, for whom we cherish feelings of good-will?"

This is not the first time in which "La Presse" has given expression to such views. Our people have always shown a desire to be on the most friendly terms with their French-Canadian fellow-citizens, despite the fact that in municipal provincial and Federal affairs, our representation has been, we say unfairly and unpatriotically, restricted to one district of the city. Let our contemporary look nearer home for subjects of illustration instead of making a comparison such as it has done in the following paragraph:

"With a population of 114,842 souls in the Province of Quebec Irish Catholics have two representatives in the Senate, while French-Canadians in the Province of Ontario number 158,671, have but one representative in that body." This view is unjust for obvious reasons.

French-Canadians have a magnificent opportunity of perpetuating their name on this continent. They are the majority in the premier city of Canada, a city the future development of which not even the veriest optimist can outline. Let that majority show our people some practical proofs of the reciprocity to which "La Presse" refers. Surely there is ample scope for it.

Since the above was written we have received a partial list of the bequests of the late Senator O'Brien, which we publish in another column. "La Presse" will, no doubt, be glad to notice that Notre Dame Hospital and another French-Canadian charitable institution have not been forgotten.

contact of even thinking about them; and not a few are suggestive of smiles and pity. We read the other day of one of these last mentioned; and were it not that it touches upon the serious question of education and of the unfair position that Catholic children, and Catholic parents, find themselves in, on this continent, we would not bother with the incident.

The story is this: As the 21st May was Ascension Thursday, a large number of Catholic children attending school 49, New York city, failed to appear when the school opened in the morning. They had gone to attend Mass; it being a Holyday of obligation. The rest of the story we give in the language of the report that we have read:—

When the school bell sounded assembly at 9 o'clock the principal, the teachers, matrons and janitors were all in their places. So was everybody, in fact, but the pupils. There were few of these present, and James R. Pettigrew, the principal, assembled his large corps of assistants and the shrunken attendance of his pupils in the main hall and expressed his mind freely on the subject of religious enthusiasm. A large number of the teachers are Catholics, but they had attended the early service and were at their posts as usual. They were very angry at Mr. Pettigrew's remarks, which they say included:—

"The children would be better off here than in church.

"Why don't the priest tell them to take a bath? Those are the children who have dirty hands and finger nails.

"These are the children who spell 'whose' h-o-o-s-e and h-o-e-s, and the personal pronoun t-h-e-r-e."

To a reporter Mr. Pettigrew said it was a tempest in a tea-pot; that he had for years allowed all the children to attend religious services on the days when their creed required it, but in this case he had been imposed upon by a large number of Protestant children absenting themselves on the same pretext, and that he understood that some of the Catholic mothers did not want their children to be away from school.

It was asserted, however, that the Catholic Board of Education will investigate the principal's reported remarks. The parents of the Catholic children are very angry about them.

We do not know whether the Board really intends to investigate or not; nor do we know what benefit would be derived from any investigation, as the satisfaction that would be given, in all probability, would be very slight. Nor have we much care whether this Pettigrew was serious in his excuses or not. All we know is that a man who, under any circumstance, could be so vulgar as to give the children whom he is teaching such a manifestation of lack of refinement, want of education, and absence of all the qualifications that a teacher should possess, is absolutely unfit to be the model for and instructor of youth. If such language, such coarseness, and such absence of consideration for the feelings of others were exhibited in a Catholic institution, towards some of the Protestant pupils, that frequent in such numbers our colleges, convents, and academies, what a howl would go up!

laboratory. Unless the revelations in Newark are such as tend to confirm all previous researches for an antitoxin serum for tuberculosis the treatment of the disease is still where it has been for the last twenty years."

There is some sense in the comments. So many of these new-fangled, world-regenerating, life-securing, immortality-producing experiments have been made, that it is no wonder the human mind becomes suspicious of them. They are ushered in with a flourish of trumpets and the final result is that, after a few successful trials (we never hear of the countless failures) they die away in oblivion. And the great world goes on; human beings are born, grow up, suffer, catch diseases, and eventually die, generally inside the limits of the allotted span, while not one whit is the plan of the Creator altered. There is a feverish idea abroad today that impels every one taken with it to seek any or every means of prolonging life, of escaping suffering, of avoiding labor, of pushing back death. Better and more effectively would the time be spent in preparing for that death and for the life beyond; far more profitable to draw the sting from death and divest it of half its horrors by making ready to meet it. But this would be a sacrifice, a bending of the will, a submission to God; and man's heart is rebellious when God's grace is not within it. Yet the olden law stands good. It was spoken at the gate of Eden, and it is ordained that "man shall earn his bread with the sweat of his brow," and that "every man shall die," and "after death comes judgment." There is no serum in nature that can save us from that law; as well to submit.

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St. Patrick's Academy Reading Circle.

On Monday evening last the members of the Reading Circle of St. Patrick's Academy, Alexander street, gave one of their seances. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Chorus, A Garden Fair. Introductory Remarks. Recitation—Song of the Stars. Action song—The Morning Glory. Analysis of "Thanatopsis." Class recitation—Thanatopsis.

PART II.

Biographical sketch of Bryant, introducing "The Waterfowl," "The Hurricane," "The Past." Chorus—"The Birds." Flower Drill. Flower song—"Four-Leaf Clover." Thanks.

Instructress in elocution and physical culture, Mrs. Belle Rose Emsley.

All praise is due to the teachers and pupils. The programme was rendered in such a manner as to delight the friends of the institution. Rev. Martin Callaghan addressed the pupils at the close of the programme. He spoke of the great good that was being done by Mother Aloysius and her able assistants. He referred to the various items and expressed himself as pleased beyond measure not only with the rendering of the selections, but with the excellent views expressed on the life and work of the poet, whose career would have been a far greater success if instead of being nature's sweet singer he had been inspired by the supernatural truths, which raise men's minds and hearts, and lead them to the highest conceptions.

Hon. Mr. Justice Curran, Mr. J. H. Semple, School Commissioner, and Mr. C. F. Smith, all devoted friends of the institution, each spoke words of praise and encouragement, and expressed their feelings of gratitude to Mother Aloysius for the abundance of excellence of the Academy.

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Journal... ties.

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Topics of The Day.

A GOOD ANSWER. — Nothing pleases us more than a good and effective answer to those people who are ever seeking to build up difficulties and create troubles concerning Catholic affairs, when, in reality they know absolutely nothing about the Church, beyond what they have picked from most anti-Catholic sources. Recently a writer, signing "Alfred Porcelli"—an Italian name, to all appearance sent a letter to the London "Universe," in which he says:—

"Sir,—I see you style the King of England's unfortunate and utterly mistaken move a complimentary visit to the Vatican." As a fact, he saw nothing, practically, of the Vatican, confining himself to a private talk with the Bishop of Rome in his private room. The Vatican is a building. Nor was the visit 'complimentary.' In the true meaning of the word, it was politic perhaps, and intended to make things work more smoothly in Ireland, Canada, Malta, and Australia, where those British subjects who are co-religionists of the Bishop of Rome give no end of trouble by their bluster, their bounce, their

claims and demands, which are out of all proportion both to their numbers and to their deserts. As to numbers the Romanists in the empire are in a very considerable minority, and only rank next to the Jews, from whom they differ in everything which constitutes a claim to consideration; for whereas the Jews are thrifty, hardworking, loyal, law-abiding—the Romanists are—as a rule—just the reverse."

We need not go on with this tirade. What we have given will suffice to show the caliber of the man. But the reply of the Editor is indeed deserving of attention. Here is his reply:—

"Colonel Porcelli stands condemned in his arguments even from his own pen. In language less true even than courteous he asserts that Catholics—or, as he would say, Romanists—are seeking more than their numbers warrant, from which, of course, we assume that he favors majority rule in religious matters. According to this plan the vast majority of Hindus should rule in religious matters and insult and penalize every other religious body in the Empire. If the Hindus were too civilized for that the duty would fall to the Mohammedans of India, who also might be more polite than the Anglican Church, and forbear from public insult of the oldest Christian body. After that would come the Buddhists, and then the Anglican Church, which, coming fourth, arrogates the rights which the pagan would deem wrong. No numbers have little to do with justice. As for disloyalty of Catholics, we would remark it is a strange disloyalty

which, out of 11,000,000, finds 6,000 to lay down their lives in the late war, whilst out of the non-Catholic population nearly 400,000,000, the full number slain was 14,000. At the Catholic rate per head of the population the number of non-Catholics killed should have been equal to the whole British army. Why this non-Catholic disloyalty, to judge by deeds? The argument as to the visit to the Vatican is not worth much truly. Most non-Catholics called it 'complimentary.' We regret that Colonel Porcelli has so serious a difference with his friends. We regret, indeed, to find that His Majesty was so rude as to shut his eyes and object to see anything or anybody but the Pope and his private room. It is remarkable that even Colonel Porcelli should endeavor to split such a hair as divides a visit to the Pope and a visit to the Vatican. It is all over. We trust Colonel Porcelli will not deem us to have abused him. We have not mutilated his letter as we fairly might have done, nor garbled it. We have given it in its bare unloveliness. This being so we will take leave of our old opponent with a quotation from the Colonel's letter: "It is a good thing to be told the truth," for which reason, and for Colonel Porcelli's sake, we have troubled to rebuke him mildly.—Ed. Univ.)

BIGOTRY.—From time to time very queer instances of bigotry come to our attention. Some of them are actually too contemptible to deserve comment; others are so miserably vindictive that one hates the

THE SERUM TREATMENT. — From Newark, N.J., comes the news of a serum treatment for tuberculosis that has the endorsement of the Board of Health. They tell us that it has been tried in several cases and has been a grand success. Quite possible; but we are strongly of the opinion of a New York contemporary which thus refers to this matter:— "Scarcely a day passes that has not its new discovery of a sure remedy for the malady. At present the trend of experimental research is in the direction of serum treatment. The number and variety of the tuberculosis antitoxins seems infinite. From the time Professor Koch, of Berlin, exploited his tuberculin until the present there has been no end of injections into the bodies of the unfortunate victims. Each experimenter reports good results, and while the game goes on the average death rate remains virtually the same. A certain proportion of cases of "consumption" are destined to recover in any event, and the result is naturally attributed to the particular medication on trial. Hence every new method has its ratio of successes and each new investigator is duly sanguine as to the value of his discovery. Thus, while duly lauding the motives of the laboratory men, we are forced to accept their conclusions with judicious suspicion."

After commenting upon the supposed merits of the discovery in question, the same writer says:— "It is safe to say that the consensus of professional opinion to-day is not in favor of the serum treatment of tuberculosis. This conclusion is based on a much larger experience than can be obtained in any

FRASER, VIGER & CO., THE WARDHEIMER Building, 207, 209 & 211 St. James St.

Our Curbstone Observer On the Circus

HE circus has come and has gone. It came with eighty-five cars and the finest menagerie that ever paraded the streets of Montreal. It went away with the same number of cars, the same menagerie, and about sixty thousand dollars, at a rough estimate. No person begrudges the Ringling Brothers all the money they can get, for they need it all. Their expenses are enormous. Thousands of dollars daily must be spent in the maintaining of such a huge concern. Then there is much to say in their favor. Not only was it the most complete show, of the class, ever seen here, but it was remarkable for the cleanliness of everything in connection with it, and for the gentlemanly and lady-like manners of those taking part in its performance. Even the teamsters, tent-erectors, and ordinary laborers were remarkable for their civil and respectful manners. It may not be generally known that the five brothers conduct this immense travelling establishment on very strict principles. The employees are treated in the most approved manner; they are lodged and boarded as they would be in a first-class hotel; they have even menu cards at each meal. No profanity, no immorality, and no disreputable conduct of any kind will be tolerated. One offence suffices; dismissal follows. By dint of a wonderful discipline these managers have made it possible for really good actors and actresses to engage with them. All this being the truth, I feel it only just that I should make mention of it. No one can suspect that it is for any special purpose, since the circus is hundreds of miles away now. But when I come to speak of my own observations in connection with its passage through Montreal, I would not have it thought that I were unfair enough to blame the circus for having made such a fine harvest. In fact, each and all of them earned well every dollar they got, and the people got the worth of their money.

THE FOLLY OF IT.—But, now that the circus is gone, there are many things that remain, and many others that are to come. There are still houses that people must inhabit, and for which rent must be paid; there are still bakers, butchers, grocers, and others whose goods are necessary to sustain life, and whose bills must be met; there are still children to be clothed and fed; there are still necessary obligations that must be fulfilled. Then there is coal that has to be bought, and no one yet knows at what price; and wood in a like manner. The circus will not come back this year, but December will come, and with it snow, frost, ice and all the inconveniences of a long winter. There are preparations that must be made to meet all these things; and the circus will not help in the making of such preparations. And thus it is that I see the folly, or the pity of it all. It is not necessary to go into details; all know the situations, and any who do not suspected will later on have occasion to find it out for themselves.

ONE CASE FOR EXAMPLE.—Not later than a couple of weeks ago a woman came to me and asked for assistance. She told me a most pitiful story, and told it in a convincing way. She was frank about it; did not cringe and whine, nor yet was bold and offensive. In fact, I could see that the woman was truly in need. Her husband was too ill to do the work to which he had been accustomed, and was forced to take up an occupation that afforded him only three dollars per week. They had four of a family; the youngest three, the oldest twelve. She gave me her address. I learned, from other sources that she was perfectly honest in all her representations. The lack of work for her husband, the terrible price of fuel last winter, and the necessity of trying to have two of the children kept at school, at least to be prepared for a First Communion—all combined with other circumstances to make her lot a hard one. The result was that I did a little, for I could not afford much; but I induced a couple of friends to do a little more to help this family tide over the difficulties that faced them. Very well. On last Monday week the same woman, with two of her children, accompanied by a couple of her neighbors, had a grand old time. They went to the circus. I doubt not that they had a pleasant afternoon of it, and that they

enjoyed the show. It cost a couple of dollars, or may be more. To the average citizen it was worth that much. But what will she do when the autumn comes, when the circumstances of last winter return? Will the circus come along and afford her the help that she so badly needed a few weeks ago, and that she is very likely to need as badly in a few weeks hence? Money could be found to go to the circus, but none to be had to keep the fire in the home hearth burning.

IMPROVIDENCE.—Few of the readers have an idea of the extent to which improvidence is practised in the world by the needy. It is said of the Indian that he is satisfied as long as he has enough for the day, and that he will allow the morrow to take care of itself. This is characteristic of his race; and for good reasons. The Indian lives free in the woods, or on the plains, and depends upon game and fish for his food; he knows where they are to be had in plenty; as long as health lasts he has the skill to supply himself. Were he to secure more food than is absolutely necessary, it would simply be so much loss, it would go to waste, and would diminish to a certain extent the general supply. Then he is a stranger to hoarding. He has no ambition to accumulate wealth; he would have no use for it once dead. The result is that he does not bother himself with the future. But it should be otherwise with civilized people. No matter how humble the man's, or the woman's, station there is always room for the savings that come in so well on "the rainy day." Each one looks forward to an old age of repose, to a few years of tranquillity, of rest from life's labors, before the coming on of the great rest. It is, therefore, natural for man to be provident to a certain degree. This does not mean that he is to submit himself unnecessary privations in order to store up for a time that may never come for him. But, on the other hand, it is the height of folly—under existing conditions—for any one to so act that the future becomes no concern and that chances are lost that may not return again. And this sad fault is more remarkable in the poorer classes. They are so easily carried away by the excitement of the moment. A feast, a great holiday, a circus, or anything that will afford them a temporary oblivion of their troubles, is hailed with delight. They scrape up enough to have one good time in all the year, and during those few hours—like the opium eater—they forget the realities of life; and, like that same victim, they awaken from visions of delight, to the cold, chill, crushing, death-dealing reality.

CONCLUSIONS.—From all of these observations my conclusions must be obvious. I am not going to preach a sermon, nor seek to make others see the follies that are clear to me, as I walk life's curbstone. But I am lamenting the tendency of people to be improvident under fairly favorable circumstances. But probably all my observations are for nothing; I do not expect that they will tend to check the evil of which I complain, nor do I suppose that they will prevent the same people from going to the circus next year, or from squandering what they can earn, or beg, on excursions, or picnics; nor will they drive away the wolf from their doors in the winter time.

Notes From Australia

MODERN CONCERTS.—A Catholic Irishman, in a letter to an Australian Catholic organ deals with the subject of "Modern Concerts." It would seem that the Catholic Young Men's Society, of Perth, in Australia, had advertised a musical evening's entertainment. On the previous St. Patrick's night the same society had given a concert to which the correspondent takes exception, and on account of which he asks that the coming entertainment may not be a repetition of that fiasco. As to the details of the affair, and to the local allusions, we know nothing; but there are some general hints in the letter, which go to show that the "Stage Irishman" has invaded Australia, and that he is equally resented there. In the letter we find this striking passage:—"As Irishmen we may be impetuous, enthusiastic, and, if you will, sentimental; still we have an undying love for what is noble and decorous. As a religious body Catholic is, or ought to be, our name and surname. Allied closely to Catholic is our second individualising mark, viz., Irishmen."

We have again a striking instance in this letter of how an honest Irish heart renounces any disrespect, or even discourtesy, in regard to the priesthood. It is all very well to be civil

to strangers, and to pay them marked attention, but not at the expense and to the discomfort of our own clergy. They would never treat their ministers so, for the sake of us; nor do they expect that we should do so in the case of our clergymen. The passage is this:—"It may have been the custom to extend our maudlin civility to the stranger and perhaps the foe of our religion, to the great detriment of our spiritual guides and Fathers in Christ; but the creed of custom is not always that of right. We should, therefore, make it our duty, our aim and endeavor, to attack the entrenchments of custom or fashion wherever they are incompatible with the duty and respect we owe our priests. We could be accommodating without offence, and we could be inattentive without incivility. Why do I speak thus? Because I saw from the gallery of the Town Hall on the night in question, the priests thrust about looking as best they could for seats while the chairs that should be theirs were reserved for others, who no matter what they may be, absolutely speaking, hold no place in our esteem, compared with that which the priests should obtain."

He closes thus:—"Let us hope that the coming Catholic concert will not be a facsimile of such an exhibition, but rather will show that the efforts of the Catholic Choir far surpass the Gaelic League's ideas of discretion and musical attainments, and will manifest a knowledge of the stage, a refined taste in amusements and an aptitude for the occasion, that instead of inspiring rage and disgust in the audience, will fill them with pleasure and admiration."

What were exactly the errors committed on that occasion we do not know; but it is clear that discourtesy was shown to the clergy in the audience; the susceptibilities of the invited guests were shocked; and the Irish character was caricatured.

"This may all have been due to lack of organization, of tact, of forethought, or of taste, yet it remains, all the same, as a blot that should be removed, if we desire that our self-respect be maintained."

We are sure that were the writer of that letter in Canada he would find more than one occasion to give expression to the same sentiments and opinions. But happily the change is coming, and already its benefits are becoming felt. May the improvement continue.

Live Stock Trade.

The trade in cattle, according to a London despatch in the "Gazette," was fair, but as supplies were more than ample there was no improvement in prices. Choice American cattle sold at 11½c, Canadians at 11c, and Argentines at 10½c. The tone of the market for sheep was stronger, and prices since this day two weeks show an advance of 1c per lb., best Argentines selling at 13½c.

There was no change in the Liverpool market for Canadian cattle since this last week, sales being made at 11c to 11½c.

A private cable from London quoted choice American cattle at 11½c, Canadians at 11c, and Argentines at 10½c.

The exports of live animals from Ireland in April, included 69,682 head of cattle, 18,378 sheep, and 47,574 pigs. Compared with those of the corresponding month of last year these totals show an increase of 4,276 head of cattle, but decreases of 5,412 sheep and 8,800 pigs. Taking the totals for the first four months of 1903 and comparing them with the corresponding totals of 1902, we get increases of 68,560 cattle, 13,933 sheep, and 1,426 pigs, as set forth in the subjoined table:—

	1902.	1903.	Inc. in
	No.	No.	No.
Cattle	266,392	197,832	68,560
Sheep	91,526	77,593	13,933
Pigs	259,697	258,271	1,426

MONTREAL.—There has been no important feature to note in local export live stock circles, except that the present month has opened up with large shipments, and if all the vessels that are to sail carry full cargoes, it promises to be another record breaker. The demand for export cattle in the Toronto market has fallen off again and trade in that market has been comparatively quiet owing to the fact that prices for export cattle in the Chicago market have declined again; therefore, shippers have been buying American cattle in large quantities cheaper than they could buy Canadians. Foreign advices have been anything but encouraging, the markets having been generally weak of late and with the large supplies going forward from

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Recognizing the fact which has become very apparent during the last two years, that our customers make their summer exodus to the seaside and country much earlier than formerly, we have decided as a matter of fairness to afford them as far as possible the economical purchasing advantages of our

MIDSUMMER CLEARING SALE

before leaving. During the present month, therefore, we will offer a succession of Clearing Bargains drawn from the various departments that will rival in price—cheapness and high quality anything hitherto offered in Montreal.

Preparations are in process in all sections of the store to make this a notable money-saving occasion! Watch our advertising columns for interesting news from our

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Canada little improvement is anticipated, and even with the embargo on Argentine stock, which was generally looked upon as a bullish factor, prices in the leading foreign markets have declined over 1c per lb., and at to-day's figures it was stated by some in the trade that shippers were losing from \$10 to \$12 per head. The demand for ocean freight, space, in spite of the above facts, has been good and all the space for June is practically engaged at 40s to 45s per head, as to port.

At the Montreal Stock Yards at Point St. Charles the receipts of live stock on Monday morning for local consumption were 150 cattle, 15 sheep and lambs, 10 calves, and 110 hogs. The trade in all lines was generally quiet, owing to the small offerings, and in consequence of which the undertone to the market was steady, and prices show no material change. The few loads of cattle offered were of good quality, and as local dealers were somewhat short of supplies, holders had no difficulty in making sales at prices ranging from 4c to 5c per lb. in car load lots. Sheep and lambs were scarce and prices were maintained. Sheep sold at 3½c to 4c per lb., and lambs at \$3 to \$4.50 each. The few calves on the market sold at from \$1 to \$5 each. The tone of the market for live hogs was in sympathy with recent advices from the West, but as the supply was exceedingly small, there was little change in prices to note, sales being made at 6c to 6½c per lb.

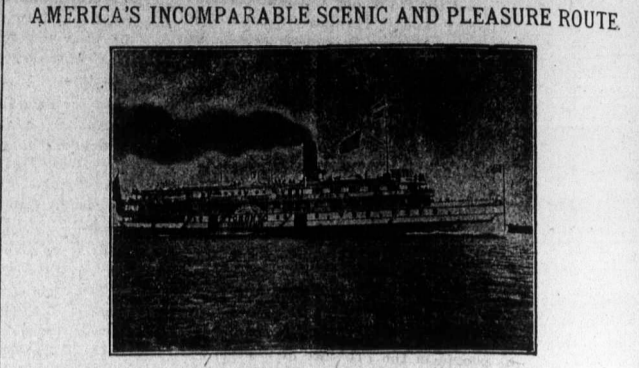
The offerings of live stock at the East End Abattoir market the same day were 800 cattle, 200 sheep, 200 lambs, and 700 calves. The demand for cattle was good, and as the quality of the same was generally up to the mark, the tone was steady and prices show little change from last Wednesday. Choice beefs sold at 5½c to 5½c; good at 4½c to 5c; fair at 3½c to 4½c; and lower grades at 3c to 3½c per lb. The trade in sheep and lambs was fairly active. Sheep sold at 3½c to 4c per lb., and lambs at \$2.50 to \$5 each. The demand for calves was good at prices ranging from \$1 to \$7 each.

The shipments of live stock from the port of Montreal for the week ending June 6th, were:—

	Cattle.	Sheep.
To Liverpool—		
Tritonia	863	485
Lake Champlain	590	
Pretorian	389	
To London—		
Birmingham	250	162
Hurona	563	
Livonian	769	276
Yola	298	46
Kildona	293	
To Glasgow—		
Pomeranian	614	
To Newcastle—		
Bellona	838	
Total	4,907	969
Last week	8,735	1,574

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We have put the pruning knife through our Millinery Department, as well as the rest of the Departments all over the Store.

127 YARDS Crepe de Chine, in colors of black, blue, pink, gray and brown. Former price \$1.00 a yard. For, per yard, 25c

CHILDREN'S Embroidered Bonnets We have reduced a line of Children's Embroidered Bonnets, different patterns. Were \$3.00. For..... \$2.00

1 DOZEN Ladies' Pattern Hats, that were \$25.00, \$20 and \$15. Now.....Half Price

300 YARDS Snow Flake Net, 1 yard wide, reduced from \$1.00 per yard to 90c

SHADED CHIFFON Umbre Shaded Chiffon, only 60 yards in the lot, 27 inches wide. Was \$1 25 a yard For, per yard, 90c With 10 per cent. extra for cash at time of purchase or C.O.D.

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TABLE NAPKINS— Sizes 17 x 17 inches, 75c. For 48c a doz Sizes 22 x 22 inches, \$1.90, For..... \$1.50

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Notes From Scotland

WOODEN CATHOLICS. got a few Catholics in of besides Glasgow who do above title. On May 22, Branch of the new Sac Confraternity was established Alphonse's, Glasgow. After ary, Father O'Reilly, add congregation, said that d Mission only 118 names o had expressed a wish to f dally had been received. F Father O'Reilly said: 118 Imagine! only 118 out of parish of St. Alphonse's, to return love for love to Heart. Where are all the of the parish? That was able feature of the present Catholic people who did n identify themselves with gious association.

They were Catholic he would call them by proper name, "Wooden olics," who were o fish, flesh, nor fowl-m did not listen to the of the Sacred Heart.

The Son of God had sa give Me thy heart." Tha appeal, and if only 118 n respond to that appeal, to the rest. They might ther minds that few, ver of the 118 had preserved fruits of the mission. He that day who had not ke week did not elapse after sion when some of those d ed the Sacred Body of Ch to drink. They drank, an give him if he should say e damned in their sins. e death in the parish on Su of a man who had been o whole week. He had bee Mission, but had not give name to join the Sacred ciety. The lesson to take was that that man was n He came as a thief to ralis, stole our Lord, and from his heart the next glass of whisky. Did it r to the men of the parish o only 118 gave in their n to Holy Communion onc Our Lord said to them t He said 2,000 years ago, Me your heart." When w heart to any person we l all the affect on and the heart is capable of. And Son of God, who loves everlasting love, who desi love Him, wants our he turn. When there is love tly, troubles may come, spring up, but love is pr sickness is borne with r difficulties regarded as n erty may be there, but lo also to fill up the void ca absence of these things. I n when we love God, wh give us in return? He sa love Me My Father will so that the love of God indwelling of the Son of hearts and homes. 118 th? Son of God in their others, I presume, want t am sorry for the selectio God is with us whom nee And our Divine Lord say that is not with Him is a Therefore I congratulate men on their choice. Thea can God's side, and may C them, and I hope and tru fulness of God's grace w their hearts and that the a hundredfold the sacrific making. St. James says: food and perfect gift com Father of Light." What e you when you have God your hearts? No tongue blessings that He will b danger He will reprob, the He will drive from you. Him He will love you in ask you then to join in reparation for the cold men of St. Alphonse's. 118 of them came to jo ciation. Father O'Reilly the act of reparation, wards solemnized Benedi

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of eight dollars and a bonus of two dollars per share of the capital stock of this institution have been declared, and the same will be payable at its banking house in this city on and after Thursday, the 2nd day of July, 1903.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of June, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. A. P. LESPERANCE, Manager. Montreal, May 30th, 1903.

OPEN-AIR INSTRUCTION Sunday evening open-air to non-Catholics by the Rev. J. J. Power, S.J., have proved success in Edinburgh. At road on Sunday night

Advertisement for 'Niagara to the Sea' and 'Pleasure Route' with various travel and service details.

Notes From Scotland.

WOODEN CATHOLICS.—There are not a few Catholics in other cities besides Glasgow who deserve the above title. On May 22, a Men's Branch of the new Sacred Heart Fraternity was established in St. Alphonsus, Glasgow. After the Rosary, Father O'Reilly, addressing the congregation, said that during the Mission only 118 names of men who had expressed a wish to join the Society had been received. Continuing, Father O'Reilly said: 118 names! Imagine! only 118 out of the whole parish of St. Alphonsus, who want to return love for love to the Sacred Heart. Where are all the other men of the parish? That was a remarkable feature of the present time—Catholic people who did not want to identify themselves with any religious association.

They were Catholics, but he would call them by their proper name, "Wooden Catholics," who were neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—men who did not listen to the appeal of the Sacred Heart.

The Son of God had said "Son, give Me thy heart." That was the appeal, and it only 118 men could respond to that appeal, God took to the rest. They might make up to the rest, but few, very few, out of the 118 had preserved long the fruits of the mission. He knew some that day who had not kept it. A week did not elapse after the Mission when some of those who received the Sacred Body of Christ began to drink. They drank, and God forgave him if he should say they would be damned in their sins. They had a death in the parish on Sunday, that of a man who had been drunk the whole week. He had been at the Mission, but had not given in his name to join the Sacred Heart Society. The lesson to take from it was that that man was not sincere. He came as a thief to the altar rails, stole our Lord, and drove Him from his heart the next week for a glass of whisky. Did it reflect credit to the men of the parish to say that only 118 gave in their names to go to Holy Communion once a month? Our Lord said to them to-day, "Our Lord 2,000 years ago, "Son, give Me your heart." When we give our heart to any person we give them all the affect on and the love the heart is capable of. And so the Son of God, who loves us with an everlasting love, who desires us to love Him, wants our hearts in return. When there is love in the family, troubles may come, difficulties spring up, but love is present. So sickness is borne with resignation, difficulties regarded as nothing. Poverty may be there, but love is there also to fill up the void caused by the absence of these things. In like manner when we love God, what does He give us in return? He says, "If you love Me My Father will love you," so that the love of God means the indwelling of the Son of God in our hearts and homes, 118 men want the Son of God in their homes. The others, I presume, want the devil. I am sorry for the selection, for when God is with us whom need we fear? And our Divine Lord says that He that is not with Him is against Him. Therefore I congratulate these 118 men on their choice. They have taken God's side, and may God reward them, and I hope and trust that the fullness of God's grace will possess their hearts and that they will reap a hundredfold the sacrifice they are making. St. James says, "Every good and perfect gift comes from the Father of Light." What will it be to you when you have God Himself in your hearts? No tongue can tell the blessings that He will bestow, the danger He will repel, the temptations He will drive from you. If you love Him He will love you in return. I ask you then to join in an act of reparation for the coldness of the men of St. Alphonsus, when only 118 of them came to join this association. Father O'Reilly then made the act of reparation, and afterwards solemnized Benediction.

OPEN-AIR INSTRUCTION.—The Sunday evening open-air addresses to non-Catholics by the Rev. Father Power, S.J., have proved a great success in Edinburgh. At the Lothian road on Sunday night last over

one thousand of the better-class Protestants of the capital assembled to hear with respect and attention what the learned Jesuit had to say to them. For over half an hour Father Power held the captivated attention of the vast throng, and went on to prove from the Protestants' own Bible and shorter Catechism that a place of very high honor in the Incarnation is given to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, whom all Catholics so love and honor and pray to, because it is the specific desire of her Divine Son that they should do so. Father Power also made passing allusion to the presence of Ruthven in Edinburgh, who falsely styles himself "an ex-Protestant," and said that the majority of the Catholics of the capital had a very poor spirit in that they indeed, otherwise they would have taken more prompt and effective action in getting such a rascal run out of the city boundaries at once. Had it been any decent-sized town in England, where the Catholics were indeed possessed of a high spirit, he (Ruthven) would have been chased out long ago.

IN HONOR OF SACRED HEART.—On Sunday, June 21, the festival of St. Aloysius, is announced by Father Bader, B.J., as the date selected for the annual public procession of the Blessed Sacrament in Edinburgh. The citizens of the Scottish capital who lately went to such an enormous expense in decorating their vast stretch of streets and stately buildings to welcome their earthly sovereign, will surely now see eye to eye with their Catholic brethren who are at present preparing in the vicinity of Lauriston to extend a similar yet sublimer welcome to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

The Day of Fresh Air.

While science moves with giant strides, there are certain seemingly self-evident truths which mankind has been amazingly slow in learning, says the New York "Evening Post." Pre-eminent among these is the fact that the best of all tonics is fresh air. To-day we all crave a change of air, at least once a year, and during the summer months probably more city folk than ever will go for a few weeks to seashore or mountains to "brace up" for next winter. But this is an invention of our own whereof our ancestors knew nothing. It is only quite recently, too, that medical men have systematically begun to recognize fresh air as their best remedy.

Their increasing dependence upon it is, indeed, one of the most remarkable signs of the times. As the writer of an article on the "Outdoor Treatment of Tuberculosis" in the current "Review of Reviews" remarks, the medical man of the olden time would actually be shocked if he could visit one of the places where invalids are "harc at work in the forests making their camps, lolling about in hammocks in summer with heads uncovered, and lying muffled in blankets and furs in the sunlight in the dead of winter, with no shelter but the blue sky above them." In typhoid fever it is now known that the mortality is reduced to a minimum when the cases are treated in tents, or in other quarters freely open to the air. To take only one more case, it is significant that smallpox always makes a sharp decline upon the advent of fine weather. As United States Surgeon J. O. Cobb has observed: "The checking of an epidemic so promptly by the coming of good weather can only be due to the opening up of infected houses, thoroughly ventilating them, and to the fact that people get out of doors more and are not huddled together so much."

In view of all this experience of the bracing qualities of fresh air, and its great value as at once a remedy and preventive of disease, it is surprising that so little is done architecturally in our homes to improve the quality of the air we breathe during the greater part of the year. A Los Angeles physician declared, a few years ago, that the medical profession allows people to go on building houses in the most abominable way imaginable, exactly as though it had entered into a league for increasing its business; and the "Lancet" maintains justly that the necessity of ventilation by fresh air is probably the one principle essential to health which is least appreciated by the multitude at the present time. This, it might have added, is shown particularly in the still almost universal dread of night air, which has caused an incalculable amount of ill-health, premature decay, and death.

The Situation In France.

There is no Mirabeau to leap, to-day, into the tribune, and save a government that is plunging, on down grade, towards a state of national ruin—bankruptcy. And even did the Government possess a defender of the oratorical genius of Mirabeau, there is a mighty abyss between the Necker of that day and the Combes of the present. The former was a financier, who sought the save the country from ruin by the imposition of a new tax; and he did so. The latter is a fanatic who sees only the wiping out of the Church as the object to be attained, but who cannot see the financial destruction that must follow, or even precede the triumph of such an insane policy.

The New York "Herald's" correspondent, from Monte Carlo, writing a week ago, said: "If M. Combes has any doubts as to the sentiments he and his sectarian policy inspire in France, the recent fluctuations of French three per cents should be sufficient to enlighten him. After falling persistently for some time as the direct result of his interpretation of the associations law, the mere rumor that his downfall is close at hand has acted like a tonic upon the market and has not only stopped the decline of French three's, but has even caused a slight rise."

This is a fearful blow from a quarter least expected, and most to be dreaded. On the stock market there is no sentiment; cold figures rule. If Mr. Combes can work upon sectarian feelings and anti-religious passions, he is simply dashing his head against a stone wall, when he seeks to hold out against the financial ruin that his course is precipitating.

It was reported that when the Chamber meets Mr. Combes will propose a measure for the separation of Church and State, and that if the Chamber refuses to follow his lead, he will hand in his resignation. Commenting upon this, M. Edward Dollfus, the famous French financier, said: "It would be impossible to demonstrate more cruelly that the country has lost all confidence, if it ever had any, in the Combes Ministry."

Another eminent banker said: "Mr. Combes could not render a greater service to his country than to resign, and the quicker he does so the better."

Here is Mr. Dollfus' statement concerning the French financial situation to-day: "In proceeding to expel the congregations in France M. Combes has proceeded to expel French capital. The exodus of French capital to foreign countries is on a very large scale. 'If, perhaps, iniquitous and unjust measures taken in regard to religious communities have found Paris indifferent, they have, on the other hand, profoundly troubled the provinces, where the religious spirit reigns much more than in the capital. Having no longer any confidence in a government capable of committing such acts, all those who have religious faith have transferred to foreign countries their French investments. This is what the congregations did in the first instance. The result has been a fall of French rentes and a rise of Italian, Spanish, Brazilian, Argentine and other securities. M. Combes, in carrying out this odious work has alienated from himself all people who respect religion. He has only on his side the atheists and most advanced section of free thinkers. He has up to the present been supported by a compact majority of the Chambers, the famous 'bloc,' but he can slip on the smallest bit of orange skin."

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 5 new Subscribers to the True Witness.

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

The Pulpit in Protestant Churches

In glancing over a recent number of the New York "Sun" we find that a gentleman, who is styled "on authority on church matters" has been making some strange admissions. They may be well founded in fact; but to us they appear quite peculiar. Of course, he is speaking of the rich Protestant churches of that large city. Amongst other things he says: "The big church in a city like New York," he said, "has other things to look after besides the saving of souls. That is the ultimate end, of course, but various are the means to accomplish it. "The minister of a big church gets a big salary, and he must have one or more assistants. But the assistants do not take the place of the minister in the pulpit until late in the summer. The vacations of the big ministers usually begin early in June; in some cases before. It is necessary to fill the pulpit with a pretty good preacher for a few weeks, until the congregations begin falling off, and all pews become free."

We will not bother reproducing all the details of the ceremonies to which the high-toned clergymen go to secure preachers to fill their pulpits while they are off on vacation. The gentleman says, however, in one place: "A preacher in this age of the world is a bit of a financier. Any good preacher would act for his brother if the brother were sick, or made a personal request, as the case may be, goes off to enjoy himself and take a rest, and the vestry or the elders or deacons want somebody to take his place for one Sunday, or more, the temporary supply wants a good sum, and he gets it."

"I know, one church whose rector goes away very early on account of his health. The congregation likes good preaching. For about six or seven Sundays after their rector goes away that congregation has to pay from \$150 to \$200 for a sermon. "That seems like a pretty high price. It is a good price for the preacher, but the congregation is a wealthy one. "The church wanted for one Sunday a certain man who lives at a distance from New York—three or four days' travel. The vestry offered him \$350 to preach one sermon. Of course the offer was made on the basis that the minister would have to travel some distance. "There was no reply to the offer for about two weeks. When the reply was made it was mailed in this city. The preacher was here on his vacation. The letter had been forwarded to him here, and he accepted the offer. "He did not understand that the offer was made on condition that he make the trip, especially, and, for that matter, what was the difference so long as the church got the ser-

Another Sea Disaster.

News comes from Marseilles, France, at the beginning of this week, to the effect that over one hundred persons were drowned there on last Sunday as the result of a shipping disaster. The report says:—The Insulaire and the Liban passenger steamers of the Fraissena Ship Company of Marseilles were in collision near this port. The Liban sank, carrying down with her more than 100 of her passengers as well as her crew. The Liban left Marseilles recently on her regular passenger trip to Bastia, Corsica, and was run down and sunk by the Insulaire of the Maire Islands.

The force of the collision cut a wide rent in the Liban's side and she was soon taking in water rapidly. Her captain saw their only chance was to run the steamer aground before she sank in deep water, and the Liban was beached full speed for the shore; but within seventeen minutes of the collision and while still some distance from shallow water the fore-part of the steamer plunged beneath the waves and a few minutes later she had entirely disappeared. In the meantime, the Blechamp, a pilot boat, the steamboat Balkan, and other vessels had drawn near the sinking ship and were making strenuous efforts to rescue those on board. The Blechamp picked up 40 persons, many of whom were at the point of exhaustion, and were only revived by the attentions they received on board. The Balkan also rescued 37 passengers and up to the present it is known that in addition to the passengers 17 of the crew were also saved.

Bequests by Catholic American Women.

The will of Cecilia Muldoon, who died on May 6, disposes of property estimated to be worth \$55,000, the greater part of which is left to the following Catholic institutions: The Sisters of Mercy, \$15,000; the Little Sisters of the Poor, in charge of St. Francis Hospital, \$5,000; in charge of St. Joseph's Hospital, \$5,000; the Sisters of St. Joseph's, Flushing, L. I., \$2,000, and the Catholic Missionary Union, \$1,000; the residuary estate to the Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer, to be divided in equal shares for the maintenance of St. Rose's Home, St. Rose's Settlement of the Catholic Social Union and St. Joseph's Home, Jersey City.

By the will of Miss Mary L. Rosister, of Cincinnati, \$50,770 is bequeathed to charitable and church institutions. In addition is several thousands of dollars in personal bequests. The estate is estimated at \$85,000, and a provision of the will is that all excess of estate over and above the specific bequests shall be divided among the beneficiaries under the will.

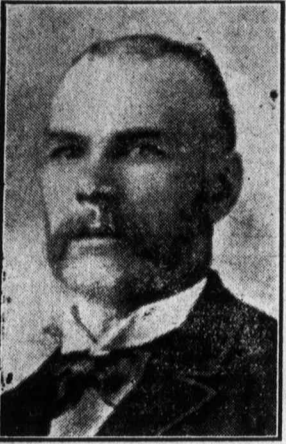
SKULL OF A SAINT.

The Jesuit Father Florian Toubare has just discovered in the Church of Sancta Sanctorum, Rome, a skull believed to be that of St. Agnes. At the bottom of the chest he found a silver casket wrapped in Byzantine cloth, and of great value. In the casket was a skull, and on the outside the inscription: "Caput Sanctae Agnetis."

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

A large audience attended this week's concert of the above-named Club, which was held under the auspices of Branch No. 50, C.M.B.A.

The programme was most enjoyable. Those who took part were: Miss and Mr. Laing, Messrs. Walter Costigan, P. Kelly, Jos. Donnelly, Mr. Samuel Dunne, accompanied by



MR. PATRICK DOYLE.

Mrs. Dunne, brought down the house with "Off to Philadelphia in the Morning," and had to respond to several encores. Seamen Conroy, Hughes, Woods, Bates, Hall and Kerr, of the R.M.S. Bavarian, were a grand success, and made the concert very enjoyable.

Next Wednesday the concert will be under the management of the C.S.C.

The Nicolet Festivities

For the past two weeks the quiet village of Nicolet has been the scene of a series of most memorable festivities. Last week it was the reception of Mgr. Gravel, the Bishop of Nicolet, on the occasion of his return from Rome; this week it was the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the college.

On Tuesday, the 2nd June, the train bearing home the beloved Bishop reached Nicolet at 3.30 in the afternoon. Mgr. Brunault who had gone to meet His Lordship accompanied him back. Thousands of people assembled at the depot; all the students of the college and all the pupils of the various schools were there; and the procession to the Church was one to be long remembered.

On Wednesday, the 10th instant, the grand centennial celebration took place. It was an event that to properly describe would demand whole columns. The alumni and children of those whose fathers had attended college, as well as all the surrounding clergy, and Archbishops, Bishops and priests from all ends of the land, and many from the United States were present.

The story of the old College of Nicolet, from which some of Canada's most eminent men of the past came forth, dates back to the time when the bureaucracy that governed the land had taken possession of the schools. Before 1800 neutral and free schools were established by the Government for the purpose of drawing the youth away from the traditions of their fathers.

It was then that the venerable Father Brassard opened a small school for the children of his parish and those of the

Baie-du-Febvre. That was the source of our present scholastic system in this province—that tiny school was the fruitful mother of our glorious institutions of to-day.

So the festivities of last Wednesday not only commemorated the founding of a college, but also the establishment of an entire system of education.

Under the illustrious Mgr. J. O. Plessis, Bishop of Quebec, the little school, in 1803, became the basis of a college, and in 1825 the foundation of the Seminary. From out that institution, as we said, came forth some of the glittering stars in the sky of our past century's history. Amongst the great men who were trained at Nicolet we may mention Bishops Cook, Provencher, Prince, Bourget, Baillargeon, Gaultin, Moreault and Lafèche; Judges Béard, Polette, Fournier, Thomas Loranger, A. A. Dorion, Olivier, Charles Gill, etc.

Heartily do we join the sons of old Nicolet in their rejoicings, and wish that venerable institution untrammelled prosperity for the years to come.

Honored by the King.

During the past year the King established what is known as the Imperial Service Order, whereby rewards of merit are conferred upon those who have been noted for their effective services in the employ of the country. Canada has had a share in the 19th year's honors, and an Irish Catholic Canadian comes in for a decoration. The appointees have been chosen from the civil service in various branches, both Federal and Provincial. A number of names were submitted to the Home Government, and a number out of them have been selected. This year it will be noted that the services recognized had to do with the South African war, with the protection of the Dominion against disease, with the coast service by which vessels are saved, with the finances of the country, and with the public works, canal and postoffice services—also with the administration of justice.

J. M. Courtney, Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa; W. G. Parmelee, Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa; Eugene Tache, Deputy Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec; Chas. Jerome Jones, of the Governor-General's office; Col. D. A. Macdonald, Chief Superintendent of Military Stores, Ottawa; Augustus Power, K. C., Chief Clerk of the Department of Justice, Ottawa; Kivas Tully, Consulting Engineer and Architect, Public Works Department, Toronto; Martin Murphy, Provincial Engineer, Department of Public Works and Mines, Nova Scotia; James S. Beek, Auditor-General, New Brunswick; Col. R. Wolfenden, King's Printer, British Columbia; S. W. McMichael, Chief Inspector of Customs for the Dominion, Toronto; Frederick Montzambert, M. D., F.R.C.S., Director-General of Public Health, Ottawa.

Recipients of the medal of the Order: Robt. Winton, Jean Gauthier and Robt Rivers, marine lighthouse keepers; James Barnes, postman; Patrick Denney, lockman; Alexander Adams, laborer in the Department of Railways and Canals.

In the foregoing list will be seen the names of Mr. Martin Murphy, Provincial Engineer, for Nova Scotia, a gentleman high in the ranks of the engineering profession and one whose career of public service has reflected great credit upon himself and upon his co-religionists and fellow-countrymen. Another eminent Irish-Catholic, marked out for honors, is Mr. Augustus Power, B.C.L., K.C. This distinguished member of the Civil Service is Chief Clerk of the Department of Justice, and the youngest son of the late Judge Power of Quebec.

He was born in the Ancient Capital in December, 1847, was educated at St. Mary's College, Montreal, graduated in law at the McGill University, and was called to the bar in July, 1869. He practiced law in Montreal till 1874, part of the time in partnership with the late Bernard Devlin. In December, 1874, he was first appointed to the Department of Justice to carry out the legal work connected with the final redemption of rents representing the seigniorial indemnity. He became Chief Clerk of the Department in 1879, which position he still holds, acting in case of the absence of the Deputy Minister. His special work lies

in dealing with all matters of mercy, every case coming to him for the analysis of the evidence, and to be reported on. He also deals with international questions such as treaty relations, extradition, etc. Mr. Power is a commissioner for the revision of the Statutes. His long term of office, his accurate and intimate acquaintance with French law, and the valuable services he has continuously rendered have well merited the honor now bestowed upon him.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction, that we extend our congratulations to Mr. Power, and call upon our young men to reflect well upon the example given and lesson to be learned.

Rush and Worry.

Dr. Oliver T. Osborne read a paper at the recent convention in Washington of the American Therapeutic Society, in which he said:—

"Several cases of late years have been at work to produce all sorts and kinds of neuroses of the heart or debility of the heart muscle, and to hasten that degeneration of the circulatory system that comes normally only late in life.

"The principal causes of this ever-increasing cardiac and arterial weakness are the high tension of our daily life, the nervous strain of some of our pastimes, as bicycling and automobileing in cities, and not the least cause is the constantly and recklessly increasing consumption of coal-tar products for the relief of pain, whether for the omnipresent headache or for simple neuralgias.

"We hardly realize this daily tension and its effect on our hearts unless we analyze it. We rise on time in the morning, whether by an alarm clock, by the call of a servant, or by habit, eat breakfast, and read the papers on time, a clock in every room, and a watch frequently in our hand. We then, on time, meet engagements, appointments, consultations, always and constantly carefully predicting the amount of time that will be required and timing the next engagement by this decision.

"We then carefully subdivide this time, and note by our watches exactly how long we can discuss a subject. An appointment kept by the other party even one minute late makes us restless.

"During the day we rush up long flights of stairs or take elevators that go up with a rush and stop with a plunge. If we drive, either horse or automobile, by the carelessness and haste of bicyclists or pedestrians our hearts stop, jump or receive the vasomotor contraction check from the sudden anxiety lest we do an injury.

"If we are in a car or vehicle managed by some one else we often receive the same real or needless shocks to our nervous systems or hearts. If we are ailing we slight nature's signal to relax, and still keep up the pace. If we are actually sick, unless we are seriously ill, we fight and wrestle with the disease, whatever it may be, instead of calmly gliding up and allowing the disease to be temporary master of the ceremonies.

"A calm mind and heart will allow nature to expel the disease, if acute, and will mitigate or obstruct chronic disease until the last rampart is taken and the last gun fired."

Work of Brooklyn Catholic Women.

We desire to take a few extracts from a lengthy article in the Brooklyn "Eagle," concerning a society that aims at giving practical teaching, help and employment to Catholic girls. It contains too much to admit of detailed comments; but from the principal features set forth in the article in question, our readers may glean a good deal of useful information, and perhaps not a few hints of value may be found in the text. These hints might some day lead to something practical, in the same lines here. The article says:—

"A society doing a most valuable and practical work in this city is the Catholic Women's Association, located at 10 Brooklyn, Prospect Place, near Fifth Avenue. Here it occupies a large house, with many available rooms, which are all made useful at all times, being filled with classes, entertainments, lectures, the library and other departments conducted by its active and energetic workers. "The work of the Catholic Women's Association is to give practical teaching, help and employment to young women of small means. Having taught them, it finds them work, its employment bureau being one of its most useful departments.

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IMPROVED OTTAWA SERVICE. Lv. Montreal 8.45 a.m., 9.40 a.m., [1] 11.40 a.m., 4.00 p.m., 10.10 p.m. Ar. Ottawa 11.45 a.m., 12.40 p.m., [2] 2.40 p.m., 7.40 p.m., 1.10 a.m. [3] Saturdays only. [4] Ex. Saturdays, [5] Except Saturdays and Sundays. [6] Sun. Wed. and Fridays. Other trains week days only. From Place Viger Station.

QUEBEC, 8.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 11.00 p.m. THREE RIVERS, 8.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 11.00 p.m. ST. ANATHE, 8.00 a.m., 9.15 a.m., [1] 1.25 [2] 5.15 5.30 p.m. LABELLE [3] 9.00 a.m. 9.15 a.m. [4] 1.25 p.m. ST. JEROME, 9.00 a.m. 9.15 a.m. [5] 1.45 p.m. 5.30 p.m. [6] 6.55 p.m. JOLIETTE and ST. GABRIEL, 8.30 a.m., [1] 1.55 p.m., 5.00 a.m., 5 p.m. [2] Ex. Sat. and Sun. [3] Sundays only. [4] Daily, [5] Fridays only. [6] Tu. and Thurs. [7] Saturdays only. Other trains week days only. City Ticket and Telegraph Office. 139 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office.

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It has classes in every branch in which girls may want to work, and the convenience of its location for the vast army of young girls who wish to learn something by which they can support themselves is one of its attractive features.

"Any girl who wishes to avail herself of its advantages pays one dollar, which creates her an associated member and gives her access to the library and to all entertainments. The fee for entrance to any class for associated members is so small as to be merely nominal, and classes of all kinds are open to the new member. "Courses are given in practical cooking and invalid cooking, dress-making, millinery and 'model waist' classes. The typewriting and stenography department is a most valuable one, and the speed class, for advanced workers, is a useful addition. Classes in French, German and Spanish can also be found here, and the courses in bookkeeping, for beginners and advanced workers, are always full. The art embroidery classes have been found very popular, and the classes in physical culture, which are held at the Berkeley gymnasium, have every advantage of fine instruction and the best apparatus for the pupil. In addition to these other classes are continually formed as they are found to be useful or a number of pupils ask that such a class shall be started.

"The aim of the Catholic Women's Association is to accommodate its members and give them whatever teaching will be of the most service to them. New ideas are constantly being thought out, and the clever brains of the Board of Managers are constantly working out the betterment of some plan. "A department which is comparatively new, but has been most successful, is that of a training school for nurses. The nurses of this school are known as Nazarene nurses. The course taken by these pupils is not that of a trained hospital nurse, as the course is covered in ten weeks, but in that time the student works very hard, five lectures a week are given by the physicians of recognized ability, and the entire care of a patient is taught by a trained nurse. A department of invalid cooking is included in the course. During the ten weeks of the course the would-be nurse learns very much of the practical care of the sick and how to act in emergencies and sudden illnesses, and the low price at which these nurses can be obtained, \$10 per week, insures them steady employment. "This new department has been

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COLOURED VOILES ONLY 39c YARD, BUT IT IS WORTH 65c. All-Wool, 40 inches wide, in gray, fawn, blue, turquoise, mauve, navy blue or black, flaked with white. A regular 65c quality, bought so we can sell it for, per yard.....39c. LADIES' NIGHT DRESSES. Ladies' Fine White Cambric Night Dresses, front trimmed with two rows wide embroidery insertion, frilled yoke, epaulettes, neck and cuffs edged with Valenciennes lace. Regular price \$1.90. Slightly soiled, therefore they have been reduced to..... \$1.29

SENSIBLE SUMMER CLOTHING FOR BOYS. Clothing that will look well when it has been service as well as when it is new. Made of light weight washable fabrics. 20 doz. Boys' Fancy Print Blouse Waists, fancy pink and pale blue stripes, stiff collar and cuffs, sizes from 11 to 15 in collars. Special value.....60c. Boys' Cotton Sailor Blouse Suits, full size blouse, neatly trimmed, pale blue and fawn and white stripes, sizes for ages from 3 to 10 years. Special price.....82c. Boys' Russian Blouse Suits, pleated front and yoke, braided collar and belt, bloomer pants. Special value at the price.....\$2.10

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found a great success. The employment bureau is in the association rooms, and nurses are to be had there at any time. There is always a demand for nurses at moderate prices, and the graduates readily find employment.

"Many classes are carried on in the evening, as it was found that those to whom they are of the most service are employed during the day and would not be able to avail themselves of daytime classes. A number of classes are held in the afternoon, many of them duplicating the evening classes. Physical culture classes are held both afternoon and evening, and so are the sewing, millinery and cooking classes. A most thoughtful provision is the class in elementary English for women whose early education has been deficient."

Miss Catherine M. Walsh, the superintendent, gives some very interesting details. We might take the following, as the most important of this lady's statements:—

"We have a very complete library," said Miss Walsh. "It is free, of course, to all our members. The reading room, too, has all the current magazines of the day. The library is open every evening. Our children's library is an excellent feature. This is specially selected for children under fifteen. It is open on Tuesday afternoons and Saturday mornings. We have all the popular books children care for, and take pains to select some thing suitable for each one. Our exhibits, held twice a year, are intended to show our work very thoroughly. The spring exhibit took place in April. We hold one in the Fall as soon as the classes get in running order. Our spring exhibit shows all we have accomplished during the past year. In the Fall we call attention to any new work we propose doing. A reception by the Board of Managers follows.

"You ask the number of our classes and the times we hold them? Well, two millinery classes are held each week. The classes contain each about twenty members. Two classes a week in the making is taught by the chart system. In dressmaking we have an advanced and an elementary class. The art embroidery class is held once a week, and the bookkeeping once a week. The stenography and typewriting school is full every evening. Two lessons per week are given to each pupil. Classes run from the beginning of October to the end of June. Girls must be over fifteen to become association members and to have the benefit of a class. If pupils are sufficiently advanced they may be admitted to classes at any time. If they are perfectly ignorant of the subject, of course they must wait to begin the course. "Have you ever seen the Bonnaz machine embroidery? A special class is held in Bonnaz machine embroidery operators in this line of work, and it is a most profitable industry for women. A full course would occupy a year, containing three separate terms, so that the art may be perfectly learned. "We give entertainments, to which all members are welcome," went on Miss Walsh. "The programme may consist of recitations, or readings, or it may be a lecture or a musicale. These entertainments are always held on Wednesday evenings, and are arranged by the committee. At Easter the annual reception is held at the Pouch, or perhaps at the Academy of Music."

A Scholar Study of Godless Schools.

Education should be compatible with the religious beliefs of the people. Our schools are not religiously neutral, but they are godless. To make this a teaching religion in schools would be a Superintendent's report. Reason and both forbid us that morality can be the exclusion of religion. Their connections vate and public life it simply be asked the security for reputation, for life sense of religious desert the oaths the instruments of ation in Courts of —George Washington Farewell Address to erican people.

In his official report of the public of New York State, Mr. Skinner, as a special Saratoga address to Association, on mor His official position anter of his views, rather conspicuous ability of vests this document wterest. The taxpayers share Mr. Skinner's op reasonably consider it that they are obliged to the propagation of gainst which their costs. An attentive ins ever, of the report and is enough to assure the money has not been spent. This apologetic education is real indictment. Mr. Sk a reversal of the proph to bann and remained us compare his principl practical programme, the quantity and quali education which he cor

PRINCIPLE.

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A Scholarly Study of Godless Schools.

Education should be made compatible with an indis- pensable from morality; and our schools are the recog- nized and legitimate agents to make this a fact. To teach religion in public schools would be intoler- able.—Superintendent Skinner, in his report on educa- tion.

Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that morality can prevail to the exclusion of religion. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of invest- ment in Courts of Justice? —George Washington, in his Farewell Address to the American people.

In his official report, as superin- tendent of the public school system of New York State, Mr. Skinner in- cludes, as a special appendix, his Saratoga address to the Teachers' Association, on moral instruction. His official position and the character of his views, rather than any conspicuous ability of treatment, invests this document with a deep in- terest. The taxpayers who do not share Mr. Skinner's opinions nor un- reasonably consider it a grievance that they are obliged to contribute to the propagation of doctrines a- gainst which their conscience pro- tests. An attentive inspection, how- ever, of the report and the address, is enough to assure them that their money has not been entirely mis- spent. This apology for non-relig- ious education is really a formidable indictment. Mr. Skinner's role is a reversal of the prophet's who came to ban and remained to bless. Let us compare his principles with his practical programme, and examine the quantity and quality of moral education which he contemplates.

I. PRINCIPLE.

It is to be observed in passing that, not, perhaps, consciously, Mr. Skinner in his address obscures the actual point at issue between him- self and those who plead against the divorce of education from religion. He devotes much eloquence to insist- ing iteration of the truth which no- body denies, that the school ought to teach morality. Certainly the school ought to teach morality. The complaint against the public school is not that it ought not to give moral training, but that it ought and cannot assure to its pupils a satisfac- tory moral formation. The advoca- tes of religious instruction insist, not that the public school in at- tempting ethical training usurps a function which does not belong to it, but that by excluding religion from its precincts the school render- ing itself incapable of discharging thoroughly and efficiently what is overwhelmingly its most important duty—a duty such that any failure in it renders success in its other functions well nigh valueless. The considerable stress laid by Mr. Skinner upon the truth that the chil- dren's teacher has the right to mold their character recalls Mr. Holmes' katydid that said an undisputed thing in such a solemn way.

Let us come to the distinctive and essential principle of Mr. Skinner's system, which is that morality can be taught without the aid of religion. Here, again, it becomes necessary to substitute precision for vagueness, to distinguish between truth and half truths; for Mr. Skinner's habitual argument against logic is to take a fraction for the whole a part. Can mor- ality be taught without religion? Yes, says Mr. Skinner, without any qualification. Yes, also replies the advocate of religion, if by morality you mean especially some of the minor matters of conduct; or if by teaching you mean subsidiary teach- ing, or a superficial and inadequate teaching. But if moral teaching

means instruction of a kind to cover what is essential to the upbuilding of solidly virtuous character, and to fixing durably in the mind of the child convictions, motives, and ideals of a kind such as he must possess in order to meet successfully the ex- igencies of life, then the answer is, emphatically, no!

It is not necessary, here, to dis- cuss, academically, whether some kind or another of a moral code may not be theoretically and practically established without any religious im- plications. Reason and experience concordantly declare that, as Pro- fessor Ladd writes, "human moral- ity has unceasing need of religion, for its better support and more ef- fective triumph over all the weak- nesses and temptations which assault and try the very foundations upon which it reposes its rules for the practical life. It is cold, hard work for the human soul and frightfully difficult and unsafe for human soci- ety to try to lead the virtuous life strenuously and perfectly, and to hold and advance the moral ideals, without the piety, consolations, and cheer which religion has to offer." Whatever differentia exist between religion and morality "the roots of the two are largely the same— both those that strike down into the un- changeable constitution of man, and those that spread widely in the un- derlying strata of all human domestic and other social conditions." The problem before the educators of America is not the merely academic one of settling, speculatively, the rela- tions of religion and morality, ei- ther historically or empirically, nor how to teach this, that, or another moral ideal. There is one particular moral ideal established in the minds of the people, as a whole, and serv- ing both as the foundation of our national life and as the recognized standard of worthy citizenship. It is the ideal which has created the moral spirit of the air we breathe, which has established our ethical code; which reigns over even those who theoretically reject, or fancy they reject, its authority. In a word, it is Christian morality that is understood by everybody, when the question of teaching morality is raised as a living issue. Hence to separate morality and religion in American education is neither more nor less than to undertake to teach the morality of the Gospel independ- ently of its religion.

Now, Christianity is essentially an ethical religion; its moral and its religious contents can no more be separated than can the concave and the convex of a circle. Its funda- mental dogmas and its basic moral principles are to a great extent iden- tical. Its primary religious truths—the existence of a Supreme Moral Ruler of the Universe, the immor- tality and responsibility of man, and a judgment to come, are the roots from which its moral code draws its life. As well might we expect a tree to grow after being cut at its root, as pretend to dissociate our moral doctrine from the fundamental reli- gious truths which provide its ethi- cal ideals, its dynamic motives, and its efficient sanctions. The Gospel has imposed its morality on the modern world by teaching that the Su- preme Lawgiver is the Creator, that the law of right and wrong is the expression of His adorable Holiness, that the voice of conscience is the voice of God, that, because it is so, the consciousness of duty fulfilled or neglected attends us through life and follows us beyond. These are the faiths upon which the social fabric of this nation has been reared, by which it is sustained, and from which has proceeded all that is best and most glorious in American history. The principle of non-religious educa- tion asserts that these convictions are of no importance to morality, that Christian ideals may be dis- pensed with, Christian motives neg- lected, because they can be substi- tuted by others drawn from an in- dependent source, that Christian virtue may be cultivated outside the soil in which alone it found birth and sustenance.

A system of non-religious moral education means all this; and it means something still more hostile and more derogatory to Christian- ity. By the implication involved, it would instruct the child, silently in- deed, but for that very reason all the more deeply and irresistibly, to believe that, not merely in casual instances, or by some happy accident, but in the very nature, and accord- ing to the normal course of things, unbelief or positive atheism is a frame of mind which, as far as moral efficiency is concerned, is just as good as religious faith.

Mr. Skinner indignantly repudiates the charge of godlessness levelled at the public schools. Whether they are, or are not, we leave to further con- sideration. But one thing is clear: if they are not godless, the fact is due to some influences in conflict with the fundamental principle of the system. If the exclusion of God and all religious truth be not god- lessness, in plain English, then, pray,

what is? Nor is it merely negative godlessness, in the same sense that the term might, for instance, be ap- plied to a volume of mathematics or to a grammar text-book. It is posi- tive, flagrant, and aggressive god- lessness. For it disputes the claim which the Christian religion makes to be a paramount necessity to the right ordering of human life. It un- dertakes to do thoroughly and effi- ciously, without the help of reli- gion, a work which religion claims to be its own proper function. The doctrine is not the invention of Mr. Skinner. It has been advanced and urged by men who apprehended its full scope and tendency with a logic- al insight apparently denied to him. Its parents and sponsors were Volney and Voltaire and Tom Paine, and the entire phalanx of French infidel- ity. They perceived what anybody who looks into the subject with any care cannot fail to perceive, that if the belief is established that morals can be taught and high ideals main- tained without the help of Christian principles, a mighty advance will have been made in the campaign against Christianity. And the high- priest of contemporary agnosticism has declared that the culminating service to be rendered to the age by his philosophy is to secularize mo- rals by establishing them on a sci- entific basis, and thereby supplanting a "regulative system no longer fit."

—that is to say, Christian ethics.

All serious moral teaching must be pervaded with instruction concern- ing the grounds upon which the dis- tinction between right and wrong rests, the authority of the moral law, the sacredness of duty, the in- violability of conscience. Falling in- to his characteristic fault of stating half truths as the whole, Mr. Skinner oracularly declared to his subor- dinates that morality is rather a matter of practice than of belief. This is the same as to say that the utility of a house lies in its apart- ments rather than in its founda- tions. But as we can have no house without a foundation, neither can there be any reasonable practice without an underlying belief. Chil- dren are not to be instructed in morals just as dogs are taught tricks. Practice is necessary; the formation of good habits indispensable; but both must go hand-in-hand with the instruction of the reason. A teacher could be condemned to no more de- gradingly irrational and fruitless task than that of repeating to his pupils, through all its variations, the cry Be good, be good; without being allowed to teach them why they ought to be good. To insist upon this fact seems to be but the repetition of a truism. If the public school is to undertake in a thorough- ly systematic way the task which, as Mr. Skinner observes, has now de- veloped upon it of giving an ethical training, it is his duty to look a- round for a suitable ethical text- book or moral doctrine formulated upon a positivistic basis. The great lights of positivism have provided innumerable volumes expounding this conception of ethics. A practical for- mulation for the school-room of the spirit of their teaching would be to print the word duty, in great cap- ital, on the blackboard, and to train the children to reverently sal- ute the word as they are accustomed to salute the national flag. There is also a little book composed by a gentleman of independent thought, called "A New Catechism," which is probably the best possible exposi- tion, in a form suited to young minds, of the elements of moral teaching in harmony with the non- religious principle. The following leading questions and answers form a chapter entitled "The Chief End of Man," and are an excellent type of moral instruction as it must be given when Christian doctrine is rigidly barred out:

Q. What is the greatest thing in the world?
A. Life with honor, for, without life we cannot have anything else that is good.
Q. What, then, is the duty of man?
A. To seek those things which in- crease and elevate life.
Q. How do we learn what is vice and what is virtue?
A. Through experience; the accu- mulated experience of humanity as well as our own.
Q. Do we learn all we know about right and wrong from experience?
A. Positively all.
Q. What constitutes authority?
A. Superior knowledge, goodness, and power.
Q. Give me some examples?
A. The authority of the parent over the child; of the teacher over the pupil; of the state over the individual; of mankind over the state; and of nature over all.
Q. What is nature?
A. The sum of all the forces which keep the world in movement.
Q. Why obey nature?
A. Because we have learned through the experience of ages that we must. If we do not, she will

quickly replace us with those who will.

Q. What other means does nature employ to compel obedience?
A. She has lodged in us a repre- sentative of her authority, which we may call—conscience.

Q. Analyze and define it.
A. Conscience is the mingled voices of the Past and the Future in each individual. Man is the vibrating fo- cus of the collective experience and tendencies of the Past and the hopes and visions and ideals of the Future—the pressure of the one, and the attraction of the other, find a voice in him; this voice is—conscience.

Q. Is that the commonly accepted definition?
A. No. Many people believe con- science is the "voice of God in the soul," but as this voice is not in- fallible, nothing is gained by calling it the "voice of God."

Q. What is the reward of good- ness and justice?
A. To be just and good. In a pre- ceding chapter on God, the word is defined as "representing the highest ideals of the race; whatever we be- lieve in with all our heart, and seek to possess with all our might, is our God." And to the question "Who then made God?" the answer is, "Each man makes his own God."

This is moral teaching unadulter- ated with religion, and as such is ad- mirably suited for Mr. Skinner's ethical system. The sap of the old faiths, to use a phrase of Renan, is still too strong in the State of New York to allow of the introduction of this consistent teaching. When, how- ever, a generation which has been trained to do without religion will have come into control of affairs it may be expected that harmony will be established between principles and practice.

II. PROGRAMME.

The increasing responsibility fall- ing upon the schools in the matter of moral education is observed and accepted by Mr. Skinner. "Former- ly," he says, "we relied upon the home and the church to train our youth along ethical and moral lines, . . . but there seems to be a con- tinual transition in progress by which the former functions of church and home—as related to moral and ethical training—have more and more devolved upon the schools." As the school then, in his opinion, is to un- dertake the burden of forming our future citizens to virtue, it is im- portant to consider Mr. Skinner's practical conception of the ethical ideal which the school is to realize. It is mirrored, with approximate completeness, in the following pas- sages of the address: "To teach mor- ality in the schools is to teach the mighty difference between right and wrong, the advantage of always do- ing the right thing, that honesty is always the best rule of conduct. It is to teach unselfishness, reverence for authority, respect for the rights and opinions of others, good con- duct, good manners, courtesy (al- ways the outward and visible sign of other admirable qualities), a taste for good reading, pure thoughts, gen- erous actions, reverence for the Sab- bath, love of nature and her chil- dren, and birds, flowers, and beasts." A supplementary statement is: "No- thing has done more for the results we are striving for than the train- ing to habits of neatness, order, punctuality, cleanliness, good man- ners, and correct personal bearing."

III. INCONSISTENCY.

Theoretically speaking, all this field may be covered after a fashion and taught on independent grounds. It comprises nothing that would not be found in any decent ethical paganism, except reverence for the Sab- bath. And, it may be observed in passing, how reverence for the Sab- bath is to be inculcated without the inclusion of religion may be quite clear to Mr. Skinner, though any- body who attaches exact meanings to his words would find the question a difficult one. But the above ele- ments of morals cannot be taught on an independent basis, as they ought to be taught. The mighty dif- ference between right and wrong will not be duly impressed upon the child's mind when all reference to God is omitted, and the profound distinction thereby shorn of its awful character. Reverence for author- ity may be insisted on in terms of the Gospel according to Mr. Mangan- sarian, which reduces authority to the level of the laws of hydrostatics; or according to the theory of Hobbes, which makes the state the supreme and original source of all moral power—a strange doctrine to establish in the land of the Pilgrim Fathers. Honesty and respect for the rights of others may be recommended from the standpoint of advantage, by mo- tives summed up in the old and now badly shattered adage, honesty is the best policy. How long and how far such motives will continue to be a reservoir of moral strength to the individual in a country where the making of money is widely estimat-

ed to be the chief end of man, may be left to conjecture. As for the other qualities recorded in detail, politeness, courtesy, good manners, and habits of neatness and order, they are not the invariable sacra- mental signs of invisible virtues. They may all exist in a high degree of perfection without any genuine moral worth; it, without them. They are the mint and cummin. A course of moral training having them for its chief object may turn out to be but an artistic whitewashing of se- cular chres speaking with corruption. The courtiers of the Regency in France and of the Restoration in England were the glass of fashion and the mould of form; they were also per- sons "with foreheads of brass, hearts like the nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell." On the other hand, many a rough, uncouth man, whom fine people would scarce al- low to come between the wind and their nobility, may possess a charac- ter of sterling Christian manhood. The world is not very fastidious when it comes to ethical apprecia- tions; still it continues to rank Samuel Johnson above Beau Brum- mel. A love of birds, beasts, flow- ers, and whatever else happens to be comprised in Mr. Skinner's culmi- nating phrase, nature and her chil- dren, is beautiful and refining. But, after all, it is only an indifferent sub- stitute for the First Commandment. Not long ago at an orgy which, by the depth of its depravity, shocked New York, the guests were highly cultivated persons, adorned with the quality which Mr. Skinner declares to be always the index of admirable interior virtues; and carelessness about the rites of the toilet was cer- tainly not on the list of their habit- ual sins. The banquet room, so the newspapers reported, was tastefully decorated with exquisite flowers, which, no doubt, were properly ap- preciated by the aesthetic company. Courtesy, punctuality, good man- ners, neatness, and orderly habits will go far towards making a suc- cessful clerk, or an ideal street-car conductor; but they will be no guar- antee that their possessor is a good man. The biographical sketch of the absconding cashier usually records that the missing worthy had, for years, proved himself a paragon of nearly all the excellences in Mr. Skinner's programme. These lineaments of ethical character may be- long equally to the saint and the profligate. The school can turn out perfect copies of the above examples who may be, notwithstanding, but cheap imitations of refined ungodli- ness.

The outline furnished as a practical guide to teachers does not ex- hibit the one indispensable factor of moral training, which must pervade and vivify every other; which alone, at least in the estimation of all Christians, can be relied upon to produce and sustain in character the force required to successfully combat the dangers and temptations of life. That all-important element is to in- struct the child that conscience is the voice of God; that the law of right and wrong is His law; that our first duty is to worship Him be- comingly; and that the reverent service of Him embraces the fulfillment of all our duties. In other words, the fundamental instruction in mor- als—without which all particular teaching of special duties becomes but a collection of prudential maxims or canons of good taste—is, necessarily, the inculcation of a large quantity of religious doctrine.

There remains another line of de- fence for the non-religious policy. Its supporters may contend that, pro- vided a system works satisfactorily, inconsistency which it contains is to be overlooked in consideration of the practical results. Many of our most valuable institutions are a compromise between conflicting ele- ments. Logical completeness is of slight importance compared to use- ful fruit. The strength of religion in the community has hitherto proved sufficient to impregnate education with the necessary saving salt; and it may be relied upon to continue its salutary influence.

But is this calculation justified by prevalent conditions? We need not stop to inquire how far this view is correct with regard to the past or even to the present—the important interests are those of the future. From among observant men of all shades of belief there is a chorus of testimony declaring that the reli- gious spirit is rapidly waning in the country. Among the great mass of educated Protestants of every shade, dogmatic tenets are severely shaken, if not in complete ruin. The spread of agnosticism and unbelief among

to be educated into God-fearing citi- zens. Again, he makes a vigorous fight for the retention of the Bible. True, he advances as his reasons its moral, literary, and historical merit. The last of these excellences is widely disputed. The historical in- formation contained in the Scrip- tures is not presented there in a form suited for primary schools. Be- sides, a great number of people, like the late Professor Huxley, whom Mr. Skinner decorates with the title of educational reformer, declare that the Bible is a tissue of myths inter- woven with a slender and hardly dis- tinguishable thread of fact. And, again, it may be asked, how is the history of the Bible to be emptied of its religious implications? As to its value for the formation of style, even the late Mr. Ingersoll admitted that claim. But he would reasonably ask whether the reading of a pas- sage of it, at the opening of school, is a proper way of utilizing its lit- erary efficiency, and why the study of it, like that of Shakespeare and the other great models, should not be relegated to a particular period in the course. As to the morality of the Bible, when it is separated from the religious content, the ethical code becomes nothing more than a collection of maxims and examples shorn of any authority.

Another important observation must be made. The ignoring of the religious character of the Bible and the reduction of it to the rank of a secular classic is, itself, a serious attack on the cherished convictions of all who look upon the Scriptures as the Word of God. Such a pro- ceeding is a positive enforcement of the views of Huxley and Ingersoll. What more effectual means could be employed to instill into the rising generation the free-thinker's estimate of the sacred volume, than to cul- tivate systematically in them the habit of regarding it as a mere text- book of history, style, and morals?

Behind the insufficient pretences set forth by Mr. Skinner, his real motive lies full in view. It is the religious character of the Bible which gives it, in his eyes, transcendent value. This unacknowledged inconsistency is not peculiar to him. Almost all the de- fenders of the system desire that a certain, or uncertain, measure of reli- gious influence shall make itself felt. Let us make the exclusion of religion our first principle; the pu- pils and teachers and the Christian atmosphere of the country, will bring into the school-house the indispensa- ble religious heaven. Such is, obvi- ously, the calculation. Can there, however, be a stronger condemnation of the system than the admission that what is of vital importance to it must be introduced into it in violation of its characteristic claim? Can a more incongruous procedure be imagined than that of a public official whose war cry is, no religion in the schools, coolly, in practice, assuming that he is competent to de- termine the momentous question of what is the essence of Christianity, and then dictating to his subordi- nates that, in violation of law, his selection of doctrine shall be im- plicitly recognized? He is indignant that criticisms of the moral ineffi- ciency of the public schools and at- tempts to exclude the Bible should, in some instances, emanate from one and the same source; and he calls this conduct "a process of reasoning known to logicians as a reductio ad absurdum." A little reflection may some day lead him to the surprising discovery that reductio ad absurdum is a concise description of his own position. If it is true that the best way to promote the repeal of a bad law is to rigorously enforce it, then it seems legitimate for Mr. Skinner's opponents to insist that he shall abide by the rigorous conse- quences of his own premises.

There remains another line of de- fence for the non-religious policy. Its supporters may contend that, pro- vided a system works satisfactorily, inconsistency which it contains is to be overlooked in consideration of the practical results. Many of our most valuable institutions are a compromise between conflicting ele- ments. Logical completeness is of slight importance compared to use- ful fruit. The strength of religion in the community has hitherto proved sufficient to impregnate education with the necessary saving salt; and it may be relied upon to continue its salutary influence.

(Continued on Page Ten.)

Our Boys And Girls.

FIRST COMMUNION STORY.

Fort Sisseton was a big frontier army post on the banks of the "Big Muddy," as the Indians call the Missouri River—way off in South Dakota, sixty miles from the nearest town and railway. And here Timothy Finnegan had been born and lived the whole twelve years of his young life. He had never seen a railroad, street car, nor the big shops and residences of even a moderate-sized country town.

Timothy's father had been one of the oldest sergeants in the Thirtieth Infantry, so when the old soldier had died, two years ago, leaving a widow and five little ones, the colonel of the regiment kindly gave Mrs. Finnegan permission to occupy the little tumble-down house where Tim and all the other children had been born, and the post surgeon, a kindly old bachelor, who said he abhorred children, gave Mrs. Finnegan the job of hospital patron—in other words, she was laundress for the hospital.

Of course they were very poor, but Tim had never minded his patched clothes and bare feet until he went to Father Wynne's First Communion class.

The good priest drove fifty miles from his mission once a month to say Mass at the fort, for there was quite a number of Catholics amongst the officers and men.

The Father had found ten children—four boys and six girls—old enough to prepare for what is for every Catholic "the happiest day in his life."

The first Sunday Tim went he sat next Colonel Harrington's dainty little daughter, but she did not seem to mind one bit; she moved her skirts to make room for him and found the right page in the Catechism.

But when Tim went home after Sunday school he sat thinking quietly for a long time, then suddenly remarked:

"Mother, I've got to earn a pair of shoes and a new suit of clothes for my First Communion; besides, Father Wynne wants me to learn to serve Mass."

"Oh, Tim, dear, it's a proud woman I'd be to see you on the altar, but however will we get the money?"

"I've been praying to our Blessed Lady all this time, for I am 'Mary's child,' you're always tellin' me, and she's put the idea in my head to ask Dr. Warren for work. You know he's had a civilian taking care of his horses, but he got drunk and the doctor fired him. I'm going up to ask for the job as soon as 'Retreat' sounds, for he'll be through with his dinner then."

"Oh, Tim, you're too little, I am feared," replied his mother.

"Not a bit, mother. I'm a bit small, p'raps, but," proudly, "Jones says there ain't a better hand with horses round here than me."

Dr. Warren was enjoying his cup of black coffee in conjunction with a fragrant after-dinner cigar when the colored cook who had followed his fortunes ever since the doctor had been in the army came in and announced that "one o' de vedor Finnegan boys wanted to see the doctor."

"Bring him in, Lucinda; his mother has probably sent to complain of the size of the hospital washing."

"Well, my boy, what is it?" called the doctor, as Tim stood respectfully at the door; "come in, come in."

"Please, sir, I heard you wanted a hired man."

"So I do; a man, not a beast." The doctor was very hard on intemperance.

"Were you thinking of applying for the job?" said the doctor, jokingly.

"Yes, sir," then Tim began eagerly to explain, but he hurried so in his excitement that all Dr. Warren could make out was something about Sergeant Jones, a new suit of clothes, First Communion, and he did not exactly understand what this last meant, so he had Tim sit down and go over the whole thing again.

The result was that a few days later Tim found himself engaged as assistant to the soldier who was to take the principal care of the doctor's thoroughbreds.

His salary was to be three dollars a month, and there were two full months before the class was to make their First Communion.

At the end of that time, Tim had six bright silver dollars carefully tied up in an old pocket handkerchief, stowed away safely in a fine hiding place, the grain bin, in the doctor's stable.

It was Wednesday, and on Sunday

next the happiest event in his life was to take place. Thursday his mother was going to send into Springfield, the nearest town, by the stage driver, for new shoes, hat and suit of dark blue clothes, and for sufficient white satin ribbon for a band around his coat sleeve and a big rosette.

"I would not like to receive our Blessed Lord looking like a little beggar. I want to have on my 'wedding garments' when Jesus comes to me," thought little Tim, reverently.

Imagine Tim's horror and dismay when, on putting his hand down in the accustomed place, he found his treasure gone. For a moment he was stunned; then his heart-broken cry brought old Dennis, the stable boss.

Tim had soon poured forth his trouble into the old man's sympathetic ear. Dennis turned the oats out of the box and searched and searched for the missing money, but nowhere could it be found. Dennis would have carried the story straight to the doctor, but Tim would not hear of it.

"He'll think I'm begging; he's done enough for us already," he said. "Father Wynne says when Jesus sends us a cross we must bear it willingly like brave soldiers. I'll make my Communion on Sunday, but I'll just go to early Mass so as not to spoil the procession of the rest. Our Lord will understand, Dennis."

Tim tried to speak cheerfully, but his voice would break a little as he thought of his vanished hopes and of how distressed his poor mother would be.

"Shure the bye talks like the blissed saints. I'm feared he ain't long for this world," murmured Dennis, as he brushed a drop or two from his eyes. "It's so long since pay day I doubt if I could beg, borrow or stale five dollars in the whole post. Tim that hasn't spent their money has lint it to him that has; but it'll go hard if that old hater, Joe Dennis, don't get that bye his clothes."

But Dennis did not impart his thoughts to Tim, so at noon the little fellow started home, quite brokenhearted, to tell the sad news to his mother.

"There's one thing I'll have just as fine as the others," thought Tim, "and that's my Rosary," for Father Wynne had given each of his children a lovely white Rosary; the beads very large imitation ivory ones, but the Crucifix was of solid silver, and on the back of it was inscribed the name of the happy little communicant and the date of the great event.

Most frequently had Tim said his prayers to the Queen of the Rosary, and the thought came to him now that if he could only take his beautiful beads down on the river bank, under the shade of the curious gnarled big live oaks and tall his Heavenly Mother all about his trouble, he felt sure she would sympathize and help him to bear it bravely, as the son of a soldier should.

It was of no use trying to pray at home with four noisy children playing about; he would not even tell his poor mother of his loss until he had talked it over with his Blessed Lady.

His mother saw him, however, as he stole quietly into the house for his beads and started off down the path to the river.

"Shure Tim is just a wee bit of a saint, I'm thinking. What would me and the children do without him, now that his father, God rest his soul, has been taken? Tim would be a priest, I'm sure, if only I could earn the money for his education."

The second joyful mystery was just ended; already Tim felt greatly comforted when the sound of laughter and merry voices struck his ear.

Presently he saw Marjorie Harrington with her nurse and the little Lloyd girls emerge from the path. They carried long fishing poles and a big tin bucket, evidently expecting to make a big catch. They did not see Tim, who remained quiet. They went directly down to the boat landing and Tim went on with his beads.

He had just finished the last decade when a piercing scream rent the air, followed in quick succession by cries for help. Rushing in the direction of the cries, Tim saw Nora, Colonel Harrington's nurse, screaming and frantically waving her arms, while the Lloyd children followed her example. He reached the river bank just in time to see Marjorie's white face and dripping golden curls appear on the surface of the water, while the swift current whirled her rapidly round.

In an instant Tim was in the water, striking out with bold, swift strokes for the spot where he had seen the child disappear. The current would carry him along as swiftly as it would her, so that when she rose again he would be near enough to seize her.

Certainly his Heavenly Mother aided his feeble arms, for in an in-

stant Tim had the drowning child safely in a firm grasp. She struggled violently, however, and clutched him with both little hands, so that it was all he could do to keep afloat.

Nora had disappeared, and Tim knew she had run for help, so he gave up making any effort to swim. His arms felt as if they were breaking, his head was on fire, everything seemed turning dark, and yet he did not let go of Marjorie.

Then came a dreadful moment when he felt they were sinking and as if in a dream he heard shouts.

"Hold on, we're coming, just a moment," cried the voice mockingly; a moment, no, not a second, for with the shouts in his ears Tim felt the cool dark waters rush over him.

Tim knew nothing more until he awakened to find himself in a pretty, cool room, with dainty white curtains blowing to and fro, and on the wall, right where his eyes rested, was a beautiful photograph of the Holy Mother and the Divine Child.

The mother's eyes looked at little Tim tenderly, and the child held out his arms as if to embrace him.

Mrs. Finnegan, in her best black gown, sat looking anxiously at her son.

"Is Marjorie safe, mother?" he murmured, drowsily.

"Yes, dear; thanks be to God who gave you the strength to hold on to her."

"Are my beads safe?" was his next question.

"They were in your pocket, dearie, and only got a bit wet."

"I'm glad, for they're all I have for my Holy Communion. I've lost all my money, mother; some mean thief has stolen it."

"There, there, dearie, be quiet now, Dennis has told us all about it," replied his mother, soothingly, for the little pale cheeks flushed with excitement, and Tim's eyes looked bright and feverish.

"Here, Mrs. Finnegan, Dr. Warren wishes Tim to take this," said Mrs. Harrington, who had just come in; "Marjorie has had her dose."

"Dear, brave little Tim," she cried, her voice breaking; and as the tall stately lady stooped and kissed the little lad, Tim wondered to feel his face wet; what was she crying for, he wondered?

It was Saturday before the two invalids had quite recovered from the nervous shock of the accident. Colonel and Mrs. Harrington had insisted upon keeping Tim. Everyone in the garrison came to have a peep at the small hero; they brought him delicacies of all kinds; offered to sit up with him; read to him, and altogether quite overwhelmed the modest lad, who could not be made to understand that he had done anything heroic.

After confession Saturday morning, Tim waited to walk back with Father Wynne. He then told the priest all about his loss and how he would receive at the first Mass, for, of course, when he had not even a decent pair of shoes, he could not march in the procession with the others. Father Wynne smiled, but said nothing. Tim was to go home, but as he passed the Colonel's quarters, Mrs. Harrington and Marjorie were sitting, waiting for him, on the porch.

"Come in, Tim," cried Marjorie, smiling.

A big square box was spread out on the drawing room table, and the Colonel himself was busy opening it.

Tim turned white when he saw what came out of that wonderful box. First a beautiful dark blue suit and a pretty hat to match, then new shoes and stockings, white shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, gloves and a lot of broad white satin ribbon; in fact, everything that Tim could possibly have wished for.

But when Mrs. Harrington put into his hands an exquisite white Russian calf Missal bound in solid silver, Tim's feelings quite overpowered him and he burst into tears, sobbing out his thanks as best he could.

The next morning Tim was up bright and early to give the finishing touches to the pretty chapel. As he opened the door he found a dirty white envelope addressed to "Tim Finnegan." On opening it he found six very dirty dollars bills folded in a piece of paper, on which was scrawled:

"I done you a mean trick. I am sorry I done it, so here's the money back."

That was all, and Tim never did find out who it was that had stolen his hard-earned money.

The entire garrison turned out, Protestants as well as Catholics, to see ten happy children receive for the first time their Lord in the most Holy Eucharist. It was a touching sight, and many of those present never forgot the glorified look on little Tim's face.

After Vespers Father Wynne told him that all had been arranged for him to come and live with the

priest, where he might study and obtain the education necessary for a priest. Colonel and Mrs. Harrington were to look after the "mother" and the little ones as an act of thanksgiving to Almighty God for His mercy in sparing their only child, who was saved through Tim's simple bravery.

A tall young seminarian to-day, who is beloved and looked up to by her sweet humility and fervent love for the "Queen of the Rosary" and her Divine Son, shows that the generosity of his benefactors, Colonel and Mrs. Harrington, has not been wasted or thrown away.—Mary A. Clement in Catholic Telegraph.

MR. FLY'S FEET.—Do you know that a common house fly is one of the most wonderful creatures in the world? If he were only big enough for you to see the strange manner in which his feet alone are made, you would think him far more wonderful than even the elephant, with his long trunk. His feet are padded and have queer hooks and thousands of tiny hairs. From the roots of the hairs comes a fluid that keeps the pads moist, so that he can hold on well when climbing on the glass of the window or on the ceiling. There are two of the hooks on each foot, and these are sharp and curved. You have often felt a stinging pain when a fly lit upon your hand and another when he let go and flew away. That fly did not sting or bite you. He only jabbed those sharp hooks into your flesh so that he could hold on tightly. The hurt comes when he tears them out.

DO FISHES SLEEP?—Dr. Theodor Beer claims that they do, by his observations at the biological station in Naples, the much disputed question whether fishes sleep or not. It has long been known that fishes lose their activity at the appearance of darkness and remain for hours floating in the same spot, even their usually restless eyes being motionless. Most fishes sleep in this way, just as horses sleep standing. If the equilibrium of the body is disturbed by clipping the fins, which soon grow out again the fish floating in a vertical position. Few fishes seek the bottom to sleep, but many float on their sides, and can be caught with the hand, a fact well known to sailors. The eyes of most fishes are open necessarily during sleep, owing to the absence of eyelids.

OLD BIRDS' NESTS.—Hundreds of thousands of nests are built every year in trees and hedges. What becomes of all these homes after the birds have fitted from them at summer's end? Most of them are lined with sheep's wool, with feathers and other materials that bind them together. Now, it happens that beetles and moths and other insects devour these things and by thus destroying them loosen the nests so much that wind and rain soon scatter the rest of the materials. But for this timely help the trees would be clogged with a mass of old nests, the leaves could not sprout, and many trees would perish.

WHERE DISEASE COMES FROM.

The Philadelphia "Ledger" says that "a bacteriologist asked a woman who did not usually have to go on very dirty streets if he might make an experiment on one of her skirts. It was a comparatively new one and received daily brushing. He found on part of the skirt binding at the hem the following small menagerie: Two hundred thousand germs, many bearing diptheria, pneumonia and tonsillitis; also collections of typhoid and consumption microbes."

POPE HONORS CATHOLIC WRITER.

Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, daughter of the late William F. Jordan, of Milwaukee, and widely known as the editor of "Harper's Bazaar" and the author of several books, has just received from Rome the special Benediction of the Holy Father and plenary indulgence in extremis mortis for herself and the Catholic members of her family to the third degree. Miss Jordan owes this extraordinary favor to the influence of a powerful friend at the Vatican. The document which brought her the Benediction and indulgence is an elaborate scroll containing a large portrait of His Holiness Leo XIII. and Miss Jordan's name, beautifully engraved in full, together with the seal of the Vatican and the necessary signatures.

A Scholarly Study Of Godless Schools.

(Continued from Page Nine.)

the educated is coincident with a rapid spread of indifference in all other ranks. Even religious teachers have abandoned all that their fathers understood by essential Christianity. Outside the Catholic Church religious bodies, as Captain Mahan recently declared, come to stand for the idea that mere outward benevolence is the Christian life itself, instead of being merely its visible fruit. Even Mr. Skinner shows some dim apprehension of the situation when he says that the former functions of the church and the home are now devolving upon the school. A writer in the "Educational Review," February 1898, asserted that more than one-half of the children of this country now receives no religious training. The bearing of most higher education upon religious faith is testified to by President Harper, who affirms that there is in the modern college a remarkable decrease in the teaching of Christian truth, and that a great many men and women in their college life grow careless about religion. Nobody who is awake to innumerable indications in the current of American life will venture to accuse the Hon. Amasa Thornton of indulging in exaggerated pessimism when, not long ago, in the "North American" he uttered a solemn warning against "the maelstrom of social and religious depravity which threatens to engulf the religion of the future."

Simultaneously with the decline of religion, there is going on a rapid and profound moral deterioration in public and in private life. The golden calf is set up on every high hill and under every green tree. Greed has so widely corrupted political life in national as well as in municipal affairs, that politics is now almost a synonym for systematic public robbery. In commercial life the standard of natural justice has been extensively supplanted by that of mere legality. In private life, to mention only one fact, the old characteristically Christian reverence for marriage,—the foundation of the family, which in its turn is the foundation of the state,—is disappearing; and the institution of divorce is flourishing to an extent for which civilization affords no parallel since the Gospel stamped out the corruptions of decadent Roman paganism. It is not necessary, here, to examine whether there is any rigorous connection between the two facts—the simultaneous decline of religion and of morality. Are we not witnessing the confirmation, on a portentous scale, of Washington's prophetic warning? Nor is there, here, to consider whether the Rev. Washington Gladden is correct when he asserts that "there is a marked tendency in the public schools to lower the standard of education by eliminating God, and making us a sordid, money-loving race." One thing is obvious; the source of that influence upon which Mr. Skinner counts for the power to neutralize the pernicious ungodliness of his theoretical principles is steadily increasing. The doctrine that morality does not need religion is contributing to these conditions. Finally, principles and practice cannot permanently continue to be in conflict, for principles, in the long run, work out to their logical consequences. To expect that a system which ignores religion, and thereby makes a deadly assault on it, will continue to draw from religion a saving grace, is neither more nor less than preposterous. We cannot live long upon a capital which we are rapidly eating up. The man engaged in sawing off the branch on which he is sitting is not accepted as a type of practical wisdom.—Rev. James J. Fox, in the Catholic World Magazine.

Projects and Statistics of The Knights of Columbus.

Delegates to the number of nearly 100, representing the various State councils of the Knights of Columbus, met in Warner Hall, New Haven, Conn., on June 2, at the annual convention of the Supreme Council of the Order. Among the matters decided upon was the appointment of a commission to purchase a site and erect a building which shall be the national headquarters of the Knights of Columbus. It will be erected in New Haven and cost \$250,000.

Supreme Knight Edward L. Heern, of South Framington, Mass., presented his annual address. He said the year 1902 had been a prosperous one for the Order. The field of operations had been extended to the

far West, Ontario and Manitoba. He recommended that the age of insurance applicants be advanced from forty-five to fifty-five years.

Mr. Hearn reported that the work of establishing a fund of \$50,000 for the maintenance of a chair of secular history in the Catholic University at Washington is nearing fulfillment, the sum being nearly completed. He said a strong Catholic organization was needed in Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and especially the Philippines, where a crisis of Catholic affairs is approaching which must be met and averted. The schism of the Independent Catholic Filipino Church, he said, was growing in strength and numbers. He urged that the Knights of Columbus take steps to assist in preventing the Catholic Filipinos from being robbed of their Catholic faith.

Daniel Colwell, of New Haven, the national secretary, reported that the total membership on December 31, 1902, was 88,793, of which 44,586 were insured members. This was a total net gain during the year of 10,507 members, including 8,711 associate members. The number of councils on December 31, 1902, was 687, and on May 1, 1903, it was 726. The death rate per one thousand members, computed on the average membership of 1902, was 7.21.

Catholic Societies In Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia Federation of Catholic societies, says an exchange, met on May 19, in the auditorium of the Catholic High School, when the constitution and by-laws were adopted and the officers formally installed. Archbishop Ryan was present, and there were forty societies represented.

The president, Mr. W. G. Smith, delivered the opening address. Among other things, he said:— How great an influence for good can such a number have if they speak with one voice; how much greater if the silent influence of their lives speak continually of the faith that is the mainspring of their being, the one steady and undeviating standard by which they measure all the duties they owe to God, their country and their fellow-men. It is to unify this influence in each of the various directions for which your separate organizations have been formed, that you are giving to them your countenance and support. It is to unify the irresistible influence of all these societies and through their members the influence of the whole body of Catholics laity that the Federation of Catholic societies has been formed.

His Grace, Archbishop Ryan, in his remarks, said:— "There cannot possibly be any objection to the Federation, since its objects are the objects of the different societies which form it, and that their effect on the people has been good we have ample proof. They now unite to carry out their different laudable objects. They all aim at the improvement of the individual and of the citizen, and their tendency is to make us better men and better citizens. The truly loyal Catholic will not interfere with the autonomy of the Church for any organization to which he is attached. The Church will not interfere with the autonomy of your organization. You will come together to compare notes and to converse with each other. We Catholics have been too much separated. It is good to see some conservatism propagated in an age of progress. There should be a conservative progress, and for its attainment I do not know of any means so effectual as the one adopted. So far the majority of the prelates of the country have approved of it. A few good men in earnest will make it spread and do an immense amount of good, and you will find yourself more loyal Catholics."

THE GREAT BARRIER.

The greatest barrier to the spread of Catholic truth is ignorance of that truth, and prejudice based upon ignorance.

COLUMBUS DAY.

According to our American exchanges a movement mainly if not exclusively among the Knights of Columbus, to have October 12—the day on which the great discoverer first landed on the Western world—made a national holiday is now being agitated. Something of the kind should have been done long ago. Some day should have been fixed upon for annual commemoration throughout the entire continent of the illustrious man and his wonderful achievements.

THE COL

CHAPTER XXI HOW THE TEMPTATION OF HARDSHIP PROCEEDED

During the few weeks the conversation just described a rapid and feverish temper and appearance. His visits were shorter than before, and did come, his manner was broken, his cheek grew pale, and a gloomy might be supposed the mind of discontent and dissipation in all his person.

He conversed with that nervous and gaily in which he had been accustomed to indulge in a where he felt perfectly at ease. He spoke sometimes with a wild affection that as much of grief as of tenderness for the other inmates of the was altogether reserved and even his own boatman cared to tempt him into a. Sometimes Eily would think that he had escaped some unpleasant scenes at a dinner during the evening, abstracted and so full of other occasions, when he cottage late at night, shocked to discover about appearance of a riotous Born and educated as she Ireland of the eighteen this circumstance would much disturbed the mind, but that it became more frequent of occurrence rather to indicate a habit, than that he which even sober people subjected, when they mind society of Irish country that period. Eily thus for the first time, and wing spirit, one of the kee of married life.

"Hards," she said morning when he was departed, after an interval silence long unbroken, "I you go among those fine more, if you are thinking ways when you come to gain."

Her husband started like science-struck, and looked round upon her.

"What do you mean?" with a slight contract brows.

"Just what I say, the Eily, smiling and nodding with a pretty affectionate ity. "Those fine ladies you from Eily. And I'll t other thing, Hards, who laid her hand on his shoulder herself on tiptoe and mu his ear: "I'll not let you fine gentlemen either, if teaching they give you."

"What teaching?" "Oh, you know yours continued, nodding and s teaching that you would learn from Eily, if you s evenings with her as you in the beginning. Do you there e'er a priest living neighborhood?"

"Why do you ask?" "Because I have some thing that lies upon my co "And would you not c failings to an affectionate Eily, as well as to a h or?"

"I would," said Eily, b him a look of piercing w I thought he would forgiv wards as readily."

"Provided always that true penitent," returned reaching her his hand.

"There is little fear for Eily. "It would be well Hards, if I could as e nitent for heavier sins."

After a moment's deep Eily resumed her playfu and placing both her han

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW THE TEMPTATION OF HARDRESS PROCEEDED.

During the few weeks that followed the conversation just detailed, Eilly perceived a rapid and fearful change in the temper and appearance of her husband. His visits were fewer and shorter than before, and when he did come, his manner was restrained and cautious, his voice was deep and broken, his cheek grew pale and fleshless, and a gloomy air, which might be supposed the mingled result of discontent and dissipation, appeared in all his person. He no longer conversed with that noisy frankness and gaiety in which he was accustomed to indulge in all societies where he felt perfectly at ease. To Eilly he spoke sometimes with coldness and impatience, and very often with a wild affection that had in it as much of grief as of tenderness. To the other inmates of the cottage he was altogether reserved and haughty, and even his own boatman seldom cared to tempt him into a conversation. Sometimes Eilly was inclined to think that he had escaped from some unpleasant scenes at home, his demeanor during the evening was so abstracted and so full of care. On other occasions, when he came to her cottage late at night, she was shocked to discover about him the appearance of a riotous indulgence. Born and educated as she was in Ireland of the eighteenth century, this circumstance would not have much disturbed the mind of our heroine, but that it became gradually more frequent of occurrence, and seemed rather to indicate a voluntary habit, than that necessity to which even sober people were often subjected, when they mingled in the society of Irish country gentlemen of that period. Eilly thus experienced, for the first time, and with an aching spirit, one of the keenest anxieties of married life.

"Hardress," she said to him one morning when he was preparing to depart, after an interval of gloomy silence long unbroken, "I won't let you go among those fine ladies any more, if you are thinking of them always when you come to see me again."

Her husband started like one conscience-struck, and looked sharply round upon her.

"What do you mean?" he said, with a slight contraction of the brows.

"Just what I say, then," said Eilly, smiling and nodding her head with a pretty affectation of authority. "Those fine ladies musn't take you from Eilly. And I'll tell you another thing, Hardress. Whisper." She laid her hand on his shoulder, raised herself on tiptoe and murmured in his ear: "I'll not let you among the fine gentlemen either, if that's the teaching they give you."

"What teaching?"

"Oh, you know yourself," Eilly continued, nodding and smiling; "it is teaching that you would never learn from Eilly, if you spent the evenings with her as you used to do in the beginning. Do you know is there e'er a priest living in this neighborhood?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I have something to tell him that lies upon my conscience."

"And would you not confess your failings to an affectionate friend, Eilly, as well as to a holier director?"

"I would," said Eilly, bending on him a look of piercing sweetness, "if I thought he would forgive me afterwards as readily."

"Provided always that you are a true penitent," returned Hardress, reaching her his hand.

"There is little fear for that," said Eilly. "It would be well for me, Hardress, if I could as easily be penitent for heavier sins."

After a moment's deep thought, Eilly resumed her playful manner, and placing both her hands in the

subject of your mirth? Day after day my brain is verging nearer and nearer to utter madness, and do you jest on that? Do you see this cheek? You count more hollows there than when I met you first, and does that make you merry? Give me your hand! Do you feel how that heart beats? Is that a subject, Eilly, for joke or jest? Do you think this face turns thin and yellow for nothing? There are a thousand and a thousand horrid thoughts and temptations burning within me daily, and eating my flesh away by inches. The Devil is laughing at me, and Eilly joins him."

"Oh, Hardress—Hardress!"

"Yes!—you have the best right to laugh, for you are the gainer. Curse on you! Curse on your beauty—curse on my own folly—for I have been undone by both! Let go my knees! Let go my arm—I hate you! Take the truth, I'll not be poisoned with it. I am sick of you, you have disgusted me! I will ease my heart by telling you the whole. If I seek the society of other women, it is because I find not among them your meanness and vulgarity. If I get drunk and make myself the beast as you say, it is in the hope to forget the iron chain that binds me to you."

"Oh, Hardress," shrieked the affrighted girl, "you are not in earnest now?"

"I am; I do not joke!" her husband exclaimed with a hoarse vehemence. "Let go my knees! you are sure enough of me. I am bound to you too firmly."

"Oh, my dear Hardress! Oh, my own husband, listen to me! hear your own Eilly for one moment! Oh, my poor father!"

"Ha!"

"It slipped from me! Forgive me! O know I am to blame, I am greatly to blame, dear Hardress, but forgive me! I left my home and all for you—oh, do not cast me off—I will do anything to please you—I never will open my lips again—only say you did not mean all that! Oh, Heaven!" she continued, throwing her head back, and looking upward with expanded mouth and eyes, while she maintained her kneeling posture and clasped her husband's feet. "Merciful Heaven, direct him! Oh, Hardress, think how far I am from home! Think of all you promised me, and how I believed you! Stay with me for a while at any rate! Do not—"

On a sudden, while Hardress was still struggling to free himself from her arms, without doing her violence, Eilly felt a swimming in her head, and a cloud upon her sight. The next instant she was motionless.

The first face she beheld on recovering from her insensibility was that of Poll Naughten, who was seated in a low chair, and supporting Eilly's head against her knees, while she was striking her in the open palm with a prodigious violence.

"Ah, there she draws the breath," said Fighting Poll. "Oh, wirra, missiz, what brought you out on your face and hands on the middle of the floor, that way?"

Eilly muttered some unmeaning answer, and remained for some minutes struggling with the consciousness of some undefined horror. Looking around at length, and missing the figure of Hardress, she lay back once more, and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. Phil Naughten, who was smoking a short pipe by the fire-side, said something in Irish to his wife, to which the latter replied in the same language, and then turning to Eilly, said: "Will you take a drop of anything, a-chree?"

Eilly raised her hand in dissent.

"Will you come in, and take a stretch on the bed, then?"

To this Eilly assented in the affirmative, and walked, with the assistance of her hostess, into her sleeping chamber. Here she lay during the remainder of the day, the curtain suffered to fall so as to keep her eyes and head. Her reflections, however, on the frightful and sudden alteration which had taken place in her condition were cut short, ere long, by a sleep of that sound and dreamless nature which usually supervenes after an excess of passionate excitement or anxiety.

In the meantime Hardress hurried along the Gap Road with the speed of one who desires to counteract, by extreme bodily exertion, the turbulence of an uneasy spirit. As he passed the lonely little bridge, which crosses the stream above the Black

Lake, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a familiar voice which appeared to reach him from the clouds. Looking over his shoulder to the summit of the Purple Mountain, he beheld Danny Mann, nearly a thousand feet above him, moving towards the immense pile of loose stones (from the hue of which the mountain has derived its name), and driving before him a small herd of goats, the property of his brother-in-law. Turning off the road, Hardress commenced the ascent of this toilsome eminence—partly because the difficulty afforded a relief to his spirits, and partly because he wished to converse with his dependent.

Although the day was fine, and sometimes cheered with sunshine near the base of the mountain, the summit was wrapped in mist, and wet with incessant showers. The scenery around was solitary, gigantic, and eternally barren. The figure of some wonder-hunting tourist, with a guide-boy bearing his portfolio and umbrella, appeared at long intervals, among the lesser undulations of the mountain-side, and the long road which traversed the gloomy valley dwindled to the width of a meadow foot-path. On the opposite side of the enormous ravine, the gray and misty Reeks still raised their crumbling summits far above him. Masses of white mist gathered in sullen congress between their peaks, and, sometimes floating upward in large volumes, were borne majestically onward, catching a thousand tints of gold and purple from the declining sun. Sometimes a trailing shower of mingled mist and rain, would sweep across the intervening chasm, like the sheeted spectre of a giant, and present to the eye of the spectator that appearance which supplied the imagination of Ossian with its romantic images. The mighty gorge itself, at one end, appeared to be lost and divided amid a host of mountains tossed together in provoking gloom and misery. Lower down, it opened upon a wide and cultivated champaign, which at this altitude presented the resemblance of a rich mosaic of a thousand colors, and afforded a bright contrast to the barren shrubless gloom of the solitary vale itself. As Hardress approached the summit, this scene of grandeur and of beauty was shut out from his view by the intervening mist, which left nothing visible but the peak on which he stood, and which looked like a barren islet in a sea of vapour. Above him was a blue sky, broken up with masses of cloud, against which the rays of the sun were refracted, with various effects, according to their degrees of density and altitude. Occasionally, as Hardress pressed onward through the heath, a heavy grouse would spring up at his feet, challenge, and wheel to the other side of the mountain. Sometimes, also, as he looked downward, a passing gust of wind would draw aside the misty veil that lay between him and the world, and cause the picture once more to open on his sight.

His attendant now met and greeted him as usual. "It's well for you, Master Hardress, dat hasn't a flock o' goats to be huntin' after dis mornin'; my heart is broke from 'em, dat's what it is. We trun 'em out in de mornin', an' dough dey plenty to air below dere, dey never stop 'till dey go to de top o' 'em: like many o' the Christians demselves, dey'll be mountin' always, even when 'tis no good for 'em."

"I have no remedy," said Hardress, musing, "and yet the thought of enduring such a fate is intolerable."

"What a fine day this would be for the water, master?" continued his servant. "You don't ever care to take a sail now, sir?"

"Oh, Kyrle, Kyrle Daly, what a prophetic truth was in your words! Giddy, heading wretch that I have been! I wish that my feet had grown to my mother's hearth when I first thought of evading her control, and marrying without her sanction." He paused in a mood of bitter retrospection. "I'll not endure it," he again exclaimed, starting from his reverie; "it shall not be without recall. I will not, because I cannot. Monster! monster that I am! Wed one, and woo another! Both are now cheated! Which shall be the victim?"

The Devil was at his ear, and whispered, "Be not uneasy; hundreds have done the same before you."

"Firm as dat mountain stands, an' as it stood dis hundred, aye, dis thousand years, maybe," continued Danny Mann, "still an' all, to look up dat way at dem great loose stones, dat look as if dey were shoved up above us by some joyants or great people of ould, a body would tink it hardly safe to stand here, onder 'em, in dread dey'd come tumblin' down, maybe, an' make smiderens of him, bless the mark! Wouldn't he now, Master Hardress?"

The person so addressed turned his

eyes mechanically in the same direction. A kind of desperate satisfaction was visible on his features, as the idea of insecurity which his servant suggested became impressed upon his mind. The latter perceived and understood its expression on the instant.

"Dere's something troublin' you, Master Hardress; dat I see plain enough. An' 'tisn't now, nor to-day, nor 'tuesday, I seen it aider. Is dere anything Danny Mann can do to sarve you? If dere be, say de word dis moment, an' I'll hail he'll do it before long."

"Danny," said Hardress after a pause, "I am troubled. I was a fool, Danny, when I refused to listen to your advice upon one occasion."

"An' dat was de time when I fould you not to go again de missiz; an' to have no call to Eilly O'Connor."

"It was."

"I tought it would be dis way. I tought, all along dat Eilly was no wife for you, Master Hardress. It was not in nature she could be; a poor man's daughter, widout money, or manners, or book-larnin' or one ha'port'. I told you dat, Master Hardress, but you wouldn't hear me by any means, an' dis is de way of it now."

"Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis done," said Hardress, with sullen impatience; "I was to blame, and I am suffering for it."

"Does she know herself de trouble she is to you?"

"I could not keep it from her. I did not know myself how utterly my dislike had prevailed within me, until the occasion arose for giving it utterance, and then it came forth at once like a torrent. I told her what I felt; that I hated, that I was sick of her. I could not stop my tongue, My heart struck me for the base unkindness, the ungrateful ruffinism of my speech, and yet I could not stop my tongue. I have made her miserable, and I am myself accursed. What is there to be done? Have you only skill to prevent mischief? Have you none to remedy?"

"Danny took thought for a moment. "Sorrow trouble would I ever give myself about her," he said at last, "only send her packin' ta her fader, an' give her no tanks."

"And with what face should I appear before my honorable friends, when that old rope-maker should come to demand redress for his insulted child, and to claim her husband's promise? Should I send Eilly home to earn for myself the reputation of a faithless villain?"

"I never tought o' dat," said Danny, nodding his head. "Dat's a horse of anoder color. Why, then, I'll tell you what I'd do. Pay her passage out to Quebec, and put her aboard of a three-master, widout ever sayin' a word to anybody. I'll tell you what it is, Master Hardress. Do by her as you do by dat glove you have on your hand. Make it come off as it come on, and if it fits too tight, take a knife to it."

"What do you mean?"

"Only gi' me the word, as I said before, an' I'll engage Eilly O'Connor will never trouble you any more. Don't ax me any questions at all, if you're agreeable, take off dat glove an' give it to me for a token. Dat'll be enough; lave de rest to Danny."

A doubtful, horrible sensation of fear and anxiety gathered upon the heart of the listener, and held him a minute fixed in breathless agitation. He gazed upon the face of his servant with an expression of gaping terror, as if he stood in the presence of the arch-tempter himself. At length, walking up to him, he laid his open hand upon his neck, and then drawing his fingers close, until the fellow's face was purple with blood, he shook him as if he would have shaken his joints out of their sockets.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, with a hoarseness and vehemence of tone which gave an appalling depth to his expressions. "Dangerous villain and tempter! If you ever dare again to utter a word, or meditate a thought of violence towards that unhappy creature, I will tear you limb from limb between my hands."

"Oh, murder, Master Hardress! Dat the hands may stick to me, sir, if I tought a ha'port' o' harm!"

"Do you mark me well, now? I am quite in earnest. Respect her as you would the highest lady in the land. Do as she commands you widout murmurin'. If I hear her say (and I will question her upon it) that you have leered one glance of those blood-longing eyes upon her, it shall be their last look in this world."

"Oh, vo! Dat I may never die in sin, Master Hardress, if—"

"Begone! I am glad you have opened my eyes. I tread more safely now. My heart is lighter. Yet that I should have endured to be so tempted! Fellow, I doubt you for worse than you appear. We are here alone; the world, the busy world, is hid beneath us, and we stand here

alone in the eye of the open Heaven, and without roof or wall to screen us, even in fancy, from the downright reproach of the beholding angels. None but the haughty and insulting Lucifer himself could think of daring Providence upon the threshold of His own region. But be you fiend or mortal, I defy and dare you; I repel your bloody temptation. I tell you, fiend or mortal, that my soul abhors your speech and gesture both. I may be wretched and imploring; I may send up to Heaven a cry of discontent and murmuring the cry of blood shall never leave this earth for me. Blood! Whose blood? Her's? Great Heaven! Great Heaven defend me!" He covered his face with his hands and bent down for a moment in dreadful agitation; then suddenly starting up, and waving his hand rapidly, he continued: "Away, away at once, and quit my sight. I have chosen my doom. My heart may burn for years, within my breast, if I can find no other way to soothe it. I know how to endure. I am wholly ignorant of guilt like this. Once more," he added, clenching his fist, and shaking it towards his startled dependent, "once more I warn you, mark my words and obey them."

So saying, he hurried down the hill, and was hid in the ascending mist, while his affrighted servant remained gaping after him, and muttering mechanically such assertions as "Dat I may never sin, Master Hardress! dat de head may go to de grave wid me! Dat I may be happy! Dat de hands may stick to me, if I tought any harm!"

More than half of the frantic speech of Hardress, it may be readily imagined, was wholly unintelligible to Danny, who followed him down the mountain half crazy with terror, and not a little choked into the bargain.

(To be continued.)

WEAKLY CHILDREN.

Stunted, weakly children are those whose food does them no good, because they do not digest it properly. Keep the child's digestive organs right and it will grow up strong and healthy, and it will not cause mother much trouble while it is growing up. It is the weak children—the puny children—that wear the mother out caring for them day and night. All this is changed when Baby's Own Tablets are used. They promote digestion, they give sound, natural sleep, they keep baby bright and cheerful. They are good for older children, too, and cure all their minor ailments. It costs only 25c to prove the truth of these statements—and you will be thankful afterwards. Mrs. Archibald Sweeney, Carleton, N.S., says:—"I have given my little one Baby's Own Tablets, and am more than pleased with the results. I can recommend them to every mother." That's the way all mothers, who have used the Tablets, talk. That's the way you will talk if you will try them when your little ones are ailing. You can get the Tablets from any dealer, or they will be sent by mail at 25c a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

REAL RICHES.

I have a very dear friend who is rich in everything else except money. She has good health, a devoted husband, a family of charming sons and daughters, but she is ceaselessly complaining because she isn't rich enough to send her children to Europe, and otherwise live like a millionaire. Not long ago I induced her to go with me to see a poor, lonely, decrepit old woman who has nothing but money. Coming on home, I said: "Don't you envy Mrs. Croesus? Wouldn't you like to exchange lots with her?"

"Exchange my lot with hers!" she cried; "why, you must be mad to dream of such a thing; give up my husband and my children to sit forlornly by myself in that big house all day? Why, she hasn't got money enough to hire me to do it for a week!"

"Well," I said, "if you are so much richer than she is, I think you would stop whining about being poor. Don't you think it's a little selfish to expect to have everything? You have got the gold—the best riches of earth—and yet you want all the paper money, too."—New Orleans Picayune.

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Religious Communities And the Premier of France

We chance to come upon authentic copies of two very powerful and beautiful letters addressed, by heads of French religious communities, to Premier Combes. Each in its own way is a model, and we have taken the pains to translate them both, for the benefit of our readers. The first is from the Prior of the Chartreux; the second from the Abbot of the Capuchins at Toulouse. We give them without comment; they form their own commentary.

THE FIRST LETTER.

To the President of the Council: Sir,—The delays that your agents saw fit to fix for our sojourn in the "Grande-Chartreuse" (their monastery) are about to expire. Hence, you, the first, have the right to be informed that we do not purpose deserting our place of penance and intercession, in which it has pleased Providence to place us. Our mission here is to suffer and to pray for our beloved country; violence alone can check the prayers on our lips. Unfortunately, in troubled times when an arbitrary will dominates, the most unpleasant eventualities must be forestalled; and as, in spite of the justice of our representations, it may be possible that a stroke of might should scatter us suddenly, and even cast us out of our own country, I wish, even from this hour, to inform you that I forgive you, in my own name and in that of my brethren, for the different steps, so unworthy of the head of a government, that you have taken regarding us. In other times, unlike to-day, ostracism did not disdain to clothe itself in the armor of apparent loyalty. However, I would feel wanting in a duty of Christian charity, if to the forgiveness which I extend you I did not add thereto a salutary advice and at the same time a serious warning. My two-fold character of priest and religious authorizes me to address both to you, in order to check you, if a vestige of prudence still remains to you, in the odious and useless warfare that you are carrying on against the Church of God.

Thus, at your pressing invitation, and on the production of a document the manifest falseness of which, it appears to me, you cannot ignore, the French Chamber has condemned the Order of which Our Lord has constituted me the head. I cannot accept that unjust sentence; I do not accept it; and despite my sincere act of forgiveness, I demand its revision, in accordance with my right and my duty, by the infallible tribunal of Him who is our sovereign judge! Consequently,—give special attention to my words, Sir President of the Council, and do not be in a haste to smile at them, nor to look upon me as a ghost of some by-gone age,—consequently, you will come with me before the tribunal of God. There, no more imposition, no more artifices of eloquence; no more effects produced by public harangues, no more parliamentary machinations; no more false documents, no more pliable majorities; only a calm, just and potent Judge, a sentence without appeal, against which neither you nor I, can protest. So long, then, Mr. President of the Council, I am no longer young and you have one foot in the grave. Get ready, for the meeting I announce to you, will contain unexpected emotions for you. And in view of that solemn hour, calculate more upon a sincere conversion and a serious repentance, than upon the skill and sophistry that secure you these passing successes.

And as it is my duty to return good for evil, I shall pray; or, rather, we the Chartreux, whose death sentence you have obtained, will continue to pray to the God of mercies, whom you so strongly persecute in His servants, that he may grant you both repentance and the grace necessary to make salutary reparation. I remain, sir, your humble servant, F. MICHEL, Prior of the Chartreux.

SECOND LETTER.

Toulouse, 28th Feb., 1903. President of the Council: Sir,—Mr. Rabier, in his report, decides on refusing authorization to our congregation; the tempest grows more menacingly than ever above my head. I am burdened with years and with

in two steps of the grave, and here I am threatened to be brutally expelled from a convent that I founded, over fifty years ago, of which I am the legal owner, for which I have ever, and with great exactness, paid all taxes; here I am about to be violently dragged from my poor cell wherein I had hoped to, have died in peace. Who can protect and defend me, if it be not Your Excellency?

You are President of the Cabinet of ministers; where else are justice and equity to be found if their refuge be not in the Council and with the President? Your Minister of the Interior; to whom, more than any other, falls the sacred duty of keeping order supreme and of protecting all citizens against every kind of violence, injustice, and tyranny? You are Minister of Worship; to whom, more than to you, falls the duty of defending and protecting the one who has consecrated his entire life to the worship of the Lord?

Could you, then, forget that you are President of the Council and Minister of Interior and of Worship in a Republic that has for motto: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity? A holy and evangelical motto, brought to this earth by Our Lord Jesus Christ. Then, it is in the name of that holy, and evangelical Liberty that I demand to pray where I like, and as I like, and to dress as I chose. It is in the name of that holy and evangelical Equality that I demand to live poorly and to wear the habit of poverty so as to be equal to the poor.

It is in the name of that holy and evangelical Fraternity that I demand to remain until death the brother and friend of the poor and unfortunate. Fifty years now, cross in hand, I have battled under this motto; shall my reward to-day be a violent and unjust expulsion?

Could Your Excellency permit of such a monstrous iniquity? What place would your name occupy in the pillory of history? No; never, it cannot be thus. I have, moreover, other claims upon your protection; we were born in the same department and under the same sky; the same country sheltered our cradles; your uncle, a venerable priest, who had been a father to you, was my friend; thirty years ago I preached for his parish; I also received in a fatherly manner your own brother when he wished to enter our pious Order and to wear our holy habit; with all these claims, Your Excellency, can I doubt of your goodness of heart?

Yet, if despite all this, Your Excellency, (which I cannot be made believe) should refuse to spare me the sorrows of expulsion, I at least beg of you to spare my old age the grief of being brutally flung upon the street there to remain without shelter; may Your Excellency, then, kindly grant me the favor of a shelter in one of the prisons of this Republic of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, there to live with the dear prisoners, to be their equal and their brother, to console them in their captivity and to open for them the way of heaven!

Positive that Your Excellency will, at least, grant me this last request, I beg of you to accept beforehand the assurance of my most lively gratitude and to allow me to call myself Your Excellency's most devoted servant, ever praying for the salvation of your soul, on which I beg of you to seriously reflect as you contemplate eternity.

P. MARIE-ANTOINE, (Convent of the Capuchins at Toulouse).

For Candidates To the Priesthood

Albany, June 5.—The feast of Pentecost was celebrated in all the Catholic churches on Sunday. At the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Albany, the services were attended by a large congregation and were most beautiful and impressive. During the celebration Bishop Burke acknowledged the legacy of \$40,000 bequeathed to him by the late Right Rev. Monsignor James McDermott, pastor of Saint Mary's Church, Glens Falls, with the request that it be used for the purpose of educating young men for the holy priesthood of Jesus Christ.

The Bishop has decided to establish two scholarships in the American College at Rome, two at the Catholic University at Washington, and six at various Catholic seminaries, including Saint Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, the Niagara University, and Saint Mary's College and seminary at Emmetsburg, Maryland.

Approach Soap. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

"Concerning the Holy Bible."

Under the above caption, Mgr. Canon J. S. Vaughan has contributed a series of articles to the "Catholic Times," of Liverpool. From a recent article we take the following interesting reference to the style of criticism of Protestant writers in regard to Catholic doctrine. Mgr. Vaughan writes:— Before concluding this chapter it may be well to say a few words regarding the absurd caricature of Catholic doctrine with which some of even the cleverest of our Protestant friends occasionally regale us. Indeed, we are constantly meeting with misstatements of the most glaring and outrageous kind in books published, not by obscure men, but by lecturers and professors and men of light and leading, at least in their own sect. Such persons may talk reasonably and learnedly enough about other matters, but when they take upon themselves to instruct their readers on matters of Catholic teaching and Catholic doctrine they seem to think that they may say anything that first comes into their heads, and that they are bound by no obligations of accuracy or of truthfulness towards the oldest and vastest Christian community in the world. As an instance, I will take a small volume that chanced to fall into my hands a few days ago, entitled "The Old Documents of the New Bible." When I read the title page and saw that it was—By J. Paterson Smyth, LL. B., B.D., Senior Moderator and Gold Medalist, Primates' Hebrew prizeman, etc., and author of "How We Got Our Bible," and so forth, I acknowledge that I did expect to find, in every point treated, some degree of accuracy. But I was woefully disappointed.

When this "gold medalist" gets on the subject of the Catholic Church he displays not only a rancour, but an ignorance of which even an ordinary Catholic schoolboy might justly be ashamed. His sketch of the Catholic doctrine of Papal Infallibility is a perfect caricature. But, having drawn his caricature, he proceeds to invite his readers to laugh and make fun of it, though in reality the only things to provoke laughter are the grotesque absurdities of the author himself. On page 175 he writes: "Pope Sixtus V. undertook to bring out a correct edition of the Bible. His method was a very simple one indeed. He got together a company of learned revisers, but with this understanding—that their functions were merely to collect manuscripts and prepare the evidence for and against certain readings in the text, after which the Pope himself, not by reason of his scholarship, but of his gift of infallibility, decided straight off which were the genuine words!" This statement, needless to say, is wholly and absolutely false. But let us read on: "He decreed also that all readings varying from his edition should be rejected as incorrect; that it should never be altered in the slightest degree, under pain of the anger of God and His blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and if any man presumed to transgress this mandate, he was to be placed under the ban of the major excommunication, not to be absolved except by the Pope himself." Mr. J. Paterson Smyth might have spared himself writing this arrant nonsense, had he taken the trouble to learn the value of theological terms, and the technical language of the Church. But, quite unconscious of wearing the cap and bells, he goes on with the utmost gravity to remark, that "scholars who examined the new book very soon learned, if they did not know it before, that, as there was no royal road to learning, so was there also no Papal road to criticism. The book was full of mistakes. The scholarship of Sixtus was by no means great, and his infallibility somehow failed to make up for this defect." Mr. Smyth then quotes Dr. Salmon, who is about as reliable and as accurate an exponent of Catholic doctrine as himself, and whose book on "Infallibility" has been literally turned inside out by the Very Rev. Dr. Murphy, V. F.

(Macroom), in the pages of the "I. Eccl. Record," A.D. 1901.

Let me then state for Mr. Smyth's information that the Pope's gift of infallibility cannot be exercised upon, nor applied to, any questions but such as refer to faith and morals. To pretend that the Pope is infallible in deciding a point of grammar or philology or textual criticism, as such, or in determining what is or what is not a correct Greek or Hebrew construction, etc., is to display a lamentable ignorance of the whole doctrine of infallibility. As well say that the Pope is infallible in deciding questions of astronomy or chemistry. Really, one has a right to expect an LL.B. and B. D. not to write unless he knows, at least, something about what he is writing. Let men like Mr. Smyth and Dr. Salmon publish books and argue and protest against the Catholic Church to their hearts' content if they so wish; but let them not misstate her doctrines, misrepresent her teaching, nor ridicule her for saying what she does not say, and for propounding doctrines which she does not propound. It is intolerable that the Church should suffer not only from their hostility and their hate, which signify perhaps little, but from their ignorance and their false charges which signify a good deal. Really, these good men seem to have no consciences and no sense of what is due even to an opponent; for they hurl their poisonous accusations against her without even taking the trouble to ascertain whether there is any foundation for them or not. This readiness to believe ill of the Church, this haste to assume as true whatever is to her discredit, this eagerness to convert into an argument against her what can be, at best, but a vague suspicion, is one of the most deplorable signs of Protestantism. It constitutes one of the difficulties against which we have to be for ever and ever contending. For, what the vast majority of men who are opposed to the Church hate is not the doctrines which she really teaches, but those false and absurd doctrines which lying tongues keep on declaring that she teaches, which is a wholly different thing. It is to be feared that there is but little true charity among such persons, for "Charity thinketh no evil," still less does it invent evil.

SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. No. 1703. Dame Myrtle Hungerford, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of George H. Hogle, of the same place, livery stable keeper, Plaintiff, vs. The said George H. Hogle, Defendant. Public notice is hereby given that an action for separation as to property has been this day instituted between the above parties. SMITH, MARKEY & MONTGOMERY. Montreal, 13th May, 1903.

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A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 8 meets on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alexander D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary, 1628F Ontario street; L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; Vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Cahill, Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in this hall, corner Selkirk and Notre Dame streets, H. C. McCallum, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. McKenna, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jas. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording-Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial-Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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NOTES

COMMENCEMENT I we are in the season when term draws to a close, the coming week to the closing exercises of the year. We always feel rejuvenation when this is around. We like to see girls come forth, exhibit talents and achievement with the delights of a holiday. It makes us feel gain; it is calculated to the memories of days that forever, and which we have with us again. It is a pity that under ant circumstances there grumblers of any kind; he has had them from time to time to come there will disturb harmony. An Catholic exchanges commenced invitations to commencement exercises institutions. It tells how the subjects to be of speeches and poems on is of a diverting and largeness." Then it registers some instances "the truth" is too manifestly of it objects to the student "the educational method" under whose inspiring youthful graduates have to think." This lacks our wise friend, and we to the questionable "good wine needs no bush" We have our doubts about statement, and still greater to the wisdom of the marks. It entirely depends whose wine it is. Every illic is good, provided it is with Catholicity; but it announced and to be made the world. The world is in covering over and is of good that is done by C that is good in Catholicity that is of good in Catholicity is not sufficient that should exist in must be n otherwise a vast percentage world will fail to recognize equally fall to benefit the On this point the fault is—that can be brought institutions is not that the world their merits, refraining from making they do of good. There is of modesty, or humility giving undeserved advantage to inferiority, or m Hence it is that we are our schools, academies, events and other institutions unattended use of the press publishing their various successes and undertakings simply fair and legitimate merit; and in the competition hour, everyone, every business enterprise, every institution necessity advertise. If no fall back in the race, to greater loss and to that of modesty, or humility giving undeserved advantage to inferiority, or m Hence it is that we are our schools, academies, events and other institutions unattended use of the press publishing their various successes and undertakings simply fair and legitimate merit; and in the competition hour, everyone, every business enterprise, every institution necessity advertise. 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