

# The True Witness



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## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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### EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

### BLAKE AND DILLON.

As we go to press a meeting is being held to make arrangements for the forthcoming visit of the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., and Mr. John Dillon, M.P. It may safely be predicted that fitting preparations will be made for a reception worthy of these distinguished Irish leaders, and that whatever hall is engaged for the occasion will be filled to overflowing by the Irishmen of Montreal and their friends of other nationalities.

**OUR ARCHBISHOP.**—Although the Atlantic Ocean separates him at present from his diocese, our Archbishop's thoughts are with his beloved flock in Montreal, and he is busily engaged in the work of furthering their spiritual welfare. His Grace is now in the Eternal City, where he has had a private audience with the Pope. During his sojourn in France he paid a personal visit to the mother houses of all the religious communities, both of men and of women, which have branches in and around Montreal.

It was only natural that His Grace should feel keenly interested in the anti-religious campaign waged by the atheistic government of France against the Catholic orders and congregations whose work embraces the education of the young. In a letter to the official organ published in this city, "La Semaine Religieuse" His Grace deplores the action of the French Government, which has brought sadness to his heart, as it has to those of other great prelates who watch the trend of events in Europe, which is the home of Papacy. He mentions an interview which a prominent French Bishop recently had with Premier Combes, during which His Lordship spoke earnestly to him of the injustices perpetrated under the guise of the Law of Associations, and of the tyrannous character of other measures of persecution which it is the declared intention of the French Government to adopt at an early date. The French Premier replied as follows: "Your Lordship is defending a good cause; but I assure you that it is already a lost cause. There is no use in discussing it now. I represent a party; I have a programme to carry out, and I will carry it out to the end."

Premier Combes is mistaken. It is only God that can carry things out to the end. If the people of France will realize this, and will recognize that they have probably committed the chastisement from which they are now suffering, and will remember their own proverb, that God judges those who help themselves, the present persecution may yet prove to be a blessing in disguise.

Archbishop Lhuissier entered upon his forty-eighth year of his age on Wednesday, the 29th inst. He celebrated the happy event in Rome, which contains some interesting souvenirs of a character personal to His Grace. It was in Rome that he was ordained to the priesthood. He spent three years in Rome, probably the happiest years of his life, during the sacred jubilee. While Catholics of this great city were busy in visiting the many remains of the Old Rome of their forefathers, the great advantages of the

with more cordiality and fervor than those of his spiritual fold who speak the English tongue.

**TEACHERS' PENSIONS.**—In the important and ever present matter of education there is an important factor to be considered—the teaching body. At the recent meeting of the Chicago Teachers' Federation a standing committee was named to consider the question of pensions for teachers. Quite a number of opinions have been published, but the most important, to our mind, are those of Mr. John E. Bradley, formerly superintendent of Minneapolis, and of Superintendent John Swett, of San Francisco. The former of these gentlemen, in a lengthy explanation of his ideas concerning the pensioning of teachers says—

"The effect of pensioning teachers who have served honorably for a long term of years will be, first, to relieve those now in the calling from anxiety concerning the declining years of life, and second, to lead men and women of superior talent to make teaching their permanent employment, and third, to increase the popular confidence in the schools by improving the character of their work."

The latter gentleman says—  
 "Until quite recently I was not in favor of pensioning teachers. I feared it would lead to a reduction of salaries. The chief reason that has led me to change my views on this matter, is that I have seen many women over sixty or sixty-five years of age allowed to remain in school after they are broken in health and long after they ought to be retired. Few school trustees or boards of education are cold-blooded enough to dismiss such teachers, when a dismissal means starvation or the almshouse. If such teachers could be retired on a small pension, the gain to the schools in efficient work would be far greater than the slight expense of a small pension."

There is good enough reasoning in all this, but we think that the main consideration is overlooked. The pension system need not in any way take from the augmentation of actual salaries, but might be based upon such salaries. It is an acknowledged fact that teachers are underpaid. The same complaint is made in every land, and we have it here as well as elsewhere. If we have a lack of teachers, as we pointed out some weeks ago, it is certainly due to the fact that the reward is not sufficient to induce competent men and women to sacrifice their lives in the cause of education. Hence the great advantages of the

Catholic Church in having so many religious bodies that are devoted to education. But our religious communities do not suffice to meet the needs of the times and of the rising generation. It is a necessity to have lay teachers; and lay teachers must be paid somewhat in proportion to the labors they perform, and should be encouraged in their work by an assurance that when "age will come on with its winter" they will not be at the mercy of a cold world. We decidedly favor any system that will tend to raise the teacher up, to make his life comfortable, to relieve him of anxieties, and to enable him to give all he has to the young people over whose future he possesses such an influence.

**OLD AGE ABOLISHED.**—They are at it again, these men of science. This time they wish to conquer, not Death, but old age. Very soon, but not tomorrow, nor possibly in our time, there is to be a great result from certain unfinished experiments at the Pasteur Institute—that result is to consist in the erasing of old age. Just read the news as it comes by cable—it is not a vision of the Middle Ages, it is dated Paris, Oct. 12, 1902—

"For the first time in the history of humanity, a living man may say: 'It may be possible for me to live indefinitely, until some accident shall take me off, as long as I escape such accident I need not die of old age!'"

"The Pasteur Institute has solved a problem that may change the destiny of all humanity as we imagine it," continued this friend of one of the workers. "He is now slowly and methodically studying how to apply the discovery to man instead of laboratory animals. It will make no more premature announcements to the public."

Just as well that no more announcements should be made to the public—at least until the public has had time to digest this one. What a fine thing it will be to live several hundred years and never to grow old. Bulwer's character in "The Strange Story" was a mere myth; but he prefigured tens of thousands of future members of the human family who shall enjoy the benefits of the "Elixir of Life." How those old alchemists did toil, and study, and gather herbs, and boil them in pots, and pour the drugs into crucibles, and secure the few precious drops that invariably were spilt before they could be drunk, and the loss of which brought on sudden and fatal collapse! Oh, for the power to revive some of the ancient Rosicrucian brotherhood that they might behold the realization of their dreams as attained by the members of the Pasteur Institute! But they are all dead, those adepts of the Rose Cross! And the fact of their having died was so long a refutation of their theories. It is to be hoped that the learned and wizard-like men of the Pasteur Institute will be individually more happy in their experiments. They should efface all evidences of old age in their own compositions; it would be a striking proof of the worth of their discovery, the future announcements of which they are to so wisely refrain from making public. Moore once sang—

"Fill the bumper fair,  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 On the brow of care  
 Smooths away a wrinkle."

It must have been the product of the Pasteur Institute experiments that Moore had poured into the famous bumper. But even Moore is dead, although he was enabled to prescribe, in poetic vein, for the wiping away of wrinkles. We do not know of any other person who has attempted to efface the evidences of age; but if any such existed, they too have foolishly gone and died.

We would be exceedingly glad to never grow old. We do not like the grey that is coming into our hair, much less do we relish the rheumatic twitches that this damp weather of autumn is prone to multiply. It is cruel, on the part of these experimenting gentlemen, to leave us in the dark concerning their discovery. We would be so glad to profit by its life-imparting virtues. Not being either a guinea-pig nor a rabbit we cannot claim to belong to any favored race of animals that has the advantage of being endowed with

perpetual youth. We had seriously reflected upon the advisability of laying up something to keep us when old age would come on, and also of preparing for a better world when life's taper would commence to flicker. If the Pasteur Institute gentlemen do not hurry their experiments we fear we will be forced, by circumstances, to put this original resolution into execution.

### Mgr. Connolly Dead.

From St. John, N.B., comes the news of the death of Monsignor Connolly, Vicar-General of the diocese of St. John, in the eightieth year of his age.

The number of those who attended the funeral of this venerable priest eloquently testified to the love and esteem in which he was held, not only by Catholics, but by non-Catholics. It was the largest funeral that ever left the Church of St. John the Baptist, of which he had so long been pastor.

Thomas Connolly, the veteran deceased priest, was borne on March 4, 1823, in St. John, N.B., of Irish parents. At an early age he evinced a decided vocation to the sacerdotal life. On observing this, his parents sent him to St. Andrew's College, Charlottetown, where he studied for four years. Then he went to the Seminary at Quebec, where he studied philosophy and theology. On July 18, 1848, he was ordained to the priesthood at Chatham, N.B., by Bishop Dollard, in the Church of St. Michael.

It was the first ordination that had taken place within its walls. The occasion was notable and prophetic. Around the venerable prelate to assist him "in the laying on of hands" stood a trio of priests who were destined to become in after years prominent figures in the Church of New Brunswick. All three became vicars-general, and one of them a bishop. They were the Reverend Joseph Paquet, a French priest of high character; the Reverend Michael Egan, a name to conjure with in the olden days on the Miramichi; and the Rev. John Sweeney, then parish priest of Chatham, afterwards Vicar-General, and still later Bishop of St. John. If, however, the young priest of that July morning was the spiritual son of such distinguished fathers, the intervening record of fifty years proves that he was in every way worthy of his sponsors. He, too, in turn became a vicar-general, thus completing a quartette whom the Church in any country might well be proud of.

The young priest was first appointed a curate at Fredericton, where he assisted Rev. Walter Edwards for one year. In 1849 he was placed in charge of the mission at Woodstock, N.B., where he remained three years. He was next sent to Barachois, a French mission in Westmorland County, and thence to Milltown, St. Stephen, where he remained a year, after which he returned to Woodstock for a period of fourteen years. From Woodstock Mgr. Connolly was removed to St. John city, and was in 1868 made Vicar-General. Four years later he went to Grand Digue for a year and a half, and thence to Woodstock for three years. Mgr. Connolly was placed in charge of Carleton in December, 1876. In 1883 Mgr. Connolly was transferred to St. John the Baptist Church, Lower Cove, where he has since labored. It was in 1890 that His Holiness the Pope made him a member of the Papal household with the title of Monsignor.

Every man's life, practically speaking, is shaped by his love. If it is a downward, earthly love, then his actions will be tinged by it; all his life will be as his reigning love. Just as a stone even if you fling it into the air will fall down to the earth by its own gravitating force, so also a noble nature, in proportion as it is repulsed, in that proportion tends more in its own natural direction.

### Deaf and Dumb Institute

The Deaf and Dumb Asylum, St. Denis street, is celebrating on Friday, the 7th November, at 8 o'clock p.m., its annual oyster supper in the hall of the Institute, for the benefit of that great work. Perhaps, amongst all the great charities of the city there is none which quite so forcibly appeals to human sympathy as this. Children, grown women, to the number of somewhere about 250, are cared for in this establishment. The sight is so touching, when they assemble on some festive occasion and strive to express their gratitude to their benefactors, that there is scarcely a dry eye in the room. And they are grateful, unusually, almost abnormally grateful. Amongst these poor unfortunates are many of the Irish race, and when some of their "own ladies"—and there are but few—go in amongst them, they attract attention by every means in their power and write down or cause the Sisters to explain that they are Irish.

As has often been written they are more to be pitied than any other class of sufferers. For by no fault of their own, they are actually cut off, before being brought to the asylum, from the knowledge of the true God, being left to all sorts of vagaries of their own minds. Thus most of them knew nothing of Christ or the Redemption; some explained that they use to worship the sun or the stars. When they have been for a time in the Institute, they can say their prayers, learn the mysteries of faith, hear sermons from the devoted chaplain, make the Stations and receive sacraments.

We do not refer to the manner in which their material needs are supplied or to the many branches of usefulness they are taught, reading, writing, sewing, knitting, washing, etc., etc. Some generous ladies "adopt" one of the children, for whom they provide clothing and supplies other needs. For the Lady Patronesses are active and earnest in their charity. But what they do is little in comparison with the tireless, unceasing devotion of the Sisters, who even devote themselves when necessary that the poor ones may be fed. The system of teaching is most practical, and up-to-date. Many of mutes are taught to articulate with considerable facility and to know from the motion of the lips what is said. Some of them are tiny, toddling mutes of humanity, making piteous appeal for help and sympathy, others are gray-haired women, who have obtained only so much of comparative happiness, as their only protectors, the nuns, have been able to give them.

Therefore, let all who can buy a ticket for the oyster supper. It is an exceedingly pleasant social gathering, a good supper is provided, speeches are made, and with music and conversation, no one regrets the 75 cents, which has been set down by the recording angel, as an act of great merit, in favor of these truly poor and truly afflicted children of God.

### St. Patrick's Asylum of Ottawa.

The directors of St. Patrick's Asylum, Ottawa, have under consideration schemes to relieve the congestion of that institution. For some years the accommodation has been taxed to the utmost and last year it was decided to erect an addition. Plans were prepared but finally the scheme was abandoned. The matter has of late again been engaging the attention of the directors and a proposition was made that a new building be erected in the country. A meeting was held last week to prepare and draft reports for the annual meeting. It reported the following cause: "We would suggest as a subject for the consideration of the meeting the question of purchasing a farm and the erection thereon of a building capable of accommodating at least one-half of the inmates of the city asylum." At the annual meeting which was held this week, and at which His

Grace Archbishop Duhamel, the Chancellor of the institution, was present, an interesting discussion took place on the report of the director. Hon. Mr. Latchford spoke at some length on the necessity of purchasing a plot of ground on the road of Britannia.

Mr. Darcy Scott followed with an offer of \$5,000 on behalf of a client towards the erection of a building outside the city limits.

Mr. Wm. Cairns wished to have an addition at once built to the present establishment. He thought that at least \$20,000 should be expended in this way.

Father Whelan stated that an addition to the present building should be erected at a cost not to exceed \$10,000. That all interested manifested a praiseworthy spirit of enterprise and courage in undertaking such a project may be realized on a perusal of the financial statement, which is as follows: Receipts, \$18,023.87; expenditure, \$10,392.01; balance on hand, \$2,631.86.

The assets are valued at \$52,031.86 with liabilities of \$2,100.

There were 248 inmates cared for during the year and at the present time are 165 inmates in the institution, 97 adults and 68 children.

### OBITUARY.

During this week a well known and esteemed member of St. Ann's parish—in the person of Mr. Patrick Gallery, brother of Messrs. D. Gallery, M.P., John Gallery and James Gallery—passed to his reward. Mr. Gallery had long been identified with parochial and national societies in Montreal. Deceased was a sincere friend of the cause of Ireland, a practical and earnest member of the parish of St. Ann's, and a man who made many friends in the circle in which he moved. The funeral, which was held to the parish church of which he was a member for more than a quarter of a century was attended by a large number of citizens of all classes and creeds. To Mrs. Gallery and family the "True Witness" offers its sincere sympathy in their bereavement.—R.I.P.

### THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

A really excellent concert was given on Wednesday evening in the Catholic Sailors' Club, under the auspices of Branch 50, C.M.B.A.

President John P. Gunning, who occupied the chair, made a capital speech, in which he paid a high compliment to the management of the institution for the good work in which they were engaged. He hoped that before long they would be in a financial position sufficiently strong to enable them to procure premises of their own in which to carry on their noble undertaking for the welfare of the sailors ashore.

The programme, which was very cordially appreciated by the large audience present, was presented by the following: Miss A. Price, piano selections; Fisher Bros., Master W. Polan, Messrs. Kelly and Phelan, duet; T. Hewitt, T. Thacker, Jos. Donnelly, Seaman; Wm. Paterson, Sarmatian; Hugh Peers, Tunisian; S. Burns, Alcides, and John Singleton, Montcalm.

The evening's entertainment was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save Ireland."

Next Wednesday's concert will be under the auspices of St. Anthony's Court, Catholic Order of Foresters.

Society, if exclusively formed of clever men, would be a mere arena for intellectual gladiators; but it becomes tolerably tranquil by reason of its fools.

Though man can gather and scatter, move, mix, and unmix, yet he can destroy nothing. The perpetuation of one thing is a preparation for the being and bloom of another. Thus a tree gathers nourishment from its own fallen leaves when they are decayed.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

There are three distinct branches of the Church, each connected with the others by means of prayer— or, as it is generally called, the Communion of Saints.

Who are these saints? It would be an absolute impossibility to tell. As we ask us to name the stars in the firmament. We could give the names of the principal planets; we might, with the aid of scientific works, give the names of a vast number of stars, and of constellations.

It seems to us that nothing can be more rational than the teaching of the Church in connection with the devotion paid to the saints. In the ordinary affairs of life the system of the Church is carried into practice.

Not only is the feast of All Saints a Church holiday, but it is also a public holiday. On that occasion all labor ceases and the churches are flung open to the worshippers, as on a Sunday.

Catholic Happenings In the United States.

Bishop McFaul celebrated his silver jubilee at Trenton, N.J., last week. The Knights of Columbus gave a banquet in honor of the occasion.

The rejoicing of the Pennsylvania miners at the news of the settlement of the coal strike was marked by religious fervor. As soon as Father Hussie, of St. Gabriel's Church, Hazelton, learned of the settlement he hoisted a large flag on the parochial school and shortly afterwards, four hundred of the school children proceeded to St. Gabriel's Church.

The Rev. F. Bergeretti, who has recently been assigned as pastor to St. Joseph's Church, Oakland, Cal., is a member of the Salesian Order that was founded by the famous Dom Bosco in Italy.

At Tuxedo Park, N.Y., last week, Archbishop Farley dedicated three new altars in the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Twenty girls have gone from Ireland to Texas, to join the Order of Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word.

Workmen's trains in and out of Boston at reduced fares are a boon which has been obtained for West Quincy workmen by the Rev. Ambrose F. Roche, pastor of St. Mary's Church.

The Very Rev. Dean Patrick Farrelly, of St. Agnes' Church, Greenport, Long Island, has been transferred to St. Bridget's Church in Brooklyn.

Since its inception in 1829 the graduates in all departments of the St. Louis University, conducted by the Jesuits, number 1,121. Of these the largest number were M. D.'s.

Bishop Van de Vyver, of Richmond, Va., is arranging for the erection of a new cathedral for that diocese, to cost \$250,000, which sum has been donated by Thomas F. Ryan.

It will take the place of historic St. Peter's, which will become a

parish church. Many distinguished prelates have been Bishop of Richmond, two of them being Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop J. J. Keane, of Dubuque.

Mr. Ryan was born in Nelson county, Va., on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, on October 17, 1851. He has been one of the largest contributors to Catholic institutions in Virginia.

Catholic University, Washington, notes say:—Rev. Dr. Pace is this year lecturing on "Ethics and Logic," and Rev. Dr. Shields on "Psychology."

During the year Hon. Carroll D. Wright, LL.D., United States Commissioner of Labor, will deliver three courses of lectures on "Social Economics."

News has been received that Very Rev. Pius Rudolph Mayer was elected general of the Carmelites at the chapter of the order held recently in Rome. Father Mayer was born in Wurtemberg.

A symposium of the views of prominent Americans on the spread of Mormonism in the country appeared in the New York "Herald," Cardinal Gibbons was quoted as follows:—

Every man that has the welfare of his country at heart cannot fail to view with alarm the existence and the gradual development of Mormonism, which is a plague spot on our civilization.

That it enjoys, have rendered the apostles bold and defiant. Formerly they were content with enlisting recruits from England, Wales, Sweden, and other parts of Scandinavia, but now, emboldened by toleration, they send their emissaries throughout the country.

The Very Rev. Dean Patrick Farrelly, of St. Agnes' Church, Greenport, Long Island, has been transferred to St. Bridget's Church in Brooklyn.

Mgr. T. P. Thorpe, pastor of Immaculate Conception Parish, and Rev. George Vaher, pastor of St. Columbkille's, Columbus, Ohio, returned home last week after a trip to Europe.

The will of the late Rev. Father

Fitzgerald, of Providence, R.I., was filed the past week. By the terms of the will the testator bequeathed all of his books to the Cathedral Library.

Sister Superior Mary Agnes, head of St. Mary's Academy, Lakewood, N.Y., died last week, aged thirty-three years. She was one year ago the victim of a shooting assault by a drunken workman.

Archbishop Elder, Cincinnati, in view of the ending of the anthracite coal strike, issued a pastoral to the clergy and laity as follows:—

"We rejoice that He has seen fit to turn from His own chosen ones—the poor and the lowly—the impending disaster of a long winter's misery.

"We rejoice that at the very time passion and self-interest threatened to prevail, calmer councils and, we may add, reciprocal charity have asserted their sway.

"We rejoice that our chief ruler has found in his manly sense of right the means of relieving a situation fraught with so many dangers.

"For this end we desire that for one month a decade of the Rosary be said at each Mass, including the High Mass of Sunday."

Rev. Felix M. Lepore, pastor of Mount Carmel Italian Church, Denver, Colorado, is the inventor of a flying machine which it is claimed will revolutionize the present mode of travel and warfare.

Father Lepore says his airship can attain a speed of 100 miles an hour and can be made bullet proof.

Over four hundred German Catholics, representing 50 German Catholic organizations in the German Catholic Staatsverband of the State of New York, met in the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, last week, and endorsed the resolutions of protest against the exclusion of the friars from the Philippines.

WALTER G. KENNEDY, DENTIST, 788 LaGauchetière (Palace St.)

The Shrine of St. Catherine

A correspondent of the Standard and Times, Philadelphia, writes a description of a visit he recently paid to the shrine of St. Catherine at Blandford, Dorset.

The Catholic Summer School.

The following communications have been received in relation to the educational work of the Catholic Summer School, from Mr. Charles F. Wheelock, B.S., head inspector of the College and High School Departments of the University of the State of New York:

"Regents Office, Albany, N.Y., Sept. 17, 1902.

"Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Secretary, Catholic Summer School.

"Dear Sir,—Our Dr. Lyttle has filed a report of his visit of inspection to the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, August 11-18. I feel that it is only just to you that you should know what impression your school has made on our inspector.

"Very truly yours, CHAS. F. WHEELLOCK."

Report of Mr. Eugene W. Lyttle, M.A., Ph. D., Regents Inspector.

"I find that the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven is experiencing

a steady growth. Somewhere from 600 to 800 people were on the grounds during the time of my inspection. The daily attendance on lectures averaged about 400.

Table with 2 columns: Subject and Number of Students. Includes Philosophy (35), French Literature (88), English Literature (60), Dramatic Art (150), Prin. & Methods (31), Psychology (18), Total (382).

"I attended most carefully the lectures on Psychology, Methods, and English literature, visited with officers, instructors, and teachers, and addressed the audience gathered for the Sunday evening concert.

"First I can commend the school for its thoroughly democratic character and the wholesome influences that seem to dominate the place as an educational and recreational centre.

"The courses of Educational Methods and Principles, of Psychology, and of English Literature, which I particularly inspected, were very strong and helpful to teachers and were true university courses of a high order of merit.

equivalents of university courses in the same subjects, by the school authorities of New York city.

"Rev. Father Henry's lectures on English Literature were remarkable for their clearness, literary appreciation, and breadth.

"I believe that the school will greatly strengthen its good work if, in addition to the courses of Psychology and Methods, other courses on a similar plan should be inaugurated as follows:

"(1) A course of Advanced English Grammar and Thematic Writing; (2) a course of Advanced History, using sources and themes; (3) a course of English Literature for those who desire it, requiring reading, discussion, and seminars, with special reference to helping the English teachers of this State and other States in teaching the college entrance English.

"Something in the way of formal exercises on the presentation of certificates at the close of the session would be a proper encouragement to labor. It is evident that this school has a probable future of wide and ever-widening influence."

He who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle.

The greater the sorrow you hide the greater yourself.

# ALL SOULS DAY.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

"The Memory of the Dead" is truly one of the most noble of inspirations, and gratitude as well as affection may be considered as its foundation. Of all the institutions of earth, of all the organizations for the benefit of humanity, the Catholic Church alone clings to the "faithful departed" and follows them with solicitude and assistance beyond the portals of time. Even in the most devoted households the memory of a dead parent, or of a dead child, while intensely fervent cannot fail eventually to soften down and become partially effaced. A month's mind, an anniversary, a few succeeding anniversaries, and the day comes when the commemoration is only a matter of form. The original mourners die; their descendants have not the same memories or associations to bind them to the departed; the yearly Mass may be kept up for a generation, or even for two, but it becomes, in years, a neglected duty. Finally the snows of oblivion fall upon the name, the form, the features, the deeds and the life of the one so long lamented. The Church alone never forgets the dead; and she forgets not because she is immortal, and like her, they too are immortal. And lest someone or the dead should be neglected, she has established the second of November as a day especially commemorative of All Souls. She consecrates the entire month of November to the dead—that is to say, the suffering members of the Church who are expiating life's errors and blemishes in the cleansing fires of Purgatory.

This is not the time to discuss the dogma of Purgatory, nor to insist upon its reasonableness. Rather is it the period of practical illustration of the faith within us and of timely aid for the souls that languish still in the prison house of temporary detention. On next Monday the Catholic Church, all over the broad world, from Rome, the heart of Christendom, to the remotest outskirts of civilization, will commemorate the feast of All Souls. On that day every practical Catholic in the world will forget the present and passing affairs of life and go in reality, or in spirit to the last silent abode of "youth and old," there to pray that they may be released from their sins and given admission to the undying glories of heaven. And we know of no day in all the year that should appeal more generally to the children of men.

There is not one of us who has not some soul, some beloved departed one, for whom he is in duty bound, by all the ties of religion, of love

of remembrance, of gratefulness, of affection, to pray. If you have not passed through the more severe trials that death, at some time or other, brings to each household, if you have not lost a parent, or a child, or a brother, or a sister, or a husband, or a wife, or at least you have grand-parents, you have more distant relatives who sleep the slumber that the last trumpet alone can ever disturb. It is absolutely impossible to find a man or a woman, in the world to-day, who can say that he or she has no person in Purgatory. Even those who are dead and have left no person on earth to pray for them, are remembered by the Church on All Souls' Day. For them she offers up the Holy Sacrifice, and for them she invites every one of the faithful to pray.

But apart from actual prayers, from the attending at Mass, the offering up of supplications, the visiting of the cemetery, the making the Way of the Cross, there are other means whereby we can tell those who are no longer in a position to help themselves. By offering up for the souls in Purgatory the sacrifices of each day, the pains of life, the disappointments, the worries, the failures, the sufferings of existence, we can be of incalculable use to the souls of the faithful departed. Then there is the noble work of almsgiving. It is especially at this season that the hand of Charity is extended in the most efficacious manner. And be it well remembered that if the souls in Purgatory cannot now help themselves, they are most potent in the aid that they procure for us.

It is true they are yet detained in their prison house of expiation; but they are infallibly of the future saints of heaven; they are dearly beloved of God; they are gradually coming nearer and nearer to Him. With God they have an influence second only to that of the saints who actually enjoy the Beatific Vision. If we are generous in the aid we bestow upon them their immense gratitude will oblige them to intercede for us and to procure us the graces we need and the blessings we covet. Consequently not one of us should be absent, in spirit any way, from the commemorative services that our generous Mother Church has established on behalf of the departed. We know not which of us, and certainly there will be some of us, that will occupy a place in Purgatory when next the feast of All Souls is celebrated. What we would then wish to have done for us let us now do for others, and when our turn comes we will not be forgotten.

the tourist in a hurry might fancy from the remainder of the description that there was something not quite correct in the frescoes, in their association or in their history. I have verified them to be as proper as the other grand frescoes of Correggio in the Cathedral and in San Giovanni Evangelista.

## Perils of School Life.

(Continued.)

(By a Regular Contributor.)

### Archbishop Walsh On Church and State.

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, speaking at Glasnevin on Sunday, spoke of the increase of churches and religious institutions in Dublin in proportion to the growth of population. In some countries abroad churches and religious institutions did not multiply as cities expanded. The churches, if they were to be found at all, were too likely to be found few and far between, standing, too, in lamentable contrast with all the splendor that surrounded them, and, even in point of size, wholly inadequate to the actual, to say nothing of the growing, needs of the day. It was a lamentable spectacle (hear, hear). They were not called upon to account for it. But if they were, they would probably not be very far astray in finding the root of the evil, at least in great part, in those peculiar relations of Church and State that have been brought into existence in modern times in not a few of the Catholic countries of Europe. In those countries they found the civil power outstepping the bounds of its rightful authority, and intermeddling in religious matters in such a way that, whilst on the one hand it did far too little. It charges itself with the maintenance of the Church and of the work of the Church within its borders. But it made just such a contribution to that work as enabled it to keep the Church and the ministers of religion in a state of bondage, and it stopped far short of making that adequate provision for the requirements of divine worship which the people, as a result of its officious intermeddling, were practically deterred, not to say incapacitated, from making for themselves. They had reason to thank God that they in Ireland were free from the evil influence of that system so pernicious in its results. For centuries the Catholic Church in Ireland had, no doubt, to pass through the fiery ordeal of persecution, but they were reaping the benefit of it now in the unfettered freedom from State control which they enjoyed. He knew it to be the settled conviction of a great Irish ecclesiastic that whatever reason the Orangemen of Ireland might have, or might think they had, to keep up the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, they had no ground for rejoicing over the issue of the memorable conflict, to be compared with the ground which the Catholics of Ireland had for rejoicing over it, inasmuch as it was through the issue of that conflict that the Stuart power in Ireland was overthrown, and it was through the overthrow of that power that the Irish Catholic Church was saved from the state of servile subjection to the English Crown which could not but have paralyzed in the end the energies of the most vigorous Church in Christendom. Their Church was free of every vestige of State control. It naturally followed that they were at the same time unprovided with State aid for the work of the Church.

We have followed the boy into school and have spoken of the difficulty that the teacher has to overcome in the important work of classifying the pupils. Without wishing to write an essay on practical elementary education, nor even so go into all the details of that momentous study we would like to mention a few of the "hard facts" with which the one responsible for the school has to contend. In the first place, there is need of a special attention to the characteristics of the boy. "Boys will be boys" they say still; but no two boys are exactly alike in capacity, in qualifications, in inclinations, in dispositions, or in ambitions. Consequently each new pupil forms, in himself, a special object of study for the conscientious teacher. What will work admirably as a system of discipline with one boy, or one set of boys, may prove a great failure in regard to others. Take, for example, the bashful or timid boy. Bashfulness and timidity are characteristic of a vast number of boys. That peculiar and undefinable backwardness in asserting oneself, amount almost to a malady with some children. At certain periods, and above all at that special time when a lad first becomes acquainted with the new world of the school, it is not always easy to distinguish between real timidity and downright stupidity or lack of talent. It has been remarked by nearly all the great critics that some of the most successful men in professions and business and some of the most renowned writers were by no means talented or successful pupils. Some of them were actually regarded as dunces and met with no small degree of discouragement from their teachers. Of course, we do not expect the teacher to be a prophet, to be able to foresee the future reserved for each of his young pupils. He may have before him many "mute, inglorious Milton," but he is not supposed to be able to detect the germs of genius beneath the outward veneering of apparent stupidity. Still by practice, and by dint of observation, the true teacher may become so accustomed to gauge his pupils that he can distinguish between timidity and incapacity, bashfulness and laziness. It is evident that the treatment in such cases must be in record with the needs and deserts of the pupil. While it may be necessary to stir one boy into activity by a severe discipline, the same method would, in the case of his companion, very probably produce discouragement and final failure.

In drawing attention to this difficulty we would have it clearly understood that we are not in favor of any partiality being shown to a pupil. If a teacher should, for one reason or another, fall into the grave error of giving undue advantages and paying marked and special attention to some favored pupil, he will eventually find that he is undermining his own influence with the school, and is perpetrating an injustice upon the very one whom he seeks to favor. As a rule no boy likes to be marked out for preferment or favor. He knows instinctively that while it may be well intended as far as he is concerned, the other pupils cannot be expected to see it in the same light, and that they will eventually resent the same—and he is the one whose young life will feel the resentment. Consequently, while all boys cannot, in fairness, be treated in exactly the same manner, still there should be no evidence even of undue favoritism. That is the rock upon which too many of the best teachers split. They have, let us say, a boy who is extra brilliant; they wish to have him shine in a special manner; they know that his successes, in the eyes of the public, will reflect upon the institution. As a result they seek to push him ahead in an open and distinctive way. All that may be very right; but less fortunate, and less capable pupils cannot see it in that light. Each favor conferred upon him appears to them as a deduction from their deserts. They may not openly avow their dissatisfaction, but by means too well known to the young, they will make that boy feel their antagonism; and frequently his career will end in disgust, discouragement, and failure, simply because he has had the misfortune of having been treated, in an

open manner, much better than the others. These are only reflections that came to us, at hazard, as we review in our own mind the question of elementary education. We have no desire, nor have we any right, to dictate to experienced teachers; but sometimes a hint dropped even by the inexperienced may serve a good purpose and help, to guide those who have less time than we have to study the situation. Each teacher will have his own special method; each one will have his prejudices born of long acquaintance with the classroom; each will know more from actual teaching, than we could ever expect to learn from theories; but, all the same, we may see some things that might escape the observation of the practical teacher, and by recording our views we simply perform a duty of Catholic journalism, and we do so without either prejudice or self-assertion.

### City and District Savings Bank Offer to Boys and Girls.

A very praiseworthy step has been taken by the Montreal City and District Savings Bank with a view to creating and fostering a habit of thrift amongst the young. This is the furnishing of a handsome little "savings box" to families, for the use of one child or several children, accompanied by a little bank book in which the sums, including penalties, deposited in the "Home Savings" branch of the City and District Savings Bank are to be entered. The key of the "Home" safe is kept in the bank, and it is suggested that the "safe" should be taken to one of the bank offices at least every three months, when it will be opened, and emptied, and the amount contained in it will be credited to the boy or girl or to the parent, in whose name it has been agreed before hand to keep the account at the bank.

The management of the City and District Savings Bank deserves great credit for this effort to encourage the habit of thrift amongst our boys and girls. We have no doubt that it will meet with great success. The solid financial position of the bank, which is the only one incorporated under the Savings Bank Act doing business in Montreal, is a guarantee of the utmost safety and security for the funds entrusted to it. Its chief object, as it reminds its youthful depositors in the little bank book which it issues with the "Home Safe," is to receive and to safely invest the savings, however small, of the young and of the working and industrial classes. Its charter is so framed as to afford all possible protection to depositors. It issues no notes and it does no discounting business. It has a paid up capital of \$600,000, and a reserve fund of \$600,000; and its depositors have the first claim on the funds of the bank.

This practical effort to encourage and utilize that spirit of thrift which finds expression in the use by boys and girls of little tin and wooden "savings boxes" and other devices for putting by small sums, cannot fail to be a great boon to our young people.

The little bank book contains a number of helpful mottoes, such as "Cultivate the habit of saving in yourself and in your children" "Start saving at once with one of our Home Banks," "Saving in youth secures an independent old age," "Every rich man of to-day had to first learn to save" and "It is not what you earn, but what you save, that builds up your future." Parents will act wisely if they immediately apply for these Home Banks for their children, and if they impress upon their children the great benefits that will certainly result from a practice of the important habit of saving money.

Those who receive cringingly, will give superciliously.

All affectation is the attempt of poverty to appear rich.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

Self-respect is the noblest garment we can clothe ourselves in.

Lose not the glory of the sun by always seeking to count the spots upon it.

## The Shrine of St. Catherine.

A correspondent of the "Catholic Standard and Times," Philadelphia, writes a description of a visit which he recently paid to the famous shrine of St. Catherine at Bologna—"Inter Mortuos Libera" ("Un-touched by death's hand") and "Ut Gloria Eius in Te Videbitur" ("That His glory may be revealed in thee") are suggestive inscriptions placed aloft over the altar of a transept in the Church of Corpus Domini. Through the grating above the altar table visitors may look in and see one of the most renowned of the incorrupt bodies of the saints. Despite the scaffolding which encumbers it, I was privileged to enter the inner chapel, which is being decorated with marbles against the saint's feast in March next, an undertaking which is a testimony to the perpetuation of her cult despite the suppression of her convent of Poor Clares, who have charge of the shrine. It lasted from the time of her founding it in 1456, after which she ruled it as abbess, until the law of suppression; since then the nuns have not been allowed by the State to accept postulants.

The body of the saint is inside a wooden case, which has a glass front and which is not air-tight, of set purpose, lest on the occasions of its opening the contact should affect the remains. The appearance of the body is that of a person seated; in

reality the corpse lies slantwise, with only the left foot touching the floor of the case, and this but slightly. There is doubtless a chair, though this I did not see and made no inquiries about. The appearance, however, though not the posture, is that of a body seated; the face, hands and feet are exposed to view. A silver cross stands in her hand. Her dress is of the floral texture of Mass vestments, and in the form of a dalmatic under the crown of gold and gems on her head is a nun's veil, and beneath this a wimple of linen. I think that I was able to distinguish hair emerging at each side of the latter.

This linen is changed three or four times a year, the which fact would alone attest the perfect conservation of the body. The eyes are closed. The teeth are visible. The large limbs are flexible, I was assured by the priest who has charge of the shrine and to whom I owe my information about it. Skin, nails and every part of the body are intact, and I noticed that the nails were of a rather light brown color. The profile is beyond all question recognizable, and the nose stands out prominently, though the skin is dark, almost black. On the entire chin it is plain and not crumpled as in the other parts, and the tradition of the convent recalls that it was on the chin that in a vision the saint received the kiss of the Holy Child.

This celebrated shrine was the last place that I visited at Bologna; at Parma, the next stage in my journey, the Museum chance to be the first, and I could not help comparing the mummies of its Egyptian department with the body of St. Catherine. The two mummies which have

been stripped of their swathings and tarred are of about the same color, but the surface of St. Catherine's body is dry. A mummy among the gifts of Cav. Santoni has been stripped of its swathings, but not tarred; it is of the same color as St. Catherine's. The heads, also Egyptian, exposed in a glass case in the Sforza castle at Milan are less blackish. It would appear, then, that the saint's body is in a state of natural preservation equaling the best results of artificial processes. I do not dwell upon the moral aspects of the case; in regard of these I may say what Mr. Symonds remarks about the body of St. Clare of Montefalco: "her closed eyes seemed to sleep." He adds: "She had the perfect peace of Lulini's St. Catherine borne by the angels to her grave in Sinai." ("New Italian Sketches, May in Umbria.")

Before I take leave of Parma I would like to utter a mild protest against a page of his "Italian Journeys," which Mr. Howells devotes to it. He is, I see, always voted in the symposia to be the first living American author—I cannot see why this place should not be assigned to Mr. Crawford; his books of Italian travel and story are very familiar here; his influence upon the minds of travelers must be commensurate and immense. And I had forgotten that he is a Bostonian by adoption. He describes the hall at San Paolo in Parma which the abbess had painted by Correggio: "You might almost touch the ceiling with your hands, it hovers so low with its counterfeit of vine-clambered trellis work and its pretty boys looking roguishly through the embowering leaves. It is altogether the loveliest room in the world," etc. The casual reader or

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G. KENNEDY, DENTIST, 1000 (Palace St.)

# Dr. Da Costa On Irishmen In Education.

For two hours Dr. Benjamin F. Da Costa held the close attention of a large audience in the Monument National on Wednesday evening, while he was lecturing on "Irishmen in Education, Past, Present, and Future." The Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., of St. Patrick's, presided, and the audience included, besides a large number of clergymen, Monsignor Racicot, Vicar-General of the archdiocese being amongst them, Mayor Cochrane, the Hon. Sir William Hingston, the Hon. Dr. Guerin, the Hon. Mr. Justice Doherty, and the Hon. James McShane. In introducing the lecturer, Father Callaghan paid a warm tribute to Dr. Da Costa's great intellectual ability and to the noble purposes to which he is devoting his brilliant talents. Alluding to the position held by Dr. Da Costa in the intellectual world of the United States, he said that he occupied the same rank as the late distinguished Dr. Orestes Brownson and T. W. Marshall, the gifted author of the "Comedy of Convocation."

Dr. Da Costa, after paying an eloquent tribute to the labors of French priests in the cause of education in Canada, and lucidly explaining the nature of true education, went on to say, in part: But my theme tonight is, the Irishman in Education. Here, indeed, are two themes, and I might ask, first, what is the Irishman? But I move the previous question, and I ask, what is the Irishman not (laughter and cheers)? Who can tell us what the Irishman is not? For how many-sided and inclusive is his character wherever found, so facile in meeting the requirements of a situation, showing himself prosperous in hardship, cheerful in adversity, and always enterprising and up-to-date. Outside his own land he is found everywhere. In India we have seen him viceroys; in Brazil a coffee-planter; in Rome he holds up the hands of the "Black Pope" (laughter); in the United States he is a Cardinal, and ready to be another; in China he holds the rank of a Mandarin; in France he is a marshal; in Spain a grandee; in Alaska he is a Jesuit; in the British Parliament he is an eloquent orator; while in the monastery at Oka, where his skilled agriculture teaches the hills to rejoice, the fields to laugh harvest, giving indeed all nature a voice, the Irishman is a Trappist and dumb (laughter); in Montreal he is what? If there were time one might say a good deal on that point—among other things that he is a large-hearted Sulpician, a skilful musician, and a noble-souled rector of St. Patrick's. (Applause). Still, whatever else the Irishman is, and in whatever land he may be found, he stands the friend and defender of education. (Cheers). It is this character that we deal with him now. Let me observe, however, that no academic treatment of the subject is proposed. The speaker likewise agrees not to tell you anything new in connection with the general theme; and yet it may be well to refresh memory with a few statements in regard to education.

After dwelling on the importance of religion in education the lecturer proceeded: Religion has been the keynote of Irish education from the time of St. Patrick down to our own day, and must continue to be the Irish conception in all the days to come. One thing to be noted, though it is not always recognized, is that from the dawn of Irish history the Irish have ever appeared as a literary people, a people with a literary taste and appreciation. Irish literature dates back to a period of dim antiquity. Before the first of the four Gospels was written the Irish bards were known. The literature of the Irish is older than that of the Welsh or the Scandinavian. At a time when in Europe, apart from the Romans, there was no literary activity, the Irish were engaged in the cultivation of letters. The original home of the Irish race, you know, was around Germany, the people being called Gauls or Galatians. Hard pressed by enemies, one branch of the family retreated into Ireland, while another part found refuge in Asia Minor. In St. Paul's day the latter branch was also called "Galatians." It was to these people that St. Paul addressed his epistle known as the Epistle to the Galatians.

Thus we may consider this is "the Epistle to the Irish." St. Paul's language alone proves that he was addressing a people with Irish characteristics. The ancient art work in Ireland, once regarded as Byzantine, is now known to be Irish. The Roman historian Tacitus, in the time of the Emperor Trajan, or three centuries before St. Patrick, speaks of Ireland as a country important for its trade with the continent; and, in the year 78, Agricola, the Roman Governor in Britain, favored an invasion of Ireland as a means of protecting Britain itself, so powerful had the Irish become even in face of Roman armies. They extended their military operations, even to the mountains of Switzerland, and found a bar only in the mighty Alps. But now there is a strange thing to relate. When they were in the full tide of a newly-developed military power the Irish suddenly withdrew their troops back into Ireland, and never approached Britain or the continent again until, as converts to the Catholic faith, they went forth, a peaceful army, to preach the Gospel. This transformation of character, if one of the neglected things in Irish story, is nevertheless most remarkable, as Protestant historians testify.

Under the teaching of St. Patrick a system of education was inaugurated, and schools of learning sprang up on every hand. During his life Ireland became Christian, and the Church in Ireland prepared for an evangelical invasion of Europe. The Irish ambition now was to preach the Gospel of Christ, in which work they were filled with a fiery zeal. The historian Greene tells us that St. Patrick "had not been half a century dead when Irish Christianity flung itself into battle with the mass of heathenism which was rolling in upon the Christian world." But we must recognize this, that all the missionary zeal shown abroad stood connected with education, even as at home. The school, the Seminary, was the adjunct of the Church. The first thing done by the Irish was to fill Britain with missions; which included the mission and schools of St. Columba at Iona. Next the Irish passed over to the continent. St. Columbanus went even into Italy, where he founded the monastery of Bobbio. Everywhere the Irish led by him invigorated the Church, which had suffered from the demoralization that followed the fall of the Roman empire. Later, under the Emperor Charlemagne, Irishmen like Dicuil and Scotus Erigena were active, while the Irish Fergal of Salzburg and Moengal, the preceptor of St. Gall, had noble followers in the work of education.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries education went forward on the continent. New institutions were founded in Germany, whose scholars are now resorting to Ireland for Celtic study, as it were recognizing what Ireland did for their country in early times. In 1076 an Irishman, Marian, founded the University of Ratisbon in Germany, whither many of the Irish from Ulster went to teach. In 1189 an Irish monastery, which meant a school, was founded in Bulgaria. The Irish also founded Wurzburg in 1134, and St. Marv at Vienna in the year 1200. Thus the work of the Irish on the continent of Europe continued during centuries.

It should also be noticed that for generations students from Europe resorted in great numbers to the schools of Ireland for their education. Ireland was practically one great university, producing the most thorough scholars that the world at that period knew. It was not, however, the higher education, schools for the most favored class, that the Irish provided. They furnished elementary education, schooling for the poor, which is something that the Catholic Church has everywhere kept in mind, attending to the wants of the common people, notwithstanding the fact that there are those who fancy that in the ancient times the Church neglected popular education, and, indeed, was the foe of public schools. The history of Catholic education forms an overwhelming reply to all these aspersions.

All this indicates the place of the Irish in connection with the intellectual development of Europe. No other nation can show any record of this kind. It was the scholars of Ireland who put living blood into the veins of expiring Europe. It is the glory of the Irish that they were the first of the nations of the West to win intellectual recognition. In the days before St. Patrick the Irish had become a terror to the people of the continent. Yet when converted to Christianity they passed over into the country of their ancestors, not as Goths and Vandals to destroy, but to recreate and to invigorate a society. They were the apostles of education, the heralds of intellectual emancipation. They exhibited a learning and mental vigor that surprised the world, laying educational foundations that survive at the present time.

The strength of the Irish in their relation to education at a later period was not always maintained, and by degrees their efforts on the continent were relaxed. This might have been expected, since the suffering communities there improved, and the people became able to provide their own needs. In Ireland itself, however, there was a decline. During the invasion of the country by the Danes, communities were devastated, churches burned, schools destroyed, and libraries laid waste. Incalculable damage was thus done to the cause of learning. But most disastrous of all were the later penal laws, which rendered the Irish helpless, and deprived them of education. The priest was made an outlaw, a price—the price of the head of a wolf—being set upon his head; while the schoolmaster could do work only at the cost of extreme peril. In Ireland thus early the Government raised the cry, "The Priests must go." But this was not all. "The schoolmaster must go." And he went. In the time of Queen Elizabeth Dublin University was founded in the interests of Protestant England. It was hoped that Ireland would thus be made to conform to English ideas. Down to the present time Catholic Ireland has not been allowed to maintain a university of her own with power to confer degrees. The present national schools in Ireland are an English system of schools, on the whole; and the religious orders, "The Friars," are striving calmly to make up the deficiency as far as possible; while the steady devotion of the Irish to the Catholic faith has taught the Government that the people cannot be conquered (applause), and the Parliament that ordered the priest to be hunted and put to death was at last obliged, two hundred years afterwards, to vote funds for the establishment of a college in Ireland expressly to educate Catholic priests. (Cheers). Across the border not long ago there was also a cry of "The Priests must go," but it has not taken two hundred years to convince the Government that it were wiser to decree that the Friars must stay. (Cheers).

In estimating the volume of work done for human advancement by the Irish, all this must be taken into account. When we make the necessary survey we find that the same literary spirit which was generated in the schools of ancient Ireland has been reproduced in modern times, proving an important part of educational force. If the sceptic asks, therefore, what has been done of late for education by the Irish through literature, we may point him to the vast body of Irish literature produced since the establishment of the printing press. A volume, however, would be required to do justice to this thought, and we can attempt little more than to suggest it. Leaving out the distinctly learned work of this period by Irishmen and by the publication of the ancient Irish literature, it is found that the poets alone would prove a most prolific theme. While the priest in Ireland was hunted, and while the schoolmaster was the schoolmaster of the hedge, the pen was fairly free. In passing penal laws it escaped the attention of Parliament that literature might take the place of the learned teacher; and long before the penal laws were modified literature was a power, shaping thought and forming minds. The influence of Irish literature had not been confined to Ireland. It had its best hearing outside of Ireland, even in England and America, where it has done much in the work of shaping culture.

Another real educational power is found in the splendid object lessons exhibited to the world in connection with Irish history. In all ages of the world no small portion of men's best education has been acquired by means of historic events, which unfold to the mind the plans of Divine Providence. The voice of history is the voice of God. The history of Ireland is eminently instructive and educational, alike in the story of its Catholicity and the narrative of secular events. One need not observe how distinctly Irish history is marked by lights and shadows, by sorrow and joy. It speaks by the lesson of heroic achievement and patient endurance. It is eloquent of magnanimity in success and of generosity in misfortune. Irish history shows the world how it may suffer and grow strong; how high hopes may be cherished in dark days. It reveals the impotence of the oppressor to destroy noble ambition. (Applause). Ireland offers a thousand examples that the world might well follow.

It was an Irishman, Patrick Henry, who said: "I know of no way of judging the future but by the past." If the past is a pledge of the future the influence of the Irish upon education in the days to come must be very great. The Irish are now scattered over many lands, yet as a race they were never so strong intellectually or otherwise as now at any time during the past two thousand years (applause). Catholic education in the United States is very largely Irish. This is particularly true of our parochial schools in New York. To-day in the United States the Irishman is a great educational power. He is a providential factor in the work of education. If society in the United States is to be saved from the blighting, disastrous effects of a Godless educational system its savior will be the Irishman. (Cheers). In this respect the Irishman is the man of God's Providence, and has before him a mission of grandeur and beneficence. (Loud applause).

Sir William Hingston, in moving a vote of thanks to Dr. Da Costa for his excellent and very learned lecture, alluded with satisfaction to what he had said in regard to Godless education. An education which put the Almighty in the background was certainly an evil system. He had read recently of a trial that took place in France, where the people were experiencing the sad results of a Godless system of education. The criminal's lawyer stated that it was not the prisoner who was to blame for his misdeeds. It was the judge and the jury who were guilty, for they had taken God out of the education given to the prisoner. Lawyers were not often right; but that one certainly was. (Laughter and applause).

The Hon. Judge Doherty, in seconding the motion, said that it gave him great pleasure to concur in what had been said by Sir William Hingston in admiration and appreciation of the very learned and instructive lecture to which they had just listened. He had one fault to find with Dr. Da Costa. He had stated that he was not going to say anything new in connection with his theme; and yet he had told them a good deal that was absolutely new. (Laughter and applause). They would all go home that night with an increased knowledge of the great part taken by Irishmen in education. (Cheers).

A large choir, under the musical directorship of Professor Fowler, who acted as accompanist, and under the leadership of Mr. G. A. Carpenter, rendered some excellent selections, which were heartily applauded, as was also a solo sung in admirable style by Mr. Carpenter.

## Misleading News In the Secular Press.

(By a Subscriber.)

Under the heading "Eighty Thousand Poles Seek to Join the Episcopal Church," there appeared in one of the daily papers of this city recently, a long article from which the unsuspecting reader would at once draw the conclusion that the number of Poles in question had left Rome yesterday and knocked at the gates of London to-day with the request that they be admitted to the church which Henry VIII. called into existence. The article in question begins as follows:—

"Eighty thousand Polish Catholics, led by their Bishop in America, who have renounced allegiance to the Church of Rome, ask to be admitted into the Anglican Communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church."

Here we have a fair specimen of the manner in which the Protestant press of the country tries to mislead the unwary. One would at once glean from the above that the Poles in question had left the Catholic Church en masse, and headed by their Bishop, had made a petition to the Anglican authorities for admission into the ranks of the English church members.

Now, to begin with, let us see if this Bishop who is the leader of the present movement, was ever a bishop of the Catholic Church. I shall take no other evidence than that given in the article in question, in which it is stated that Father Koslowski, shortly after his arrival from Rome was appointed assistant pastor of St. Hedvig Church, Chicago, this being in 1893. Shortly after this, there being some discord among the members of his flock over church property, etc. They requested him, to whom they were now much attached, to become their leader and pastor if they should build a separate church for him. At first he refused, but a short time afterwards, won by their words of praise and flattery, he acceded to their request, withdrew from the Catholic Church,

and at the head of a number of his people established one more religion to be known as the "Catholic Independent Church" of America (Polish). And all this was completed in the year 1894. That the gentleman in question had 80,000 souls in the parish of St. Hedvig seems very improbable, but perhaps others had left the church some years before and were happy to become members of an Independent Polish Church. Be that as it may, we are told that the rebellious Poles, who had set up new altars, proclaimed Father Koslowski Bishop of his own established church. This was quite in place. As the founder he had the right to be looked upon as not only first Bishop, but first Pope. Having been chosen by his people to fill the exalted position of a bishop, how was he to attain such a dignity? Being now in schism and not recognized by the Catholic Church—against the authority of which he had rebelled—he could not hope for episcopal consecration at her hands. What is he to do in his endeavor to lay hold on the mitre? Ah! a thought strikes his bewildered mind. Yes; he will apply to a bishop of the Alt Church of Switzerland, who, he thinks, possesses the power necessary to raise him to the episcopal throne. This done, he returns to America a full fledged "Catholic" Bishop.

Here, dear readers, is a short sketch of the life of this so-called Bishop, who, we are told, left the Catholic Church, followed by no less than 80,000 of his flock and asked admission into the Anglican Communion.

Needless to say he is not, and never was, a Catholic Bishop, and that his followers are not Catholics but members of a schismatical, if not heretical church, known as the "Independent Catholic" Church of America. How these benighted people can be reconciled to the teachings of a church which holds such opposite views upon all the great truths taught by Christ, far surpasses my imagination. But probably as the store of opinions held by the Anglican Church on such truths are of such a vast variety the new members may be able to come to some agreement—for it matters little to the church of Henry what you believe if you are adverse to the See of Peter.

It is astonishing how thinking people in this thinking age will try to satisfy their consciences with empty titles, and knowing that they cannot enter at the door, will scale the wall to gain some notoriety. To these I say in the words of Leo XIII. addressed to the well known Father Ignatius, who was supposed to be ordained to priestly orders by Villate, who on his part, claimed to be an archbishop of the "Old Catholic Church" of America: "The cow does not make the monk." Despite the fact that the Catholic Church is being maligning by the non-Catholic press of many lands and persecuted in some way or other the world over, she is, nevertheless, spreading far and wide and stands to-day higher and more brilliant than ever. She is the Church of the Nations—not of one nation, but of all climes and all ages. She recognizes none outside her fold, as truth admits no error, and all such persecutions only tend to increase her brilliancy and enlarge the number of her adherents. F. L.

## LOYALTY TO ROME.

It is not every day that we hear or read a sermon in which the special subject of the loyalty of Catholics to the Roman See is treated. At St. Mary's Widdow, England, on the first Sunday in October, Rev. Father Day, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier, Liverpool, preached a very striking sermon on the subject before us. Naturally Rev. Father Day spoke of the false accusations that daily are launched against the Catholic Church. He then asked, and of once answered the question: "What is our Loyalty to Rome?" What does it consist in; has the Catholics' allegiance been true in the past; how does it stand to-day?

Each of these questions, says the Rev. Father, I will ask, and answer, to-night fearlessly, because I know that we have no need to be ashamed of our position in this regard amongst all the nations of the world, and that the consideration of our present and our past relation to the ecclesiastical authority of Rome can only strengthen and confirm our loyalty, and add lustre to the supreme authority of the Vicar of Christ on earth. In what does our loyalty to Rome consist? The first question I put myself to answer is, In what does our loyalty to Rome consist? Loyalty is a whole-souled and whole-hearted attachment to a

person or a cause as representing authority. It is the devotion of our whole selves, our minds, and our wills. It is the leaving to authority by our reason and by our affection, by conviction, and by sentiment. A child is loyal to its father. It is instinctively aware of his authority and of its claims to its affections. It gives itself wholly to him. A good subject of a King is loyal to his Sovereign. He recognizes his Prince's rights over him in all temporal concerns, and he is prepared for the love he bears his Monarch at all sacrifice and hazard to maintain him in all his rights.

The loyalty of the Catholic to Rome is his whole-hearted attachment to the cause and the spiritual prerogatives of the Papacy. The Papacy for the Catholic is the person, the spiritual authority, and the administration through whatever lawful channels of the Supreme Pontiff who for the time being sits in the Chair of Peter, and rules the Church as the Vicar of Christ. It is an attachment of conviction and an attachment of sentiment, and regards the entire spiritual prerogative of the rulers of the Church. It is a conviction of the mind. The Catholic is convinced that the Bishop of Rome is the lawful successor of St. Peter, to whom it was said, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep," and that he is imbued with all the authority of Christ to govern His Church to the end of time. Peter and the Pope, to the Catholic mind, are one. Enter in spirit the precincts of the great Basilica of Rome. Suppose it to be a solemn festival. The immense area of the sacred building is thronged with members of every nation under heaven. Through the multitude, with his hand uplifted in benediction, is carried the venerable Pontiff, while the sound which booms from the organ, and the canticle which is caught up by a thousand voices and ascends to the lofty cupola is one with the words there written in letters of gold "Tu es Petrus." "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build My Church." And to this canticle the thought of the heart responds. In the shouts and clamours of demonstration, mingling with tears of joy, you may read the story of passionate attachment and old-time loyalty to the person and the rights of Christ's representative on earth.

Such a scene as this, which is of no uncommon but rather of frequent occurrence, is a sufficient object lesson of the nature of the loyalty which Catholics of all nations have for the spiritual fathers of the household of the faith. These persons of many nations have their kings and presidents to govern them in temporal affairs. But in spiritual matters they know only Peter and his authority, which, in whatever way it is applied to them, whether it be directly by the proclamation of the Holy Father, or indirectly through the instrumentality of the Congregations of the Curia, which act in his name, will be met with the fullest reverence and the most devoted obedience. Such loyalty knows no practical distinction between Pope and Curia. It is a whole-hearted and a whole-souled attachment to the entirety of the spiritual authority and government of the Bishop of Rome and the successor of St. Peter. Such also ought our loyalty to be. What has our loyalty been in the past? It has been suggested that our country in the past has not had this loyalty, either of conviction or sentiment. Is this true? No; it is a falsehood. Catholic England was ever loyal to the Pope. We are charged in particular with disloyalty in the period preceding the Protestant "Reformation" and commencing as early as the era of the Norman Conquest. This is absolutely untrue, and is a false reading of history, which originated after the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century, and which is wrongly supposed to have been the outcome of a spirit of revolt and of incompatibility. Where is the evidence to support this charge? We are referred to the annals of the time. These are said to contain the evidence. We fail to see it. Some friction at about this period doubtless supervened from time to time between the English and the Papal Court, but in every case the cause of it lay in temporal claims or encroachments, and the opposition of the English Kings and Government never at any time affected the lawful spiritual dominion of the Holy See. The great schism was not due to any disloyalty on the part of the English people. It was owing entirely to the lust of a Monarch and to the avarice of a feudal nobility, who betrayed the cause for the bribe of robbed ecclesiastical treasure and led away the subscribers people.

# The Ancient Minstrels Of Ireland

(BY "CRUX")

Continuing from last week's issue, the "one thought of blank" in the literature of Ireland, I will again call to work which I have so long done. The reader will find both instructive and interesting, and I make no apology for what is an introduction to what I purpose writing in future issues.

The rhapsodies of Homer cited before those of Ovid, both are alike immortal. The Greek empire, enlivened the intellect of the latter borrowed her. Yet Rome had no ancient Homer and Ossian are the giants of the shadowy productions will ever triumph.

The Irish bards were divided into three classes—the Fileas, the Brehons, who themselves to the study which they versified and the people, after the manner of the Ionian bards; and the filid, who filled the offices of poet and historian. Almost every word of importance had its origin in the exploits, and tradition, of the family up to the present time. The ancient Irish felt proud of this monarchical Irish of to-day are as attached to this idea as their ancestors.

No country is richer than Ireland in those poetic records which the early history of all nations productions of her bards are most ample; but they are dumb oracles to our generation no wonder that she has such records, for in that her kings were the monuments of literature. The colleges for the education of bards, whose term of study lasted seven years. Out in wood, beneath the shade of sacred oak, these poetic flourished. And when the study was completed, the Ollamah, or doctor, was called on the students. Then forth and sang the war songs, and the dogmas of the law, the axioms of philosophy, the annals of history; and genealogies of their respective tribes up to Milesius. Such offices of this venerated class. . . .

Christianity superseded and though the bards were in favor, the character of the was changed. The breathing new lyre were crowned with the sweetness of Christian music. The hymn of peace superstrain of battle, the Chorus under her protection it in her warfare against. The most remarkable Irish poets were of a high order whom we may mention Ollamah, one of the restorers of European Christianity, wrote in the favored language of the Church; and though, according to the Celtic, the Welsh, and the Latin language spoken in Ireland in the straits, the strains of their lives in the hearts of the Palitians is remembered in day, not by his accomplished productions, but by the Han verses he has left behind. The Arabians are said to have introduced rhyme into Europe in the eighth century; but it is that rhyme was employed in the time of St. Patrick centuries earlier. Music, literature were the characteristic of the country in those ancient times when the students of Europe went to her schools. . . .

Strange to say, that, beauties of the Persian to studied in Ferduzi by our antiquaries; while they are tangled web of Sanscrit, the ruins of Nineveh, and deciphered hieroglyphics of Egypt, records of Ireland have no deemed worthy of notice. Of a great civilization have not completely overlooked country in Europe has her own Ireland. The finest Ireland will be found in

# The Ancient Minstrelsey Of Ireland.

(BY "CRUX.")

Continuing from last week's remarks on the "one thousand years of blank" in the literature of Ireland, I will again call from the same work which I have so lengthily quoted. The reader will find this history both instructive and interesting, and I make no apology for utilizing it as an introduction to what I purpose writing in coming issues.

The rhapsodies of Homer were recited before those of Ossian; but both are alike immortal. Rome conquered the Greek empire; but Greece enslaved the intellect of Rome, when the latter borrowed her literature. Yet Rome had no ancient ballads; Homer and Ossian are the inspired giants of the shadowy past, whose productions will ever triumph over time.

The Irish bards were divided into three classes—the Filices, who celebrated the strains of war and religion; the Brehons, who devoted themselves to the study of the law, which they versified and recited to the people, after the manner of the Ionian bards; and the Seanachies, who filled the offices of antiquarian and historian. Almost every home-land of importance had its own Seanachie, whose duty it was to sing the exploits, and trace the genealogy, of the family up to Milesius. The ancient Irish felt proud of their descent from this monarch; and the Irish of to-day are as strongly attached to this idea as were their ancestors.

No country is richer than Ireland, in those poetic records which form the early history of all nations. The productions of her bardic historians are most ample; but they are as dumb oracles to our generation. It is no wonder that she was rich in such records, for in that early age her kings were the munificent patrons of literature. They founded colleges for the education of the bards, whose term of study was, at least, seven years. Out in the greenwood, beneath the shade of the sacred oak, these poetic institutions flourished. And when this term of study was completed, the degree of Ollmah, or doctor, was conferred upon the students. Then they went forth and sang the war songs of the clans, and the dogmas of religion; versified the proclamations of the law, the axioms of philosophy; and the annals of history; and traced the genealogies of their respective patrons up to Milesius. Such were the offices of this venerated and privileged class.

Christianity superseded Druidism, and though the bards were still in favor, the character of their song was changed. The breathings of the new lyre were crowned with the sweetness of Christian morality. The hymn of peace superseded the strain of battle. The Church took song under her protection, and used it in her warfare against the world. The most remarkable Irish ecclesiastics were poets of a high order, among whom we may mention St. Columbanus, one of the restorers of early European Christianity. But they wrote in the favored language of the Church; and though, according to Bede, the Celtic, the Welsh, the Teutonic, and the Latin languages were spoken in Ireland in the seventh century, the strains of their music never lived in the hearts of the people. Patriotism is remembered in Italy to-day, not by his accomplished Latin productions, but by the few Italian verses he has left behind him. The Arabians are said to have introduced rhyme into Europe in the eighth century; but it is well known that rhyme was employed in Ireland in the time of St. Patrick, four centuries earlier. Music, poetry and literature were the characteristics of the country in those ancient days when the students of Europe crowded to her schools.

Strange to say, that, while the beauties of the Persian tongue are studied in Ferus by our learned antiquarians; while they unravel the tangled web of Sanscrit, explore the ruins of Nineveh, and decipher the hieroglyphics of Egypt, the ancient records of Ireland have never been deemed worthy of notice. The ruins of a great civilization have been all but completely overlooked. Every country in Europe has her biography except Ireland. The truest history of Ireland will be found in the stray

ballads of her persecuted bards and the memoranda of her banished monks.

Ireland had once a glorious history, when she was the seat of learning, and the resort of the students of all nations. When Europe was a corpse beneath the hoof of the vindex, then was Ireland famous, then was she "the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature." She has a glorious history before the crowning of Charlemagne—before the Crescent waved over the fair fields of Andalusia. And when war raged like an angry demon in the heart of Europe, as a beacon, and received with open arms all those who sought shelter she held up the torch of knowledge and science within her peaceful bosom.

Her history has been neglected, but the day will come when it will be lovingly written. The biographies of her children would be an epitome of European history, for she has given soldiers and statesmen to every country from Spain to Russia. The breaking up and migration of the nations which succeeded the fall of the Roman Empire, and which scattered to the winds all the civilization of the past, have been the characteristics of Ireland for a thousand years.

At the end of the eighth century a tribe of that robber race which had previously overrun the fair lands of the South, invaded and desolated the happy home of Ireland. The Danish Goth, true to the instincts of his barbarian nature, aimed the first blow at the literature of the land. Monasteries were razed, religious were persecuted, and the bards, who had hitherto been regarded as sacred in the eyes of monarch and people, were exterminated with savage ferocity. For nearly three centuries these pirates desecrated the soil of Ireland; and, on their expulsion, in the eleventh century, literature revived, but without resuming its former sway. Another invasion in the twelfth century brings us in one stride down to the present time. The bards were still held in high estimation by the chiefs and people. But the reign of Elizabeth inaugurated the renewal of another Danish persecution. The obnoxious bards were victims once more at the altar of tyranny; and therefore their character declined. Penal laws ruled the land, and laid the foundation of the ignorance for which Ireland is so unjustly blamed in modern times. The Catholic who imparted or received education was guilty of treason against the crown. The Catholic schoolmaster and the priest were both outlawed; and as if these laws were not considered sufficient to keep the country ignorant, they were rendered still more stringent in succeeding reigns.

It is a fact that, to-day, in England there are thousands who would battle to the death against such injustice; and these remarks are not intended to excite their charity, but rather to place before impartial readers a true statement of the conditions through which the Irish race has passed and to furnish the reason why, with all her learning, that country has not been enabled to give to the world the fulness of her literary wealth, nor in proportion to the genius of her sons.

Under the rigorous enactments of Elizabeth the bards gradually declined. The gold of the treasury was laid at their feet to sing her "Majestics' most worthy praises," but they spurned the bribe and fled to the mountains. From time immemorial they were the personification of Ireland's chivalry, and to this hour that chivalry has had no truer exponents than the Chieftains of the Lyre. Some of the finest characters in English history are, also, some of the sweetest poets. It has been well remarked of Sir Philip Sydney that you may survey him as you would survey an antique statue; you must walk round him to perceive all the beauties of his grand proportions. And it is a remarkable item in poetical biography that Sir Philip, as well as many others of the English poets, such as Spencer, Raleigh, and Harrington, were connected with Ireland at the first stage on which they appeared—the starting point of their illustrious career. In the reign of Charles II., an act was passed to prevent the wandering minstrels from exacting meat or drink from the people, "for fear of some scandalous song or rhyme to be made upon them." Here we see the position to which the order was reduced. The warfare of centuries had struck down the native chiefs, who had ever regarded them with paternal affection.

It was this persecution of the bards by Elizabeth and Cromwell, which led to the dreary allegory in which the national hopes were shrouded. Ireland was the poet's love, but a jealous stepmother stood between him and the one of his choicest. And so consistent were his

political rhapsodies, on some occasions, with the wallings of the tender passion, that it was almost impossible to discriminate whether they were intended for his country, or for his lady love. Of this class is Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen," which some consider political. The very extravagance of allegory employed on these occasions, is an unmistakable index to the intensity of the persecution by which the bards were harassed and ultimately destroyed. Take Moore's song of "Nora Crona"—"Lisbia" is England and "Nora" is Ireland. But later on there will be ample time to dwell upon those details. For the present I simply wish to show what a fiery furnace the genius of Irish literature had to pass during the thousand years of blank.

## Big Fees Paid To Physicians.

An American daily newspaper is the authority for the following account of enormous fees paid to physicians by men of wealth.

Immense fees paid to doctors or surgeons are not always for ultimate cures, but rather for the skill exhibited in study of the case or the operation performed. This fact is recalled by the recent apparently successful operation by Dr. Adolph Lorenz upon the little heiress of the Armour millions, in Chicago. It will be remembered that enormous fees were paid to the physicians who attended those ill-fated presidents of the United States, who fell by the hand of the assassin, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley; also to the attending physicians of Grant when he lay at death's door. The valuable lives of these men were not saved, yet the skill and faithfulness of the physicians and surgeons were not questioned for a moment, and the fees were forthcoming, not for the inevitable result, but for the bringing into action of the best skill of which human science was capable.

Among the examples of enormous doctors' fees is that paid by Maj. Lynn, one of California's millionaires. In the spring of 1897 Maj. Lynn's little daughter was seriously bitten by a pole-cat. There is an apparently well-founded belief that the bite of a pole-cat will produce hydrophobia; therefore Maj. Lynn, with his wife and child, accompanied by a doctor and two nurses, took a special train across the continent, caught a fast boat for Southampton, and arrived in Paris within 13 days, whence they hid themselves to the Pasteur Institute, where the child was treated and cured. The fee, including round trip, amounted to \$15,000, not counting loss of time to as busy a man as was the major.

The Nawab of Rampur paid \$50,000 to an English physician for a visit to India and three months spent in curing his royal highness of rheumatism.

The largest amount expended by a private individual on restoration to health was paid by John Richmond, an American millionaire, who spent seven years of his life in such torture from neuralgia that sometimes for weeks together he could only sleep when under narcotics. His agony was ended by an almost unheard-of operation. The side of his face was cut open, and what is known as the Gasserian ganglion—the whole main exchange from which nerves radiate over the cheek—was removed. The risk of pricking the carotid artery in this operation is so extreme that the \$12,500 paid to the surgeon can hardly be said to have been extravagant. The cure of his neuralgia cost Mr. Richmond in all nearly \$35,000.

An extremely costly cure is that invented by Dr. Corning for nervous depression, sleeplessness and bad dreams. He uses a most elaborate apparatus to insure his patient: sleeping well and having pleasant dreams. This includes an electric battery, a motor, a stereopticon, phonograph and acoustic helmet. Waves of beautiful color are made to glide before the patient's eyes, while harmonies of soft music reach his ear, and so he is soothed and lulled to sleep. A course of treatment of this kind will cost the sufferer \$1,250.

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# The Week in Ireland.

Directory of United Irish League. Dublin, Oct. 18.

CRIMELESS DUBLIN.—The Commissioner of Oyer and Terminer was opened Oct. 14, in Green street Courthouse by Mr. Justice Kenny, who addressed the Grand Jury as follows:—Gentlemen, the consideration of the bills to go before you for this division will, I apprehend, detain you but a very short time. There are only five cases to be disposed of; none of them will, I think, present any difficulty whatever to you. The calendar is a light one, and the police reports don't suggest the existence of any exceptional crime in respect of which I would consider it my duty to address any observations to you. Under the circumstances we may regard the condition of the metropolitan county as satisfactory in the extreme. Whether I regard the calendar at this Commission from the point of view of the number of offences or that of their gravity, it is, so far as my experience is concerned, the lightest I can remember.

COERCION IN CLARE, Miltown Malbay.—The annual Licensing Sessions for the divisions of Miltown-malbay and Ennistymon were held before County Court Judge Carton, K.C. There were eleven magistrates adjudicating with him. One case was of much popular interest, at the hearing of which the court was densely crowded. Mr. Michael O'Donohue was opposed by District Inspector Irwin, Ennistymon, for having been present at a United Irish League meeting, at which a resolution of censure was passed on a local trader and auctioneer.

Doctor Daly, solicitor, defended. The O'Donnellan Blake Foster, J. P.—Is it on account of his being a member of the League he is opposed? Mr. Irwin—He sat in judgment on Sunday, 1st December last, on a man in town, and ruined his business, and now I object to his licence or certificate being signed. He has been known to be watching this house.

Mr. Daly—The owner of his present house has given him notice to leave, and the applicant wants a transfer of his present licence to another end of the town. It won't increase the number of licences now existing. Sergeant Barry, in reply to Mr. Irwin, stated he was on duty in the League rooms on the 1st and 8th of December. He saw Mr. O'Donohue go into the League rooms. The room was full.

To Mr. Daly—He knew the applicant to be a man of good character until those dates, and outside this business he was never convicted of an offence against the Licensing Acts.

After hearing other police evidence, a poll took place as follows:—For signing the certificate, 3; against, 7. The Chairman (Mr. H. B. Harris) did not vote.

MR. DEVLIN IN SCOTLAND.—A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Wellington Palace, Glasgow, on the 12th October, under the auspices of the Home Government Branch of the United Irish League, to welcome Mr. Joseph Devlin, M. P. Mr. Hugh Murphy presided.

Mr. Maguire, solicitor, Belfast, also addressed the meeting. Mr. Devlin, accompanied by Dr. O'Neill, Messrs. Maguire, J. Rooney (Belfast), Hugh Murphy, and M. Analty, then drove to Coatbridge, where another large demonstration was held.

A HOPELESS LUNATIC.—Mr. Timothy Flanagan, J.P., Chairman of the Corofin District Council, and who by his election to that office became a magistrate of the County Clare, was on Monday removed from the County Infirmary to the Limerick District Lunatic Asylum as a dangerous lunatic. Mr. Flanagan was prosecuted under the Crimes Act for alleged intimidation and sentenced to four months' imprisonment, confirmed on appeal before Judge Carton, K.C., the greater part of which he had undergone when he was attacked in Limerick Gaol with typhoid fever. He was transferred to the County Infirmary, and the remaining portion of his sentence remitted, but his illness grew worse daily, and eventually as the

outcome of the fever his intellect became impaired. Several consultations were held into his case, but in the end the doctors agreed that he was suffering not from delirium but acute mania, and that he was insane. This conclusion was arrived at some days since, but in the hope of an improvement setting in his transfer to the asylum was deferred until Monday.

JUDGE AND GRAND JURY.—At Mullingar Quarter Sessions on October 13th, County Court Judge A. Curran, addressing the Grand Jury, said:—There is only one case to go before you, and, as far as the ordinary crime in the county goes, I find it in a very satisfactory state. I am sorry to hear, however, that the thin end of the wedge of boycotting has been introduced into your county. No judge on the bench has had experience such as I have of the terrible results of the system of boycotting. It very soon gets beyond the control of those that started it, however innocently, and the pernicious system would permeate society. I do not intend to refer to it any further now. I only hope that the common sense of the people I address through you, gentlemen of the Grand Jury, will put an end to its further development in Westmeath.

The Grand Jury having found a true bill against a soldier named Peter Clarke for attempted burglary at Athlone, the foreman handed the judge the following resolution, which had been unanimously adopted by the Grand Jury:—"That we, the Grand Jury of the County Westmeath, sitting at Mullingar Quarter Sessions, whilst congratulating the Mullingar district on its peaceful and crimeless condition, view with much apprehension the action of the Government in putting the Crimes Act in force in Westmeath, believing as we do that such action is unnecessary, and can result only in endangering the friendly relations existing between all classes in the county. It is our deliberate opinion the Government would be well advised in removing the proclamation; and we wish that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Chief Secretary."

His Honor—This is a resolution altogether outside the business you were called on to transact. Talking about a proclamation! There are twenty-three of you there, and let any one man stand forward and say he was coerced in any way owing to the proclamation. Don't be talking about coercion. It is all humbug. There is your precious resolution for you. (The judge then tore up the resolution and threw the pieces of paper towards the Grand Jury.)

Mr. C. Lenn, D.C., one of the jury, rose and said:—Might I say one word, your Honor?

His Honor—No; you are all discharged.

Mr. Lennon—You said in your charge to us that there is boycotting in the county. Let us know one single instance.

His Honor (heatedly)—You are discharged now as a Grand Jury, and if you talk in court I will send you to jail.

Mr. Lennon, who remained standing, was again about to speak.

His Honor—That will do. It is not any of you that is coerced. I will hear no more. You are discharged. The incident then terminated.

MR. McHUGH'S TRIAL.—In the Sligo Courthouse on Tuesday, Oct. 14, Removables Barrell and Brown sat as a Coercion Court to try Messrs. P. A. McHugh, M.P., Bernard M'Ternan, and John George Quilty for criminal conspiracy.

Mr. D. O'Donnell, B.L., (instructed by Mr. Tarrant, solicitor) appeared for the defendants, Messrs. M'Ternan and Quilty. Mr. Quilty did not appear, and it was stated that the case against him would be withdrawn. Applications by Messrs. O'Donnell and McHugh, on the grounds of insufficiency of particulars supplied by the Crown, were refused. Mr. McHugh dwelt in strong terms on the fact that Mr. Fenton, the Crown Solicitor, who had made him already a bankrupt, was endeavoring to place him as much as possible at a disadvantage in the defending of the case. The proceedings had not concluded on Wednesday evening.

RECENT SENTENCES.—Removables Durkin and Turner sat as a

Coercion Court at Roscrea on Monday, Oct. 13, to pass sentence on Edward Gilmartin, David Sheehan, Patrick Fitzpatrick, John Mitchell, Stephen Quinlan, and Thomas Larkin, charged by District Inspector Sparrow with "riotous conduct" at Roscrea station on the 23rd of September, when the police who were escorting a number of Coercion prisoners to Clonmel Jail were alleged to have been assaulted.

The Removables passed sentence in due form. Patrick Fitzpatrick was sentenced to two months, with hard labor; Sheehan to one month, with hard labor; Larkin, two months; Mitchell, two months' hard labor. Quinlan was ordered to land ball, and the case against Kilmartin was dismissed.

Notices of appeals were lodged, Mr. Sheehan's sentence being increased for the purpose.

At Templemore on Wednesday, Oct. 15, before a brace of Removables—Bruen and Heard—Mr. Martin O'Dwyer, a member of the Tipperary County Council, and hon. secretary of the Mid-Tipperary Executive U. I. L., was sentenced to two months' hard labor, and three months additional in default of bail, for intimidation towards Peter and Daniel Hickey, who, in defiance of the popular will, have taken a large farm, of grazing land.

## Cyrus Hawkins' Letter to the Missionary

What started me to reading "The Missionary" was listening to priest Drury talk about his religion. Till I heard him I thought one religion was about as good as another, unless perhaps I thought most any sort was a little better than the Catholic. I knew there was some big difference between the Catholic Church and all the others, but I had no idea what it was.

Well, sir, the way priest Drury traced the Catholic Church back to the beginning, and made it look so plausible that his Church taught all that was good and condemned all that was bad, was a revelation to me, and I said to myself, "Cy, none of the other churches can set up such a claim as that." Then when the fellows piled the questions into the box, and priest Drury took them out and answered every one of them fair and square, and showed that the charges against his Church were false and that he had Scripture for his doctrine, I was satisfied that the interesting things to learn about the Catholic Church that I had never heard of would fill several books; so that's why I took to reading your paper.

It was down at Sargo, on the Henderson Road, Horton's Hall was full. People from all around Sargo were there, and from Birks city and West, and from over in Henri Jones-Brown's district. They wanted to hear priest Drury answer questions. Mose Green was there. He had spent three days searching the Scriptures for hard ones. Mose thought maybe the priest did not know much about the Scriptures. Lots of the folks there that night had never heard a priest talk about his religion before. Mose was one of them. Along about the time the priest was finishing up Mose's Scripture questions, and Mose was beginning to look like he had lost the trail, old Dick Stout handed up a question. He wanted to know why Catholics had so many crosses on their churches.

Well, sir, the priest took that as a text, and gave a talk that made me see things in a new light. He said the Cross was the banner of Christianity. He talked about an army marching under the flag, and told how a regiment or brigade that would refuse to carry the flag would be called traitors. Then he told how Christians had always marched under the Cross as their banner till the sixteenth century, when Luther and some other fellows refused to carry the Cross and tore it down from the churches. He made it all mighty plain how those sixteenth century fellows were traitors to the principles and the cause that the Cross represents, and how their followers to this day have been misled, and are still bushwhacking about the world without a banner.

But when he told why the Cross was selected as the banner of Christianity and described how the Favourite suffered and died on the Cross, I'll tell you, Ben, I began to feel like I ought to be trying to get into ranks under that banner. I never felt that way before. I did not know till then how lonesome it is to be without a flag. Ben, the next time priest Drury comes to the Green River country, go to hear him.—Cyrus Hawkins, Kentucky.

But when he told why the Cross was selected as the banner of Christianity and described how the Favourite suffered and died on the Cross, I'll tell you, Ben, I began to feel like I ought to be trying to get into ranks under that banner. I never felt that way before. I did not know till then how lonesome it is to be without a flag. Ben, the next time priest Drury comes to the Green River country, go to hear him.—Cyrus Hawkins, Kentucky.

## Our Curbstone Observer ON PRACTICAL DEVOTION.

SI have more than once remarked, my sphere is not to preach but to simply record daily observations, if, at times these observations take a sermonizing form it is simply because everything that is said or written with a view to correct error, to improve morals, or to elevate humanity must have in it the elements of a sermon. This week I am going to briefly tell of a short excursion to a village, not far from this city, and of a few things that I noticed over there. The purpose of my visit to the place in question has nothing to do with what I observed while there. As the village possesses a couple of excellent educational institutions, as well as a very imposing looking church, I occupied the hour of leisure that I had in visiting that temple of faith.

At a distance the twin spires of the village church are very imposing; but on closer examination they seem to lose rather than gain in their proportions. This rambling through churches in day-time, and during the week days, is something that has always had a great fascination for me. I remember once reading a passage of Lamartine in which he says: "I love to wander alone into the great cathedrals of Italy or of France, and to enjoy the silence, the twilight surroundings, the repose, the indistinguishable tranquility that mark the interiors of those huge gothic piles. Everything therein appears to pray, or rather to meditate; from the giant columns that stand in silent and respectful rows to the tiny lamp, suspended in mid-air that flickers its heart-affecting tribute of adoration before the shrine that holds the Divinity." No doubt, there is a sense of peace and of consolation that takes possession of the soul, in the quiet of the empty church. One therein feels inclined to sit, or kneel and meditate; and meditation is the sublimer form of prayer. Such, any way, has been my humble experience.

AN EDIFYING SIGHT.—On the occasion to which I allude I had not all the Church to myself. In a country village I would least expect to find worshippers at that early hour—it was between three and four in the afternoon. But, to my surprise, there were several persons in the church when I entered. During my stay some of these went out; but others came in. All moved about slyly and collectedly, without attracting very much notice. In fact, it was not until I sat down on a pew and began to take observation of what was going on around me that I noticed the number and the class of the people scattered here and there throughout the building. What most attracted my attention was the men. Not mere boys, but young men in the first period of manhood. A fact that they were nearly all young couple of elderly women, and one or two older men were also there; but not less than a dozen young men were in the church. They were all occupied in different ways. Some were making the Stations of the Cross; others were kneeling before the side altars; again others were in meditation in front of the high altar. In a word, each one of them had evidently dropped in, on his own account, to pay a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament, to say the beads,

or to go around the Way of the Cross. It was decidedly an admirable sight, and one well calculated to make the scoffer and the infidel pause and reflect. If the spirit of faith is said to be dying out in the younger generation, it certainly survives in that country district, and it is likely to be transmitted by such men to those who are to come after them.

A CONTRAST.—While I sat in that church and took mental note of all that I observed, I reflected upon the contrast between these young men, coming in the day time, from their work, or their business, to devote a few moments to serious prayer and recollection, with the vast multitude of Catholic young men in the city who scarcely ever put a foot inside of a church, except to hear Mass on Sunday. If you go to any of our parochial churches during any month of the year, during October, for example, when the prayers for the devotion of the Holy Rosary take place each evening, how many young men will you find there? How many men, young or old will attend the devotions? There is sure to be a goodly congregation; but mostly women and young girls. The men have not time, I suppose, to go to church during week-days, even in the evening. Of course, they find ample time for other occupations, for relaxations, for amusements, for sometimes more questionable pastimes. Decidedly if they cannot attend such services in the evenings during the week, they cannot be expected to attend a Low Mass on the day time. In fact, it is a wonder that some of them can find it possible to attend a Low Mass on Sunday. Were it not that the church has made it such a strict obligation, we might fairly entertain a doubt as to whether some of the young men would even take the trouble to snatch a half hour Mass on Sunday morning. This does not mean that there is a general lack of faith amongst the younger men; but, in proportion to their numbers, there is decidedly much less solid fervor and unostentatious devotion in the city than in the smaller towns and villages of the country district. It may be argued that the young men in the city have attractions outside that do not exist for those in the country; that may be very true; but there are facilities for devotion in the city that are not to be met with in the country. In this city of Montreal there are opportunities on all sides and at all times. Mark Twain once said, in referring to Montreal, that it was "a city in which you could not throw a stone without hitting a church." No matter at what hour, or in what section of the city, a man goes to or comes from his daily occupation, he is sure to pass the open door of a church. Yet how many ever think of going in? The young men, of whom I have spoken, out in that country village, must have their occupations, they must value their time, as well as do the city people; and yet they find the time and they seek the opportunity and they frequent the church at all hours. I need say no more on this subject. It seems to me that each reader should be able to draw, for himself, the lesson that these few observations contain: at least, I hope the recording of them may not be lost time.

## Bishop Spalding And the Coal Miners

Before he received an official notification of his appointment as a member of the commission on the grievances of the coal miners, Bishop Spalding was asked for an expression of his views about the strike. He replied:—

"It is impossible for me to say anything of importance in this matter, as I have not been officially notified that I have been appointed. I am highly sensible of the honor that such an appointment would confer,

and I feel that it should be my duty and pleasure to accept it in the event that the President considers me worthy. I should be most happy to do all in my power to assist in bringing the coal strike to an amicable and just termination. I have had no other notification of the deliberations of the President and his advisers than that contained in the newspapers, and I have not had any intimation that my name has been considered by them. I am much surprised by the newspaper announcements. It is certainly a great honor, and imposes a sacred duty on whomsoever it may descend."

About a month ago the editor of a labor paper asked the Bishop for a statement concerning the strike and he complied with the following:

"It is my opinion that the condition of the Pennsylvania coal miners

is a National disgrace, and I sincerely hope that the strike may prove to be the beginning of a better state of things for these, our overburdened and oppressed brothers."

Robert C. Greer, secretary of the Peoria Board of Trade, expressed himself as well pleased with the appointment of Bishop Spalding on the commission for ending the coal strike.

"Protestants and Catholics alike," he said, "in the vicinity of Peoria are well satisfied with the appointment. No better ecclesiastical relection could have been made. He is a man of great charity and of wide influence in the soft coal district, of which Peoria is the centre. I saw Bishop Spalding less than a week ago, and he expressed great sympathy with the coal miners."

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A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1862 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallary, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec. Secretary, 1528P Ontario street; L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallary, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meeting held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Miss Annie Donovan, president; Mrs. Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Kavanaugh, recording secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer; Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1865, 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.F. 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 Kahala; 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. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Seigneurs and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, 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. Father McGrath, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jno. 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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# NOVEL READING.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

**BULWER LYTTON.**—We now come to one of the great masters of English, yet one who occupies a position entirely apart from all other novelists. His wonderful imagination, his extraordinary command of words, his picturesque grouping of phrases, and the immensity of the field over which he seemed to range at will, would almost suffice to bewilder the student. It is no easy matter to pass a general and exact opinion upon Lord Lytton's romances; they must be selected and set in different classes or categories; and even then one scarcely knows what to say by way of criticism. The great danger with this author is that of being carried away by the magnetism of his language, and consequently being led to overlook, or to take for granted, the errors that crop up in such profusion. Personally Lytton had immense advantages, apart from his natural talents. He had rank, education, wealth, and leisure. He was enabled to travel at will, to study as he desired, and to publish freely without any care or worry from a pecuniary standpoint. That he utilized all these advantages and opportunities to study seriously and to write voluminously is greatly to his credit and does honor to the man, as well as to those who laid the basis of his education and helped in the moulding of his character. But this has nothing to do with our study of the subject. We repeat, then we are simply considering the novels of these writers from the purely Catholic standpoint, and as a result our field is quite limited.

We would say this of Lytton's works; they present the student with such a magnificent array of English expressions that, were it not for the great danger of falling into an imitation of a style that would be unnatural in any other man, the careful noting of his most striking passages would constitute a regular education in English literature. But what seems perfectly natural under the pen of Lytton would appear exaggerated and bombastic if written by any one else.

Turning now to his novels, we might divide them into four distinct groups, representing four periods in the life of the author. Firstly, we have the social novels, in which home life and society are pictured—Pelham, My Novel, the Caxtons, and such like; secondly, we have the historical novels, such as The Last Days of Pompeii, the Last of the Barons, the Last of the Saxon Kings, and others of this class; thirdly, we have his mystical, spiritualistic, opiate-like dreamings, that took shape in the Strange Story, Zanoni, Zecci, and so forth; lastly, we have the sensational and less elevated class, in which Paul Clifford ranks, and to which we might add his last great novel The Parisians.

The first category we can dismiss with a few words. Unless it be the graphic pictures of rural scenes, of home life in England, of drawing-room vanities, and of social foibles, there is nothing in these novels to deserve either immortality for the author or longevity for his works. In fact, the Catholic, while finding nothing directly opposed to his faith or the teachings of his church, will not meet with anything calculated to repay the time spent in the reading. As to the last category, there is an attempt, in one instance, to draw pictures of London slums, of the lawless inhabitants of the thieves' domain, to reproduce the slang and jargon of the criminal resorts, and, in another instance there is a series of terrific pen-pictures of the horrible and blood-thirsty dispositions of certain human tigers, whose passions are at once their own curse and society's menace. Again we cannot see in what a man, and especially a young man, or young girl, can be benefited by having the mind run riot in such scenes and induced to breathe such an atmosphere. It must be admitted, however, that never does Lytton descend to vulgarity. He seems to be able to touch the most repulsive objects, and hold them up for the contemplation of others, without soiling his own gloved and aristocratic hand. Leaving aside, as more or less harmful, if not bad, these two classes of novels, we come to the really lasting and important work of his life—his historical novels.

Here we must pause. To condemn

them would be exceedingly unfair. In fact, they are monuments to the labor, research and historic erudition of their author. Moreover, in them we find a constant desire, on the part of Lytton, to be just, especially on all matters affecting religion. Taking for example, "Harold, The Last of the Saxon Kings," or "The Last of the Barons," we find more true history than romance in the volumes. As a rule, the writer of historical novels takes some event in history, or some famous personage; and upon the mere skeleton of facts builds up an aerial castle of purely imaginary scenes and characters. But in the case of Lytton, he seems to simply clothe the dry bones of correct history in the flesh and blood of romance; or, in other words, to make use of the imaginary, or fictitious, only as a means of rendering more pleasant the perusal of cold history. He makes you live in the time and with the men of the period selected, and he never fails to make his character do and say exactly what their originals did and said in reality. Take "The Last Days of Pompeii" as an example. We would heartily recommend to any student of Roman history, and of early Church history, the reading of that novel—if it can be called a novel. In the same sense as Fabiola and Calixta are novels so is The Last Days of Pompeii.

There remains, however, another category of his novels that is not by any means the least important. Of these Zanoni and The Strange Story are the most striking examples. Here we are at a loss how to decide. It is evident that Lytton was not a mystic; he did not believe in spiritualism, nor in alchemy, nor in the secrets of the Rosicrucians, nor in the perpetuation of human life by means of some wizard Elixir, nor in the hypnotic influences exercised by weird violinist, nor in any of these un-Christian and entirely fanciful spiritualisms, nor in alchemy, nor in no person could possibly read The Strange Story and especially that closing scene in the Australian forest, without feeling that the author was seeking to impress his generation with the teachings of the sorcerers, astrologers, and alchemists of old. There is a fascination about "Zanoni" that is almost irresistible. So much so that it becomes actually dangerous for the young, the inexperienced, and above all the highly imaginative. That the author was simply seeking effect, and had no serious theories to expound, may be seen in the fact that the three or four opening chapters of "Zanoni" are, word for word, the same as those of an unfinished novel called "Zecci." Evidently Lytton commenced "Zecci," and when he had reached a certain point he altered his plan and, changing the name, began again his story. At all events there is something fearfully weird about the entire production. As far as descriptive language is concerned, to our mind, there is absolutely nothing in English, nor in any other living tongue, to surpass the picture of the old musician on the house-top at night, and the wailing, and moaning, and almost human lamentations of his violin. But the moral to be drawn from such works is too deeply hidden; it exists, but it is too hard to discover; it is there, but it is lost sight of in the dazzle and glitter of the entrancing language that carries you along as irresistibly as would a mountain torrent.

The most we can say, then, of Lytton's thirty odd novels, is that they need selection. If some person would take the trouble to go over these volumes, and to gather from them all the beautiful descriptions that they contain, and publish the collection in one book, we do not hesitate to say that it would be one of the most valuable publications of modern times for the students of English literature. But who is going to do this work? As yet we have never even found it suggested. It is a pity that so many glittering gems should be buried in such heaps of useless matter. If the young Catholic is determined to read novels, then we advise him to have a careful selection of Lytton's works made, and to peruse those which a wise monitor will indicate. He will find nothing bad in any of them; a good deal that is indifferent in some; and very much that elevating and true inspiring and exact in others.

## Mozart and the Holy Rosary.

To describe Mozart as a client of Our Lady of the Rosary may astonish not a few of his enthusiastic admirers, but it is nevertheless true that he was devoted to the beads.

One is not unaware, indeed, of a certain petulance of genius in Mozart, but at heart he was thoroughly religious. With his education on the part of his father, likewise a musician of considerable ability—he was royal musical director and organist at Salzburg—the son could not be otherwise; for his father was a right good man. In almost every letter home from his journeys with the youthful Wolfgang, he engages Masses to be said, especially at the shrine of Maria Plain near Salzburg, and it is also evident how conscientiously they fulfill their religious duties on their travels. "Since there was no Mass at St. Johann's earlier than 6 o'clock," he writes from Botzen, "it got to be 7 before we could proceed farther." From Naples, Wolfgang humorously informs his sister of their mode of life: "On neat days we have half a chicken or a bit of roast; on fast days, a scrumpy fish." Writing home from Vienna in 1773, his father says: "It may be that I shall go to Maria-Zell and thence home by way of St. Wolfgang on a pilgrimage to his patron saint, where he has never been before." And when the son was travelling alone, or with his mother, he got some most touching counsels from his father: "I wish you the grace of God to be with you everywhere, never to forsake you if you are diligently minded to practise the duty of a true Catholic Christian. You know me. I am no pedant, no devotionalist, still less the pretense of a saint; but you will surely not decline your father's request; and that is that you will have care of your soul as to give no anxiety to me in the hour of death, no occasion to reproach myself in that awful moment, as if I had been careless of your soul's weal. Farewell; may you live happily."

Exhortations like these constitute the closing portions of the elder Mozart's letters, otherwise wholly given to music and to the brilliant results and undertakings of his son. Writing to his wife and son at Munich in 1777, he directs them to their destination in Augsburg, "from which you will have Holy Cross Church quite close at hand." Paternal solicitude of this stamp can hardly fail to preserve a son from degeneracy. That it had its effect on Mozart is evident from his letters, in which, for instance, he often asks the prayers of others and promises his own in return. From Bologna in 1770 he asked: "I beg you to write me what confraternities I belong to and to inform me of the prayers I am required to say." Again in 1781, he writes to his father from Vienna: "Pardon me for not writing by the last post. It was my name day and so, in the morning, I was occupied with my devotions; then, just as I was about to write, a lot of well-wishers came rushing in."

On a visit to his parents in Salzburg with his wife (1781) he finished a Mass, which he had promised if his wife were happily delivered of their first child. This Mass was rendered at St. Peter's Aug. 25, and his wife sang the solos.

Wolfgang and his father had been at Bologna in 1770, enjoying princely hospitality at the country residence of Field Marshal Pallavicini. In a letter home, the father tells that "there is a Mass in the castle chapel every day at 12. It is served by the young count, who, though only of Wolfgang's age, is already royal chamberlain. Mass is followed by the Rosary, the Litany, the Salve Regina, and a De Profundis."

Two weeks later he reports: "Having had an opportunity of seeing a Dominican father, a German from Bohemia, we had our devotions in the parish church this morning, went to confession and communion, and afterwards made the Stations or the Cross together. By noon, we had returned to the castle for the regular Mass and Rosary." In a joking mood, he added: "In the mean time, you may as well have a pair of beautifully gilded halos made at Salzburg, for we shall surely reach home saints."

In his touching letter from Paris, July 8, 1778, preparing his father and sister for news of his mother's death, at which he was present and which took place after she had devoutly received the last sacraments, Mozart also mentions the production of one of his symphonies. It had at first appeared that the work was not to take, but in the event it proved a brilliant success. "In my joy,"

Mozart wrote, "I went at once to the Palais Royale, had an agreeable treat of ices, said the Rosary, which I had promised, and then went home." How worthy of reverential regard is genius when it does not forget God!—Rosary Magazine.

## Young Irishmen's Entertainment.

Every year since their organization the excellent aggregation of Catholics known as the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, has given a first-class entertainment on Halloween. This year is no exception to the rule. Yesterday, the 31st of October, they provided a grand vocal, instrumental and variety entertainment followed by an act piece entitled "Lend Me Five Shillings," in their hall on Dupre street. The programme was as follows:—Piano solo, Mrs. J. Riley McIntyre; song, Mr. Joseph Rankin; violin solo, Miss Maggie Murphy; soprano solo, "So Let us Part" Miss E. K. Peacock; specialty, Master Willie Polan; baritone solo, Mr. R. J. Latimer; instrumental selection, Mr. Smith; song, "Alabama," Mr. Thos. Murphy; dance, Mr. Thos. J. Hogan; stick twirling, Mr. T. Murphy; song, Miss Margaret Kitts; song and dance artists, Willie and Mable Kitts.

The dramatic portion of the entertainment was in the very capable hands of Messrs. Power, J. P. Cunningham, R. J. Love, J. Leonard, and F. J. Nolan, and Miss E. K. Peacock, and Miss Alice Wrenn; Mr. P. O'Flynn, acting as stage manager.

A large and appreciative audience was present.

## THE PARISH PRIEST

There is a man in every parish, who, having no family, belongs to a family that is worldwide; who is called in as a witness, a counsellor and an actor in all the most important affairs of civil life. No one comes into the world or goes hence without his ministrations. He takes the child from the arms of his mother and parts with it only at the grave. He blesses and consecrates the cradle, the bridal chamber, the bed of death and the bier. He is one whom innocent children grow to love, to venerate and to reverence; whom even those who know him not salute as father; at whose feet Christians fall down and lay bare the inmost thoughts of their souls and weep their most sacred tears. He is one whose mission it is to console the afflicted and soften the pains of body and soul; who is an intermediary between the affluent and the indigent; to whose door come alike the rich and the poor—the rich to give alms in secret, and the poor to receive them without blushing. He belongs to no social class, because he belongs equally to all—to the lower by his poverty and not infrequently by his humble birth; to the upper by his culture and his knowledge, and by the elevated sentiments which a religion, itself all charity, inspires and imposes. He is one, in fine, who knows all, has a right to speak unreservedly, and whose speech, inspired from on high, falls on the minds and hearts of all with the authority of one who is divinely sent, and with the constraining power of one who has an unclouded faith.

Such is the parish priest, than whom no one has a greater opportunity for good or power for evil accordingly as he fulfils or fails to recognize his transcendent mission among men.—Lamartine.

The hand which hath long time held a violet doth not soon forego its fragrance.

## Catholic Sailors' Club

ALL SAILORS WELCOME.  
Concert Every Wednesday Evening.

All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit. MEET at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening. Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tel. Main 2161. St. Peter and Common Sts.

## Live Stock Market

London.—The trade in cattle was slow; and the tone of the market for choice States was easier, prices being 1c lower than a week ago at 13 1/2c, while Canadians were steady at 12 1/2c for choice. Sheep were unchanged at 12c.

The trade in local export live stock circles has been rather quiet of late, owing to the continued discouraging cable advices from the two leading markets, and the low prices ruling; consequently Canadian shippers have lost money, and as there is no sign at present of immediate improvement they have curtailed their operations to some extent, and only filling ocean freight space that they have actually under contract. The decline in prices in foreign markets, however, has had its full influence on this side, as prices for export cattle have been steadily tending downward and are now at the lowest point of the season so far as recent sales of choice heaves in the Toronto market have taken place at \$4.75 to \$5, and medium stock at \$4.40 to \$4.65 per 100 lbs.

The Chicago "Drovers' Journal" says:—Owing to long-continued drought in Australia that country—generally a heavy producer of frozen mutton for export—finds itself short of meats for its own use this year, and, it is said, will be compelled to draw on New Zealand for supplies. England has drawn heavily on both these countries for mutton in recent years, taking as many as 5,000,000 carcasses of frozen mutton from Australia alone. Thus it is evident that two of England's principal sources of meat supply are badly crippled, and the demand for American mutton should be accordingly broader. From that view of the case there should be a continued expansion of the foreign demand for our big, choice mutton sheep during the coming winter. That some of the good feeders of the country feel confident of especially good prices for the big, prime wethers this winter is indicated by the prices that have been paid here this week for some feeders that can be converted into that class of export stock in sixty to ninety days. Some of these big, strong wethers have gone out to the feed lots at a cost of \$3.50 on this market. They will produce a class of export mutton that should sell at top prices here, and to feeders who are taking the risk this year the condition of foreign supplies, as stated above, should be encouraging.

At the East End abattoir market the offerings of live stock were 600 cattle, 1,700 sheep, 1,500 lambs, and 50 calves. A feature of the market was the demand from exporters for a few small lots to complete shipments with, and some picked cattle were bought for this purpose on Monday at 4c to 4 1/2c per lb., but outside of this the market was a tame one, as the demand from butchers was limited, owing to the milder weather, and to the fact that the bulk of them had ample beef on hand until later in the week. The feeling was easy, but prices showed little change, as compared with last Thursday. The best heaves sold at 4c to 4 1/2c, fairly good at 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c, common at 2 1/2c to 3c, and inferior at 1 1/2c to 2c per lb. Although the supply of sheep was fairly large, prices ruled steady, as the demand for both local consumption and export account was good; in consequence, all the offerings sold at 2 1/2c to 3 1/2c per lb. The market for lambs was easier on account of the increased supply, and prices ruled lower, with a good demand at 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c per lb. The demand for calves was fair at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$12 each. The market for live hogs was easier, in sympathy with the late decline in prices in the Toronto market. The demand was fair, and selected lots sold at 6c per lb., weighed off cars.

The shipments of live stock from the port of Montreal for the week ending October 25th, were:—

	Cat. Sheep.
To Liverpool—	
Lake Erie .....	810
To London—	
Virginian .....	572 808
Brillian .....	280
Devona .....	441 862
To Glasgow—	
Sardinia .....	228
Lakonia .....	343 162
To Manchester—	
Manchester City .....	671
Total .....	2,845 1,392

### Directory.

ON NO. 8, meets on third Wednesday of 1862. Notre Dame Guild. Officers: A. M. P., President; M. J. P., Vice-President; M. J. P., Rec. Secretary; M. J. P., Secretary; M. J. P., Treasurer; M. J. P., Steward; M. J. P., Chaplain.

A. & B. SOCIETY. 1868.—Rev. Director, J. P. Quinn, President, D. J. P., Sec., J. P. Quinn, Vice-President, M. J. P., Treasurer, M. J. P., Steward, M. J. P., Chaplain.

SOCIETY.—Established Oct. 10th, 1864. Meets on 1st Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. M. J. P., President; M. J. P., Vice-President; M. J. P., Recording Secretary; M. J. P., Treasurer; M. J. P., Steward; M. J. P., Chaplain.

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Missions In New Hampshire.

The city of Portland witnessed its first non-Catholic mission in June. Much doubt was expressed as to the advisability of holding a mission in a city so pronounced in its ultra-Protestantism.

Father O'Dowd, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, has taken a deep interest in bringing non-Catholics to the true Church, and last year he received 22 converts.

The audience was of a very intelligent class. Two of the ministers attended, lawyers, doctors, and many prominent society people, the only ones who seemed to resent the work being the Anglican Catholics; but before the week was out they came with the tide.

Every day a large number of questions were sent in by one individual, presumably a minister. A Protestant gentleman called upon Father Sutton to inform him that the non-Catholics felt indignant at the tone of these questions,—in fact apologized for them.

Some of these questions were so absurd that the spontaneous burst of laughter that came from the audience was all the reply necessary, as, for example: "explain the text, 'A bishop must be the husband of one wife.'"

"I will explain this text," said Father Sutton, "if I am informed where it can be found. We are not allowed to add to or take from the Word of God. Where is this text to be found?"

Q. "You say the priests do not know how long a soul is in Purgatory. If so, how do you explain the decree or bill of the Pope issued a year or so ago in which he declared that Purgatory was empty?"

A. "I would be pleased, if I could be informed where this bill can be found or at what date issued. It seems hardly necessary to state that no such bill was ever issued by the Pope, and the assertion is a barefaced falsehood unworthy of a Christian gentleman. Let us have his evidence, or he stands convicted of fraud and deceit."

A Protestant gentleman was so wrought up over what he had heard during the mission that on Saturday night he went into the confessional and began to tell his sins. The priest at first thought he was out of his mind, but on asking a few questions found what he was and why he came. He told his misdeeds and informed the confessor that he would be back again. To such as these, weary and heartsick of carrying the weight of some secret sin, what a relief would be found in the confessional if they could only be brought to the true Church! And it is from these missions that many a worried soul has found the way to peace.

...I could not describe the interest that has been taken in this mission. It has been talked of everywhere, in stores, banks, etc. A class of converts has been formed with eight members. It is safe to say that hundreds have been set thinking, and time and God's grace may bring them into the fold. Many copies of Clearing the Way were distributed. If the supply had not been exhausted many more could have been given to the non-Catholics.

"I have never given a more enthusiastic mission," said Father Sutton, "or one better attended outside the city of Philadelphia. It shows that the country is ripe for this work. Even the land of the Pilgrim Fathers is looking for something outside of Protestantism."

Missions were also given at Franklin Falls, New Fields, and Berlin. The latter was not much of a success. As Father Xavier Sutton said, when some one asked him the reason: Well, a "rust of this kind is apt to come along sometimes; one can't really tell why it happens."

Franklin Falls was a very nice little town to hold a mission, and the lectures were well attended. The questions were of the usual order. In New Fields also the sentiment was good, and the mission was quite successful.

On the first night it was observed that when Father Sutton asked the people to rise and say with him the Lord's Prayer not one of them would stand, but sat looking as sober as owls, leaving no doubt that some Parisian trick was to be played

upon them. However, when the close of the lecture came, and Father Sutton again asked the people to stand, the non-Catholics were the first on their feet, and by their hearty and energetic singing showed that their feelings of coldness and repulsion had vanished during the lectures. Several strict Methodists attended every night, neglecting their own church meetings.

One Protestant remarked during the lectures against the Catholic Church; and while I believed some of the things that were said, still I sort of felt that when a preacher spoke with so much bitterness it looked more as if he had a private grudge against the Church or some of its members than that he wanted to do good. And I came to these lectures expecting that this Father Sutton would sail into the Protestant churches and call them all sorts of names, and raise Cain generally, as I heard the other side doing. But I must say he acts like a gentleman and talks as if he knows what he's saying can't be contradicted by anybody. And," he added, "it sounds like the truth, and I'm going to look into it."

Hinsdale is a smart little town of about two thousand inhabitants, its chief industries being woolen and paper mills. There is a good Catholic population, and the relationship between our people and our separated brethren is very cordial. The first two nights the mission was held in the church, but it was a case of Mohammed and the mountain, as the people did not seem to wish to attend the lectures given in a Catholic Church, only about twenty being present. Father Sutton accordingly held the balance of the lectures in the town hall. The first service there showed the advantage of such a move, as there were fully five times the number of non-Catholics present as there had been at the church. Those attending were mostly of the better class. Questions were sent in concerning baptism and salvation, and the usual ones in regard to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the cross, etc.

The mission seemed to give great pleasure to the non-Catholics, as they seemed eager to learn about the Church. A number of copies of Clearing the Way were distributed.

A minister of the town sent a number of question Friday with a request that they be answered, as the Rev. So-and-So gave them.

When Father Sutton took up these questions he announced that they had been sent by a minister of the town. In fact the minister had published broadcast the fact that he had given a number of hard nuts for Rev. Sutton to answer. This bright light of Protestantism was one of the first to get to the hall, no doubt expecting to enjoy the confusion of Father Sutton as he struggled to answer the awful problems he had propounded. It was noticed that a number of the congregation to which he ministered were on hand to witness the overthrow of Popery by their champion. Some one remarked that the minister was "sweating icicles" before Father Sutton got through with him. His own people were laughing at him. Several non-Catholics came to Father Sutton after the lecture and congratulated him on the way he disposed of this man. "He is a fool," one man said; "he did not want information, he was only trying to show how smart he is, and he got all he deserved."

Here are a few of his romantic questions: "Does the Church teach that a priest is better than an honest father; a none (meaning nun) more holy than a loving mother with a child which congenial love has given her in her thrilled and thrilling arms?" Answer—"The married state and the sacerdotal state are two different states of life. The sacerdotal state is a holier state than the married state; the married man is engaged in worldly affairs, but the priest is devoted entirely to the service of God; his life is spent in the service of his Maker and the salvation of souls."

"Does the Church teach that celibacy is better than the infinite love which has made everything beautiful in this world?" Answer—"This is a very hazy question. Perhaps it has been written hurriedly. Infinite love did not make the world; infinite power created the world, and infinite wisdom adorned the world."

And again, on the same subject. "If the Catholic Church teaches that celibacy is the proper thing and people ought not to marry, why did God create the race male and female? What has the Church to say of this?"

"Does the Church teach that a man who knows not the love and sacredness of husband and wife can judge correctly of their needs in the

home? Can he administer to their wants in time of trouble and sorrow as well as the man who has penetrated the secret sanctuaries of the human home? Can a man who has not felt the thrill that is caused by the touch of his own child against his bosom properly judge of the value and beneficent influence of even one little angel?"

When Father Sutton read this there was a roar of laughter from all sides. "Is it necessary," he said, "for a doctor to have brain fever or delirium tremens in order to treat patients who have? The human heart teaches us to love and sympathize with our afflicted brother without having had the actual experiences ourselves. This individual seems to have a bad attack of love, and is feeling the sensation for the first time. I suspect that he is unmarried and in love." Some one in a stage whisper said "That's what's the matter with him."

The lecture over, the minister made his exit as fast as possible. On Sunday a gentleman called to see Father Sutton and said he came in the name of the male members of this minister's congregation to apologize for his rudeness and ignorance. "The trouble is," he said, "we have to take any old thing that is sent us as a preacher. And, Father Sutton," he continued, "it is the sentiment of the town that you were entirely too courteous to him." Shortly after the visit of this gentleman the following letter was received:—

Dear Sir,—As members of the Universalist Church, we wish to express our sincere regret that any disrespect has been shown by any representative from our church toward the Church which you represent.

We have attended your lectures from a desire to more thoroughly understand your faith, and feel extremely sorry that any proceedings so undignified occurred.

We believe that every true church is deserving of the respect of all, and that if a member of any church lives up to the highest ideals of their church they will be true Christians, no matter what the church may be.

Since last Friday evening we have talked with several from our church, all of whom express exceeding regret at the happenings of that evening, and we feel that we voice the sentiments of the entire church when we say that the sentiments expressed that evening are not the feelings of any member of our church, and that all are very sorry that it ever happened.

Will you be so kind as to make the sentiment of this note known among your people, but would prefer, however, that our names should not be mentioned. Very respectfully,

On Sunday night Father Sutton took occasion to thank the non-Catholics for their attendance. "The Catholics have been pleased to see you, and I am sure better feelings than ever have been established in this community between the Catholics and non-Catholics."—The Missionary.

ROMAN NOTES.

STILL MORE AUDIENCES.—The latest correspondence from Rome to the English Catholic press, tells a continued story of the wonderful vitality and persistent activity of the Holy Father. Speaking of the second week in October the correspondent says:—

Contrary to the disquieting rumors circulating regarding the health of the Holy Father, His Holiness is very well, as one must recognize from the work accomplished every day. Each day this week pilgrims have arrived in Rome, and all have been received by His Holiness. On last Sunday, in the Sala of the Throne, His Holiness received the representatives of the associations of young French Catholics delegated to present to the Holy Father the congratulations of the associates on his Pontifical Jubilee. These representatives are members, who, through their President, offered an affectionate address to His Holiness, to which the Holy Father replied in a brief address.

On Monday, in private and separate audience, His Holiness received Mgr. Savelli-Spavola, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda for Oriental Affairs, and Count Edoardo Soderini, who has just returned from the Congress in Cologne for the protection of working men, where Count Soderini represented the Vatican. On Tuesday the Holy Father received, in private and separate audience, His Grace Mgr. Serafini, Archbishop of Spoleto, Mgr. Annamini, Bishop of Nocera-Umbria, Mgr. Persilli, Bishop of Amasia. Then His Holiness received the representatives of the various

GRAND TRUNK SPECIAL COLONIST RATES To Western and Pacific Points. Until October 31st, 1902. Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, Rosland, Nelson, Trail, Robson, \$48.65 Spokane, \$46.15 Anacosta, \$45.65 Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, Salt Lake, \$45.65 San Francisco, \$49.00

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK. Shortest Line, Quickest Service. 2 Day train, daily except Sunday, each way. 1 Night train, daily each way. LYO, MONTREAL \$11.00 a.m., \$17.35 p.m. NY, NEW YORK \$6.50 p.m., \$10.00 p.m., \$7.25 a.m. Daily, Daily, except Sunday. FOR COMFORTY TRAVEL BY THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM CITY TICKET OFFICES, 127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC IMPROVED OTTAWA SERVICE. Lv. Windsor 8:45 a.m., \$9.40 a.m., \$10 a.m., \$10.40 p.m., \$12.40 p.m., \$12.25 p.m., \$14.40 a.m., \$14.40 a.m., \$15.25 a.m., \$15.45 p.m. Daily, Sundays included. \$5.00 days only. Other trains week days only. \$48.65

Pacific Coast Until October 31st, 1902, Colonist Rates from Montreal to Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, Rosland, Nelson, Trail, Robson, \$48.65 Spokane, \$46.15 Anacosta, \$45.65 Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, Salt Lake, \$45.65 San Francisco, \$49.00 Springfield, Mass. Through Coach Car. From Windsor St. 7:45 p.m. daily, except Sunday. City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 127 St. James Street, next Post Office.

diocese of Umbria who have visited Rome with the pilgrimages. Each was presented, and kissed the hand of the Holy Father. After these audiences His Holiness went to the Sistine Chapel, where the pilgrims from Umbria were assembled, directed by the Rev. Canon Mignini, of which the Bishop of Spoleto is the President.

ANOTHER GREAT PILGRIMAGE.—On Wednesday, in the Sala of the Throne, His Holiness received a pilgrimage from the archdiocese of Montevideo of about 100 persons of the best families of that city. Mgr. Lugues, Vicar-General of the archdiocese of Montevideo, representing the Archbishop, Mgr. Soler, directed the pilgrimage, with which were many students of the Colegio Pio Latino Americano, from the Republic of Uruguay, accompanied by the rector of the college, the Rev. Father Radaelis, S.J. All the pilgrims were privileged to kiss the hand of the Holy Father, who spoke to each one, and thanked all for their good wishes, and bestowed on them the Apostolic Benediction.

THE CHILDREN OF MARY.—The pilgrimage of the Children of Mary, directed by the young Countess of Ulaze de la Roche of Turin, was received by the Holy Father in the Sistine Chapel on Friday morning. There were 1,000 ladies, all of whom were dressed in white; the various societies, each with their proper standards, were from Mogliano, Rivarolo, Ligure, Frascato, San Daniele, Pignano, Segni, Rocca-Massima, Corri, and of the Convent of the Cenacolo of Rome, and the Sisters of the Via Cavour. The Holy Father, seated on the "sedia gestatoria," was borne into the Sistine Chapel about noon, and was most enthusiastically greeted. The Countess de la Roche read an address to the Holy Father, and then presented an album with 1,000 signatures of the Children of Mary from all parts of the world, and an offering from the various societies. The Holy Father replied in an affectionate address, encouraging all present to persevere in their virtuous life, and then bestowed on them the Apostolic Benediction. Then the heads of the pilgrimage were permitted to kiss the hand of His Holiness. In leaving the chapel the enthusiasm was renewed.

A REMARKABLE NUN DEAD.—On last Monday morning Sister Gabrielle Manzoldi, Superior of the Sisters of Charity at the Military Hospital on Monte Celio, departed this life, comforted by all the rites of the Church. The deceased was in her 76th year, having passed the greater part of her life with the army, and administered to the wounded soldiers at Capua and Mentana. She also spent 30 years in the military hospital in Rome, and was beloved by the religious, the officers and soldiers. Her funeral took place on Tuesday, at four o'clock p.m.—R.I. P.

THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street. SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1902.

SPECIAL VALUES IN Ladies' Suits and Skirts. Very rarely does the opportunity occur of buying under such favorable circumstances such good, well made, reliable Suits and Skirts as is being offered now. COSTUMES: Ladies' Black and Gray Serge Costumes, Jacket cut full pouch front, Skirt with separate flare, Black Satin trimmings. Worth \$9.50. Carlsley's special \$7.90. Ladies' Beaver Cloth Costumes, Gibson style, with Black Satin trimmings. Worth \$15.00. Carlsley's special \$13.50. DRESS SKIRTS: Ladies' fine Black Cloth Skirts, new gored style with slot seams. Worth \$7.50. Carlsley's special \$5.80. Ladies' fine Venetian Cloth Skirts in Black, Brown and Blue, made in new lap gored style, with yoke, trimming black and white. Worth \$15.00. Carlsley's special \$13.50.

VEST SPECIAL. Ladies' Shetland Ribbed Merino Vests, high neck and long sleeves, open front, trimmed neck. Special 24c. Ladies' Heavy Shetland Fleece Lined Vests, very elastic, soft and warm, high neck and long sleeves well finished. Special 46c. Ladies' Black Wool Equestrian Tights, opened at side, ankle length. Special \$1.00 pair. BOOT SPECIAL. Men's fine Box Calf Boots, laced with heavy extension soles, made on last of last sizes worth \$2.25. Special \$1.80. Boys' strong, heavy split leather School Boots, pegged soles, well made, sizes 8 to 11. Regular, \$1.10. Special 85c.

WAIST SPECIALS. Ladies' printed Flannellette 5 shirt Waists in Navy, Cardinal & Blue stripes and spots, fitted lining. Worth \$2.00. Carlsley's special \$1.55. Ladies' Flannel Shirt Waists in Cardinal, Navy and Blue, slit bod front, trimmed self buttons. Worth \$2.25. Carlsley's special \$1.80. TIE SPECIALS. Ladies' New Design Velvet Stock Collar, with fancy white border in range of new shades. Regular, 25c. Carlsley's special, 15 cts. Ladies' White, Soft Silk Ties, hemstitched, centre and pretty colored borders of Pink, Sky, Mauve, Cardinal and Black. Something new. Regular, 45c. Carlsley's special \$34c.

Ladies' Kid Gloves. These Gloves are made from choice selected skins, are made and finished by skilful workmen, and all specially priced. "WOODBINE" Ladies' Dressing Gloves, 2 dome fasteners, with special points and out seams, colors tan and reddish tan, 5 1/2 to 7. Regular value, \$1.15. Special \$90c. "LINCOLN" Ladies' Driving Gloves, 2 dome fasteners, with special points and out seams, colors tan and reddish tan, 5 1/2 to 7. Regular value \$1.75. Special \$1.55. "KUMPHORT" Ladies' extra quality fine Mocha Kid Gloves, soft wool lining, in medium tan shades, 2 dome fasteners, soft and pliable, sizes 6 to 8. Worth \$1.20. Special 92c.

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Addressing the student Dame University, Indiana Spalding said recently:— The aim of college education is to give us a deeper knowledge of the mind, science, of the heart, imagination. Now, if we had the power to do this, we should not be able to see the things of this kind of life; of life in the conscience, in the exalted imagination; it is properly the human mind to see, to touch—these common with the animals when we begin to think to make ourselves acquainted with history, to come out of this existence. Now, the fact that it is a difficult process so much easier to lead life; it is so much easier, light in ostentation, in delicious foods, in amusements, require hardly any education for this. In fact, all that are provided for us if we have fine clothes, and nice houses, and delicious drinks. The common sense, and he enjoys the more than the cultivated. The line of least resistance to human nature as to nature. We naturally take least resistance, go to open way; and above a are young, when the obstacles makes us feel intense good to have these things to our physical life which is dominant in our young years, our thoughts become the victims of pleasure to imagine that this is what money procures, have in splendor, in enjoyment, in pleasures.

There are two kinds of world, and always have ideals. For we all have ever vaguely we may desire however feebly we may. Our subconscious life, determined by ideals; a strict guiding us in the what the light of reason, dear desirable to us. The ideals in life, the ideal and the ideal of virtue. Now, the ideal of the majority of the multitude of but of the multitude of To have an easy life, to time, to have a delight to have all the things fascinate our senses, this of pleasure. This is those who are forever traction, who are lonely alone, who are willing anything, who are willing games, who are willing thing to get away from to get away from the Jokes, singing, wonder tones, and travel in spite this is their ideal of pleasure. Those who are control ideal necessarily, are infinitely more remain infinite is no source of strength, of elevation, no source thoughts and deeds in the loving disposition. On contrary, pleasure satisfies stroyds that discontent, yearning which is the in the ceaseless effort for a moment. I am not talking pleasures, but of what harmless pleasures. After lived this easy life, self-durance, industry and piousness seem to us to be a work is drudgery slavery. We work like ants; we do the task thinking only that it is us the means of relaxation of repose. We look upon as an opportunity to selves, never to improve which is the only meaning of the word leisure. After done the work whereby we in the moments of rest work which makes us able which gives us higher things in life,—that is meaning of the word.

Now, the ideal of the ideal of worth, of value not for the yields, but for the power to think highly and to do has value chiefly inasmuch as it to live more and grow more and more away, and thus to grow God, this is the ideal of



# The True Aim of Higher Education.

Addressing the students of Notre Dame University, Indiana, Bishop Spalding said recently:—

The aim of college education is to give us a deeper knowledge of the things of the mind, of the conscience, of the heart and of the imagination. Now, it is plain that if we had the power to see things as they are, we should not hesitate for a moment to see the excellence of this kind of life; of life in the mind, in the conscience, in the heart, in the exalted imagination; it is this that is properly the human life. To taste, to see, to touch—these we have in common with the animals. It is only when we begin to think, to reason, to make ourselves acquainted with nature and with history, that we begin to come out of this animal sort of existence. Now, the trouble is that it is a difficult process. It is so much easier to lead the common life; it is so much easier to take delight in ostentation, in display, in delicious foods, in amusements. We require hardly any education at all for this. In fact, all these things are provided for us if we have money—fine clothes and equipages, and houses, and delicious foods and drinks. The common man gets these, and he enjoys them, no doubt, more than the cultivated and noble. The line of least resistance applies to human nature as to physical nature. We naturally take the line of least resistance, go in the broad, open way; and above all when we are young, when the ebullient blood makes us feel intensely that it is good to have these things ministered to our physical life which is predominant in our young years; and so our thoughts become warped. We become the victims of prejudice, and begin to imagine that the best of life is what money procures, is what we have in splendor, in magnificence, in enjoyment, in pleasures.

There are two kinds of men in the world, and always have been—two ideals. For we all have ideals, however vaguely we may discern them, however feebly we may grasp them. Our subconscious life, even, is determined by ideals; a sort of instinct guiding us in the direction of what the light of reason makes appear desirable to us. There are two ideals in life, the ideal of pleasure and the ideal of virtue or power. Now, the ideal of the multitude; not only of the multitude of the young, but of the multitude of the mature. To have an easy life, to have a good time, to have a delightful existence, to have all the things that most fascinate our senses, this is the ideal of pleasure. This is the ideal of those who are forever seeking distraction, who are lonely if left alone, who are willing to talk on anything, who are willing to play games, who are willing to do anything to get away from themselves, to get away from their thoughts, jokes, singing, wonderful exhibitions, and travel in strange worlds, this is their ideal of pleasure.

Those who are controlled by this ideal necessarily are inferior, and must forever remain inferior. There is no source of strength, no source of elevation, no source of noble thoughts and deeds in the pleasure-loving disposition. On the contrary, pleasure satisfies us; it destroys that discontent, that upward yearning which is the inner impulse, the ceaseless effort for self-improvement. I am not talking of guilty pleasures, but of what are called harmless pleasures. After we have lived this easy life, self-denial, endurance, industry and persistent laboriousness seem to us to be impossible. Work is drudgery, work is slavery. We work like hired servants; we do the task unwillingly, thinking only that it will procure us the means of relaxation, of rest, of repose. We look upon our leisure as an opportunity to enjoy ourselves, never to improve ourselves, which is the only meaning properly of the word leisure. After we have done the work whereby we live, then in the moments of rest to do the work which makes us able to live, which gives us higher and nobler things in life—that is the true meaning of the word.

Now, the ideal of the educator is the ideal of worth, of power. Life has value not for the pleasure it yields, but for the power it gives us to think highly and to do nobly. Life has value chiefly inasmuch as it enables us to live more and more, to grow more and more capable every day, and thus to grow more like to God; this is the ideal of virtue or

power. It appeals to few who have not through long effort schooled themselves to understand its worth.

This is what our Lord often insists upon, saying that the kingdom of heaven is here among us; and He compares the kingdom of heaven to a marriage feast, the great feast that the kind father prepares for his son, and he invites the guests and they make excuses. You know the excuses; they have a farm to look after; they have a wife to take care of; they have bought this or that and must go and see to it. This is the picture of the life of all human beings; they make excuses. They have no time for real being; they have no time not only for religion but even for the higher life of the intellect and the imagination. See how full of truth and beauty nature is; and yet there are millions who pass across the stage of life and know nothing of it all. There is God's feast spread before us, and we, like the barbarian, like the savage, go through life eating and drinking and displaying our earthly advantages; and all that feast of reason, that world of beauty and truth and goodness and power and endurance is for us as though it were not at all. We miss the best of life.

Forever we devote our attention to gaining a livelihood. We envy those who have succeeded in amassing money, and we forget that the real secret of the higher kind of life does not lie in the things we possess. A few things are really enough. One of the great advantages that ought to result from a college education is the conviction that we can live contented with little, that a little suffices. A little in end is all that any of us make use of; a little food, a little clothing, a small room; a few things. Now, if we learn to understand that it can be well with us, having a few things only and these things not expensive, then we will not feel the need of devoting all our ability, all our energies, all our lives, to accumulating money.

When we look back we do not look with any great satisfaction on our pleasures, on our games and pastimes; but we look with pleasure on whatever has made us stronger, wiser, freer, more at home in God's universe. It is the desire to implant this faith deeply in you that causes men to give their whole lives to the work of college, to the work of teaching. It is this desire that makes them feel that they are doing divine work, God's own work. They feel that physical life exists for rational life, and that rational life exists for spiritual life. And if you could bring out all that there is in a man you would make him like unto God's angels, like unto God Himself; make him a free being, who, if he became numerous enough, would transform the whole earth and make it a kingdom of God here amongst us. In the degree in which we shall be able to inspire multitudes of our young men with the worth of intellectual excellence, of character, of mental training, of discipline, in that degree we work for the good and honor of our country. There is no need really to encourage the things that make for material progress. All the world is working for what is useful; more and more we cultivate the soil with greater and greater success; more and more we develop resources; more and more wealth accumulates. In the end all men are working for those things which nourish our lower nature and not the things which create and rule the human kind of existence. This is what the college is aiming to do, above all the Catholic college.

It is not so much the intellectual life as it is the moral life that makes us human; it is the life of moral excellence; it is conscience which is good, which is virtue, which is holiness. This then is the aim of our college education, to implant deeply in the hearts of our pupils the conviction that moral failure is true failure. To make a young man feel, for instance, that a liar, a blasphemer, a thief, a lecher, is a vulgar man, a plebeian. An educated man should never be a plebeian. The idea of college education is that he who has received it really is a gentleman. His father may have been a slave, a pauper; he may have worked under as hard conditions as the poor miners in the anthracite regions; once you have given that boy a college education in the true sense of the word, you have made a gentleman of him, and the whole world will accept him as a gentleman. Knowledge makes the

gentleman, the free mind, the intelligent mind, makes the gentleman. This, I say, and yet I say that the liar, the blasphemer, the thief, is not a gentleman. He is a vulgar man, a plebeian. Now if this be so, unless we succeed in inspiring you with a living desire to cultivate your moral nature,—however much we may stimulate you in the things of the mind—we fail. It is infinitely better to have an intense yearning for moral excellence than for intellectual eminence; there is no question of it. Nearly all our failures come from lack of morality, lack of virtue, lack of power. The highest kind of power is moral power. I know that intellectual power does miracles, but in the end, moral power is the supreme power.

# The Pope And Ireland.

His Holiness the Pope has addressed the following autograph letter to Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, chief whip of the Irish Parliamentary Party, in acknowledgment of the address of congratulation sent to him by the Irish National members of the British Parliament on the occasion of his pontifical jubilee:—

"To Our Dear Son, Thomas Grattan Esmonde, First Whip of the Irish Party.—The Sons of Patrick, who from time immemorial have been so desirous of testifying their devotion to the Holy See, could not fail during the year of our Pontifical jubilee to join their voice in the magnificent concert of felicitations and good wishes which come to us from even the most distant regions. The welcome we have given you at the Vatican has enabled you to realize how great is the good will we have in our heart for our dear Irish children.

"But it is not enough for us that you should merely be the verbal though faithful reporter of our sentiments toward your nation. We wish to repeat by this letter how agreeable to us has been the mission with which you have been entrusted, and we hereby renew to those whom you represent and to yourself assurance of our paternal good will by giving them from our heart the Apostolic benediction."

In transmitting the Papal letter Cardinal Rampola wrote:—

"Honorable Sir,—The Holy Father has thus early desired to address a letter to you to give you testimony of the satisfaction caused him by the homage you have renewed to him in the name of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Herewith I have the pleasure of remitting to you a Papal document which will give cause for rejoicing to those who have entrusted you with the noble mission of representing them. At the same time I take the opportunity to assure you, sir, of my high esteem."

# Notes of St. Laurent College.

On the 25th of September, St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Association of St. Laurent College assembled, and elected the officers for the scholastic year 1902-03. The results of that election are as follows: Mr. Michael Dogherty, president; Alexander Cahill, vice-president; Mr. David Loughran, recording secretary; John Dineen, corresponding secretary; Aloysius McGarry, treasurer; and Timothy McDonnell, librarian. The vote for president was unanimous in favor of Mr. Dogherty. There was a lively contest for nearly every other office, some of them even requiring three ballots for a decision. The election on the whole was a very satisfactory one to everybody, and the Rev. Father McGarry, President of the College and moderator of the Society for years, appeared to be very much pleased with the result.

Sunday evening, October 12th, the members, together with a number of invited guests, and a large body of non-members, with hearts filled with joyous expectation, assembled in the beautiful and spacious theatre of the college to witness the thirty-fifth initial meeting of St. Patrick's Literary Association. The Faculty of the college were present as the invited guests. Whilst those in the audience were seating themselves, the college orchestra, under the masterful guidance of Rev. Father Clement, discoursed some excellent music. Then the following programme was presented:—

Overture, orchestra.  
Address, The President.  
Selection, piano solo, August Cota.

Essay, the Mutability of Earthly Things, W. E. McDonagh.  
Declamation, "The Exile's Return," F. Hinchey.  
Song, "The New Born King," A. McGarry.  
Declamation, Our Paramount Alliance, Geo. Kane.  
After the overture played by the orchestra, the curtain rose amid a thunder of applause, disclosing to the delighted audience a stage artistically and French flags, and tastefully set off with a profusion of plants and flowers. When the applause had subsided, the President came forward, and delivered an elaborate address, in which he set forth the aims and hopes of the society in a very able and elegant manner. Too much credit cannot be given the other gentlemen for the manner in which they acquitted themselves of their respective parts. Each and every one of them put their heart and soul into their efforts, and the result was that the evening's performance was a very creditable one, no matter in what light it was viewed. Every Sunday evening a like performance is given, and as the President himself said in the opening address, "It is to be hoped that each succeeding meeting will, by far, surpass the first."

D. P. L.

# The Veterans to Help The Sailors' Club.

The Imperial Army and Navy Veterans' Association will give a concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club on Wednesday, 12th November, 1902, at 8 p.m. The fine and drum band of the corps will perform several selections. There will be singing, dancing and recitations. Some sailors of the ships in the harbor will also assist. Capt. G. H. Matthews will act as chairman. The committee have decided not to increase the admission fee which remains at 10 cents, and can be paid at the door. Tickets will not be issued.

# SAVE THE BABY.

A Mother Tells How Many a Threatened Life May be Preserved.

To the loving mother no expense is too great, no labor too severe, if it will preserve the health of her little one. Childish ills are generally simple, but so light is baby's hold on life that it is often a knowledge of the right thing to do that turns the tide at a crisis. And in baby's illness every crisis is a critical one. "I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets would save many a dear little life," writes Mrs. P. B. Bickford, of Glen Sutton, Que.: "I take pleasure in certifying to the merits of these Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion at teething time, and was cross and restless. The use of Baby's Own Tablets made a wonderful change, and I am glad to recommend them to others." Mothers who use these Tablets never afterward resort to harsh purgatives that grip and torture baby, nor to the so-called "soothing" preparations that often contain poisonous opiates. Baby's Own Tablets are pleasant to take, guaranteed to be harmless. Send 25 cents for a full-sized box to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., if your druggist does not sell them.

It should be pointed out to children with continual earnestness that the essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence. And all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived because the deception was by gesture or silence instead of utterance; and finally, according to Tennyson's deep and trenchant line, "A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

# Old - Time Reminiscences.

(By a Special Correspondent.)

It is quite possible that the name of Partridge is unknown to all who read these columns. I once heard the Abenakis term for Partridge, but I have forgotten it. However, such was the name of an Indian who hunted on the Upper Ottawa and its tributaries in the years that are gone. May be he is still alive; I would not be at all surprised. When last I saw him he was about thirty-five years old, and that is exactly twenty years ago next January. My personal acquaintance with Partridge was not very extensive, but it was sufficient to make me believe any story, no matter how extravagant, that might be told about him. He was a kind of genius in his own way. Of books he knew nothing, and cared less; but he had native talent of a very high order. Above all was he an adept in the tricks. Had his life been cast in other centres he would have possibly proved a success as a professional juggler. Decidedly he possessed many of the qualities of an actor, and I think he might have been a "star," although one of minor magnitude, had he gone on the stage. But these are all speculations; what he really was is what most concerns us. His life was passed in the woods, and when not hunting he was engaged by lumber firms to explore and report on timber limits. His exploration was always thorough, and his reports were always verbal—but most minutely exact. He did not know how to write, but he had a tremendously retentive memory. There was only one great weakness in Partridge's make-up, and that was his inordinate love of "fire water."

Honest to the extreme in all his dealings, yet he would stop at no device to secure a supply of whiskey. He did not always possess the ready cash, nor even its equivalent in furs, and he sometimes had to have recourse to trickery. But it must be said, to his credit, that he was never known to have neglected eventually paying that which he owed. It might be a year, or two, before he would have the means of settling the account; but some day or other he was sure to settle it more than can be said of many a civilized gentleman in this business world.

On the occasion of my first meeting Partridge I was amused with the manner in which he got out of a difficulty. I met him at Cahill's stopping place on the Black River. During the previous autumn the Indian had set out for a prolonged hunt up the Black River and the Dumoine. He wanted to get a few gallons of highwines, but had not a cent to pay for the liquor. About sundown, one evening, he landed at Mr. Cahill's place. After having supper, and a supply of food, he asked for two gallons of highwines. Being told that he would have to pay for it, he made reply that he was ready to do so. Mr. Cahill measured out the liquor; Partridge filled his tin can, and made ready to start. "What about the pay?" asked Mr. Cahill.

The Indian nodded and asked: "You know second hill above Germain's, near big bay in Lake St. Patrick?" "Yes." "Well; you know two pine trees on that hill?" "I do." "Then, you know birch tree behind the two pine trees?" "Yes." "Now; you go there and you find deer hanging on birch tree; I give him to you."

"All right," was Mr. Cahill's reply. The Indian went away with his supply of highwines. Next morning Mr. Cahill travelled three miles up to the hill in question. When he came to the birch tree he was surprised to find that there was no deer there. You can easily imagine his vexation. Not only the loss of his highwines; but the fool's errand upon which he had tramped, sufficed to make him use language more graphic than polite.

It was not until the following summer that Partridge came back by way of the Black River road, I happened to be at Cahill's when he came in. I will long remember the scene. It is a pity that the reader could not have been present. No pen could describe it. It was one of the finest pieces of histrionic work that it has ever been my lot to witness. I need not tell of Mr. Cahill's fury and long pent-up indignation; nor need I attempt to picture the Indian's perfectly feigned astonishment. The dialogue ran somewhat as follows:—

"You confounded thief," said Mr. Cahill, "how dare you show your face here again?" "Me cannot hide me face," said Partridge; "me come here see you, me must bring me face also." "You robbed me of my highwines," roared Cahill. "No," was the calm answer, "you sold me h'ghwines, me pay you." "You lie," said Cahill, "you told me to go get a deer you had killed and had left on a birch tree, and I went, and....." "And you find deer gone, eh?" broke in the Indian.

"The deer was never there," said Cahill. "Who told you that?" asked the Indian. This was a puzzler. By this time Cahill was roaring mad, while Partridge only grew calmer in the inverse ratio. "You told a cursed lie," shouted Cahill. "Well," said Partridge, "sit down, and we will soon see that," and without any invitation he took a seat and prepared to quietly argue the matter. Partridge slowly filled his pipe, lit it, and took half a dozen whiffs, before he gave any sign of being ready to continue the debate. Meanwhile Cahill was fuming and aching to have an explanation. At last the Indian seemed satisfied that he had conserved his dignity sufficiently long, so he addressed the other man.

"You say that you go look for pay for highwines up at the hill near Germain's?" "I did," said Cahill. "You find the hill, at end of big bay, on Lake St. Patrick?" "Yes." "You find two pine trees there?" "Yes." "You find one birch tree behind the two pine trees?" "Yes, yes." "You not find deer hanging on birch tree?" "No, I did not."

"Well, you see, me tell three truths and only one lie; that not bad percentage for poor ignorant Indian." It would be absolutely impossible to reproduce on paper the snorting shout with which Cahill greeted this last statement. Yet the Indian sat unmoved. After leaving sufficient time for the explosion of anger to pass away, Partridge slowly arose, extended his hand, which contained some dollar bills, and calmly said:—

"Suppose some bad Indian stole deer from birch tree before you get there; suppose deer never on birch tree; suppose deer in woods still; me pay now for highwines, and me pay cost of your walk to find deer that was not there."

This settled the whole affair. In a few moments Cahill and Partridge were as good friends as if nothing had ever occurred to set them at enmity with each other. I have heard hundreds of stories about Partridge, but this is the only one for which I can vouch.

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Take your vase of Venice glass out of the furnace and strew chaff over it in its transparent heat, and recover that to its clearness and rubied glory when the north wind has blown upon it; but do not think to strew chaff over the child fresh from God's presence and to bring the Heavenly colors back to him—at least in this world.

It does not follow that people forget because they cease to mourn as one refusing to be comforted. Remembrance may live under smiles as well as under tears. Indeed, the truest, the sweetest, and the deepest hearts are those which remember in this way—which, with a cheerful spirit, go to meet all fair and pleasant gifts of God, and yet carry in sunshine or in shadow the tender memory of some buried past.

# A PRINCELY MEMORIAL.

In remembrance of her daughter Anna, Mrs. Algernon D. Jarvis intends to spend the sum of \$20,000 in redecorating the interior of St. John's Catholic Church at White Plains, which was built by the late Mrs. Natalie Reynal at an expense of \$200,000. The daughter died last year a few days after she became the bride of D. S. McElroy, a prominent New Yorker. Her mother, who is a widow with a fortune of nearly \$1,000,000, last winter gave to St. Agnès's Roman Catholic Church in this city a statue in memory of the young woman. The decorating will be done by Italian artists. The design is very elaborate.

THE IDEAL KNIGHT.

THE following eloquent address was delivered by the Rev. Albert Reinhart, O.P., at a banquet of the Knights of Columbus, at Zanesville, Ohio:

The idea of knighthood contains the idea of championing those that are in distress; it contains the idea of courage and power, of unselfishness and of high purpose. But over and above all, and shining upon all as a consecrating light, it contains the idea of personal purity. In making the analysis of this idea of knighthood, we are struck by the immense requirement needed for its perfect expression, and immediately there comes the question, was there ever a man who united in himself all of these qualifications, these virtues in such degree as to warrant us in holding him forth as the ideal knight?

Looking back upon the great procession of the human family, we see here and there mighty giants standing up like towers upon some far-reaching fortress. They are all splendid figures, full of majesty, of power, and in their day and ever since have shed a quickening influence for all that is good and noble. Even at the mention of their names the eye kindles, the breast swells and there is born in every one worthy of the name of man, a desire and a resolve to live as they lived, to fight as they fought, to suffer as they suffered and to die as they died. We see them armed to the teeth, with buckler and sword and plumed helmet, we see them shorn or every weapon, clad in gowns of coarse wool, their feet unshod, their hands clasped in prayer, but whether they be armed or unarmed, they stand there in their giant strength, eloquent witnesses of the possibilities of human achievement. Human nature was wounded in the fall — ah, yes, woefully so, but since we have had a St. Louis, a Godfrey de Bouillon, a Charles Martel, since we have been blessed with a St. Benedict, a St. Bernard, a St. Dominic, a St. Francis, a St. Ignatius, and in later times with Lacordaire, Montalembert and Ozanam, and the Count de Mun, we know that man, wounded through he be, need not crawl in the dust; he is still the paragon of animals, the image of his Maker. His pinions may be bedraggled, but there is ever the full stream of that all-cleansing grace flowing upon them, and so they become strong and white and he can spread them to soar to the highest heights. How measureless seem the heights to which they have attained who availed themselves, wisely and fully, of that unspeakable help. We are ravished with the beauty of their lives. We feel our souls burning within us when we contemplate the vast range of their achievement. Born of their success there comes to us the resolution to do as they did, and presently we find ourselves shaping our lives to conform to theirs.

Encouraged by their shining example we begin to throw all our energies into the channel that will lead to the attainment of the end for which we were created—the possession of that only perfect happiness which comes with the contemplation of the very essence of the Uncreated Beauty. In each of them we find the elements that go to make up the knightly character. There was in all of them the chivalric spirit that loves to do and dare for those that are in need—for those that are weak and defenseless. They were possessed of courage, of dauntless courage and of that strength which is ever begotten by courage. They were unselfish, for personal gain was shut out of view, nor was personal loss allowed to paralyze their efforts. Their purpose was high: "God wills it," was the cry of those who lived even before the days of the Crusades. Their lives were pure, for they knew full well how noxious to their Master were the fumes of uncleanness and so they were knights in the truest sense. For knighthood does not confine itself to the riding in tournaments, to the dextrous wielding of sword and spear, to the wearing upon the coat of mail the embroidered sleeve of some fair lady sighing in the watch-tower and straining her eyes to note the return of her hero with his brows bound with victor's wreaths—all this is very picturesque and beautiful indeed and if

the intention be pure will serve to express one phase of knighthood.

But there have been knightly hearts that never beat beneath a coat of mail; knightly hearts that never poured forth sighs and vows of love to any of the daughters of Eve. There have been knightly hearts that were enlisted in the great warfare which the emissaries of Satan are waging against man; hearts that lived and throbbed and had their being in the one great desire to rid themselves of the inherited dross and to stand between God and the insults which are offered to Him by a sin-ridden world. In their lives do we, indeed, find an approach to the ideal knightly spirit. Yet it was but an approach, for the full realization of this spirit was found only in One, One who came a veritable benediction to the sons of man: One whose every thought, whose every word, whose every deed was pure, perfect, divine; One whose beauty appeared to the prophetic vision of Isaiah when he sang, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this Beautiful One in His robe, walking in the greatness of His strength?" And the answer comes, "I that speak justice and am a Defender of same." One who was all charity, all courage, all power, all unselfishness, all purity, and that one was our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. He, indeed, was the very epitome of all the elements of knighthood—the measure of perfection and the full stature of the greatness of the knightly spirit. All the others, bright and admirable though they were, were but the merest reflection of His splendor. They were like so many fragments of mirror glass reflecting the light of the sun. Whatever was good in them was but a suggestion of His goodness.

The very quintessence of chivalry is found in the idea of the Incarnation. Fancy the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost assembled in the indescribable splendor of their heavenly home. Rolling in space, swiftly, unerringly, were the countless spheres of the universe, the creation of the Omnipotence of the Godhead. On one of these, one of the smallest, there was a creature fashioned according to the image and likeness of the Creator—a creature with the divine spark, an immortal soul within him. The earth was given to him as his abode. The earth, teeming with vegetation and alive with beasts of every kind. With birds that flashed their brilliant plumage athwart the sky and made the air tremulous with their song; with fishes that swam in the cool depths of brook and stream and sea. Everything was made to minister unto him; everything was his servant. And all this without desert on his part. He was the pampered, petted child of an infinitely loving Father, a Father who placed but one restriction upon him, who asked but one act of obedience as a show of gratitude. And this one act of obedience was refused. It was as if he smote that Father in the face, for he heeded the suggestion of the arch-fiend. He disobeyed his God and the great sin was committed. Then there were born in the world, misery, want, sickness, death, ills countless as the stars sprang into being. The passions of man ran riot like wild, unchecked coursers, and he who was fashioned according to the image and likeness of his Creator; he who was the crowning glory of creation, stood before his God defiled, polluted by the mire of sin. The bars of heaven flew out. The end for which he had been created was rendered impossible of accomplishment, and life, while it lasted, was to yield in all fullness a harvest of thorns and thistles. O miserable man! O wretched state!

And now go back to the council of the Trinity. See them there—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Hear the words that fall from the merciful lips of the Son, "Let us not desert him. He is, indeed, the ungrateful creature of our power, but we have fashioned him according to Our image and likeness. I will take upon Myself the form and nature of man; I will assume his guilt; I will become obedient unto death, even unto the death of the Cross." And you know how in the fulness of time "The Word became flesh and dwelt amongst us." You know the story of His birth in the cave, in the chalk hills of Judea, you know of His sweet and gracious life of three and thirty years; you know of His harrowing death on the Cross. Here was the very flower of the spirit of chivalry. Here was the refinement of all that is knightly. Here was the relief of those groaning in misery; here were courage and strength; here were unselfishness and purity undefiled and all, all offered for the highest and noblest aim. No wonder that the world has been recreated by His coming. No wonder that His example has been the stimulus to the highest endeavor. No wonder that

the Cross, once the badge of shame, has become on his escutcheon the symbol of glory.

And so, gentlemen, you will know where to find the type of a perfect knight. I take it you are anxious to do the higher and better things of life. Your membership of this organization is an earnest of that desire. Indeed, the Knights of Columbus exist, to-day, because of the strength and prevalence of that desire. And therefore should you all say with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, "Let us, who are of the day, be sober, having on the breastplate of faith and charity and for a helmet the hope of salvation." And thus panoplied, go forth in the name of God, following the bleeding feet of Him, Whom even the apostate Renan called "the purest, the holiest, the wisest, the grandest man that ever walked the earth."

Go forth in charity, in courage, in strength, in unselfishness, in purity and you will, surely, scatter benedictions in your way, and the world will be better for your coming.

A PAROCHIAL CENSUS.

THE Augustinian, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, of St. Augustine's parish, in that township, publishes the following parochial census, which will be read with interest in many other parishes nearer home.

The entire number of families in the parish good, bad and indifferent is 549; the number of souls are 2,420; number of single persons not under the care of their parents, 187; the ages range as follows: From one to six, 283; from six to sixteen, 652; from sixteen to twenty-five, 388; from twenty-five to fifty, 799; over fifty, 259; over seventy, 65; there are 11 grown people in the parish who have not made their First Communion; there are 13 who have not been baptized; there will be 51 candidates for the next confirmation; there are 226 who failed to make their Easter Communion, and there were 33 married outside of the church since the last census.

We have in the parish 185 mixed marriages. There are 897 children of the city attending the Catholic school; there are 68 children within the city limits attending the public school and 42 outside the city attending the district schools. Only 273 families rent pews, (such only can be considered as practical Catholics), contributing their regular share towards the support of the church. The number of families and single persons, contributing towards the monthly collection is 353, or in other words there are 174 families and 154 single persons in the parish who contribute nothing whatever, towards the support of the church or school. There are 158 Catholics in the insane asylum, 385 families have Bibles, nearly all of these families have a greater or less number of Catholic books and several have Catholic libraries.

There are 125 families who take Catholic papers, and periodicals in the parish, aside from the Augustinian. During the past year only two delinquent subscribers have paid back dues. There is a membership of over 1,000 in the different church societies. This does not include the Scapular, or Rosary Society, these societies numbering nearly the entire parish, 59 persons report themselves as members of the C.M.R.A.; 45 as C.K.L. of A. and 2 L.C.B.A.; 51 members reported themselves as members of the German Aid Society. We regret to learn of so many of our people belonging to quasi-secret societies, which, although not condemned outright by the church, may be, any day. They are as follows: Maccabees 54, Woodmen, 32; Royal Arcanum, 4; Elks, 8; Forresters, 1; Ben Hur, 1; other societies, 28. The number of nominal Catholics belonging to condemned secret societies, 10. Number of G. A. R. men in the parish, 4. More than three-fourths of our people have homes of their own. About one-half of the parish live in the first and second wards. There are 56 families of farmers outside of Kalamazoo township. There are 19 families that use the German language in their homes; 1 French; 4 Italian; 6 Hollanders, thus showing that nearly the entire parish are Americans, and seldom use other languages but English.

From the above statistics will be seen the exact statement of the parish at the beginning of this month. It is the result of the arduous work of the priests engaged with this duty during the past few months.

IRISH CATHOLIC GENEROSITY.

CARDINAL Moran, of Sydney, recently laid the cornerstone for a new chapel at Callan, Ireland, and in the course of his address spoke of the devotion and generosity of the Irish Catholics of Ireland. He said, among other things:

"We see the whole people quickened by a fervent spirit which, with difficulty, could anywhere be surpassed. It is true, genuine, solid Catholic devotion, extending to all parts of the country, and, in full accordance with it, the people are earnest in prayer, abounding in charity, and keeping faithfully the Divine commandments. Then, we see the whole country studded with beautiful cathedrals and churches. Need I recall to mind the sad condition of the sacred edifices at the beginning of the century? Many of the penal laws regarding the churches were still in force. No Catholic Church could have a steeple, no chapel even could have a bell attached to it. It was only in the back lanes and other out of the way places the chapels of Catholic worship were to be sought for. Now every diocese has its stately cathedral, and many of these religious edifices are such architectural monuments and occupy such magnificent sites that they would adorn the most prominent seas in Christendom.

"Take, for instance, the Armagh Cathedral, which has cost £250,000, the Queenstown Cathedral, a gem of ecclesiastical art, and so on of Letterkenny and Longford, of Carlow, Kilkenny and Monaghan, and the other cathedral churches, each having its distinctive merits, and all of them erected within the century. What shall I say of the two thousand parochial churches and the churches of the various religious orders? Many of these sacred edifices rival the cathedrals in stateliness and grandeur, and many in their equipment and ornamentation could with difficulty be surpassed. It is no exaggeration to say that all these have been built within the century, and all are the outcome of the boundless generosity of the faithful people of Erin.

"And the countless schools with which the whole country is studded are no less remarkable than the churches. It was in the hedge schools that our grandfathers had to receive their lessons. In penal times there was a price on the head of a Catholic schoolmaster. It was penal for a Catholic to teach in a school, penal for a Catholic parent to send his child for instruction to a Catholic teacher. Now, under the national system alone, there are almost six thousand fully equipped schools throughout the various dioceses under Catholic teachers and Catholic management."

A CRY FOR HELP.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

Amongst many pitiful stories, which are told from time to time is that of a poor missionary in the North-West, the Rev. F. Broeck, O. M. I., at St. Patrick's Orphanage, in the far North-West. This good priest has a considerable number of orphans entrusted to him and absolutely no means of supporting them. The diocese of Prince Albert is poor, remote and the people who compose its population, miserably poor. Last Christmas Eve, the good Father told me on the occasion of a visit to Montreal, twelve sturdy boys arrived begging to be taken in. There were absolutely no beds, provisions were at a very low ebb, but the boys had just arrived in the country, and said they would be frozen and die by the way, if he could not

give them shelter. So there they remained for the rest of the winter. The cold in that region may be imagined—and the scanty store of provisions had to be shared with them. A repulsive disease sometimes incidental to the climate, broke out amongst the boys and the missionary with the one lay brother, had to personally care for them. He wrote thousands of letters, appealing for ever so little help. Almost all remained unanswered.

He undertook a journey across the ocean to his native Germany, his expenses being paid by his aged parents, hoping to collect funds. But the government regulations absolutely forbid collecting for foreign purposes. While there he learned that floods had destroyed his little bit of farm, and he wrote to the present writer with "tear dimmed eyes and bleeding heart." He has now returned to his post to find a gloomy prospect, indeed, his crops destroyed, no means of support at hand, and he is expected to take in 60 to 100 orphans more this coming spring.

It is, moreover, becoming urgently necessary to have a separate house for the girls, as they are growing too big to remain in the house with the boys, and where they can be cared for by the sisters. A small dwelling for them and the purchase of some farm land to support both institutions and keep the boys busy is Father Broeck's brightest ambition, but all this would cost \$5,000. Meantime, even the most trifling amounts are of the greatest help to him, in feeding the helpless ones and protecting them against the rigors of the climate. "Oh," he said, "if the rich only knew how every little helps us, I know, they are persecuted on all sides, by those needing help, but if only some would come to our aid."

I thought as I sat and listened to his simple account of almost incredible hardships endured, minimizing his own share in it all, and cheerful, smiling as a boy, only anxious to get back to his arduous post in those bleak wilds, how little it would be to unloose purse strings and give this brave soldier of Christ, out of the abundance what would enable him to do so much more for those helpless children, either white or half-breeds, entrusted to his care.

Calls in every direction are many and pressing. In our very midst, the needs are urgent, but if any who read, can spare anything, let them send it, in the name of Him who promises to reward a cup of cold water, to Rev. Father Broeck, O. M. I., St. Patrick's Orphanage, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, N.W.T.

THE LAST SACRAMENTS IN THE SANCTUARY.

Dr. G—n was one of the old school of medical practitioners, and he had an extensive practice in the country districts of one of the States of the Middle South. He was devoted to his profession as a priest is to the welfare of souls. His services were at the command of the poor at any time during the day or night, and frequently when called to a home of the very poor he would stop at the grocer's and the butcher's on the way in order to carry to the sick bed the nourishment which he knew was more necessary than the remedies from his medicine chest. He was well known over a wide stretch of country, and when he drove into a farm-yard his coming was hailed as an angel's visit.

The good doctor had been brought up a Protestant, but had never associated himself with any of the sects; and why should he? for, as he argued, none of them have any claim to be of God, but are mere human societies among which there is no choice and no authority. Protestantism did not appeal to him at all, and as there were no Catholics in his town or in the country, or in fact in any of the neighboring counties, he knew but little of the Church of God. In time he came to doubt even the existence of God and the immortality of his soul; for if there were a God, he argued, why did not he reveal himself to his creatures? Manifestly none of these sects was divine. Sometimes he thought of the Catholic Church, of which in his few leisure moments he had read, and more it was impressed upon him that if there was any real religion it was that, and the Catholic Church

gion became his argument for the existence of God.

But he was a busy man with his poor sick, whom he served faithfully, and time went on until the doctor himself fell sick, and then a still, small voice within told him he must settle the affairs of his soul. It occurred to him to send for a priest. This special grace was probably the answer to the prayers of the poor who had so frequently said "God bless him!"

He requested his wife and daughter to ask Father D—n to pay him a visit, but they, thinking that he wanted to become a Catholic, flatly refused to do so, and even mocked him, for they were ashamed of what the world would say.

The rumor reached the priest, however, that Dr. G—n wanted to see him, and putting everything else aside he made a journey of 130 miles to see him, only to be refused admittance. Day after day the doctor begged his wife and daughter with tears running down his cheeks, but it was always a refusal.

The priest, thinking of the old man who could not come to him and whom he was not permitted to see, was prompted to write to the daughter a very strong letter telling her of her duty. The letter was found offensive and insulting, so that she sent it to her brother, a physician in one of our large cities. The brother, however, viewed it in a different light. He visited his father, and there was a scene in the family. The son, in his larger experience, believed that the last wishes of his father should be gratified. He took matters in his own hands, and in order that his father should see the priest in peace, he picked him up as he was in his rolling chair, placed all in the baggage car and started off to the nearest church.

It was a joyful procession when the town was reached where there was a church, and the old man was wheeled along the street crying out along his thanks to God and telling those who had charge of him to hurry. Passers-by thought it a strange sight, and it was strange. When the old gentleman reached the church where the chair was rolled into the sanctuary, there the doctor made his profession of faith, received his First Communion as Viaticum.

And such a profession of faith as he made when he again was wheeled up the street! He spoke it out loud to every one he met, to the Protestants who knew him and stopped to shake hands with him, to the strangers to whom he was pointed out. His face was radiant with happiness as he called upon all to witness that now he was a Catholic and had the one and only Faith.

Though this happened six weeks ago the good old doctor is not dead yet, and a few days ago, as the wife had so far relented as to admit the priest again, the fervent convert had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion.

He has not long to live, however, and the good son has promised him that when he dies he shall have Catholic burial.

The son is not a Catholic, but God will surely reward him as he has rewarded the father for his good deeds.—The Missionary.

A UNIQUE ROSARY.

Some years ago, on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Cummins, St. Mary's Church, Syracuse, was wired for electric chandeliers, installed through the generosity of Mr. Cummins. A second, an unique and elaborate gift, has now been made St. Mary's by Mr. Cummins. It is an electric rosary nine feet high.

The rosary is a beautiful adornment to the church. It hangs above the altar of the Blessed Virgin on the right side of the chancel. It is a heart outlined with white lights, interrupted at each ten by a red light. From the apex, through the centre of the heart, is a string of lights, supporting a smaller heart and a cross. The medal and crucifix are in green lights, and the connecting chain in red, with every tenth light in the larger heart of red. The rosary was lighted for the first time at the services held in honor of Our Lady, and the effect was much admired, and the donor's ingenuity and generosity generally commended upon.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The first Mass said by Farley after his receipt of brief announcing his appointment as Archbishop of New York St. Peter's Church, New York, was in this church. It was in this church years ago that he said his first Mass. He went to New Brighton Bay on a stormy evening, and during

He was eight did not look the uniform made him a child, in the continent the time gaze way out of seemed to nee of the passe so, but as th only to embel let him alone He had been month-six m him like a h it was all o home, or rat Magdala Ba southern Ca ther and mot tage for the When his n good-bye at at the Point wrapped up dreams, which duation dress of a comm But they dic dreams. The day, until he spair—and no in disgrace. Cadet Fran ed "sick leav pending action was a matter knew it. He tary academy whole world it seemed s gers on the o have some in ductor, the P rough people stations wh seemed to ha song sent u rails as the the Pacific he an accusing v derision, "Cov And still he thought was could not und thing must be with hint or more he thou the past six zled he was. had lived in at the injust down in his l was not a cov The one con was in the th would underst —who had be who had show than once on proved of his that he woul ashamed. As yet he h rents anything did not know which he had per-class men everything in But now he he had to ma He intended to challenge which an upper-class in consequence been shunned, claimed a cow ets.

It had taken courage to re per-class man. unprompted—the reason why C a battle with against whom and to whom slightest offens refused to fight ance, they had but still he d challenge, and gan which end academy. He hopelessly und arctic, trying with the fortit but the end s nights of wor health, he fell

# THE BRAVEEST OF ALL.

He was eighteen years old, but he did not look more than fifteen, and the uniform of a West Point cadet made him look younger still, a mere child, in fact. On the trip across the continent he had spent most of the time gazing in a dull, apathetic way out of the car window. He seemed to need cheering up, and some of the passengers had tried to do so, but as their efforts had served only to embarrass the boy they let him alone, and he was glad of it. He had been at West Point for six months—six months which seemed to him like a hideous nightmare. Now it was all over and he was going home, or rather he was going to Magdala Bay, on the coast of southern California, where his father and mother had rented a cottage for the winter.

When his mother had kissed him good-bye at the steamboat landing at the Point six months ago he was wrapped up in dreams, glorious dreams, which culminated in a graduation dress parade and the receipt of a commission in the engineers. But they did not last long, these dreams. They melted away day by day, until hope gave place to despair—and now he was going home in disgrace.

Cadet Francis Kern has been granted "sick leave" for three months, pending action on his case. All this was a matter of red tape, and he knew it. He was leaving the military academy, he knew, forever. The whole world knew his story, at least it seemed so to him. The passengers on the overland train seemed to have some inkling of it. The conductor, the Pullman porter, even the rough people who gathered at the stations where the train stopped seemed to have heard it. In the song sent up by the shining steel rails as the train sped over them to the Pacific he fancied that he heard an accusing voice calling to him in derision, "Coward, coward!"

And still he had done what he thought was brave and right. He could not understand it at all. Something must be wrong, he thought, with him or with his ideals. The more he thought over the events of the past six months, the more puzzled he was. In fact, for weeks he had lived in a kind of trance, dazed at the injustice done him, for deep down in his heart he knew that he was not a coward.

The one consolation that he had was in the thought that his father would understand, and if his father—who had been a soldier himself and who had shown his bravery more than once on the field of battle—approved of his conduct, then he felt that he would face the world unashamed.

As yet he had not written his parents anything of his troubles. They did not know of the persecutions to which he had been subjected by upper-class men, for he had borne everything in uncomplaining silence. But now he was going home, and he had to make some explanation. He intended to tell them of the challenge which he had received from an upper-class man to fight, and how in consequence of his refusal he had been shunned, ostracized and proclaimed a coward by his fellow-cadets.

It had taken a good deal of moral courage to refuse to fight that upper-class man. The challenge was unprovoked—there was absolutely no reason why Cadet Kern should fight a battle with his fists with a cadet against whom he had no grievance, and to whom he had not given the slightest offense. Of course, when he refused to fight, to supply a grievance, they had called him a coward, but still he declined to accept the challenge; and then the trouble began which ended in his leaving the academy. He had struggled along hopelessly under the stigma of cowardice, trying to bear his burden with the fortitude of a true soldier, but the end came at last; sleepless nights of worry broke down his health, he fell behind in his studies,

and at last he was forced to give up the battle.

The cloud which hung over Cadet Kern when he left West Point followed him across the continent and settled over the little cottage at Magdala Bay like a pall.

A telegram had informed Captain Kern that his son was coming home, but the surprise which this news gave him was nothing in comparison with the shock he suffered when he read a letter from the superintendent of the military academy, which arrived the same day.

The letter was written in a kindly spirit, with a view to sparing the captain's feelings, but it was a cruel blow to him, for he could read between the lines. Although he had risen from the ranks, the captain knew something about the customs which prevailed at West Point. His own military career had been brought to an untimely end by wounds which he had received in the Cuban campaign, and he had retired from the service crippled for life. All his hopes, all his ambitions were centered in this boy, of whom he was so proud.

Mrs. Kern found the captain in an armchair on the porch looking out over the vast blue waters of the Pacific. The tears were trickling down his furrowed cheeks, and in his hand was the letter from the superintendent of the military academy. She took the letter and read it. Then she looked into her husband's face and said:

"But you, father, you do not doubt our boy, do you?"

The captain did not answer. He reached for his crutches, and, choking with grief, he hobbled silently into the house.

When the boy came home that night his mother received him with open arms. Her heart was unchanged in its love, and when, with his head on her shoulder, he told the story of the trouble which had led to his leaving West Point she only yearned the more to comfort him.

But with the captain it was different. He did not utter a single word of reproach, but he could not hide his feelings. Grief and mortification shone in his face, and the look in his eyes told plainly enough now he felt. That look hurt the boy more than all that had gone before. He knew that his father doubted him, but he did not attempt to vindicate himself. So between father and son there came a coldness, more painful for both than an open quarrel would have been.

Everything that a loving mother could do Mrs. Kern did to reconcile father and son, but the days slipped by and the breach between them only became wider. Mrs. Kern saw with despair that all the happiness was dying out of the lives of those she loved so dearly.

One day, hoping that if they were left alone in each other's company for some time they might come to a reconciliation, Mrs. Kern had, by artful manoeuvring, induced them to go out fishing in a row-boat on the bay.

The captain and his son started early in the morning, taking luncheon with them. A dense sea fog that hung over the bay did not deter them, as it was propitious weather for fishing.

After pulling about for several hours and trying various deep water-holes for rock bass, they came upon the stranded hulk of a sailing vessel, as they pulled nearer the hulk they caught a glimpse of what looked like the steam launch of a warship, but it quickly disappeared in the fog.

The captain proposed that they board the hulk and fish over her sides; so they made their rowboat fast to some wreckage that hung over the stern, and the boy assisted his crippled father to climb to the deck, where they made themselves comfortable, and dropped their fish-lines into the green water which swirled below them.

When Cadet Kern left the military academy it was expected that he would resign. In fact, the superintendent had intimated as much to the captain in his letter, but as yet the boy had not sent his resignation. It seemed to him that to resign would be to confess that he had been guilty of cowardice. He intended to ask his father what course he should pursue, and while they were all alone, buried in the fog, out there on that stranded hulk, it seemed a favorable time to bring the matter up, but he hardly knew how to begin. He had never told his father why he had refused that challenge to fight. He had never tried to explain his conduct or to excuse himself, but now he felt that the time had come when he must present his case, and he did so, awkwardly, in a manner which was as embarrassing to his father as it was to him.

"Father, I want to ask you something," he blurted out.

The captain looked up from his fishing surprised, with a vague dread of facing an ordeal.

"If a man you had never seen before came up to you on the street and asked you to fight, what would you do?" asked the boy.

"That depends—" replied the captain, hesitatingly.

"Well, suppose that you had not given the man any cause to feel offended," the boy went on, mercilessly; "suppose that you had never injured him in any way—that you had not done anything, then?"

"I would tell him to go about his business," said the captain, grimly. But the boy was determined to have it out. He asked:

"If he called you a name which you did not deserve, a thief, for instance, what would you do?"

"If a man insulted me, I would thrash him," the captain answered, decisively.

There was a silence which lasted several minutes, and both father and son seemed to be much occupied with their fishlines. At last the boy said, brokenly:

"My leave of absence is nearly up, father. Do you think that I ought to send in my resignation?"

The captain looked away so that his son could not see his face, and said in a voice trembling with emotion:

"Yes, you must resign."

The fog began to lift, the sunbeams shot through the blanket of mist that enveloped land and sea, the world began to smile again—but not for Cadet Francis Kern, because he could not see it through his tears.

As the sea breeze swept the banks of fog away the captain and his son found to their surprise that the stranded hulk on which they had taken refuge lay in a cradle between two reefs jutting out from the promontory that formed the northern end of the horseshoe that inclosed Magdala Bay. The great ocean stretched away to the north and west, while a few hundred yards to the south were the towering brown cliffs of the promontory with a line of white breakers foaming at their base. Magdala Bay was hidden from view by the promontory.

In the offing, oceanward, a beautiful sight met the eyes of the captain and his son. About three miles away was a magnificent battleship, its white sides glistening in the morning sunlight.

"One of our new battleships, the Montana, I think," remarked the captain, looking at the great warship in admiration.

The smoke was curling lazily out of her funnels, but the ship remained stationary in a position just abreast of the stranded hulk. She was so far away that it was impossible to see even the officer on the bridge.

While the captain and his son were looking at the battleship they saw a steam launch put off from her and head toward the stranded hulk, but

suddenly, after proceeding about half the distance between the battleship and the wreck, the launch veered toward the north, and looking in that direction the captain and his son saw a sailing vessel bearing down between the battleship and the stranded hulk. The launch steamed up to the sailing vessel, and the officer in command gave some orders to the captain of the sailer which caused him to come about and alter his course, standing out to sea. Then the launch, after cruising up and down for a few minutes, returned to the battleship.

The actions of the launch, which were at the time incomprehensible to the captain and his son, were soon explained. The launch had been sent to clear a range for target practice, and to warn away all vessels; but those on board her had failed to see the captain and his son on the stranded hulk, because the wreckage which littered the deck hid them from view.

Suddenly a tongue of flame leaped from the mouth of one of the alter turret-guns, a dull "boom" rolled across the water, a shell came screaming over the hulk and burst with startling concussion against the rocky cliffs of the promontory, a few hundred yards away.

Instantly the father and son realized their terrible position. In that moment of awful danger it was the boy and not the war-scarred veteran who was first to act.

The lad started to wave his cap, that he might make their presence on the hulk known to those on board the battleship. The next moment another shot echoed across the water. This time the aim was better. There was a frightful explosion under the stern of the wreck, and father and son were half buried under falling debris and splinters. The boy assisted his father to rise; both were unhurt, but for a few seconds they were too dazed to speak.

The smoke cleared away from the wreck for an instant, and they saw that part of the stern of the hulk had been carried away. The row-boat, which had been moored under the lee of the stern, had been smashed into kindling wood, and its fragments were floating on the water. The shell had also set fire to the dry timber, and the stern was soon enveloped in flames and smoke.

The captain turned and gazed toward the shore with a look of despair. It was but a few hundred yards to the promontory, but even a powerful swimmer would find it difficult to swim through the surf that thundered against the rocks at the bottom of the cliff. His boy might be able to do it, but for him, crippled as he was, the feat was impossible. He must stay on board the hulk and take his chances.

With the authority of one accustomed to command in times of peril, the captain said to his son:

"Jump overboard and swim to the shore."

The boy knew that his father must remain behind on the burning hulk. He knew that little village of Magdala Bay was five miles distant, and that long before he could reach it and summon assistance the flames would consume the hulk, if, indeed, it was not shot to pieces by the guns of the battleship. But the boy, whose courage had been doubted, although face to face with what seemed certain death, did not flinch or hesitate in his choice.

"No, father, I shall stay here with you," he said, with quiet determination.

When the captain looked into that undaunted boyish face he flushed to think that he had ever doubted his son's courage; but there was no time for reflection. The desperate situation demanded action: action which the captain, disabled as he was, could not perform.

The battleship began firing the guns of her secondary battery at the doomed hulk. Twelve-pound, six-pound and three-pound shells began

to crash and burst around, while the flames crept steadily forward from the stern. The two men sought refuge behind a pile of wreckage in the bow. Again the captain urged his son to swim ashore and leave him, telling the boy that it was useless for him to remain any longer, but the boy took a different view of the situation.

A stump of the foremast still remained standing on the wreck, and amid a storm of bursting shell Cadet Francis Kern started to climb it, with his coat in his teeth. It was a miracle that the boy was not struck by some of the fragments of the shells which the battleship continued to pour in a hail about the burning hulk.

When he reached the top of the mast he began to signal frantically, waving his coat to and fro. Had not thick clouds of smoke so completely hidden the wreck from sight, the signals would certainly have been seen by the officers of the battleship, for they had telescopes levelled at the hulk to ascertain the effects of the shelling.

Down below, from behind the pile of wreckage, the captain looked up at his boy with prayers on his lips for the safety of the brave lad. It seemed an age that the boy was up there amid bursting shot and shell. Once the captain caught sight of the boy's face. It was the face of a hero, resolute, unflinching, fearless.

It happened that a sudden gust of wind blew the dense black clouds of smoke away for an instant, and an officer on the bridge of the battleship, who was watching the burning hulk, saw the frantic signals of the boy.

"Cease firing!" yelled the officer through the telephone to the lieutenant in command of the second battery.

"Cease firing!" was the sharp command that went up to the marines in the fighting-tops, to the forward and after turrets, to the men at the rapid-fire guns on the superstructure, to everybody on board the Montana; and hardly had the order been received before another order was given, and a steam launch was racing toward the burning wreck.

It seemed as if the flames would consume the hulk before the launch reached it; at least it seemed so to the captain and his son; but the boat arrived in the nick of time, for as they were lifted into it the flames enveloped what was left of the stranded ship.

The captain of the battleship, who was in the launch, told how dumbfounded he had been when the boy was seen signaling, for shortly before the firing began a boat had been sent to the wreck, and had made sure, he thought, that there was no one in the vicinity of their target. In the wardrobe of the battleship there were more explanations, and the executive officer asked why it was that they did not jump overboard and swim ashore when the firing began.

Then Captain Kern, looking all the time straight at his son, told the naval officers what had happened, and Cadet Kern blushed to the roots of his hair. The captain told the same story to Mrs. Kern that afternoon, and she cried with joy and thanksgiving and kissed her boy, and said she always knew he was a hero.

Cadet Kern did not resign from West Point, but a few weeks later he made a journey to Washington with his father, and there they saw the President of the United States. And the President caused an order to be sent to the superintendent at West Point giving an account of Cadet Kern's heroism. Then he placed his hand on the boy's shoulder in a kind, fatherly way, and said, "Go back to West Point, my boy. The country needs boys like you to fight its battles—you have proved yourself bravest of all."— Clarence Mallo in the Youth's Companion.

## AN ARGUMENT FOR THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

...a busy man with his...  
...on he served faithful...  
...went on until the doc...  
...ill sick, and then a...  
...vice within told him he...  
...affairs of his soul. It...  
...m to send for a priest...  
...grace was probably the...  
...prayers of the poor...  
...frequently said "God

...his wife and daughter...  
...D—n to pay him a...  
...y, thinking that he...  
...come a Catholic, flatly...  
...so, and even mocked...  
...were ashamed of what...  
...old say.

...reached the priest, how...  
...G—n wanted to see...  
...ing everything else a...  
...a journey of 130 miles...  
...to be refused ad...  
...after day the doctor...  
...and daughter with...  
...down his cheeks, but...  
...a refusal.

...hinking of the old man...  
...ot come to him and...  
...not permitted to see...  
...d to write to the...  
...ry strong letter telling...  
...y. The letter was...  
...ve and insulting, so...  
...it to her brother, a...  
...one of our large cities...  
...however, viewed it in a

...He visited his fa...  
...e was a scene in the...  
...on, in his larger expe...  
...ed that the last wish...  
...should be gratified. He...  
...in his own hands, and...  
...his father should see...  
...peace, he picked him up...  
...his rolling chair, plac...  
...e and start-nearest church.

...ful procession when...  
...reached where there...  
...and the old man was...  
...the street crying out...  
...like to God and telling...  
...d charge of him to...  
...s-by thought it a...  
...and it was strange...  
...gentleman reached the...  
...the chair was roll...  
...necuary, there the doc...  
...profession of faith, re...  
...st Communion as Via-

...profession of faith as...  
...he again was wheeled...  
...He spoke it out loud...  
...et, to the Protest...  
...him and stopped to...  
...ith him, to the strang...  
...e was pointed out...  
...radiant with happiness...  
...on all to witness that...  
...Catholic and had the...  
...Faith.

...happened six weeks...  
...old doctor is not dead...  
...days ago, as the...  
...ar relented as to ad...  
...again, the fervent con...  
...happiness of receiving...  
...ion.

...long to live, however...  
...son has promised him...  
...dies he shall have...  
...l.

...not a Catholic, but...  
...ly reward him as he...  
...the father for his good...  
...ssionary.

...ago, on the occasio...  
...age of Mr. and Mrs...  
...mmins, St. Mary's...  
...cuse, was wired for...  
...liers, installed throu...  
...of Mr. Cummins. A...  
...que and elaborate gift...  
...made St. Mary's by...  
...It is an electric ros...  
...h.

...is a beautiful adorn...  
...urch. It hangs above...  
...e Blessed Virgin on...  
...of the chancel. It is...  
...with white lights, in...  
...ch ten by a red light...  
...through the centre...  
...a string of lights...  
...smaller heart and a...  
...el and crucifix are in...  
...and the connecting...  
...with every tenth light...  
...heart of red. The ros...  
...of for the first time...  
...d in honor of Our...  
...ect was much ad...  
...donor's ingenuity and...  
...ly connected up

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The first Mass said by Archbishop Farley after his receipt of the Papal brief announcing his elevation as Archbishop of New York was said in St. Peter's Church, New Brighton. It was in this church thirty-two years ago that he said his first Mass. He went to New Brighton on Sunday evening, and during the night

he slept in the little room in the rectory in which he slept the first night he was in the parish, the night preceding his first Mass. In the same room he said his first prayers after being ordained a priest, and it was there that he said his devotions as Archbishop. At the Mass on Monday morning were many of the parishioners of St. Peter's who attended Archbishop Farley's first Mass

thirty-two years ago, and who received his blessing on that occasion.

## WITH THE SCIENTISTS

A PRIEST'S INVENTION.—Wireless telephony is a natural corollary to wireless telegraphy. The same great laws of nature are at the basis of both human inventions. But

wireless telegraphy is now a fact, accepted by scientists and by the public. Wireless telephony, on the other hand, is still in the air. Scientists are interested in its possibility as established in England and Germany. The many-headed public has never a head to surrender to the subject. Even among scientists the name of the Brazilian priest Robert Landell

of Moura is little known. Few of them are aware of his claims to be the pioneer in this branch of electrical research. Messrs. Brighton, in England, and Ruhmer, in Germany, have recently interested the learned by their experiments in wireless telephony. But before Brighton and Ruhmer were heard of Father Landell, after years of experimenting had succeeded in obtaining a Brazil-

ian patent for his invention, which he called a gourdophone. The patent was issued in 1900. It is numbered 3,279 in the Brazilian records. "I wish to show to the world," he told a reporter, "that the Catholic Church is not the enemy of science or of human progress. Individuals in the Church may in this or that case have opposed the light,

Apurehard Soap

# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

### Household Notes.

**THE PRAYERBOOK.**—If there is anything thoroughly irreverent, and to a refined mind disagreeable, it is to see people staring and gaping around in church. Places of amusement have become so numerous in every large city and the habit of going to halls for the purpose of being seen as well as seeing has become so prevalent, that for many it does seem that the custom usual in a public hall must be proper also in a church. Now it is unnecessary to tell any one that a church is a sacred place, that it should fill all with the thought that filled the mind of Jacob, namely, that it is a terrible place, a holy place, surely the house of God. It is unnecessary to say this; every one knows it; and therefore in order to avoid distractions, in order to behave respectfully, in order to act reverently we do say; read your prayer book. It is true that a devout prayer, spoken from the fullness of the heart, even spoken in the halting voice of childhood, is worth a hundred prayers perfunctorily read from a prayer book.

A prayer book, after all, is merely the record of some individual's particular way of talking to God; while a prayer, even inarticulately said by a man, is a prayer from his own heart; yet to hold the attention, to suggest new thoughts, to teach one how to reverently address God, to enable one to learn the words of the saints, a prayer book is most useful. And especially is it useful for children. Every parent should see when the child starts for Mass on Sunday morning that it has its own little prayer book. For by means of this insistence the children will unconsciously become imbued with the belief that the churches and the services conducted in the church are not mere meeting places or mere compulsory exercises, but are the places and the services where in a special manner God is to be honored. And then from constantly reading the book certain formulas, certain appropriate words will become fastened in the memory and such a memory help will be of incalculable assistance in later life when the inevitable difficulties and doubts arise.

The father and mother, therefore, must not consider their duties done when they have made their children presentable and sufficiently dressed to attend Mass. They must, as the final preparation, put into the hands of the child the prayer book that will help it to speak reverently and sincerely to the God into whose temple they are about to enter.

**THE FAMILY PEW.**—Modern life with its intense activity, its disregard of the individual, its separation of the various members of the family, its demand of unlimited time and ceaseless labor all have a tendency to break up the distinctive characteristics of the home, and home-like relations. But there are a few portions of life where the spirit of business should not dominate, and among them is the keeping of the family pew in church.

Every family, every unmarried young man and woman should own a pew or at least a seat in the parish church. Certainly if we would stop for a moment and reflect on the subject such a statement is not excessive. The church is the house of God, it is the place after all that should be home for all of us, and, therefore, with in that home there should be a place that we ourselves can call our own. As a way for the father and mother to teach their children reverence for all that is holy the family pew is greatest. On Sunday after Sunday the children may be brought; they will be taught to look on it as their proper place in God's temple, and around it will grow traditions that will be the best preservative of faith in after life.

And for the unmarried young man and woman a seat in their parish church will be the same. They, too, will feel that they are also part owners of the great edifices consecrated to God, their personal interest in the affairs of their parish will be increased, and with the increase of personal interest will be increased also their determination to live as worthy participants in the ownership of a

house of God. Every man and woman to-day wishes to become an owner of a home, stability in life is thus arrived at, and assuredly every father and mother of a family, every young man and woman should own a pew in the parish church, and secure in that way stability of place of worship."

**WATER AS A MEDICINE.**—The human body is constantly undergoing tissue changes. Worn-out particles are cast aside and eliminated from the system, while the new are being formed from the inception of life to its close. People who drink little water are liable to have the waste products formed faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws produces disease, which if once firmly seated is difficult to cure. People who wake in the morning feeling weak and languid will often find the cause in the imperfect secretion of wastes, which may be remedied by drinking a tumblerful of water every night not less than two hours after a meal. This very materially assists in the process during the night, and leaves the tissues ready for the active work of the day.

**ABOUT ONIONS.**—Onions are a kind of all round good medicine. A whole onion eaten at bedtime will, by the next morning, break the severest cold. Onions make a good plaster to remove inflammation and hoarseness. If an onion is smashed so as to secure all the juice in it, it will make a most remarkable smelling substance that will quiet the most nervous person. The strength of it inhaled for a few moments will dull the sense of smell and weaken the nerves until sleep is produced from sheer exhaustion. It all comes from one property possessed by the onion, and that is a form of opium.

### Seasonable Advice.

**CHANGE OF WEATHER DANGEROUS TO MANY PEOPLE.**

**Bad Blood Makes You Liable to Cold—A Cold Makes You Liable to Twenty Diseases. How to Protect Yourselves.**

Changes of the season affects the health more or less perceptibly. The effect of the hot summer weather on the blood leaves it thin and watery, and now that the weather is changeable this makes itself disagreeably felt. You feel bilious, dyspeptic and tired; there may be pimples or eruptions of the skin; the damp weather brings little twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia that give warning of the winter that is coming. If you want to be brisk and strong for the winter it is now that you should build up the blood, and give the nerves a little tonic. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest of all blood-making, nerve-restoring tonics, and will make you strong and stave off the aches and pains of winter if you take them now. Mr. James Adams, Brandon, Man., is one of the thousands whom Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored to health and strength. He says:—"It is with deep gratitude that I acknowledge the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before taking the pills my health was much shattered with rheumatism, nervous depression and sleeplessness. For fully twelve months I rarely got a good night's sleep. When I began the use of the pills it was with a determination to give them a fair trial. I did so and can truthfully say that I could not wish for better health than I now enjoy. I shall always speak a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Poor blood is the cause of most disease. Good blood means health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not purge—they simply make pure, rich blood. That's why they cure so many diseases. But you must always get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Write direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Notes for Farmers

Next to an observance of the work done on the experimental farms, farmers have no better means of acquiring knowledge useful in their vocations than to attend the meetings of the Farmers' Institute societies commencing next month. Every county has such an organization, and it is just as important as the agricultural societies generally instrumental in making the annual fairs. These institute meetings are held at a time when farmers have every opportunity to attend and if they fail the loss will not be easily made up. One instructive feature of such gatherings is the general discussion, bringing up local topics on which expert opinion can be procured at the moment. There is no farmer that has not met with problems during the past season, the solution of which would not only be valuable, but interesting. He may submit them for public discussion, and what will be better, for advice from men educated for the purpose of treating agricultural problems in a practical and direct way.

Farmers will not only be interested and edified by explanations of their own difficulties, but the questions submitted by their neighbors will be of equal importance and will merit the same attention. Open discussion of this kind is invaluable.

Much attention will be given to dairy problems in the coming tour of the expert agriculturists. This question is of the most general importance, the state of agriculture in Eastern Ontario having reached that high stand where the production of grain and feed for direct commercial use is no longer thought of. Farmers turn their attention to stock raising, a profitable branch of which is raising dairy cattle and carrying on a trade in butter, milk or cheese.

The benefits of co-operation and concentration in dairying, the subject of an address by Mr. G. H. Barr, will undoubtedly prove an interesting topic. Co-operation and concentration is developing rapidly in the dairying industry among farmers of the Ottawa Valley.

The increased number of cheese factories, creameries, and even milk companies, will testify to this. That there is a benefit is plainly apparent and is readily understood when it is considered that the best and most improved appliances may be employed in any of those branches of dairying when they would be beyond reach by the individual farmer.

There are many farmers who, however, prefer to carry on their dairying in a private capacity, and the needs of a lecture such as that proposed is urgent.

How milk is affected by its surroundings will be treated by the same speaker. He will effect much good by arousing the owners of dairy herds to the necessity of employing the choicest methods in the handling of milk. What should be done is admitted readily enough, but there is a general apathy towards enforcing the best systems of caring for milk. Sometimes a little expense is the barrier to proper management, but far oftener negligence.

The other subjects that Mr. Barr will take up will consist of a little more technical points. They will relate to cheese factories and cream separators.

While dairying is important as an advanced state of farming it cannot be carried on without the auxiliary branch of fodder production. On this account much attention will be given during the itinerary of the Farmers' Institute speakers to the growth of grains and the cultivation of soil. Mr. W. S. Fraser will speak on these subjects. Corn is a popular fodder that has come into use as ensilage to a large extent in recent years. Its merits as such will be elucidated in the coming campaign of instruction to farmers. Clover has become just as popular as a renovator of the soil, and addresses will be given on "Clover, its value to the farmer."

T. H. Mason will be another speaker during the coming meetings of the Farmers' Institute societies. Besides touching on the agricultural subjects mentioned, he will speak on pork production, another prominent and profitable industry. Much more money could be realized by farmers if a systematic course of fattening were followed that would produce the kind of pork demanded on the British market.

The speeches of Mr. L. A. Zidek will be of immense value to dairy-

men and those engaged most closely in butter and cheese making. He will speak of butter making on the farm, as well as in the factories.

The efforts that have been put forth by Farmers' Institute societies in the surrounding district will be rewarded by large gatherings when the meetings commence. Every year a keener interest is taken in these undertakings, and as a result farmers are gradually developing a more systematic method of carrying on their work.

### Our Boys And Girls.

**LED BY A CHILD.**—One beautiful afternoon in early spring, as an elderly lady and gentleman alighted from a carriage in front of a fashionable clothing house in one of our large eastern cities, their attention was at once attracted by a beautiful child, perhaps of two summers, who, alone and unheeded by the passing throng, was weeping bitterly.

Approaching the child, the gentleman kindly asked, "What is the matter, my little girl?"

"I'm lost! Oh, I'm lost!" cried the little child. "I want mama!"

"Where is your mama?" asked Mr. Day.

"At home."

"Where is your home?"

"Up-stairs," she tearfully replied.

"Where is your papa?"

"In heaven."

"What is your name?" kindly asked the lady.

"Alice," replied the child.

"Alice, Alice what? Have you not got two names?"

"Oh, yes, I've got free names—Alice and two others."

"Please to tell me what they are?"

"When I'm dood I'm mama's dood 'tittle dirl, and when I'm very naughty I'm mam's naughty 'tittle dirl."

A smile greeted the child's answer, but a tear glistened in the lady's mild blue eyes.

"Have you got any little brothers or sisters?" she then asked the child.

"No, but I've got a danma and a danpa somewhere."

At that moment a young girl came hurrying around the corner. Pale with fright she gazed wildly about the street. As she espied the group near the store's entrance joy overspread her countenance. Running forward she exclaimed:

"Oh, Allie, Allie! I'm most dead with fright looking for you."

Whereupon the little Alice clapped her hands, crying with joy, "Now I've found; now I've found!"

"Well, my good girl," said Mr. Day, "please tell me whose child this is, and how you came to leave her alone?"

"Please, sir," replied the girl, "she is Mrs. Merton's little daughter, a widow lady who lives in our house and earns her living by doing fine sewing for this store. I came here with some of the work just now, and as I was hurrying home I got separated from Allie in the crowd, and did not notice until quite a way off."

At mention of the name Merton both listeners grew pale for a while, then a flush of joyous expectancy beamed in both faces as they murmured the name of "Alice—Alice Merton."

"Oh, John!" exclaimed the lady, "it may be she; let us seek her."

"We will go at once," he replied.

"If you will give me Mrs. Merton's address I will take her daughter

home," he said to the young woman, Lizette.

"Yes, sir," replied Lizette. "No. — Myrtle avenue, up one flight."

After thanking the girl for the information, and giving directions to the driver, Mr. Day took his seat in the carriage with his wife and the now wondering little Alice. They were then driven rapidly to the address given.

What emotions welled in the hearts of that elderly couple during that drive, what sad and painful recollections of the past; the disapproval of marriage; then, all tidings lost. Now the bright future in store, if their surmising should prove correct.

"Heleb, I feel sure it is she."

"Let us pray God that it is," fervently replied Mrs. Day.

As the carriage stopped, they both alighted, Mr. Day taking Alice in his arms. They proceeded to ascend the long, narrow flight of stairs. Arriving at the top floor they perceived a door just a little to the right.

"Dat my 'ome," lisped Alice.

Mrs. Day knocked gently at the door. The next instant it was opened by a sweet yet sad-faced young woman, whose mourning garb told the sad loss of a dear one.

As she opened the door and her gaze rested on the group outside, ere they had time to utter a sound, "Father! Mother!" she exclaimed, and would have fallen senseless to the floor had not the loving father clasped her to his heart.

"Oh, Alice, darling daughter, we have found you at last," exclaimed the fond mother through her tears of joy.

Alice recovered quickly from her swoon and related all events that took place since she left her happy girlhood home. An hour passed quickly by, during which it was decided that Alice and her little daughter would be prepared to leave with her parents the next day to return to her childhood home.

Little Alice was delighted at having found her "danma" and "danpa." And her grandma softly murmured, while she gently caressed her, "To how much happiness we are led by a child!"—Annie Lyons, in the Weekly Bouquet.

### To Erect a Catholic Cathedral.

From Richmond, Va., comes the news that, in the name of his wife, Thomas F. Ryan, of New York, has given \$250,000 to erect a Catholic cathedral in that city. The Right Rev. A. Van de Vyver, Bishop of Virginia, is in New York to award the contract, but when the bids were opened at the office of James H. McGuire, architect, it was found that all were too high. It is thought that Mr. Ryan will increase the amount if it becomes necessary to do so to carry out the elaborate plans that Mr. McGuire has prepared.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan are both natives of Virginia and enthusiastic members of the Church. They have several times given largely for the Church cause in Virginia. Mrs. Ryan has provided money for building a church and a home at Roanoke, Va. Mr. Ryan recently agreed to contribute the amount necessary to mark the Virginia battlefields, and this is being done by a committee of Confederate veterans.

The new cathedral will take the place of historic St. Peter's, which has probably sent forth more distinguished prelates of the Catholic Church than any other church in America.

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NOTES

A SAD LESSON.—In affairs of life, in a large city, we meet with cases that are calculated to reflect upon the dangers of miseries by which we are surrounded. At times, we come across some particularly sad and impressive cases. One such case was witnessed a few days ago upon one of the leading streets of Montreal.

It was Saturday night, the inhabitants of the city were abroad on the streets, and the streets were brilliant and densely thronged. Between nine and ten o'clock, a young girl, more than twenty years of age, staggering along in a state of intoxication, she fell, and was carried off by the police. She was taken to the hospital, and after a few days' treatment, she died. Her death was a sad lesson to all who saw her. It was a warning to all who were in the habit of drinking to excess. It was a warning to all who were in the habit of associating with the bad element of the city. It was a warning to all who were in the habit of neglecting their health and their souls.

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