

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

VISION NO. 3, meets on... at 1868 Notre Dame... McGill. Officers: Ah-Gallery, M.P., President; Cartly, Vice-President; Devlin, Rec.-Secretary; ...

A. & B. SOCIETY, 1888.—Rev. Director, McPhail; President, D.; ... J. P. Quinn, ...

ES' AUXILIARY, D... Organized Oct. 10th... at 99 St. Alexander, ...

S SOCIETY.—Estab-lished 1866. Incorporated 1864. Meets in Hall, 92 St. Alexander... first Monday of the month... last Wednesday... Rev. Director, ...

UNG MEN'S SOCIETY, 1885.—Meets in ... street, on the ... of each month, at ... Hall, 92 St. Alexander... Rev. C.S.S.R.; President, ...

S COURT, C. O. E., second and fourth ... in their ... and Notre ... H. C. McCallum, C. ... secretary.

ANADA, BRAN... 18th November, ... 26 meets at St. ... 92 St. Alexander... Monday of each ... meetings for ... of business are ... and 4th Monday ... at 8 p.m. ... M. Callaghan; Chas-urran, B.C.L.; Pre-J. Sears; Refolding-J. Costigan; Finan-Robt. Warren; ... H. Feeley, Jr.; Med-ora. H. J. Harrison, ... and G. H. Merrill.

VISION NO. 4, meets on... at 1868 Notre Dame... McGill. Officers: Ah-Gallery, M.P., President; Cartly, Vice-President; Devlin, Rec.-Secretary; ...

VISION NO. 5, meets on... at 1868 Notre Dame... McGill. Officers: Ah-Gallery, M.P., President; Cartly, Vice-President; Devlin, Rec.-Secretary; ...

The True Witness



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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 its excellent work." — PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

EASTER.—"Resurrexit, sicut dixit." He is arisen according to His promise: "He is not here," said the angel to the holy women who came to lament and watch at the tomb of the Savior. Nor was He there, for already had He been many hours arisen. That same angel had come with dawn, had broken the seal of the city, had rolled away the stone from the entrance to the sepulchre, and the armed watchers over the sleep that they deemed eternal, grew pale in their armor and their spears fell from their nerveless hands. Such the fulfillment of the promise that the "temple" would be destroyed and in three days He would rebuild it. Such the fulfillment of all the prophecies of the ages, in which it was predicted that He would conquer death and come forth in glory from the tomb. Such the consummation of the wonderful work of Redemption, a work commenced on the day that the Angel visited the Holy Virgin to announce the glad tidings that she would become the Mother of the Messiah and crowned on that Easter morning when that Messiah, having fulfilled his mission, broke the barriers of death and came forth in triumph from the tomb.

Since that glorious event, on down through the ages, without one missing link in the lengthy chain of years the commemoration thereof has been one of the great annual events that mark the record of the Church. And now, another year has come, another Easter has dawned, and to-morrow, throughout the great domain of Christendom that same event will be celebrated in a manner worthy of the Spouse of Christ.

While it is not our sphere to preach a sermon on the glories of Easter, we are nonetheless within our own limits of duty when we attempt to draw some lessons from the occasion. Apart from the great religious lesson that is taught on Easter—the lesson of the necessary arising of each soul from the grave of sin to the life of grace—there are others which are preached to us by all God's creation. Glancing at the vast universe and its wondrous mechanism, we find the days growing longer, warmer, more invigorating. Then the icy grasp of winter is relaxed, and the snows have melted away, leaving the surface of earth once more ready to drink in the heat of the vernal sun. The streams leap along in unusually swollen strength; the carpet of green is slowly extended over the fields; the buds of rejuvenated force appear on the branches; the flowers commence their spontaneous work of development into bloomy the birds chant anthems of delight in the aisles of nature's temple; and all inanimate, as well as animate, nature proclaims a general resurrection from the dreary tomb of winter. In all this there is visible the working of the Omnipotent Hand that guides the orbs and controls every atom of creation. From the most remote star in the realms of space, to the most humble light in the cottage of the indigent, from the highest mountain-top to the smallest grain of sand on the seashore, each object, and all objects in the universe, proclaim the glory of God and the Resurrection of the Savior of men.

Man, alone, made to His image and the special object of all His sacrifices, has the hardihood to ignore this great event of Easter. To ignore men are, in some cases, oblivious of it, we are happy in the certain knowledge that two hundred and fifty millions of the human race are in full accord with the occasion, and, inspired by the Catholic faith within them, are prepared to arise, with

the Redeemer, and to rejoice in the glories of this holy Easter time. The Church, like a mother who knows how to guide as well as cherish her children, has made it an obligation for each one of the faithful to participate in the glories and graces of Easter. It is in this spirit that she has established the rigid rule of discipline which commands each one to perform the "Easter Duty," under pain of the most severe penalties. This is a rule that is not necessary in the majority of cases; but, if it did not exist, there are thousands who would drift into indifference and neglect to arise with Christ, into the life of spiritual grace. Hence the Church protects them against their own weaknesses and safeguards them from the danger of remaining in the tomb of moral death, when all around them are participating in the Resurrection.

We trust, then, that this Easter of 1903 will find all our readers and friends amongst the vast throng of resurrected souls, and that they may enjoy to its fullest the grand season, both in the temporal as well as in the spiritual blessings which it brings.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.—The opening of the present week was remarkable for the amount of important Catholic news from Europe, or rather of important news affecting the Catholic Church in the Old World. The first is in connection with the health of the Pope. It is rarely that we pay any attention to these periodical items of news concerning the Holy Father's physical condition; and this for good reasons. Not that we lack interest in such a grave matter, but because there is generally no reliance to be placed on these bits of sensational information. However, whenever there is an official statement made we are only too eager to place it before our readers. On the 4th April Dr. Lajponti gave an interview concerning the everlastingly repeated statements that the Pontiff had become permanently enfeebled as a result of his recent illness, and authorized a denial of all such reports. He declared that the Pope was in perfect health, and added that the Pontiff continues his audiences and performs his habitual occupations. On Wednesday of this week he received all the foreign pilgrims. So we may safely, for a time to come, at least, omit from our columns any mention of the rumors that are merely set afloat to create a sensation.

PAPAL FINANCES.—"Leslie's Monthly" contains a striking paragraph relating to the sums spent by the Pope, and the administrative ability of the Holy Father. It says: "As Pope, Leo's expenditures are vast—without counting what he spends on Catholic missions, on the inferior clergy, on churches and on education, and upon the support of the 5,000 people who populate the Vatican, he maintains within the palace walls the first factory of mosaics in the world, while for works of art he probably spends more than any other government—and though it is true the Vatican receives subscriptions of money from all parts of the world, of which it does not distribute the half, and that its treasures are continually increasing, still it must be remembered that after ten centuries Leo XIII. is the first Pope who ascended the throne without temporal power. The budget of the Vatican at Christmas is fourteen millions of francs, which are all the offerings of the faithful; but it may

be imagined that an exceptional administration is needed to obtain this sum yearly, and the Pope is a model administrator."

Two points in the foregoing passage strike us as suggestive. The first is a reference to the fact that Leo XIII. is the first Pontiff, of modern times, who has ascended the throne without having any temporal estates whence to derive a revenue. The second is that even those not of our faith are finding daily new and wonderful phases in his character. He is a poet, as we have seen, a statesman, a theologian, a philosopher, all of which can be easily imagined as being combined in one person. But he is also a rare financier, and an administrator of extraordinary talents. Hence, no matter in what sphere we take him, the grand old man of the Vatican is a marvel to the age, as he is a marvel of age, of vitality, of lucidity, of sanctity and of true greatness.

THE GAZETTE'S REMARKS.—In regard to Catholic religious matters, we have had on rare occasions, to find fault with expressions coming from our contemporary the Montreal "Gazette." But we have had equally opportunities of congratulating that organ on its views. In connection with the tyrannic course followed of late by Premier Combes, in France, and the wholesale and merciless expulsion, after disbanding, of so many religious orders, the "Gazette" of last Monday contained a short editorial note that is well deserving of being reproduced. The "Gazette" said:—

"Another batch of the religious orders in France has been broken up by the Combes ministry. The latest Republic in France has much of the spirit of the first. It does not think itself strong enough to tolerate those who differ from its ideals."

There is the entire matter in three lines. "It does not think itself strong enough to tolerate those who differ from its ideals." Were the writer of that to have filled columns with the severest criticisms of the terrific cowardice of the perpetrators of the outrages against religious institutions, and religious men, that darken the annals of the first and second republics in France, he could not have given us a clearer idea of the situation, nor a more truthful commentary upon those who make use of a temporary lease of power to crush the opponents whom they cannot meet in the fair arena of contest. This one passage is a concise appreciation of the situation in France to-day that could be given. It contains the explanation of the inherent weakness of the anti-clerical cause, and the innate power of the Church against which it contends.

Meetings of Societies

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—At a large and enthusiastic meeting of the parent Irish national society of this city, held in St. Patrick's Hall, on Monday, the annual reports of the secretary and treasurer were read, and the election of officers for the ensuing year was held.

Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty, the president, occupied the chair, and in opening the proceedings, touched upon the undertakings of the society during the past year and the success which had attended them. He referred to the brighter prospects which were in store for the Old Land and expressed the sincere hope that ere another annual meeting they would behold their realization.

The energetic and enthusiastic secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey, read a voluminous report bristling with the details of the work of the year, and in which special mention was made of the recent banquet.

The treasurer, Mr. Frank J. Green, whose record in that office has been marked by zeal and prudence, in his report made it clear to all that the finances were not only well and economically managed, but that the available funds were as large as at any previous period of the history of the organization.

A vote of condolence on the death of Mrs. James Sadler, proposed by Hon. Dr. Guerin, and seconded by J. Rogers, was unanimously adopted.

In making this motion Dr. Guerin referred to the eminent position the deceased authoress held in fiction that was destined, he believed, to hold its influence in Irish hearts for many years to come.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—

President—Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty.

First Vice-President—Dr. Frank Devlin.

Second Vice-President—Mr. Frank J. Curran, B.C.L.

Treasurer—Mr. Frank Green.

Corresponding Secretary—Mr. John Cahill.

Recording Secretary—Mr. T. P. Tansey.

Executive Committee—Messrs. W. P. Kearney, M. Delahanty, F. Casey, P. Kearney, P. Connolly, J. Rogers, B. Campbell, W. H. O'Connor, J. M. Guerin, J. O'Brien, F. Langan, M. Fitzpatrick, B. Wall, T. C. Donovan, F. C. Shannon, P. Reynolds, B. Connaughton, L. Darcey, W. J. Crowe.

Society Physicians—Dr. Guerin, Dr. E. J. Kennedy, Dr. F. D. Devlin, Dr. W. Prendergast, Dr. Hackett, Dr. O'Connor, Dr. Scanlan.

Marshal—M. P. Lloyd; assistant marshal, W. Davies.

Lenten Sermon At The Gesu.

Rev. Father Doherty delivered his sixth Lenten discourse in the Church of the Gesu on Sunday evening. The subject was a most interesting one, and was followed with rapt attention by the congregation. An apparently new light was thrown upon the relationship of Faith and Reason. The great point of the discourse, however, was the invulnerable logic with which Father Doherty hedged about his every statement.

In opening the preacher said:— Truth is one, and Faith and Reason are its two infallible channels, the two sources in this life from which we draw knowledge of truth natural and supernatural—Faith absolutely Reason in its own proper order and sphere, when acting under the rigid laws of logic. This is from the very essence of things; a philosopher quite understands this. From the very nature of Faith and Reason the following conclusions were deduced:—First, that Faith is above and superior to Reason, because it has a higher end for its aim, because it concerns the supernatural, the Beatific vision, the ultimate end; because it concerns the teaching of truths anent the salvation of souls; it deals with a loftier order, God in His inner being, and in the manifestation of His love and glory in the realm of grace. It is in practice more certain, because of the frailty of fallen human nature; it gives a greater certainty, as resting immediately on the word of God.

Secondly, the preacher deduced that no conflict is possible between true Reason and Faith. The impossibility is absolute and metaphysical. If ever apparent conflict arises, it is possible only from one of two causes,—either the utterances of the Oracle of Faith are not rightly understood, or genuine Reason is not to the fore, but in its stead a counterfeit, an impostor.

After referring to "the bankruptcy of science," the utter collapse of Darwinism, so called, and like Illustrations, the preacher explained that so long as God is not seen face to face there would be difficulties. Only the angels and the Blessed in Heaven had none. Newman has said: Take ten thousand difficulties; they do not make one doubt. On investigation they either are solved or remain to vanish in heaven. They come not from Faith, but from the frailty and aberrations of those who misuse reason. Referring to the re-

moval of such difficulties, the preacher pointed out that history had its vicissitudes, in illustration of which he told about the controversy in the sixteenth century, between the Dominicans and the members of the Society of Jesus. Some said that the Jesuits were to be condemned; others thought otherwise. At all events, the matter remained in abeyance. At last, after the lapse of three centuries, a summary of the votes of the last Congregation of Cardinals presided over by the Pope himself, Paul IV., in which all were sworn to secrecy, in the handwriting of the Pope himself, was discovered in the archives of the Borghese family, saying:—"Let the matter rest where it is." Thus, after three hundred years did the truth come out. Other difficulties would be removed in some way. Alexander VI. was accused of being an immoral man, while on the Papal throne. The preacher believed that he was an innocent man; that, in fact, there never was a bad Pope. There were some things that only the day of judgment would solve. Faith remains immutable, secure, serene; because she is infallible, anchored to the Rock, preserved, proclaimed, interpreted, and defended by One for whom Christ prayed that his faith should not fail, and on whom He laid the injunction: "And thou, in turn, confirm thy brethren." A priori, the Church was the immutable, infallible bride of Christ, and from the very nature of things, by her divine institution and endowment, she is first, and last, and always right; she cannot fail. Thirdly, the preacher argued that Faith is the guardian, enlightener and helper of Reason, letting it work to the fullest extent of its powers in its own sphere, and still more in the sphere of the supernatural, warning it of pitfalls, snares, and delusions that beset its path in the pursuit of truth. Rightly so, for Reason is alas! practically very fallible and easily misled, being hampered and impeded by "the body of this death" in which it is imprisoned. In the fourth place, Faith opens to Reason the realm of the order of God, the supernatural, the richness of the Divine Essence, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the marvels of Kingdom of the Christ, surpassing in its magnificence all that the eye hath seen, or the ear heard, or that it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive. Therein it sustains its loftiest flights, and directs its most searching investigations, aye, even into the depths of light inaccessible. Here, manifestly, Reason of itself is powerless, and the axiom obtains: "Unless you believe, you shall not understand." The writings of the Fathers, Doctors and theologians display the magnificent results of the work of Reason operating under the guidance of the Church in the domain of revealed truth. After a reference to the difference between liberty and license, Father Doherty proceeded to discuss the relation of Reason to Faith.

In the first place, for the children of the Church, the relation, from the beginning to the end of their earthly pilgrimage, is that of the disciple to the master, of the pupil to the teacher. No enquiry have they to make as to her competency, veracity, and authoritative commission. By their Baptism they have the Gift of Faith, "the beginning, the root, the foundation of all justification," endowing them with the power of believing.

The Church is in possession of the divine commission to "teach all nations. . . whatsoever I have commanded—until the consummation of the world," and nobly and heroically strives to fulfill the will of her Divine Founder.

The grace of God, without which nothing can be done, in the order of the Supernatural, is not wanting to them. One need not study Optics in order to see with one's eyes, and it was a sin for a child of Mother Church to doubt the truth of the faith that was in him. It was very much like a man taking a train; when he was once sure that he was on the right one he bothered no more and felt comfortable. In this connection the preacher urged that everyone should devote at least some time every day to reading sound work on Catholic doctrine, so that he might have grown in the knowledge and be able to "give a reason for the hope and faith that is in

him." The second deduction concerned those outside the Fold. The office of Reason for them is to clear the way to the divinely appointed Teacher, the one true Church of Christ: removing obstacles, dissipating the mists of ignorance, and prejudice, rectifying false notions, overturning lying traditions, unveiling cunning sophistries, exposing calumnious historians. For three hundred years, says Count de Maistre, history is a vast conspiracy against the truth.

Here is the field for the exercise of private judgment. Read, listen, study, meditate, examine; weigh the accumulated evidence of eighteen hundred and seventy years, and if it does not lead to the Mighty Mother, to the feet of the Vicar of Christ, the successor of Peter, two hundred and sixty-third in the Papal line, then we are confronted by a mystery that involves repugnance: The command of Christ to believe an whatsoever His Church shall teach, under penalty of eternal damnation, and the impossibility of reaching that infallible Teacher!

In conclusion Father Doherty pointed out that there was another element in this relation. Besides the intellect, the will is involved. The herald angels proclaimed: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will." The will must be true and right. The submission to the Divine Teacher, the one True Church of God, may involve not only personal humility, but, alas, many a heart-rending sacrifice. Well, remember: "One thing is necessary," for me: The salvation of my imperishable soul. May I, for one instant, weigh anything in the balance? Hearken to the Christ: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children and brethren and sisters yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Luke, XIV., 26.

Alas! how many have eyes and (seemingly) will not see; ears, and will not hear." Oh! they that walk in darkness and in the shadow of death, blown about by every wind of doctrine, following wandering star! Let them come to the light of the Children of God, to the haven of rest and security, to the sweet bosom of the one, true, Mighty Mother, to draw from her fragrant breasts "the milk of doctrine without guile, to nestle in her fond embrace until the day dawns of a blissful eternity.

Who is she that stands triumphant, Rock in strength upon the Rock, Like some city crowned with turrets, Braving storm and earthquake shock? Who is she her arms extending In blessing o'er a world restored; All the anthem of creation Lifting to creation's Lord?

As the moon that takes its splendor From a sun unseen all night, So from Christ the Sun of Justice, Evermore she draws her light, Hers alone the hands of healing, The Bread of Life, th' absolving Key; The Word Incarnate is her Bridegroom, The Spirit hers, the temple she.

Empires rise and sink like billows; Their place knoweth them no more; Glorious as the star of morning, She o'erlooks the wild uproar, Hers the household all embracing; Hers the Vine that shadows earth; Blest thy children, might Mother! Safe the stranger at thy hearth.

Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre! Kneel, ye nations, at her feet! Hers the Truth whose fruit is freedom! Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

The discourse was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, during which some beautiful choral selections were splendidly sung.

CONDOLENCE.

At a special meeting of the Loyola Literary and Art Club, held on Sunday, April 5th, touching references were made by the members to the death of Mrs. James Sadler, honorary president of the Club. Resolutions of condolence were passed and ordered to be sent to the members of the family of deceased.

THE LATE MRS. SADLIER.



THE LATE MRS. SADLIER.

It seems but the other day that we attended that meeting in the archiepiscopal parlors, when the high and highly deserved honor of receiving the "Laetare Medal," from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, was conferred upon the most prominent and most distinguished of Irish lady writers—Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier. It appeared to us as the crowning of a splendid life, devoted to the cause of Irish literature in America, and to every good cause, be it benevolent or otherwise, that

reward. Her soul ascended to its source to receive the recompense promised to "every good and faithful servant" of God; and her name passed into history to occupy a conspicuous place, amongst those of Ireland's galaxy of brilliant intellects, whose beams fell athwart the last half of the century that is gone.

To mention her works done would mean a catalogue; to speak of her unrecognized writings—to be counted by the thousands of columns in the press of Ireland, England, America and Canada—would be to furnish an index to a library; to recall the names of all the prominent personages with whom she had been, either directly, or indirectly, associated, in her long literary career, would be to enumerate the brightest lights that Catholicity, in America, has given to the world for its education and uplifting.

As to the simple details of her life, the outline of the leading events, it is easy to give them.

She was the daughter of Francis Madden, of Cootchill, County Cavan, Ireland, where she was born December 31, 1820. She began her literary life at the age of 16, and when barely 18, began to contribute to La Belle Assemblée, a London magazine, published under the patronage of the Duchess of Kent. She left Ireland in 1844, and two years later married James Sadlier, of the firm of D. & J. Sadlier, publishers, of New York, Boston and Montreal. Her life was largely spent in New York, and it was there that she did some of her best work. One of her first works was a collection of traditional stories, published in Montreal, entitled "Tales of the Olden Time." In one of her numerous tales of Irish immigrant life and adventure, called "Eleanor Preston," there are some sketches of Lower Canada rural life and scenery.

Amongst the most remarkable of her books was an Irish romance entitled "The Confederate Chieftains." She translated several very important religious works, such as "De Ligny's Life of the Blessed Virgin," and the "Life of Christ." Her novels,

all of which tended to bring out the finer characteristics of the Irish race, are numerous; and not a few of our readers are acquainted with her "Willy Burke," "The Blakes and the Flanigans," "Con. O'Regan," "Eleanor Preston," and "Aunt Honor's Keepsake." If, to-day, they are less read than in former years, it is due to the floods of periodical and cheap literature with which the market is overflowing. But, Mrs. Sadlier, as an authoress, and as an exponent of Irish character, in the field of romance, must go down to posterity in the same category as Gerald Griffin and the Banims.

And while she was doing all this literary work she had a two-fold task to fulfil, which occupied all the time that could be snatched from one noon to another. As a wife and mother she had the care of a delightful home, the duties, so religiously fulfilled towards a loving husband and adoring children; and at the same time the editorship of the New York "Tablet" to occupy her slightest moment of relaxation.

In that work she was associated with Dr. Ives, the one time Anglican Bishop of Charleston, with the renowned Dr. Orestes Brownson, and with her dearest and most cherished of all co-laborers in Ireland's cause, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose ever has read her biographical and literary critical preface to the collection of McGee's poems, which she edited, cannot but perceive how powerful was the bond of sympathy between these two noble and gifted Irish souls. But that was not all. Her literary labors may have had some degree of recognition by the world; but she did other work and had other cares that were hidden under the cloak of a Christian humility. As one writer said:—

"Besides her vast literary work, she was also largely connected with many Catholic charitable institutions, and assisted in founding 'The Home for Friendless Girls,' 'The Foundling Asylum,' 'Home for the Aged,' 'The Night Refuge and Working Girls' Home,' etc. For the latter institution she wrote the first

page of the first year's annual report, and by special request contributed the first page to the 25th anniversary report."

During the last twenty-two years of her life Mrs. Sadlier has made her home in Montreal, and her venerable, benign, and inspiring face was familiar in every circle where good was to be done, the cause of faith, or that of country to be advanced. Every morning, especially every Sunday morning, in the bright spring, the radiant summer, or the golden autumn, she might be seen wending her way to St. Patrick's, or to the Gesu. It was met that on a Sunday morning, just as the faithful were bowing before the elevated Host, at the eight o'clock Mass, and as the bells announced that solemn moment of profound devotion, her happy soul should have moved quietly away from earth and ascended to the God whose laws she so faithfully obeyed and whose goodness she so thoroughly appreciated.

One evening, away back in the early nineties, the writer sat beside her, in her little, comfortable parlor, on Park Avenue—where for several years she resided—and felt a glow of sentiment that no pen can tell and no pencil trace, as he gazed upon that beautiful yet aged face, and listened to the thrilling, softly melodious tones of that sympathetic voice, as she read for him the last poem that McGee had written—that imperishable "Miserere Domine." And, in extending to her bereaved relatives the expression of our heartfelt sympathy and condolence, we cannot more worthily bid adieu to the grand old lady of Irish heart and Irish genius, than be paraphrasing the last lines of that poem:—

"Sadly we wept who laid her there;
Where shall we find her equal? Where?
Naught can avail her now but prayer."

Miserere Domine!"

And that tribute of prayer the Church offers to-day, and in it we join, with all our heart, as we humbly repeat—"May her soul rest in peace."

A Chat With Father Valentine On Missions To Non-Catholics

(By One Who Made the Recent Mission.)

Many Catholics who regularly attend the missions and receive all the blessings of grace which flow from them, seldom give much thought to another great missionary force which is continuously at work over the civilized world. Catholics who are not converts have had the great gift of faith conferred on them as it were gratis. It has fallen on them as did the mantle of Elias upon his disciple Eliseus. It has come to them without trouble; it grew up with their growth, nurtured by the mother's milk; it was taught them in school, and developed by the teachings from the pulpit.

This other important class of missionary work is generally known as missions to non-Catholics. The Passionist Fathers have paid particular attention to this line of labor, have made a special study of it, and have set apart several of the ablest men in the Order, not to devote themselves exclusively to it, but to make it a distinctive work. Among the best known of these are Rev. Fathers Xavier Sutton, Richard Barret, and F. J. Valentine, who took such a leading part in the recent Lenten mission at St. Patrick's, and whose striking eloquence and personal magnetism will not soon be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to hear him preach.

Speaking on the subject, Father Valentine said he thought the missions to non-Catholics the real work of the twentieth century. The Paul-

ist Fathers, whose labors had been blessed with such phenomenal success, had reduced these missions to non-Catholics to a definite system. The Passionist Fathers were also deeply interested in non-Catholic mission work, and many promising men of that Order were now qualifying themselves for that particular field of labor. As to the success of these missions Father Valentine was most enthusiastic, for, said he, converts invariably make good Catholics.

Do you never find any backsliders? was asked.

Very seldom; in fact, in the number of what I might call my own converts, I know only of one case where the convert fell away from the Church.

To about what length of time would you refer in this case?

To the whole of my seven year's work, and I might add that my converts are my best friends.

As regards the attendance in various cities?

The attendance, replied Father Valentine, has been splendid. He remembered only one mission at which there was any cause at all to complain. Speaking generally of these missions, Father Valentine said that at first people came, actuated merely by curiosity; others by animosity; but he found that many who came to scoff remained to pray, and when these latter were converted they became exemplary Catholics.

Referring to the anxiety of many Catholics to go to the missions to non-Catholics it was pointed out that the idea would be a good one, were there sufficient time. The sermons, to a certain extent, had to be doctrinal, or in a sense, semi-controversial. Outside of the catechism, few Catholics were really grounded in doctrine, and the discourses would be useful to them. There was a certain amount of religious indifference, for which erroneous ideas at the finish of education were responsible. To this false system of education, may be traced the false standard of morality which governs the world at the present time, the rigorous laws laid down for women being in striking contrast to the more lax ones laid down for men. And the outcome of all this was the spoiling of the boy. Even mothers did not pay so much attention to the boys as to the girls; boys were permitted to go into company in which it would be simply shocking to see the girls. Then there was that peculiar but mis-

taken notion that boys will be boys, and must sow their wild oats. Of course, girls are more tractable and appeal more to the teachers. The boy is not so easily led, but he has more individuality. The girl develops rapidly intellectually. The boy is of slower progress; in him the material dominates the spiritual; but when the boy is, so to speak, properly set, then his progress is very rapid. To make a comparison, one is a hot-house plant while the other is a hardy perennial. It was at this stage that a somewhat erroneous system of education became responsible for some of the shortcomings in Catholics which required the same sort of sermons to remedy as were preached to non-Catholics. To the postulants for admission to the Church, the Passionist Fathers always insisted on the importance of regular attendance at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, which was practically the backbone of Catholicity.

In his experience Father Valentine had found that converts were more regular in their attendance than were many Catholics. It was inexplicable to him how so many people should miss Mass through mere carelessness or laziness. Many did not seem able or willing to understand that some sins of omission were greater than some sins of commission. Missing Mass was not only a mortal sin; it was a departure from the means of essential grace. The intrinsic excellence of the Mass lay in the fact that it was a continuation of the great Sacrifice of Calvary. It was owing largely to the appreciation of this fact that converts were usually so exemplary and devout.

One of the great beauties of missions to non-Catholics lay in the dissemination of true knowledge concerning the Church and her doctrines. There was something grand, something soul-stirring in having an opportunity of painting Holy Church in the glorious colors of truth to those who were still struggling in darkness or semi-darkness. Then there were so many prejudices to be removed, which were deep seated in the non-Catholic mind. The work of uprooting was frequently difficult and tedious; but when it was done, it was done well and a new tree of faith had been planted. It was here that the heart of the missionary felt elated, as being the humble instrument of showing the way, the truth and the light.

There was an advantage to Catholics in non-Catholic missions which

was frequently lost sight of. Many who had fallen away from regular attendance at Church were given grace enough to bring a non-Catholic friend to a mission, when they would never dream of attending a purely Catholic mission themselves; and they felt as proud as peacocks if their friends showed signs of conversion, or even of appreciation. This was a pardonable pride, however; and almost insensibly they were brought back into the fold of the Church.

Speaking of the ultimate results of missions to non-Catholics, Rev. Father Valentine said that the actual number of conversions was about the last thing to be considered. While the numbers had been many and the success great, these things only served as a thermometer or a sort of report of progress. The real, the ultimate object was the

Spreading of the Light.

True to the Old Order.

Sometimes lessons come from a long distance. Such is the case in the present instance.

A Christian Brother's Old Boys' Union has been established in Melbourne, Australia. The event was made the occasion recently, of a gathering at which visitors from all parts of the States were present. The chair was taken by Mr. M. Jagers, an old pupil.

In proposing the toast of the evening, the chairman said their real object was to form an association which would help the Brothers, by furnishing recruits and establishing prize funds. He felt sure that all would co-operate in making the association, which had commenced so well, something to be proud of, by assisting it by every means in their power. The speaker gave warm expression to his feelings in regard to the good work done by the Brothers in fostering a love in the hearts of the Australian youth for the old land.

Bro. Hughes, on rising to respond, was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. He, as reported by the "Tribune," said it was with feelings

of no ordinary pleasure that he rose to respond to the toast so eloquently proposed by Mr. Jagers. In reply to those tributes of praise by the chairman, all that he could say was that they strove to do their humble best. They took no self-glorification for what they did. Their motive was a higher one. But he appreciated the compliment contained in the chairman's words, and particularly those which had reference to Irish sentiment and nationality. It was a singular coincidence, Bro. Hughes said, that, in selecting that evening for the launching of the association, the members had hit upon a double anniversary. Yesterday, 35 years ago, the Brothers had set foot upon a boat in Liverpool to come to Australia, and to-morrow, 34 years ago, they opened the first school in Victoria. And to-night he was looking upon some of his first pupils. He could say that it gave him much satisfaction. The Brothers had striven to so educate their boys that they could not only carve their own way in the world from the material standpoint, but they also endeavored to instill into them, while allowing them some measure of freedom, such Christian virtues that would, if carried out, earn for them the respect of their fellow-citizens. With regard to the association, he would say—Let everyone have his own ideas in sentiments and politics, but let them be found working 'at one harmonious body for the good of all, and in their discussions he would exhort them not to use "striking" arguments. He would urge them to remember the beautiful words of Moore:—

"Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight,
One Arch of Peace!"

Bro. Hughes concluded, amidst loud applause, with an appropriate recitation, from Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Bro. Nugent, in response to loud calls, also said a few words. Bro. Hughes had said all he could say in the matter, but he felt sure, from the warmth and enthusiasm displayed that evening, that the association would be a great success. He, personally, took great interest in the doings of the old boys, and he was pleased to see that something was

to be done in keeping them together. With regard to the compliment paid them as teachers, he would only refer them to the results of the examinations to show them that their confidence in them had not been altogether misplaced.

ABOUT TRUSTS.

In a series of articles, the "Revue" (Paris) seeks to show that the trust magnates of the United States are afflicted by that species of madness sent by the gods upon those whom they would destroy. "The trusts," it says, "like those prodigious genu of whom the poets speak, never stop gathering new youth and new vigor. Their growth is miraculous and the mode of their creation charms the American mind."

HINTS FOR DYSPEPTICS.

"Food should be eaten with interest and enjoyment, says a writer. The busy man must put aside his cares and troubles when he comes to his meals. The formalities of a set meal, and the ritual observed in the partaking of the various courses of a dinner, have their importance as appealing to the psychological factor in the secretion of the digestive juices.

IMMIGRATION NOTES.

The immigration figures for March, says a cable despatch to a local newspaper, have been issued, and show that 7,448 English, 1,240 Scotch and 3,937 foreigners went to Canada during that month. The total immigration to Australia was 672, and to South Africa 4,096.

Everyone is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

DIED.

O'SHAUGHNESSY.—At his home, in New York, No. 912 St. Nicholas Avenue, March 22, 1903, after a few days' illness, Charles, aged 26, dearly beloved son of Magaretta and E. J. O'Shaughnessy. Funeral services at the Church of St. Catherine of Genoa, 153rd street, near Amsterdam Ave., on Wednesday, March 25, at ten a.m. Interment Calvary.

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Some Thoughts on Easter Music.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

In God's grand plan for man's redemption, there are two stupendous mysteries—striking in their very oppositeness—the humility of our Saviour's Birth and the magnificent triumph of His glorious Resurrection. And the Church has set apart their festal days as occasions when everything that is grand and joyous in music is lavished upon her holy services; when human notes waft gently up to heaven like incense percolating to the foot of the Throne; when children's voices, clear and sweet, vie in very gladness with the hymn of praise of the morning lark, whose "profuse strains of unpremeditated art" greet the rising sun and melt away in a trill of thanksgiving to the Creator.

Of the two great occasions, perhaps Easter is the more striking, because it re-echoes triumph, it means the redemption of the world accomplished; and in harmony with the season of the year the Church's services are garlanded with the choicest musical blooms, culled from the greatest of the masters. Who so rich in music and great musicians as the Church? Her gifted sons have laid at her feet and dedicated to God the best fruits of their labors. Even non-Catholics, overwhelmed by the grandeur of symbolism and the simplicity of truth, by the devoutness of worship, and the tenacity of faith, by the God-given magnetism that attracts all humanity to her embrace,—these men have felt impelled to lay their offerings at the door of the Church's great harmonic treasure house. Remarkable instances might be cited, such as Beethoven's Mass in D, with its strange and effective setting of the "Dona Nobis Pacem," or Bach's Mass in B minor, a work, according to Grove, of such gigantic proportions and of so exceptional a character, that it is impossible to class it with any other, or to trace its pedigree through any of the schools.

Very nature at Easter, is typical of the Resurrection. "But if the grain of wheat die, it bringeth forth much fruit," and the grain was dead, but is now back to life; the acorn breaks from its cerements and shoots up a daring head into the atmosphere of spring; the winter sepulture is over, and mysterious music voices the change.

"Nor music, thro' thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him who made all harmony
Than the blest sound of letters breaking."

The very air murmurs music; the birds interpret it as they alone can, for they are Heaven taught; the brooks babble and and dance and shimmer to it; the wind and the trees combine to echo it; and the buds just trembling into life nod approval almost metronomically. For all the world is glad, and bells chime cheerfully but do not toll.

And with the heart of man thankful for the fruits of the earth, then comes the transcendent victory of Our Saviour over death and the grave—a victory that meant the ultimate achievement of man's redemption. What a cause for rejoicing! Why should not the ebullient enthusiasm and soul-springing outpouring of gratitude find vent in music, the only language adapted to the interpretation or praise of mystery. "Mystery's memory lives in music's breath."

It would be impossible to treat of Easter music without reference to the mournful strains of Holy Week. True, the ashes are gone from our foreheads and the mourning garments are cast aside; but the stern sorrow of the Tenebrae and the Agony may not so soon be forgotten. The contrast is too great.

At the beginning of the Christian era the Plain Chant reverberated through the catacombs, and was transmitted orally and by tradition. It is the foundation of the Gregorian which is used at the present day. To-

wards the close of the fourth century St. Ambrose of Milan succeeded in making a set of rules which enabled his clergy to sing with much precision and purity. He also introduced antiphonal, in contradistinction to Responsorial singing. Two centuries later St. Gregory the Great undertook the collection and revision of the many melodies introduced since the Ambrosian era, adding several melodies of his own, the collection eventually being sufficient for all the Church's needs. This collection was written in the celebrated "Antiphonarium."

The singing of the Lamentations is usually done in Plain Chant, but early in the sixteenth century, it was displaced to make room for polyphonic singing in the Pontifical Chapel. The settings were made by Carpentrasso, and were in vogue until practically the end of the century, when Pope Sixtus V. ordered that the first lesson only should be polyphonic, the other two plain chant melody sung by a single soprano. Here the mighty hand of Palestrina is found. He composed music for nine Lamentations, three for each day. Carpentrasso's, Palestrina's and Allegri's are the only "Lamentations" ever used in the Pontifical Chapel.

The "Miserere," if not the greatest musical composition in the world, is certainly the most celebrated. Two manuscript volumes in the Pontifical Chapel archives, contain the "Miserere" by twelve composers, of which the only one now in use is that of Gregorio Allegri. These manuscripts were very jealously guarded. We all know the story of how young Mozart on Maunday Thursday, 1770, listened to the "Miserere" in the Sistine Chapel, wrote it down after hearing it sung once only, and returned on Good Friday and corrected his MS.

Besides Allegri's beautiful composition, two other settings are used, that of Tommaso Bai (1714) and Giuseppe Baini (1821). "There is reason to believe," says Grove, that the idea of adapting the "Miserere" to music of a more solemn character than that generally used for the Psalms, and thus making it the culminating point of interest in the service of Tenebrae, originated with Pope Leo X., whose master of ceremonies, Paride Grassi, tells us that it was first sung to a Faux-bourdon in 1514.

Passing from the stern mournfulness of Tenebrae we emerge into the joyous light of Easter. After a long silence we are again animated by the stirring strains of the "Gloria," and the joyous notes of "Regina Coeli." During the last two centuries Church music, its modes, its styles, has changed greatly, until the modern composer recognizes few given laws, and gives vent to his own devotional individuality. The later school of sacred music, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, the beginning of the modern school, dates from the opening of the eighteenth century, with Francesco Durante, of Naples. He composed exclusively for the Church and left behind him thirteen Masses, sixteen Psalms, Hymns, etc., to the number of twenty-eight. His style left a distinct stamp on sacred music, and his pupil, Jomelli, followed faithfully in his footsteps. Then came the great masters of the Mass, Mozart and Haydn, with all their beauty and grace; and Cherubini, with grand imaginative power. Then we run through a whole century prolific in sacred music, but the style has changed. There is no scruple at borrowing the methods of the profane when they are beautiful; floridity is cultivated, new forms are introduced, and the richness of orchestration becomes almost voluptuous. Rossini, Gounod and many other writers have permitted the dramatic spirit to interfere with the ideality of the text; notwithstanding this, there is always the underlying motive of devotion; and the little flowery passages may be taken and metaphorically laid on the altar like a branch of sweet blooms that speak for the exuberance of joy in the human heart. For is it not Easter?

Some Calumnies of Dr. Burt.

The Rev. William Burt, D.D., is a Methodist missionary resident in Rome. Writing to the "Christian Advocate" of New York, he says:—"The 'Freeman's Journal' (Roman Catholic), referring to our article, 'Why Do We Send Missionaries to Roman Catholic Countries?' published in the Christian Advocate, Nov. 13, 1902, speaks of us personally in very uncomplimentary terms, instead of replying to our facts and arguments. We are accustomed, however, to such methods of attack on the part of papists. Special exception was taken to what we said in reference to the adoration of Mary."

The "Freeman's Journal" simply followed its usual custom of branding a calumny when it sees it going about. The Rev. Burt's misrepresentation of Catholic worship constituted a calumny, and our remarks in reference to the calumniator were very rationally and correctly considered by him as personally uncomplimentary. We do not see how they could be otherwise and be true.

Rev. Burt: "We are fully aware that it is always very difficult to discuss any question fairly with Roman Catholics, because of their Jesuitical sophistries.

You are not the only preacher who is fully aware that it is always very difficult to discuss question fairly with Roman Catholics. But if you cannot discuss them fairly would it not be as well not to discuss them at all? The cause of your difficulty is not Jesuitical sophistries, but the exposure of your misrepresentations and calumnies. When these are exposed there is usually very little left to talk about.

Rev. Burt: "They (Catholics) have two distinct systems: the theoretical or theological, and the practical. In most instances the one has no relation whatever to the other. If, for example, you should attack them or reply to them because of what they do or do not, they will answer by telling what they do or do not believe."

We do not know any better way of refuting false statements about Catholic doctrine than to quote the doctrine correctly. If Methodists were accused of some crime—idolatry for instance—we do not know how they could better refute the charges than by quoting the doctrines of their denomination condemning idolatry, and stating that they do not, and do not intend to disregard that condemnation. That certainly should acquit their denomination of the charge of teaching or tolerating idolatry, and show that they individually are not guilty of that sin. Just so with Catholics. When Rev. Burt accuses them of idolatry they point to the teaching of the Church condemning idolatry and assure their accuser that they do not, and do not intend to, disregard that condemnation. This is a valid answer to the accusation, for when a man tells you the principles which he accepts you of his intention to adhere in practice to those principles, you must respect his assurances, unless you believe him, to be a liar or a hypocrite.

But, says Rev. Burt, if you attack them for something they do, they answer by telling you what they believe. If what they do is right and in consonance with their doctrine, they would very naturally refer to the doctrine to prove their consistency. But when criticised for what they do contrary to their principles we cannot see why they should refer to their principles when such reference only emphasizes their inconsistency and convicts them of wrong doing. It would not occur to a man caught in the act of murder to quote the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," as a defence or exculpation.

Rev. Burt—"It is simply absurd for Roman Catholic priests or editors to say to those who have lived in Roman Catholic countries that Romanists do not adore or worship Mary. We know they do."

It is absolutely and criminally false to say that Catholics in Italy or anywhere else worship or adore Mary, in the sense you attribute to the words "worship" or "adore."

These words have a wide range of meaning, and the meaning in any given case depends on the intention of him who uses the words or does the acts designated by them.

The Standard Dictionary under the word adoration says: "The act of adoring as being or pertaining to the Deity; worship of God or special reverence given to some inferior person, or object related to God." Of

the verb adore it says: (1) "To render divine honors to; exhibit or express homage, veneration or reverence to; worship; as to adore the Holy Trinity. (2) To feel or exhibit profound regard or affection for; love or honor with intense devotion; as, the child adores the mother."

Under the word "worship" the same dictionary says: (1) "The feeling or act of religious homage to a deity, especially the supreme God, (2) The act or feeling of deference, respect, or honor toward worthiness or toward a position deemed worthy or high; as worship of the good; worship paid to the rich. (3) Excessive or ardent love or admiration; as the worship of the beautiful, the worship of a lover."

English literature affords examples of the use of the words worship and adore in all these different meanings. Macaulay, quoted by Webster, says: "The great mass of the population abhorred popery and adored Monmouth." No one thinks for a moment that Macaulay here accuses the English population of idolatry, of adoring Monmouth in the same sense and intention that they adored God. He simply used the generic term "adore" in its specific and limited sense. Again, in the Office of the Church of England for the solemnization of marriage, are found the words, "With my body I thee adore." No one but an addlehead would think for a moment that supreme and divine honor is given to the contracting party to whom these words are addressed. But should a Catholic, bowing down, say to the Blessed Virgin, "With my body I thee adore," some one of the Burt species would cry out, "idolatry, paganism, giving divine honor to a creature! I have been in Rome and I know." It would not occur to minds of his caliber that such words as adoration and worship and all other words having several meanings, mean only what they are meant to imply by him who uses them; they are to be interpreted by the intention and not the intention by them.

An Oxford professor once used the following words in a lecture on Shakespeare: "May England never be ashamed to show to the world that she can love, that she can admire, that she can worship the greatest of her poets." This in the mouth of an Oxford professor would not shock the Rev. Burt. But should a Catholic use the same words and say, "May the Catholic never be ashamed to show to the world that he can love, that he can admire, that he can worship the greatest of God's saints, the Virgin Mother of the Redeemer," the Rev. Burt's tender conscience and sectarian zeal would be ablaze at the idolatry of giving to Mary the honor due to God alone. It is hard to know how to take such queer people.

The Mason may without censure address an official of the lodge as "your worship or worshipful," but should the Catholic use the same address to the greatest of saints, to that mysterious and sacred link which unites the divinity of humanity in the Incarnation, he must expect to be accused of idolatry by the Burtian school of divinity. If Rev. Burt will look in his Bible at I. Chronicles, chapter 29, verse 20, he will find the following: "And David said to all the congregation, Now bless the Lord your God. And all the congregation blessed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads and worshipped the Lord and the king." And, as the text shows, this worship was pleasing to God.

Now, if that congregation could with divine sanction worship God and the King what valid objection can a believer in the incarnation of the Eternal Son of God raise against worshipping that incarnate Son and His Mother, a more august person, a more greatly beloved and endowed of God than David or Solomon?

Of course the worship given to God and the King and to the divine Redeemer and His Mother is specifically different. In the first case it is supreme, absolute worship, in the second case it is limited and relative. That given to the Supreme Being is beyond the dignity of any creature; that given to the King or to the Mother is not adequate to the Majesty of the Supreme Being. The congregation in Chronicles understood this essential difference in the objects of their worship, and their intention in worshipping God and the King corresponded to that difference. In precisely the same way Catholics understand the difference between the objects of their worship—the Supreme Being and Creator, and one of His most favored creatures—and their intention in worshipping corresponds to that difference.

This very simple truth and evident distinction does not seem ever to have acquired a lodging in the head of the Rev. Burt, Methodist agent in Rome. We have dwelt at some length on

the various meanings of the words adoration and worship for the purpose of bringing out more clearly the nature of Rev. Burt's sin of calumny against the millions of Catholics in Italy, whose mental attitude he claims by implication to know better than they themselves. They know that they have not the most remote intention to give to any creature the absolute adoration and worship that is due to God alone, and that the reverence, honor, or worship they give to creatures in this or the next world is relative and because of their relation to God; because God has made them worshipful. That is what the Catholics, Italian or otherwise, knows about his own meaning and intention when he honors and asks the help of any creature beloved and honored of God.

Now, the Rev. Burt's vanity consists in his thinking that he knows the Catholic's meaning or intention when he prays better than the Catholic knows it himself. When the Catholic assures him that the honor, reverence, or worship he gives to God's saints is not the same he gives to God who made them saints, but is relative and in reference to God the source of all holiness, Rev. Burt, relying on his superior psychological knowledge, replies that he knows better; that the worship given to the saints, particularly to the Blessed Virgin, is the same given to God, that it "relegates God to places among the mythological deities of paganism." Of course, the proper rebuke for such silly or malicious talk cannot in its truthfulness be flattered to Rev. Burt. And the Catholic in rebuking such unmitigated rot and its perpetrator is not disposed to put on lavender kids.

Rev. Burt's iniquity consists in putting a false meaning, an idolatrous intent, into Catholic worship, and then reporting his miserable counterfeit as the real Catholic worship. What imp of the perverse inspires such men? What good can they expect from such impious conduct?

We must express our surprise that so honorable and scholarly a gentleman as Dr. Buckley should permit such a mass of ignorant, malicious drivel to appear in his paper. It is possible that the Doctor can believe or hold himself responsible for this calumny of Burt: "Millions of these poor, benighted (Italian) people worship no other God than Mary, or the patron saint of their own town, village, or trade."

What epithet does the Doctor think would be a proper one for the author of such a statement? Those people are taught from their infancy to say the "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed by Thy name," in their morning and evening prayers, and they probably say it more frequently than Mr. Burt, who says they have no other God but some saint. Does the Methodist Missionary Board pay this calumniator for such work? If they do they need a missionary to teach them the first principles of morality.

Here is another example of Rev. Burt's ignorance and method: "In the Church of St. Agostino there is an image of the Madonna, though it looks more like the statue of a Roman matron, and some insistently assert that it is that of Agrippina, the mother of Nero."

Note the malice of the insinuation by which he strives to associate the Mother of Christ with the mother of Nero, and the child in the arms of the Virgin with the matricide son of poisoner Agrippina. Who are those who "insistently assert" that the statue is that of Agrippina? If there be any—which we doubt—they are as ignorant as Burt himself; for had he taken the trouble to inform himself he would have learned that the statue in the Church of St. Agostino is the work of the sculptor Jacopo Sansovino in 1512.

Rev. Burt makes several quotations from prayers to the Mother of our Redeemer, to prove his thesis that Catholics worship her with that worship which is due to God alone. In all these prayers Mary is appealed to as "Mother of God," and this, her intimate relation to God in the Incarnation, is the ground of every appeal for her intercession with God in behalf of the petitioner. It is a solid ground; and to say that asking Mary to intercede for us with her Divine Son, is to put her in the place of God, is to say a false, foolish and absurd thing, which, of course, is not beyond the ability of Rev. Burt.—The New York Freeman's Journal.

Sorrow is not given to us alone that we may mourn. It is given to us that, having felt, suffered, wept, we may be able to understand, love, bless.

No single great deed is comparable for a moment to the multitude of little gentlenesses performed by those who scatter happiness on every side and strew all life with hope and good cheer.



The Shamrock Seniors' Annual.

In the spacious hall of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association, on Dupre street, wherein many notable annual meetings have been held for a score or more years, assembled a large and enthusiastic gathering of the bearers of the Club's membership badge to listen to appreciations of the secretary and the treasurer of the events which they had all witnessed and so enthusiastically cheered during the past summer months. As each line of the secretary's report, which is to be inscribed in the annals of the Club, was read, cheer after cheer was heard, and when the treasurer announced that a surplus of \$4,868.18 had been the contribution of the senior affiliated club to the S.A.A.A., the enthusiasm reached its highest pitch.

The popular captain, and also president of the Club, Mr. Thomas O'Connell presided, and seated beside him were Mr. Peter Murphy, the shrewd and patriotic secretary and stalwart hustler, and Mr. William P. Lunny, the close-fisted treasurer, who has rendered yeoman service by his careful and economical administration of the finances.

In the body of the hall intermingled the veteran players, whose memories go back to the days when trainers were unknown and tender beefsteak, fried potatoes and the aroma of coffee were luxuries in which they could not indulge; the veteran executive officer who could recall the bitter struggles of a couple of decades ago when the green colors awakened prejudices that have since been almost obliterated; the veteran directors who planned and labored so earnestly and so patriotically to lay the foundations of the Shamrock Home in the northern district of this city, a decade ago, and which was the cause of much dissension, but owing to their perseverance, devotion and enterprise has been overcome, until now every Shamrock man, and every Irishman, who is proud of the colors and the glorious victories with which they are encircled, unite in a common sentiment of pride that the Home is a worthy memorial of the achievements of Irishmen and sons of Irishmen on the athletic fields of this Dominion from ocean to ocean; there too were the young recruits of recent years, whose victories on the ice-coated arenas of Canada have added new laurels to the association's crown, and whose energy and good counsel in the administration aided by older heads and courageous hearts made it possible to reduce the financial obligations, and make more solid the foundations upon which the Association rests. There also were officials whose impetuous ardor has urged them to face the greatest dangers for the honor of the Club's colors. It was a gathering of which our people may well be proud.

Previous to the election of officers some discussion arose as to the late date on which the annual meeting was held. Mr. J. B. I. Flynn, who holds the record as a regular attendant at all meetings of the seniors, very properly remarked in this connection, that the annual meeting of the Club should be held at an earlier date. It was too late and conflicted with societies in which the members were interested. After suspending the article of the constitution it was moved and carried that in future the annual meeting will be held the second Monday of March.

Two veterans whose names are familiar in athletic circles in Irish ranks were heard from in connection with the ever new and all-absorbing question of arranging to meet the onslaughts of opposing forces in the council room of the senior league.

Mr. C. Maguire asked if it was now customary for the players, members of the executive and delegates to the league, to meet and discuss proposed or desirable changes in the playing rules. Mr. Maguire considered that such a meeting would be advantageous to the Club. Mr. P. McKeown endorsed the suggestion, adding that he thought there ought to be some restriction regarding feuds. The president promised to take the matter into consideration.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer were adopted, and then the important business of the evening, the selection of the Club's executive for the coming season was taken up.

After the usual nominations which for the most part were unanimous,

the following results were announced amidst great cheering:—
 Hon. president, Harry McLaughlin.
 President, Thomas O'Connell.
 First vice-president, Harry J. Trihey.
 Second vice-president, T. F. Slatery.
 Hon. secretary, W. J. McGee.
 Assistant secretary, T. Emmett Quinn.

After the usual vote of thanks to the Young Irishmen's L. and B. A., and to the retiring officers, the meeting adjourned.

The Memorial to Deceased Paulists.

A memorial to Father Hecker and other deceased Paulist Fathers has recently been completed at the entrance to their great, massive stone church in New York. While it fills one of the large doorways of the south tower, yet it reveals something of the nature of a chapel. The alcove is about six feet wide, seventeen feet deep, and twenty feet high, and it is spanned by a Romanesque arch resting on marble pillars with modified Byzantine capitals. Just outside the columns are two polished memorial tablets of Vermont marble extending from the base to the level from which the arch is sprung. At the top of the tablets are trochilus symbolical of the Trinity and of the Christ.

Below this are the names of the priests of the church who have died. Beginning on the left is the name of Isaac Thomas Hecker, and on the right is that of Augustine Francis Hewit. Beneath these leading names on the left is a space left vacant, in which will be carved the name of George Deshon, the present Superior-General, and then follow the names of Robert Beverly Tillotson, Algeron Aloysius Brown, Charles Redmond Crosson, Martin Joseph Cessery, Alfred Young; and on the right, Francis Augustine Baker, Adrian Louis Rosecrans, Louis Gregory Brown, Edward Bernard Brady, Russel Aloysius Nevins, to be followed by the name of Thomas Verney Robinson, who died on February 16, 1903.

Flanking the arch above is the inscription: "To the Paulist Fathers who have gone before us with the sign of the faith, and whose bodies rest in the vaults below, this memorial is erected."

In the recess of the doorway is a panel of the Crucifixion, life-size, wrought in wood by the burning point and illuminated with gold. On either side, at the foot of the Cross, are adoring angels, one uplifting the Chalice, with the inscription: "My Blood is drink indeed;" and beneath the other, elevating the Sacred Host, with the inscription: "My Body is meat indeed." Above the Crucifix is the figure of an ascending dove, and over that the Triangle symbolizing the Trinity, and the Alpha and the Omega.

The whole is the design of William Laurel Harris, who has charge of the mural decorations of the Church.

Mr. Harris has earned for himself in the artistic world an enviable reputation for the very excellent work that he has done, and this latest masterpiece of his skill is bound to attract national attention. While it is a suitable memorial, executed with rare ability, it is also a unique specimen of devotional art. It creates an atmosphere of prayer right at the very door of the Church, and is, moreover, a very fitting reminder to the people of the labors of the Fathers who have served their spiritual interests in this Church.

The Memorial Chapel is a part of the scheme of decoration that is transforming the Church of the Paulist Fathers into one of the most attractive churches in the country.

In the beginning the great size of the Church, together with its large unadorned wall-spaces, gave the edifice a cold, forbidding aspect. But as time has gone on the warm coloring, together with the devotional paintings, has created an atmosphere of prayerfulness, so that there is no more devotional church in the country than this one. What intensifies this effect is the fact of the solid stone walls shutting out the city noises, and the light coming from above leads the soul heavenward in prayer. The mural paintings of Mr. Harris are one of the most beautiful features of the Church. — Catholic World Magazine.

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 GUARANTEED PURE

Irish Country Chapels.

From an article entitled "Our Irish Country Chapels," contributed by Seumas McManus to the current number of Donahoe's magazine, we take the following paragraphs:—

"Nowadays, every country parish in Ireland has its chapel—almost all of them have two—very many of them have three; a few of them (as this parish of Inver of which I speak) have four chapels each; and when it is remembered that some of our parishes are, in extent, ten miles long and five broad, it will be seen that in such cases four chapels are not any too many. Notwithstanding the multiplication of chapels of recent years, there are still but few parishes in which hundreds of people have not to travel three and four and five miles, and in some cases six, to attend divine worship—three and four and five and six miles, too, be it remembered, of moor and mountain. Yet, on any Sunday morning, be it inclement and tempestuous as it may, you will, if you are abroad and far from a chapel, meet not merely the young and the strong, but likewise the aged and the hobbling, setting their faces chapelwards, apparently oblivious of the storm; for so deep and so strong is the sense of devotion in the hearts of our people that the obstacles which prevent them attending Mass on Sunday must needs be very great indeed; and half a dozen miles in a storm of rain or snow are hardly reckoned sufficient excuse.

"The country chapel is usually a simple oblong building, with slated roof, high walls, and Gothic windows; a door in one end, an altar at the opposite end, and perhaps a little sacristy abutting from the altar-end of the chapel—though in some cases there is no sacristy, and the priest robes and disrobes in front of the congregation. The chapel is sometimes seated, but for the most part it has a bare floor, either of wood, flag or of clay—the people standing or kneeling all the time. It is only within comparatively recent years that the luxury of seats was introduced into our country chapels at all. The chapel usually stands on an elevated place, and looks very big and bare, as there are seldom any trees surrounding it that would relieve the bareness of the Mass in it, at 10 o'clock or at 11, or there are two, at nine o'clock and twelve o'clock, respectively. The number of Masses in each chapel depends upon the number of chapels in each parish, and the number of priests. Usually there are two priests and three chapels, and four Sunday Masses. The congregation at each Mass consists of anywhere from eight hundred people to three times that number. At all Masses, except the nine o'clock Mass (where matters are necessarily curtailed) the order of devotion is: prayers before Mass, Mass, Small Prayers (i.e., prayers for the relief of the souls in Purgatory; prayers for the dying; prayers for the sick; prayers for the absent; prayers for the conversion of England, etc.) sermon, Benediction; and oftentimes in May and October a Rosary precedes the Benediction. After Mass take place weddings, christenings, burials. Immediately after the priest has concluded his twelve o'clock Mass, with the short prayers, and before proceeding with any other exercises, he partakes of a cup of tea with bread, butter and an egg, which his boy prepares for him in the sacristy, or, if there be no sacristy, in the nearest cabin. Oftentimes, in this case, the best prayer in the parish, generally a stout bacach (beggarman), utilizes the time by, from the altar rails, leading the congregation in a Rosary. The priest comes back refreshed to the altar. The sermon of the country priest to the country congregation is heart-searching, and it is no uncommon thing in our country chapels to hear the priest, when he gets warmed to his subject, evoke wail after wail from the women of the congregation; and it is a frequent thing to find a whole congregation dissolved in tears.

"Until recently—and often, to a great extent, still—the clerk at these country chapels was usually that most important personage, the Priest's Boy—a boy probably of from fifty-five to sixty-five years of age, who wears an air that the cares of both priest and parish are sitting upon his shoulders. His manipulation of his Latin would not, I dare say, always please the over-ear of a grammarian; but, rough and rude though this Boy looks, he can get off his Latin with a felicity and a facility that makes all the old women marvel much—a felicity and a facility that your carping grammarian might never hope to attain.

"These chapels are built to a great extent by money received from the boys and girls in America; but, in addition to this, every one in the parish contributes in kind—gives so many weeks' work himself, so many weeks' work of the various members of his family, and so many weeks' work of his horse and cart, if he have one.

"I know of no scene more cheering, more inspiring, more impressive than that of a sunny Sunday morning among our mountains, when the people—the boys and the girls, the men and women, and the children, in their cleanest, in their brightest and best—wind down the hillside and over the moors, and stream along the white country roads to chapel. It is a refreshing sight and a joyous one, and an elevating one. The sun is in these people's hearts, and in their souls, as well as on their faces. The girls have on their brightest ribbons, the women their bluest cloaks, the men and boys their freshest frieze, or richest broadcloth. Neighbor steps out with neighbor, and friend with friend, and couples gravitate to groups, or groups dissolve again in couples as they proceed; the hearts of all going lightly as their feet. Though the distance may be miles, and the road be rough, they never know it; and their journey is indeed all too short for the many, many absorbing topics that they have to pass in review. When they reach the chapel-yard, their first thought is to say a Pater and Ave, kneeling by the graveside of some dear departed one; after which, since it is not yet Mass-time, they mingle with the many there assembled already, meet their friends from the opposite end of the parish, whom they have not seen for seven days, swap the news of their respective districts, learn the state of the markets and the doings of Parliament."

Notes From Scotland.

NEW ALTARS.—Two new altars, one to the Sacred Heart, and the other to Our Lady, were dedicated on St. Patrick's Day in St. Patrick's Church, Glasgow. The altar to the Sacred Heart was given by the lady members of the Women's branch of the Sacred Heart Society, that of Our Lady being the gift of a member of the congregation. The altars are each a veritable work of art. Amongst those taking part in the ceremony were His Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow, Canon McCarthy (celebrant of the Mass), Fathers M'Menamy and M'Donald, deacon and sub-deacon respectively, Father Stewart, with Provost Chisholm and Canons Mackintosh and Ritchie representing the Chapter. Dean M'Nairney and Dr. Mullin were also present.

IRELAND'S DAY.—It would be very hard to particularise any place in Scotland where St. Patrick's Day was not held this year, and therefore to save any heartburnings we will not enumerate. Suffice it to say that we have to hand from every part of the country reports, political, religious, and social, showing that wherever there is a knot of Irishmen gathered together there, neither religion, nor country are forgotten.

A NEW CHURCH.—On Sunday last a new church dedicated to St. Patrick at Dumbarton, was opened by His Grace Archbishop Maguire, assisted by His Lordship, Bishop Macfarlane, of Dunkeld. The old church, erected in 1830, becoming inadequate, the Rev. Father Linster began the building of one which would meet the wants of the ever-increasing congregation. The treatment of the church is Early English, carried out in a simple manner. His Grace Archbishop Maguire preached at the morning service, whilst the preacher at the evening service was Father Kirk, of Tollcross, whose father is a member of the Dumbarton Town Council, and who was himself reared in the parish.

IRELAND VINDICATED.

The annual analysis of the official statistics bearing on the question of the consumption of alcoholic liquors in England, Scotland and Ireland has just been published in the London "Times" by Rev. Dawson Burns. From this it appears that the total expenditure on drink in the United Kingdom was less by two millions and a quarter, roughly speaking, in 1902 than in 1901, the amounts being respectively £179,499,817 and £181,738,245. The analysis shows that Ireland spends less per head on alcoholic drinks than either England or Scotland.

AN ARTIST'S TRIUMPH.

Mrs. Navarro who was Miss Mary Anderson, and well known in Montreal, is said to have declined an American offer of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for a course of thirty-five weeks of theatrical readings.

CONFIRMATION OF ADULTS.

Archbishop Farley confirmed 240 adult Catholics in the Church of St. Agnes, New York, last week. This is the largest number of adults ever confirmed at one service in New York. The great increase is credited to a three weeks' mission which has just closed in the Church. The mission was conducted by Fathers Gannon, Collins and Owen Hill, three of the best known orators of the Jesuit Order. Fully half of those confirmed were men.

The Montreal City and District Savings Bank.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Bank will be held at its Head Office, 176 St. James Street, on
Tuesday, 6th May Next,
At 12 O'Clock Noon,
 for the reception of the Annual Reports and Statements, and the election of Directors.
 By order of the Board,
 A. P. LESPERANCE, Manager.
 Montreal, March 31st, 1908.

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A Panacea for Dyspepsia, Biliary Attacks, Etc. FERNET-BRANCA

Hospital of Johannesburg, Johannesburg, Aug. 3rd, 1898.
 I certify to have made use of the medical bitter liquor known by the name of FERNET-BRANCA of Fratelli Branca, of Milan, and to have found it extremely efficacious as a bitter tonic. It is most useful in cases of dyspepsia, biliary attacks, etc.
 F. JOHN NECKER.
 Head Physician of the Johannesburg Hospital.
 Bangkok (Siam), Sept. 30th, 1895.
 The undersigned declares that the FERNET-BRANCA is an excellent bitter tonic. It has given good results in cases of dyspepsia and in other disorders of the digestive organs. It stimulates appetite and facilitates digestion.
 DR. RASCH.
The World's Best Appetizing and Digestive Bitters.
 Beware of imitations. FRASER, VIGER & CO. Sole Agents for Canada.

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THE FINEST COOKING RAISINS FOR EASTER
 The very finest Valencia Raisins, off-stalk and in layers, 10 cents per pound.
 "Crown" Sultana (seedless) Raisins, 15 cents per package.
 The very finest "Private Stock" Sultana Raisins, 18 cents per pound.
 The very finest, Seeded Raisins, Mohawk Brand, 15 cents per package.
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 "SOLARI'S BEST," DIRECT FROM SMYRNA.
 "Solari's Best" Figs, in 1-lb. boxes—15 cents per box; \$1.65 per dozen boxes.
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 LOCOUM (PULLED FIGS), IN KNOCKDOWN BOXES.
 Solari's "Locoum" Figs, in 3-lb. knockdown boxes, 75 cents each.
 Solari's "Locoum" Figs, in 4-lb. knockdown boxes, 90 cents each.
 Solari's "Best Stewing" Figs, 10 cents per pound, 3 pounds for 25 cents.

CUZOL'S (BORDEAUX) FRENCH TABLE PRUNES

In 2-lb., 4-lb., and 7-lb. glass jars, 5-lb. tins, 28-lb. and 56-lb. wooden chests.
THE VERY FINEST TABLE AND STEWING PRUNES
 For the Easter Dinner Table.
 Cuzol's "Belle Rame" Stewing Prunes 15 cents per pound
 Cuzol's "Demi Choix" Stewing Prunes 20 cents per pound
 Cuzol's "Imperial" Table Prunes 25 cents per pound
 Cuzol's Table Prunes, "Imperiales," in 5-lb. tins, \$1.25 per tin
 Cuzol's Table Prunes, "Imperiales Fleurs," in 7-lb. glass jars, \$2.75 each
 Cuzol's Table Prunes, "Imperiales Fleur," in 4-lb. glass jars, \$1.80 each
 Cuzol's Table Prunes, "Imperiales Fleur," in 2-lb. glass jars, \$1.00 each
 Cuzol's Table Prunes, "Imperiales Superfines," in 2-lb. glass jars, 90 cents each.
 Cuzol's Table Prunes, "Imperiales Extra Fleur," in 2-lb. glass jars, \$1.15 per jar.

FINEST OF FRUITS FOR EASTER PIES.

California Prunes, "Golden Gate" Brand, 15 cents per pound; 2 pounds for 25 cents.
 California Evaporated Peaches for Peach Pies, 20 cents per pound.
 California Evaporated Pears, for Pies, 20 cents per pound.
 California Evaporated Apricots, for Pies, 20 cents per pound.
 Our California Prunes, Apricots, Pears and Peaches are all selected fruit, and the very finest possible to procure.
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French Peas, French Mushrooms, French Beans, French Truffles, etc.

FOR THE EASTER DINNER TABLE.
 The "Maison Billet" Brand, the finest goods packed in France.
THE "BILLET" BRAND OF VEGETABLES IN GLASS.
 "Billet" Petit Pois, Extra Fines, 40 cents per jar; \$4.50 per dozen.
 "Billet" "Champignons," (Mushrooms), Extra (toutes tetes), 40 cents per jar; \$4.50 per dozen.
 "Billet" Champignons, aux truffes, (Truffled Mushrooms), 75 cents per jar.
 "Billet" Haricot Verts (Extra fine), 40 cents (string beans), per jar; \$4.50 per dozen.
 "Billet" Haricot Flageolet (Lima Beans), 40 cents per jar; \$4.50 per dozen.
 "Billet" Macedoines (mixed vegetables), 40 cents per jar; \$4.50 per dozen.
 Asparagus, White (Pinard's), 60 cents per large glass jar.
 "Billet" Truffles du Perigord, first choice, small bottles, 40 cents each.
 "Billet" Truffles du Perigord, first choice, medium bottles, 75 cents each.
 "Billet" Truffles du Perigord, first choice, large bottles, \$1.35 each.

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Irish National Art.

BY "CRUX."

HERE is still an essay, from that small, but wonderful collection, that must find its place in this series. All the while we are dealing with, and aiming at the revival of Irish nationality. This we have touched upon in regard to letters, to language, to monuments, to music, to antiquities, to industries, to trade and commerce; but, as yet we have not approached the subject of National Art. Once more I desire to accentuate the fact, that it is not only on account of what they contain, in regard to the immediate phase of the subject, that I so insist on reproducing so many passages from those essays and articles of Davis, but also on account of the vast fund of historical and literary information that they contain, as well as the manner in which they illustrate the varied genius of their author. Consequently I make no apology for the following magnificent page on "National Art."

No one doubts that if he sees a place or an action he knows more of it than if it had been described to him by a witness. The duller man, who "put on his best attire" to welcome Caesar, had a better notion of life in Rome than our ablest artist or antiquary.

Were painting, then, but a colored chronicle, telling us facts by the eye instead of the ear, it would demand the Statesman's care and the People's love. It would preserve for us faces we worshipped, and forms of men who led, and instructed us. It would remind us, and teach our children, not only how these men looked, but, to some extent, what they were, for nature is consistent, and she has indexed her labors. It would carry down a pictorial history of our houses, arts, costume, and manners, to other times; and show the dwellers in a remote isle the appearance of countries and races of his contemporaries. As a register of facts—as a portrayal of men, singly or assembled—and as a depicter of actual scenery, art is biography, history, and topography thought through the eye.

So far as it can express facts, it is superior to writing; and nothing but the scarcity of faithful artists, or the stupidity of the public, prevents us from having our pictorial libraries of men and places. There are some classes of scenes—as where continuous action is to be expressed—in which sculpture quite fails, and painting is but a shadowy narrator. But this, after all, though the most obvious and easy use of painting and sculpture, is far indeed from being its highest end.

Art is a regenerator as well as a copyist. As the historian, who composes a history out of various materials, differs from a newspaper reporter, who sets down what he sees—as Plutarch differs from Mr. Grant, and the Abbe Barthelmy from the last traveller in India—so do the Historical Painter, the Landscape Composer (such as Claude or Poussin) differ from the most faithful Portrait, Landscape, or Scene Drawer.

The Painter, who is master of composition, makes his pencil contemporary with all times and ubiquitous. Keeping strictly to nature and fact, Rembrandt sits for him and St. Paul preaches. He makes Attila charge and Mohammed exhort, and Ephesus blaze, when he likes. He tries not rashly, but by years of study of men's character, and dress, and deeds, to make them and their acts come as in a vision before him. Having thus got a design he attempts to realize the vision on his canvass. He pays the most minute attention to truth in his drawing, shading, and coloring, and by imitating the force of nature in his composition, all the clouds that ever floated by him, "the lights of other days," and the forms of the dead, or the stranger, hover o'er him.

But art in its highest stage is more than this. It is a creator, great as Herodotus and Thierry are. Homer and Beranger are greater. The ideal has resources beyond the actual. It is infinite, and Art is indefinitely powerful. The Apollo is more than noble, and the Hercules more than man. The Moses of Michael Angelo is no likeness of the inspired law-giver, nor of any other that ever lived, and Raphael's Madonnas are not the faces of women. As Reynolds

says, "the effect of the capital works of Michael Angelo is, that the observer feels his whole frame enlarged." It is creation, it is representing beings and things different from our nature, but true to their own. In this self-consistency is the only nature requisite in works purely imaginative. Lear is true to his nature, and so are Mephistopheles, and Prometheus, and Achilles; but they are not true to human nature; they are beings created by the poet's minds, and true to their own laws of being. There is no commoner blunder in men, who are themselves mere critics, never creators, than to require consistency to the nature of us and our world in the works of the poet or painter.

To create a mass of great pictures, statues, and buildings, is of the same sort of ennoblement to a people as to create great poems of histories, or make great codes, or win great battles. The next best, though far inferior, blessing and power are to inherit such works and achievements. The lowest stage of all is neither to possess nor to create them.

Ireland has had some great painters—Barry and Forde for example, but many of inferior but great excellence; and now she boasts high names—Maclise, Hogan, and Mulready. But their works were seldom done in Ireland, and are rarely known in it. Our portrait and landscape painters paint foreign men and scenes; and, at all events, the Irish people do not see, possess, nor receive knowledge of their works. Irish history has supplied no subjects for our greatest Artists; and though, as we repeat, Ireland possessed Forde and Barry, creative Painters of the highest order, the pictures of the latter are mostly abroad; those of the former unseen and unknown. Alas! that they are so few.

To collect into, and make known, and publish in Ireland, the best works of our living and dead Artists, is one of the steps towards procuring for Ireland a recognized National Art. And this is essential to our civilization and renown. The other is by giving education to students and rewards to Artists, to make many of this generation true representatives, some of them great illustrators and composers, and, perchance, to facilitate the creation of some great spirit.

Something has been done—more remains. (We may here pass over all that follows, of a local character, and referring to circumstances sixty years ago, and take up the thread of argument with a striking example.)

The Cork School of Art owes its excellence to many causes. The intense, genial, and Irish character of the people, the southern warmth and variety of climate, with its effects on animal and vegetable beings, are the natural causes. The accident of Barry's birth there, and his great fame, excited the ambition of the young artists. An Irishman, a Corkman had gone out from them, and amazed men by the grandeur and originality of his works of art. He had thrown the whole of the English painters into significance for who would compare the lucid common place of the Stuart painters, or the melo-dramatic reality of Hogarth, or the imitative beauty of Reynolds, or the clumsy strength of West, with the overbearing grandeur of Barry's works.

But the present glories of Cork, Maclise and Hogan, the greater, but buried, might of Forde, and the rich promise which we know is springing there now, are mainly owing to another cause; and that is, that Cork possesses a gallery of the finest casts in the world.

Here we will pause for this week. In the next issue we will reach that to which this splendid appreciation of art is but a preface—we mean the importance to a nation of a National Art Gallery. We have before us, in the above passages, such a wealth of material for meditation and investigation that we need not now over load the lesson with superfluous comment.

It is better to be sometimes deceived than to be always suspecting.

We make fanciful distinction between eternity and time; there is no real distinction. We are in eternity at this moment. That has begun to be with us which never began with God.

The trouble with most of us is, that our joys seem to sink out of sight, in some inner quagmire, and our pains seem to take root on the thinnest soil and flourish like the proverbial green bay tree. What is the matter with us, that a little irritation to-day can wipe out, in a moment, all the recollection of yesterday's glory?

A POEM ON POPE LEO.

The five and twenty years St. Peter reigned
In Caesar's city, thou hast lived to see,
Gracing, O Leomagne, the Papal throne—
Peter, returned to life, we hail in thee.

Thou shalt reign longer. May the Lord our God,
Who sets man's era and life's latest bound,
Prolong the days, that men may see again
The decades ten and more some fathers found.

When Rome beheld the Papal diadem
Alight upon thy brows, amid the cheer
Of coronation day, there could be heard
One sad lament arise, one voiced fear.

It wept aloud: "Alas! those snow-white locks
Betoken life high spent; and seventieth link
Of years, now forging for him, prophesies—
Our Pope is like a sun about to sink."

But lo! this sun has constant brightly burned
For five grand lustres, and the dreaded sound
Of evil forecast has long ceased to rise—
The dooming tongue is mute as 'neath the ground.

This wrought the Mighty One, who once of old
At Joshua's pleading, stayed the sun in flight,
And reining in that fiery chariot's steeds,
Gave battling hosts a double length of light.

The King of Ages so renewed thy youth,
That robust senses and a mind unique
That knew no tiring, gave thee ample strength
To scale Mt. Pindar's loftiest, rugged peak.

His saving arm kept from thee the horde
Of inward ills to which "all flesh is prey,"
And fevers lurking in the Roman air
Heard this command: "From him Avaunt, Away!"

He spared thee not those many bitter woes
That bring a heavenly prize in hearing them;
But even these the hand on high took heed,
Should never stunt, or break the Papal stem.

These cares of office he did lighten oft
With what was both thy greatest joy and pride—
The sight of hosts of new believers come
Proclaiming thee "Truth's Chief and Supreme Guide."

O Christ, our trusted leader to the skies!
Uphold with thy right arm the Captain, pray—
On whom the burden thou hast laid to steer
Thy Bark through tossing seas to heaven's bay.

O Mighty Arbiter, be calm the winds—
Press down the waves; the angry clouds dispel;
And let the blue sky smile upon thy Ship—
And Leo live to hymn o'er baffled hell.*

REV. JOHN PRICE,
Pittsburg, Pa.

*From the Latin of F. X. Reuss in "Vox Urbis," a paper published in Rome, Italy.

WITH THE SCIENTISTS

SMOKE-WASHING.—We have had an opportunity of witnessing a trial of a smoke-washing apparatus which has been placed on the roof of Romano's restaurant in the Strand, London. A similar apparatus is being fixed in the basement of the Imperial Restaurant in Regent street, but owing to building operations its application has been temporarily suspended at that place. This is to be regretted, as it is stated that the apparatus does its best work when attached to the lower portion of a chimney, as the fan contained in the

apparatus so regulates the draught that chimneys are not required. The inventor is Prof. Giovanni Mugna of Forli, Italy, who claims for his patent that it deprives the smoke of all those qualities which are objectionable, whether from the point of view of health or of cleanliness. It consists of a metal cylinder at the top of which are openings for the ingress and egress of smoke. A vertical shaft runs through the centre of this cylinder, carrying on its upper portion a centrifugal fan and near its lower end a "whirler" or paddle. Smoke is drawn from the chimney into the cylinder by means of the fan and the whirler mixes it with water contained in the bottom of the cylinder. After being washed the smoke, now almost colorless, escapes from the upper part of the apparatus. This vaporous residue we have not had an opportunity of examining chemically, but the inventor states that it contains only a faint trace of carbonic acid.

The following little experiment was made before us: Pieces of wet blotting paper were held for a few seconds over a chimney leading from a fire where bones and other refuse were being burnt. As might be expected, the paper was quickly covered with soot. The smoke-washing apparatus was then connected with the chimney and clean wet blotting paper was applied over the washing smoke outlet. On removing the paper only three or four smuts were to be seen. The experiment was repeated several times with similar results: it is fair to state that even the few smuts may have been blown from chimneys in the immediate vicinity. Without any great inconvenience it was quite possible to hold the head over the smoke outlet when only a faint odor resembling burning wood could be perceived. On the residue at the bottom of the cylinder being drawn off it was seen to be a thick fluid of ink-like blackness, giving off a strong odor of smoke. The apparatus is worked by a small electric motor of about one horsepower.

In a building where some sort of motive power is already in use no special motor is required and an electric motor can always be used where a continuous current is supplied. The machine itself only requires to be emptied once or twice a day. We understand that the apparatus is already in use in Italy. The London address of the patentee is No. 8 Denmark street, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. We have said enough to show that the apparatus is one that deserves careful trial. If it should prove that it is capable of doing a fair proportion of what is claimed for it by its inventor it ought to effect an appreciable difference in the atmosphere of any towns where it may be used. — The Lancet.

The Stage Irishman.

The stage Irishman is having a rough time these days, says the New York "Freeman's Journal." Under the name of "McFadden's Flats" he was hissed off the boards of the Fourteenth street Theatre, New York and later in the Star Theatre at Harlem, and a few nights after he was treated in like manner in Philadelphia.

This is highly gratifying. The stage Irishman has been a standing insult to the Irish race for a generation and more. And it is to the discredit of the race that he has been permitted to go so long in his brutal caricature.

But to-day, thanks to the Gaelic League and to the United Irish League and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a spirit of self-respect has been infused into the young men of Irish blood which asserts itself in action and which, if only persisted in, is bound to sweep into the cesspool of contempt those filthy wretches who are doing England's work in the caricature guise in which our common enemy would have all Irishmen appear to the world as their true selves.

The men who are engaged in this work of driving the stage Irishman off the boards are not rowdies. They are gentlemen. They are good citizens. They are impelled to enter upon this work in the spirit of crusaders. They feel that the outrage has gone on long enough, and they are resolved to put an end to it. God speed them!

Lines dedicated to the men who put an end to the vile production known as "McFadden's Flats." (With apologies to "The Wearing of the Green.")

McFadden dear an' did you hear the latest song afloat,
Of how your "Flats" was accentuated an' how your ass was smoot?

No more upon the playboards will your picture dear be seen
For there is a mighty voice agin' you shaming of the green.

You thought you would great laurels win when at the "Star" you'd shine,
But when the hen-fruit came your way a fear crept up your spine,
"I'm done," you cried: "no, never more my donkey will be seen.
Nor will my lady ride him out a-wearin' of the green."

"I met with Ikey Dinkenspiel, an' he took me by the hand,
I'm done for now and ruined by the men from Ireland,
I thought I was a Johnny Bull, that made me very sore.
But I'm away to the timbers tall, a-running ever more."

"I could hear them down the orchestra a-whisperin' about
And thinking only of applause until that awful shout
Burst on my ears. All terrified I ran, the truth to state;
When I got soaked upon the 'nut' I could no longer wait."

And now take heed, base recreant! when good St. Patrick true,
Drove out the snakes from Ireland, 'twas reptiles such as you,
But ever more, where'er your head, or tail, should it be seen,
Look out for ancient hen-fruit and the men who wear the green.

—Philo-Celtic.

D'Youville Reading Circle.

(From An Occasional Correspondent)

Ottawa, April 1, 1908.

The D'Youville Reading Circle held its regular fortnightly meeting on Monday evening, March 16, instead of on Tuesday, 17, in order that it might not clash with any entertainment in honor of St. Patrick. The Irish Land Bill was one of the interesting subjects of the evening. The cause of all the land trouble in Ireland was spoken about, as well as the measures which are to be taken to restore things to their former condition. Reference was made to an article in the March number of the "Catholic World" by Father O'Keefe, to one entitled "Soul Blindness," by Father McSorley, and to a study on the English Educational Bill, by Father Symonds.

Reverend Doctor Wm. Barry's book on the Political Popes occupied some attention. The subject proper of the evening was the Renaissance, which has been studied far enough by the "Circle" to see how it led to the "Reformation." The difference between the "Reformations" in England and Germany was mentioned. It was said that Catholic doctrine being Divine we do not admit the need of reformation, and that the Council of Trent the true reformation did not change the doctrine but formulated it.

At this week's meeting of the Reading Circle, which was held on Tuesday, March 31, the coal commission occupied considerable attention. In speaking of the report published by the commissioners mention was made of the fair and honest settlement of the problem, and withal of the substantial victory of the miners. The late decree of the Czar of Russia emancipating his people with regard to religion was alluded to, as well as the new Bill concerning Ritualism which was recently introduced into the House in England.

The placing of Tennyson's Idyll of "The Holy Grail" was the literary topic of the evening. It was a source of comment that this mystic poem should have been written in an age so materialistic as that of the nineteenth century. The beautiful symbolism of the "Holy Grail" and the different traditions concerning it were spoken of. A passage was read describing the vision of Sir Percival's sister, the "pale nun," whose eyes were "beautiful with the light of holiness."

"Christianity and Progress" from Coventry Patmore's book "Religio Poetae," and "Under the Cedars and the Stars," by Rev. Father Sheehan, were mentioned for reading. Mr. John Francis Waters gave a delightful lecture on Charles Dickens on March 25, which closes his series of lectures for the D'Youville Reading Circle for this year. In responding to the vote of thanks, passed by Rev. Father O'Boyle, Mr. Waters congratulated the Reading Circle on their regular attendance and progress, and on their good fortune in having one so splendidly adapted to her work as is the present head of the Circle whose name I must not mention.

MARGARET.

The Doctrine Of Hell.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

It is becoming more and more fashionable to ignore, to forget, or to discard entirely the positive doctrine of a Hell. We can all recall the mess that the unfortunate Mirart, towards the close of his life, made of this subject. Yet the world is ever eager to grasp at anything that tends to efface the idea of an eternal punishment in the next world. Such is in accord with human nature. People love to rock themselves into an oblivion of a great reality that they seek to shun. They have often grave reasons for this self-delusion in regard to the teachings of Christ and of His Church on the subject of Hell. Every imaginable explanation, but the proper one, is invented to keep up the fatal deception. Some will have it that Hell is a mere figure of speech; others that it is merely a spiritual state of misery; again others that the fire is not real but purely imaginary. The consequence of all this is that people who are strangers to our faith are surprised beyond measure when they chance to hear a sermon, preached by a Catholic priest on the realities of Hell. To us there is nothing extraordinary in it; we know the doctrine, and we seek not to avoid the contemplation of it.

There are natures that cannot bested upon by love but must be swayed by fear. The majority of men are of this category. They may not avoid sin for the pure love of God, and because sin is an offence against the majesty of God; but they will refrain from sin through dread of the punishments that have been promised as soon as life is over. If it were possible for such people to wipe out Hell, or come to a certain conclusion that it was either a myth or a figurative punishment, there would be no incentive sufficiently strong to make them adhere to virtue, and no motive powerful enough to keep them from sin.

In the Ottawa "Citizen" of the 3rd instant, we find an editorial, in which the writer says:—

"A Jesuit Father is holding a mission in Hamilton and preaching a real fire hell in such graphic language and groan and leave the church in the middle of a discourse to seek the cool air without. People of all denominations are attending. It is said that the word pictures are luridly realistic."

Then come two extracts from the sermon. We would judge from the foregoing that the extracts would be of a nature to make the blood run cold. Here they are:—
"Let us walk boldly up to the gates of Hell." And then—"The flaming arms of fire wave to and fro across the horizon, crying out to humanity, 'Back to God; don't come too close; we were kindled for the bad angels.'"

Now we see nothing wonderful in these two figures of speech. The first is an invitation to the congregation to study seriously and contemplate the reality of Hell; the second is a rhetorical and effective way of telling them that the terrors of Hell warn them to turn to God, while yet there is time. Why make such a furor over these two simple—if eloquently expressed—admonitions? The report says that "unlike the Protestant churches to-day, Father Stanton believes in a place of real fire." Well; what of it, if he does? So does every other Catholic priest, and every other Catholic from the Pope down to the most insignificant member of the Church.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 5th April, 1908.—Males 154, females 10. Irish 110, French 31, English 19, Scotch and other nationalities 4. Total 164.

When a disagreeable condition is permanent and unavoidable, it is a duty to take the brighter rather than the more sombre view of the situation and find as much peace and happiness as the circumstances contain.

Don't live for yourself, and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

Old Letters

By a Regular Contributor

This is only half a letter even that, it is only an extra paragraph. But it is a rare poem and an authentic historical signature. The which this one sheet—written away from New York in mid-July a few days before the sad 'been carried to the city, away Baton Rouge, that I General Thomas F. Meagh been drowned, in a very manner, on the evening of of July, on the Missouri. tails of the last sad journal hero of two hemispheres was lished. After the close of 1865, and the disbandment of the Irish Brigade, he appointed Governor of Missouri. June of that year, when the Governor heard of an Irish rising in the West. He had all day long, under a broom, to catch the boat, at Baton real but purely imaginary. The sequence of all this is that people who are strangers to our faith are surprised beyond measure when they chance to hear a sermon, preached by a Catholic priest on the realities of Hell. To us there is nothing extraordinary in it; we know the doctrine, and we seek not to avoid the contemplation of it.

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This is only half a letter; not even that, it is only an extract, a mere paragraph. But it contains a true poem and an authentic historical signature. The letter, of which this one sheet—written on both sides—formed a part was written from New York in mid-July, 1868. A few days before the sad news had been carried to the city, from far away Baton Rouge, that Brigadier-General Thomas F. Meagher, had been drowned, in a very mysterious manner, on the evening of the first of July, on the Missouri. The details of the last sad journey of the hero of two hemispheres were published. After the close of the war, in 1865, and the disbanding of Meagher's Irish Brigade, he had been appointed Governor of Montana. In June of that year, when in office, the Governor heard of an Indian uprising in the West. He had travelled all day long, under a broiling sun, to catch the boat, at Baton Rouge, that would take him to the scene of the disturbance. It was evening, and after a brief rest and supper, he came from his cabin and took a seat on the deck. The Captain (Mr. Doran) who happened to pass at the moment exchanged a few words with Meagher, and noticed that he was setting with his feet on the railing of the deck, his chair tilted back, and "The Collegians" in his hand. It was already quite dark. A few moments later a splash was heard, and this was followed by the cry of "man overboard." It was Meagher. The old railing had given away under the pressure of his feet, and it is supposed that in trying to regain his balance he had fallen overboard. Whether he was struck by a paddle-wheel, or whether the current, so swift at that point, swept him under, none can tell. All that could be done to save him, and then to recover his body, failed. And he who had faced death in the dock of Clonmel, who had faced it on a dozen battle-fields during the American war perished alone, unseen, in the yellow waters of the great Missouri.

When the memorial service was held in New York it was one of the most solemn and sad that the Empire city had ever witnessed. And that night, when the men whom he had led in so many fierce engagements, assembled with thousands of others in the Cooper Hall, an oration was pronounced by one of his companions in the '48 days, the eloquent patriot and gifted lawyer, Richard O'Gorman.

In writing an account of that event to a friend in Canada, O'Gorman enclosed a few extracts from his speech on that occasion, and also a poem quoted, or recited by him during the course of that address. The poem applied to any or all of the Irish-American soldiers who had fallen upon the battle fields of the South. But, in a particular manner, it was appropriate when the memory of Meagher, and of his wonderful career, was the subject of the hour.

No name is mentioned as that of the author of this poem. It is my own impression that it is from O'Gorman's own pen; but I have nothing to tell me that he is the one who wrote the verses. I simply think so because it is in a style not unlike his own, and the sentiment and spirit—patriotic and religious—that permeate it, decidedly harmonize with those of Richard O'Gorman. Besides, I do not think that he would have quoted the poem, without giving the name of the author, unless it were he had written it. But be that as it may, here is what I find on this sheet of letter-paper:-

"Before turning from this painful subject—the more painful for you and me, in as much as we had personally known him in the spring-time of his promise—I will transcribe some lines that may accord well with the feelings of your heart to-day. It is quite possible that you may have seen them, or that you may some day see them, in the press, for they were printed with my humble tribute to the memory of my dear dead friend; still, in case they should escape you, I know that you will be glad to have them from me."

"Before giving 'the lines,' as he calls them, I will repeat that there is nothing in the foregoing to indicate that they were written by another person. In fact, the tenor of the passage would lead me to believe that the author of the poem and of the letter was the same person."

"Come, let the solemn, soothing Mass be said, For the soldier-souls of the patriot dead."

"Let the organ swell, and the incense burn, For the hero-men who will ne'er return."

"Men who had pledged to this land their troth, And died to defend her, ere break their oath."

"But if high the praise, be as deep the wail O'er the exiled sons of the warlike Gael."

"From their acts true men may ex-ample reap, And women bless them, and glory-ing, weep."

"Proud beats the heart while it sor-rowing melts O'er the death-won' fame of these truthful Celts."

"For the scattered graves over which we pray Will shine like stars on their race away."

"Oh, what doth ennoble the Christian man, If not dying for truth, in freedom's van!"

"What takes from death all its ter-rors and gloom? Conscience to feel justice blesses the tomb!"

"And oh! what doth build up a nation's weal, But courage to fight the truths we feel!"

"And thus did these brands, on whose graves we wait, Do all that make nations and races great."

"Oremus! 'Ye living, your hearts combine In praise and prayer, to the heavenly shrine; Ye widowed and stricken, Your trustfulness quicken, With faith in the Almighty Giver; And may blessed repose Be the gerudon of those Who fell at Antietam and James' River; By the Rappahanock and Chickahominy; Requite aeternam dona sis, Domine! May their souls on the Judgment-Day arise, Et lux perpetua luceat eis.'"

Saints of the Month.

This month of April is marked with the feasts a great many important saints of the Church. Of course the more important celebrations of Holy Week and of Easter obtain over the commemorations of the days dedicated to particular saints. And, again, there are many of these saints whose names and lives are not familiar to the general readers. In order to have an idea of their great merits one would have to turn up Butler's "Lives of the Saints." But knowing that there are always some readers who have reason to be especially devoted to certain saints, either because they bear their names, or for other reasons, it is interesting to have a list of the friends of God to whom the various days of the month are dedicated.

We will then take them in succession from the beginning. On the first of April we have St. Hugh the Bishop; on the second, St. Francis of Paula; on the third, the "Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin;" on the fourth, St. Isidore, Bishop; the fifth, St. Vincent Ferrer; the sixth, St. Xystus, Pontiff and martyr; the seventh, St. Celestine, Bishop and Confessor; the eighth, St. Edesius, martyr; the ninth,—Maundy Thursday—(the tenth to the twelfth Easter celebrations); the thirteenth, St. Hermenegild, martyr; the fourteenth, St. Justin, martyr; the fifteenth, St. Abdon, Bishop; the sixteenth, St. Benedict-Joseph Labre, Confessor; the seventeenth, St. Anicetus, Pontiff and martyr; the eighteenth, St. Apollonius, martyr; the nineteenth, St. Leo IX., Pontiff; the twentieth, St. Leo I., Pontiff; the twenty-first, St. Anselm; the twenty-second, Saints Soter and Cains, Pontiffs and martyrs; the twenty-third, St. George, martyr; the twenty-fourth, St. Fidelis, martyr; the twenty-fifth, St. Mark, the Evangelist; the twenty-sixth, Saints Cletus and Marcellinus, martyrs; the twenty-seventh, St. Anastasius, Pontiff and Confessor; the twenty-eighth, St. Paul of the Cross; the twenty-ninth, St. Peter, martyr; the thirtieth, St. Catharine of Sienna, virgin.

This is the list as nearly as it can be given, owing to the gaps caused by the days dedicated to the great events that accompanied the consummation of Redemption's work. It may serve the purpose of some of our readers to have this list before them, as the days pass on.

Our Boys And Girls.

THE WAVING PALMS.—I was five years old—I had had a birthday party a few days before, and I knew my age without a doubt. The great cake in the centre of the table, with five gaily decorated candles stuck in it, made me remember distinctly that five years had gone by since the angels had brought me to my father and mother.

But I do not intend to tell you about my birthday. Something else happened so near my birthday that I always associate the two together.

It was Sunday morning, and my dear mother was not well enough to go to church. She used to take me with her to the Presbyterian church at the other end of the town—a very pretty building with a sweet-toned chime of bells which pleased me much then, and to which I like to listen now when I am no longer a little girl. I liked the singing by the choir, and when the minister was talking I studied the stained-glass windows and the carving on some of the high-backed chairs near the pulpit. Once I had a most exciting time watching a little bird which had found its way into the church and did not know how to get out.

This day about which I am going to tell you, mother said I might go to church with Rose, one of our maids. Rose put on my warm, brown suit, so I would not catch cold, and she said to me when she was tying on my hat: "We are going to the place where our dear Lord Jesus lives. Be a good girl and ask Him to remember your father and mother."

"Does He know them?" I asked. "Yes, dear," said Rose. "I am sure He does, for they are very, very good."

Rose's church pleased me. I liked the lights and the pictures, and I was fascinated with the great waving palms which the white-robed boys carried in procession. After a time, when Rose gave me a large palm to hold, I felt as if I must join the boys who seemed, in some, to have more to do with the palms than the others.

I did not know they were palms until Rose told me when we came out. She told me the story of the "Entrance into Jerusalem," when the people spread palms to carpet the road for Christ, and how the people treated Him afterward.

Mother let me keep my palm in my own room, and I had it placed where I could see it when I first woke in the morning. Rose had her palm near her bed, and that made me think of where I should hang mine.

Ever after, Palm Sunday had a great charm for me. Rose remained with us for several years, and I often went to church with her on Palm Sunday. As soon as I saw the palms in the store windows I knew my Sunday was near, and I would go to Rose to have her tell me about it.

She told me the whole sad story of Holy Week, of the "Scourging," the "Crowning with Thorns," the way the cruel people treated Him, dragging Him from place to place, and making Him carry His heavy Cross. When I was about twelve years old I knew the life of Christ better than any of my companions who were in the school which I attended. Rose explained to me the great devotion of "The Stations of the Cross," and I knew how to say my Rosary as well as Rose herself.

It had become almost my constant prayer to Jesus Christ to ask Him to remember my father and mother. Often and often when Rose and I were alone evenings, she would say: "Let us say our Rosary for your father and mother."

The winter I was thirteen years of age, there was a non-Catholic mission in St. Mary's Church, where Rose belonged. I first heard of that mission when my father handed mother a square letter, and after she read it she turned to him and said: "Let us accept this kind invitation. I have often thought that we ought to know more of the religion of the people about us."

"I am willing to accept," said my father. "I have had a great curiosity to know more about the teachings of the Catholic Church ever since that young Father O'Brien attended the smallpox cases in the pest house. I tell you, Mary,—my mother's name is Mary—"I did not boast much about Protestant heroism when the ministers would not go to see their own people. Father O'Brien went in to visit our people, and he baptized three Protestants, and prepared them for death."

Rose and I prayed more than ever. I ought to say Rose prayed more than ever, for I believe she was on her knees the greater part of many of the nights.

My father and mother attended the mission. They brought home some books and they had long, long talks each night after returning home. After attending a few evenings they began to get up early in the morning to go to Mass. One afternoon my father came home early to meet our own minister, and mother and the two men talked all the afternoon. They had the Bible and the books father and mother brought from the mission. The minister went away as if he were angry, but father and mother went to the mission as usual.

One morning, a few days after the close of the mission, father and mother told me they were going to become Catholics. They said that Father Martin had begun giving them instructions to prepare for baptism. "We would like to take our little girl with us. Would it please you to become a Catholic?"

"Indeed it would, father, mother; take me with you," I said, throwing myself in my mother's arms.

Rose's joy was unbounded when my parents called her in and told her the good news.

In a few weeks we were received into the Church, and with God's grace we have tried to make our lives thanksgiving offerings for the Gift of Faith which He so generously bestowed upon us.

But I have a special devotion for Palm Sunday, for I date my conversion to that first day when I attended Mass at St. Mary's, and the lesson of the waving palms sank deep into my heart.—Ellen Walsh, in the Sunday Companion.

German Catholicity.

That the Centre Party is fully conscious of its strength, says the Berlin correspondent of the New York "Times," is shown by the great victory which it won recently in removing the Minister President of Bavaria, Count von Craheim, a Protestant, from office. Craheim is succeeded by Baron von Podewils, now Bavarian Minister to Vienna. Craheim's downfall was brought about by the differences which he had with the Clerical Party of the Bavarian Diet, especially on the unfortunate Swinemuender dispatch sent by the Kaiser to the Prince Regent of Bavaria. Strange to say, however, the German Kaiser, who sent the above-mentioned dispatch, and is therefore indirectly responsible for the downfall of Craheim, has gone to Canossa, for he now says very naively, that "on the contrary, the stepping down of a Protestant minister and the satisfaction given thereby to the Catholic clergy who lead the people, is entirely favorable to the imperial idea."

It is interesting to note in connection with the present political situation that the Ultramontanes have gained numerically in all parts of Germany. This is especially true in Saxony, a Protestant state, with a Catholic royal house. While in 1884 the number of Catholics there were over 27,000, Saxony has now over 200,000. This large increase is due to immigration coming from Bavaria, Silesia and Bohemia. Formerly the Ultramontanes had no political organization in Saxony. While in 1898 the Centre nominated candidates in only four election districts, receiving only 1903 votes, in the next election it will nominate candidates everywhere in Saxony.

But not only in the Reichstag, but also in the Saxon Diet, the Ultramontanes will show their growing power. Among the measures which the Centre wishes to have changed is the law of 1875, which allows only citizens of Saxony to hold spiritual office. The law provides that no one can hold priestly office who did not receive his education at a German gymnasium, seminary or university. Furthermore, no priest can fill a religious office who was educated by the Jesuits. It is charged, however, by the Protestants of Saxony that the law of 1876 is frequently evaded by the Catholics, with the silent support of the Saxon Government.

In connection with the above review of the present Ultramontane ascendancy, it is also interesting to note that the ruling houses of Germany are becoming Catholic. Both Bavaria and Saxony are Catholic, and recently through the death of the heir apparent of Wurtemberg the Catholic branch of that state will come to the throne. Such can also be expected in Protestant Baden, for the heir apparent, Max, has no children.

Oh! you who are still young, upon whom God has lavished all those gifts which I have lost—candor, simplicity, innocence, friendship, devotion—guard these treasures well; and that they may not die, place them under the protection of prayer.

Belfast Catholics And Civic Affairs.

The following letter of His Lordship the Bishop of Down and Connor—Mgr. Henry—was read on a recent Sunday in the Catholic churches in Belfast:-

Rev. Dear Sir,—I request you to announce at the Masses on next Sunday, the 15th inst., the date and place appointed by you for holding the annual meeting in connection with the Belfast Catholic Association. It will be necessary to explain to the people that the object of the meeting is to select, as in preceding years, suitable delegates to the Central Executive, and to appoint a district committee for the protection and advancement of Catholic interests.

The unfair and ungenerous treatment of the Catholic minority in the public administration of the affairs of the city calls for united and organized action in defence of our rights. The need of constant vigilance on our part is illustrated by the recent attempt made to connect technical instruction with the local Queen's College, and by the attitude of intolerance maintained by the Board of Guardians towards our reasonable request to have adequate accommodation provided for Catholic worship in the workhouse. The deliberate and persistent exclusion of Catholics as such from the higher official appointments in connection with the various public boards is a notorious injustice which we have especially reason to complain of in Belfast.

It is the consistent aim of the Catholic Association to secure, at municipal and other elections to our public boards, the successful return of intelligent and upright candidates, who will endeavor to see that justice is done to all, and who will not be afraid or ashamed to speak out their minds, when necessary, in defence of the rights of their fellow-citizens. To maintain efficient Catholic representation it is necessary to give continuous and careful attention to the important work of registration, to appoint annually energetic congregational committees, and to select every year from each district of the city influential and respectable delegates—men of honor and high character, having the public spirit and leisure to attend regularly at the monthly meetings of the Central Executive.

It is untrue to allege that the aims of the Catholic Association are opposed to the National sentiment or the general good of the country. The ill-advised attitude of individual Catholics who find fault with the policy of the Catholic Association falls little short of disloyalty, in face of the bitter opposition which Catholics encounter from unfriendly quarters. The Catholics of Belfast should receive at least the sympathy of all their friends in organizing and uniting their whole strength against the forces of bigotry and intolerance. It is our earnest desire that priests and people should zealously co-operate in pressing forward the work of the Catholic Association, which we regard as most beneficial, if not essential, to the progress of Catholicity in Belfast. At the same time we desire that all who are engaged in advancing the Catholic cause should act with the greatest prudence and charity. A cause based on justice and sustained by the inspiring help of religion is sure to prevail.

Our Holy Father Leo XIII. in his Encyclical Letter on Christian and Social Democracy, says:—"In our exhortations to Catholics to found societies and other institutions for the betterment of the people, we have never failed to warn them that such enterprises should be undertaken in the name and with the constant help of religion." Let Catholics in their public conduct, as well as in their private lives, always bear in mind the words which Christ, in His great love, addressed to His Apostles:—"A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another; as I have loved you, that you love one another. By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another." (St. John xiii., 34-35).

Men Should Give Up Their Street Car Seats to Women.

A man in a New York elevated railroad train compelled six men to get up and give their seats to women that had been hanging to straps.

He got up himself when he saw women standing. When he found other men not disposed to follow his example of politeness he ridiculed them

and jeered at them until he shamed them into rising.

The incident was simple enough, and perhaps something like it happens more often than we know; but this time it got into print and revived an old discussion.

There were six men in this case, and they sat in a row. They knew quite well that the women were standing, and they probably knew also that ordinary decency required them to get up. But they sat perfectly still, and if the one man had not attacked them with his jibes they would have sat still until they got ready to leave the car.

Are men any less disposed to be practically polite to women than they used to be?

Some persons say that the woman in business and the self-supporting woman generally have destroyed the fine sense of chivalry that men used to feel toward women. Is that true? Some say that, women having voluntarily put themselves on a level with men by seeking men's work, men no longer feel the old-time consideration for women.

We don't believe there is anything in that. Any man that talks in that way is merely hunting an excuse.

He is naturally selfish and boorish and he wants some justification to cover his disposition.

To any man with more brains than an ape the woman that works is at least as respectable as the woman that does not. He will always be as deferential to the wage-earning woman as to any other.

We don't know any reason why it should be thought that the woman that goes out into the world and takes part in the world's work lowers in any way the dignity or fineness of woman's position, and we do not believe any one thinks so whose opinion is worth considering.

Except in the case of age, sickness or injury, there are no conceivable conditions in which a man should sit down and let a woman stand in a street car or anywhere else.

It seems strange that there should be any chance for dispute about this, or more than one view about it, but there is, and these are the things that are said against it:

1. Men go home at night tired out with their hard day's work; women have been doing nothing but going about the stores. Why should the tired man rise to let the woman sit?
2. Women should go home at a time when the trains and cars are not crowded; then they would have seats.
3. Women don't appreciate it; they don't thank a man for giving up his seat. A man may be worn out with his day's work and surrender his seat at the cost of real suffering to himself, but the woman that takes the seat does not care enough to acknowledge his courtesy.
4. Women are as well able to stand as men.

The answer to this is the simplest in the world.

How would you like to have your mother stand up in a street car while a lot of men sat still in comfort and read their newspapers?

What you would like to have some other man do for your mother you can do for some other man's mother, sister or wife.

We do not believe that men get any more tired than women, and we do not see that it makes any difference.

It is only fair to suppose that women cannot regulate the times of their coming and going, but are subject to circumstances just as men are, and we do not see that that makes any difference.

The obligation to courtesy is just as strong, no matter how the courtesy may be received.

If women were as well able to endure hardships as men they would not have the power that belongs to them as the finer and more helpless creatures.

But, after all, it is for the man's own sake that he ought to show this respect for his mother's sex. It never makes any difference how much he buries himself in his newspaper or how much he fortifies himself with foolish reasons why he should not get up. He is guilty of a mean thing, so long as he sits there, and he knows it, and it isn't wise to do mean things. It isn't wise to have the consciousness of mean things anywhere about you. It makes you feel on bad terms with yourself. And if you do one mean thing you are quite likely to do others.

It does not hurt any young or middle-aged man in good health to stand to let a woman sit down; it does not hurt him physically. He may be very tired, but can hardly be so tired that it will do him any harm to stand up for a while. But it does hurt him unmeasurably to be comfortable when any person weaker than himself that he can relieve is suffering. He had better not get hurt that way if he can help it, because that kind of hurt lasts.—New York Journal.

ROMAN NOTES.

The Feast of the great Apostle of Ireland was celebrated at the Church of St. Isidore of the Irish Franciscans, where Pontifical Mass was celebrated at 10.30 a.m., accompanied by beautiful Gregorian music executed by the boy choir, and directed by the Abbe Muller.

The Feast of St. Joseph, Protector of the Universal Church, was celebrated with the greatest solemnity in all the churches of the Eternal City, having been preceded by a Novena, by order of His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar, being a Feast of Obligation.

In honor of his Pontifical jubilee the Holy Father invited the members of his family in Rome to spend a day with him. There were the two Counts and Countess Pecci and their families, and other relatives, numbering altogether twenty-two.

The sermons of the Rev. Basil Maturin, in the Church of San Silvestro in Capite, on Sunday and Thursday afternoons, at four o'clock, are attended by an enormous crowd of English and American strangers, who thoroughly appreciate the eloquence and earnestness of the eminent preacher.

During the past week the Very Rev. Father Magnier, C.S.S.R., gave a Retreat for English-speaking ladies, in the private Chapel of the Convent of Marie Reparatrice.

Religion and Society.

Observance of the fourth commandment, which bids us to keep holy the Sabbath day, is of great importance both to religion and to civilization, said the Right Rev. Bishop Canevin in the course of a sermon which he preached in the cathedral on Sunday morning last.

human society, depends upon the due observance of the command to keep holy the Lord's day. It is the duty of employers, whether on railroads or rivers, in factories, mills and shops, or in households, to arrange the work so that those whom they employ shall have an opportunity to observe the fourth commandment.

Sisters Insulted In Cincinnati

In these days when the secular press teems with accounts of nearly all sorts of wickedness, the public is almost proof against surprise in any publication of crime. Our own great city, however, enjoys the distinction of harboring individuals who seem to be past masters in the art of surprising and shocking the community with an exhibition of vice so low and disgusting that it can not be fully described in the columns of sensational newspapers.

The daily journals of Sunday and Monday tell us that last Saturday night Mr. Moses Goldsmith, of Walnut Hills, gave a reception in honor of his son and the latter's recently wedded bride. Ballet dancers, robed as Sisters of Charity, according to the Enquirer, as Sisters of Mercy, as the 'Post' has it, waited upon the door, and when the revelry was at its height threw off the nun's habits, appeared in pink tights and indulged in Oriental dances to the delight of the assembled guests.

Such bacchanalian revelry may be deemed just the thing by creatures of the Goldsmith ilk, but all decent citizens are shocked at the deliberate prostitution of the nun's habit which seems to have been very enjoyable to the participants in last Saturday night's carousal. It was a cowardly insult to a noble class of self-sacrificing women. Catholic sisterhoods all over this land are looked upon by all denominations with respect, admiration and love for the heroic work they have accomplished on the battlefield, in hospitals, pest-houses, orphan asylums and homes for the wayward.

It is difficult to fathom the depth of turpitude that could suggest that under the nun's robe is concealed the shameless immodesty of the brazen ballet dancer. The conception and its execution are worthy the brain and the morals of a pagan, whose excesses of vice which wrecks the mind while it saps the strength of the body.

The insult which Mr. Goldsmith and his convivial friends have flung in the face of Cincinnati Catholics

should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. We presume they can not be reached by process of law, but we know they can be punished on the pillory of public opinion. We know that the decent citizens of the Queen City will join us in our protest against the premeditated and outrageous insult to the angels of the battlefield and the gentle nurses of the hospital and the asylum.

Catholics are sorely wounded in their tenderest feelings, for to them the Sisters are brides of Christ, who, to show their love for their divine Spouse, devote their lives to the alleviation of human misery.—Catholic Telegraph.

Bureau of Forestry

The Division of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture has been raised to the rank of a regular Government Bureau. The importance of this step will be fully appreciated when we recall the rate at which our wooded lands are being depleted and the consequent necessity of preserving and if possible increasing their extent.

A thorough study of the timber question reveals the fact that the annual natural income of timber does not equal the output and that we are daily drawing on the surplus of the past. This becomes a serious question when we consider not only the effect on the climate, the rainfall and the floods that result, but also when we consider the effect on home industry and foreign trade. One item alone will bring to our minds the enormous consumption of wood. Our newspapers, magazines and books are printed on paper made from wood pulp, and acres of virgin woodland are required for a single issue of a metropolitan daily or a leading magazine. Our exports are growing, and manufactured articles that require wood form a large part of them. Lumber is sent across the Atlantic in shiploads, our paper goes to Europe and Australia by millions of pounds, American carriages and furniture are largely used in Europe, but railway and trolley cars are purchased in South America, New Zealand and in Asia, and American wood and pulp manufactures are used the world over. And to this American agricultural machinery which is in universal demand and we can form some idea of the rate at which our forests are being depleted.

The fact that the country is awake to the problem that confronts it is clear from the response that was universally given to the offer made by the Division of Forestry in 1898. This was an offer of expert services to advise and make plans for the management of woodlands. The response came from every State and Territory in the country and summed up embraced an area of 3,500,000 acres.

Another hopeful feature is recognized in the specific trend of American industrial life. The large corporations in every department of industry are producing not only the finished product but also the raw material, and thereby cheapening the cost of production. This same tendency is seen among paper manufacturers who are large consumers of wood. If they deplete the forest from which they take the wood they must move their mill, which means a large money loss. They are therefore obliged to take care of their woodlands that they may have a constant supply of wood for their paper pulp. So interested have some of these firms become in the preservation of the woods that although they control thousands of acres of forest they will not fell a tree that is under a foot in diameter, thus enabling them to use their pulp mill and forest indefinitely. They moreover employ skilled foresters to care for the trees.

Among the large consumers of timber must be reckoned the railroads. They require the wood for ties and telegraph poles, and as no satisfactory substitute has been found for wood as a railroad tie its increasing price is forcing the railroad companies to become practical timber growers, and in recent meetings of railroad managers there have been earnest discussions on the advisability of regular tree planting and cultivation on land secured for that purpose. This action by these companies opens up a field for trained foresters. The manufacturers of agricultural implements are adopting the same policy and some already have large tracts of woodland skillfully managed under advice received from the Division of Forestry.

The lumber companies are slower to adopt the scientific plan of staying by one tract of forest land and caring for it; still there is a gain in this direction, for in the Adirondacks, for example, it has been found profitable to adopt the advice

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of the Bureau and cut only trees above a certain size and to so do the work that the younger growth is not injured. Measures are also taken to guard against forest fires. Thus the forest is preserved for a steady yield for hundreds of years. The Government of the United States has forest reserves amounting to about fifty millions of acres. To care for these government reserves and for the large woodland tracts controlled by corporations men skilled in forestry are required, and it has been the aim of the Bureau of Forestry to encourage in our colleges courses that will fit competent men to undertake this work in an intelligent way, and while making a good livelihood, protect and develop this important source of many industries in the country. At present there are forest schools in Yale, Cornell, Biltmore, N.C., and in many of the universities of the Middle West. The importance of this work cannot be overestimated, and now that it is being put on a scientific basis we can look forward to the preservation of our forests that means so much for the material development of the nation.—American Catholic Quarterly Review.

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Ladies' Colonial Patent Leather Slippers, (American make), with black buckle, Louis XV. heels. Per pair \$3.15

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The Laws of a Great City.

Mr. Eugene A. Philbin is well qualified to write upon the theme he has chosen for his contribution to the current number of the "Messenger Monthly Magazine," and entitled "The Laws of a Great City." His long and intimate association with the courts of New York has afforded him many opportunities of getting at the facts which he has elaborated in his article with much literary skill. Touching upon a question which we have often dwelt upon in the columns of the "True Witness"—that of misrepresentation of prisoners in regard to religion and nationality, Mr. Philbin says:—

A careful analysis of the work done by our Church might show that untold sums of money were saved to the state by its good offices. As it is, we are charged in the statistics with every person of an Irish name who is brought to the bar of justice. While District Attorney I procured the conviction for murder in the first degree of a negro named Planagan, who was neither an Irishman nor a Catholic; but, of course, the enemies of the Church put him down as both. For many years it was the practice in our criminal courts to ask before sentence the religion of the convicted person. In many instances, particularly where the judge was of our faith, the answer would be "Catholic," even where the appearance of the prisoner

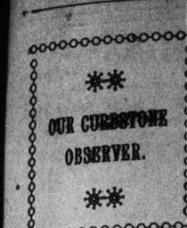
would clearly indicate he was a Russian or Polish Jew. Upon my calling the attention of the court to the fact that the law merely required that it be ascertained whether the defendant had received religious instruction, to which the answer should be merely "yes" or "no," the practice was abandoned and the law followed. In reading such statistics, therefore, it may be well to bear in mind that the proportion of Catholics is not as stated. Then even if it were so, we all know there are many who are nominally Catholics and who have never been under the influence of the Church since early childhood. Nothing more strikingly shows the great moral agency of the Church than the existence of the many fraternal societies within its fold. When you see bodies of men like the Holy Name Society, the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Benevolent Legion and many others monthly approaching the sacraments, you get only a partial idea of the great ethical force that exists.

None knows the weight of another's burden.

He that looks not before finds himself behind.

At first we hope too much; later on too little.

There is virtue even in the looks of a great man.



HE other day I asked me if I was as happy as I should be. I said that I was not. I said that I was not as happy as I should be. I said that I was not as happy as I should be.

A BRIEF STUDY.—Now occurrence and this peculiar occurrence awakened in my mind reflections. In the first I began to think about the of eggs for Easter, and the strange manner in which son regarded such a gift. eggs should be eaten as diet at Easter, and why should be selected as representative of that season is something have not studied. I have rious origins for this cur they all seemed to me to puerile and even to be con therefore I have paid but tention to that phase of t and I must admit that I deeply interested therein. idea of a person taking c cause a friend had the t ness to send him, or her, of present, or gift, at such afforded me matter for study. My first conclusion the person in question my "crank," or one so full o notions as to almost am monomania. It is often gauge the effect certain a in all kindness, will prod people of uncertain dispos I have found that when y deal with persons of that it is always safer never to do them a kindness of less they have made it cl they would accept gladly it is preferable not to mal fer, much less to do the th are people in the world, w tures are so unique, that with suspicion upon every that is done them. They the Trojans of old, only their solid reasons, who "Greeks even when bringing is not always easy to find natures, but once you have hint that such a weakness a person, your most happ will be to avoid doing th any outward kindness. Th seem a peculiar advice com one whose pen has always charity, good will, and deeds. But, there is no ch doing that which will gi no good will can result fr which creates a hard feelin is no friendly deed, if it wrongly construed.

Whisky Destroys This is to be no sermon talism. The desire is to dis young men and others, not mental principle, but the in each individual. Strong drink is the curse lions in our modern civiliz There is throughout socie may be called a "whisky lev level exists in every grea in every small village. Th men classed as whisky drink drinkers, and, whatever th profess to believe, they are know they are the pariah community. Whisky has many apologia are many arguments offe favor. But these arguments be compared with those th be brought against it. You are told truthfully th The drinking nations of th are the great and successf A small handful of drinkin can subdue and control th ate millions of India, Egypt Perfectly true. The power do drink. But the powerf als do not drink.

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Dress Well.

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indicate he was a fish Jew. Upon my motion of the court to the law merely required—certified whether the received religious in- the answer should "or" "no," the prac- and the law fol- such statistics, y be well to bear in proportion of Catho- tated. Then even if all know there are nominally Catholics ever been under the Church since early ing more strikingly moral agency of the existence of the societies within its see bodies of men ame Society, the mbus, the Catholic n and many others ing the sacraments, partial idea of the ce that exists.

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OUR CURESTONE OBSERVER. On Easter Gifts.

THE other day a young lady asked me if I would advise her as to what would be a most suitable Easter gift. She said that last year she sent a friend a silver egg, and it was highly appreciated, but the same friend had sent a similar present to another person, and it was taken as an insult. I did not feel inclined to give any advice on the subject, in case what I would recommend might not suit, or might have the effect of the silver egg on the above mentioned individual; so I said that I was not an authority on such matters, wherefore I begged to be excused.

A BRIEF STUDY.—Now this queer occurrence and this peculiar question awakened in my mind a train of reflections. In the first place I began to think about the symbolism of eggs for Easter, and then about the strange manner in which one person regarded such a gift. As to why eggs should be eaten as a special diet at Easter, and why the egg should be selected as representative of that season is something that I have not studied. I have read of various origins for this custom. But they all seemed to me to be rather puerile and even to be contradictory; therefore I have paid but slight attention to that phase of the subject; and I must admit that I am not deeply interested therein. But the idea of a person taking offence because a friend had the thoughtfulness to send him, or her, any kind of present, or gift, at such a season, afforded me matter for a short study. My first conclusion was that the person in question must be a "crank," or one so full of eccentric notions as to almost amount to a monomania. It is often difficult to gauge the effect certain acts, meant in all kindness, will produce upon people of uncertain disposition. And I have found that when you have to deal with persons of that character, it is always safer never to attempt to do them a kindness of hand. Unless they have made it clear that they would accept gladly the same, it is preferable not to make any offer, much less to do the thing. There are people in the world, whose natures are so unique, that they look with suspicion upon every good turn that is done them. They are like the Trojans of old, only without their solid reasons, who "feared the Greeks even when bringing gifts." It is not always easy to find out these natures, but once you have had a hint that such a weakness exists in a person, your most happy course will be to avoid doing that person any outward kindness. This may seem a peculiar advice coming from one whose pen has always advocated charity, good will, and friendly deeds. But, there is no charity in doing that which will give offence, no good will can result from that which creates a hard feeling, and it is no friendly deed, if it is to be wrongly construed.

THE THORN OF PRIDE.—They say that it was Pride which caused the fall of Lucifer, and that it has caused the down-fall of all the greatest men of the ages—in every sphere, from the Emperor to the leader of religious revolt. But there are many degrees and many kinds of Pride, and it is exactly the study of the foregoing little subject that brought me to introduce the matter of Pride here. Take, for example, the person referred to above, who felt insulted on receiving a certain kind of gift. In that person's heart, and at the very bottom of the whole disposition, we will find the germ of pride. It may be a misguided, misdirected, foolish pride; but it is pride, all the same, in one of its phases. Sometimes you will find a person whose poor, and desirous of hiding that poverty from the eyes of the world, too proud to have it thought that he, or she, could ever become an object, no matter how worthy, of pity, or of sympathy. How often do we not read of those who, in times of great distress, such as during the fuel famine of last winter, would prefer to freeze than to make known to the public, or to their friends, the needs that press them. This is again pride, but a very false one. Still, it becomes almost constitutional with them. Now, to come back to our subject; how do you know, when you send a gift, be it at Easter or on any other special occasion, that you are not touching up that sense of peculiar pride in the one you desire to favor? And you may reply that if you do so you are sure to offend. Again, you place that person under an obligation to you that he, or she, feels bound to return, but has not the means of so doing. The gift becomes, in that case a real deed of cruelty, in the true meaning of the term, while, possibly you regarded it as not of friendship.

CONSIDERATION IN ALL.—The lesson I draw from this Easter egg story, is just this; we should have the most delicate consideration for the circumstances and the sentiments of every person. And it is not always necessary to avoid doing injury, or hurting the feelings alone, it becomes frequently imperative that we should study the dispositions, the sensibilities, the weaknesses, the prejudices, the predilections, and above all the circumstances of our friends. And before ever doing an act, be it in our mind, one of the greatest kindness, we should weigh and consider it from the standpoint of the person for whom the act is to be performed. By this studious and careful means we will be sure never to offend, never to create hard feelings, never to wound pride, never to shock sensibilities, and, above all, never to place others in positions that they are unable to cope with or from which they cannot emerge with conscious satisfaction and consequent pleasure.

The conquering armies are armies of drinking men usually—but their leaders are sober, temperate men. If you want to be one of the ordinary crowd, no worse and no better than others, drink spirits "moderately," as whiskey's friends put it. But remember that there is no such thing as drinking whiskey "moderately" for the ordinary man.

Immoderate drinking makes you a brute, so-called moderate whiskey drinking takes the edge off your ability. It discounts your mental activity. You can't be one of the really successful men if you start out to be a moderate drinker.

What does a young man lose by not drinking spirits?

In the first place, it is necessary to cultivate the taste in the beginning. Why cultivate it at all?

In the second place, admitting all the usual sophistry about moderate drinking, whiskey means the loss of time, loss of money, loss of clear mental thought.

There is boasting, lying, vacillation, procrastination, self-delusion in every glass of spirits.

How many millions of men — on their dying bed — have wished fervently and mournfully that they had never tasted spirits?

Did any dying man ever regret a temperate life?

England drinks more gin—perhaps than any other two nations. But the gin of England is drunk by Eng-

land's failures. The successful of England don't know the taste of gin. The deeper you go into Whitechapel the greater the number of gin bottles per capita.

Young men should know and daily remember that whisky and all other spirits cheat their bodies and brains. Whisky does for the nerves what a lash does for a tired horse.

Your system needs rest. Your brain to compete with others ought to sleep and recuperate. Whisky lies to you. It makes you think that it can give the rest and the renewed strength. It creates an appetite in the nerves, and when you satisfy that appetite it makes you think you have found renewed strength, whereas you have only taken a new dose of poison.

Your brain and heart are lashed by whisky into temporary activity. And you wonder that you are passed in life's race by the man of less ability. You need not wonder. He has given his brain, body and heart normal rest, while you have given yours a beating.

Henry Ward Beecher, whose sermons on temperance every young man should read, said this:

"If you say 'Yes, I have a natural craving for it,' then to you I say, 'That is the very reason why you should not take it. If you have no craving for it, why should you peril yourself by it? And if you have such a craving, surely, if you are wise, you will not put yourself in danger by indulging it.'"

Look at the thing from the viewpoint of your own interest.

If you had to employ young men to work for you, you would avoid drinking men.

Then don't drink whisky yourself. Don't give every successful, conservative man the best of reasons for mistrusting you.

Very often moral cowardice underlies the beginning of a drunken career. There are ideas of good-fellowship associated with drinking.

A hundred thousand young men drink every day because they are afraid people will think they are not "good fellows."

Have the courage to be a good fellow of the kind that is not pickled in whisky. When a man wonders at your ordering some harmless stuff, something free from alcohol, point to the drunkard at the other end of the bar and say:

"That man once thought that a bracer would not hurt him. I am modest enough to believe that what hurt him may hurt me. I shall need all my feeble ability to compete with such geniuses as you offer follows. Therefore I propose to keep intact my brain and the mucous membrane that lines me."

Remember above all that the truest thing ever said of strong drink is that it is "a mocker."

Every sensation that comes from whisky is a mockery. Every promise based on whisky is mockery. The strength of whisky is mock strength.

The friendships of whisky are mock friendships. How often have you seen such hideous mockeries of friendship—drunken men with arms around each other protesting friendship eternal? Whisky mocks hideously all the sacred feelings in life, and it destroys them all.—American.

Booming a City.

Last week we had occasion to refer to the Divorce Question, in connection with the motion in the House of Commons for the establishment of a divorce court; we now come to the knowledge of a very strange matter that affects the same growing curse of society. There is a place in the State of New York that rejoices in the title of city and which is known on the map as Canton. This peculiar place, it seems, has been destitute of any special attractions, and it has become anxious for a "boom." There is certainly no harm in a place being "boomed" provided the object is in accord with the moral code. In this peculiar instance, however, we have to deal with a place that has gone into the divorce business.

The leading people of the place have combined to establish a regular divorce trade, and to draw custom to every till by having the town recognized as one in which every assistance and facility may be procured for the purposes of perpetrating divorce. It is to be a kind of Gretna Green, with this difference that in the later place they married people, to whose union there were objections, while in the former they divorce people to whose separation the law of God is opposed.

To say the least this "boom" does not speak very highly for the residents of that ambitious place. But the great sorrow is that the laws of any Christian land should be so remiss as to tolerate or make possible such an outrageous evil. Serious people will soon have to interest

themselves in this matter. It has actually gone beyond the reach of religious influence and become a menace to the family, to society and to the State. It is now becoming still more, for it is a living menace to the future generation.

Thanks to the facilities that are afforded for the obtaining of divorces, we see a day when the children yet unborn will be parentless, that is they will be orphans with living parents, branded with disgrace from their cradles and destined to walk the ways of men ashamed of their descent and of the names of their progenitors. Does it ever flash upon the acute minds of those advocates of divorce laws that they are perpetrating crimes that will bear their evil fruits unto many generations of the world's future citizens? If the rising tide be not checked the result will be a moral deluge, that will not leave a single mountain-top for the ark of matrimony to rest upon.

Still we are wrong, to a degree, in this figure; for the Catholic Church will ever be the Ark of God that will preserve the faithful few, and the faithful many, from the fate that menaces a world more regardless of God's law than was the anti-biblican world of old. Yet, while we have the incomparable happiness of possessing that Church, as a mother and a safe-guard, we cannot but feel certain that, if states are to be preserved, the day must come when they will accept the rigid laws of Catholic doctrine in all that concerns marriage.

The Redistribution Bill.

Not only the Home Rule Resolution made Tuesday of last week a big day in the House at Ottawa, but the Redistribution Bill was introduced that afternoon by the Premier. It will interest many of our readers outside Quebec—for Quebec is not affected by the Bill, being what is called the pivot province—and consequently, we give the resume of the statements made by the Premier and the text of the Bill itself.

The Redistribution Bill as introduced in the House of Commons recently by Sir Wilfrid Laurier contains practically nothing that has not already been known. It simply gives the result of the simple mathematical calculation, worked out in the department of justice, of ascertaining the representation of each province in the next Parliament by dividing its population according to the latest census by the new unit of representation which is ascertained by dividing the population of Quebec by its first representation of 65 members. Such is the provision of the constitution. The Northwest Territories is dealt with differently, and, based upon the present estimated population, is given ten members, an increase of six over its present representation in the Commons. The representation of Yukon remains at one member. Ontario loses six members, Nova Scotia two, New Brunswick one and Prince Edward Island one, British Columbia gains one seat, Manitoba three, and, as stated, the Northwest gains six. Thus ten members are added to the representation west of Lake Superior and ten deducted from the representation of the eastern provinces, leaving the total number of seats in the House in the next Parliament 214, as at present. In the present House and in the House of the next Parliament the provincial representation shows:

Table with 2 columns: Province/Territory, Present House, New Parliament. Rows include Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, British Columbia, P. E. Island, N. W. Territories, Yukon, and a total row.

The new thing about the bill is the method it provided for arriving at a solution of the problem of thus reducing or increasing the representation by alteration of the present constituencies. That is to be left to a committee composed of four supporters of the Government and three members of the Opposition. The only policy laid down for their guidance is the principle of adherence as far as possible to county boundaries.

Sir Wilfrid then gave this statement of the population of the Do-

minion and of the provinces as shown in the census of 1891 and 1901:—

Table with 3 columns: Province/Territory, 1891, 1901. Rows include P. E. Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia, N. W. Territories, Quebec, and Dom. of Canada.

TEXT OF THE BILL.

An act to readjust the representation in the House of Commons:— Whereas, the results of the census of 1901 necessitate a readjustment of the representation in the House of Commons, pursuant to the provisions of the British North America Act of 1867 and the other statutes made in that behalf and it is expedient at the same time to provide for an increased representation in the said House of the Northwest Territories;

Therefore, His Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enacts as follows:—

1.—That the House shall consist of 214 members of whom 86 shall be elected for Ontario, 65 for Quebec, 18 for Nova Scotia, 13 for New Brunswick, 10 for Manitoba, 7 for British Columbia, 4 for Prince Edward Island, 10 for the Northwest Territories and one for the Yukon territory.

2.—The said provinces and territories respectively shall for the purposes of the election of members to serve in the said House of Commons be divided into electoral districts and be represented as provided in the schedule to this act.

3.—Every town, village, township, parish, or place lying within the territorial limits of any electoral district, and not specifically included in any other electoral district by the said schedule shall be taken to be a part of the electoral district in which it is so locally situated.

4.—Whenever in the said schedule any word or expression is used to denote the name of any territorial division such word or expression shall, unless the context otherwise require, be construed as indicating such territorial division as it exists and is bounded at the date of the passing of this act.

5.—This act shall take effect only upon the dissolution of the present Parliament.

The schedule of the bill, which will contain the boundaries to be fixed in the changed constituencies will be drawn up by a committee of seven members of the House, and submitted, in a report, later on.

Bishop Spalding On Labor Unions.

"The Sympathy of Christ and the Labor Movement" was the title of a discourse given in St. Patrick's Church, Washington, recently, by Bishop Spalding. He said in part:—

"In proclaiming that God is love and that the proof that one loves God is to be sought and found in the love he bears his fellow-man the Saviour uttered a truth which has sunk into the conscience of Christendom and has shaped the whole course of history and civilization. His first thought is of the soul of man, and this must forever be the first thought of all who would become good or do good. But He also goes through the soul to the physical conditions of life. He feeds the hungry. He heals the sick and gives new hope and courage to all on whom life's burdens bear with too heavy a weight. He has thus given the impulse to the great social movement which distinguishes our age, whose purpose and end is to improve the lot of those who toil, the impulse, consequently, to the movement which has led to the organization of labor.

"In England associations of workmen for the purpose of selling their labor were put under the ban of the law for five centuries, down to 1824, when, however, the industrial evolution which transferred production from the homes of the workers to factories took place, reducing the laborer to the extremity of wretchedness. Trade unions became an indispensable measure of self-defense. They began in secrecy and were often maintained by violence, but at length they won toleration, and finally, in 1871, legal recognition and the approval of the public.

"Their work has in many ways been beneficent. They have promoted and facilitated factory legislation—the various measures to improve the environment in which men work.

to protect the life and health of the wage-earners and to shield the honor and purity of women and children. They have helped to secure shorter hours and higher wages and to remove oppressive fines and penalties. They have been a check on the unfairness and brutality of foremen and bosses. They have been a mental and moral stimulus to their members, whom they have trained to think and act in concert. Again, labor unions have created the most favorable conditions for the establishment of boards of arbitration and conciliation which have averted many and great evils and which, it is believed, can furnish the only permanent method of settling disputes between the employed and their employers.

"On the other hand, the union has been at times a cause of disturbance. It has on occasions fanned the spirit of suspicion and distrust, it has lost sight of the common interests of owners and workers, has emphasized their conflicting claims, embittered the struggle and precipitated strikes. The strike is its one weapon—a weapon as dangerous to those who wield it and to the public and to the prosperity of the nation as to the employers against whom it is drawn. It is a chance whether the strikers win or lose; but whether they win or lose, they and their families suffer, serious physical hardship and moral injury. The strike is not an appeal to reason and justice, but to strength and endurance, and hence it easily issues in acts of lawlessness and violence. It is at the best a hazard, and when it is associated with crime it does harm to the cause of labor by alienating public sympathy.

"It is difficult to conduct a strike successfully without infringing on the rights of others, particularly on the right to work, which is fundamental. It is probable that as labor becomes more thoroughly organized the evils of unionism will grow less and its beneficent action will become greater. When based on right principles and maintained without resort to criminal measures, a trade union scarcely differs from any other legitimate joint stock association. It is, in fact, a partnership in which men who depend on the work of their hands for a livelihood combine to make their labor sufficiently remunerative to enable them and their families to live as civilized human beings should live.

"The right of private property is exclusive, but not absolute. Prosperity is an outgrowth of the social environment and is secured to its possessors by society. It must, therefore, conduce to the general welfare, and more especially to the welfare of those who are most immediately concerned in its productions. The rich, consequently, are recreant to the most sacred duties which their wealth imposes when they fail to make it an agency for the improvement of those by the aid of whose toil it has been acquired. Laborers also have duties as well as rights, and one of their first duties is to respect the rights of man in all men."

One necessity of primary education is to follow the order of the child's mind. The mistake of all systems of education is that they follow the order of the mind of the grown-up person, between which and the mind of the child there is a great difference.

We may not take up the broken threads of the life that is gone and weave them into a web of joy and hope; but to those who are still left us, who have ears to hear, and hearts to throb with pain or grief, we may be generous and just, forgiving, loving and kind.

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A Question Of Faith.

By An Occasional Contributor.

It seems almost inevitable, that whenever one of our Catholic priests expounds a dogma of our Faith for a congregation, and that his sermon is reproduced in the press, some one or other, speaking on behalf of a sect, or of Protestantism in general, will rise up to repeat, over and over, the thousand times refuted arguments that are brought against the Church. It may be only a coincidence, but it so happens that while one of our priests, in this city, preached, in the course of his regular Lenten sermons, upon one of the fundamental doctrines of the Church, a clergyman of a certain denomination came out with a rehash of all the staple arguments of the non-Catholic world. As I am aware that it is not customary for our priests to descend into the controversial arena, nor to pay attention to every comment that is made on their sermons, I thought well, on my own humble account, to draw attention to one of those recent outbursts of Protestant zeal. Not being a theologian I can only explain matters from my personal standpoint, and having no authority to expound the doctrines of the Church the most I can do is to give the reasons which I hold for the Faith—that I profess.

The remarks to which I have special reference were made last Sunday, in this city, by Rev. Dr. Hackett. Amongst other things he said:—

"The infallibility of the Roman Pontiff is no unimportant or trivial dogma of the Roman Catholic Church, but the very foundation of all doctrine, and I have conclusively shown that it is contrary to reason, contrary to Scripture, and contrary to the Church and history."

I regret exceedingly that I cannot see how this reverend gentleman has "conclusively shown" anything of the kind. It is quite possible that he thinks that because he is satisfied with his own demonstration that others must be the same. Now I am quite ready to show that infallibility, as we understand it, and as it is taught by the Church, is in strict accordance with reason, with Scripture and with history. It is a long story; something that no man can dispose of in one article, or in one sermon, or even in one book. But it is susceptible of condensation, if only those who think with Dr. Hackett could be brought to accept the logical conclusions that flow from axiomatic premises. Before, however, touching upon this point, I wish to quote another passage from that rev. gentleman's sermon. He said:—

"Yet, notwithstanding this, one branch of the Church was continually adding new doctrines, and demanding their acceptance under pain of damnation. Thus, after the Council of Trent, twelve new dogmas were added to the Nicene Creed in 1564, and in the last century two more dogmas were declared—The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary in 1854, and Papal Infallibility in 1870."

Thus, the question of the definition of Infallibility comes before that of the consideration of the dogma defined. So we will have to begin with this first error on his part. I call it an error, although it may not be a willful one. I take it for granted that if Rev. Mr. Hackett were not laboring under an absolute misconception of the question he would be only too glad to accept the truth in regard to this as well as any other matter.

The foregoing paragraph, just quoted, contains two mistakes. Firstly, it is not true that "one branch of the Church" has been, as he calls it adding new doctrines; and, secondly, it is not true that prior to 1854 and 1870 the two dogmas, of the Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility of the Pope, had no existence.

To begin, reference is made to the Catholic Church, or to be more precise, for the sake of non-Catholics, we will say the Roman Catholic Church. Now, while not admitting, that the Catholic Church has been constantly adding new doctrines to the teachings of Christ, but fully intending to prove the contrary, I desire to say that the Catholic Church is not "a branch" of any Church, nor is any Church a branch of her. In the variety of sects, or churches that go to make up what is known as Protestantism there may be scores of branches; but the Catholic Church has stood alone since the days of Christ. She is not a branch of the Church of Christ, much less is any outside Church a branch of her organization. She is simple the Church

which can admit of no branches, therefore no divisions, no parts, no conflicting elements. Either Christ did or He did not establish a Church to perpetuate His doctrines. If He did, that Church must be one in doctrine—for truth is one, and God is Truth, and Christ is God, and unity is the essential note of whatever He left on earth to carry on His work. Therefore, since the allusion made regards the Catholic Church, it is wrong; because she is not a branch. She is just the Church of Christ; nothing more, nothing less.

But, speaking of that Church, the rev. gentleman tells us that she has been adding on new doctrines. Not so. She has never changed one iota in nineteen hundred years. What she teaches to-day, she taught from the very beginning. The doctrines held in the Vatican are identical with those held in the catacombs.

Take, then, the Infallibility of the Pope,—for the same applies to all other defined dogmas, no matter when promulgated—and we find that the Church always, in accordance with reason, Scripture and history, considered it as a "sine qua non" of her teaching mission. But there had been no necessity heretofore of any special definition or promulgation of that dogma. When, the time came, that conditions in the religious world demanded the positive declaration by the infallible Church of that special dogma, the Council of the Church took it up, and the decision of that Council ordained that the Pope, the visible Head of the Church, the Vicar of Christ on earth should proclaim it to be—what it always had been—a belief, a matter of faith, a dogma. From that moment the "liberty" that was tolerated before gave place to the positive acceptance of the teaching. Thus we see that the very promulgation of the dogma argues its prior existence. That which did not exist could not be defined, nor promulgated. But the Church added nothing new to her doctrines. She did not invent Infallibility. In a word: IT WAS NOT THE PROMULGATION OF IT THAT GAVE RISE TO THE DOGMA, BUT IT WAS THE EXISTING DOGMA THAT GAVE RISE TO THE PROMULGATION. Consequently Rev. Dr. Hackett is absolutely wrong when he says that the Catholic Church ever added a new doctrine to her theology. She merely declared, in a formal manner, the existence of a doctrine. She changed nothing, took nothing from, added nothing to her code of faith. And there are scores upon scores of doctrines that have never been defined, never promulgated, never pronounced upon "ex-Cathedra" Why? Because circumstances have never yet rendered it necessary to do so. They are as firmly believed as is the Infallibility; no one dreams of questioning, or of doubting any one of them. But should ever the occasion arise, when the world would cast a serious doubt upon any one of such teachings, then the Church may consider the matter and proclaim such doctrine to be a dogma of faith—leaving no further latitude in regard to it.

Having thus shown the Rev. Doctor that he is totally in error in regard to the Church and the promulgation of dogmas, if I am accorded space, in your next issue, I will undertake to prove that he has erred three times over when he declared that the dogma of the Infallibility is contrary to reason, to the Scripture, and to history. But, for the present it would occupy too much space to enter into the details of this question, besides I am convinced that I have given the Rev. Doctor material enough for serious study, in the foregoing brief comments.

ABOUT THE HUMAN BODY.

The two sides of the face are not in accord one with the other. The left side is nearly always the fuller and better formed.

Two portions of the body continue to increase in size; the one through life, the crystalline lens of the eye; the other during the later decades of life, the ear. The right ear is generally higher than the left, and the smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both.

The tongue of the woman is smaller than that of the man.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the larger percentage of defectiveness prevailing among fair-haired people.

The nails of the fingers never grow with the same degree of rapidity. The nail of the middle finger grows fastest; that of the thumb slowest.

The average height of an American or Englishman is five feet six inches; the average weight is 140 pounds. The weight is greatest when a man is about forty years of age.

The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh 20 pounds; those of a female are about 6 pounds lighter.

France and The Vatican.

As we have assured our readers from the beginning, the suppression of the religious congregations in France is but a step to the "nationalization," which is but another name for the enslavement of the Church in that country and its separation from the Holy See, says the "Messenger Monthly Magazine." In view of the manifest purpose of the present Combes administration to devise some plausible pretext for a breach of the Concordat, we deem it important to reprint from the London "Tablet," the following leader which the editor announces as "an authoritative article" from Rome:

"NOBIS NOMINAVIT."—"The present unreasonable attitude of the French Government on the question of the nomination of bishops recalls to memory an incident, not so well known perhaps, which shows the real intention of the Government in its latest conflict with the Holy See. M. Gambetta desired to see his intimate friend, Abbe Puyol, Almoner of Ste. Barbe, promoted to a bishopric, and requested M. Flourens, the Minister of Public Worship at the time, to further his intention. M. Flourens assented willingly, called the Abbe, and made to him the following extraordinary proposition: 'The Government has decided to nominate you to the See of —. It has at the same time resolved that this nomination shall be made without seeking the approval of Rome. In fact, all bishops in future shall be nominated in this way. Consequently, we require of you an understanding that you will never give in your resignation whatever may happen, even if the Pope refuses canonical institution; and we, on our part, pledge ourselves not to go back for any reason whatsoever.' The Abbe was not prepared for this infamous proposal. 'What you suggest to me,' he said, 'is an act of simony, for I should obtain an episcopal see under illicit conditions. This act of simony would, moreover, be open rebellion against the Head of the Church; I should be withdrawing myself from communion with the Church, and should be absolutely powerless, as an ecclesiastic, to render to the State the services it expects of me. I have no alternative but to refuse.' The Abbe complained bitterly to his friend Gambetta of the insulting treatment he had received. Gambetta replied: 'I approve entirely of your conduct; it was far from my thoughts to make you an instrument of a vexatious policy which I condemn. War against the authority of the Church is not in my programme. I will write to M. Flourens to say how pained I am at what has taken place, and to beg him to give up the idea of this unreasonable pressure, which may lead to a useless struggle.' Abbe Puyol, who is still living, was afterwards rector of the Church of San Luigi dei Francesi at Rome, and subsequently Superior of the Grand Seminaire at Rouen.

"The Combes Ministry has gone a step further than M. Flourens, and has actually published three names for the vacant bishoprics of Bayonne, Coutances and St. Jean de Maurienne without any previous understanding with the Holy See. At the same time it has sent a protest to the Vatican against the formula usually employed in the Papal Briefs of appointment. Whereas the briefs run: 'Te, quem dilectus filius Praeses Guberni Galliae Republicae Nobis ad hoc per suas litteras nominavit,' the Government want the word 'Nobis' expunged, so that the briefs may read thus: 'Thee, whom Our beloved son, the President of the Government of the French Republic, has nominated for this by his letters,' instead of 'has nominated to Us for this.' The Government refused to register the briefs of appointment for the dioceses of Annecy and Carcassonne last year because they contained the word 'Nobis.' The aim is obvious; what the Government wants is to appoint absolutely to episcopal sees, leaving to the Pope only the canonical institution of their candidate. Napoleon I, as First Consul, in 1802, when negotiating with Consalvi the procedure in the appointment of bishops, tried to obtain some formula that expressed definitive election by the Government, but in spite of the researches made at his behest, no precedent for it could be found, and Consalvi absolutely refused to admit the claim. The Concordat of 1802 between Pius VII and the First Consul, therefore, stated: 'His Holiness will confer canonical institution according to the forms established for France before the change of government.' The change of government

here referred to was the National Assembly, which, in the year 1790, decreed the civil constitution of the clergy. The established forms prevailing before that time were those agreed upon between Leo X. and Francis I. in the Concordat of 1516, which was approved in the Lateran Council on the 19th of December, 1516, and registered by the French Government on the 22nd March, 1518. Its provisions were as follows: 'The King nominates to the Pope a Doctor in Theology or Law, who is at least twenty-seven years of age, and has the necessary qualifications for the episcopal office. This nomination has to be made within six months after the See has fallen vacant. If the candidate put forward does not answer the required conditions, the King may propose another within the three following months. If this second nomination fails on account of some canonical defect in the candidate, the Pope himself will make the appointment without listening to any further recommendation.'

"As the King nominated to the Pope, so did Napoleon I. nominate his candidates to the Pope, and the formula constantly employed in the Papal brief to express the share of the civil power in the appointment was—"nominavit Nobis." The Vatican Archivist, Mgr. Wenzel, has looked up the old briefs of the nineteenth century, and of the 240 or 250 he has inspected, every one contains the same formula—with three exceptions. By a clerical error the brief by which Mgr. Legain was appointed to the See of Montauban, May 24, 1871, contained the words 'presentavit Nobis.' Two other briefs issued about the same time were worded in the same way. The Government of Thiers remonstrated with Cardinal Antonelli on the use of a new form, and when it had been ascertained that the change was due to a mistake of the Minutante, the old formula was resumed. Thiers then wrote to the Cardinal Secretary of State to express his satisfaction. This letter has been found lately and a copy of it dispatched to the French Government, though no answer has as yet been received. It is of great importance as showing that the French authorities had this very question of the formula under definite consideration in such recent times and approved of the 'nominavit Nobis.' In the interests of peace the Holy See has yielded a good deal to the demands and importunities of France, but it is quite resolved not to yield upon this point."

A COMMON MISTAKE.

Many People Weaken Their System by Taking Purgative Medicines.

People who use a purgative medicine in the spring make a serious mistake. Most people do need a medicine at this season, but it is a tonic that is required to give health vigor and vim. Purgatives irritate and weaken—a tonic medicine invigorates and strengthens. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely the best tonic medicine in the world. These pills do not gallop through the bowels—they are gently absorbed into the system, filling the veins with the pure, rich, red blood that carries healing, health and strength to every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure skin eruptions, indigestion, headaches, nervousness, neuralgia, backache, rheumatism, continued weariness and all other blood troubles. They are just the tonic you need for this spring. Mr. A. Compeau, Alexandria, Ont., says:—"I received great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and take pleasure in recommending them to all who suffer from troubles arising out of a poor condition of the blood. I think there is no better tonic medicine."

If you need a medicine this spring give these pills a trial—they will not disappoint you. Do not be persuaded to take a substitute or any of the "just as good" medicines which some dealers, who care only for profit, offer their customers. See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50.

A New Star.

Cambridge, Mass., March 28. — A message has been received of the Harvard observatory from Professor Kreutz, of Kiel, Germany, announcing the discovery by Professor Turner, of Oxford, of a new star.

About Icebergs.

The fierce and persistent gales of a blustering winter have loosened the icebergs from the glaciers of Labrador several months earlier than usual and they threaten to make navigation dangerous in the steamship lane off the Newfoundland Banks. They are coming down in fantastic fleets, under Admiral Jack Frost, jamming the Straits of Belle Isle, and, on the bosom of the frigid Arctic current, are slowly drifting into the Gulf Stream.

Last year they didn't get into the course of the liners until the latter part of June. Hundreds of them, big and little, spectacular and unpicturesque, are now heading southeast, with the polar current, off the east coast of Newfoundland.

Some of the giant ones strand on the shallows of the ocean. Many reach the track of the liners, and a few of the solidest get below it, even down to latitude 40 degrees, before they are honeycombed by the warm current of the Gulf Stream and made contributors to the general dampness of the Atlantic.

When a big berg is bored through and through at the base it sometimes turns turtle. It has been the privilege of passengers of only a few steamships to see a top-heavy monster reverse itself off the Banks with a mighty crashing and splashing. A pinnacle berg 200 feet high has been observed to roll over and convert itself into a flat-topped, sugar-loaf of ice showing not more than 50 feet above the surface of the sea.

The first of the frosty apparitions to drift into the vicinity of the steamship lane this season was sighted by the oil carrier Burgomeister Petersen on March 5. It was only 50 feet tall and 200 feet long, but it was big enough to indicate to the Hydrographic office that the Labrador Ice Trust had decided to move its colossal products early in the spring. Even in the latter part of February the thoughtful, observant hydrographers had written: "Bergrs may be expected early in March."

The oil tanks which ply light coming west and run in high latitudes are naturally the first observers of bergs. Sometimes, when the sea is veiled in fog, the tanks discover the bergs by smashing into them.

Liners from Norwegian ports and from Scotland, which also take a high course, are, next to the tanks, the earliest sighters of bergs. The Ethiopia of the Anchor Line, here from Glasgow, passed twenty-five on March 6, the largest being 150 feet high and 300 feet long. Five days later the French liner La Lorraine, in from Havre, passed south of a mountain of ice 1,500 feet long and 150 feet high only a few miles north of the steamship lane.

The next day, March 12, the Scandinavian-American liner Norge, from Copenhagen, passed two immense bergs, one with steeples 305 feet in the air. The Red Star liner Noordland treated her passengers to the spectacle of eleven bergs, some more than 200 feet high, all in sight at one time. Northward, the officers on the bridge observed, about fifteen miles away, the glittering towers of several mammoth bergs.

So far, all the ice has been sighted in clear weather, and so could be readily cleared by navigators. The menace will come with fog, which, the latest Hydrographic bulletin says, "will occur with steadily increasing frequency as the month advances."

Lookouts are doubled in crow's nest and at forecastle head when the mist curtain descends in the iceberg region. Liners speak each other and exchange information about the location of bergs. If they are unusually far south, or directly in the prescribed lanes of travel, the cautious commander sacrifices a few hours by changing his course to the southward to avoid danger. Years ago, before ships spoke each other by wireless, the danger was greater than it is now, when ice reports may be sent from the scene of danger 100 miles or more to ships approaching it.

Every commander of an ocean-cropper leaving any port of the United States takes with him the latest Hydrographic bulletin, which contains all the reports of ice sighted by steamships arriving at European or American ports. The Hydrographic office supplies all steamships with blanks headed "Ice Reports," which are filled out by the ship's officers. These reports assist the navigator materially in steering clear of ice in the fog region.

The presence of ice in the neighborhood of steamships is indicated by a drop in the temperature of air and water. Thus, when the ship's officers cannot see, they can feel that a berg is near.

There is always a large number of passengers with snapshot cameras aboard the liners, anxious to capture a picture of a berg. Obliging skippers sometimes sail out of their course within a few miles of the frigid spectres to give the snapshot-takers a chance at them. Professional photographers make money by selling their pictures to other passengers as memorials of the voyage.

It is said that the biggest north polar iceberg ever measured accurately was 418 feet high. It came from a Greenland glacier. Captains in the North Atlantic trade have reported higher bergs than this, but they usually have not used the sextant to measure them.

The very tallest berg ever observed, if Capt. Larrabee of the Yankee ship San Juan, may be believed, was discovered by him on Sept. 8, 1893, about 380 miles off the Falkland Islands. The clipper ran plump into the great berg, crushing in her port bow and carrying away all head gear and her foremast. Capt. Larrabee and his mate, who said they were familiar with the science of guessing heights at sea, declared that the berg was really an ice mountain 1,500 feet high, measuring from the water line, and about five miles long.

As about seven-eighths of the mass of an iceberg is under water, this south polar colossus may have been a mile or so deep. There is plenty of sea, perpendicularly considered, where the San Juan had her misadventure to float a mighty deep berg. The icebergs with which liners have been in collision have not been notably lofty. The Inman steamship City of Berlin, now the United States transport Meade, had a close call by collision with a berg in a fog off the Banks on May 12, 1885.

She hit the mass of ice while going at reduced speed, bow on. Her figurehead was shattered, her bowsprit carried away and her bow plates stove above the water line. About 100 tons of ice tumbled aboard her. The shock of the impact and the thunder of the ice on the deck brought the passengers on deck. The ship backed off and proceeded. Nobody was hurt.

The Saale of the North German Lloyd line, while ploughing through a moonlit sea in June, 1889, bound from Southampton to this port, found a berg lurking in a fog bank. It was only 70 feet high, but it was mighty solid. Clever seamanship alone saved the Saale from probable shipwreck.

The officer in charge of the bridge was warned of the impending danger by the lookouts in the crow's nest. He put his helm over in a jiffy and the Saale crunched over the submerged foot of the berg, upsetting some of the passengers. She was on and off again in a moment, but she lurched so far to starboard that she shifted coal and cargo and came in with a list.

Probably the most startling experience with an iceberg was that of the Hamburg-American liner Normannia, now the French liner L'Aquitaine, off the Banks on May 31, 1890. The liner was making her maiden trip from Hamburg. She was saved from destruction by the swift manipulation of her twin screws.

She had passed through a panorama of bergs. After counting twenty-two the skipper came into a long stretch of iceless sea and decided that he would go ahead at full speed hoping to smash all maiden records. He did until the mantle of mist fell again, when he slowed down to three-quarters speed.

Two lookouts on the forecastle head saw an Arctic battlement rise out of the fog before them, dead ahead. They shouted to the bridge and then ran aft for their lives. There was only one way to save the ship. Reversing at full speed could not have prevented her from smashing with terrific force against the berg.

The commander signalled to the engine rooms full speed astern on one screw and full speed ahead on the other. The ship whirled as if she were on a pivot, turning in half her length. So close did she shave the berg with her port side that a young English woman who had been sitting near the port rail on the promenade deck reached out to pat the fleeting ice mass. She did not know that it was not usual for transatlantic commanders to graze icebergs for the entertainment of passengers.

She, and the rest of the ship's company, realized their danger a second or so later when the port quarter of the liner bumped violently against the berg. Thirty tons of ice crashed down on the after deck, crushing the gangway bulwark. The ship's turtle back, which hit the berg as she swung around, was dented.



CHAPTER XII—C

It required the hand of an experienced helmsman to bring the vessel through the danger zone. An in-topping billow, capped with a thundering downward, came upon her side. Her precautions of Hades practiced skill with the motion of the way would take a ball upon a hunter on the rise, dipped and cracked like sapling; a whole ton of flung over the stern, did crew as completely as been drawn through the boat seemed to stagger way like a stricken heifer for a moment weltering in a gloomy chasm in which wave had left her. A smothered scream was heard from the female, when her eyes that of Hades Creep, though pale and quivering.

"That was right well," said Danny Mann, as the more cleft the breakers ward course. "A minute later up with would put it all into his. This just produced a laugh in answer, which starting than agreeable son who addressed her, minutes after, and with considerable disaster, the her peak, and ran along rocks on which Kyrle Dpecting them.

"Remain in the boat," reas, addressing the girl fastened the hood over her see that talkative fellow above on the rocks. I v you an unoccupied room in the cottage, as a neighbor of Danny Mann. I conceal your countenance as little as possible. We, if I should be seen paying attention."

"And am I not to see you again?" said the girl, in an affectionate accent.

"My own love, I would rest without taking leave for all the world. Be so added, pressing her hand and patting her upturn. "You are a noble girl. O pray, and return thanks husband's life, as he she yours. I thought we should be supported in Heaven. Dan! tinued aloud, calling to man, "take care of your 'His sister!" echoed I by on the rocks. "Oh, my fighting Poll of the Rocks then he hadn't bid Danny care of her, for she is we do that job for herself."

Hardress leaped out shore, and was received Daly with a warmth and d portioned to the anxiety had previously experienced.

"My dear fellow, I th should never see you y gain. A thousand and a thousand welcomes! Low the house, and get dinner Stay! Hardress, have things on board?"

"Only a small trunk and You would for ever oblige by procuring a comfortable if you have no room to s this poor fellow of mine ar ter. He is sickly and you is my foster brother."

"He shall be taken care a room. Come along; you ping wet. Lowry, take up gan's trunk and gun to the Come along, Hardress. I catch your death of cold. I you afraid Fighting Poll v her tender limbs, that you and watch her so closely?"

"No, no, my dear Daly; I afraid that fellow—Booby, (what's his stupid name)— my trunk; he is watching th and peering about him, in minding what he is doing. I along! Well, Kyrle, how a saw you all in the window when I was sailing by."

"Yes; you edited my mot that little feat you perfor the expense of the fishmer than? I shall not be a show my face to her this come. Hello! you air, Booby

THE COLLEGIANS.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

It required the hand of an experienced helmsman to bring the little vessel through the danger which he thus announced. An immense overtopping billow, capped in foam, came thundering downward, like an avalanche upon her side. In spite of the precautions of Hardress, and the precision of the wave, as one would take a ball upon the bound or a hunter on the rise, the bowsprit dipped and cracked like a withered sapling; a whole ton of water was flung over the stern, drenching the crew as completely as if they had been drawn through the river. The boat seemed to stagger and lose her way like a stricken heart, and lay for a moment weltering in the gloomy chasm in which the wasted wave had left her. A low and smothered scream was breaking from the female, when her eye again met that of Hardress Cregan, and her lip, though pale and quivering, was silent.

"That was right well done, sir," said Danny Mann, as the boat once more cleft the breakers on the landward course. "A minute sooner or a minute later up with the hand, would just it all into her."

This just produced a short hysteric laugh in answer, which was rather startling than agreeable to the person who addressed her. In a few minutes after, and without any considerable disaster, the vessel dropped her peak, and ran alongside the rocks on which Kyrle Daly was expecting them.

"Remain in the boat," said Hardress, addressing the girl, while he fastened the hood over her head. "I see that talkative fellow, Looby, above on the rocks. I will procure you an unoccupied room if possible, in the cottage, as a neighbor and relative of Danny Mann. Endeavor to conceal your countenance and speak as little as possible. We are ruined if I should be seen paying you any attention."

"And am I not to see you to-night again?" said the girl, in a broken and affectionate accent.

"My own love, I would not go to rest without taking leave of you for all the world. Be satisfied," he added, pressing her hand tenderly, and patting her upturned cheek. "You are a noble girl. Go, pray—pray, and return thanks for your husband's life, as he shall do for yours. I thought we should have supped in Heaven. Dan!" he continued aloud, calling to the boatman, "take care of your sister."

"His sister!" echoed Lowry Looby on the rocks. "Oh, murder, is fighting Poll of the Reeks too? Why then he needn't bid Danny to take care of her, for she is well able to do that job for herself."

Hardress leaped out upon the shore, and was received by Kyrle Daly with a warmth and delight proportioned to the anxiety which he had previously experienced.

"My dear fellow, I thought I should never see you on your feet again. A thousand and a hundred thousand welcomes! Lowry, run to the house, and get dinner hastened. Stay! Hardress, have you any things on board?"

"Only a small trunk and my gun. You would for ever oblige me Kyrle, by procuring a comfortable lodging, if you have no room to spare, for this poor fellow of mine and his sister. He is sickly and you know he is my foster brother."

"He shall be taken care of; I have a room. Come along; you are dripping wet. Lowry, take up Mr. Cregan's trunk and gun to the cottage. Come along, Hardress, you will catch your death of cold. Pooh! are you afraid Fighting Poll will break her tender limbs, that you look back and watch her so closely?"

"No, no, my dear Dal; but I am afraid that fellow—Booby, Looby—(what's his stupid name)—will break my trunk; he is watching the woman, and peering about him, instead of minding what he is doing. But come along! Well, Kyrle, how are you? I saw you all in the window to-day when I was sailing by."

"Yes; you edified my mother with that little feat you performed at the expense of the fishermen."

"Ah, no, was she looking at that, though? I shall not be able to show my face to her this month to come. Hello! you sir, Booby, Looby,

by, come along! Do you remain long in the west Kyrle?"

"As long as you will take a bed in the cottage with me. But we will talk of this when you have changed your dress and dined. You came on the very point of time. Rem acu tigitisti, as our old college tutor, Doyle, would say. Mrs. Frawley was just preparing to dish me a roast duck. I bless the wind, all boisterous as it was, that blew you on these shores, for I thought I should have spent a lonesome evening, with the recollections of merry old times, like so many evil familiars, to dine, and sup, and sleep with me. But now that we are met again, farewell the past. The present and the future shall furnish our entertainment—after we have done with the roast duck."

"The fume of which salutes my senses at this moment with no disagreeable odor," said Hardress, following his friend into the little hall of the cottage. "Mrs. Frawley, as fat and fair, and rosy as ever. Well, Mrs. Frawley, how do you and the cows get on? Has any villainous imp been making pishogs over your knees? Does the cream mount? Does the butter break? Have you got the devil well out of your churn?"

"Oh, fie, Masther-Cregan, to go spake of such a thing at all. Oh, vo, a vich-o, you're drowned wet, an' that's what you are. Nelly, eroo, bring hether the candle. Oh, sir, you'll never get over it."

"Never mind, Mrs. Frawley, I'll be stout enough to dance at your wedding yet."

"My wedding, ma vourneen," returned the buxom dairy woman, in a gentle scream of surprise, not unqualified however, by a gracious smile. "Oyeh, if you never fut a moeneen till then! Make haste hether with the candle, Nelly, erro, what are you doing?"

Nelly, not, altogether point device in her attire, at length appeared with a light to conduct the gentlemen to their chamber; while Mrs. Frawley returned to the kitchen.

This accident of the stranger's arrival was of fatal consequence to three individuals in the cottage; namely, two fat chickens and a turkey-pout, upon whom sentence of death was immediately pronounced and executed, without more form of law than might go to the hanging of a cropy. Mrs. Frawley, meantime, fulfilled the office of sheriff on the occasion, ejaculating, out of a smiling reverie, while she gazed listlessly on the blood of the innocent victims. "Why then, I declare, that Mr. Hardress is a mighty pleasant gentleman."

In the meantime, Lowry Looby was executing the commission he had received with regard to Mr. Cregan's trunk. Lowry, who was just as fond of obtaining, as of communicating strange intelligence, had his own good reason for standing in awe of the far-famed Fighting Poll of the Reeks, who was renowned in all the western fairs, as a fearless, whiskey-drinking virago, over six foot in her stocking vamps, and standing no more in awe of the gallows, than she might of her mother's arms. It may at once be seen that a character of this description was the very last that could have been personated with any success by the lovely young creature who accompanied Hardress; and, indeed, her only chance of escaping detection consisted in the unobtrusiveness of the attempt she made, and the care she used in concealing her features. The first circumstance that excited the astonishment of Lowry, as he stood bowing with his hat off, upon the rocks, while Danny the Lord assisted her to land, was the comparative diminutiveness of her stature, and the apparent slightness of her form.

"Your servant, Mrs. Naughten," he said in a most insinuating accent. "I hope I see you well in your health, ma'am. You wouldn't remember a boy of the Loobys at all, you met of a time at Nelly Hewsan's waka, westwards (Heaven rest her soul this night!) That was the place where the great giving-out was, surely."

To his gentle remembrance of old merry times, the female in the blue cloak only answered by a slight, short courtesy, while she drew the hood closer about her face, and began, though with a feeble and tottering step, to ascend the rocks.

"Bread, an'—beef, an'—taty, an'—

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

whiskey, an'—turkey, an'—cakes, an' everything that the heart could like," the officious Lowry continued, following the pseudo-Amazon among the stones and sea-weed, and marvelling not a little at her unaccustomed taciturnity. "The Hewsans could well afford it; they were strong, snug farmers; relations o' your own, I'm thinking ma'am. Oh, vo! sure I forgot the trunk, and there's Mr. Hardress calling to me. Larry Kett," he continued, addressing the old boatman before mentioned, "will show Mrs. Naughten the way to the house, while I'm getting the trunk out o' the boat; an' if you want a fire o' turf, or a gwal o' piatees, Mrs. Frawley will let you have 'em an' welcome."

The old boatman willingly came into terms so easy and advantageous; and the fair counterfeiter hurried on, well pleased at the exchange of companions. Lowry, in the meantime, returned to the boat, and stole into conversation with Danny the Lord, whom, in fear of his sneering satirical temper, he always treated with nearly as much respect as if his title were not so purely a thing of courtesy. Danny Mann, on the other hand, received his attentions with but little complaisance; for he looked on Lowry as a foolish, troublesome fellow, whose property in words (like the estate of many a young absentee) far overbalanced his discretion and ability in their employment. He had often told Looby in confidence, "that it would be well for him had a bigger head and a smaller mouth"—alluding to that peculiar conformation of Lowry's upper man, with which the reader has been already made acquainted. The country people (who are never at a loss for a simile), when they saw this sharp-faced fellow following the sharp-legged little hunchback from place to place, used to lean on their spades, and call the attention of their companions to "the wran an' the cuckoo goin' the road."

"The cuckoo" now found the "wran" employed in coiling up a wet cable on the fore-castle, while he sang in a voice that more nearly resembled the grunting of a pig at the approach of rain, than the melody of the sweet songstress of the hedges above named:—

"An' of all de meat dat ever was hung, A cheek o' pork is my fancy, 'Tis sweet, an' toothsome, when 'tis young; Fait, dat's no lie, says Nancy. 'Twill boil in less than half an hour, 'Den with your nail you may fry it, 'Twill taste like any caulifower— 'Tis better do dat dan to fry it. 'Sing re-rig-i-dig-i-dum-derom-dum."

"How does the world use Misher Mann this evening?" was the form of Lowry's first greeting, as he bent over the gunwale of the stern, and laid his huge paws on the small trunk.

"As you see, Lowry," was the reply. "A smart evening ye had of it." "Purty fair, for de matter o' dat." "Dear knows, it's a wonder ye worn't drowned. 'Twas blowin' a harico. An' you singin', as if you wor comin' from a jig-house, or a wake, or a weddin'. Ah, then tell me, Misher Mann, wasn't it your thought, when you were abroad that time, how long it was since you were with the priest before?"

"I dought o' dat first, Lowry, an' I tried to say a prayer; but it was so long from me since I did de like before, dat I might as well try to talk Latin or any oder book-larnin'. But sure if I dought o' myself rightly, dere wasn't de laste fear of us, for I had a book o' St. Margaret's confession in me buzzum, an' as long as I'd have dat, I knew dat if de boat was to go down under me it-self, she'd come up again."

"Erra, no!" "Iss, dear knows." "I wish I had one of 'em," said Lowry. "I do be often goin' in boats across to Cratlow an' them places."

"You'd have no business of it, Lowry. Dem dat's born for one death, has no reason to be afereed of anoder."

"Gondouth! You're welcome to your joke this evening. Well, if I was to put my eyes upok sticks, Misher Mann, I never would know your sister again."

"She grew a dale, I b'lieve." "Grew?—If she did, it's like the cow's tail, downwards. Why, she isn't, to say, taller than myself now, in place o' bein' the head an' two shoulders above me. An' she isn't at all the rattlin' girl she was of ould. She didn't spake a word."

"An' dat's a fallin' dat's new to both o' ye," said His Lordship, "but Poll made a vow again, talkin' of a Thursday, bekeys it was of a Thursday her first child died, an' dey said he was hoist away be de good people, while Poll was gossiping wid Ned Hayes, over a glass at de public."

"And that's her reason?" "Dat's her reason." "An' in regard o' the drink?" "Oh, she's greatly altered dat way too, dough 'twas greatly again' nature. A lime-burner's bag was not ten to her for soakin' formerly, but now she'd take no more than a wet sponge."

"That's great, surely. An' about the cursin' and swearin'?" "Cursin'! You'd no more find a curse after her, dan you would after de clergy. An' 'tisn't dat itself, but you wouldn't get a crooked word outside her lips, from year's end to year's end."

"Why, then, it was long from her to be so mealy-mouthed when I knew her. An' does she lift a hand at the fair at all now? Oyeh, what a terrible 'oman she was, comin' again' a man with her stockin' off, an' a stone in the foot of it!" "She was. Well, she wouldn't raise her hand to a chicken now."

"That flogs cock-fighting." "Only, I'll tell you in one case. She's apt to be contrary to any one dat would be comin' discorsin' her of a Thursday at all, or peepin' or spyin' about her, she's so vexed in herself not to be able to make 'em an answer. It used to be a word an' a blow wid her; but now, as she can't have de word, 'tis de blow comes mostly first, an' she didn't make 'er a vow again' dat."

"Shasthone!" exclaimed Lowry, who laid up this hint for his own edification. "Great changes, surely. Well, Misher Mann, an' will you tell me now, if you please, is your master goin' westwards in the boat to-morrow?"

"I don't know, an'—not makin' you a short answer, Lowry—I don't care. And a word more on de back o' dat again, although I have a sort of rattlin' regard for you, still an' all, I'd rader be takin' a noggin o' whiskey, to warm de heart in me dis cold night, dan listenin' to your talkin' dere. Dat I may be happy but I would, an' dat's as good as if I was takin' all de books in Ireland of it."

This hint put an end to the conversation for the present and Danny the Lord (who exercised over Lowry Looby an influence somewhat similar to that which tied Master Matthew to the heels of Bobadil) adjourned with that loquacious person to the comforts of Mrs. Frawley's fireside.

"An' of all de meat dat ever was hung, A cheek o' pork is my fancy, 'Tis sweet, an' toothsome, when 'tis young; Fait, dat's no lie, says Nancy. 'Twill boil in less than half an hour, 'Den with your nail you may fry it, 'Twill taste like any caulifower— 'Tis better do dat dan to fry it. 'Sing re-rig-i-dig-i-dum-derom-dum."

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flowered cotton—a dawny pattern," as Mrs. Frawley declared—proclaimed a pocket altogether at ease, and led the dairy woman to the conclusion that "the Naughtens were decent, credible, people, that knew how to induster, and turn and stretch a penny as far as more would a shilling."

Having supplied the counterfeit Poll with everything necessary for her immediate uses, Mrs. Frawley left her to make what changes she pleased in her dress, and went to look after the young gentlemen's dinner, as well as to prepare some refreshments for the weary Mrs. Naughten herself.

Scarcely had Mrs. Frawley departed when a soft tapping at the room-door announced the approach of another visitor. The lovely incomee, who was employed at the moment in arranging and drying her hair, felt her heart beat somewhat quickly and strongly at the sound. She threw back from her temples, the wavy masses of gold that hung around them, and ran to the door with lips apart, and a flushed and eager cheek. "It is he!" she exclaimed to her own breast as she undid the bolt.

It was not he. The weather-worn, freckled face of the little hunchback was the first object that met her eyes. Between his hands he held a small trunk, the lid of which was studded with brass nails, forming the letters E. O. C.

"By a dale to do, Miss, I laid hold o' dis," said Danny; "Lowry said, de letters didn't stand for Mr. Hardress at all, only one of 'em."

"Thank you Danny. Where is your master?" "Aten his dinner in de parlour wid Mr. Dary before a thunderin' big fire."

"Was Lowry speaking to you?" "Did anybody ever seem him oulderwise? I'll be bail he was so."

"But does he know—?" "I didn't hear him say a word about it," replied the little lord, "an' I think if he knew, he'd tell."

"Well, Danny, will you find an opportunity of speaking to your master without being observed, and tell him that I wish to see him very much indeed? I am very uneasy; and he has not told me how long we are to stay here, or where we are to go next, or anything. I feel quite lonesome, Danny, for it the first evening I have ever spent alone in my life, I think." Here the poor young creature lip quivered a little, and the water started into her eye.

"Never fear, ma gra hul ma grein chree hul said Danny in a soothing tone; "I'll speak a word in his ear and he'll come to you. Dat I may never die in a frost if I wouldn't go from dis to Dublin to sarve you, next to Mr. Hardress himself."

He was as good as his word, and took an opportunity while Hardress was giving him some directions about the boat, to mention the request of their gentle companion in the storm. The young gentleman inquired the situation of her room, and bade his servant say that he would not fail to visit her, if only for a few minutes, before he retired to rest. It was necessary that the utmost caution should be observed, to avoid awakening suspicion.

Kyrle Daly in the meantime, was employed in manufacturing a capacious bowl of whisky-punch by the parlor fireside. Instead of the humble but capacious tumbler, or still more modern stone-china jug, over which you, good Irish reader, are probably accustomed to solace your honest heart on a winter's evening, two glasses more than a foot in height, were displayed upon his board, and seemed intended to meet the lips without the necessity of any assistance from the hand.

(To be continued.)

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.
Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the "soothing" medicines contain opiates and narcotics dangerous to the health of infants and children. Every mother should know these so-called medicines as she would deadly poison. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine specially prepared for children under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Every dose helps little ones and cannot possibly do harm.

No other medicine has been so warmly praised by mothers everywhere. Mrs. J. R. Standen, Weyburn, N.W.T., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, or when teething. I have never used a medicine that gives such good satisfaction."

These Tablets will promptly relieve and cure all minor ailments of children, and may be safely given to a new born baby. Try them for your children and we know you will use no other medicine. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a box or sent by mail on receipt of price by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

St Anthony and The Robbers.

In the year 1764, the Franciscan missionaries in the Holy Land were much troubled by Osman Pasha, Viceroy of Damascus, who was taking money that belonged to the missionaries. Catholics throughout the world had given alms for the support of the holy places in Palestine, and of this they had been deprived by the orders of the Viceroy.

At last the Fathers were in such need of funds for their daily food, they could remain silent no longer, but entered complaint to the Sultan.

After due deliberation the Sultan sent an order commanding the Viceroy to restore to the Procurator-General of the Franciscans the sum of money unjustly retained by him. If the Viceroy did not restore this money within three days, he would be beheaded.

The Sultan even directed the manner in which the money should be restored. It was to be given to the Legate, who would convey the Sultan's commands to the Viceroy, and the Legate was to take the money to Jerusalem. At Jerusalem he was to be received by the people with singing and instrumental music, and a general rejoicing.

The Viceroy was engaged when he received the order. For two days he refused to obey the Sultan; but fearing to be beheaded, the third day he publicly declared he would deliver the money to those miserable dogs, the Franks.

At the last moment he delivered the money to the Legate; but he had made arrangements with some robbers that they should waylay the party and steal the money, and thus prevent the Legate's triumphant entry into Jerusalem.

The robbers made their plans, and after the Legate and his attendants had entered the land of Galilee, the attack took place, and they were about to seize the money, when, lo! a strange thing happened.

It seems that one of the members of the company was a Franciscan monk in disguise. When the money was being put into the saddle-bag, at Damascus, the monk had put into the bag a small statue of St. Anthony, and had begged the good saint to guard the money, for he knew the needs of his brother Franciscans in the Holy Land. When the robbers were about to seize the saddle-bag, the mule started and was soon out of sight. All efforts on the part of the robbers to find the mule failed.

Through woods and over rocks and hills and streams went the mule, and about seven hours after his sudden departure he was standing meekly at the door of the Franciscan convent in Nazareth.

The Fathers in Nazareth did not know what to do with their strange guest, and as they thought the animal belonged to a stranger, no effort was made to learn the contents of the saddle-bag.

Some hours after, the Legate and his attendants arrived. There was general rejoicing when the mule and his valuable load were found, and all returned sincere thanks.

The instructions of the Sultan regarding the entrance to Jerusalem were carried out, and the money was used as the generous donors desired, for the preservation of the holy places in the Holy Land.—(Adapted from Journal of Franciscan Missionaries, Sarah Stevens.)

Ambitions Aftermath.

Many men have had their moments of sorrow owing to the apparent ingratitude of those they had assisted. An exchange says:—

It seems not uncommon that when a man or woman renders good service to the public somebody else almost always stands ready to claim the credit.

Daniel Webster, just before his death, was refused permission to speak in Faneuil Hall.

Charles Sumner, in his old age, did one of the noblest acts of his whole life in urging that on the reunion of our nation after our civil war, the names of battles won by the north over the south should not stand on the national flags under which both northern and southern soldiers were to march—in return for which he received a vote of censure from both Houses of our Massachusetts Legislature, which was not removed until some years after.

After General Grant had so splendidly closed his connection with our armies, somebody wrote a book describing his services as comparatively of little importance. When the General's attention was called to it he said "that he expected to find out some day that he was never in that war at all."

A pure hard Soap

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

An Irish Centenarian.

A man died in Boston March 28th, who was born the year before the death of George Washington, and who, in his career, covering 105 years, had the unusual experience of living in three centuries.

He was John Kehoe, of 52 Dix street, Fields Corner, Dorchester. Not only did he live to this remarkable age, but he retained his faculties up to the time of his death, with the exception of sight, which he lost some years ago, owing partly to an accident. His mind was clear to the last.

Mr. Kehoe outlived all of his seven sons excepting one, Patrick, with whom he resides. He left fourteen grandchildren, most of whom live in Dorchester and Salem, and two great-grandchildren. Mr. Kehoe's life partner died many years ago before he came to this country from Ireland.

Mr. Kehoe was born in the province of Connaught in the stormy days of 1798, when Ireland was in the throes of revolution. In the little Roman Catholic Church where he worshipped in boyhood is the half obliterated record of his birth and the name of the priest who baptized him.

There having been some doubt as to his exact age, a friend of his son who was making a pilgrimage to the Old Country several years ago, paid a visit to the old parish tucked away among the hills of Connaught for the purpose of looking up the birth records. Time and indifferent usage had erased the day of the month, but the month itself and year could be plainly seen.

In his early days John Kehoe, like most of the peasantry of Ireland, earned his living direct from the soil. Before he had reached manhood, however, he left the raising of barley, oats and potatoes on the little patch around the house and learned the trade of the stone mason, which he plied till he became too old to labor.

Mr. Kehoe settled in Dorchester on coming to America in 1866, and here he lived the remainder of his life. Until two weeks ago he sat up and was active for one extremely old. Nothing in particular ailed him, as far as anyone knew, but his days on earth simply came to an end from old age. His voice never grew thin or feeble, as so many voices do when men approach the century mark, but remained strong and full to the last.

Some thirty-four years ago Mr. Kehoe was struck in the right eye by a falling beam, and the blow caused the entire loss of that organ. Up to the time he was 97, however, he retained the use of the other eye, but then a cold and old age left him blind.

When Mr. Kehoe was only 101 years old a "Globe" reporter called on him and enjoyed a lengthy chat about his early days. In his youth Mr. Kehoe evidently possessed unusual physical strength, for he mentioned once carrying a young heifer from market to a sister's wedding.

Referring to some of the Irish leaders he spoke of squandering ten pence in visiting, with his children, O'Connell, the great liberator. He had also spoken with Father Mathew. His father was 90 when he died, and he said that most of his family of his own and the former generations lived to be at least 80. His pipe was his almost constant companion in his later years. He drank only very moderately—Boston Globe.

A MEMORIAL TO BROWNSON.

At last Dr. Orestes Augustus Brownsong, New England's distinguished theologian, editor and sociologist, is to have a public memorial in New York. The massive bronze bust of the famous publicist, by Samuel J. Kipson, the well known sculptor of Boston, now on exhibition at the Catholic Club, on West Fifty-ninth street, New York, is attracting much attention and is considered a fine work of art. It will be erected on an imposing granite pedestal at Sherman Park, Seventy-second street and Amsterdam Avenue.

VARIETIES OF WOOD.

A Maryland carpenter has made a writing desk, the lid of which is inlaid with 2,076 blocks of 365 varieties of wood, from this and foreign countries. In the lid may be seen sandal wood from the coast of Malabar and Indian archipelago, cocconut wood from the East Indies, ebony from Madagascar and Ceylon, rosewood from Brazil, camphor wood from Borneo and Sumatra, cinnamon wood from Ceylon, cocobola from Porto Rico, satin wood from the far-off jungles of India, tulip wood from the dense forests of South America, bamboo from the isles of the sea and the beautiful amaranth from within the tropics.

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SUPERIOR COURT.
CANADA,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal.
Dame Elmira Camirand, of the city and the District of Montreal, wife common as to property, of Desire Houle, contractor, of the same place, duly authorized to the present,
Plaintiff,
vs.
The said Desire Houle,
Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this case, the 28th of February, 1908.
LEBLANC & BROSSARD,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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Society Directory.

A.O.H. DIVISION No. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McGill, Vice-President; Percy J. Quinn, Recording Secretary; 981 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

A.O.H. DIVISION No. 8, meets on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, M.P., Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Vice-Secretary; 1528F 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 McPhail; President, D. Gallery, 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. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, P. M. 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 the hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

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

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized 19th November, 1878.—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 Monday 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

Notes for Farmers.

WEEDS.—If seeds could be kept out this problem would not be so difficult. But the work has to be done over and over again. The seeds are brought in grain we buy, in the freight cars of railroads and scattered by the wind as the trains fly past our farms. In discussing this subject Prof. H. F. Roberts of Kansas Agriculture College mentions some causes of weed invasion and some practical ways of precaution as follows:—

"The most common cause of weed invasion of native pastures is over-pasturing, whereby the wild grasses are kept down so that they cannot compete with the weeds. The latter being unpalatable usually are left undisturbed by the stock. Sometimes there are introduced weeds never found on the prairie, as iron-weed, snow-on-the-mountain or milkweed, horse weed, and thistle. Others are tough prairie perennials growing among the grasses, but not spreading greatly unless the latter are kept down.

Prevention of weed invasion of pastures is generally perfectly possible by grazing fewer head per acre. Compare the number of weeds in a prairie pasture with those in an adjoining piece of similar land not grazed but kept to be mowed for hay. What number of stock per acre can be safely grazed depends on the region. In the "short-grass" country fifteen to twenty acres per head must be allowed. In central or eastern Kansas two and one-half acres per head is perhaps a limit. Every farmer can tell by observation when weeds are coming in. If so, it is a sign to reduce the number of stock per acre. No man can afford to raise stock in such numbers that they use up the capital itself (the land) by killing out the pasture grasses which make it valuable, instead of consuming the interest only.

Eradication of weeds already present in pastures depends on the particular case. Annual weeds can be killed out by mowing before seeding. This may have to be repeated several times during the growing seasons, as many of them will send up new sprouts. In the case of biennials or perennials with tap-roots, cutting the latter under ground and beneath the 'crown' is effective."

YOUNG BEEVES.—Mr. L. H. Kerrick is authority on raising good beoves. He advocates young animals. As land advances in price, he says, farming must be intensified; so with meat-producing animals. "In beef production, with the passing of cheap lands, the three-year-old steer must go. It is entirely practicable by simple, natural, economical methods to produce prime beeves 1,400 to 1,600 pounds weight at twenty to thirty months old. We have produced a carload of steers weighing over 1,700 pounds at thirty-one months old; ripe, prime finished, ready for the very highest market demand, except as to weight, and the only trouble in that regard was that they were too heavy for the very best market, showing that in less time the best weight may be produced. We must eliminate and can eliminate a year or more of time from the process of making a prime beef. The whole mission of a steer is to convert our feed into beef. Keep him busy every day at his proper work. The greatest weight of beef can be made with a given amount of feed during the first twenty or twenty-four months of a steer's life."

METHODIST PREMIUMS.

A Methodist preacher, Rev. C. A. Wood, in Chicago, has an ingenious scheme to induce people to come to church and attend services. Every person assisting service receives a certificate, and the one who has the highest number of certificates at the end of the year is entitled to a five-dollar gold piece. For the conscientious Christian it is a well-established belief and conviction that a gold dollar, worth millions dollars—as a premium for church-going—can not buy an equal ticket to heaven!

When Feed is Expensive.

Various devices are suggested for keeping cows when feed is expensive, as it is at the present time. Some suggest, feed more ensilage and common hay and less grain; some would drop grain altogether. But the most common sense suggestions we have seen is to test the cows separately as to the quantity and value of their milk and for those that really pay, that is where the quantity and quality of the milk is such that you get an actual profit in butter and cheese or in the milk products and in a form—that you keep up the feed for these to its highest value as a balanced ration.

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But on the other hand if you find you have common cows that are not bringing you any profit either because of the low grade of the milk or the small quantity and you are convinced that this is a settled habit of the animals that no change of feed is likely to improve, then dispose of these cows to the butcher. Meat is high, you will do better by such a sale than you would have done in years past where conditions were different. You are actually keeping such cows at a loss. You had far better sell two or three and put the money into one good cow whose milk would be a source of profit.

CARROTS FOR COWS.

Probably few experienced farmers who have been so situated as to raise carrots but know of their value as food for milk cows. They will take the place of ensilage to feed with clover hay or timothy; in fact, will go far to keep cows in good condition and keep up the milk flow when you have only common prairie hay. It has been stated that, for a horse, four quarts a day are worth as much as two quarts of oats; but for a cow the carrots are, we believe, worth proportionately more than that.

It is a wonder that, on farms where the soil is good, more attention is not given to raising carrots as a winter and spring feed for cows. Try it and you will at once discover, without any scientific test, both in quantity and richness and good color of your milk the benefits of this vegetable.

There is in some quarters a foolish prejudice against carrots as a food for horses or other animals. We would thank any of our readers for their experience. There can be no good foundation for this notion. You can work horses or oxen on a mixed diet having two or three quarts of cut carrots twice a day. Animals will take on fat, also, better with a mixture of carrots with grain or an alternate feeding with the vegetable.

HOG RAISING.

It might say hog raising is just in its infancy here, says G. A. Fargesson, writing from Dakota. Most farmers keep only from one to three sows, some not any, and depend on buying a few young pigs in the spring just to furnish themselves with pork. Others keep from six to ten sows and a boar, let them all run together and have pigs all times of the year; then there are a few who keep a few sows, breed to a good sire and have a nice bunch of hogs to sell every fall. Those men are making money out of



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EPISCOPAL "If the English-speaking best interests, they would soon powerful Catholic papers in the work"

NOTES

THE EVIL OF MONEY
the Boston "Sacred Heart" we clip the following aptly: "When Archbishop Farley declared the other day of New York 'does toward the development of literary pursuit,' because is too much commercial city's life, he voiced which may be made of man city besides New York. ton, which used to be cor so much a city as a sta is pretty thoroughly inf the money-making virus. But it is not the mere r ing which deadens high en crary or otherwise, so mu vulgar display affected by people whose wealth is When children grow used they no longer show it follows. So it is with ch larger growth and their And we might add that tom of all this tendency oneself upon the possession there is an evidence of a that cannot be regarded other feeling than one of can understand a man bei his wealth on account of that he made in securing the talents that he display ing the fortune. In which his talent and his energy, conduct and his skill that the legitimate sources of h not the money itself. But man has either inherited th or has acquired it by qu means, there is every reas ashamed rather than to be its possession. As a mediu merce, for the purpose of other things, and of doir money is most useful and but when all needs are am pided for, and the field deids is covered, there is no real use for money. It buy you one hour of sleep, instant of life; it cannot p clothes upon you than yo can carry, nor put more i you than your stomach can. It is simply a fruitful sour feeling, envy, strife, and fa union after your death. way enables you during life made of it may be prais not the thing itself. This comes the means of securin ures that ruin body and so stage which once reached the statement that it is th of all evil."

A STATE OF SIEGE.—A correspondent for one of the big American Catholic papers writes: "William of Germany and of Russia are to pay a visit to Emmanuel of Italy as they can muster up courage the plots which everybody knows anarchists are framing against Rome is garrisoned German days by Russian and German lves who are preparing the v the royal visits. As for the detectives on duty round the palace, their name is legion. evening a military band play airs in front of the Quirinal scope of the music is of course light the ears of toadyry, b of the inevitable results is t mation of a crowd, and this is always liberally salted with tives, eagerly bent on ascer the feelings of the people tow King."

Might we not actually call state of siege. It cannot but militating for the all-powerful of Germany and Nicholas of to feel that outside their own

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