

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

CHILD LABOR.—A regular outcry has been raised of late, in the United States, against the child labor that has so long prevailed. It is high time that the press of that country should make itself heard on this all-important subject. A contemporary commenting upon this rising of the press says:—

"Such newspapers as the Brooklyn 'Eagle,' Boston 'Transcript,' Chicago 'Evening Post,' Richmond 'Dispatch,' Des Moines 'Register and Leader,' and Seattle 'Post-Intelligencer,' have been quick to speak out for their cities and their sections of the country against an evil which is entrenched in selfishness and inhumanity, and defended by cupidity. The 'Outlook' and the 'Independent' have followed suit and spoken for the religious press, while the 'Rural New Yorker' declares that the agricultural interests of the country demand an end to child labor. Meanwhile the 'Dry Goods Economist,' which sent an investigator to the cotton mills to see for himself, represents the textile business and keeps up its attacks in every issue."

Leaving aside the Christian aspect of the question, from a mere humanitarian standpoint it seems only natural that every self-respecting public organ would oppose this species of white slavery that has so long prevailed and that has become a regular menace to the coming generation. What kind of citizens can a country expect to have, in twenty years hence, if the vitality is worked out of the children? What kind of morality can be looked for if the child is to be converted into a mere machine of production, or a soulless and prayerless, being without either education or refinement? Yet the Chattanooga "Tradesman" defends this system. It is remarkable that the sole organ that advocates child labor should be from the Southern States. Not satisfied with the slavery of the negro, these refined Southerners wish to bring the infant population of a new and free country under the yoke of serfdom. It has always been a matter of wonder for us to discover the moral principles that underlie the teachings of a people who believe in the lynch law and who preach the utilizing of children's energies for the sordid purposes of gain. They must have some standard that ordinary Christians cannot appreciate. The pagans of ancient Rome were far more civilized for they made a pretence, at least, to trial before execution, and they religiously respected the rights of women and children. We really believe that the worship of the Dollar in demoralizing the world and effacing every natural instinct as well as every Christian sentiment.

MARTYRS TO SCIENCE.—We read a great deal at present about men who are martyrs to science, or who are anxious to become such. The mania for investigation and so-called scientific research has become so pronounced that it is pleaded as an excuse for the acts that cannot but be criminal, in one sense, from their conception. As an evidence of how crazy men have become to get suddenly rich, and, at the same time, as an illustration of the length to which scientific investigations are expected to go, we may quote the following notice in a New York daily:—

"A man whose life is a martyrdom owing to the lack of means, which prevents his marrying the woman he loves, and whose life would be complete happiness if he could make \$50,000 during the next six weeks, would lend himself at the risk of his

life, for the above amount to any experience whatsoever, on condition that it benefit humanity." Leaving aside the question of this man's hunger for sudden wealth, and the sacrifices he would gladly make to attain his object, we cannot but conclude that he was prompted to insert this notice by the assurance that there are scientists who would gladly pay immense sums for the chance of experimenting and who would be willing to risk the lives of others, as well as their own, in the pursuit of some hobby. We see in this a mad rage for investigation and a proportionate lack of faith. Faith does not seek to delve into the unknown and the unknowable; and in the inverse ratio of the disappearance of Faith do you find the increased craving for investigation. The New York "Evening Post" had recently a very interesting study on this subject, from which we take the following extract. The "Post" says:—

"This willingness to be experimented upon for the benefit of humanity raises a problem in morals which has never been satisfactorily solved. That a man has a possible right to benevolent suicide seems to be indicated by the admiration with which we remember certain martyrs of science—for example, the lamented Dr. Lazear, who voluntarily incurred yellow fever at Havana in order to prove the theory of inoculation by mosquitoes. It should be remembered, however, that in such cases the taking of a desperate chance is morally different from accepting the certainty of death. Very rarely is martyrdom to science so complete and untainted by personal ambition as it was in Dr. Lazear's case. Some of the most striking instances of this kind of courage should be recorded quite as much to the credit of wrath as to science. There is, in fact, a kind of fanaticism which will go to all lengths to demolish a detested theory or to undo a rival scientist."

Two remarks in the above demand a comment. The "Post" says that this willingness to be experimented upon "raises a problem in morals which has never been satisfactorily solved;" and it says again "that a man has a possible right to benevolent suicide seems to be indicated by the admiration with which we remember certain martyrs of science." As far as the moral problem is concerned it has been solved ages ago by the Catholic Church, whose teachings condemn suicide in any form and for any purpose, be it scientific or benevolent. The cold fact, to place it theologically, is that man's life is a gift of God, and that God alone is Master of life and death; consequently no man, no matter what humanitarian or scientific motive he may have, has any more right to end his own life than he has to take the life of another. In the second remark above referred to there is an absolute lack of logic and of principle. All the admiration on earth for a sacrifice made could not indicate a man's right to benevolent or any other kind of suicide. Even were it possible that by having his life taken a man were sure to confer upon the human race an exhaustless source of benefit and happiness, he would still have no right to do so. Because he does not own his own existence; he derives it from God, who, for purposes unknown to man, conferred it upon him, and who alone has the right to say when it shall terminate. It is exactly here that we see the difference between the fixed principles of Catholicity and the wavering and unstable ideas of moral responsibility that sway the minds of those outside the pale of the Church's teachings.

"SUCCESSFUL MEN."—We are constantly confronted, in the press, with the "successful man," and we are always at a loss to find out in what manner he can really deserve such a title. In glancing over our exchanges we came upon an editorial expression, on this very subject, which struck us as most pertinent, and which we reproduce. It runs thus:—

"The successful man is kept before the people. By 'successful' is commonly meant one who from poverty, or at best very limited means, has risen to great worldly estate. He is held up as an example of the possibilities of life, and as an ideal to be followed. He is asked by editors and press managers to tell the story of his life, and reveal the secret of his success. Young men are thus taught that wealth is a goal toward which they should run, and life is thus turned in a wrong direction. Success lies in what a man is in himself, and not what he has. He who has grown into a broad conception of life, with its relations and responsibilities, who has attained high-minded, pure-hearted Christian manliness, is the successful man. And again a wrong ideal discourages such as do not attain to it. They see the impossibilities of success in that direction and make no effort in any one. Unable to gain the impossible they fail to strive for the easily possible. We would impress it upon every one, especially on every young man, that success, the true and the best success, is possible, for it is in character and service; in what is laid up in the heart and not in the pocket, in what is given for the good of others and not in what is gathered for self."

After these sage remarks we would like to bring the whole question down to a final issue. After all, what is being successful? Does it not mean final triumph over obstacles and the attaining of an ultimate aim? The aim of life is certainly not the acquirement of a certain degree of wealth; rather is it the securing of permanent happiness and unending existence. Then how can we call the man "successful," who has lived two, three, or four score years and has built up a future? No matter how many his years, they have to finally end. No matter how great his fortune, he has to finally leave it behind. And when that period in his existence is reached, what is the test of his success? Has he built up another fortune in the a-bode that he must for all future years, and centuries, occupy? If not he has not been a successful man, for he has failed in the one and only real and inevitable aim of life. The standard of success is, consequently, not money, but merits.

A. O. H. Down By the Sea.

The eighth biennial provincial convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians was held at Woodstock, N. B., last week, and was very largely attended. Twenty-one divisions were represented, nineteen of them belonging to New Brunswick, one from Sydney, Cape Breton, and one from Halifax.

Before proceeding to business the delegates attended Mass at St. Gertrude's Church, and heard a sermon by the Rev. W. F. Chapman, who warmly praised the organization for the good work in which it was engaged.

The convention was held in the Opera House, where the Mayor extended to the delegates a cordial welcome. County President R. F. Waddleton presided during the Mayor's address.

Mr. J. C. Ferguson, Provincial President, occupied the chair, when the business of the convention began. He said that he had been elected to the office two years ago, and he had promised to return the trust unimpaired. This he could confidently do, for he and his colleagues had served them honestly and faithfully and with a fair measure of success. The Order had made wonderful strides in members and stood in a higher and better position than ever. He stated the object of the Order was for the benefit of sick members

and fraternal purposes. More than 150,000 members were spread throughout Canada and the United States. He advised the establishment of ladies' auxiliaries in every society.

The secretary reported 19 divisions 10 of which had been organized since the last convention. Eight divisions were organized in Northumberland County.

M. Purcell, the treasurer, submitted his report which showed that the affairs were in excellent condition.

The following committees were appointed: Grievance—S. J. Murphy, Michael Welch, T. Connelly, John Boyle, Alex. Beaton, Barnard Gallagher.

Provincial laws.—John Brown, J. G. Haley, I. E. Sheagreen, Wm. L. Williams, D. McManus, Jerry Murray.

President's address.—W. H. Coates, J. P. Maloney, Thos. Dunn, James Flanagan, Jas. P. Farrell.

Finance.—J. J. Hanlon, Wm. Terry McManus (Halifax) R. F. Waddleton, Charles O'Neil.

Resolutions.—M. McDade, T. M. Gaynor, W. J. Crowe, John McGarity, Peter Hughes, Rev. J. J. Ryan.

The committee on standing orders reported that the membership represented was 1,074.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—

Prov. Chaplain, Rev. J. J. Ryan, St. Mary's.

Prov. President, John Morrissey, Newcastle.

Prov. Vice-President, W. T. McManus, Halifax.

Prov. Secretary, Ed. O'Brien.

Prov. Treasurer, M. Purcell, Chatham.

It was decided to hold the next convention in Chatham in 1904.

The proceedings being over, an enjoyable banquet was given in the local rooms of the organization.

Ladies Auxiliary A. O. H.

The election of officers of Division No. 2 Ladies' Auxiliary, A. O. H., was held on Wednesday evening, 27th August, with the following results:— Sarah Lyons, president; Agnes Colfer, vice-president; Margaret Colfer, recording-secretary; May Craven, financial-secretary; Ida McAlear, treasurer. All re-elected.

The Division took advantage of this occasion to tender to Miss Lyons, their president, a very cordial address, expressing their sincere appreciation of her good work in its behalf, and wishing her many happy years in their midst. They then presented her with a diamond solitaire and a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

WEDDING BELLS.

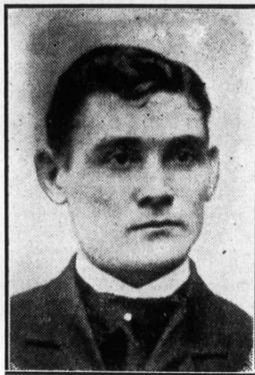
Miss Annie Ryan, sister of Mr. J. J. Ryan, of this city, was married to Mr. William McManus, of Shawinigan Falls, on Tuesday morning, by the Rev. Martin Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's. Miss Sadie Ryan, niece of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Theo. Bain, of Shawinigan Falls, was groomsmen. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was partaken of at the home of the bride's brother, Mayor street, many friends being present, among them the Rev. Father O'Meara, pastor of St. Gabriel's, a first cousin of the groom. After breakfast the newly married couple left for the lower provinces.

"HOME NURSING."

We have recently received a book entitled "Home Nursing," published by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal. This publication contains practical instructions for the performance of all offices pertaining to the sick. It tells what to do in case of accidents, as well as containing many recipes for preparing solid and liquid food for the sick. It may be obtained upon application to the publishers, Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal, enclosing to them 5c in stamps to cover the expense of mailing, etc.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Like its predecessors, the concert given to the large audience which assembled in the Catholic Sailors' Club on Wednesday evening, was a very gratifying success in every way. The entertainment was under the



MR. J. J. PIGOTT.

auspices of Sarsfield Court. Catholic Order of Foresters. The clergymen present were the Rev. Father Gorman, S. J., the Rev. Father Veilleux, S. J., and the Rev. Father Girard, C.S.S.R., Chaplain of Sarsfield Court, C.O.F., who displayed great interest in the work of the institution.

Mr. J. J. Pigott, the Chief Ranger, presided, and in a neat speech he thanked the audience for their presence, and warmly eulogized those who were in charge of the administration of the Club for their efforts in behalf of the Catholic seamen coming to Montreal. Such self-sacrifice, he said, was worthy of all praise. He advised those present to make the Club known amongst their friends, Catholic sailors were always sure of a cordial welcome and a helping hand there. The clubrooms were supplied with good literature, with writing materials, and with facilities for playing innocent games. By frequenting the clubrooms and by attending the seamen would escape from the snares and temptations that would beset them elsewhere.

The utmost credit is due to the members of Sarsfield Court for the excellent programme which they furnished, and also to the sailors who volunteered their very acceptable services.

The following took part in the entertainment: Song, by Mr. Knox, accompanied by Miss Knox; song, by Mr. R. J. Hillard; violin solo, by Miss M. Murphy; song, Mr. E. Jackson; song, by Mr. O'Brien; song, by Miss Laura Brown; recitation, Mr. F. J. Hogan; song, by Mr. G. Morgan; song, Mr. W. Biggs; Irish jig and clog dance, Mr. F. Hogan; song, Mr. Arthur O'Leary; Miss Ethel McDermott, accompanist; song, Miss Harkins; duet, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis; song, Mr. Harding; song, Mr. O'Dowd; seamen P. Winterbottom, T. Shrimpley, F. Cairns, and Mr. Dressler, steamer Fremona, Messrs. Hurley and Jones, steamer Monterey, and D. F. Bolger.

The concert was brought to a close by the singing of "God save Ireland."

Next Wednesday's concert will be under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Division No. 5, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

LIFE'S UNCERTAINTY

Life is critical. Any word may be our last. Any farewell, even amid glee and merriment, may be for ever. If this truth were but burned into consciousness, and if it ruled as a deep conviction and real power in our lives, would it not give a new meaning to our relationships? Would it not make us far more tender than we sometimes are? Would it not oftentimes put a rein upon our rash and impetuous speech? Would we carry in our hearts the miserable su-

spicious and jealousies that now so often embitter the fountains of our lives? Would we allow trivial misunderstandings to build up a wall between us and those who ought to stand very close to us? Would we keep alive petty quarrels, year after year, which a manly word any day would settle? Would we pass old friends or neighbors in the street without recognition, because of some real or fancied slight, some wounding of pride, or some ancient grudge? Or would we be so chary of kind words or commendations, our sympathy, our comforts, when weary hearts all about us are breaking for just such expressions of interest or appreciation as we have in our power to give.

NOTES FROM ROME.

The members of the Sacred Congregation of Rites have given judgment on the following questions:—

The Introduction of the Cause of the Beatification and Canonization of the Servant of God, Maria Michela of the Blessed Sacrament, Foundress of the Servants of the Most Holy Sacrament, and of Charity, who died in Valencia, August 24th, 1865; confirming the devotion long paid to the servant of God, Andrew Avellon, Professed Priest of the Order of Preachers; regarding the revision of the writings of the servant of God, Ignatius Falson, Secular Priest of Malta; and of the servant of God, Innocent of Caltagirone, Professed Priest of the Capuchin Order, and of the servant of God, Teresa of St. Augustine, and companions, barefooted Carmelites of Compiegne; confirmation and approval of the choice of Our Lady of the Nativity as chief patroness, and the holy martyrs, Sts. Abdon and Sennen, second patrons of the City of Sueca, in the archdiocese of Valencia; concession and approval of the proper Mass, in honor of St. Angela Merici, founders of the Ursuline religious, for the use of this institute; concession and approval of the office and proper Mass in honor of the Blessed Obizio, confessor of the diocese of Brescia; concerning and approval of the lessons of the second nocturno for the anniversary of the dedication of the Cathedral of Piacenza.

The feast of St. Joachim, the patron saint of the Holy Father, was celebrated with great solemnity in the Church which bears his name. This beautiful edifice was the gift of the Catholic world to His Holiness Leo XIII. on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee. Every chapel in it is a love-offering of a different nation. The chapel which the Catholics of England presented is situated to the right of the central nave, and is one of the largest and most beautiful chapels in the Church. The four compartments into which the walls of the chapel are divided contain representations of episodes from the lives of St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Edward the Confessor, St. Helen, St. John Bede, St. Cuthbert, St. Mildred, the Blessed Thomas More and the Blessed John Fisher. On the right of the altar is the following inscription: "Hoc altare SS. Sacramento Sedes—erectum est sumptibus—Joannis Alfredi Blount—Orate. Pro eo ejusque familia," and on the left: "Hanc mensam communicantium—posuit Edoardus Fyke—in memoriam—desideratissimae conjugis Annae—cujus anima in pace requiescat."

The chapels of Ireland, Canada and the United States, and France are also very fine. From all parts of the world cablegrams of congratulations were received by the Holy Father.

The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin was observed with conspicuous devotion in all the basilicas and churches in the Eternal City. Associations of men were prominent in honoring the great festival. The day was a general holiday, and in the evening all the street shrines were beautifully illuminated, as were also several churches and private houses.

On the occasion of the centenary feast of St. Philomena, for whom Pope Leo XIII. has a special devotion, His Holiness presented a splendid missal to the association which bears her name. Her feast was celebrated in the Catacombs of St. Priscilla.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER. FROM VILLAGE TO CITY.

OT quite for a holiday, nor yet was it on business that I ran down, the other day, to one of the picturesque country villages along the St. Lawrence. My reason for going, which does not concern the public, was equally my reason for remaining there a couple of days. I had little, or nothing, to do, and being of an observant turn of mind, I whiled away the hours studying my surroundings and the people that moved in them. One thing above all others impressed me; it was the quiet that reigned on all sides. Even in the busiest hour of the day there was a species of religious tranquility in the atmosphere. I sat for a few hours in the shade of some huge old trees, in front of the pretty square that leads to the parish church. I there could see them passing to and fro, the young and the old, the gay and the pensive; and all saluted the temple, or rather the temple's Divine Inmate, as they went past. None were in such a hurry that they neglected, or forgot that simple act of faith and devotion. I saw two children coming along, playing with a hoop and having a jolly, carefree time of it. They ran about upon the green grass, as happy as their unburdened years permitted. After a time they left their hoop and stick on the lawn, joined hands, danced up the stone steps of the Church, paused, as if to collect their thoughts at one of the side doors, and then, taking off their caps, went in. They may have been ten minutes in the Church when they came out, ran down the steps, picked up their play things, and went off, laughing and jumping down the dusty road towards the wharf. I thought to myself how happy is youth, and how charming is innocence, and above all how admirable the faith and confidence of these light-hearted children of the poor. I then began to wonder, if, in the years to come, they would be as faithful and as thoughtful as they are at present.

and shades, its grandeur of sunshine and its blueness of surging water, and I was once more back in the city. Within reach of my own familiar curbstone again; yet the return was marked with a feeling the very opposite of exaltation. The blackness of the coal along the wharves, the deafening rattle of the drays upon the cobblestones, the thickness of the factory smoke that pollutes the air of heaven, and the odors so different from those of meadow and stream; were by no means calculated to stir my soul with delight. The tall, tall houses, and the taller chimneys; the human ant-hills wherein the lives of men and women, and alas! of children, are worn as is the machinery that they oil and supply; the piles of regular brick and mortar and stone and cement, within the limits of which luxury saps the life-blood of a people, or vice undermines the constitution of a generation; the ruck, the bustle, the din, the clatter; the streams of humanity gushing forth from dingy holes and sombre surroundings, to concentrate at some central point, and to surge upon overcrowded street cars, to be carried to homes where worries and fatigues, and sorrows and disappointments await them—there, and a score of other like objects of observation, made the transition from village to city too sudden and too upsetting for my nerves.

On turning from the contemplation of the children I beheld an aged couple coming slowly down the silent, sunny-shady street. They could not be under three score and ten; they might be both much older. It reminded me of Burns' admirable ditty: "John Anderson, my Jo, John." They may have jogged along through life, in the same quiet manner, for half a century. They were like Holmes' "Last Leaf upon the Tree," or leaves I should say. And they seemed so happy, in the evening of life, as its twilight grey gathered around them. "The Faith in a union hereafter" appeared to guide them, and to shed the radiance of a golden autumnal sun upon their path. They turned there tottering steps towards the old Church, and as they chatted together, in low tones, they they laughed with a light-heartedness that the world is fast forgetting in our age. They did not dance upon the steps, nor leave play things on the lawn, but they helped each other to ascend to the temple, and they entered as into a familiar home. In there, I thought, they must feel happy; for within those walls were they both probably baptized; beneath that roof they were united in the bonds of wedlock; in presence of that altar they heard the "Liberia" chanted over the remains of their youthful companions, of their parents, and may be their children. Every object within that old temple was familiar to them during all the long years that have gone, and therein they could revive memories and associations that the stirring world without has long since effaced and dispelled. I did not wait to see them coming out; I might have had a long time to wait; but I looked around, I contemplated that link of faith that binds the young and the old in one holy communion of spirit, and gazing upon the almost deserted street, and leaning my ear against the air of heaven to catch the inaudible, I felt my lips repeating the graphic words of Moore:

"And I knew if there's peace to be found in this world, For the heart that is humble it surely is here."

The hours flew past, and the boat whistled. I was awakened from my day dream to the reality of my position, and the necessity of returning to the city. An hour on the glorious St. Lawrence, with its nights

In that great city, for I, too, clung to the side of a street car, I passed churches far more magnificent than the temple of worship in yonder village; but I saw no children leave their toys at the doors to go in and pray, I saw no aged couples move solemnly up the steps, to enjoy, by anticipation that tranquility which follows a holy and peaceful life. Children have no time, on the streets of the city, to go into churches, and the aged find more rest and safety on their door steps. There is such a fevered rush on all sides. Electricity cannot bear the worker quickly enough from the scene of his labor to his home. Every moment appears to be of the most vital importance. No person can brook restraint, nor delay. The race is on, and if you cannot keep pace with the runners, you must fall behind, be knocked down, trampled upon by the masses of humanity eager for life, for gain, for substance.

A black crape hangs upon a door, as the car rushes along; a white one is seen on another door; a solemn procession is met, or crossed on the way. No one pays any attention. The three, or ten, or fifty that during the day, have fallen by the wayside are not missed.

There is no time for reflection, no leisure for meditation, no chance to calculate upon the possibilities of whose turn may come next. Men must live, while life is possible; they must make money to live; they must hustle to make money; they must keep going as long as the machinery at high pressure hangs together—and then, when the breakdown comes, they must die—that is all about it. Let them die! they will not be missed. The rush will still go on, ever gathering velocity and strength. Money will be made by others, and squandered also; there is a rising generation to pour its flood into the channel as soon as the older one vanishes.

The car passes a theatre door; there are hundreds swarming into the vestibule. They are not rushing after money, as a mere means of livelihood; they are rushing to get rid of it in the quasi-oblivion of life's cares and life's realities that an hour or two of fictitious existence will afford. It is still the rush; be it to the office, the workshop, the den of iniquity, the banking house, the theatre, the saloon, or the municipal halls. It is still the rush; and an hour, a day, a month, a year, or perhaps a few years, and the rush will have ended for each one of that vast throng; but it will be kept up by another throng that is coming. Standing on this curbstone, and

contemplating that unceasing march of struggling humanity, as it hurries past, I simply ask myself if this be life, and if this be living. The children down in the village have life; the aged couple tottering to the Church are living, and what is better, they mean to live on, for all eternity; but where is the perpetuity of life in the city's rush?

Treatment of Nervous Diseases.

A writer in a recent number of "Health" says:—

Ninety per cent. of the people we meet suffer with some nerve complaint or other. Nervousness is the national disease and the natural outcome of the strenuous life of to-day.

Are we on the verge of nervous collapse? The ever increasing nerve foods, nerve medicines, nerve tonics and nerve specialists, tell a story of their own. Diseased nerves, like the Arabian Night Demons, are lightning-change artists and capable of assuming any aspect. Heart disease, consumption, asthma, etc. The sufferer pills, doctors and doses the organs until they are really affected, and produces a state of affairs very much like the school master who chastised the offender instead of the offender. The stomach is the cause as well as the cure of nerve diseases. It is the manufacturing plant that converts the raw material into life giving or death dealing blood according to its own capabilities and the material with which it is supplied.

If you are nervous, look to your stomach. It is there you will find the reason for your mental and physical torture. Your case is neither alarming nor incurable! nerve affections never are.

First of all, understand that your trouble is purely physical.

Take plain, wholesome food regularly in moderate quantities. Overfeeding is over-working the digestive organs, under-feeding is far less destructive. The half-starved street gamins have nerves of steel, and the pampered children of plenty—! Eat slowly that the saliva may do its portion of labor; masticate well that the digestive juices may reach every particle.

Avoid warm baths, stimulants, narcotics and opiates. Worn out nerves are very much like fagged out horses; the spur will bring seeming strength for a short time, but ultimate collapse. Spend as much time as possible in the sunny outdoors. (Fresh air is food.) Exercise moderately. Every effort after fatigue consumes energy.

Sleep nine hours or more out of the twenty-four. You can't sleep? Rest. Can't rest? Then get up and scrub the kitchen floor, or part of it. Scrubbing is fine exercise, for it brings into play almost every muscle. I am pretty sure you will rest and sleep after that. Acquire a habit of trying to sleep. It is the most effective narcotic. In the long run sleep will come.

Most doctors will tell you, "Don't worry." That is nonsense. Worry all you want; you can't help it. When your brain is supplied with healthy blood you won't be able to worry. What I do say is: "Do something for some one." In helping others you will forget yourself. Forgetting yourself is half the battle. The ancient philosopher who came to the conclusion, "Dubio, ergo sum," was surely no sufferer from any complaint. Nerve sick people are pretty sure they exist. Do something for some one.

Some weary heart is lonesome in the Old People's Home. The hospital children like Jungle Tales on visiting days. There is a stray dog on the corner; give him a home. The companionship will improve you both.

Drop all unnecessary mental labor. Study only your own physical self. You will find it a fascinating study with occasional surprises.

Eat plain food slowly, regularly, moderately. Breathe fresh air at all times. Exercise judiciously. Rest mentally and physically. Try to sleep. Do something for some one.

In a few months your brain will be clear and senses brighten. Perhaps your hands will not have ceased to tremble, or your face to twitch, but that will pass, for it is the echo of a voice that is dead.

Try it. Before the year is out you will stand erect, looking the future clean in the face with fearless eyes.

Old-Time Reminiscences.

By a Special Correspondent.

It was in January, 18878, that a queer adventure fell to my lot. I had been in Quebec, and went West for the Christmas holidays; but it was necessary that I should be back in the Ancient Capital for an important examination that was to take place on the 12th of January. When I reached Montreal on the evening of the 10th and proceeded to secure a berth in the sleeper, via the G. T. R., I discovered that I was too late, and would have to travel in a first-class car that night. The only reason I regretted this was on account of the necessity of changing cars at Richmond. This change took place about one in the morning; the sleeper went right through without any change. At that time the North Shore line (now C.P.R.) was not completed, so we travelled by Grand Trunk to Levis and there crossed to Quebec on the ice-boats—at best a round-about and not over agreeable way.

Since I had to remain awake until after midnight, I resolved to secure a quiet corner for myself and to utilize my time in reading some matter for the examinations that awaited me. I, therefore, resolved not to allow myself to be disturbed. I got a double seat all to myself, at the end of the car, and having a light immediately over me, I felt that I was in for a good solid night of study. "All went merrily as a marriage bell," until we were an hour away from Montreal. Then a lady, possibly 'between thirty and forty, a youthful-looking, yet matronly kind of person, came along and took possession of the seat that I had turned over and which faced me. It was clear that she was bent on conversation. She began by informing me that she detested night travelling, and then by bombarding me with so many questions that it would have taken me a good hour to answer the half of them. I could think of no means of silencing her, when a bright idea flashed in my mind. Taking a scrap of paper from my pocket-book, I wrote upon it: "I am deaf and dumb," and handed it to her. She took the paper, read it, nodded to me and said: "Ah! I see!"

About half an hour later, as I was in the full enjoyment of peace and my volume, a young lady, apparently a relative or a very intimate acquaintance of my more elderly vis-à-vis, came along, and sat down directly in front of me. She began to whisper some evidently pleasant news to the older lady, but appeared to fear that I should hear her. Finally all her hesitation was overcome by the first lady saying:

"Oh! Don't mind him, he is 'deaf and dumb, poor fellow.'"

The young lady seemed relieved, and said, with a side glance at me: "Too bad; he is not a bad looking chap; what a pity he should be so afflicted."

To this the other replied: "He is too much of a 'sawed-off' for my taste, and besides he has a half-suspicious look about him. I can tell you that I have been studying him and I don't like his looks. He has the cut of a pick-pocket, and you'd almost swear that he could hear, for I noticed him look up suddenly a couple of times, as we came to stations."

"Very likely," said the girl, "that he felt the stopping of the train. He is certainly an inoffensive looking person—possibly he is even well-bred."

"When you are my age, and shall have seen as much of the world as I have, my dear, you will not be so ready to defend the miserable specimens of humanity that we are obliged to rub up against in public." This very complimentary remark closed all further conversation, as far as I was concerned, and I was exceedingly glad, for I found it no easy matter to appear entirely oblivious of what was being said about me. As the rest of the gossip between the two ladies did not interest or affect me, I had the satisfaction of reading for an hour. Finally I grew tired, the light affected my eyes, and I laid down my book and partly dozed off. While I was in this semi-conscious state my ear caught the young lady's remark:—

"I wonder what that book is he has been so attentively reading."

"Just shove it over a few inches with your toe," said the elder one, "and I can get a look at the title page."

I felt that the book was being quietly shoved over; then I knew that the elder one was leaning forward and turning it in some way. She missed the title page, evidently, and merely got the fly-leaf, on which my name was written. At once she drew back, and said: "Do you know whose name is in that book? you'd never guess; it is J. G.'s (which, by the way are not my real initials)."

"You don't tell me," came from the young lady, "I often heard Clarence speak of him; he is to go up for examination with our Willie the day after to-morrow. I wonder how this chap came by the book."

"Borrowed it, of course," said the other.

"What a pity he can't speak," said the girl, "I would so much like to ask him."

I was blessing my stars that I had escaped so well, when the conductor, or a train-hand passed through the car, shouting, "Richmond; fifteen minutes for refreshments; change cars for Levis, Quebec, and all points East on Intercolonial."

I made up my mind that this would be my master-stroke; I never pretended to hear the conductor. The ladies prepared to go, as they had also to change cars.

"Let us tell the poor fellow, that all passengers for Quebec change here," said the girl.

"How can we tell him?" asked the other one. But the younger lady soon solved that problem. She took out a pencil and wrote on a piece of card-board—"If you are going to Quebec you change cars here; we go to Quebec." She handed this to me.

I took it, read it carefully, glanced up, bowed and smiled my thanks, and got ready to leave the train. However, by signs, I made an offer to carry the elder lady's heavy satchel; which offer she emphatically declined, smiling at me and saying to the other, "He may be a sneak thief that would clear away with it."

Had my encounter with the two ladies ended here I would have been all right; but as luck—and bad luck—would have it, we were in seats next to each other on the second train. This I did not mind, at first, for we were not facing each other, and I had no need of turning to look in their direction. But I could hear every word they said, although I did not care to hear.

At last I heard that which made my heart grow small and shrivel up in my breast.

"Look, look," said the younger lady, "the conductor on this train is Ned Crane; oh, how jolly! I am so glad it is he, we all are so fond of him."

I felt as if I were going to sink through the floor of the car. Poor Ned Crane—God be merciful to his good soul—was surely the favorite of all conductors, and just as surely was he one of my own most intimate friends. Had I had time to reflect, I might have got up, gone down to the other end of the car, and there have met Mr. Crane; but, when this idea came to me it was already too late. Big as a giant, happy as king, cordial to every person, with a witty remark or a sympathetic word for each one, along came Ned Crane—and there was no escape. He had to come to me before going to the two ladies. The moment he set his eye upon him, he roared out, in his rich, inimitable brogue, "Hello, J. G., how are you, my boy? Put your hand there," as he extended his own large and friendly hand to grasp mine. "Going back for the exams, I suppose?" was his next remark. I shook my head, pretended to make a sign of some kind, which he could not understand. The elder lady, leaning over, said "Mr. Crane, that gentleman is deaf and dumb;" I can never forget the combination of sensations, emotions and expressions produced on all the actors in this little show, when, in his bewilderment, Ned shouted: "The devil, he is! I beg your pardon, Madam; but his affliction must be both sudden and recent, or he believes his reputation." Then, turning to me, he kept right on: "What kind of practical joke have you been up to this time, J. G.?"—calling me by name. "Look here; I'll introduce you to Mrs. L. of Quebec, and her niece, Miss M. of Sillyry. Now try to be good friends you three, for J. G. is a 'broth of a boy,' and who knows, what great things may come of a chance acquaintance. They say all my introductions are lucky ones," and with a merry laugh, a twinkle in his eye, and a keen appreciation of the ridiculous position he had placed one in, Ned went off, leaving me to confront the two ladies and make the best of it.

I did not know how to explain my more did either of the others. As a result we all three burst out laughing, and, although none of us ever again alluded to the deaf and dumb phase of the situation, never before or since did I so heartily enjoy the "wee sma' hours."

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SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 2455. Dame Marie Antoinette Proulx, of the Town of St. Louis, in the District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Joseph D. de Lamirande, of the same place, plaintiff, and the said Joseph D. de Lamirande, defendant. The plaintiff has, this day, sued her husband for separation of property. Montreal, 27th May, 1902. Beaudin, Cardinal, Loranger and St. Germain, attorneys for plaintiff.

OUR E

A LITTLE BOY'S

When winter comes, the "Oh, shut the door!" As sometimes happens, they call me back again. It takes till summer time. And then things change. And "Leave it open!" is When I go in or out. I try to do a pleasant but And do just as I ought. When things become so I wish they might stay

ENCOURAGEMENT. — little tale with a moral— ponder: Tom was a sturdy little and won most of the race contests of strength. The rous winsome traits he his way to the heart of and she was always into his success.

One day arrangements made for a foot race. So were to run, although ever sure that Tom would win. The preliminaries were s race started, and the boy over the course. Tom led free for about half the then, to the surprise of Johnny began to gain up. Jim was just behind Jol running vigorously. Tom seemed to grow heavy and steadily decreased the dis between them, until finally post Tom and, with a sud gained the goal fully five advance. Jim was close b he, too, sped over the line ahead of Tom, but enough him second place and to le out of the race.

"Why, Tom, what was ter?" asked the teacher as feated boy came toward tears streaming down his His only answer was a s "Tell me what happened, Tom dug his knuckles into to dry his tears and tried t story.

"I started all right, you l "Yes, you led them all, "But when I got half w the boys began to call, Johnny, you're second!" Jim, you're gaining!" "Ru ry, run! you're most up to But nobody said, "Go it, T somehow it got into my l they wouldn't go," and Tom ping to the ground in a he as though his heart would Moral: Many have failed i cause there was no one to s t, Tom!"

ST. GALL AND HIS BEA a month had passed since visit to the home of my s tives, the Barrys; and so ping in on them the other was hailed with unusual "Welcome back, uncle!" e Bride. "You have become stranger that we were begin despair of seeing you again. "Good evening; uncle!" said "I hope you have quite finish tedious and painful busines the dentist."

"Hello, Untle Austin!" Frankie, who entered at this ture. "How's oor poor now?"

"Well, children, I'm glad you all again; and particular that the dentistry business, explains my prolonged abs over and done with—for the at least. My 'poor toofoes,' is, are not so well as they mi but are much better than th been for the past month." "Did it hurt awfully having extracted, uncle?" "No, Clare; the extraction simple matter, and practical less. What did hurt, howev the dentist's 'taking impre and especially his fitting the If I had gone through the during Lent, and suffered it patience, it would have served excellent penance. But what you been doing with yourself by? And how have my usual day night stories been replac Mostly by reading Bible stories, uncles 'Aunt Annie di over to see us a fortnight ag she wouldn't or couldn't talk thing but 'Aunt Lizzie's baby

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A LITTLE BOY'S WISH.

When winter comes, the people say, "Oh, shut the door!" and when, As sometimes happens, I forget, They call me back again, It takes till summer time to learn; And then things change about, And "Leave it open!" is the cry When I go in or out. I try to be a pleasant boy, And do just as I ought; When things become so hard to learn; I wish they might stay taught!

—Little Folks.

ENCOURAGEMENT. — Here is a little tale with a moral—read it and ponder:

Tom was a sturdy little athlete and won most of the races and other contests of strength. Through various winsome traits he had found his way to the heart of his teacher, and she was always interested in his success.

One day arrangements had been made for a foot race. Several boys were to run, although everybody was sure that Tom would win.

The preliminaries were settled, the race started, and the boys were off over the course. Tom led clear and free for about half the distance, then, to the surprise of everyone, Johnny began to gain upon him.

Jim was just behind Johnny and running vigorously. Tom's feet seemed to grow heavy and Johnny steadily decreased the distance between them, until finally he shot past Tom and, with a sudden spurt, gained the goal fully five yards in advance. Jim was close behind and he, too, sped over the line a little ahead of Tom, but enough to give him second place and to leave Tom out of the race.

"Why, Tom, what was the matter?" asked the teacher as the defeated boy came toward her with tears streaming down his face.

His only answer was a sob. "Tell me what happened, Tom."

Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes to dry his tears and tried to tell his story.

"I started all right, you know—" "Yes, you led them all."

"But when I got half way there the boys began to call, 'Go it, Johnny, you're second!' 'Hustle, Jim, you're gaining!' 'Run, Johnny, run! you're most up to him!'"

But nobody said, "Go it, Tom!" and somehow it got into my legs and they wouldn't go," and Tom, dropping to the ground in a heap, cried as though his heart would break.

Moral: Many have failed in life because there was no one to say, "Go it, Tom!"

ST. GALL AND HIS BEAR.—Just a month had passed since my last visit to the home of my young relatives, the Barrys; and so my dropping in on them the other evening was hailed with unusual animation.

"Welcome back, uncle!" exclaimed Bride. "You have become such a stranger that we were beginning to despair of seeing you again."

"Good evening, uncle!" said Clare. "I hope you have quite finished your tedious and painful business with the dentist."

"Hello, Uncle Austin!" cried Frankie, who entered at this juncture. "How's our poor toofees now?"

"Well, children, I'm glad to see you all again; and particularly glad that the dentistry business, which explains my prolonged absence, is over and done with—for the present at least. My 'poor toofees,' Frankie, are not so well as they might be, but are much better than they have been for the past month."

"Did it hurt awfully having them extracted, uncle?"

"No, Clare; the extraction was a simple matter, and practically painless. What did hurt, however, was the dentist's 'taking impressions,' and especially his fitting the plate. If I had gone through the process during Lent, and suffered it with patience, it would have served as an excellent penance. But what have you been doing with yourselves lately? And how have my usual Sunday night stories been replaced?"

"Mostly by reading Bible history stories, uncle. Aunt Annie did come over to see us a fortnight ago; but she wouldn't or couldn't talk of anything but Aunt Lizzie's baby son,

Arthur. You'd think, to hear her, that there never was so handsome, clever, good and intelligent a child in the world before." And Bride rather sniffed at so prosperous an idea.

"Oh, well, Bride, you know the baby is just a darling; and the last time we were in 'Aunt Lizzie's,' you made as much of Arthur as even Aunt Annie did. Just think, uncle," continued Clare, "the little fellow calls Aunt Annie, as well as his mother, 'mamma!'"

"That speaks well for both the baby and Aunt Annie, my dear. She evidently loves him very much."

"S'pose a big bear eat him up, wot she do den?"

This query from Master Frank was a surprise.

"For goodness' sake, Frankie, what put that idea into your head?"

"Eil, Bride, Charlie told me bears eat me up if I don't keep off sweet. An' me saw a bear de udder day fight a mans wif a pole."

"Oh, I remember now!" commented Clare. "There was a performing bear up the street one day last week; and I suppose Charlie has been terrifying poor Frankie in connection with the wrestling match between the animal and its owner."

"Talking of bears, uncle," said Bride, "do those lives of the saints with which you are so familiar, make any mention of them or their relations with holy persons?"

"Yes, my dear; bears figure in the biographies of some of the saints, and in their pictures also. Did you ever see an old-fashioned picture of St. Gall?"

"St. Gall! I don't think I ever heard of him before."

"Wasn't he an Irish saint, uncle?" asked Clare. "I think Father Quinlan mentioned him in his sermon on last St. Patrick's Day."

"Very likely, Clare. He was Irish; and the first time you pay me a visit, I'll show you an old engraving in which he is pictured with a bear standing beside him."

"And what is the story that the engraving suggests, uncle? I am sure it must be interesting."

"A narrative of a good deal like many others I've told you, Bride; so you must not expect anything sensational or exciting. St. Gall was born in the Green Isle about the year 550. He was a pupil and afterward disciple of the Great St. Columban, and is known nowadays as the apostle of Switzerland. He had accompanied St. Columban in many a journey through the southern part of Europe; and finally, when his master was travelling through the Swiss mountains on his way to Italy, Gall, who longed to be a solitary and lead a life of penance, decided to seek out a hermitage where he could spend his days alone. With this purpose in view he addressed himself to an old deacon called Hiltibod, who knew the country thoroughly. Hiltibod told him that he knew a particularly wild spot that would suit well for a hermitage, were it not that it was a regular den of wild beasts."

"Does not the Apostle say," answered Gall, "if God is for us, who shall be against us? And does he not affirm also that with those who love God everything turns to good, and that He who delivered Daniel from the lion's den can preserve us from the fangs of ferocious beasts?"

"Impressed by such firmness of will and such faith, the old deacon consented to guide the saint to the place he had in mind, and the journey was fixed for the next day. After spending the greater part of the night in prayer, the travelers started at daybreak. About noon the good deacon, who was getting tired, asked the saint if it wasn't about time to halt and take some refreshment. 'You may take all that is necessary to keep up your strength,' said Gall; 'but as for me, I'm resolved neither to eat nor drink until God shows me the place destined to become my home.' Hiltibod didn't insist any further and they continued their journey."

"About nightfall, as the two were approaching the bank of a little river called Steinach, Gall, getting entangled among some thorns, suddenly fell prostrate upon the ground. His companion wished to help him up; but the saint prevented him, saying: 'Let be; this is the place for my repose. I have chosen it for my dwelling-place.' Arising, he cut a branch of a cherry tree and, making a cross of it, planted it just where he had fallen. Kneeling before the cross, he spent some time in prayer; after which the two built a fire, prepared their modest meal, ate it, and, after returning thanks, stretched

themselves on the ground to sleep. "Just then, says the legend, a big bear that had come down from the mountain approached and began to devour the remnants of their supper. Hiltibod was a good deal frightened; for the bears of that region were apt to be pretty savage. But Gall said to the animal: 'Tis not fair to eat without having worked. So I command you, in the name of the all-powerful God, to fetch some wood to put on our fire, which is about to die out.'

"The bear at once started off, and Hiltibod was delighted at the thought that it had been scared away by Gall's voice. He hoped they had seen the last of the beast. Judge of his surprise, then, when a few minutes later back came the bear with a great dried branch, which he broke into several pieces and placed on the fire as the saint had ordered him to do. Then Gall took a whole loaf of bread out of his knapsack and gave it to the animal saying: 'Take this as a reward for your work; and now go away from this valley. I permit you to live on these mountains near by. You may possess them in common with me, provided you don't hurt any human being.' The bear obeyed and betook himself to the nearest mountain."

"St. Gall, having dismissed Hiltibod on the following day, established himself in his hermitage, where he dwelt many a long year. He had the most friendly relations with all the wild animals of the neighborhood, and in particular with his first acquaintance among them, the bear. He soon allowed that obedient beast to pay him frequent visits. And it was a very good thing he did; because later on, when the saint was entirely destitute of food, the bear, just like the raven that brought bread to St. Paul the Hermit, carried food daily to his venerable master."

"I dess 'at bear oodn't eat 'ittle Arfur or me eeder," commented Frankie, whose drowsy-looking eyes reminded me that it was time to say "Good-night!"

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Help Little Babies and Big Children in All Their Minor Illnesses.

When your child—whether it is a big child or little baby—suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any kind, is nervous, fidgety or cross and doesn't sleep well, give Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is the quickest and surest cure—and the safest, because it contains no opiate or harmful drug. No matter how young or how feeble your little one is the Tablets can be given with a certainty that the result will be good. For very young infants crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. Geo. W. Porter, Thorold, Ont., says:—"My baby had indigestion badly when he was about three months old. He was constantly hungry and his food did him no good as he vomited it as soon as he took it. He was very thin and pale and got but little sleep, as he cried nearly all the time, both day and night. He was constipated; his tongue coated and his breath bad. Nothing did him any good until I got Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving him these a short time he began to get better. His food digested properly; his bowels became regular, he began to grow, and is now a big, healthy boy. I always keep the Tablets on hand and can recommend them to other mothers."

The Tablets can be obtained at any drug store or you can get them by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

A FLOATING CONVENT.

A remarkable ship, sailing under the Turkish flag, but bearing the Russian name which is translated into "The Patronage of Our Blessed Lady," lately entered the harbor of Taganrog. This large sailing vessel is in reality a floating monastery. It belongs to the Abbey of Mount Athos. The captain and the whole crew wore monastic habits. The captain is one Father Gerassim, who wears the insignia of a hieromonachus of the Greek Church. The vessel is painted black and bears on the bow a large cross. There is a chapel on board, in which Father Gerassim daily says Mass. The rules of monastic life are strictly observed on board.

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The Value Of a Child.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It is well, at times, that the press should openly criticize judicial authority, especially when the exponents of that authority seem oblivious of all sentiments such as Christians are taught to regard with an abiding faith and to cherish as the talisman of human happiness. After all a tribunal is only a human institution, and to the Court as well as to the ordinary individual applies the dictum, "it is human to err." The law may be supreme, and it may be wrong and dangerous to attack the majesty of the law; but the interpretation, or the administration of that law may be diametrically opposed to its spirit, and be open to censure, or at least, to just criticism.

A local newspaper in its issue of last Monday, contains an editorial, that has the two-fold merit of being brief and to the point. It is under the heading "The Cash Value of A Child." So striking is that editorial comment, and so clearly does it expose a case of peculiar interest, that we reproduce it in full. The editorial in question runs as follows: "The North Jersey Street Railway Company has just settled a remarkable case arising out of a claim for damages for killing a child. The case was tried six times, the juries in the lower courts awarding from \$3,000 to \$5,000 damages. These verdicts, however, were set aside as excessive by the Supreme Court which gave the weight of its authority to the opinion that when a child is killed through the negligence of a railway company the parents are only damaged to the extent of one dollar. The Company has settled with the plaintiff upon a basis of a thousand dollars, damages and the costs, amounting to about two thousand dollars more. In assessing the value of children there is apt to be a wide difference between buyers and sellers. How the Supreme Court in its wisdom arrived at one dollar as a fair valuation of a child's life is difficult to imagine. Possibly the court was of the opinion that the only damage done to parents by killing their child is of a sentimental character and does not feel justified in awarding compensation for sentimental damages. In that case it would have been more logical to have given judgment for the company. A child is either worth something or it is worth nothing in law. If it is worth anything, with all respect to the Supreme Court of New Jersey, it is worth a great deal more than a dollar."

As far as it goes we are in harmony with these comments and views upon this particular case; but we cannot stop short at the mere consideration of the value in hard cash of a human life. One dollar, nor one thousand dollars, cannot be laid down as a standard in a case where no computation is possible. The life of a child, a fact evidently ignored by the tribunal above mentioned, is a human life. The killing of a child means the separating of a soul from a body and the launching prematurely of the former into eternity. Seen with the eyes of Christian faith the life of a child of one year, or younger, is as important as the life of a man of fifty, or of eighty. In the eye of the criminal law the killing of a child is murder, just as is the killing of an adult. As far as the human being killed there is absolutely no distinction. In the eye of God the crime and the sin are equal, and of the same nature. A human life—be it that of an infant, or that of an aged person—is still a human life. And we will even go farther, and say that if there could be any degrees of wrong in such cases, the killing of a child should be considered the greater of the two crimes. For in taking the life of the child you not only end a career on earth, but you put an end to all the possibilities enclosed in that life, you cut off long years of existence that by right belongs to that child, you deprive that being of the opportunities that youth, middle age, and old age may have had in store for it, you deprive society of a member whose years might be counted by decades in the future. In a word, the life of a child cannot be estimated at its real or its possible value; nor could any man dare say that the compensation given to parents, no matter how great it might be, could be in excess of the loss sustained.

Yet all this is merely judging a human life from a material standpoint; there is no thought of the soul, of the grandeur of that creation which was to the image of its

Creator, of the rights of that being to life and to the possession of the opportunities afforded it by God. In dealing with such cases the Court should decide upon the degree of responsibility in the party causing the death, and then upon the degree of suffering and loss inflicted upon the parents, and pass judgment in accordance; but it should not, and it cannot, decide upon the value of a child's life.

Catholicity and Wealth

Commenting upon the very evident fact that the Catholic Church in this country is growing not only in power but in social prestige, our highly esteemed contemporary, the "Catholic Telegraph," remarks:—"The hope of the Church everywhere lies in the plain people. This always has been true, and always will be. It is undeniable, however, that if our people of wealth should become really and truly Catholic, the betterment of the masses would be speeded from that day. There would be no terrible antagonisms between Capital and Labor, injustices would perish out of the world and all men would become brothers, instead of slaves and masters, respectively, as now. Even fashion would lose its silliness and find its highest employment in doing good works. If the ideals of wealth can be changed by an acceptance of Catholicity in the name of civilization let the conversion of the wealthy take place at once. It is precisely because the rich and powerful of our country are at heart Christless and religionless that the poor are being ground to powder."

Honesty in Small Things

It is more difficult to be honest in the small things of life, than in important affairs. The merchant who is very careful to pay up every debt, who would not cheat his creditors even if there was not the slightest chance of discovery, will often, nay, habitually misrepresent or over-praise his goods and convey erroneous impressions to his customers. In this, however, the merchant does nothing exceptional. Few persons in active business can say at the close of a week, that they have acted strictly and honestly in all their transactions. They may not have told lies. They may not have tried to impose the slightest loss on any one with whom they had dealings. But can they always say that they have not now and then created false impressions, allowed false notions to go uncorrected, or evaded and equivocated the truth?

It is honesty and straightforwardness in these small affairs of life that really determine, as well as form the character. A man who will praise and compliment where he believes there is no real merit, a man who will smile upon a wrong act, simply to keep "in" with the wrong doer, a man who will admit or acquiesce in a false opinion or statement, simply for the sake of peace and good fellowship, a man who will not appreciate merit or value in his neighbor, because of jealousy and malevolence; such men can not really be called straightforward and true men, although they may pay every cent of their debts, and be strictly honest in all their money dealings.

Yet in these small affairs, as in more important matters, honesty continues to be the best policy. The shrewd diplomatist is found out at last. The politic aspirant makes his road upward doubly difficult. While the honest man is after all trusted and liked with all his unpleasant truth and bluntness.

What we particularly need in this nation of politicians, are men who "own their own souls," independent, straightforward men who will not pander to the multitude, who reprobate dishonest opinions and expressions, as much as they hate lying and cheating, who are honest in every relationship of life, in every word and deed, even in every thought of their daily life. The necessities of commerce and diplomacy have made men too fearful of offending each other. They are polite even to sycophancy when they have an interest to subserv, but to those from whom they expect no favors, they become harsh and rude. Politeness is well when it is equal and honest, but not otherwise. In the majority of cases, honest, straightforward dealing even in business, is better than the honey-eyed words and feigned friendship that deceive and injure. Honesty need not be blunt nor rugged, it may be graceful. It was said of a great Englishman, that his "no" was more pleasant than many another man's compliance. It illustrates how unpleasant truths and honest opinions may be made as acceptable and as pleasing, as dishonest statements and deceptive just this.—Catholic Citizen.

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The Week in Ireland.

Directory of United Irish League. Dublin, August 23.

THE CASE OF DENIS KILBRIDE.—The prosecution of Mr. Denis Kilbride on a charge that he did solicit, encourage, persuade, or endeavor to persuade a person of persons to murder one Major-General Devenish Meares was heard at Athlone Aug. 20, before Major Preston, R.M., Messrs. O'Donohue, Vaughan, and Smith, J.P's.

After police evidence being given, Mr. Bodkin, K.C., in the course of his speech for the defence, said the United Irish League, of which Mr. Kilbride was an emissary, had suppressed crime and outrage in Ireland. The charge against Mr. Kilbride was at once absurd, cruel, and preposterous, and he appealed especially to the independent magistrates who, having no connection with the prosecution, were the freer to act on their own judgment to give Mr. Kilbride justice by scotching this preposterous prosecution out of court.

Captain Preston.—We are all independent magistrates. I am sure you did not mean anything.

Mr. Bodkin.—I don't say that any magistrate would conscientiously neglect his duty, but surely there must be a distinction between magistrates who are officials of the prosecuting Government and magistrates who are absolutely independent. I make this distinction on my own responsibility.

The magistrates retired to consult, and on returning to court, Captain Preston said the magistrates found themselves divided, and, in his opinion, the fairest course to adopt would be to mark the case adjourned, owing to the bench being divided.

Mr. Bodkin held that the Bench being equally divided they could not adjourn the case. He asked that Mr. Kilbride be discharged.

After some discussion it was finally decided to mark the case: "The Bench is equally divided."

Dr. Todd expressed the opinion that Mr. Kilbride should go back to jail on that finding.

Ultimately the magistrates agreed to admit Mr. Kilbride to bail in substantial sums.

COERCION IN TIPPERARY.—Templemore, August 18.—On Monday a new series of Coercion summonses were issued in the Templemore district. The cases arise out of the demonstration that took place on August 6th, when Mr. J. A. O'Sullivan, who had refused to appear at the Removables' Court, was arrested in New street. When Mr. O'Sullivan was arrested a large crowd collected and cheered as he was marched between policemen to the courthouse. The present summonses charge the defendants, some of whom are supposed to have been amongst the demonstrators, with "riotous and indecent behavior" in the street at Templemore. The cases are not being proceeded with under the Coercion Act, but are being taken at the instance of the Templemore Urban Council, whose officials disclaim all knowledge of the prosecutions. As the cases will be tried before the Town Court, all Nationalist magistrates will be entitled to sit on the bench. Conjecture is rife as to whether the rural J. P's will show they have the courage of their convictions and put in an appearance. Amongst those who have been summoned are: Messrs. Thomas Maher, D.C., hon. secretary of the Templemore U. I. L.; J. Fogarty, ex-political prisoner; John Maher, do.; James Hoare, John Russell, and a number of others from Drom, Borrisleigh, Templemore, and Inch. The summonses came on for hearing on 20th inst. before Mr. Bryan R. M. and three justices.

Mr. Ryan, solicitor for the defendants, contended that as prosecutors objected to go on with the case the police had no locus standi.

District-Inspector Duff stated there was an authority.

Mr. Kiely, Town Clerk, bore out the solicitor's statement, and the cases were adjourned for a month.

DE FREYNE ESTATE.—At a specially convened meeting of the Strokestown District Council, the Chairman (Mr. James Neary, J.P., C.C.) presiding, and a large attendance, Mr. Rorke, J.P., C.C., reminded the Council that for some time there was a collection for the

Tenants' Defence Fund initiated by the Council left unclosed, and now was an opportune time to take further action. Several subscriptions were handed in.

At the weekly meeting of the Castlereagh Council on Saturday, 16th August, the chairman, Mr. John Fitzgibbon, Co. C., presiding, it was decided to give £1 a week out of relief in money for four weeks to each of the tenants evicted during the week on the De Freyne estate whose families numbered five or more, and 10s a week for the same period to families of two or three.

BELFAST LOYALISTS.—Belfast, 19th August.—To-night a great Orange demonstration was held in celebration of the return of Thomas H. Sloan for South Belfast. The demonstration started from Sandy-row at eight o'clock, accompanied by several bands and drumming parties. The newly-elected M. P., Arthur Trew, official lecturer of the Belfast Protestant Association, and other prominent members of that body headed the procession, which passed through the principal streets of the city. For the most part the procession was made up of the Protestant and Orange rabble of the city. At intervals during the band playing the crowd sang "Kick the Pope," an air well known locally, and His Holiness was pretty freely cursed. The conduct of the processions became most insulting as they came towards the fringe of the Catholic districts. At Castle Junction each contingent of the brethren made a prolonged halt, and endeavored to force an entrance to the National districts. A strong force of constabulary, however, prevented them. When the crowd reached York street they directed their attention to the Catholic business premises, a number of which they attacked, smashing the windows. At Great George's street portion of the crowd broke away from the body of the procession, and entering that thoroughfare proceeded to demolish several Catholic public houses. Mr. Laurence Haughey had his plate glass windows smashed. In York street Mr. P. Lamb's public house was attacked and the windows broken. The most determined attack was that made on the licensed premises of Messrs. F. and D. Burns at Dock street and Garmoyle. All the windows were entirely demolished, and the crowd attempted to loot the premises. One individual rushed behind the counter, and had obtained possession of the cash drawer, when he was collared by one of the employees. Other members of the crowd had also entered the shop, which probably would have been completely wrecked and looted but for an alarm that the police were coming. In other portions of the city individual Catholics were subjected to severe maltreatment. No arrests were made during the evening.

CLAREMORRIS COURTHOUSE.—At the fortnightly meeting of the Claremorris District Council, Mr. T. Tighe, D.L., J.P., in the chair, and a large attendance, Mr. P. Joyce (Claremorris) moved the following resolution:—"That, acting on the suggestion of the Swinford District Council, be it resolved that the Council do never again meet in the Claremorris courthouse for the transaction of public business, and that all our quarterly meetings be in future held in the Boardroom, and that all the members of the Council be duly informed of this departure.

"Copies of this resolution to be sent to the Chief Secretary and Lord Bingham, the High Sheriff."

Mr. T. Nicholson seconded the resolution, and in doing so said he believed he voiced the feelings of every Nationalist in Ireland (hear, hear).

The Clerk said the next quarterly meeting would be on the 3rd September.

Mr. Judge.—Well, in compliance with the resolution you will summon it to be held in the Boardroom here. The Clerk said he would do so.

The resolution was then passed amidst acclamation, Mr. Tighe (the chairman) and the Right Hon. Lord Oranmore being the only dissentients.

CARLOW COUNCIL.—At the quarterly meeting of the Carlow County Council, Mr. John Hammond, M.P., presiding.

Mr. M'Nally said he wished to say a few words before certain recommendations for works in connection with the County Courthouse were considered. They were conducting their business in that courthouse under sufferance, and were liable under circumstances to be expelled from the place. In case he accidentally touched upon any topic which, in the opinion of the High Sheriff, did not refer to anything actually pertaining to the duties of the County Council, he would be liable to be chucked out by that official or his subordinates. He begged to propose the following resolution:—"That Section 79 (3) of the Local Government (Ireland) Act, 1898, be so far amended as to read:—That the custody of any County Courthouse, Sessions House, or other county buildings, be vested in the County Council acting through their chairman for the time being, and that the Sheriff or Justices be afforded such accommodation as he or they may require for the administration of justice or the discharge of his or their duties, and that if any difference arises between the Sheriff and Justices and the County Council as to such use such difference to be determined by the Lord Lieutenant, and that a copy of the resolution be sent to each County Council and to the leaders of the Parliamentary parties."

Mr. Whelan, in seconding the resolution, said it seemed strange that each County Council and to the head of the courthouse in repair at the expense of the ratepayers they were not the custodians of the place.

Mr. Kavanagh having reported the resolution, it was unanimously adopted.

CASTLEBAR COUNCIL.—At the quarterly meeting of the Castlebar District Council on 16th August, Mr. P. Higgins, J.P., presiding, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, on the motion of Mr. Martin M'Hale:—"That we, the members of the Castlebar Rural District Council, condemn in the most emphatic manner the arbitrary conduct of Mr. Wyndham and his instrument, the Castle High Sheriff, for their wanton and spiteful action in preventing the representatives of the people, with the aid of 250 Castle policemen, from presenting addresses to the best beloved of Irishmen, Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., a man who has devoted his whole life to the welfare of the tenant farmers of Ireland, and assisted them with voice and pen and purse against their oppressors, the Irish landlord, and their tyrant misrulers, the English Government; and as a protest against Wyndham's conduct we decline to transact the business of our quarterly meetings at the courthouse; and be it further resolved that we most heartily congratulate the Mayo County Council for their spirited action in deciding to refuse to maintain the courthouses of the county, or cause any money to be levied off their rates for their maintenance, and we promise them our united support in their crusade against the policy of Dublin Castle."

THE KERRY COUNCIL.—At the quarterly meeting of the Kerry County Council, Mr. D. M. Moriarty (chairman) presiding.

Mr. Murphy, M.P., proposed the suspension of the Standing Orders in order to propose a resolution dealing with the action of the High Sheriff in his treatment of the Mayo County Council recently. This was a matter of the greatest importance, as it was the people who had to maintain the courthouses, but the Sheriffs, who were merely the nominees of the landlords, wanted to be in a position to set themselves up as the judges in the matter of the business of the County Councils.

Lord Bingham had said so clearly enough in Mayo, and if he were to have such a power it would become intolerable. The Mayo County Council had very properly taught him a lesson, and it was the duty of every Nationalist Council in the country to follow their example. In Kerry he hoped and believed the County Council would do so, at all events. He proposed a resolution approving of the action of the Mayo County Council, and pledging the Kerry Council to take a like course should the occasion arise.

Mr. Nolan seconded the resolution, which was supported by Mr. Flavin, M.P., who pointed out that under the Grand Jury regime not only were the courthouses used for political purposes, but actually as rent offices (hear, hear).

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

As "unkindness has no remedy at law," let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.

HAPPENINGS IN SCOTLAND.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.—The Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh preached at the opening of the new Convent Chapel of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception attached to the convent of Poor Clares Colletines, Mount Alvernia, Liberton, Edinburgh. The Archbishop preached from the text: "Their life is hidden with Christ in God." His Grace pointed out the congregations in mixing freely with their fellow-creatures, in preaching and administering the Sacraments, in educating the young, in reclaiming the fallen, in tending the sick, in soothing the last years of the aged, in visiting the hospitals in their most repulsive wards, and in aiding the plague-stricken and the leper. But those others who busied themselves in their cells and their cloisters, who never went forth to minister to the needs of their fellow-creatures, whose intercourse with their kind was so restricted, who emphatically led a hidden life—a life hidden away but to God—what fruit did they bear? Those only had a right to carp at the life of the cloistered nun whose lives were useful, and if the life of the cloister were a spiritual luxury, it was at any rate an innocent one. Ought they not to be glad that there were pure, innocent, firm souls who devoted themselves fondly and entirely to the worship of God, who applied themselves towards making atonement by their lives and austerities, for the shortcomings of others? Those Sisters whose lives were hidden away with Christ, their God, were not selfish, not occupied with their own advancement merely in Christianity and its perfection—they prayed for them regularly, habitually, and he, for one, valued their prayers very highly. He regarded the presence of such a community as a priceless blessing to the diocese.

EDINBURGH CATHEDRAL.—The latest improvement to St. Mary's Cathedral, Broughton street, is a magnificent marble altar rail extending the entire breadth of the church and forming a suitable sanctuary to the side altars as well as a becoming ornament in keeping with the beauty of the high altar. The expense, which amounts to about £1,000, is being defrayed out of a private bequest to the administrator of the Cathedral to do whatever he thought fit with the money.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.—In the Church of the Sacred Heart, Edinburgh, the Rev. Father Tarleton, S. J., alluding to the recent coronation, said that his hearers, as Catholics, should rejoice that the King and Queen had been crowned. There were many things Catholics had to be thankful for in these countries, though, of course, there were some grievances that called for redress. Still, compared with the so-called Catholic countries—such as France—they were allowed to exercise far more religious liberty in the British Empire, and were a great deal better off in other respects.

LAW OFFICERS.—Amongst the new Justices of the Peace, who have been appointed in Lanarkshire are the names of the following Catholics: Bailie Grant, Patrick, Mr. Cranston, Corehouse, and Mr. Patrick Small, Hamilton.

NEWSBOYS ENTERTAINED.—Last week about a hundred Catholic boys who earn their living by selling newspapers, and who are inmates of the Newsboys' Shelter, Glasgow, were entertained to their annual outing by the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Glasgow, under whose kindly care the shelter is very ably conducted. Kenmore estate, Bishopriggs, was the destination of the excursionists. A very happy day was spent by the boys. The Rev. Brother Guerin, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Bonnyman, Mr. Willie Margery, and others, attended with solicitude to the comfort of the highly-delighted youngsters.

A NEW PULPIT.—A handsome new pulpit has been placed in St. John's Church, Glasgow. It is in harmonious keeping with the interior of this splendidly-embellished Church. The base of the new pulpit is formed of very fine white stone, elaborately chiselled, and bordered on the top with splendidly-polished black marble. The floor is of oak. The rail, which is of artistically-made iron panels, is surmounted with chiselled oak and is richly gilded, as are also the balusters. "Et exultans praedebat ut poenitentiam agerent" is the motto and text wrought in gilded panels on the pulpit.

A NEW CHURCH.—The new church erected on the north side of the Stewart avenue, Boness, to meet the growing wants of the Catholic community of the district formally opened, the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh presiding over the ceremonies. The building, which cost over \$10,000, will also be used as an elementary school, four classrooms being provided to accommodate 250 children. At noon solemn High Mass was celebrated, prior to which the Archbishop blessed the church. The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. Ed. Miley, Linlithgow, assisted by Father Stuart, Montrose, as deacon, and the Rev. Father Kichham, C.M., as sub-deacon, while Father Payne, the resident priest, acted as master of ceremonies. In the absence of Canon McGinnis, Innerleithen, the Rev. Father Williams, C.M., Lanark, preached the opening sermon to a large congregation, which included a number of the leading Protestants of the burgh.

The International Congress in honor of Our Lady, held recently at Fribourg, in Switzerland, was well attended and met with hearty support from Catholics of eminence in many countries. The Holy Father in a letter to the chief organizer, Canon Kleiser, expressed the hope that the gathering would embrace pilgrims from all parts of the globe. His Holiness not merely gave his blessing to those who met in the ancient Swiss city, renowned for its devotion to Our Lady, but granted a Plenary Indulgence on the usual conditions to those who visited the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Fribourg, during the Congress. The Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, and many other dignitaries of influence lent their countenance and aid, and the proceedings were throughout most successful.

On St. Oswald's Day was celebrated in Ashton, Lancashire, in a special manner, the Catholics of the town assembling in very large numbers to honor the patron saint of their church. There was Solemn High Mass in the morning and a sermon by the rector, Father O'Meara, on the life of St. Oswald. He pointed out that the Church was dedicated to him on account of his connection with that part of the country. In the afternoon Benediction was given by the Bishop. The consecration of the new burial ground was performed afterwards by Dr. White-side, who was attended by the Very Rev. Dean Sommer and the Rev. Father Webster. The other clergy present were the Rev. Father O'Meara, the Rev. Dr. Bennett, the Rev. Father T. Roberts, and the Rev. Father Louis Verbrugge. The whole of the congregation, consisting of scholars, members of guilds and confraternities, assembled in procession, which was headed by the cross-bearer and acolytes, with the clergy bringing up the rear. On arriving at the new ground—which is about a quarter of an acre in extent, and was given a short time ago by the late Lord Gerard—the congregation formed a square on the outer path. The customary prayers were read, Psalms recited, and the Litany of the Saints sung. Five crosses had been erected, one in the centre and one at each of the four corners. Three lighted candles were placed on each cross, and prayers said. His Lordship gave his blessing to all present, and granted to them an indulgence of forty days.

Sister Florian, of the Ursuline Convent, St. Louis, Mo., celebrated her golden jubilee Aug. 15, and on the same day three young ladies were received into the Order. Sister Florian was born in Bavaria seventy years ago.

The late Thomas Lothrop, M.D., a well known physician of Buffalo, N. Y., bequeathed \$1,000 to St. Francis' Asylum for the Aged in that city in care of Franciscan Sisters as a "testimony of my affection for the pious women who labor for Christ's poor in said asylum."

Sisters Mary Elizabeth and Mary Appollonius, of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary at Longueuil, have just celebrated their golden jubilees, at which Rev. Mother Mary of the Rosary, Superior-General, and Mother Mary Oliver, provincial-general, were present. Rev. Canon Descaerries, parish priest, of St. Henri, celebrated Mass, and Rev. Abbe Lamarche delivered the sermon. Several former classmates and pupils of the celebrants were guests at the banquet that followed. The Sisters, who renounced the world on August 26, 1852, were formerly Joanna Roch and Louise Chabot.

A women's meeting has been held in the City Hall, Limerick, at the invitation of the Lady Mayoress, to protest against the carrying out of the Associations Law in France. Lady Emily presided.

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A meeting of the Selby Urban District Council, which was held the other day under the chairmanship of Councillor Mark Scott, J.P., was of special interest to Catholics. The chairman described the discovery of a very ancient seal belonging to the Abbot of Selby, and presented it as a gift to the Council. The present was gratefully accepted. Councillor Smith said he felt proud, as a Catholic, of the seal, which formed a connection between the old Catholic times and the present. The seal is over 600 years old. It bears the inscription: "Secretum fero luci."

The sum of \$10,000 has been given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, to Trinity College for the higher education of women conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame in Washington, D.C.

The International Congress in honor of Our Lady, held recently at Fribourg, in Switzerland, was well attended and met with hearty support from Catholics of eminence in many countries. The Holy Father in a letter to the chief organizer, Canon Kleiser, expressed the hope that the gathering would embrace pilgrims from all parts of the globe. His Holiness not merely gave his blessing to those who met in the ancient Swiss city, renowned for its devotion to Our Lady, but granted a Plenary Indulgence on the usual conditions to those who visited the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Fribourg, during the Congress. The Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, and many other dignitaries of influence lent their countenance and aid, and the proceedings were throughout most successful.

On St. Oswald's Day was celebrated in Ashton, Lancashire, in a special manner, the Catholics of the town assembling in very large numbers to honor the patron saint of their church. There was Solemn High Mass in the morning and a sermon by the rector, Father O'Meara, on the life of St. Oswald. He pointed out that the Church was dedicated to him on account of his connection with that part of the country. In the afternoon Benediction was given by the Bishop. The consecration of the new burial ground was performed afterwards by Dr. White-side, who was attended by the Very Rev. Dean Sommer and the Rev. Father Webster. The other clergy present were the Rev. Father O'Meara, the Rev. Dr. Bennett, the Rev. Father T. Roberts, and the Rev. Father Louis Verbrugge. The whole of the congregation, consisting of scholars, members of guilds and confraternities, assembled in procession, which was headed by the cross-bearer and acolytes, with the clergy bringing up the rear. On arriving at the new ground—which is about a quarter of an acre in extent, and was given a short time ago by the late Lord Gerard—the congregation formed a square on the outer path. The customary prayers were read, Psalms recited, and the Litany of the Saints sung. Five crosses had been erected, one in the centre and one at each of the four corners. Three lighted candles were placed on each cross, and prayers said. His Lordship gave his blessing to all present, and granted to them an indulgence of forty days.

Sister Florian, of the Ursuline Convent, St. Louis, Mo., celebrated her golden jubilee Aug. 15, and on the same day three young ladies were received into the Order. Sister Florian was born in Bavaria seventy years ago.

The late Thomas Lothrop, M.D., a well known physician of Buffalo, N. Y., bequeathed \$1,000 to St. Francis' Asylum for the Aged in that city in care of Franciscan Sisters as a "testimony of my affection for the pious women who labor for Christ's poor in said asylum."

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Funeral of the Late Mr. John Patri

In the hurried notice of last week of the sad loss by Hon. Mr. Justice Curran, in the death, at the age of 70, of Mr. J. P. Curran, it was stated that we would re-issue the expressions of sympathy and of appreciation of the useful career of the deceased. But when we saw the spontaneous tributes of sympathy and condolence, and of abiding respect manifested on all sides, in the occasion of the funeral, we felt that it was effective eloquence. It is for different reasons, considered

to request that funerals private, and that expressed regret should not be accompanied by any display. The sentiments suggest such wishes we contemplate the exceptioning that paid a last tribute of memory of young Mr. Curran, feeling that there was great merit in the older. The obsequies, from lessers constitute an object very rare. When we young and the old, the man and the tradesman, and the Protestant, the society and the representative masses, all gathered together of a young man of merit, to give tangible expression of their sympathy with the family, and of their respect for the departed one, their room for eulogy. The fact in the Church was suggestive; for it impressed the worth of the young man. There were members of religious orders; the Grey with their ornaments; the S. Congregation de Notre Christian Brothers, the of the Third Order to the Knights of Columbus, of the was a member of the member of Catholic Trust and of the Catholic Society at the foundation of both organizations in this city. The most active; and all were under the goth grand parochial Church. The congregation had no more active member than the late Mr. Curran; the singing, the entire service, the exceptional emotion and sorrow, that spirit of prayer that is the one only Church that dead in her communion the life-story of the deceased now, but prayers parted spirit require, freely and from the heart our supplications with the Church, we record the that constitute an imposing funeral. The speakers were: Mr. Justice Curran and the five brothers Curran, Mr. F. J. Curran, Mr. J. Curran, Mr. and Mr. D. O'Curran, Mr. Brennan, uncle, and the cousins: Messrs. William M. Brennan, Egbert, a Mahon, and P. J. Shea.

The cortege was met at St. Patrick's Church by Mr. Martin Callaghan, parish St. Patrick's, who performed the duties of the Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. Fathers McShane acting as deacon and the following clergymen: seated in the sanctuary the solemn ceremony:

LATE MR. J. P. CURRAN



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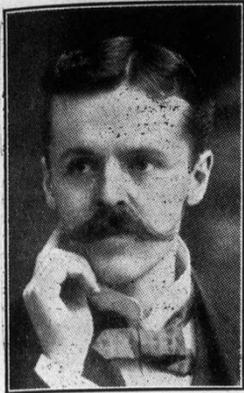
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Funeral of the Late Mr. John Patrick Curran.

In the hurried notice that we gave last week of the sad loss sustained by Hon. Mr. Justice Curran and his family, in the death, at an early age of Mr. J. P. Curran, eldest son of a valued and honored fellow-citizen, we stated that we would reserve for this issue the expressions of sentiment evoked and of appreciation which the useful career of the deceased commanded. But when we reflect upon the spontaneous tributes of admiration and condolence, of sorrow and of abiding respect that were manifested on all sides, last Monday, the occasion of the funeral, we feel at a loss to add to their silent and effective eloquence. It is often, for different reasons, considered proper



LATE MR. J. P. CURRAN.

to request that funerals should be private, and that expressions of regret should not be accompanied with any display. The sentiments that suggest such wishes we fully appreciate and respect; but we could not contemplate the exceptional gathering that paid a last tribute to the memory of young Mr. Curran, without feeling that there will ever be great merit in the olden customs. The obsequies, from first to last, constitute an object lesson of the very rarest. When we behold the young and the old, the professional man and the tradesman, the Catholic and the Protestant, the leaders of society and the representatives of the masses, all gathered around the bier of a young man of thirty summers, to give tangible evidence of their sympathy with the father and the family, and of their high esteem of the departed one, there is no further room for eulogy. Then the spectacle in the Church was still more suggestive; for it impressed upon all the worth of the young life just ended. There were members of all the religious orders; the Grey Nuns came with their orphans; the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, the Christian Brothers, the Franciscan of the Third Order to which he belonged, the representatives of the Knights of Columbus, of which body he was a member of the C.M.B.A.; member of Catholic Truth Society, and of the Catholic Sailors' Club, at the foundation of both which organizations in this city his hand was the most active; and all these gathered under the goth roof of the grand parochial Church of St. Patrick's, the congregation of which has had no more active or exemplary member than the late Mr. Curran. In the singing, the entire "Requiem" service, the exceptional display of emotion and sorrow, combined with that spirit of prayer that characterizes the one only Church that holds the dead in her communion, we have the life-story of the deceased. Not praise now, but prayers do the departed spirit require, and while freely and from the heart we join our supplications with those of the Church, we record the simple facts that constitute an account of the imposing funeral. The chief mourners were: Mr. Justice Curran, father, and the five brothers, Mr. O. K. Curran, Mr. F. J. Curran, B.C.L., Dr. Thos. J. J. Curran, Mr. L.E. Curran, and Mr. D. O'C. Curran, Mr. D. Brennan, uncle, and the following cousins: Messrs. William, John and M. Brennan, Egbert, and Charles, Mahon, and P. J. Shea.

Year-a-Year Catholic Press.

American Catholic have taken great interest in the year-a-year news-summaries in the lukewarm newspapers. The subscription for a year if for good-humored sardonic share their opinion of a dollar a year is for good gladly prefer to one from each of our subscription devotedly to be in the spirit that criticism: "Sour places of these ob- are, we have been filled. We notice "Sunday Demo- year Catholic pa- a smart new dress, brightness and pro- lowered its price. The subscription is popular ular readers, who, in favor of having a ular press, have un- tracted a habit of it costs money to or, and that editors like ordinary folks, or the necessities of to conjure the where- stance as did the fa- of olden time. The which desires to suc- to look these facts face, and come down at unhappily, popular for a year.

The cortege was met at the door of St. Patrick's Church, by Rev. Martin Callaghan, parish priest of St. Patrick's, who performed the unction of the body, the celebrant being Rev. Father McGrath, assisted by Rev. Fathers McShane and Ouellette acting as deacon and sub-deacon. The following clergymen also occupied seats in the sanctuary during the solemn ceremony: Most Rev.

Father Bernard, of Oka; Rev. Fathers Cotter, Devlin, Doyle, Kavanagh and Gagne, of the Society of Jesus; Rev. Father Leclaire, of St. Sulpice; Rev. Arthur Caron, of the Redemptorist Order and parish priest of St. Ann's; Rev. Fathers Donnelly, parish priest of St. Anthony's; Casey, of St. Jean Baptiste; Callaghan, of St. Mary's; and M. L. Shea, of St. Anthony's. Rev. James Lonergan, and Rev. M. Leonardo, rector of the Italian colony of Montreal.

The music was appropriate, Mr. P. Shea, of St. Ann's Church, conducting, and Prof. Fowler, of St. Patrick's, presiding at the organ; St. Ann's choir was also in attendance, with the special chorus of the Canada Council of the Knights of Columbus.

Among others in the long cortege to the Church were: Sir Melbourne Tait, Mr. Justice Taschereau, Mr. Justice Doherty, Hon. L. O. Taillon, Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., Mayor Cochrane, ex-Mayor James McShane, ex-Aldermen McBride, Connaughton, Tansey and Conroy, F. B. McNamee, A. W. Grenier, J. S. Kennedy, Andrew Cullen, W. Daly, J. P. Whelan, C. A. McDonnell, Dr. McDonald, Dr. Harrison, Dr. McCarthy, Owen Tansey, D. Martin, Thos. Moore, Luke Moore, D. Murray, P. McCory, John Power, James Coleman, Ernest Marceau, P. Rafferty, M. Burke, Captain Loye, W. Keys, J. Birmingham, W. Booth, F. Burns, John Burns, P. C. Shannon, James Rogers, H. A. Jones, T. J. Finn, P. J. Coyle, K. C., Frank Langan, S. 'Cliff, W. Cole, S. O'Brien, M. P. Laverty, Jerome Internoscia, James Paustie, John Scanlon, F. F. Flanigan, S. Beaudin, K.C., F. J. Bisailon, K. C.; Lieut.-Col. Mattice, W. J. Crowe, M. O'Connor, J. C. Walsh, J. Rafter, P. Dwyer, John Walsh, Jas. Callaghan, J. McDonnell, L. A. Lesage, John Hatchot, John Barry, S. A. deLorimier, A. Branchaud, A. Labelle, George Carpenter, E. G. Mahon, C. O'Brien, C. A. Mahon, A. D. McGillis, J. C. Costigan, Alex. McCullough, P. J. Darcy, P. Walsh, D. J. McGillis, F. Shaw, John Hoolahan, J. Feely, J. Feely, jr., M. Sharkey, B. Campbell, M. E. Mercier, Hales-Sanders, F. Sears, Robt. Warren, Dougal McDonald, Dr. Mignault, C. Eagan, Geo. H. Ham, A. Mosher, J. Coutlee, E. G. Spragg, Peter Kearney, J. McMahon, Joseph Fortier, Chas. Byrd, L. E. Beauchamp, P. M. Wickham, and Joseph O'Brien.

A HAMILTON PRIEST DEAD

Last week the Rev. John Joseph Hinchey, the beloved and popular Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, passed away in that city, after a brief illness. He was born in Grafton, Ont., Dec. 18th, 1863, and was the son of Patrick and Mary Hinchey, who came from Ireland in 1848, and first settled in the United States; afterwards making their home in Arthur, Ont. Father Hinchey was educated at the separate schools of Arthur, St. John's College, Berlin, and the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Lorrain, in December, 1888, at Montreal. Pending his first appointment, he assisted Rev. Dr. Kilroy, Stratford. His first appointment was as curate to Rev. Father Lennon at Brantford. He was then transferred to Hamilton, and made assistant priest at St. Mary's Cathedral. When the parish of St. Joseph was formed and the pretty little Church was opened, Father Hinchey was appointed its administrator, a post he held until his death.

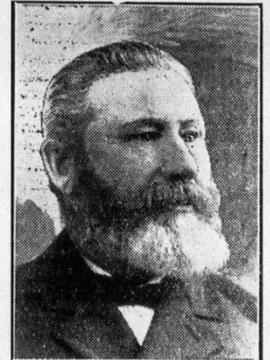
The deceased was of a most genial disposition, and was greatly admired by citizens of all creeds. He was especially beloved by the young men of his congregation. He was a great admirer of athletics, and was one of the vice-presidents of the Hamilton Football Club. He also took great interest in the work of the Catholic fraternal and benevolent societies, and was chaplain of the I.C.B.U. He leaves a mother, two brothers and three sisters to mourn his early death. His mother's home is at Arthur. His brothers and sisters are: Michael H., Farnham, Que.; James, Buffalo; Mrs. Paradine, Antioch, Cal.; Bertha, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; and Mrs. McKenny, Arthur.—R.I.P.

CHAPLAINS OF LABOR.

Belgium has a religious congregation called the Chaplains of Labor. The priests of the order devote their lives and whatever wealth they have to the betterment of their fellow-men. They live among the working-men in their lowly cottages, and are brothers, and leaders in every helpful work. Under such men it is no wonder the Belgian people remain staunchly Catholic.

The Late Mr. Thomas Heffernan.

Another of the pioneer Irish Catholic citizens of St. Mary's parish has gone to his eternal reward. On Monday last, death claimed, in the person of Mr. Thomas Heffernan, one of the most prominent and respected members of our community. Mr. Heffernan was a well known and universally admired gentleman; a contractor of long-standing in this city; a promoter of good in every sphere in which he moved. He was in his sixty-fifth year when the almost unexpected end came. It was the poet-priest who said that "some count their lives by years," while others count theirs by the works they have accomplished. In one sense Mr. Heffernan was still a comparatively young man; but his life has been so full of great and good deeds, of noble aims, of marked successes, that it is not possible to think of



LATE MR. THOMAS HEFFERNAN.

him otherwise than as an old citizen. He was born in the County Tipperary, Ireland, on the 1st February, 1837; and in 1840 he came, as a child, with his parents to Canada. In his adopted business—that of building and contracting—he has left scores of monuments throughout the city and the surrounding country to attest his success in the material sense. But greater than these has he left the memory of his unlimited charity, his devotedness to the cause of religion, and his practical Catholic life. And during that life time he saw four sons grow up under his paternal roof; two of these he gave to the priesthood of the Church, and two of them to the commercial ranks of this young country's population. Municipal honors might have been his, had he not felt obliged to decline them; as it was his influence outweighed that of many a successful aspirant in the arena of public life.

Mr. Heffernan was a strong temperance advocate, and was president of St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society for a number of years. He was also a church warden of St. Mary's parish and a justice of the peace for twenty years. A widow, four sons and one daughter survive their father. The sons are Rev. Thomas F. Heffernan, of St. Anthony's, and Rev. Peter Heffernan, of St. Mary's parish; Messrs. J. P. and Joseph Heffernan, residents of Montreal, and Miss Heffernan, at home.

The funeral was the largest witnessed in this city for many years. It took place from the family residence, 142 LaGauchetiere street, to St. Bridget's Church, and after the service there to the Cote des Neiges cemetery. All classes of the community deemed it a duty to show regard for the dead and their sympathy with the bereaved family.

Wreaths and other floral offerings had been received from relatives and friends, while prayer offerings were received from all sides. The service at the church was conducted by the son of the deceased, Rev. Thomas Heffernan, as celebrant, another son, Rev. Peter J. Heffernan, of St. Mary's parish, as deacon, and Rev. M. Shea, as sub-deacon.

Rev. Father P. J. Brady, pastor of St. Mary's, received the body as it entered the Church, and conducted the opening service. Among other clergymen who occupied seats in the Sanctuary were: Rev. Etienne Demers, a brother of the pastor of St. Bridget's; Rev. James Lonergan, Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., Rev. O. Devlin, S.J.; Rev. I. Kavanagh, S.J.; Rev. S. J.; Rev. I. Kavanagh, S.J.; Rev. Father Condon, C.S.C., and Rev. Father Crevier, C.S.C., of St. Laurent College; Rev. Martin Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, Rev. Father O'Meara, pastor of St. Gabriel's; Rev. Father Casey, of St. Jean Baptiste parish; Rev. Father O'Reilly, Rev. Father Mongeau, Rev. Father McShane, Rev.

Father Ouellette, Rev. Father Leonardo, Italian Chaplain; Rev. Father McGinnis, and a number of students of the Grand Seminary.

The choir of St. Mary's, reinforced by several singers from different sections of the city, rendered the Solemn Requiem Mass. The chief mourners were the four sons of deceased: Rev. Thomas Heffernan, Rev. Peter J. Heffernan, Messrs. John P. and Joseph Heffernan; his brother-in-law, Mr. Patrick Murray; his nephews, Messrs. A. Murray, John J. Alex., John P., Fred, and Willie Murray, and Alex. Mooney, of this city, and Peter Murray, of Buffalo; John Bennett, brother-in-law; James Corcoran, Edward Cummings, Thos. Cummings, and Peter Rowan, cousins.

Among others who followed the remains were: Hon. L. O. Taillon, Hon. P. E. Leblanc, Rev. J. McDermott, Hon. J. J. Guerin, Rev. M. Shea, ex-Ald. B. Connaughton, Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., Mr. S. Lachance, Mr. Justice Curran, Ald. R. Turner, Ald. D. Gallery, M.P.; H. J. W. Carbray, ex-Ald. T. Charpentier, P. J. Coyle, K.C.; F. B. McIntee, N. Smith, J. O'Rourke, T. Altimus, Dennis Murney, C. A. McDonnell, T. J. O'Neill, A. Purcell, S. Lachance, Dr. Bastien, Arthur Maillet, T. O'Rourke, P. Rafferty, ex-Ald. T. Kinsella, ex-Ald. Jos. Brunet, M.P.; ex-Ald. F. Martineau, J. P. Flynn, J. D. Altimas, P. Scullion, Ed. Gunning, L. E. J. Albert, Capt. James Doolan, Inspector James McMahon, Sub-Chief T. St. Pierre, H. Hooper, E. Whelan, M. Britt, P. Meehan, M. Meehan, F. Hinchliff, C. Caron, Leandre Gauthier, M. Delant, T. E. Walsh, F. Bourbonniere, P. McDermott, Sr.; P. McDermott, Jr.; James Messet, A. J. McCullough, John Barry, Sr.; Martin Egan, John Keegan, ex-Ald. V. Raby, H. McGarry, Ald. J. Bumbay, ex-Ald. D. Tansey, Sr.; Andrew Cullen, former Chief Detective; F. O'Connor, Patrick Tansey, D. McDonough, John Lonergan, F. X. Rousseau, James McShane, Jr.; Edward Booth, J. R. Barlow, P. W. St. George, John Collins, Wm. Wilkinson, John Dwyer, J. B. O'Hara, J. Mulcair, Thos. Mulcair, W. J. Crowe, T. Langevin, G. N. Robert, J. U. Emard, K.C.; Hermet Gauthier, Jos. Desjardins, Michael Dunn, A. Landers, Dr. L. G. Leblanc, Dr. Prendergast, T. Cummings, Raoul de Lorimier, W. L. McKenna, Frank McKenna, Dr. Frank Duckett, T. Gorman, Councillor O. Outremant, and many others. At the family plot in the cemetery a most imposing and solemn spectacle was witnessed when twenty priests and the choir intoned the "Libera" as the remains were lowered into the grave.

LATE CHARLES P. ROWLAND.

On Sunday afternoon all that was mortal of the late Charles Patrick Rowland was laid to rest in Cote des Neiges Cemetery. The deceased, who was twenty-eight years and seven months old, died in the Hotel Dieu of typhoid fever on the previous Friday, after three weeks' illness. He was the son of the late Patrick Rowland, who, for many years, was proprietor of the Union House. He was a member of the A. O. H., and was an enthusiastic athlete, lacrosse being his favorite pastime. He was an ardent supporter of the S.A.A.A. Young Mr. Rowland was a devout and practical Catholic. The high esteem in which he was held was evidenced by the large number of young men who attended his funeral. He leaves a mother, a wife, and a family to mourn his sad loss.—R.I.P.

The Late Walter Hooper.

The death of Walter Hooper, youngest son of Henry Hooper, the well known and esteemed cattle shipper of 71 Shearer street, Point St. Charles, occurred on the 24th of August. The deceased had been in the best of health until last winter, when he caught a severe cold, which despite all medical aid and fond care of parents and relatives, proved fatal. The deceased was a promising young man, loved and esteemed by all who knew him. His early death has cast a deep gloom over his home and the whole community. The goodly number that surrounded him in his last moments, and the large concourse of people that followed his remains to the city of the dead, indicate the deep sense of loss and the great feeling of sympathy amongst the population of St. Gabriel's parish. May his soul rest in peace.

EXAMINE FOR YOURSELF.

To be sure you are right, then go ahead is an excellent maxim. But we sometimes fail a little on the other side. We take things a little too much for granted. Leaping too a healthy exercise, but leaping before-hand makes it a great deal healthier. By thus neglecting a part of this excellent and American maxim, one is apt to run foul of two others which everybody endorses, or ought to; the first is an old-fashioned command, reading as follows: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor;" and the other is a rule of common prudence, to this effect: "When a man doesn't know what he's talking about, it's safer to stop talking till he does."

Now, there is one thing in particular that this may well be applied to. What Americans know about the Catholic faith, from good authority, if they are not Catholics themselves, can generally be written on a very small piece of paper, perhaps on their thumb-nail; under the circumstances, then, would it not be well to find out something about it, so as to have a good foundation, before beginning to build? For, if one begins his house at the top, the structure will, to say the least, not be very solid. It may even come down.

Did you ever ask yourself seriously—What do I know for certain about the Catholic faith on those very points about which I am accustomed to hear charges made, and to make them myself? Those who make them have heard them from others, or found them in Protestant books. But where did those other persons, or the authors of those books, get them? Did they examine the documents?

The Catholic faith is no secret passing from mouth to mouth, to be learned by inference, or by listening at a keyhole. It is all down in black and white. It does not cost much to learn it; only the price of a child's catechism, and the time it takes to read it. It is so easy to find out the truth in this matter that a lie, though not intended, cannot be excused. Do not bear false witness against your neighbor, but you say you have no time to examine into everybody's creed. Very good. Employ your leisure some other way, but not in calumniating us. Stop that! In this case, to go ahead is to go wrong. Stop being a Protestant, till you know what you are protesting against. But if you want to go ahead, don't "go it blind," but open your eyes and see what you are about. As you don't know what you are talking about, stop talking till you do.

And as you will find it very hard to stop, we decidedly recommend you to go ahead. But be sure you are right. Buy a catechism. Price, three cents. You will find more news in it than in any paper you have ever read.

Come, now, what is an indulgence? I will wager that you don't know. But no, I can't bet on a certainty. For if you did know, being honest, you couldn't talk as you do. I do know, though; it's pardon for sin. By no means. Then it is a permission to commit sin. Worse yet! Well, then, I don't know. I told you so. Now, don't repeat that nonsense again, but look in your book, and find out the truth: Be sure you are right, and then go ahead! Here is another question. If we do not get pardon for sin by an indulgence, how do we get it? Well, I suppose that, at any rate, you have to do it to confess to the priest. Then you suppose wrong, which you have no business to do. But at all events, if he gives you absolution, you think yourself sure of heaven. Not at all. Go study your catechism. Then you can go ahead, if you find that you are right. One more chance. What do we have images and pictures in our churches and houses for? Why, to pray to, of course. That is ridiculous; you have no right to think we are fools. But at least you honor the saints more than you do God. You know you call the Virgin Mary His Mother. Does not that make her out greater than He is? You had better look at your catechism, and clear up your ideas. If you find that you are right, go ahead, repeat your charges; if you find that you are wrong, at least hold your tongue.

Some things you will not find in the catechism, because they are matters of fact. You think that we pay for absolution. Find somebody who has done so. You think that the Catholic people are as ignorant of what goes on in church as you are. Ask them, and see if you are right. Perhaps you even think we preach in Latin. Come to our churches and find out. Yes, that is the way. Come to our churches. The Pagans

in old times had some pretext for slandering us, for they were shut out from our assemblies; but you can come and welcome. And when you do come, keep your eyes open. Do not say that we pretend or believe that a bell is rung by miracle, because we bow our heads, when a little boy is ringing it before your face. Ask somebody and find out what we are bowing our heads for. In short, if you want to talk about us, find out something about us. And at any rate, is it not worth while?

It is of no consequence what 250,000,000 of Christians believe! Americans take pride in being up with the times, and in knowing everything of importance which is thought, said and done throughout the civilized world. And they take all available means to have accurate information. But, in this case, you believe implicitly what somebody tells you who knows no more about the matter than yourself, and whose information is of such venerable antiquity, and has passed through so many hands, that it strongly suggests the well known story of the three black crows. If you will examine for yourself, you will be sure, not that you are right, but that you have been wrong. You will be surprised that such calumnies and falsehoods could have been so widely circulated and believed; and you will find that there still is a people to whom the words of the Founder of our religion apply: "Blessed are you, when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake."— In Exchange.

A Gentle Hero Priest.

A correspondent in the New York "Evening Post" thus describes a visit which he recently paid Pere Marye, the priest who defied Mount Pele at its worst and stayed with his people at Morne Rouge, half way up the mountain side. Says he:

"Crucifixes with great iron outstretched Christs upon them mark the boundaries of each parish in Martinique. Between parishes there are small roadside shrines that ever have fresh flowers in them. Much damage has been done about the Church of Fond St. Denis, but there it stood, with doors open this Sunday afternoon, undismayed, the dust of the volcano on its high altar. "This was Morne Rouge, the strong-hold of Pere Marye, of whom you have heard. Out of the catastrophe, through, so far, five great eruptions and explosions, has come this interesting cure, a man as sweet in heart as any Daudet wrote about, stout in spirit, true to duty, human and jovial and devoted.

"My friend, the geographer, seeing the Corpus Christi procession coming up the street, unslung his camera—much to my fear that the people would be scandalized. There was Pelee's bald, glowering cone, with smoke, towering in the background; there were the streets filled with the ashes it had vomited; there were the deserted homes; there were the burned hillsides, the smitten land toward St. Pierre; there was the submerged flower garden; there were the denuded palms; there were the pathetic islanders, wholly destitute, half afraid, half trusting in the faith of Pere Marye, marching in his van—of course, there was a lot to appeal to the taker of photographs. He snapped the shutter, then he said to the black guide: "I am not a Catholic, but may I go in?" And he went in, following the procession, and a shades of his Methodist ancestors!—kneel down in a pew by an altar of the Madonna. He knelt and stayed kneeling through the office—litany and vespers—and a few minutes before I write this (many days after), I hear him tell a man, "I knelt there, and I don't often pray."

"Up to now six other men besides ourselves (two ran away in panic) have sat and talked and dined with Pere Marye and marvelled. They will know whether the effect he made on the geographer was or was not made also on themselves. He was the one beautiful episode in their curiously American descent for the sake of study and report, upon two islands that have greatly suffered. "I was there," recounted Mr. Jacacci afterward, "when the mountain was muzzling. I went into his church and heard him say the litany—say the lovely things they do say, you know, of woman—"star of the sea," "hope of the soul," "gate of pearl," "tower of ivory," "mother of sorrows—pray for us!" And I was indeed touched. The priest's voice grew vast. Pelee rumbled, and he recited the litany for his people on the altar to the Virgin. For sixteen years his Church of the Madonna has been everything to him. Nothing short of death can divorce them. I tell you it is beautiful."

Catholic Magazines

For September

The "Rosary Magazine" is a very readable number. "The Churches of New York," by Mrs. Barry, contains information which will be news to many; and all her readers will agree with her conclusion. She says:-

Some of these churches and creeds sprang up like a mushroom and are bound to be ephemeral as kindred fads and fancies of the day. Orders are the imperfect medium through which the reverence of the human spirit for the divine seeks outward expression. In all, save the unchanging and unchangeable Roman Catholic Faith, are found contradictions and bewildering "high" and "low" church distinctions. But as "all roads lead to Rome" the multitude who now grope amid the darkness of conflicting beliefs may eventually find light, and in the years to come the universal adoption, in New York at least, of the one true Church and one true creed may become more than a Utopian dream.

The Rev. J. F. Mullaney, in his series of sketches entitled "The Old World seen through American Eyes," describes a visit which he paid to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. He says:-

"There is one place in the holy city we love to visit more frequently than any other, and that is the church of the Holy Sepulchre. We have offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at many of the sacred shrines within this sacred enclosure, consecrated by the blood of our blessed Saviour, with greater spiritual joy than at any of the other venerated places, because here the priest offers the august sacrifice on the very spot where Jesus offered Himself as the Victim to His Heavenly Father for the salvation of mankind. Each act in this terrible tragedy is marked by a privileged altar. First is that of Calvary, where our Saviour died upon the Cross; second, the altar over the tomb where Jesus was buried; third, where He was nailed to the Cross; fourth, where the Blessed Virgin stood during the crucifixion. Then there are many others such as the altar marking the spot where Jesus appeared to His Blessed Mother after His resurrection; another where He appeared to St. Mary Magdalen; and still another where St. Helena found the true Cross. This sweet consolation of saying Holy Mass at these sacred places was graciously granted us as often as we desired, through the kindness of the reverend custodians. There are many other sacred shrines where we will have the same heavenly privileges, but no place can have the same attraction for us. We love Bethlehem, Nazareth, the Jordan and a hundred other places in Holy Land, but we always turn with more affection to the sacred spot where Jesus Christ triumphed over death and sin by His glorious resurrection."

Teresa Beatrice O'Hara has an illustrated sketch of St. Clara College, the great Dominican educational institution for women, founded by Father Samuel Mazuchelli, Sinswawa Mount, Wisconsin. From this little band of twenty-nine that mourned the death of Father Samuel, says the writer, "the community has grown into a membership of nearly four hundred to-day. And from a little old-time 'Female Academy' the school has developed into a women's college whose graduates can rank with those of any institution in the country. From a little frame house at Benton the building has risen into a massive brick structure with a front over six hundred feet long, and a demand for more room to accommodate the constantly increasing number of pupils. The consideration of what this progress means is suggested to those who shake their heads at Catholic education and who aver with such wise folly that 'if a girl has to live in the world she must be taught the ways of the world at a public school,' and to those other back-boneless Catholic mothers who send Ellyn and Mayne and Sadye to a secular college because 'they will meet more influential people and get into society.' The daughters of such parents, it will be noticed, usually find their own level. It is not long before they also lose the faith which alone gave some dignity to the shallowness of their character. Thoughtful Protestants, on the other hand, have a deep and growing appreciation of the worth of Catholic schools and colleges. Last year more than half of St. Clara's two hundred and fifty pupils were non-Catholics, and upon inquiry I learn that the same proportion obtains in most of our academies and colleges throughout the country."

"You can never curb the will of man by force," says the Very Rev. F. A. O'Brien in a paper on "What the Catholic Church is Doing in the Cause of Temperance." Influence must

be brought to mould that will. The earlier the will is brought under submission, the greater is its possessor. The child is placed in its Catholic school. There are more than a million children in the parochial schools in this country. From their youthful years they are trained to self-denial. No meat on Friday; doing without sugar during Lent, etc., all this helps them to realize that there is virtue in self-denial. This is established in youth. Conquering self-brings with it more than earthly reward. The knowledge of the practice of self-denial is a thousand times more beneficial than the effects of alcoholic charts and similar instructions in our public schools. I do not believe that the presentation of the evils of alcohol by charts, etc., is the best thing for the child. It brings the evil effects before the mind, and in this way, often brings the thought, "How can I prevent the effects, while indulging in the evil?" Where the love of the virtue is not instilled, there is no object for self-denial.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD for September contains the usual number of timely articles dealing with various phases of important questions of special interest to Catholics at the present day. The first article is by the Rev. Father Doyle, who thus writes of the position of the Spanish Friars in the Philippines:-

"There is no manner of doubt as to the attitude of the Holy Father towards the Spanish Friars. It is the policy of voluntary elimination. We have the most profound respect for the heroism and devotion of the Spanish missionary. His record of bravery and self-sacrifice during the last three centuries is one of the brightest chapters of history. Put in order to get the proper perspective let us place the matter in another light. Let us suppose that the priesthood in Ireland during the last three centuries, instead of being Irish to the core and devoted to the people's best interests, were emissaries of England. Let us suppose they befonged to religious orders whose superior-generals were all Englishmen and were closely identified with the English crown; that they had free access to the royal palace, and their coming and going was at the behest of the English king; how long would the Irish people tolerate such a priesthood, though its personnel was made up of the best of men, and what probably would be the state of religion in Ireland to-day, after a century of such antagonism? It may be readily understood, then, why a considerable number of the Filipino people, in their revolt against the Spanish government, are antagonistic to the Friars; and it may be as readily understood why in the Americanization of the Islands it would be well to replace these same good men by just as good men who know the English language and who understand and are devoted to the American system of non-interference in Church matters."

Some idea may be had of the difficulties which Catholics in England had to overcome in order to practise their religion in the seventeenth century, is given in article of "Hearing Mass in England in the 17th century." The writer says:-

"Many, indeed, were the artifices which were adopted to convey the intelligence to the Catholics of towns and villages that some unknown and disguised priest would pay them an apostolic visit. One could scarcely begin to detail the different ways and methods of this sacred telegraphy. Sometimes in the outskirts of a town or village a certain quantity of linen would be spread on the mead; at other times it would be hung along the hedges; dry; these were recognized signs to the few Catholic inhabitants of the place that on the morrow God's minister would be with them to dispense the holy mysteries. In some of the old English manors there may be seen to-day the hiding-places in the walls to which the priest might retreat during the frequent domiciliary visits made by the brutal commissaries of the government. Had these agents of Satan any suspicion that the walls contained a living being, the posse would be turned into a crowbar brigade whose satanic work made saints for paradise. The fugitive priest, whose parish was all England, said Mass at daybreak for his little flock, administered the sacraments, and at eventide preached the word of God. When his priestly labor was finished, he departed to some other centre of Catholicism to renew his efforts in behalf of souls. Thus, providentially, some glimmering of the faith was left amidst the general national apostasy."

One who has had a quarter of a century of experience amongst miners gives a most vivid picture of the miner's life. He declares that the miner has more to put up with in the way of hardships than any other class of laborer. There is a class of newspapers, not sympathetic with

the cause of organized labor, who take advantage of any disturbance in mining regions to publish sensational reports about the lawlessness of the miner.

The writer says:-"How can I support myself, wife and six children on my wages, which all the year around does not average more than \$30 a month?" This is the stern practical question that daily confronts the average anthracite coal miner, who buried in the inky depths of the mine far away from sunshine and the encouragement of his fellowman, is left either to solve this apparently impossible problem or starve. The fact that he or his generally do not starve is ample proof of the fact that he does solve what apparently is an insoluble problem. After most economically computing the prices of the necessities of life, which usually include provisions, clothing, shoes, house-rent, fuel, taxes, medicines, and the other lesser incidental exigencies of life, and then realizing that the miner, with his wife and six children, must therefore live on \$1 a day, even the most parsimonious economist must grow sceptical and be led to inquire into the miner's wonderful achievement. How does the miner do this?"

THE MESSENGER.-A very interesting paper entitled "Marquette and De Soto" occupies the first place in this most interesting number of the "Messenger." At the outset, the author, Rev. F. T. Spaulding, S.J., remarks:-

As we enter the capitol at Washington, there within the large rotunda we see the famous picture of the American painter, Powell. We behold upon the canvas a band of Spanish warriors and adventurers - some arrayed in gay attire, bedecked with gaudy plumage and mounted upon richly caparisoned horses; some clad in rusty armor and carrying the old flint-lock muskets of the fifteenth century. A cross is being erected near a large river; cannons are booming. Groups of dusky savages watch the strangers from their boats or cluster around on the shore. We approach closer to the picture and read the title: "The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto in 1539." Then passing from the rotunda to Statuary Hall we see carved in the whiteness of marble the figure of a priest; it is a figure truly inspiring - the most artistic statue in the whole collection. Again we approach and read the title: "James Marquette, who with Louis Joliet, Discovered the Mississippi in 1673."

Here we meet conflicting claimants. The Mississippi was discovered in 1539 and 1673; it was discovered by De Soto and by Marquette. To whom does the honor belong? It is proved that Marquette deserves all the honor of an original explorer. Regardless of what De Soto had done, he sought the Mississippi in the true spirit of scientific exploration. His was a well-planned and an independent discovery.

"Freemasonry in France" is the subject of a well-informed article by the Rev. Father Lynch, S.J. It is somewhat startling to be told that, during the existence of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, and in Parliament the majority of the members of which faithfully carried out the anti-Catholic programme traced for it by the Masonic lodges, there should have been appointed a commission which declares Freemasonry to be "a menace to the sovereignty of the State," and to have for purpose "to impose on all the citizens its doctrines both philosophical and political," and this by "dissembling with the greatest care the immediate object it is pursuing." Such are some of the statements made or approved by the eleventh commission appointed to report concerning petitions presented to the Chamber of Deputies. There is very little secret about French Freemasonry, or rather, there is absolutely nothing secret as to its ultimate objects and line of action; these are known, avowed, attested. In its hostility to the Religious Orders, French Freemasonry persistently attributed to them what it was doing or aiming at itself - secret action, hidden power, tyranny over consciences, public control, and so on. A great many distinguished writers, however, - and amongst them are notable MM. Jules Lemaitre and Goyau - making use of masonic publications, accounts of conventions, public avowals, etc., have made manifest to every one the doctrines and projects of French Freemasonry and its affiliations. The petitions against this secret association were inspired by the action of M. Jules Lemaitre, and bore about 80,000 signatures. They were presented to M. Prache, the Parisian deputy, who submitted his report to the commission, by which it was approved.

As a "testimony from without" Father Lynch states that in an article entitled "A Few More French Facts," published in the "Fortnightly Review" of December, 1901, Mr.

Richard Davey arrives at the same conclusions as the Eleventh Commission, and adds others. "It is no exaggeration," writes Mr. Davey, "to state that the Grand Orient has the government almost entirely in its hands, and thereby has created a state within the state, aggressively opposed to the religion or the vast majority of the French people. Herein lies the much boasted power of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his Cabinet." "It (Freemasonry) is represented in the House of Deputies by about 400 members, and in the Senate by an equally remarkable proportion of Senators, and, moreover, nearly the whole of the present ministry belongs to the Craft." "If we turn to a few back numbers of the 'Bulletin Maconique,' 'Annuaire Maconique' and the 'Bulletin Mensuel de la Maconnerie Mixte,' copies of which are rather difficult to obtain, we shall find that every single law directed against the Church, or rather Christianity, in France, has sprung from and been endorsed by the Grand Orient."

Mr. Francis W. Grey writes an interesting account of "The Precious Blood of Bruges," which was brought to that old city in 1148, when Thierry of Alsace, Count of Flanders, received, from the hands of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, "a vial of dark, ruby-colored fluid, which tradition said was some of the water in which Joseph of Arimathea had once washed the blood-stained Body of Christ. The early history of this precious memorial of our Lord's Passion is veiled in mystery, but from the day when Dierick of Alsace brought the famous relic to Bruges the thread of its story is unbroken." The chapel of the Most Precious Blood at Bruges possesses two reliquaries, one in silver, given by the Archduke Albert and his wife Isabella in 1578, among many other gifts presented at a time when the state to which the chapel had been reduced, during the troubles of the sixteenth century, moved the hearts of these truly noble visitors to pay fitting honor to the shrine of so precious a relic. This smaller reliquary, octagonal in shape, is still used, at the weekly adoration, every Friday of the year, as also during the fortnight succeeding the Feast of the Precious Blood.

In 1614, however, the Noble Confraternity of the Precious Blood resolved to have a large and costly reliquary made. Jean Crabbe, a jeweler of Bruges, wrought at it for two years, and it was used for the first time in the solemn procession of May, 1617. It is twenty-nine centimetres high and sixty-one round, and weighs, in gold and silver, 763 ounces. Short of a long, and detailed description, we can only say that it is a worthy expression of the city's devotion to the treasure it prizes above all others." In 1409 the notables of Bruges, descendants, for the most part, of the Knights who returned from Palestine in 1150, instituted the Noble Confraternity of the Precious Blood. "It consists of a Provost and thirty members, in memory of Count Thierry of Alsace and the thirty Flemish gentlemen who first brought the Holy Relic to Bruges in 1150. There are also a certain number of honorary members mostly Princes of the Church, among whom Leo XIII. at that time Nuncio at the Court of Brussels, inscribed his name in the Golden Book of the Brethren on May 5, 1844. Besides all these there are thousands of affiliated members, throughout the world; and all, members, honorary members and associates, share in all the Masses, prayers and devotions offered at the shrine of this most Holy Relic. More, they have, above all, their part in that unceasing intercession offered by our Dear Lord to His Father: the voice of that Precious Blood "which speaketh better things than that of Abel."

The other contents include "Is it Too Late?" (an article on the present situation in France), by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., "Pilgrim Walks in Rome," "George Eliot as Writer and Thinker," and the usual "Catholic Chronicle." The number is profusely illustrated.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. - An admirable number is the September issue of the "Rosary Magazine." It opens with "The Churches and Creeds of New York," illustrated by Kathleen Eileen Barry. The Rev. John F. Mullaney continues his papers on "The Old World Seen Through American Eyes," which are always well worth reading. Of the Jews in Jerusalem we are given this picture:-

The holy city is no longer the brilliant, majestic Jerusalem of old. Its beauty has been lost ever since the prophecies of our Lord were fulfilled through the instrumentality of the Roman armies. Its cheerfulness departed; a veil of sadness covers it and a feeling of melancholy takes hold even of the passing pilgrim as he enters its gates. The inhabitants

of the city number about 75,000 souls, and may be divided as follows: Jews, 55,000; Mohammedans, 8,000; and the balance made up of the various Christian sects. The Greeks are in the majority and I regret to say that their ways are peculiar. They seem to have little regard for the feelings and rights of their fellow-Christians. This will hold good for all eastern sects not in communion with Rome, the centre of unity. The Jews are, with very few exceptions, very poor. They occupy the old quarter of the city which is much less in extent than in the time of our Lord. We visited their synagogues and found them just as they were described by the writers of old.

"There we saw old men and young men and even small boys reading the Old Testament and discussing the prophecies that foretold the coming of a Saviour. We were informed that they are considerably divided on questions of religion and they have here in Jerusalem many sects. They seem to live in the past; the present has nothing to satisfy them. This we witnessed the day we went to see them weeping near the few remaining stones of the wall of the old temple. It was a strange, sad sight. Old and young, male and female, were there on their knees with the Hebrew Bible in hand, reading about the glories of Solomon's temple, the triumphs of the Jewish kings, the wonders of God's love for His chosen people. Some were seated on the stone pavements; others were standing with heads resting against the fragment of the old wall; intent on the one thought uppermost in their minds. When a certain passage was finished they paused and in a most piteous, plaintive tone they lamented and cried till one would think their poor hearts would break. Here and there we observed some keeping perfect silence, but tears were flowing down their cheeks in abundance. The scene was one of the most peculiar and touching we ever witnessed. There were the representatives of a nation, blessed by God in a most miraculous manner, praying for the Messiah to come and restore to them once more their place among the nations of the earth. They seemed to have no idea that a Redeemer had come and that the Christian civilization around about them was the fruit of His holy doctrine. We went away in silence, with a prayer that they might some day have the happiness of seeing as we did. This is the spirit that broods over the whole city, one of sadness and melancholy. Perhaps it is in the Providence of God that it should be so, to bring more forcibly to our minds the great blessings of the Redemption."

"A study of 'Diana of the Crossways,' by C. P. M., 'A Son of Adam,' by Anna C. Minogue; 'Terneely,' by Sara Trainer Smith; 'Our Catholic Colleges,' by Teresa Beatrice Walsh; 'Our Lady's Rosary,' by Rev. Thomas Esser, O.P.; and 'Exercise for Women,' by Frederick W. Stone, make up a capital number. The illustrations are of a high class character.

DONAHO'S MAGAZINE. - Timely papers of great interest are contained in the current number of this valuable magazine. "The Religious Persecution in France" is vigorously treated; and a well drawn picture is presented of "Paris Out-of-Doors," by Anna S. Schmit. Mr. John J. O'Shea, writing of "Journalistic and Bohemian London," recalls many notable personages and events, and publishes for the first time some facts relative to The Times Pigott forgeries. Judge Dunne proves "How Catholic Education Benefits the Republic," Edith Martin Smith describes "Where Maximilian Fell," and F. M. Capes has a scholarly essay on "Keble and the Christian Year."

Mr. O'Shea tells us that Pigott had been the proprietor of the "Irishman" and the "Flag of Ireland" - two weeklies which represented the physical force movement in the green Isle from its beginning. The "Irishman" was a splendid organ, from a literary point of view, having engaged, from time to time, some of the best intellect of the country; the other was on a decidedly lower plane. When the Land League came into being it wanted a place for the publication of a special organ, as it could find no genuine support in the existing Irish press, and Pigott sold it his premises and his plant for this purpose. From some of those who had been in his employment I learned something of the man and the shady transactions in which he had been engaged while posing as a fearless exponent of Irish nationality. I have been told that he used privately dispose of a certain class of photographs, which he used to buy in Paris. He had the reputation of being a connoisseur in art, and at

times lived in very luxurious style. Large sums of money used to be entrusted to his hands for the support of the families of the Fenian prisoners, and some of these never reached those for whom they were intended. One particularly flagrant instance of this cruel dishonesty I had from the lips of the only one who knew of it when it was perpetrated. A large amount had been sent to the "Irishman," from Australia, and Pigott had an acknowledgment of its receipt printed in one copy of the paper. This copy was mailed to the sender, and the remainder of that issue appeared without any mention of the matter. The money never reached its proper destination; needless to say.

"The efforts of Elizabeth and Walsingham to entrap the Archbishop of Cashel, by means of the spy, Stukeley, and the forgeries of Babington, for the purpose of compassing the ruin of the hapless Scottish Queen, are the only fitting parallels, in magnitude of infamy and the objects aimed at as the fruits of infamy, with the crime of the 'Times' and its tool, Richard Pigott. Each knew that the other was filled only with villainous purposes; the only doubt that can exist, is as to whether the 'Times' managers really knew that Pigott was forging the letters he was sending them or not; they certainly knew that he was laboring to entrap the leaders whom they sought to have put out of the way. They also knew that other persons whom they had in their pay had gone to Ireland for the purpose of inveigling men into treasonable conspiracies. Of some of these persons I shall say something later on; just now I shall confine myself to the proofs of Richard Pigott's rascality which came to me in the course of my journalistic connection with Irish politics."

Discussing "Charles Dickens and His American Critics," W. G. D., says:-

"During the visit of Charles Dickens to America some super-cultivated Americans, worshippers of aesthetic elegance and scornors of ideals outside of that exclusive domain, seemed to think that it was not in 'good form' to make so much of a writer like Dickens, who had so much to say about common people. Their idea of literature was of baronial castles, knights in armor, druidic conflict and East Indian idolatries. There was, and is far more of this feeling in America than in England, probably because, there being no baronial castle in America, the aesthetic imagination has full sway without any material obstacles. No English nobleman, though his coat of arms is a thousand years old and his ancestral record is blazoned with heroic deeds, has such an intense horror of common people and of humble life as the rich and arrogant American whose grandfather cobbled shoes and whose own heart, hands, and feet are fast bound in the stocks."

"What a future is in store for our children! Could this grander be imagined? There is no vacancy they may not fill, no position which they may embrace, no dignity to which they may aspire, no enthusiasm they are not to be upward and onward."

These words we take from a sermon preached, a week ago today, in St. Patrick's Church, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, pastor of the parish, and replete, in our last issue. The message to which these expressions are characteristic of the age and equally so of those for whom he received his early as well as subsequent education. Such and onward-tending ideas culminated into the Catholicism of our city, by the devoted St. Jean Baptiste De la Salle, who with Father Martin shared amongst their bright and into every sphere in which their aspirations and ideas of St. Patrick's stand today as a brilliant and ample of that noble class men, whose lives have been encouragement for all successions, and in giving expression to those grand and inspiring views, the preacher merges into the exercises of material duties the teachings has so deeply appreciated that he would fain see perpetuation generation to generation. The battle-cry of the flower of the Militant. And such are the words that the youth of to-day require in order that they may with a noble ambition to look ever upward, and rise superior to every obstacle. We can see that these words not only from the preacher but were equally born of the deep experience. Upward and onward are the first of all fix the gaze at the ambition upward, above the ordinary life, above the mon-places of existence, ab-

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE EDITOR TO BE SENT TO THE OFFICE OF THE CHRONICLE, 600 N. W. CORNER OF N. AND W. STS., PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

PARISH SOCIETY

FIRST SUNDAY OF Holy Sepulchre Society and investment in escapately after Vespers in General Communion Heart League at 8 o'clock

SECOND SUNDAY. Temperance Society, giving of temperance Vespers in Church. General Communion Name Society at 8 o'clock. Office of Ho 7.30 p.m.

THIRD SUNDAY. Society after Vespers, Church, after which so attended to in large

FOURTH SUNDAY. Mary, general Communion, o'clock Mass, meeting in Patrick's (girls') school.

Promoters of Sacred Holy meeting in large 2.45 p.m., distribution

A Recent Se (Written for)

THE CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL OF MONTREAL

Will re-open its Classes on WEDNESDAY, September 3. For terms and particulars apply to the Principal, A. J. HALES-SANDERS. COMMISSION OF MONTREAL CATHOLIC SCHOOLS THE RE-OPENING OF THE Catholic Commercial Academy And that of the other schools under the control of the Commission, will take place MONDAY, 1st SEPTEMBER. For fuller information, apply to the HEADMASTER or to the DIRECTOR of the school.

OUR WEEKLY PARISH CALENDAR.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS MUST REACH US BEFORE 6 O'CLOCK P. M., ON TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

AN ACCURATE CHRONICLE - BRIGHT NEWS NOTES.

OPEN TO ALL OUR PARISHES

ST. PATRICK'S.

PARISH SOCIETIES.

FIRST SUNDAY OF MONTH. - Holy Seapular Society, instruction and investment in scapular, immediately after Vespers in the Church. General Communion of Sacred Heart League at 8 o'clock Mass.

SECOND SUNDAY. - Meeting of Temperance Society, instruction and giving of temperance pledge, after Vespers in Church. General Communion of Holy Name Society at 8 o'clock Mass. recitation of office of Holy Name at 7.30 p.m.

THIRD SUNDAY. - Holy Rosary Society after Vespers, instruction in Church, after which society business attended to in large sacristy.

FOURTH SUNDAY. - Children of Mary, general Communion at 7 o'clock Mass, meeting in hall of St. Patrick's (girls') school after Vespers.

Promoters of Sacred Heart League hold meeting in large sacristy at 2.45 p.m., distribution of leaflets,

etc., in library, 92 Alexander street, on 4th Sunday, 8 to 6 p.m., and after evening service, and on 1st Friday, after evening service.

FIRST FRIDAY DEVOTIONS. - The Blessed Sacrament is solemnly exposed all day in St. Patrick's on every first Friday, solemn Benediction and Act of Reparation at 7.30 p.m., followed by short instruction.

LADIES OF CHARITY meet every Tuesday at 2 p.m., again at 8 p.m., to make garments for the poor. There are some sixty members, many of whom attend regularly every week to join in this highly charitable and meritorious work.

PARISH REGULATIONS.

BAPTISMS are attended to each Sunday and week day (except Saturdays) from 2 to 5 p.m. in the sacristy. Baptisms should not be brought on Saturday afternoons, on account of confessional work, except in case of urgent necessity.

MARRIAGES. - Parties intending a marriage should see the priest in charge before deciding on the day and hour for the ceremony. In this way many inconveniences can be avoided.

Your marriage may not be the only one to be arranged for. Many matters in connection with a marriage are likely to be known only by the priest, and it is your interest as well as your convenience to allow him reasonable time to attend to them.

Banns are received any day from 4 to 5.30 p.m., except on Saturdays, Sundays and eves of holidays. Outside of these hours they are received only by appointment arranged beforehand.

Each contracting party should bring a reliable witness, and when available, parents are preferred. According to the civil law, the consent of parents is necessary for the marriage of minors or those under 21 years of age.

Those who are to be married should go to confession some days at least beforehand, and tell their confessor of their intended marriage, so that he may give them advice and direction suitable to the occasion. They should also ask him for

a certificate of confession, which they have to present to the priest who marries them.

CONFESSIONS are heard on Saturdays and eves of feasts, from 8.30 to 6 p.m., and from 7.30 to 10 p.m. On ordinary days, except Tuesday afternoons in summer, and Thursday afternoons in winter, confessions are heard from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

During the last two weeks of Lent, especially, and at other times when confessions are numerous, persons having leisure to come in the afternoon should do so, in order to leave the evening for those who are working during the day and can come only after nightfall.

FUNERAL SERVICES. - It is the universal practice of the Church, and the expressed wish of the Archbishop that those who can afford it should have a burial Mass chanted over the remains of their deceased relatives. The Archbishop has pronounced against afternoon funerals, in which for the sake of a numerously attended funeral the deceased are deprived of the benefit of a Mass sung over their remains.

CATECHISM CLASSES are held at St. Patrick's every Sunday, from September till the summer holidays. They begin at 2 p.m. sharp, and are

conducted by two of the Fathers, assisted by the school teachers and a staff of some 65 catechism teachers.

Order of Exercises - 2 o'clock, opening prayer, recitation; 2.30, disciplinary remarks or short exhortation on the feast of the day, hymn; 2.30, instruction followed by Hymn; 3.00, dismissal.

N.B. - The success of the catechism depends in a large measure upon the fidelity of the parents in sending their children regularly and on time.

BOUNDARIES OF PARISH. - St. Patrick's parish extends from Amherst and Grant streets on the east to Mountain and McCord streets on the west. Above Sherbrooke street, it runs from Amherst street to city limits west beyond the Grand Seminary; on the south, it runs from the corner of McCord along William street to McGill, down McGill to river and along water front east as far as Grant; the northern limit is the old city boundary, now the dividing line between St. Louis and St. John the Baptist wards, and running from the corner of Amherst and Duluth Avenue, along a line about midway between Duluth and Napoleon streets. All St. Louis Ward lies in St. Patrick's parish.

WHO ARE PARISHIONERS. - All Catholics residing in this territory, and whose language is English, belong to St. Patrick's. These of all other languages belong to one or other of the French parishes, either Notre Dame, St. James' or St. Louis, according to location. In families where French and English are equally spoken, the nationality of the head of the family decides to what parish the family belongs, thus when the mother tongue of the head of the family is French the whole family belongs to the French parish, and to St. Patrick's when the mother tongue of the head of the family is English. In cases of doubt, especially on occasion of marriage, parties should consult one or other of the pastors of the territory in which they live.

HOURS OF SERVICE.

ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS. - Low Masses, at 6, 7 and 8 o'clock; High Mass, at 10 o'clock; Vespers and Benediction, at 3.30 p.m.; evening service, (except during July, August and September) consisting of Holyday, congregational singing in English, sermon and solemn Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

ON WEEK DAYS. - In summer, Masses at 5.30, 6 and 7 o'clock; in winter, Masses at 6, 7 and 7.30 o'clock.

A Recent Sermon I Heard at St. Patrick's

(Written for the True Witness By a Parishioner.)

"What a future is in store for our children! Could anything grander be imagined. There is no vacancy which they may not fill, no profession which they may not embrace, no dignity to which they may not aspire. Actuated by enthusiasm they dash upward and onward."

obstructions that arise along life's highway, above the misfortunes and reverses that may come, above the hum-drum of mediocrity, above the mountains that loom before us, above the clouds that surround their summits, beyond the very stars in the firmament, beyond the barriers of Time; then fix the eye and the aspirations in an onward direction, upon a future, upon the improvements and progress of which advantage must be taken and in which we must participate, upon the possibilities that the years to come open out for the children of our race and of our creed upon the soil of this young Dominion.

The past, as well as the present, may be taken as evidence of the successes achieved by others; and what others have done, under less favorable conditions, the youth of to-day can do with even greater facility. There is no barrier in their path, save that erected by their own hands; there is no ostracism that they do not create by their own lack of courage or of determination to take advantage of existing opportunities. It is not to be expected that all can become judges, legislators, distinguished prelates, or men upon whom the public gaze is perpetually fixed or whose duty it is to make the country's history; but all can dash upward and onward in the various spheres of life.

The youth is not long launched upon the stream of active existence, when he can easily detect the course that is his to follow; let him follow it then with determined ambition, bound to do his best in whatever capacity he may find himself at work. He need not utilize his every faculty with an aim to become the foremost amongst his fellow-workers, whether it be in one sphere or in another, whether it be

"With hammer, or chisel, or pencil, With rudder, or ploughshare, or pen."

All labor is noble, and all occupations are honorable; it is merely the neglect of duty that renders a position in life contemptible—and it is the individual who is false to his duty, and not the situation that is degraded by his want of fidelity to that which has been demanded of him.

Above all we would gladly instill into the hearts of the young men the assurance that they are fitted for better and higher things—no matter

how good or how high their actual status in the social order. In other words, they should not be satisfied with mediocrity, much less with inferiority. They have no right to be contented with secondary places, when their capabilities and their qualifications fit them for places superior. They owe it to themselves, to their own families, to the community at large, to their race, to their co-religionists, to the Church that fostered them and the teachers who educated them, to rise as high as it is possible, and under all circumstances to "dash upward and onward."

In the course of a lengthy and most important discourse, the above quoted remarks, could not be other than a mere passing reflection, and it could not be expected that the preacher would develop or insist upon his brilliant conception. Hence it is that we have taken the liberty of drawing special attention to these words of the learned pastor, and have sought to impress upon young readers of the "True Witness," the importance of their position and the weight of duty that rests upon their shoulders. Everything on earth, since the day of Creative miracle, has been obliged to advance; and man, the sublimest of all objects in creation, has had that same obligation imposed upon him. The one who will not advance, cannot stand still, he must fall behind; and once he falls back in the ranks of progress, his chances of ever again regaining his place are very slim. And what is true of an individual is equally true of a race; hence the grave import of those graphic words of encouragement. Let it be said that they have been understood and that henceforth, and in all spheres, the watchword of our youth will be "upward and onward."

The Catholic Church And the Workingman

As Labor Day, with its most successful and enthusiastic celebration—despite the unfavorable weather—is still a subject of congratulation and general conversation, something that directly refers to the workingman must have its interest for our readers. The Chicago "Inter-Ocean" has taken up the question of the welcome, or absence of welcome extended by "the churches" to the workingman. At the recent Bible conference, in Winona, Ind., a lecturer raised the question: "Is the workingman welcome in every Church?" and we are told that this question was tested, in a practical manner two Sundays ago in Chicago. Some years ago a Rev. J. L. McNutt, of Marion, Ind., left the pulpit

to become a day laborer, and to learn by actual experience the needs of the workingman. When he told his experience at the conference, he raised a swarm of objections to his methods and he was severely criticized by ministers who said he was an enemy of the churches.

"The Rev. Mr. McNutt's assertions led a reporter for 'The Sunday Inter-Ocean' to pay test visits to a few of the most prominent churches in Chicago. He attired himself in clothes which were clean, but worn and wrinkled. No criticism could be made of any article of wearing apparel, except that it was shabby. There was nothing grotesque or offensive in the make-up and the respectful deportment demanded in a place of worship was wholly observed. There was no attempt to attract attention by a presumptuous swagger and provoke criticism for the sake of establishing the truth or falsity of either view.

The churches visited by this gentleman were "The First Baptist Church," "The Reformed Episcopal Church," "The Grace Episcopal Church," "The Third Presbyterian Church," and the "Centennial Baptist Church."

We need not report all the details of his various experiences; but, in a word, they amount to the fact that he found but a chilly welcome, or no welcome at all, for him in each of them. The conclusion to be drawn is that the workingman is not, in practice, welcomed in any of these churches. His garb alone relegates him to a very inferior place, if it does not entirely debar him from doors not entirely debar him from entering gone to another dozen of denominational churches he would have had a similar story to tell of each. And he would have concluded, and possibly rightly, that "the churches do not welcome the workingman."

We are not going to say whether we agree with this answer or not; but we can state, without fear of gainsay, that if "the churches" do not welcome the workingman, decidedly "The Church" does welcome him. It is clear that the said reporter did not include the Catholic Church in his list, nor did he visit any Catholic temple. Had he done so he would have discovered that the workingman, the poor man, the very beggar, finds therein a welcome equal to that extended to the fortunate child of ease, wealth, or station. At the Communion Table, in the Catholic Church, the man who earns a dollar or less per day, kneels side by side, and on a grade of perfect equality with the one who can sign his cheque for half a million or more. At the door of the confessional, in the Catholic Church, no inquiry is made as to a man's rank, or business, or occupation, or means, or conduct, or dress, or appearance. He is simply a sinner; supposed to be repentant, and seeking the Church's ministrations, and obtaining them, irrespective of all consi-

derations. Go into the Catholic Church at any hour, from the Low Mass before day-break, to the Benediction in the evening, and you will find the workman and the capitalist, the mendicant and millionaire, the educated and the illiterate, all kneeling together before the same God and all participating equally in the same benefits—and in the same welcome.

In this account of the said reporter we have a splendid illustration of the vast abyss that separates "The Church" from "the Churches"—the one Divine Institution, from the many human organizations.

Leaves From a Missionary's Note-Book.

BY REV. A. P. DOYLE, C.S.P.

There are very few who come to the Church by conversion who have not some bitter trials to undergo. A minister who had been received into the Church in England a few years ago recently informed me that his wife keeps up a bitter opposition. "She threatens to steal away the children and send them to her folks in England," he says, "and latterly she is devising ways and means of having me declared insane so that my charge of the children may be destroyed and my influence over them may be weakened."

A story came from Los Angeles. A young lady of good family and some social distinction, after due instruction, was received into the Church at a mission by the Paulist Fathers. Though the young lady was of age, yet, nevertheless, she sought and secured the consent of her mother. Her father was so bitterly opposed to the step that she knew it was useless to consult him in the matter at all.

While she made no concealment of her reception into the Church, yet she did not go out of her way to inform him of it, because she knew it would cause a scene. Her conversion finally came to his knowledge. One morning at the breakfast table she found under her plate a statement from her father as follows: "I have my will made, under which you are a beneficiary to the extent of \$50,000. If you will renounce the Catholic Church, it will stand. If you

do not by this day week, it will be so modified that at my death you will be homeless and penniless."

It was a great trial to subject one to. The step to the Church had not been made thoughtlessly. The young convert was mindful of the consequences, and the sudden precipitation of the calamity did not shake her steadfast purpose. When the appointed time came around, she gave her father a quiet, determined answer. "Father," she said, "my soul is worth more than \$50,000, I would not do what you ask for all the wealth of the world."

"While I was giving some non-Catholic missions in a Western State," said a missionary of our acquaintance, "I received a long letter from a young lady, a school teacher in a small country town. She said she was deeply interested in the Catholic Church but much troubled about certain objections which she had been anxiously studying for over a year; she had seen reports of my lectures in the newspapers and so wrote to me. She then gave a list of her difficulties; adding that there was no priest in her town and very few Catholics, none whom she could consult. I prepared carefully an elaborate answer to her objections and mailed it. But her reply, which came immediately, surprised me. She said that the moment she had mailed her first letter to me she felt ashamed of herself, for she then perceived plainly that her difficulties were not rooted in her intelligence, but were only the evidence of her timidity. And then she informed me that she had gone at once to a neighboring town, called on the parish priest, and placed herself under instruction. Then her troubles began, or rather thickened, for she had encountered bitter opposition all along. Her parents insisted that she should wait till she was of age, for she lacked a year of being her own mistress. They brought against her the village minister, but she assured me that she had vanquished them all. At last she was received into the Church, and God granted her the usual consolation and spiritual joys of newly received converts, perhaps even more. And certainly her fortitude was specially rewarded, when, after a few years of waiting, her soul was stirred with God's call to a life of prayer, seclusion and chant, in the Order of the Good Shepherd."

The Future like a sealed book is. However we may yearn; The past is like a borrowed one— It never will return.

Constance wants us to tell her what a honeymoon is. "Well, Constance, when a man and woman have been made one the honeymoon is the time spent in endeavoring to discover which is that one."

America Becoming Paganized.

In the address which he delivered at the recent convention of Catholic societies in Chicago, Bishop McFaul of Trenton, New Jersey, declared that "everyone knows that the American public school system has been one of the chief factors in leaving millions of Americans without the boundaries of any religious organization; in fact, that it has contributed largely to the de-Christianizing of America."

The New York "Independent," a prejudiced Protestant weekly organ, characterizes this statement as "an atrocious calumny, a slander," and affirms that "the country is not being de-Christianized by our public schools, or by any other agency, and it is a slander on our people to say that it is."

To this the New York "Freeman's Journal," edited by the Rev. Father Lambert, replies as follows:—

The "Independent" stands alone, we believe, in its statement that the American people are not being de-Christianized, not drifting away from their old standards of faith and from the old close relations to their sectarian organizations.

The Chicago "Chronicle," a secular paper, published some weeks ago an interview with the venerable Judge Moore of Kankakee, Ill. The occasion of it was the resignation of the Rev. D. S. Phillips, of the Episcopal Church, in that town, after a service of thirty-three years. The reason was not because of any dissatisfaction with his rectorship, but because the men had ceased to attend church. Commenting on this, Judge Moore said:—

"In a late conversation with Dr. C. A. Warner, of Chicago, formerly chief of the medical staff of the Kankakee insane hospital, he told me that this question had received much consideration by thoughtful men in his city and that they had taken the census of men that went to church, and the conclusion they reached was that not to exceed 2 per cent. of male population, Chicago has any church affiliations whatever. I have gone over this matter in Kankakee County as carefully and as thoroughly as I could, and my conclusion is that not over 3 per cent. of male Protestant Kankakee attend places of worship."

"In what I say I assume that Kankakee citizens are an average people. And what is true are an average people. And to other intelligent communities. We are no better nor worse than other localities. Our ministry is probably above the average in learning, in fidelity to their work and in personal character, yet men do not go to church."

A few years ago Rev. Thomas Dixon, pastor of the People's Church, New York city, wrote a book entitled "Failure of Protestantism." In it he said of the Baptist sect: "The Baptists increased 975 during seven years, 1885 to 1892. The normal birthrate of the membership, 13,699, should have given an increase of more than 3,500 during that period; their accessions from other Protestant churches more than balancing the death rate. The Baptists therefore managed to hold about one-fourth of the children born in their homes. Is this holding our own?"

His investigation of the membership in the Methodist, Presbyterian and Lutheran churches revealed facts but little less encouraging. "The plain fact is," continues Rev. Mr. Dixon, "Protestantism has little hold on the manhood of New York. The men have deserted the churches and built clubs and secret societies in their stead. The attendance on the average or, the smaller churches that cannot command preachers of great personal powers, is simply beneath contempt."

The Rev. R. A. Beard, in a speech delivered two years ago and reported in the Boston "Transcript," said: "In Massachusetts, notwithstanding the efforts of 113,000 congregational church members during a period of twelve months, and a cash outlay for 'home expenses' of \$1,650,000, our church membership suffered a net loss in membership of 588, and our Sunday schools suffered a net loss in membership of 5,370."

In one of the New England Sabbath Protective League's annual reports is found the following: "From 50 to 90 per cent. of the population of New England are non-church-goers, and many of them open Sabbath desecrators and scoffers. Over 11,000 churches have been closed on the Lord's day in New England, and the rural population is, in many instances, almost without a Sabbath."

Gov. Rollings, of New Hampshire, in his famous Fast Day proclamation, said:—

"The decline of the Christian religion," said this proclamation, "particularly in our rural communities, is a marked feature of the times, and steps should be taken to remedy it. . . . There are towns where no church bell sends forth its solemn call from January to January; there are villages where the children grow to manhood unchristened; there are communities where the dead are laid away without the benediction of the name of Christ, and where marriages are solemnized by justices of the peace."

This proclamation was much discussed, but the Protestant ministers of that State individually and collectively declared that the governor had not overstated the facts. The Zion's "Herald" of Boston, commenting on the proclamation, said:—

"He tells the truth about the religious condition of the rural towns and summons the churches of all denominations to a genuine effort to improve the conditions. There is no reason, however, for selecting New Hampshire as a signal illustration of religious decadence; it is equally and painfully true of the other New England States. The writer has served as pastor in three of them, has critically studied the situation for twenty years, and writes therefore from personal and practical knowledge of the facts and conditions. The rural sections of New England are fast becoming missionary ground."

In view of these facts, and taking the religious, or rather non-religious condition of the places mentioned as indicative of the condition of the whole country, we think the Bishop of Trenton had good grounds for his statement that the American people are being dechristianized.

A Grateful Tribute

FROM A MAN WHO LOOKED UPON HIS CASE AS HOPELESS.

Doctor Diagnosed His Case as Catarrh of the Stomach, but Failed to Help Him—Many Remedies Were Tried Before a Cure Was Found.

From the Bulletin, Bridgewater, N.S.

We suppose there is not a corner in this wide Dominion in which will not be found people who have been restored to health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There are many such cases here in Bridgewater and its vicinity, and we are this week given permission to record one for the benefit of similar sufferers. The case is well known in this vicinity and the tenacity of the disorder was remarkable. For six years Alfred Veinot, a surveyor of lumber for the great lumber firm of Davison & Sons, was a victim of a serious disorder of the stomach. His sufferings were excruciating and he had wasted to a shadow. Doctors prescribed for him, yet the agonizing pains remained. Many remedies were tried but to no avail. The case was diagnosed as catarrh of the stomach, food became distasteful, life a burden. The trouble went on for nearly six years, then a good Samaritan advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The pills were given a fair, patient trial, Mr. Veinot using about a dozen boxes, and before they were all gone a permanent cure was effected. Mr. Veinot is now able to attend to his business when it looked as if he was doomed to die. He is grateful to this great medicine for his cure and has no hesitation in saying so.

Because of their thorough and prompt action on the blood and nerves these pills speedily cure anaemia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scrofula and eruptions of the skin, erysipelas, kidney and liver troubles and the functional ailments which makes the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The effort to understand nature without understanding nature's God has led men astray. They have struggled to explain away the world of spirit, and have misunderstood the spiritual and the supernatural. Many are realizing the hollowness of their claims, and are working toward the light. Spiritualism, occultism, mental science, Christian science, are after all but expressions of the human mind, showing the need for the supernatural, which alone can satisfy it.

Catholic Summer School.

At the invitation of the officials of the Catholic Summer School of America, Admiral Schley paid a visit last week to the two historic naval battlefields lying about equi-distant from Cliff Haven, the pleasant seat of the School, and within two miles of it—the battle of Valcour the first important naval battle of the Revolution, Oct. 11, 1776, and the battle of Plattsburgh, which virtually closed the war of 1812; the first being the first naval battle between the United States, then only three months old, and England, the second being our last naval battle with the mother country.

The Admiral was met at the Club House by a great throng of ladies and gentlemen of the Summer School who received him with warm congratulations and cheers, and hearty singing of national hymns, "The Red, White and Blue," "My Country 'Tis of Thee," etc., as they accompanied him to the landing. The party embarked with the Admiral on board the superb Lozier launches, Ilse and Roamer, as follows: Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, L.L.D., rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, president of the Summer School; Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., superintendent of Parochial Schools of New York, and chairman of the Board of Studies of the Summer School; Hon. J. B. Riley, Plattsburgh, of the Board of Trustees of the School; Rev. F. P. Siegfried, vice-president; Mr. W. E. Mosher, secretary; Rev. Dr. James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., L.L.D., lecturer on Twentieth Century Sciences; Mr. S. H. Morgan, art manager for the New York "Tribune"; Rev. Gabriel Healey, of New York; Hon. J. J. O'Connor, of Elmira; Patrick J. Sweeney, of New York; Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien, of Brooklyn; Thos. R. Byrnes, of New York, and others.

The day was pleasant, and the launches danced over the waters lightly in the mild wind, sailing near the site of the battle of Plattsburgh, completely around San Michel, and then running southward and going over the site of the battle of Valcour. Admiral Schley, who of course is perfectly familiar with the stirring history of these two important periods, talked most entertainingly of both actions, and gave many interesting details of the battles, such as none but a naval officer of large experience could give. He spoke entertainingly of the incidents and arrangements which marked these battles, and adding many a new idea to his auditors' fund of knowledge. The fact that Commodore McDonough won his fight with his fleet at anchor was noted by him as an exception to the general rule.

The Champlain Choral Union concert stands high among the artistic successes of the season. Talent from Cliff Haven and Plattsburgh contributed to the evening's pleasure. The feature of the programme was the work of the great violin virtuoso, Oscar Martel, of Montreal. He is an enthusiastic violinist, gifted with the power of enthusing an audience by his full, rich tone and inspiring music.

Two of the best lecture courses of the session, and certainly the most up-to-date, were the ones given this week. The morning course was given by Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., on "The World and the Individual," being practically an answer to a book on that subject by Prof. Royce, of Harvard. Father Driscoll is a well known graduate of the Catholic University, and the author of two brilliant works, "The Philosophy of Theism" and "The Philosophy of the Soul." These books have won for him an international reputation, and have recently called forth from Mr. E. Mulloy, one of England's brilliant writers, a statement in which he ranks Father Driscoll as one of three greatest Catholic thinkers in America. Father Driscoll is master of the Comparative Method, and was perfectly at home in the subject under discussion. He gave a thoroughly impartial analysis of Dr. Royce's views and then compared them with doctrines which stand the light of reason.

The presence of a large and enthusiastic audience each evening testified to the popularity of Dr. James J. Walsh, who gave a course on "Twentieth Century Sciences." Dr. Walsh is a successful writer on literary and scientific topics, and a lecturer of great natural ability and resourcefulness. Radiology, Sanitary Science, Anthropology and Physiological Psychology were the sciences taken up, and their progress and future prospects discussed.

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Mr. and Mrs. Gerald G. Ottawa, whose portraits above, recently celebrated on wedding in that city. Mr. Gorman was born in Limerick, and Mrs. Gorman was born in Canada in 1870, taking up residence in Ottawa. Since Gorman has been in the employ of the Government, and by hearty disposition has won the respect of all who

CASHEL. FROM 1253 to 1289 of Cashel was occupied by David Maccarwill. He late founded the Church of St. Nicholas at Cashel a Cistercian Abbey, called Hore Abbey; and the Cashel, Amongst the record mingham Tower there is to mention of this Abbey, following is the fanciful account extract: "In the time of Maccarwill, Archbishop of there was a certain Abbey monks, near the Cathedral Patrick's, founded in honor Blessed Virgin Mary. And David, having told his mother he was warned in a dream, said black monks had a mirror of his head; he, by the advice mother, turned out these monks their lands and possess they new abbey which he had ed." This is only a sample Irish history has been written those who had at heart the tiling of the Catholic hierarchy. There is a long ring in Ware's history, about the less troubles, trials, difficult the King of England, with the court, and such like are ascribed to this Arch- What reliance can be placed records may be judged from that they state that this communicated/ judges, the Chaplain, the King, and himself. The truth is that he is known about this David, beyond the mere fact was Archbishop, died at an age, and was buried in the founded by himself, where to his memory still exists. From 1291 to 1302 Stephen, archdeacon of Glendalough of Ulster, was Archbishop Cashel. He was succeeded by Maccarwill—whose term of years was made noteworthy founding of an Augustinian tery at Fethard, in 1307. There was a monk named Walter The Archbishop died on the March, 1316. It is said that been cited to appear at the of Vienne, in France, conve Pope Clement V., but whether tended or not does not appear. From 1317 to 1326 the S occupied by William Fitzjohn death of Maurice Maccarwill Maccarwill, Bishop of Cork, lected by the Dean and some of Cashel, while the other those Thomas O'Lonchy, archdeacon of the Cashel Cathedral. Bishop Fitzjohn, Bishop of Ossing commended by the King Pope and Cardinals, the P formed his selection on the 1317. While he held the city of Cashel was encompassed a stone wall. He died on the September, 1316. The next Archbishop was Carrol, who occupied the two years. He had been Bishop of Cork for twenty years, after by Papal decree, he was successor to Thomas St. Le the See of Meath. Thence transferred, in 1327, to the

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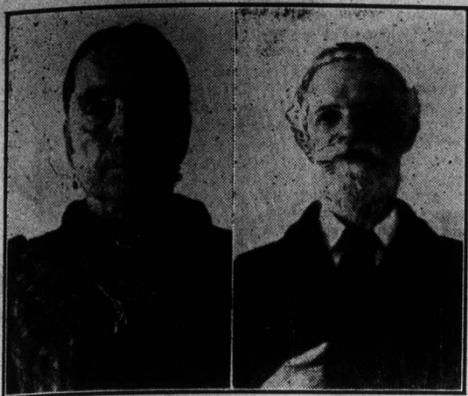
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Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Gorman, of Ottawa, whose portraits we print above, recently celebrated their golden wedding in that city.

he has come in contact. Mrs. Gorman is also very popular with those who know her best. The venerable and respected couple have the distinction of being the first to celebrate such an event in St. Patrick's Church. The presents received by Mr. and Mrs. Gorman were very numerous and came from all parts of the province, but principally from their admirers in the capital. Some of them were exceptionally beautiful and of a very costly nature.

CASHEL OF THE KINGS

By CRUX

FROM 1253 to 1289 the See of Cashel was occupied by David Maccarwill. This prelate founded the Chantry of St. Nicholas at Cashel; and also a Cistercian Abbey, commonly called Hore Abbey; and the Abbey of Cashel. Amongst the records in Birmingham Tower there is to be found a mention of this Abbey, and the following is the fanciful and ridiculous extract: "In the time of David Maccarwill, Archbishop of Cashel, there was a certain Abbey of black monks, near the Cathedral of St. Patrick's, founded in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. And the said David, having told his mother that he was warned in a dream, that the said black monks had a mind to cut off his head; he, by the advice of his mother, turned out these monks and gave their lands and possessions to their new abbey which he had founded." This is only a sample of how Irish history has been written by those who had at heart the discrediting of the Catholic hierarchy and clergy. There is a long rig-ma-role, in Ware's history, about the countless troubles, trials, difficulties with the King of England, with ladies of the court, and such like affairs, that are ascribed to this Archbishop. What reliance can be placed on these records may be judged from the fact that they state that this prelate excommunicated judges, the Pope's Chaplain, the King, and the Pope himself. The truth is that very little is known about this David Maccarwill, beyond the mere fact that he was Archbishop, died at an advanced age, and was buried in the monastery founded by himself, where the tablet to his memory still exists.

Cashel. On the feast of St. Peter and Vincula, he died in London upon his return from the Court of Rome. The next Archbishop was Walter Le Rede, or Rufus, who succeeded to the See in 1330, and died the same year. His successor was John O'Grada, who governed the archdiocese for fifteen years. The quaint Annals of Nenagh say he was a man of great wisdom and industry, and that he died in Limerick, on the 8th July, 1345,—to use the wording of the Annals—"in a Dominican Habit, and was buried in a myonaster of the Order. He made many donations to his Church and in particular gave it a large pastoral staff."

From 1291 to 1302 Stephen O'Brogan, archdeacon of Glendaloch, a native of Ulster, was Archbishop of Cashel. He was succeeded by Maurice Maccarwill—no relative of David Maccarwill—whose term of thirteen years was made noteworthy by the founding of an Augustinian monastery at Fethard, in 1307. The founder was a monk named Walter Mulcoe. The Archbishop died on the 25th March, 1316. It is said that he had been cited to appear at the Council of Vienne, in France, convened by Pope Clement V., but whether he attended or not does not appear.

I wish to take advantage of the story of Archbishop Kelley's life to once more illustrate how ridiculous some writers make themselves when they go out of their way to cast discredit on the fame and names of the Catholic bishops and Catholic leaders in those remote times. In Mant's History, vol. I, p. 25, we find this: "Ralph Kelley, who died Archbishop of Cashel in 1361—in his 49th year—is recorded as the illegitimate son of a Carmelite Friar, by the wife of a merchant named Kelley, of Drogheda. The authority is that of John de Bloxham, vicar-general of that Order in Ireland, in the year 1305." In the first place there was no such office as vicar-general of the Carmelite Order, at that time in Ireland; in the second place, Archbishop Kelley was not born until seven years after the foregoing was written; in the third place, it is not probable that a prominent member of the Order, as de Bloxham is represented to have been, would have made public such a fact—even if it were true—since it reflected so severely upon the morality of his own brethren; in the fourth place Mant's own history tells us that Kelley's father was a merchant, and that he was brought up from early youth as a child of the Carmelites—meaning he was educated by them. Once more we see how history is perverted with an evil purpose—and especially Irish history. Before we have done with Cashel, es-

pecially during the 18th and 19th centuries, we will meet with still more striking illustrations of the falsification of history by the unscrupulous enemies of the Irish and Catholic cause.

The next Archbishop, from 1362 to 1363, was George Roch, who according to the Annals of the Franciscans of Nenagh, was drowned. He had been summoned to Rome to there receive the pallium, but we cannot learn whether he was drowned before going to Rome, or at Rome, or on his way home; but no record exists of his burial; and for two years after his death the See was vacant. In 1365, Thomas O'Carrol, Archbishop of Tuam, was by a Papal Bull appointed to succeed. He died in 1373, and was buried in the Cathedral. After his death the custodiam of the temporalities of the archbishopric was committed to Stephen de Valle, Bishop of Meath.

From 1374 to 1380 Phillip de Torrington held the See. He was a Doctor of Divinity, a Franciscan Friar, and conservator of the privileges of that Order in Ireland. The See was four years vacant after the death of Archbishop Torrington. In 1384, Peter Hacket of Cashel, was appointed, and all we know of him is that he occupied the See until 1406. This brings us down five hundred years in the history of the Archbishops of Cashel. I will stop here for this week, for I am now about to step upon ground that may be considered as a transition, an isthmus, between two very important periods in this history. We have still another five hundred years to traverse before we come to the late Archbishop Croke, whose recent death suggested this account of the Kings. But these are five stirring centuries that we approach. The conflict that raged, for possession of the See of Cashel, between the nominees of the Popes and the nominees of Henry VIII., and Elizabeth, typifies the struggle commenced between the Catholic and Protestant elements for supremacy in Ireland. In the next issue we will find ourselves fully launched into that portion of our story which goes on increasing in interest, from the Reformation to Emancipation, and in which Cashel has figured most conspicuously.

The Church In Norway.

Few even of well-informed Catholics are aware of the missionary activity of the church. An occasional magazine article, the annual collection taken up for the propagation of the faith, or an international incident like the recent troubles in China, make us dimly conscious that one of the marks of Christ's Church is her universality, but so many other interests claim our attention that this consciousness passes away until the collection comes round again, or some soldier from the outposts of Christendom, in the person of a missionary, bearded generally and grown gray in the service of the Master, comes to ask for help for a struggling mission in some remote corner of the world.

Yet it is literally true that "from the rising of the sun to the going down is there sacrifice," the Catholic priest is found in the frozen regions of the North as well as in the burning climes of the tropics. Norway is generally considered a stronghold of Protestantism, but there is a Catholic population within its borders, small indeed in numbers, and scattered from Christiania to Hammerfest, but firm in faith and unwavering in allegiance to the successor of the Fisherman. A bishop and twenty-three priests have the spiritual care of this small flock, and no where in the world is a more devoted body of priests to be found. Their zeal is apostolic, their untiring effort is to keep the spark of faith alive in the flock committed to them, while by prayer, preaching and godly lives, they address themselves to the other sheep without the fold—those whose descendants were robbed of the faith by the cupidity of their rulers. It is true that little progress is yet made along this line, but from time to time notable conversions cheer the missionaries and spur them to new efforts. Two years ago a noted Protestant pastor of Christiania, the author of a book of theology, surprised his flock by resigning his pastorate to enter the Catholic Church; whilst a little later a young Lutheran of good family, who had his attention first called to Catholicism by the Corpus Christi procession in Christiania, was received into the Church and is now in an ecclesiastical seminary preparing himself for the priesthood.

Twenty-five years ago Norway was made a Vicariate Apostolic, and Bishop John Fallize was sent to take care of the vast territory that stretches from Kristiansand to the North Cape.

Bishop Fallize has worked untiringly; parishes have been multiplied, the number of priests increased, hospitals and schools have been erected and the old spirit of prejudice against the Church, born mostly of ignorance, has in many parts died out.

In fact, Protestant Norway might read a lesson in toleration to some of the Catholic countries of Europe. The Storting, the Congress of Norway, wished to pass a law a short time ago on cremation, which could conflict with the conscience of the Catholic population. Two articles of the law had already been approved, when the bishop, who was away on visitation of his diocese, heard of it and sent a protest to the President of the Storting. The protest was respectfully considered and the law modified to suit the Catholic position.

When the bishop wished to build a church at Stavanger, on the west coast of Norway, the municipality aided him to acquire property, opened a street to give access to the church, and put an army of men at work to have it ready in time for the dedication. Yet in all the parish of Stavanger there are only ten Catholics and these do not belong to the wealthy class.

Christiania, the capital of Norway, and the largest city in the kingdom, rejoices in the presence of two Catholic churches, the cathedral of St. Olaf, and a more modest edifice, dedicated to God under the title of St. Halvard. The rector of the cathedral is a classmate of some of the younger priests of the Brooklyn diocese who studied in Rome. He is an indefatigable worker, an earnest preacher, and is well liked by his Protestant neighbors. One of his assistants, a Roman student also, is the director of the school and the editor of the only Catholic paper in Norway.

At the foot of St. John's hill near the cathedral, stands a handsome modern hospital conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. It is a monument to the energy of the bishop, who was aided in its erection by the charity of Catholics and Protestants alike. In the winter of 1899 a bazaar held in Christiania under almost entirely Protestant auspices for the benefit of the hospital netted a substantial sum; the best physicians of the city are on the staff, and all Christiania takes great pride in this Catholic charity.

In the Provincial House of the Sisters of St. Joseph, which is near the hospital, thirty-six novices are preparing for the arduous work of mission life in Southeastern Norway. They come from nearly every country in Europe—generous souls, with a zeal that overcomes every obstacle and that has prompted them to leave father, mother, home and all that life holds dear to follow Christ and make Him loved by the children of St. Olaf.

The northern portion of Norway, washed by the waters of the Polar Ocean, where there is but one day and one night in the year, is given over to the Sisters of St. Elizabeth, but they have a convent in Christiania, a home for convalescent sisters who have not been able to endure long the fatigues of the Arctic waters. They stay at Christiania is temporary; as soon as health returns they are back again at Tromso or Hammerfest.

Bergen, the second largest city in Norway, as well as one of the oldest and most picturesque, has a Catholic population of two hundred. The Church of St. Paul, where they worship, was built thirty years ago by Father Stub, who is buried behind the altar. Father Stub was born in Bergen, of Protestant parents, but early in life was received into the Church, joined the congregation of the Barnabites in Italy, was Provincial for some time, and finally came back to his native city to devote himself to the few Catholics there. He erected the Church of St. Paul with money left by his parents and ministered in it until his death. His successor, a classmate of Bishop McDunnell, of Brooklyn, is an indefatigable worker; his spare time is devoted to refutation of calumnies against Catholic faith and practice in the public press. He is a Truth Society in himself. Nothing escapes his vigilant eye, no attack gives unanswered. The newspapers take all he writes and consider it "good copy."

But there are other Catholic churches in Bergen where Catholic doctrine is no longer taught nor the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered. They are monuments of the early faith of the people, as well as witnesses of the artistic development of the Middle Ages. Mary's Church, built in the twelfth century, was used by the merchants and clerks of

the Hanseatic League, that immense fish trust of early days. The now Protestant cathedral of St. Olaf was originally a monastery church; it was built in the thirteenth century. But it is in Trondhjem, the cradle of the kingdom of Norway, the strength and heart of the country, that the devastating influence of the Reformation is best seen.

In the Middle Ages, Trondhjem was one of the largest and richest towns in Norway. It was founded by St. Olaf, who was afterward buried in the cathedral. The fame of his sanctity attracted hosts of pilgrims. Fourteen other churches and five monasteries were built. A magnificent cathedral, the finest in all Scandinavia, was erected over his tomb. An unending stream of pilgrims from Sweden and Denmark flowed to Trondhjem, and Trondhjem expanded to receive them. An impetus was given to commerce, wealth flowed into the coffers of the merchants and humble dwelling gave place to more pretentious edifices. But the most imposing monument of all was the cathedral. It was built of Norwegian marble and revealed in every delicate detail of its Gothic features the exuberant imagination of its designer.

The Reformation; the rich reliquary that contained the bones of St. Olaf was stolen, the church itself taken from the Catholics and allowed to fall into ruin. Several fires helped the work of destruction, and this monument of the faith and of the taste of early Norway had almost perished, had not the patriotism and the artistic sense of modern Norway restored the magnificent pile to something like its pristine grandeur.

But there is a Catholic Church in Trondhjem to-day where a handful of the faithful worship. It is situated in the suburbs and is at once church, convent and hospital. It has more than a passing interest for the Catholics of Brooklyn, for it was built by a Brooklyn priest, Father Dumahut, who now looks after the spiritual interest of the scattered Scandinavian Catholics of Long Island.

Within the Arctic circle, on the west coast of Norway, there are two Catholic churches, one at Tromso and another at Hammerfest. Tromso is situated on an island that abounds in birch and wild cherry trees. It is the headquarters of the walrus hunters and whale fisheries of the northern regions, and is the starting place of most of the expeditions in search of the Pole. The Baldwin-Ziegler expedition sailed from Tromso last July. The Catholic Church is situated in the market place, and the little congregation gathers there every Sunday from the village and the neighboring islands to assist at the Holy Sacrifice and listen to the words of God. They are simple people—poor, but docile—the little ones to whom God has promised the Kingdom. There is a Lapp settlement at Tromsdal, on Tromso Sound, that attracts tourists in the summer time. Few of the Lapps are Catholics, and those who are, lead such a wandering life that a priest would have to become a nomad to quicken the little faith they have. The Lapps are the aborigines of Norway. They belong to the Mongolian race, having the high cheek bones and slanting eyes that are characteristic of the Chinese. They are low-sized, dirty, but very active, with great powers of endurance, and are marvelously cunning. They wander from Norway to Sweden with large herds of reindeer, and in summer do a thriving trade in very primitive curios that are eagerly bought up by the American tourist. There are 18,000 of them in Norway, but most of them are fishermen who reside in villages and mingle freely with their Norwegian neighbors. They are nominally Christians, but they still preserve many of their pagan customs and rites, and are but little influenced by the civilization around them.

The nearest parish to Tromso is nearly two hundred miles further north, at Hammerfest. It is the most northern parish in the world, and the pastor of the little congregation that worships in the small church on the harbor's edge has the proud distinction of having the North Pole within the boundaries of his parish. He hasn't much else to boast of. The entire population of Hammerfest is only about 2,200, and of these only a handful is Catholic. The Association for the Propagation of the Faith helps him to pay the expenses of church and rectory, yet he is happy, is doing much good and is loved by his Protestant neighbors. Near the church is a hospital, conducted by the Sisters, where the poor of the village, irrespective of creed, are received. Russian traders from the White Sea, who have fallen ill on their journeys, are often brought here for treatment.

While the progress of the church in the land of the Midnight Sun is slow, almost imperceptible, it is real.

The influence of the small band of devoted missionaries is great; the spiritual life of the Catholics has been intensified, and the barriers of prejudices have been removed by their presence and labors. The Norwegian peasant is deeply religious, and when in God's good time he is brought into the fold he will help to make the church in his native land all that she was in the days of Olaf, and Trondhjem.—Rev. W. J. White, D.D., in St. Vincent's Visitor.

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THE DECAY OF MODERN SOCIETY. BY THE REV. FATHER CLEMENTE.

THE following are the closing passages of Rev. Father Clemente's able paper on the "Decay of Modern Society," in which he suggests some remedies therefor. Father Clemente says:—

See the aged Pontiff! What an example of activity and zeal for the welfare of the Church and of mankind! Modelling his life on that of our Divine Exemplar, who spared not Himself during His public life, but gave Himself up entirely to the furtherance of religious, moral, and charitable acts and actions. As Catholics, then, our vocation embraces a wide sphere, as the name Catholic itself proclaims. Our mission in this world, as disciples of our triumphant Lord, is not the one erroneously adopted by too many of us—to confine ourselves to the spiritual and temporal welfare of ourselves and our own family, relations, and friends, is to do our work in this world but by half, is to lead a half Catholic life. Without doubt charity must begin at home, but must not finish there. To put the whole social, moral, and religious work entirely, or almost entirely, on the shoulders of the clergy is by no means right or justifiable. In that way many of our priests, glorious victims in their zeal and duty, are prematurely killed or disabled without having achieved any results worth speaking of. But what an account will be demanded by our Lord from these persons responsible for the sacrifice of His ministers in such a mean and cowardly way!

Our Divine Master had Apostles, and these Apostles had numerous disciples and co-operators of both sexes in their religious and social works, but can we say the same of our Bishops and priests? Where are their disciples? Squandering their precious time, maybe, in frivolity and dissipation unworthy of thoughtful pagans. And those priests who are fortunate enough to possess such auxiliaries, will tell us, if asked, that the number of such "aids" is, as a rule, insignificant. The Salvation Army, the legion of the so-called district ladies, etc., might well put to shame many of our people of the better class, on account of their dastardly inaction. True, we have with us, the brethren of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the ladies of charity, and several other charitable institutions, doing a vast amount of good, but we must confess, at the same time, there are so great a number of our educated classes of both sexes, conspicuous and distinguished by their eternal absence from all kinds of social and parochial works, unfeelingly leaving it to their priests to struggle on alone unsuccessfully, thereby injuring the vital interests of their Church, perhaps fatally. Shame! We cannot feel proud of their colorless membership; they would certainly take the first prizes for masterly abstention did Satan offer such a bonus. They simply and surely disgrace us and their own Church; they constitute a permanent scandal to their Catholic inferiors as well as to non-Catholics, all the time, possibly, pretending it is their duty to be prudent with their money and cautious in their zeal. Let these useless persons remember the parable of the barren fig tree, which, because of its unfruitfulness, was ordered to be cut down and cast into the fire; and the axe, maybe, is sharpening for a like operation in their particular case. Terrible sentence of condemnation pronounced by the Son of God.

Having clearly admitted the decadence of modern society, and our duty in the capacity of Catholics to co-operate with our clergy in the Christian reformation and regeneration of fallen society, kindly allow me to make the following suggestions as to the most effective way of setting to work at once, since this work is already in progress in other parts of the Church. Further delay may result in imminent disaster to our working population; the leaders of some other social, unscrupulous, or irreligious body may get hold of the masses, and so render our action for their welfare and regeneration a far more difficult task. The suggestions have for their object the practical issue of this lecture—namely, the most important part of all. As only the Sovereign Pontiff possesses the unique gift of infallibility, my suggestions must necessarily be

received with the proverbial grain of salt (grano salis), and, as such, be met with impassionate criticism. I ought to really leave this part to experts better acquainted with social matters and better versed in the ways of the world. Yet, for all this, I feel that my article would be incomplete did I omit such suggestions, but, at the same time, I leave it for other gentlemen to make their own suggestions to ensure the success of the Catholic League scheme. Truly, for an undertaking of this kind we want another General Booth, minus tambourines and other trivialities; such a one is sorely needed. Indeed, no less an authority than Cardinal Manning indicated as much. But Booths are born not made, like the other great leaders of causes, though indeed opportunity calls them forth. For our humble part, let us earnestly hope and pray that the man—a King of men—with the necessary qualifications may be shortly granted to us. The creative power of God is in no whit diminished, and it is often said man's necessity is God's opportunity. The mountains, indeed, need lowering, and the valleys equally need elevating without the destruction of either.

For the present we must content ourselves with laying the foundation of the scheme, and this in the following way: 1. Holding a labor conference in some large centre as soon as possible, under the presidency of the Bishop of the selected locality, or with His Lordship's approbation and blessing should he be unable to attend; 2. To invite a few active, experienced, and practical Catholic men from every diocese, proposed by their respective bishops, to attend the said conference; 3. To constitute, at the first meeting of such conference, a temporary committee—viz., a chairman, secretary, and treasurer, together with a number of members, representing, for the time being, the different dioceses of the kingdom; 4. To discuss as to the best method of organizing and combining our forces, and for that purpose of examine closely and dispassionately the different schemes which may be submitted to the assembled conference by any delegate, or other patriotic person interested in the social movement in this land; 5. To submit the adopted scheme to some astute and experienced professors of sociology for consideration and counsel; and, finally, to our ecclesiastical authorities for confirmation. My own scheme appears to me quite workable, should the proper persons, under direction of the clergy, courageously come forward, and should funds be generously subscribed. God would accomplish the rest. "This money and Teresa," said that great saint on one occasion when endeavoring to build a convent, "are nothing; but God, Teresa, and this money are everything." My reasons for calling the proposed combination, the Catholic Labor League, are the following—viz.: Because the intended members will be children of labor, of one kind or another, most of them being, no doubt, of the essentially laboring class, the others virtually such; and because one of the principal effects of the league is to concern labor—its improvement, rights, protection, liberty, just representation, and also its Christianization. I must add that the Labor League, as I have planned it, will, at the same time, comprise a federation of all existing Catholic societies, clubs, guilds, etc., and of others to be created whenever it is found expedient. The advantages of this Catholic, national federation in combining ourselves into a solid phalanx, or, as Tennyson would say, into a "solid core of fire," by means of the proposed League, apart from the benefits of association, will be no less than those of similar federations abroad—for instance in the United States, France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. Here they are fitly named for our emulation and encouragement: The spread of charity and good feeling amongst the Catholics of the whole country, promoting interchange of experience, enabling the weak to learn from the strong, and the strong to gain knowledge from the weak.

The spirit and scope of the League will enlarge the sphere of societies. It will foster the Catholic press and literary and truth societies. It will improve methods of organization and management. It will discover for amelioration needs of the people hitherto undreamt of. It will stimulate public spirit—esprit de corps—superseding provincialism and narrowness. The experiment of such a federation in those portions of the Church just indicated has proved a substantial success, after a keen

struggle and superhuman efforts. Let us, therefore, try the like experiment in this country hoping it will, God helping us, prove a similar happy success; which will be an abounding solace to His Holiness in his moral and mental sufferings caused by the enemies of the Church. Again, the League will be a great encouragement to our Catholic brethren in other countries, by adding to their efficient battalions a strong and active British legion. It will be a good example, and furnish an incentive to other countries, where Catholics have not yet found courage or goodwill to arise from their fatal lethargy, leaving the Church and society a prey to enemies, instead of encountering the evils by a system of combination.

Some critics have expressed the fear that the League may eventually resolve itself into a political coterie, or the provocative of Protestant fanaticism, to the detriment of its object and of the Catholic community in general. But the statutes of the League will be so framed as to protect it against the inroads of the political cliques and empires. And our ecclesiastical superiors, under whose high patronage the League will be placed, would certainly check any political overtures leading to demoralization of its forces. The Church herself has been converted into a political instrument in several countries, like the Established Church in England, the schismatic Church in Russia, and the effete Gallican Church in France, but these religious cliques have been, and are, rejected and disregarded by our ecclesiastical authorities, and so, in the League, all political revolutionaries will be ostracised and excluded.

Regarding the supposed danger from Protestant fanaticism instigated by narrow-minded bigots, whose number is, thank God, daily diminishing, there exists no such danger, since the gates of the League will be thrown open to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. A few more words, and I conclude. We are often praying very hard for the triumph of the Church; but we must remember that it is not in the plan of Divine Providence that this should be effected by prayer alone. Our Lord Himself, as I told you earlier, prayed, and labored hard, too, for the exaltation of the Church, continually preaching from one city to another, in the Temple and beyond it, healing all manner of moral and bodily diseases; feeding the multitudes, consoling the afflicted, rebuking the wicked, especially the Scribes and Pharisees, stigmatizing them as whited sepulchres, because of their hypocrisy and want of charity towards their brethren. Of these latter charlatans there are the modern representatives, and their number is legion, and with them we are surrounded by hypocrites and humbugs. Indeed, Cardinal Newman declares that, "the religion of the Pharisees is the religion of mankind" in general! The man who scrupulously washes the outside of the patten, who advertises his good deeds everywhere, fearful the world should undervalue him, and worthy or unworthy, fit or unfit, called or uncalled, claims the forefront. The great Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., took for motto, in addressing the Italian Catholics, the legend "Ora et labora"—pray and work—if you would fulfil your mission as Catholics in the world, serving the Son of God. Let us reflect that there are thousands and thousands of toilers, of poor women and children especially, who are yearning to welcome us in our efforts for their religious, social, and moral rescue by means of the proposed League. Their present condition may be fitly compared to that of the pagan Chinese, and, in many cases, to the conditions and surroundings of animals. What a blot on our modern civilization! What a disgrace to Christianity! What a scandal to the richest race on the Planet, with its myriads of prolific islands and fertile colonies! Let us rise to our feet—sursum corda. Let us set to work to save the masses, for has not a God led the way? It is our mission to fulfil, as civilized and Christian people, awaiting the appearance and verdict of our Supreme Judge, who declares He will demand of us whether we feed the hungry, clothe the naked, instruct the ignorant, etc.; or did the opposite—oppressed, defrauded, and despised the poor. His own chosen representatives. In conclusion, in setting ourselves, to the gigantic and long neglected task of solving the social problems of the day in this country, let our own motto be that of that of the Crusaders of old, Dieu le veut.

A PROTESTANT VIEW OF CATHOLICITY.

THE report of the third meeting of the Dutch Reformed Church at Batavia, Australasia, gives a splendid testimonial to the Catholic clergy in that far away land.

It cannot be denied says the report, that Rome makes an alarming headway in the East Indies. United like the Macedonian phalanx, the Catholics keep moving on, gaining victory upon victory.

The organization of the Roman Catholic Church is much superior to ours. Whilst the president of our ecclesiastical synod is forced upon by the Government, the head of the Roman Church is a Bishop appointed by the Holy See and recognized by the State. This Bishop is always a man who grew up with the country, who enjoys a serious authority and who governs with a firm hand.

The disinterestedness of the priests is truly admirable. They share like brothers the salary which the State pays to a few of them. Their zeal in visiting the hospitals and prisons is worthy of all praise. The army is unanimous in lauding their cordiality and spirit of sacrifice.

These priests, rich in courage and conviction, see the number of their adherents increase everywhere. They know even how to take advantage of the materialism and indifference prevailing in these countries. This is especially the case in mixed marriages. Protestants, indifferent to their own religion, conform themselves to the demands of Catholic parents and permit their children to be raised in the Catholic religion.

The Church of Rome concentrates all its energies upon you; she has schools in all the cities. These schools are of an all round excellence; everybody holds them in great esteem, and not a few are the Protestants who do not fear a Catholic college education for their children. The sisters educate the girls confined to their care with a skill commanding admiration; and it is a rare thing to find one of their pupils not speaking sympathetically of their religious teachers.

THE LAYMAN'S VOCATION.

VERY Catholic has a special vocation in this life. The same Holy Spirit, we know, gives this or that duty to each one. Yet all these duties, all these vocations, are noble and grand, and it is our fault if we do not look upon them as such. The Right Reverend Bishop Messmer, in a recent sermon, clearly pointed out the grand and sublime calling of every Catholic layman, viz.—to show to the world the glorious possibilities of the faith he holds. It is by standing before the world as paragons of morality that Catholic laymen are to preach their most eloquent sermons. An honest, unswerving, dutiful life is one that all men look up to, no matter what their creed may be. At times they may scoff and gird at religion, holiness, sanctity; but, at bottom, they admire and respect the man that is religious, holy, saintlike.

There is no greater force in the world than moral force; the Catholic Church has the grandest and highest moral force. It ought, certainly, to be a source of noble inspiration to the truly earnest Catholic to know and feel that he is called upon to stand before the world as an exemplar. There is no nobler ambition than to wish well and to do good to our fellowmen, for to love them is to love God. This age demands facts, palpable facts, facts that cannot be gainsaid. Words often fall fruitless on barren ground be-

cause they are not followed by good works, by good example. But the Catholic layman who realizes the truth placed in him by Almighty God will ever strive to show mankind, by his life's deeds, the vital uplifting power of the faith God gave him. Let the Catholic layman feel the responsibility of his position, of his place upon a mountain whence the world is to receive the light of truth, and then shall this same world grasp the meaning of that unifying and sanctifying force which moves 350,000,000 souls as if they were but one. What a grand and noble thought for every Catholic soul to know and feel that it is placed in the world to help lead benighted man from the darkness of tortuous error into the light of everlasting truth!

THE PERPETUAL ROSARY.

THE Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary, newly established in Camden, N. J., have received from the Pope a little cornerstone for their new convent. Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. in the beginning of his Pontificate, being deeply affected by the trials of the Church in many parts of the world expressed the great desire that the Rosary should be recited day and night without interruption for the needs of the Church.

"Recite the Rosary without ceasing, and never interrupt that holy exercise," he says in his encyclical letter. The Pope seeing that the Sisters have fully accomplished his desire and recommendation, has, many times, manifested his benevolence by gifts and blessings to the different convents of the Perpetual Rosary. When the Sisters built their first convent in Louvain, Belgium, the Pope sent them a little piece of white marble from the Catacombs as a cornerstone. The Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary newly established in Camden have received a similar favor.

The little present was sent from Rome lately. It is a piece of white marble three inches long, two inches wide and one inch thick. It has been extracted from the tomb of a martyr in the catacombs. Some friends have made a donation for the new convent. When Providence shall send the means sufficient to commence the new building the cornerstone will be blessed by the Bishop and the little piece of marble will be inserted there as a relic and as a sign of benediction and protection.

EVERYWHERE THE SAME.

WHEREVER we Catholics go, we are always at home in our churches, for there everything is familiar. The cross pointing heavenward, the altar of the living God, the tabernacle wherein He dwells beneath the sacramental veil, the Stations of the Cross silently preaching the way to heaven, the baptismal font, the confessionals, the statues, the priest robed in sacred vestments, the multitude of devout worshippers kneeling around. All this makes us feel in our hearts that, even though "strangers in a strange land," we are brothers and sisters having "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all." Everywhere the Catholic is at home, by a genuine fellowship of Catholic faith, hope and charity. Passion and prejudice and bad manners may apply to us the epithets of Papist, Romanist, ultramontane, etc., but the calm honest mind of every sect knows us by the name of Catholic. Our Church has the exclusive title of Catholic, because she flourishes in every part of the world, and comprises the vast majority of the Christian family.

CATHOLICITY IN NEW YORK.

A statistical article published in "The Evangelist," J. Laidlaw thus speaks of the Church of New York city: The Roman Catholic Church is growing in numbers, however, not only on account of immigration, but because it stays by every neighborhood in which it has commenced work. On the east side of Manhattan, from the Battery to the Harlem river, its property amounts to \$18,023,000, while in the same area Protestantism, in all its forms, has nearly \$1,000,000 less investment. As a consequence, only 4.3 per cent. of the population of Manhattan's east side are communicant members of the Protestant churches, when the proportion on the west side is twice as high and along Fifth avenue six times as high. Throughout Greater New York the Catholic Church claims 954,603 persons, and the Protestant communicant membership is 332,546. Of the entire population of New York at the time of the Federal census, viz., 3,437,202 persons, the federation of churches estimates that 1,206,955 were practical or hereditary Roman Catholics; 598,012 Hebrews; the balance actual or potential Protestants, making a potential Protestant population of 1,632,335 persons. The actual Protestant communicants of the city represent about 1,000,000 persons.

THE PLAGUE OF INTemperance.

IN dealing with the question of total abstinence," says Father Delurey, O.S.A., "I only consider the salvation of souls, the glory of God, the honor of the Church. Viewed from that standpoint our position is impregnable. Who will dare deny that intemperance is a blight which has settled upon this country, and, like the plague in Egypt, it destroys all before it? Who will dare deny that intemperance generally, and drunkenness as prevalent in this land, have destroyed more manhood and womanhood, are the cause of more murder, licentiousness, than any other vice to which human nature is addicted? In the face of the man brought home stabbed, wounded, or bearing injury due to a fatal, all caused by intemperance, and who remains unconscious, the priest waiting in vain to reconcile him to his God,—who, in the face of such a terrible calamity, will dare become argumentative, speculative, and hairsplitting about the distinction between moderate drinking and total abstinence? Yet these cases occur every day. Thousands of young men to our right and ten thousands to our left, who, though brought up in an atmosphere friendly to religion and good morals, succumb to the influence of the demon of intemperance, and, their virtues tested beyond endurance, their passions excited to the lowest degree, they become the wrecks in the penitentiary, the insane asylum, or in the home whose happiness fled at their appearance and the doom of their souls is written for ever. In the presence of this who will face the unfortunate fathers and the heartbroken mothers with critical arguments and fine shadings? Who will dare to insist in the presence of death, hunger, misery, and helplessness, that so-called moderate drinking is better than total abstinence? Will the moderate drinkers and the advocates of moderate drinking accompany these souls through the valley of the shadow of death?"

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A LIT

When Gerard Foster frescoed the walls of the Blessed Sacrament it was a surprise for him as it was a cause for chagrin, and for the same reason cause there seemed such a gruity between his doing and a fact pretty well known to his absolute agnostics. It happened this was asked to do the work a senting; the church, as more, erection went, had finished; but when the its interior decoration gause. Father Bouchard whose artistic sensibility keen as his heart was youth he had been about the Paris Ecole des Beaux he took the other resolu- ter a theological sem- memories and love of the treasures of immortal art to him, and now that he ceeded in having a fair- built to the honor of G- not intend to have his h- stone marred by such a- bad painting on its- make. Of course, there- tive genius in Pleasant V- could be trusted to reali- tor's ideals. Nor was th- enough in the treasury- bringing an artist from- or Boston, so the work- done.

When some of the im- pishers urged its com- what meagre local talent and a few grumbled and- Father Bouchard did not- notions too high for us- of Pleasant Valley," Fat- ard smiled and said he w- to that first painter, St- send them an artist. (Aft- arrangements with Gerar- do the work, he reproach- for not sending him one w- of the grace of God in his- Whatever St. Luke had- t. Foster would certainly- gained his presence there- Two reasons, he would- drifed him thither. First- seeking health after his se- ness—Pleasant Valley was- to be a hot-bed of salubr- only, he was so thorough- tired of everything and- new. In Paris and every- tropolis where study and- led him he had drunk to t- the cup of mad intoxicat- thirty-five he was suffer- from satiety. So when he- the little village, he went- desiring to get utterly a- the pallid, unsatisfying o- that, indeed, had given him- as far as the acknowledged- his brush went, but which- was beginning to realize, i- meagre in actual gratificati- was weary of it all. He- hoped his spirits would he- But he hoped the body w- in his desperation all he- his mind was a kind of forg- which, in a sardonic humor- ly promised himself, the mo- and primitive simplicity of- large life would induce, —- him as it were, When he- there about a month, at le- of his purposes began to be- His strength began to retur- sitting there several weeks- veranda, looking away over- and across to the hills, who- the, graceful uprise made the- he began to be able to tak- walks over the meadows, a- stamps up the hills.

As for his mind, with his- turn for psychology he deriv- amusement from its conditi- he was gradually lapsing ir- state of placidity which he- old fellow-students used to ch- the scoffingly as "bovine." Th- not positive happiness, but- ter discontent and unrest w- succeeded by a quiet indiffer- amused him, while it soothe- said to himself that he was- able to comprehend the deli- acquaintance of the lilies of the- By his complete isolation, as- his deliberate desire to forge- burdens, worries and excitem- the old wild life were beginn- fall from him as unloosened- Sometimes, as he sat there- over him the final landscape bef- around him, he would mur- himself.

"There is no world But this—of fields, Flowers and fields, and birds And clouds that soar Silently o'er The sunny infinite."

A LITTLE ST. AGNES.

When Gerard Foster consented to fresco the walls of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament it was as much a surprise for him as it was a surprise and a cause for chagrin to some others, and for the same reason—because there seemed such a sad incongruity between his doing the work and a fact pretty well known in the village of Pleasant Valley, the fact of his absolute agnosticism.

It happened this way, his being asked to do the work and his consenting; the church, as far as its mere erection went, had long been finished; but when the time came for its interior decoration there was a pause. Father Bouchard was a man whose artistic sensibilities were as keen as his heart was holy. As a youth he had been about to enter the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts when he took the other resolution to enter a theological seminary. But memories and love of the old world treasures of immortal art still clung to him, and now that he had succeeded in having a fair tabernacle built to the honor of God, he did not intend to have his harmony in stone marred by such a discord as bad painting on its walls would make. Of course, there was no native genius in Pleasant Valley who could be trusted to realize the pastor's ideals. Nor was there money enough in the treasury to justify bringing an artist from New York or Boston, so the work was left undone.

When some of the impatient parishioners urged its completion by what meagre local talent there was, and a few grumbled and wondered if Father Bouchard did not have "some notions too high for our simple folk of Pleasant Valley," Father Bouchard smiled and said he was praying to that first painter, St. Luke, to send them an artist. (After he made arrangements with Gerard Foster to do the work, he reproached St. Luke for not sending him one with more of the grace of God in his heart.)

Whatever St. Luke had to do with it, Foster would certainly have explained his presence there differently. Two reasons, he would have said, drifted him thither. First, he went seeking health after his serious illness—Pleasant Valley was supposed to be a hot-bed of salubrity. Secondly, he was so thoroughly sick and tired of everything and place he knew. In Paris and every other metropolis where study and pleasure led him he had drunk to the dregs the cup of mad intoxication. At thirty-five he was suffering fatally from satiety. So when he heard of the little village, he went there endeavoring to get utterly away from the palling, unsatisfying old life, — that, indeed, had given him success, as far as the acknowledged skill of his brush went, but which had, he was beginning to realize, been so meagre in actual gratification. He was weary of it all. He scarcely hoped his spirits would heal there. But he hoped the body would, and in his desperation all he asked for his mind was a kind of forgetfulness which, in a sardonic humor he grimly promised himself, the monotonous and primitive simplicity of the village life would induce, — drugging him as it were. When he had been there about a month, at least one of his purposes began to be realized. His strength began to return. After sitting there several weeks on the veranda, looking away over the fields and across to the hills, whose gentle, graceful uprise made the valley, he began to be able to take short walks over the meadows, and then tramps up the hills.

As for his mind, with his innate turn for psychology he derived much amusement from its condition. For he was gradually lapsing into that state of placidity which he and his old fellow-students used to characterize scoffingly as "bovine." There was not positive happiness, but the bitter discontent and unrest were being succeeded by a quiet indifference that amused him, while it soothed. He said to himself that he was beginning to comprehend the delightful insouciance of the lilies of the field. By his complete isolation, as well as his deliberate desire to forget, the burdens, worries and excitement of the old wild life were beginning to fall from him as unloosened fetters. Sometimes, as he sat there, looking over the final landscape before and around him, he would murmur to himself:

"There is no world
But this—of fields,
Flowers and fields, and birds a-dit
And clouds that soar
Silently o'er
The sunny infinite."

It grew to be so that he scarcely thought of the old times, save when Father Bouchard came to visit—as somehow he did more frequently since Foster had begun to board there. For beside the fact that the dear shepherd felt that every one in the village was in his flock—did not even the stray ones belong to his Master?—there were other reasons for his liking to stop there for a chat with Foster. For it was an old, sweet delight to hear some one talk again of the pictures and sculptures he loved and used to know. And then it was interesting to hear of the work of the new schools. Besides he felt that Foster must pine now and then to talk of these things, and there was not a multitude of the inner circle in Pleasant Valley, though it was not sunk in primitive ignorance. So many an evening as Foster was sitting smoking, Father Bouchard would come along, and the two—the jaded man of the world and the great strong pastor—would sit almost till morning talking art, literature, and the material of both—life.

One evening when they were together and some one else had dropped in, the old thorn, the decoration of the church, came up for consideration. In a moment of generosity Foster offered to finish the walls. With his returning strength, the old desire to use the brush was beginning to tinkle his fingers. He but voiced, said Father Bouchard, a wish that had been lurking in his heart ever since he heard that some one who had exhibited at the Salon was going to summer in Pleasant Valley.

As soon as he was able Gerard Foster began his work. It half amused him, because it was a departure from his ordinary themes. Ecclesiastical art he had known—but on other men's canvases. However he knew he could do what was required of him here, and he was glad to have an opportunity to repay the good Pere Bouchard, as he called him, for his many kindnesses.

So every day or so thereafter might be seen on the scaffolding Gerard Foster, septic and blasé man-of-the-world, working away on some symbol whose value his artistic sense could apprehend, if his intellect did not approve. Often as he sat there working away, whistling some old snatch from the operas or a lilt of a student's song, he smiled at how the old comrades of the Bohemian days would laugh if they saw him—"to think old Foster would come to this!" By the end of the winter it was all finished, except a small shrine at the end of the church, to St. Agnes. Just as he was about to begin work on this an attack of his former exhaustion came upon him. He had to discontinue, and spend some time in a sick bed. When strength to be out returned, there did not immediately follow the power to work. In fact, the weeks began to slip past without his feeling able to use arm and pigment, and mind, which is guide for both. And with this failure of energy to assert itself again, there reappeared the old depression, to which he used to be a victim, when it seemed so futile to hope to achieve anything worth while. All his former weariness with things haunted him again, till once more he was in that slough of despair from which he had hoped himself rescued—that bitter slough whence, if it were not for his mother, he would have actually gone deliberately down to the river and cast himself upon its breast to be borne forth upon the Life Beyond, of which he could formulate nothing, and therefore hope nothing. . . . To cap his unhappy state, the elements were against him. The sun of spring, much belated, seemed to have been thwarted in its longed-for journey northward. Continual rains made nearly every day gloomy. The sun seemed to have forgotten how to break through the clouds. When his unhappy moods returned to him, he at first thought they came from physical exhaustion, and that he would shortly be able to take up his work where he left it off. But when the days went on and his mental indisposition intensified, he began to grow impatient. Besides he was compunctious about the shrine, which he promised for Easter.

During his several months' work, he had been amused at how much church history he had learned as he browsed around Father Bouchard's library for data and symbols. Now his attention had to be fastened on the character of St. Agnes. Foster had hitherto known nothing about the saints, and cared less. It seemed inconsistent that he was to portray

something to edify those who did believe. It seemed almost a mockery. Again he laughed at how diverted the old friends would be at the situation.

However laugh as they or he might, the story of St. Agnes he had read and thought so much about that the poetry of her brief history had made an impression upon him. But he had not found the exact way he wished to present it.

One night after he had been making sketches, he went to sleep and dreamed that he saw her. The next morning, as he woke early, the sun was shining through his window, repentant as it were for its long desertion of the earth. Being unable to get back to sleep, he rose and started on a constitutional across the meadows. The morning was one of those first of spring, full of surprises and delights. Every thing seemed washed clean by the recent rains. New blades of grass shone as the sunbeams fell across them. The old earth seemed to have had a bath in some fountain of youth, everything seemed so fresh and green. Foster had not felt so invigorated for ages,—as he walked along, he said half aloud:—

"Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir,
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were."

He took a long run across the country, and on his way back he happened to pass the church. Since his several weeks' illness he had not been there. He thought he would look in and see how things seemed now. With the glow of his walk upon him, he said to himself: "By Jove, I feel so new and strong and benevolent, I could go in and sing the doxology. That tramp in the clean grass makes me feel almost like a catechumen."

Mass was being celebrated. It was the first early Mass he had ever seen, and the spectacle quite appealed to him. Here was, indeed, a realization of that idyllic, primitive celebration Walter Pater makes Marius the Epicurean attend, and the beauty of it took possession of him as it had done of Marius. A deeper sense of what this ceremony stood for came over him as in the quiet of the morning the priest in white robes went to and fro upon the white altar, where the pure flames of the candles burned, and the few devotees wrapped in prayer and worship paid morning homage to the God, their God, whom he did not know. . . . But somehow, it came over him that it was actually to a God, and that this solemn, yet sincere, ceremonial going on there at the altar, was not all mummery as the pomp and ceremonial on some of the great feasts days in the old world churches had seemed to him.

As the intensity of his first impression cooled a little, he glanced about the building. His eyes passed a few seats in front of him; there near him, the publican and sinner, a young girl was kneeling. The sunlight coming in one of the windows fell upon her; it lighted her face and wove her hair into an aureole around her. Foster nearly threw up his cap and shouted—a little saint Agnes! . . . It was a divine moment of inspiration! Wild projects streamed through his brain. If she would only kneel that way a little while, he could catch that expression, that pose. Never had his hardened heart, full of unbelief as it was, conceived such an expression, so glorified by an aspiration, a love, he knew nothing about. Heavens! If he could only reproduce that pure fervor his shrine of the little St. Agnes would be famous, it would surely make people pray, it would—oh, if he could only get her to kneel there for him—perhaps Father Bouchard could persuade her—but what woman could keep or assume such an expression to order. No he must get it distinctly into his memory and conjure it again with the aid of his imagination. He lingered till Mass was over, then he hurried home like mad and gathered what things he needed. He was at work in a short time. That day more of the old glow of his first efforts in art's service was upon him than he had known for a long time.

The next few mornings he went to Mass. One morning, he met Father MacLean, the assistant, who said to him: "You don't get to work this early, do you? You know Mass is being celebrated just now." "I'm going to Mass," answered Foster with a twinkle in his eye that baffled the young priest. "Aren't you afraid we'll make a Catholic of you, if you do such things?" "Not much afraid, wish you could," said Foster.

There in the same place, when he went in, was his unconscious model. There was a great charm about her face; simplicity and purity were its

keynotes, a spirituality he had never seen before illuminating it, and adding to it a certain intellectuality he had not hitherto known, though his friendships had been with women whose mental calibre had undefinable distinction. That was the thing that first set him thinking—her unmistakable, cool intelligence about what she was doing and about what was about going forward on the altar. He began to meditate how strange it was considering all the ages, all the centuries piled on centuries between them, that there were two women, one far away in the first dawn of the religion of Christ, one in twenty hundredth year thereafter, apparently feeling the same exaltation, the same devotion to Him whom he had but vaguely known as the great man of Galilee. Product of an age, a locality, and a family which had drifted from the old moorings, Gerard Foster had come in contact but very indirectly with Christianity and its teachings. The story of Jesus Christ had been to him in his career, which he deemed a very real, intense life, but which was really but an undeveloped dream, the history of some mysterious, powerful philanthropist of un-usual psychic power, interesting indeed, but the possible divinity of this force he scarcely considered—till now when it was thrust upon him, as it were. What a strange thing it was that the persuasion to which Agnes had been a martyr in that old far-off time still endured, still had its supporters! As he watches his "little saint Agnes" praying at the Consecration, he knew her devotion would not flinch from the severest ordeal for what she was worshipping there on the altar. It was the first ray athwart the darkness—what then did happen in Galilee? over and over he began thinking. It lent a grave quality to his work as he continued finishing the shrine, a reverence to his presentation of what he was just beginning to comprehend.

When the shrine was completed and Father Bouchard was grateful beyond his expectations, he was also baffled beyond comprehension at how a man with ideas such as Gerard Foster had honestly confessed, had been able to grasp and depict with his brush that impalpable spiritual beauty born only of an exaltation, which he had felt sure was an unknown quantity to Gerard Foster. Yet there was a quality in his light and tone that Father Bouchard knew only too well came not from mere artistic composition, but from an innate spirituality—Raphael and others in "the day-spring of art so fresh and dewy" had worked it in with their pigments.

About a year after this, Foster returned to Pleasant Valley. He had been abroad again, but had come back to Father Bouchard to be baptized. The morning of his First Communion he lingered in the church after every one else had gone. As he stayed there making a long thanksgiving, wrapped in the comfort and the joy of it, the sacristan came out to drape the church,—there was to be a funeral.

After a few minutes, the funeral procession came into the church. Very sweetly the organist was playing the Chopin march. Across the aisle and pews was borne to him the fragrance of flowers. It was the first service for the departed he had ever attended, and the beauty of it made a profound impression upon him. He said to himself: "you've come to the best port, old man, whence to embark for eternity." As the Mass went on, he grew a little exhausted, having had no breakfast, but he did not like to leave. As his attention flagged a little he glanced about the church, his eyes falling upon his own work, and he lived again some of his old life; then his coming to Pleasant Valley and his conversion came before his mental vision. As his eyes rested on the shrine of St. Agnes, spontaneously they passed to the pew whence he had received his inspiration—the "little Saint Agnes" was not there. He thought again of how she had been not only his inspiration, but the sweet instrument, as it were, of his conversion, first revealing to him a faith he had not realized before. He felt that he would like to see her again. She was probably some girl of the village, but no matter, he felt he would like to see her, perhaps know her. Once again the tones of the Marche Funebre came plaintively from the organ loft, distracting his thought. He glanced at the cortege. It was apparently a young person there borne out under all the white flowers, perhaps. . . . she?

One afternoon later he strayed into the church, thinking he would look over his work critically. It had been finished long enough for him to get the right perspective. As he entered the church he saw an old man and woman standing in front of the shrine he had decorated. As he drew near, looking intensely

at what power he had put into it. "I wish some of the fellows could see it; I believe it would convert them!" As he drew closer, he observed the aged couple. The woman was crying; he heard her say: "Isn't it like her? I feel as if I could just come here every day and almost have her back again."

Foster bent his head and passed into a pew. "O little Saint Agnes, thank God that once at least my brush has been true, thank Him that you led me to His feet." — Anna Blanche McGill, in Donahoe's Magazine.

tain elements on human character, while he loses sight oftentimes of the most important ones; frequently he has worked himself out of belief in religion as important and is seeking for something to take its place. There is a disadvantage, also, or a danger, that by method or methodizing one becomes machine-like in school work and consequently loses the personality which in its enthusiasm, sympathy and power, constitutes the real teaching influence. After all these disadvantages in methods are insignificant in comparison with the good, general results that come from training. The benefits are so great that they leave no doubt as to the necessity for such institutions.

Philosophy has an important part to play in the principles that underlie pedagogical studies. After all, it is important to thoroughly understand child-character and direct in the ways that lead to true manhood. There is a great deal of false philosophy serving as a basis for many modern systems of education. A false philosophy misinterprets soul-life, gives us character study without the sunlight that comes from eternal truth. Human nature can never be properly understood except under the great searchlight of revealed truth by which the evils resulting from the original lapse from integrity and the benefits accruing from Redemption and Justification through grace can be properly understood. The true idea of manhood is based upon the true idea of life. Educational training demands that the end of existence be definitely understood and the natural in man be each fully appreciated. We must never forget, that we are not only human but also Christian, and that therefore the aim of education is the formation of man according to Christian ideas. It is the development of the Christian in man. Philosophy gives us the unity in education. We must have harmony in life and since religion is a necessity to our nature we cannot separate one from the other.

No training of teachers can be complete without correct principles of philosophy and psychology and Christianity alone can give these principles. Our teachers should be thoroughly grounded in them. Teachers are not developed by intuition; they are not fitted by mere vocation; they come to their place in work through the hard labor of patient study and careful training. They need to be familiarized with the history of education as presented by all sections of the world of thought. They need particularly the history of the science they have to teach; they should be in touch with all parts of it. The teacher in the Catholic school should, above all, be thoroughly indoctrinated with the idea that the only true education is according to the Catholic ideal. He should understand thoroughly the reason of difference between the Catholic and non-Catholic systems of education, be thoroughly convinced that the Catholic system of intellectual and moral training alone can give that strength and power to character which makes true education.

Then again, there is the grading of schools by which work is consolidated, one piece fitting into another, one part adjusted to another, and all building according to a certain general well-defined plan. This creates competition; it develops comparison of education the necessity to have each part of the work equally well done. All this demands method and method is improved by training. After all, no matter how much we may seek for reasons by which to explain the educational facts we have noted, the chief reason with which we have to concern ourselves is that the work of education depends on the training of teachers. The teacher makes the school, the teacher is the school. Cardinal Newman had a favorite expression, "Give us universities in tents or shanties, but give us teachers." Without the teacher, buildings are of little account. You may have well-selected libraries, handsomely equipped laboratories, extensive buildings, but if you have not well-prepared teachers in them, you will never reach the honor mark in education. The teacher is one of the most potent factors in our modern life. The demand for skilled labor, the necessity for well informed minds in every department of activity, grows greater and greater and the teacher becomes the instrument by which mind is trained, knowledge acquired and skill is developed.

The teacher's vocation calls for the best training possible. It asks that opportunities be given him in all professions to become not only thoroughly familiar with what he has to teach, but equally familiar with the best methods of teaching it. There are other disadvantages in the training of teachers which may be noticed. There is the everlasting faddist with his whims and caprices interjecting himself into all the methods of instruction; he is full of belief in himself and is constantly liable to change. There is the experimentalist, ever asking for the testing of some new plan either in book or exercise, constantly exposing the pupils to the uncertainties as to what they are afterwards to use as the best in methods; full of theories, he is constantly changing methods only to find that what was adopted yesterday must be superseded by what he finds to-day. Experimentalism is necessary as a test of methods, but there is no experimentalism in education. But the modern experimentalist is not satisfied to be limited by methods, but seems to drift largely towards his own peculiar views as to the influence of cer-

AN OLD MAN'S IDEA.

The insuring of one's life is one of those things which one is most apt to put off. There are few, however, who postpone what ought to be the inevitable until so late a period in life as did the tough old smack-owner of Grimby. When he presented himself at the insurance office he was naturally asked his age. His reply was "Ninety-four." "Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the Company. "Why not?" he demanded. "Why, you are ninety-four years of age." "What of that?" the old man cried. "Look at statistics, and they will tell you that fewer men die at ninety-four than at any other age."—Business Illustrated.

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Father Hartmann, the young Franciscan monk-composer, received from three productions of his great oratorio, "St. Francis," the sum of \$12,000. He gave the money to charity and will so dispose of the receipts of all his concerts.

AN AGED PRELATE.

Venerable Archbishop Murphy of Hobart, Tasmania, was 87 years old on June 15, having been born on the day the battle of Waterloo was fought. A large deputation of the leading Catholics of Hobart feted him on his birthday, presenting, besides a pleasant address, a substantial souvenir of the occasion.

Qualification of the Catholic Teacher.

In the address which he delivered before the recent convention of Catholic educationists in Chicago, the Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University, Washington, said in part:—

Teaching has become a profession, with a standard of character and ability, second to no other. We are at the moment when there is a quality demanded in the teacher which cannot be acquired by mere habit or ordinary experience. It calls for a fitting for the work commensurate with its importance, and the acquisition of learning and a high grade of scholarship, as well as the use of the best methods, will alone reach the end required. The competition among candidates is so strong and the tendency towards meritorious standards is so great that people are anxious to spend time and money in obtaining that education which will best fit them to honor their profession.

Then again, the question of method has been placed in the fore-rank of qualifications for successful work. Familiarity with the means by which successful teachers reach great results, the clearer definition of principles, the surer means of imparting knowledge, the application of it in the school-room, all these speak of method and require method. The iron laws of business are being applied to education. Everything is done by system, everything is in order and the largest share of benefits comes to the largest number.

Then again, there is the grading of schools by which work is consolidated, one piece fitting into another, one part adjusted to another, and all building according to a certain general well-defined plan. This creates competition; it develops comparison of education the necessity to have each part of the work equally well done. All this demands method and method is improved by training. After all, no matter how much we may seek for reasons by which to explain the educational facts we have noted, the chief reason with which we have to concern ourselves is that the work of education depends on the training of teachers. The teacher makes the school, the teacher is the school. Cardinal Newman had a favorite expression, "Give us universities in tents or shanties, but give us teachers." Without the teacher, buildings are of little account. You may have well-selected libraries, handsomely equipped laboratories, extensive buildings, but if you have not well-prepared teachers in them, you will never reach the honor mark in education. The teacher is one of the most potent factors in our modern life. The demand for skilled labor, the necessity for well informed minds in every department of activity, grows greater and greater and the teacher becomes the instrument by which mind is trained, knowledge acquired and skill is developed.

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SURPRISE

SURPRISE SOAP

is SOAP

Pure Hard Soap.

SURPRISE

Household Notes.

ABOUT PEACHES.—Peaches are in their prime this month, and surely this is one of the fruits that find favor in many a household. It is a fruit that makes a good beginning of breakfast or is a satisfactory ending to the evening meal.

Here are some tempting dishes to show the possibilities of the peach:—
Peach Bavarian Cream.—Ten fresh peaches, half a pint of cold water, one pint of cream, half a box of gelatine.

Cover the gelatine with cold water and let it soak for one hour. If canned peaches, one pint are used; they may be pressed through a colander but if the fresh fruit is used it should be first stewed and sweetened. Place the gelatine over boiling water until dissolved. Whip the cream. Add the gelatine to the fruit, mix and turn into a large bowl; place this in a pan of cracked ice and beat until it begins to thicken. Then add the whipped cream, stir carefully until well mixed; turn into a wet mould and set it in a cold place to stiffen; turn out and garnish with whipped cream.

Peach Fritters.—Either the fresh or canned peaches may be used. They should be cooked in deep fat, which should be hot enough to brown a small piece of bread in fifty seconds.

Fresh or canned peaches, rum or brandy, sugar, grated lemon peel. Peel, stone and halve the peaches. Sprinkle well with sugar, rum and grated lemon peel. Let them stand for ten minutes. To make the batter, take one tablespoonful of olive oil, one or two tablespoonfuls of rum or brandy and a little cold water. The rum or brandy may be omitted if preferred, substituting lemon juice, wine or fruit juice.

Mix the yolks with the flour, then add the oil and liquor, thin with water to the consistency of thick cream. Add the white of the eggs, beaten to a very stiff froth. Dip the fruit in this and fry in the hot lard. The batter should be thick enough to coat the fruit thoroughly. Cook the peaches piece by piece. When golden brown place on brown paper and keep them warm in the oven, and let them dry. Soft powdered sugar over them and serve hot.

Simple Peach Pudding.—Line a deep glass dish with thick slices of sponge cake, soaked in sherry. Then fill the dish with fresh peaches, peeled and sliced and well sprinkled with sugar. Pile whipped cream on the top. Stand on the ice to become very cold before serving.

Peach Ice Cream.—Use one generous pint of ripe peaches, peeled, mashed and strained; quarter of a teaspoonful of almond extract; one quart of cream; a cup and a half of sugar.

Mix the strained peaches and sugar together; add the cream, a quarter of it at a time, mixing thoroughly. Last add the almond extract and freeze.

Peach Cream Pudding.—One quart of pared and sliced peaches, three eggs, one pint of milk, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, salt spoonful of salt, generous half teaspoonful extract of vanilla.

Heat the milk in a double boiler. Beat the eggs, sugar, flour and salt well together. Pour a little of the hot milk on this mixture. When well blended return all to the double boiler. Let it cook about ten minutes, stirring frequently. Remove it from the fire, strain into a bowl, add the vanilla and set away to cool.

Place the peaches in a deep dish and when the cream mixture becomes cool mix together and set in the refrigerator for three hours or more to chill it thoroughly.

BIG BANANAS.—It comes natural to everyone to get "as much as he can for his money," but in endeavoring to do so he is often led astray. The biggest is not always the

best, and this applies even to such a common thing as the fruit sold in shops and streets.

A London dealer who has handled tons of fruit said recently:—"It is often amusing to see men, women, and children picking out, as they believe, the choicest fruit at the shops and off barrows. If there are half a dozen big oranges within sight they will have them, even if it is necessary to overturn all other varieties that are sold by the piece or dozen."

"They invariably get the poorest specimens of the whole lot, and yet are not aware of it. It is only rarely you find a person who is a good judge, and he will at once size up the heaviest oranges, lemons, or bananas, regardless of size, and gets the choicest fruit."

HINTS.—Flour sprinkled on burning oil will at once extinguish the flames.

Don't use butter for frying purposes. It decomposes, and is unwholesome.

Equal parts of vinegar and paraffin oil make a better polish for a piano than any furniture cream.

Stained knives may be cleaned by dipping a raw potato into brick-dust and scouring them with it.

A sponge should never be used unless it be sweet and clean. After washing it, dry in the air and sunshine.

A few drops of ammonia to a pint of water sprinkled on the roots of house plants will produce an abundant growth.

In bottling pickles boil the corks, and while hot you can press them in the bottles, and when cold they are sealed tightly.

Hint for an Emergency.—In a case of choking, instantly put your finger into the throat and feel if the substance be within reach. If it be food, force it down, and thus liberate the breathing. Should it be a hard substance, endeavor to hook it out. If this is impossible, tickle the throat with the finger or a feather, to promote vomiting.

To Restore Colors.—Alum water will restore almost all faded colors. Brush the faded article thoroughly to free it from dust, cover it with a layer of Castile soap, rinse with clear water, and then with alum water, and the color will be usually much brighter than before.

Stair and room carpets should be swept with a wet stiff broom. This will prevent the dust rising, and cause the carpets to look fresher and brighter than when done with tea-leaves.

Keep butter cool in hot weather by putting it in a small basin and standing it in a large bowl of water. Then cover the butter with a piece of muslin, letting the four corners just touch the water underneath.

A refreshing drink which is very beneficial to the health.—Peel one lemon, removing all skin and pips; the juice of this, with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a pint and a half of boiling water; sugar it to taste.

Savory Haddock.—Take a nice fresh haddock, clean it well, and curve in a dish back downwards. Then have some onions boiled and chopped finely with a little sage and bread crumbs. Season to taste. Fill the inside of the fish with the onions, and bake with a little good dripping, basting well until nicely browned. Serve very hot.

When God wished to create a dwelling place for angels, he spread out beneath them the vault of the heavens; and when he wished to create a dwelling place for himself, he formed the heart of man. Our churches, which he is pleased to consider his temples, are for him but a place of waiting; the goal to which he aims is, our heart.—Mgr. de la Boullerie.

How can we wish to be a Christian without desiring to unite ourselves with him who is the author and finisher of our faith.—Mgr. de la Boullerie.

Notes for Farmers.

ABOUT SEEDS.—There are many seeds that the farmer should save for himself every year. His sweet corn from the earliest ears to mature, and his field corn from the most perfect ears, straight rows and well-filled tips he can find, and, if possible from stalks that have two or more ears, to induce the habit of twin-bearing stalks. These should be thoroughly dried and kept dry until wanted for planting. Rows of peas and beans should be saved expressly for seed, and not the seed taken from those that are left after picking for market. We have even left the first that set ripen for seed and picked them dry while picking others for table use. This we did to insure early maturity in the next crop. Cucumber, pepper, tomato, squash, pumpkin and melon, we saved seed from some of the best, if not the earliest, on the plants, and if we cared to save the beet, carrot, turnip, cabbage or onion seed, we saved the best we had to set out in the spring for seed. The lettuce and radish go to seed the same year if left long enough.

SOIL that is made deep and rich by being subsoiled and plentifully supplied with decaying vegetable matter, will give a far more profitable return than where a relatively large quantity of commercial fertilizer is used on land lacking a liberal supply of humus.

The thoughtful farmer will see many places upon the farm which he can greatly improve if he really desires to do so. He need not be told when or where improvements can be made. Such opportunities naturally present themselves to the industrious and ambitious farmer. He can see them at a glance and usually starts to improve them at the first opportunity.

CHEESE.—There is little doubt but that the method of buying has a great deal to do in keeping in operation so many poor and badly-equipped factories. Factory representatives meet at certain centres and offer their cheese, by the call system, to the highest bidder. To this plan there need to be no objection as it is supposed to give every factory a chance to dispose of its output at its market value. But it does not always work out so. And at most of these local markets, very little distinction is made by the buyer in the price he offers for cheese from the best factory and for that from the poor one.

WHEY FEED.—The Wisconsin Experiment Station has found that good sweet whey is worth seven cents for 100 pounds as a pork-making food. Where it is fed at the factory there is no reason why it should not be in a sweet, good condition. It takes about 20,000 pounds of milk to make a ton of cheese. This would leave 18,000 pounds of whey, measured by the Wisconsin standard of seven cents a cwt., it should be worth \$12.60. Modern feeding science has proved that if fed in conjunction with middlings and corn meal, the whey can be increased in value to ten cents for 100 pounds, or \$18. All this would come to the patrons themselves if they were only wise enough to co-operate in pig-feeding as well as cheese-making; that is, furnish the pigs, put up pens, feed the whey at the factory, sell the pork and divide the receipts as they do the sales of cheese.

FRUIT-GROWING requires more head-work than most branches of agriculture. The farmer must understand how to raise fancy fruits and how to sell them. If he can't do either he must fail. It is no novice's work to raise fine fruits. There must be skill and experience, a knowledge of varieties and species and a spirit of enthusiasm which makes one strive for the highest. Brains and labor combined never counted for more than to-day on the fruit farm. The man who possesses the ability and push to raise fine fruits is in a fair way to make something more than a good living.

LIVE STOCK.—The culling of poultry should begin now. The old hens that are not wanted as breeders or for hatching chickens should be sold before they begin moulting, and there is no better time than when they begin to become broody. Where there is plenty of clover grown on the farm this will make a desirable kind of feed early and also

as a second crop. Wherever alfalfa will flourish, furnishing as it does several cuttings during the season, this must be of the greatest benefit to the dairyman as a green food for the cows.

The experiments made in recent years in feeding lambs have gradually demonstrated that there is considerable money in the work, provided one follows the best methods. The chief gain in weight of all live stock is when they are young, and consequently every pound of food given to them more than yields an equivalent in bone and flesh. After the first year the gain is much slower, and the profits are smaller. It pays, consequently, to raise lambs for market, and sell them when they cease to make the gains which pay.

The ultimate end of the hog is the block. Thus the perfect or ideal hog is the one which most nearly meets the demands of the consumer. The butcher's preference is almost solely controlled by the demands of the market. All markets do not demand the same kind of hogs. In some, the bacon hog, so named because of its long, deep side, is preferred; while in others the fat or lard hog is the most popular, especially where the demand is for hams, broad loins and fat backs. Thus in forming an opinion as to the best type of swine to breed, it is well to keep the requirements of these two markets in mind. They have established for us two very distinct market classes of hogs, the fat hog and the bacon hog.

CARING FOR TEETH.

"Americans are rapidly being educated into the front rank of people who care for their teeth," said the dentist who believes in distracting the patient's attention by steady conversation.

Then his drill touched a nerve, or went mighty near to one, and the victim went, "Yow! Yow! Yow!" "Yes, sir," continued the dentist, "no people are taking better care of their teeth to-day than we Americans. There was a time when the business man was too busy to have his teeth filled—paid no attention to them until pain drove him to an 'extractor.' Now there is hardly a large office building without its dentist, and the busiest man can steal a few moments before luncheon or knock off half an hour earlier in the evening, and the job is done."

"I have some men who have turned their mouths over to me under a sort of yearly contract. I'm to keep their teeth in good shape and they pay for the work by the year. I know the exact condition of the mouth, and can tell just how often to send for them. I send them an appointment, and unless I hear to the contrary expect them at the hour. They usually manage to come. It takes but little time and it will be a great satisfaction to them in their old age."

TWO CHAPELS NOW.

In connection with the new city prison in New York, now in process of erection on the site of the old Tombs building, there are to be two chapels, one for Catholics and one for Protestants.

THE CAPUCHIN ORDER.

Statistics of the Capuchin Order recently published in Europe show that it has a total of 584 houses, conducts 154 hospices, has 61 houses for novices and is in charge of 85 colleges.

Business Cards

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Society Directory.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-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 Flynn, President, 15 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. Meeting are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Miss Annie Donovan, president; Mrs. Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Kavanaugh, recording secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, Treasurer; Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1866, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of each month. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President; Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Seignours and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, Secretary.

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 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 Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Conigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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EPISCOPAL
If the English-speaking but interests, they would soon prefer Catholic papers in their work.

NOTES

HOME FOR SPINSTER are various kinds of phil and we often wonder at ideas manifested by some persons in the distribution means. We are inclined to believe that a man's wealth to a certain extent a certain category of people exclusion of all others; but remember that if each of world's eminently rich men assist one special object, would be that almost every object would have its own. We are told of a special which spinsters happen to of a liberal benefaction. It is this:—

In Sweden and Norway several homes for spinsters these at least is as attractive as it is unique. It is a monument of a wealthy old man dying more than 200 years ago the major part of his fortune old maids among his descendants. A superb home was built, furnished and managed by salaried unmarried women who blood relationship to the of the institution is an admission to the home. Such a suite of rooms, a service meals and is subject to none such as ordinary good b. mans.

Now, we are seriously applaud this action of a gentleman in question. It is a mean one, for people the unmarried lady vanced in years. But perhaps reflect that the majority are such because they are lives to duty. How many have not grown old in single blessedness while the chances that came their order to devote their lives parents, to younger members family, or to some grand mission? There are sacredly by women, the details inner life, if they were kish a halo of glory around names. It is only the thoughtless who imagine man's sole ambition in life a husband. The truly good truly good know otherwise appreciate the lives of those who have given their whole to some grand object or filment of some sacred duty.

HELPING YOUNG MEN noble deed to assist the man who is deserving and grander eulogy could be public man than that which obtained in these few words clip from a contemporary. "Perhaps no public man has produced more to the ambitious youth than Senator McMillan, of Michigan. In support of the above organ says:—

"The senator showed time," says a newspaper ent, "a list of at least men in Detroit whom he had in life by advancing from thousand dollars. Few ever paid him back, perhaps used to say 'What do I care \$10,000,000 and if only 10 young men whom I starve proves worthy, I consider paid.'"

"Any young man who Senator McMillan's offices played ability was bound I know a young man who there 25 years ago as an clerk and who is now worth 600,000. Senator McMillan's his ability, and every one