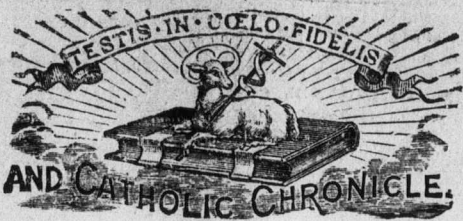


WOMEN'S SOCIETY.—Established 1856, incorporated 1864. Meets in Fall, 92 St. Alexander Street, first Monday of the month. Meets last Wednesday of each month. Officers: Rev. Director, P.P. President, Justice C. J. Doherty; E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Curran, B.C.L.; Treas., J. Green, Correspondent, John Cahill, Secretary, T. P. Taussey.

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Assemblée Legislative

The True



Witness

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AN ORANGEMAN'S VIEW.—Recently Mr. William Galbraith, wholesale merchant of this city, paid a visit to Ireland, and on his return he gave expression to his views concerning the situation in the Old Land. In the "Daily Witness" of the 31st of August, he tells what he thinks regarding the future prospects of the country under the new legislation. Mr. Galbraith takes special pains to have it known that he "did not for a moment appear in the guise of a firebrand or a bigot." To all who are unacquainted with the gentleman this assurance would be unnecessary, for his remarks, while indicating strong religious prejudices are far more careful and rational, than might have been expected from him. And to all who know him as a leading spirit in Canadian Orangism, certainly the qualifying passage as to his spirit in these matters would not be needed. It is, then, evident that he wished to gain a little credit for himself, both by posing as an unprejudiced person and by heaping on the shoulders of Justin McCarthy aught that he had to say against the Catholic Church, and to appear as a most impartial observer. We are exceedingly pleased to find, by what this gentleman has said, that there are strong hopes for a united Ireland—even were Home Rule granted to-morrow. In dealing with the Land Bill and in calculating its effects Mr. Galbraith made use of some very significant language; the more so when we consider the source whence it comes. He said, for example, (as reported by the "Witness")—

"Mark, he will not admit that the measure will bring in the millennium, but he thinks that if opportunity be taken by the hand, if the south and west are as alert as the north is to take advantage of what the measure gives and means, then we might look for a regenerated Ireland."
And in closing the report the "Witness" again says:—
"Could all sections unite for the promotion of the industrial prosperity of the country it would be a happy change. At the same time, he looked forward to the operation of the land bill with much hope of good."
To say the least, these expressions convey the idea of a possibility of the Land Bill doing great good and of Ireland's future being secured; a year ago we doubt if Mr. Galbraith would have admitted anything of the kind. Now comes something still more significant. He is made to say in the report:—
"In Ulster while there was opposition to the measure at first, and suspicion as to the ulterior motive, you had in Ulster shrewd men who, at once prepared to take advantage of the provisions of the measure. And this was like Ulster and accounted for her prosperity. She was loyal to British connection; she would fight to the last ditch to maintain it; at the same time, she was practical, and she took advantage of every opportunity of betterment."
Exactly; and may we not naturally and logically conclude from this that Ulster, the Protestant, the very Orange section of Ireland, which opposed the measure for a sentimental reason, and accepted it and benefited by it for a practical reason later on, will do exactly the same thing in regard to the matter of Home Rule? Ulster will oppose it tooth and nail; Ulster is "loyal to British connection; she would fight to the last ditch to maintain it," but "at the same time she is practical" and she will be only too glad

of thought at the same time, that which he thinks himself and that which he thinks the ordinary may think on the subject he has in hand. He would like to give his own thoughts and conclusions, willing to assume full responsibility for them, but knowing that the ordinary would be held responsible by the conditions imposed by the approbation. If what he writes under such circumstances is found to be dull, timid, hesitating, non-committal and even stupid it is not at all surprising. The poor fellow is under the chronic embarrassment of feeling that when he calls himself an editor he means that he is only an amanuensis, and that what he says must chime with or flatter the notions and idiosyncrasies of another under whom his own personality is submerged."

Then having instanced the case of an editor who once appealed to Rome against a decision that had been given against him by his ordinary, and having received a reversal of that decision from Rome, the editor says: "Now an organ grinder could not make such an appeal. The conditions of his position make it inadvisable. He must content himself with going on with bated breath and supple knee hinges. Under such conditions it would be surprising indeed if he were anything else than dull, timid and a perfunctory editorial column stuffer."
Need we say that this view, taken of such a serious subject, is entirely at variance with the fundamental principle of Catholic journalism. There is no need of any lengthy refutation of the foregoing, in fact, it bears its refutation on its very face. The "bated breath," "supple knee hinges," "dull," "timid" and "perfunctory" editorials, the "chronic embarrassment," "amanuensis," "idiosyncrasies," and all such expressions, which dance through the article, are entirely unworthy of notice, and unworthy, above all, of the one who wrote them. We cannot speak for the general Catholic press, but we know of our own case, and we are confident that it may be taken as an illustration.

We have the honor and great advantage of the approval and confidence of our ordinary. As yet we have never had the experience of a single reproach, correction, or even hint that we were not perfectly exact, either in the editorial statements or the general articles, be they from contributors or other sources that we have published. While this is a legitimate cause for satisfaction to us, it is equally a source of confidence in our paper for our readers, and subscribers, advertisers and general friends. We say that not once, in all the past years, has the ordinary, whose approval is at the head of our columns, found it necessary to draw our attention to any line, or word, that was unsatisfactory to him. Yet we have written with a perfectly free hand. We have never had one line dictated to us by the ordinary, nor by any person representing him. We have treated all manner of subjects and have done so according to our own lights and our own free will. Where, then, does the subserviency come in? It may be asked, how is it that we have followed no rule, or order, or authority. We have never failed to follow the rule, the order, and the authority, as well as the teaching of the Catholic Church. Just as long as we have kept within the boundaries of Catholic doctrine, Catholic precept, Catholic principles, we have been free to range that field at will, to treat subjects as we please, and to express our thoughts in whatever language we felt inclined to use. So that the simple example of this one paper is a direct refutation of the statements contained in the article which we have quoted above.

Much injury can be done by the publication of criticisms such as we have just laid before our readers. Either an organ is Catholic, or it is not; if it is not, then we have no more to say about it. But if it is Catholic, it must conform to the teachings, principles and rules of the Church; and if it does not do so it has no longer a right to be called Catholic, while if it does do so, it has nothing to fear from any member of the Church's hierarchy—not from the Holy Father himself.

more serious lesson than the one drawn by the paper which publishes it. The paragraph reads:—

"Another president of the United States came nigh being added to the list of assassinated during the week. Thursday press statement had it that an attempt was made on the life of President Roosevelt the evening previous. The would-be assassin is deputed crazed because of the President's attitude toward union labor. Since the man is a plain farmer, he cannot be connected with any labor organization; nevertheless, it is unsafe to allow cranks to run at large."

Perfectly true that cranks should not be allowed to run at large; but if the various governments in the world undertook to lock up all the cranks within their respective jurisdiction there is no doubt they would need to convert the majority of their public buildings into prisons and asylums. The detection of a dangerous crank is no easy matter. As a rule, you have to wait until he is guilty of some act that indicates infallibly the character of his disposition and the tendency of his monomania; and, in nine cases out of ten, the information regarding him is obtained when it is too late. So that there is little to be gained by merely advocating the locking up of cranks and evil-minded people. But there is much to be gained by carefully studying the sources of such crankiness, if we may use such a term, and then by removing or diminishing the same. To our mind, these sources are very obvious. Faulty education, lack of religious teaching, and bad literature are three of them—and if these three could be removed we are confident that the day of the murderous and otherwise dangerous crank would soon be of the past. We, therefore, find ourselves obliged to come back to the same platform. We have always held, and we still maintain, that the Catholic Church is the only institution on earth to-day, whose principles, teachings and discipline are in accord with the requirements of the State, the needs of society, the well-being of citizens, the preservation of the home, and the salvation of individuals. And, as far as the State is concerned, its salvation lies in the respect for its authority that exists amongst the people. And no other institution is such a perfect embodiment of the idea of authority as is the Catholic Church; no other institution commands the faithful dependence and allegiance of so many hundreds of millions; no other institution inculcates so positively the grand principle of obedience to laws Divine and laws human, to authority Divine and authority human; no other institution is as exact in carrying out and inculcating the principle of "give to Caesar that which belongs to Caesar, and to God that which belongs to God." Hence, have we long since argued that States and their rulers will eventually have to depend on the Catholic Church for their security and permanency.

FROM HALL TO CELL.—It was Gerald Griffin who wrote that magnificent poem on the Sister of Charity:—
"She once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health,"
and in which he so graphically pictures the star in the social sky sheathing its beams of attractiveness in the folds of the grey habit of a Sister of Charity. We seem to see her, as:
"The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And feasts are forgotten for fasting and prayer."
How that pen-picture has awakened the admiration of thousands, and how frequently they who sneer at religion and associate its life with misery, isolation, melancholia, despondency, deep regrets and worldly disappointments, have called it the dream of a visionary. Yet our convent homes are peopled with thousands of just such ladies, with thousands whose lives of worldly pleasure, with all the allurements of station, wealth, and promise, have been freely and joyfully abandoned for the holier joys and the grander freedom

of unrestricted communion of the soul with God. An example of this has just come under our notice. The American press says that "a social sensation has been caused by the news that Miss Mary Tyler Sturgis, of St. Paul, Minn., has just entered the convent at Georgetown, D.C., becoming a Sister of the Visitation Order. Miss Sturgis has been popular in society, and was particularly noted for her conversational powers. Her wit and hearty, fun-loving spirit always insured the success of any social event in which she was interested, and her renunciation of the world will deeply move her hundreds of friends. She is the daughter of the late Gen. S. D. Sturgis, a veteran of the Civil War. Miss Sturgis was educated at the Maryville Convent of the Sacred Heart, in St. Louis."

This is an announcement that tallies with hundreds of others that might be published. It is not, then, a sad heart, nor blighted hopes, nor foolish love-disappointments, nor a spirit of melancholy that constitute the great motive power impelling so many rich, courted, happy and promising young ladies to renounce the world, all its glitter and pomp, and to go bury in a religious community the bloom of their youth. It is that grand voice of conscience, harkened to, through God's special grace—that voice called vocation—which dictates the path to be followed. And into the convent home such women carry their wit, their talents, their attractiveness, their social breeding, and their refinement. Hence it is that in all the world there are no such societies of true ladies as our Catholic sisterhoods.

CHURCH MUSIC.—About eight months ago we had a special correspondence on the subject of Church music, and especially the Gregorian chant, and we remember well the many favorable comments that were suggested by the observations of our then correspondent. Since the advent to the throne of Pope Pius X., it has been learned that one of his favorite studies—a real pastime for him—is music, that he is a master himself in that delightful art, that he has been the patron and protector of great musicians within the limits of his power, as Patriarch of Venice.

Now that the field of his activity embraces the entire world of Catholicity, it is not at all surprising that he should take upon himself the congenial task of championing the cause of sacred music.
We learn that in 1895, the Patriarch of Venice devoted his pastoral letter to the subject of Church music. He said therein: "Religious music must, through melody, incite the faithful to devotion, and it must possess these three qualities—holiness, artistic worthiness and universality. For this reason any light, trivial or theatrical music which, either through form or the manner of its performance could be designated as profane, must be forbidden in the churches." He urged that the music of the Church be combined in one system and not left to individual caprice. He believed that the highest qualities of Church music were to be found in the Gregorian chant.

Theatrical music was denounced by him as serving only to charm the senses. He called it "artificial in the solo numbers and sensational in the choruses." "It deserves," he said, "the reproach of Christ made to the money changers in the temple 'My house is the house of prayer, and ye have made it a den of thieves.'" He also condemned the pleasure of the senses as a criterion by which sacred things are to be judged, and denied that the people must have their ears tickled to attract them to the churches, "since they are more earnest and pious than one believes."

This is a mere synopsis of the principal points in that remarkable pastoral letter. We need not be surprised, if, as time goes on, the Holy Father should carry into practice, as Pope, and for the entire Church, the principles and theories that he laid down and advanced in 1895, when he had merely jurisdiction over the archdiocese of Venice. And if such be the case, we may hopefully look forward to healthy and permanent reforms in the matter of our Church music. In the entire pastoral he displayed a deep and abiding confidence in the faith of the people.

A SIXTH CENTENNIAL.—It is often that we speak of the Church and her unbroken line from

the days of Christ to our own time. We tell of the institutions of various kinds to which she has given birth, in the different centuries gone past. We rejoice in the story of the Middle Ages, with their monasteries, homes of learning, asylums, refuges, universities, and all that array of glorious establishments that served as a solid rampart against the barbarism that menaced the civilization of the world. But when we think of those olden institutions it is with the imaginary picture before our mental vision, and the ruined aisles and shattered columns of their departed glory before the eyes of our physical vision. It is not often that we read or hear of an institution celebrating its six hundredth anniversary, and to be as flourishing to-day as it has been at any time during the half dozen centuries of its existence. We conclude that the country which enjoys the benefits of such an institution must be and must have been intensely Catholic. Such is the case with St. Julian Hospital, of Antwerp, in Belgium, which celebrated, on the 15th of August last the six hundredth anniversary of its foundation. It has never been closed a single day or night during six centuries. Generation after generation of good Catholic Sisters have succeeded one another, the last generation as conspicuous for self-denial and heroic courage as the one that preceded it; or, rather, as silent about its Christ-like work and as hidden to the world in its sanctity as the one that preceded it.

St. Julian Hospital was established in Antwerp by Canon Tuckhart and Mother Ida Van der List, in August, 1303. They directed that all manner of diseases should be treated in it; that no one, should ever be refused admission; and that pilgrims and travellers should ever find in it a meal to eat and a bed upon which to sleep. A commentator says:—"Talk of your modern night refuge. Every modern charitable scheme is only a feeble imitation of an old Catholic work, done with less faith and more show, less self-denial and more self-seeking. Every hospital keeps the latch out at a street door of the building where every tramp is welcome to a warm meal."

St. Julian's, Antwerp, makes a special feature of its Good Friday public free meal. The average attendance each year is over eighteen hundred people. We are not surprised, however, that such an institution should have survived six centuries in Belgium—for Belgium is a land that has been faithful, through all vicissitudes to the Church, and the spirit of real Catholicity reigns in the hearts of its people and is and has ever been proof against all temptations—solid as the Rock of Ages.

LOCAL NOTES.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—The regular monthly meeting was held on September 8. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty presided. Feeling reference was made to the death of a member of the executive, Mr. Samuel Cross, and a resolution of condolence was ordered to be sent to Mrs. Cross and family.

A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club, to be held on Wednesday, September 30, when it is expected that the members of the parent Irish national society and their friends will attend in large numbers.

EMMET CELEBRATION.—The Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association has prepared an elaborate programme for the commemoration of the centenary of the death of the great Irish patriot, Robert Emmet. It will be held in the Monument National, on September 21.

We desire to call the attention of our readers in Montreal to the advertisement of the Association, in another column, giving fuller particulars. The efforts of the organization on such a memorable occasion should meet with enthusiastic support. In all the leading centres on this continent the memory of Emmet is being honored during this month.

S. T. A. & D. SOCIETY.—On the second Sunday of the month in St. Patrick's St. Alexander Street, after Vespers. Communion on the first Tuesday of every month. Rev. M. J. McPhail, President; W. P. Vice-President; J. No. Secretary, 716 St. An.

A. & B. SOCIETY.—863.—Rev. Director, McPhail, President, D. Sec., J. F. Quinn, Antiquary street; M. J. er, 18 St. Augustin on the second Sunday, in St. Ann's Young and Ottawa. 0 p.m.

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

AUXILIARY, Di-organized Oct. 10th, are held in St. 92 St. Alexander, day of each month the third Thursday, President, Miss An- Vice-president, Mrs. Recording-secretary, 51 Young street; Y. Miss Emma street; treasurer: Otte Bermingham; Father McGrath.

N NO. 6 meets on urch Thursdays of 16 St. Lawrence rs: W. H. Turner, al, Vice-President; Recording-Secretary, James r; Joseph Turner, Y, 1000 St. Denis

NADA, BRANCH 13th November, 16 meets at St. 92 St. Alexander, foday of each lar meetings for of business are and 4th Mondays 8 p.m. Spiritual Callaghan; Char-; President, P. J. P. J. McDonagh; as. J. Costigan; Feeley, Jr.; Medi- H. J. Harrison, and G. H. Merrill.

Archbishop Ryan's Golden Jubilee.

The following interesting sketch of the beloved prelate who presides over the archdiocese of Philadelphia, Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, D.D., who completed the fiftieth year of his ordination to the priesthood on Tuesday last, will, we are sure, be read with much interest by our readers.

Archbishop Ryan is one of the survivors of that distinguished group of Irish priests who came to the United States and to Canada, at a period which may be termed the Irish pioneer days. The perusal of the leading features of his life-work in the neighboring Republic, will no doubt recall the memory of our dear departed Irish priests who performed such noble service for our race in Montreal. The sketch is taken from "The Holy Family" of Philadelphia, Pa.

On September 8, Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, D.D., the beloved Archbishop of Philadelphia, will complete the fiftieth year of his ordination to the priesthood. On April 21, 1897, (Octave of the twenty-fifth anniversary), the Catholics of the archdiocese observed with great pomp and enthusiasm his Episcopal Silver Jubilee. Then, as now, the eloquent prelate refused to accept any public purse, feeling that as his spiritual children had responded so generously to his appeal for the Protectors, he did not wish to tax further their willing liberality. On the forthcoming observance of his Golden Jubilee he has simply requested the clergy and laity of the archdiocese to assist him in defraying the large expenditure incurred by the transferral of the orphans of St. Vincent's Home, who formerly were housed at Eighteenth and Wood streets, to new quarters purchased for them at Twentieth and Race streets. The object of the appeal of His Grace is one that will stir up the Catholic instinct and charity of the faithful of the archdiocese, and nobody will envy the extreme pleasure that will fill to overflowing the heart of the venerable prelate when he has provided for the little ones intrusted to his charge.

Archbishop Patrick John Ryan was born February 20, 1831, in the town of Thurles, County of Tipperary, Ireland. He passed the happy days of his childhood at his father's home in Cloneyharp, near Thurles, where the surroundings, rich in ruins and tradition, must have appealed to his youthful vivid imagination. We are told that, from his early years, he possessed a keen intellect and docile heart. These were days of great agitation in Ireland, when the nation, aroused from the lethargy of centuries, was led by Daniel O'Connell to demand its rights. Here in this part of the island the hills had echoed the words of the "Great Commoner," and Sheil, the brilliant orator, represented the county in the British Parliament, while the fervent muse of Davis paid tribute to the patriotism of its people.

"Twas vain to try with gold or steel. To shake the faith of Tipperary."

Patrick John Ryan's early education was received at the school of the Christian Brothers in his native town, and he began his classical studies at the school of Mr. Naughton in the parish of Rathmines, near Dublin. Even then he was a great admirer of Daniel O'Connell, and when the great Liberator was imprisoned in Richmond Bridewell, in 1844, he read a sympathetic address, in the name of his fellow-students, to O'Connell within his prison walls.

While pursuing his classical course, he evinced a strong desire to enter the ecclesiastical state, and following this marked bent, he entered Carlow College in 1847, as an affiliated student of the Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, then presiding over the diocese of St. Louis. Here he distinguished himself for his bright intellectual gifts, his mastery of rhetoric and his enchanting eloquence. To natural talents he added a fervent piety and strict regularity, and as the years proceeded, he received all the orders leading to the priesthood. He was ordained a priest on September 8, 1853, having received deaconship before leaving his native land. Previously to his ordination, he occupied the chair of

English literature in the Carondelet Theological Seminary. After his sacerdotal ordination, he labored in the Cathedral parish, and three years later was appointed rector of the Cathedral of St. Louis, where he performed ably the duties of that important position until 1860, when he was made rector of the Church of the Annunciation. In this new capacity he was called upon to erect a church and a parochial school.

At this juncture the Civil War broke out, and Archbishop Kenrick appointed Father Ryan to attend to the spiritual wants of the men imprisoned in the Gratiot Street Military Prison. He labored zealously among the Confederate prisoners during those fateful days of 1861, and it is said that 600 men were baptized by him. After serving at the Church of the Annunciation, Father Ryan was sent by his Ordinary to the Church of St. John the Evangelist, where he ministered to the necessities of his people until he was summoned to the archbishopric of Philadelphia in 1884. While he was at St. John's, he manifested great energy and prudence. He paid off, by strict economy, a debt of \$30,000, which had been a great burden on the parish since the time of its inception.

During his pastoral career at St. John's his fame as a pulpit orator extended far beyond the limits of the archdiocese of St. Louis, and he preached at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore a beautiful sermon on the "Sanctity of the Church," which was afterwards published in the memorial volume of that large Council. The New York University, in this same year, conferred upon him the degree of "Doctor of Laws," and twenty years later the University of Pennsylvania gave him the same compliment.

Father Ryan accompanied Archbishop Kenrick on a tour of Europe on the occasion of the eighteenth hundredth anniversary of the "Crucifixion of St. Peter in Rome." They passed a year abroad, visiting several of the continental countries, and during their sojourn in Rome Father Ryan preached, at the request of Pope Pius IX., the Lenten sermons in English. On his return to St. Louis, he was designated Vicar-General of the archdiocese, and later, when Archbishop Kenrick attended the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, he was appointed Administrator of the diocese. It is needless to add that he gave eminent satisfaction to both clergy and laity.

On account of the trying labor of his vast vineyard, the Archbishop was compelled to apply to Rome for a coadjutor, and the Supreme Pontiff acceded to his plea by appointing Father Ryan under the title of Bishop of Tricomia. He was consecrated Bishop in St. John's Church April 14, 1872.

Bishop Ryan now entered on the active duties of his position, and alleviated the work of his venerable superior in every possible way. He labored in season and out of season, laying corner-stones of new churches, administering confirmation and preaching in the cathedral not only on ordinary occasions, but also for numerous charitable purposes.

In the fall of 1883 Bishop Ryan attended in Rome the meeting of the American Bishops called by the Pope. It was then that he was elevated to the Archbishopric dignity under the title of Archbishop of Salamina. While in the Eternal City he gave an Advent discourse, which was greatly admired and translated into many languages.

We may justly refer to a few of his oratorical triumphs, while he was a resident of St. Louis. At the invitation of the Senators and representatives composing the Legislature of Missouri, he addressed a large and intelligent audience, in the Winter of 1871, on the "Arts and Sciences." In 1879, he delivered the dedicatory sermon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, at the solicitation of Cardinal McCloskey, and when this first of the American Cardinals was laid to rest, he pronounced an eloquent eulogy. When Archbishop Corrigan received the pallium, Bishop Ryan was selected to preach. Besides his fame as a sacred orator, he was as equally famous as a lecturer, and one of his grandest efforts on the platform was his able lecture, given in Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, December 16, 1877, on the very interesting subject, "What Catholics Do Not Believe." Of this superb effort, one who was present said: "It would be impossible to describe the impassioned gestures, the deep sonorous voice or the

sweet tones of supplication which enthralled the vast audience that listened to the words that fell from the speaker's lips, enunciated with melody and precision, each word like coins fresh from the mint, bearing its impress, clear and distinct."

In June, 1884, the Catholics of Philadelphia received the glad intelligence that Archbishop Ryan had been appointed by the Pope as Archbishop of Philadelphia. The diocese had been widowed for upwards of a year. The departure of the eloquent prelate from St. Louis, where he had labored for more than thirty years, was marked with the display of general emotion. Protestants and Catholics, all classes and creeds, united in tendering him a public reception, which he was reluctantly forced to decline. The clergy of the diocese gave him a farewell reception and banquet on the Sunday before his leaving, and voiced their sincere regret in an address replete with affection and good will.

On August 18, 1884, Archbishop Ryan bade farewell to the Mound City and departed for Philadelphia, the scene of his future labors. A leading secular newspaper, the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch," after commenting on his fruitful work, closed with these words: "This is the man that we have lost. Truly, it will be long before we see his like again." Once the train was within the limits of Pennsylvania, the new Archbishop received a hearty ovation at every stop, at Pittsburg, Harrisburg and Lancaster especially, but when he arrived at the Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, the scene beggared description. Shouts, cheers and acclamations mingled with the notes of the Catholic Church bells of the city. With the greatest difficulty the prelate was able to make his way to the carriage reserved for him. The Episcopal house on Eighteenth street was ablaze with lights, and the Archbishop was compelled, in response to repeated calls from the surging crowd, to make a brief but expressive speech.

On the next day, Archbishop Ryan was formally installed in the Cathedral before an immense audience composed of persons of all creeds. The late Vicar-General Walsh presided over the installation ceremonies, and among the prelates present were Archbishop (now Cardinal) Gibbons; Rt. Rev. Wm. O'Hara, of Scranton; Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, of Omaha; Rt. Rev. Thomas Becker, of Wilmington, and Very Rev. Dr. Horstmann, now Bishop of Cleveland. Bishop Jeremiah Shanahan, of Harrisburg, delivered an appropriate sermon. At the close of the ceremonies Archbishop Ryan spoke eloquently and impressively to both the clergy and laity. On the evening of Thursday, August 21, the conclusion of the welcome given the prelate took place, when 10,000 men, mainly members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, participated in a splendid torchlight procession in honor of their new spiritual ruler.

We are all well aware of the events which have made these nineteen years of his direction of Church affairs in Philadelphia memorable years in the life of Archbishop Ryan. His fame as a preacher was extended far and wide. In November, 1884, he dilated most eloquently and forcibly on the magnificent progress made by Catholicity in our country on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in the United States. When Cardinal Gibbons received the red hat and Cardinal Martinelli later was the recipient of the same honor, Archbishop Ryan was the orator. In 1888, when he made his decennial visit to Rome, he preached at the laying of the corner-stone of the National Irish Church, and made a powerful address to the Holy Father, Leo XIII., when he presented His Holiness with a copy of the Constitution of the United States, the gift of President Grover Cleveland.

The Archbishop has also been public-spirited, and when occasion demands, he is ever ready to advocate the cause of justice and fairness. Some years ago the Philadelphia Brigade entreated him to lecture for their benefit, and he responded nobly to their request, speaking to a vast audience in the Academy of Music on "Modern Civilization and the Dangers that Threaten It." He has spoken at a banquet of the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia and at a magnificent gathering of Catholics held in the Academy in honor of the anniversary of the discovery of America. At the time of the famine in

Russia, when the people of Philadelphia chartered an ocean steamer and had it laden with tons of provisions for the starving Russian subjects, he made by request an address that thrilled every soul in the large crowd assembled.

His wit is almost a household word, and few can equal him in apt sayings, humorous allusions and repartee.

We all remember the great strike of the trolley car employees when the city was agitated to its very depths. It seemed as if blood would have been shed, but acting as peacemaker the Archbishop averted all trouble by a tactful and earnest plea to the strikers. He captivated head and heart on this momentous occasion, and peace reigned once more in the agitated city.

The crowning labor of his life in Philadelphia has been the founding of the Catholic Protectors for Wayward Boys. Supported by the clergy and laity of the diocese, he accomplished his noble design, and he has done a work that will be of untold beneficence not only to this generation, but to generations yet unborn.

We cannot refer to the numerous beautiful churches and schools erected by him, and it is hardly necessary to call attention to the fine Catholic High School which, through the charity of Mr. Thomas Cahil, he has successfully established and carried on.

Philadelphia was "en fete" during Easter week of 1897, for it was the observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Archbishop Ryan's episcopal consecration. No celebration of an ecclesiastical nature was ever conceived or executed on such a scale of grandeur as this. It was the expression of Catholic allegiance to the head of the archdiocese and of outside appreciation of the man who had done so much for humanity and virtue.

On September 8, Archbishop Ryan will celebrate his golden jubilee in the priesthood. Before the assembled prelates and clergy of the Province of Philadelphia he will offer the Holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving for the long years given him to do great work for the Church. The hearts of his spiritual children will go out to him in unbounded love and increased reverence. The joybells will ring out their tones of gratulation, and the souls of all will devoutly respond to the "Susum Corda" of the Thanksgiving Mass of that day.

The Catholics of the archdiocese will enhance the gladness of the occasion by giving the venerable prelate all that he needs and that on which his heart is earnestly set—the necessary funds to wipe out the debt incurred by the purchase of the new buildings for the orphans.

May our venerable Archbishop be spared so many years, and may the gentle September breezes whisper to him the prayer of his loving children:—

"Ad Multos Annos!"

AN IRISH ARTIST.

Through the good offices of Cardinal Moran, the first order for a painting of Pope Pius X. has been given to an Irish artist. Mr. H. J. Thaddeus, one of the best known Irish painters of the day, is the one who was the happy recipient of that order. Already the fame of Thaddeus has gone abroad over Europe. He has produced some of the very finest and most masterly portraits of eminent personages, during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Amongst others may be mentioned Pope Pius IX., Leo XIII., Mr. Gladstone and several of the leading statesmen of Europe. Already the artist has made a couple of studies of his new subject. His method is to take a number of photographs of the Pope; then to study from these the general outlines; and, finally, to have personal sittings of the subject, in order to complete details of expression that cannot be procured from the mere photograph. It appears that both Pontiff and artist are highly delighted with each other. The other day, when the Pope had several engagements, he told the artist that he could only grant him half an hour. But he ended by having a two-sitting during which they kept up a lively conversation. The Pope naturally very witty, and Thaddeus would not be a clever Irishman were he devoid of humor; so the two congenial spirits made the moments fly in a most agreeable manner. The Pope expressed himself highly satisfied with the portrait that Thaddeus intends to have completed for Christmas. Thus it is that we find Irish genius coming to the front in all lands, and in Italy, the home of art, her sons take a foremost rank, as did Barry, Foley, Hogan, Maccliese, and others in the past.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Sept. 7.

THE SESSION.—There is no doubt that last week was a peculiar one in the Capital. The principal feature was the all-night sessions of the House of Commons. One of these protracted sittings lasted thirty-six hours. What for? Well, the Government has introduced its railway transportation policy, comprising the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme, and the Opposition claims that it has not furnished sufficient information of a reliable character whereon to base such a gigantic project. On the other hand, the leader of the Opposition has been very ill. But in his absence they did as much talking as they could, keeping the House in session from Thursday forenoon till nearly on Friday. It would be worse than useless to give any of the speeches or the matters touched upon. They were absolutely devoid of all interest. The scene, however, was quite amusing, and actually comical in some instances. Especially was it so about day-light on Friday, when the Hansard reporters gave out and the weary members slept, while the unfortunate one whose turn it was to keep up the debate, talked away to deaf ears and closed eyes. Finally, an arrangement was reached on Friday night, whereby it was agreed to let the Railway Bill stand over till Monday, 14th September, when it is expected that Hon. Mr. Borden will be able to be on hand. This week was to be utilized in clearing up small matters remaining. To expedite affairs it was decided to hold session on Labor Day. The House met at eleven in the forenoon, but before one o'clock was reached it was deemed well to adjourn till the following day, so no progress was made.

The week, so far, has been spent in discussing small bills, in passing some balances of the main estimates, and in promises of the Redistribution Bill being brought in. At this writing that important measure is not yet before the House, but it will probably be introduced by Thursday afternoon. Of course, that means another protracted discussion. And all this time the supplementary estimates have not come down. It is claimed that they have been increased gradually from five to nearly twenty-five millions. It can well be imagined how anxious many are to have this piece of legislation over. The local Government organ puts it thus:—

"The long session is making itself felt on the Government employees. The estimates containing the salaries fund have not been passed yet and now the civil servants and employees of the Government Printing Bureau are not being paid. The Bureau employees had their first experience today."

This refers to last Saturday. If Railway and Redistributions Bills estimates are not passed until the matters go on at this rate, and the are settled, there will be a good many employees who will have to borrow to keep a float. The only satisfaction is that the estimates must come some day or other.

RECEPTION TO MR. DEVLIN.—Another important event of last week was the reception given to Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P., for Galway, in the Imperial House, by the officers and members of the United Irish League, Ottawa branch. The hall was packed, with one of the most appreciative of audiences. An address was read to Mr. Devlin by Dr. Freeland, and in reply to the same, the speaker of the evening delivered an hour and a half lecture upon the situation in Ireland and the Land Bill in the passage of which he had taken part. At the close a vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. D'Arcy Scott, seconded by Senator Cloran. Mr. Devlin pointed out all the advantages of the Land Bill, and said that it would settle the "land question," but only that. He saw, however, in the situation fair promise of Home Rule coming, and that within a short time. He said, in closing, that he had sat as a member in the Canadian House of Commons; that he was now a member of the British House of Commons; and he hoped to live long enough to close his career as a member of an Irish Legislature in the old house on College Green. The audience was

most highly delighted with the lecture.

A NOTABLE EVENT.—Last week Rev. Father Dandurand, O.M.I., formerly Vicar-General of Ottawa, in the days of Mgr. Guiges, performed the marriage ceremony for Mr. H. Germain and Miss Loisselle, of Manitoba. In 1845 the same priest officiated at the marriage of Mr. Germain's grandfather, and in 1871 at that of his father. Thus in less than sixty years Father Dandurand married the three generations.

A SEVERE SHOCK OF earthquake was felt here on Friday evening last. It was especially felt at Rideauville on the other side of the Rideau River.

THE FINANCES of the city of Hull have got into such a tangled condition that the corporation is thinking about asking the Government to name a commission to look into the state of affairs and to try and devise some plan whereby this transpontine city may be rescued from a regular collapse.

A PASTORAL VISIT.—On Sunday last His Grace Archbishop Duhamel made his pastoral visit to the St. Jean Baptiste Church, which is under the charge of the Dominican Fathers. His Grace delivered a most powerful sermon at High Mass, and the reception accorded him was one that gives a very touching idea of the deep spirit of faith that prevails in that section of the city.

A PILGRIMAGE.—On last Sunday there was an extensive pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady at Rigaud. The C. P. R. Company furnished the cars, and over nine hundred pilgrims took part in the pious journey. The pilgrimage was organized by Rev. Father Labelle, of Aylmer, and Rev. Father Chartrand, of Bayswater. On the summit of the Rigaud mountain, at the shrine, Mass was celebrated, and a sermon in French, by Father Raymond, and one in English, by Rev. Sylvio Corbeil, of the Basilica, were preached. One pious Irish pilgrim said it reminded him of the Mass in the Galtee mountains, sixty odd years ago, in the Old Land. It was a most successful and pious event.

Notre Dame des Anges

The Congregation of the men of Ville-Marie celebrated on last Sunday their patronal feast, carried, for the occasion, from the Assumption to the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Rev. Mr. Lecoq, Superior of the Seminary, presided at both ceremonies, that of the morning and that of the evening. No more attractive and well attended ceremonial has the congregation ever held. All being back from their summer holidays, celebrated the close of their vacation, in unison, by going to the shrine of their special devotion and paying tribute to the Mother of God. All received Holy Communion, while Masses were being celebrated at three different altars at one time. A very eloquent sermon was preached by the Superior of Seminary. In the evening numerous delegations from the parishes of St. James, St. Henri, St. Bridget, and St. Louis de Franco, united with their brethren of Notre Dame. In the evening the sermon was preached by Rev. H. Gauthier, P.S.S., after which the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament took place. The organ was under the artistic hand of Mr. D. Dussault, and Mr. Henri Bertrand conducted the powerful and well-trained choir, which furnished a magnificent musical programme. An "Ave Verum," sung by Mr. Alfred Lamoureux, was specially admired. Before the "Tantum Ergo" the President of the Congregation, Mr. F. Froidevaux, accompanied by Messrs. E. Porcheron and Jacques Grenier, went up to the communion rail, holding tapers in their hands, and, in the name of all present, recited the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin. In a word, it was one of those delightful celebrations that touch the soul, kindle the faith, and leave long and lasting traces in the memories of all who either participated therein, or had the edifying advantage of being spectators.

A RUMOR.

The New York "Sun" is authority for the statement that Mgr. Mooney, Vicar-General of the New York archdiocese, has been chosen auxiliary Bishop of New York.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)



JOHN G. O'DONOGHUE, L.L.B.

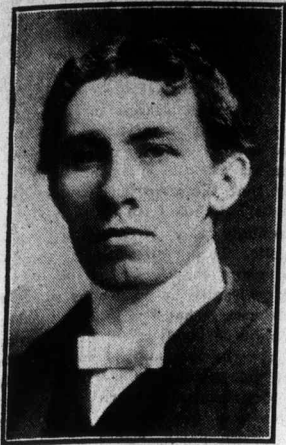
Mr. John G. O'Donoghue, eldest of a large and truly living in St. Patrick's Toronto. Of Irish and English descent he was born in 1871. He is the son of O'Donoghue, the well known "Wages" officer in the De Labor in connection with the distinction of being a representative elector of the Canadian Parliament. Mr. G. O'Donoghue entered with the advantage afforded by an energetic and able father; he had a courage of a bright pathetic mother. The gun in Ottawa was content Catholic schools of Toronto 1889 he graduated from High School with the honing off the gold medal proficiency. The follow entered the office of Mowat, the then Premier; two years later he pointed secretary to the of the High Court of Justice decided upon law as a sion, he applied himself assiduity to the work that graduated from Trinity with first-class honors he him the gold medal in a his degree of bachelor of In 1901 he graduated from University with the degree of Laws, and was awarded highest prize in the gift of tutian for obtaining the aggregate standing at the tion. In the same year he from the civil service to tie of law in Toronto. on "Copyright in its Con and International Aspects ready been widely and commented upon; already known to the ranks of the and Labor party, so it is rising to hear that in 19 invited to Berlin to ad Trades and Labor Cong "Laws and Legislation." wards acted as legal advisor executive of this body before minion Government, and in capacity for the Ontario fore the Ontario Government has since acted as counsel all labor litigation in courts. In one case that Metallic Roofing Company ads, he succeeded in obtaining most important decision, of which is that no union sued and its funds are there remembering the Taff Vale which the Miners' Federation land had to pay \$2,500, verdict against it, the impo Mr. O'Donoghue's work in ntion can easily be recog Mr. O'Donoghue is an effective speaker, and his talents as a debater are er often in demand in ties of the city and elsewhere also a willing and energetic in anything tending to the ment of the parish in which and of the choir he is a reg active member.

Mr. O'Donoghue has not yet the ranks of the Benedictines, he chooses to do so we may his future, remembering that "a good son and brother ways makes a good husband."

A SILVER JUBILEE.—The of Toronto have during the

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)



JOHN G. O'DONOGHUE, B.C.L., L.L.B.

Mr. John G. O'Donoghue is the eldest of a large and talented family living in St. Patrick's parish, Toronto. Of Irish and French parentage he was born in Ottawa in 1871. He is the son of Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, the well known "Fair Wages" officer in the Department of Labor in connection with the Dominion Government, who in 1874 had the distinction of being the first labor representative elected to any Canadian Parliament. Thus Mr. John G. O'Donoghue entered upon life with the advantage afforded by the example of an energetic and intelligent father; he had also the encouragement of a bright and sympathetic mother. The education begun in Ottawa was continued in the Catholic schools of Toronto, and in 1889 he graduated from De La Salle High School with the honor of carrying off the gold medal for general proficiency. The following year he entered the office of Sir Oliver Mowat, the then Premier of Ontario; two years later he was appointed secretary to the judges of the High Court of Justice. Having decided upon law as his profession, he applied himself with such assiduity to the work that when he graduated from Trinity University with first-class honors he took with him the gold medal in addition to his degree of bachelor of civil law. In 1901 he graduated from Toronto University with the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and was awarded the highest prize in the gift of the institution for obtaining the greatest aggregate standing at the examination. In the same year he resigned from the civil service to begin practice of law in Toronto. His thesis on "Copyright in its Constitutional and International Aspects" had already been widely and favorably commented upon; already too he was known to the ranks of the Trades and Labor party, so it is not surprising to hear that in 1902 he was invited to Berlin to address the Trades and Labor Congress upon "Laws and Legislation." He afterwards acted as legal adviser to the executive of this body before the Dominion Government, and in the same capacity for the Ontario Branch before the Ontario Government. He has since acted as counsel in almost all labor litigation in Ontario courts. In one case that of the Metallic Roofing Company of Canada, he succeeded in obtaining a most important decision, the result of which is that no union can be sued and its funds are therefore safe; remembering the Taff Vale case in which the Miners' Federation of England had to pay \$2,500,000 on a verdict against it, the importance of Mr. O'Donoghue's work in this connection can easily be recognized. Mr. O'Donoghue is an effective and pleasing speaker, and his services and talents as a debater and lecturer are often in demand in the societies of the city and elsewhere. He is also a willing and energetic worker in anything tending to the advancement of the parish in which he lives, and of the choir he is a regular and active member. Mr. O'Donoghue has not yet joined the ranks of the Benedictines, but if he chooses to do so we may presage his future, remembering the adage that "a good son and brother always makes a good husband."

A SILVER JUBILEE.—The people of Toronto have during the past

week been joined with the people of Oakville in celebrating the silver jubilee of their pastor, Rev. Father Frank O'Reilly. Oakville had a double event to solemnize on September 1st, on which date the renewal of the mission preached by Rev. Father Urban, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, came to a close, and at the same time the 25th anniversary of the elevation to the priesthood of their rev. pastor took place. Father O'Reilly is remembered by all interested in Irish affairs from the fact that when the Irish Race Convention, called at the suggestion of the late Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, was held in Dublin in 1896, and Canada sent her representatives, Father O'Reilly was amongst those chosen. Afterwards when these delegates returned and received a welcome from the Canadian people in Toronto, Father O'Reilly was with them and from that moment at least has had many friends in the Queen City.

It seems that the Rev. Father had not intended giving any particular prominence to the event of his jubilee outside its religious aspect, but Father Urban in ending his mission referred to the event and the parishioners and friends of Father O'Reilly were only too ready to avail themselves of the information and hastened to congratulate the much loved priest. The congregation of Oakville with friends from Milton, London, Hamilton, Ottawa and Toronto waited upon the jubilarian; telegrams of congratulation were received from many outside places; the Mayor of the place, who is not a Catholic, presented a cane; presents in silver were given from the ladies of the congregation and Sodality and by Mr. and Mrs. Rose and Mr. John Heney; the C.M.B.A. also remembered him. The congregations of St. Andrew and Oakville and St. John of Milton, presented each a purse of gold and an address.

As Father O'Reilly is only now in his prime—he was born in 1854—there is every probability that the wish of the many friends will be answered, and that he will live to enjoy a happy golden jubilee.

MORE EDUCATION FOR BOYS.

The fact that our Catholic children, but more especially our boys, are being taken from school at too young an age, is imprinting itself more and more deeply upon the minds of those who have their interest at heart. A week ago we heard an entire sermon devoted to the subject, again on Sunday last Rev. Father Williams, of St. Mary's Church, of this city, made some pungent remarks on the subject. St. Mary's is the largest congregation in the city, and as a consequence, the words of the Rev. Father should have a widespread effect. He condemned most strongly the custom now so prevalent of taking the children from school the moment they had attained their 14th year. Parents, he said, seem to be waiting for the moment that the child is fourteen years of age, and the attaining of this seems the same as obtaining a diploma from a first-class university for at that moment all education ceases, this too for the sake of the paltry dollar or two that the children, especially the boys, may earn weekly. And then Catholics wonder why their sons are so often at the foot of the ladder.

Father Williams reminded his hearers that parents had a great responsibility in this matter, and should one day have to give an account of their stewardship in this regard.

ST. MARY'S MALE CHOIR.

For some time past the music of the Mass and Vespers has been sung in this Church altogether by men and boys; this has been and still is something of an experiment. The re-introduction of Plain Chant has been tried in most of our churches, but it is only in St. Mary's that the sopranos and altos have been altogether dispensed with; opinion differs as to results. Plain Chant is perhaps not so suited to the higher voices as to bass and baritone, yet it would seem that even here great practise is required before the grand music can be given those qualities that make it pleasing to the ordinary ear. At St. Mary's the choir sings well; with the time and tune no complaint can be made yet the modulations, the beautiful roundings of the separate notes, the abandon heard in the male choirs of Lower Canada are altogether wanting. I have noticed other instances. How does it come? Is it that the tongue and other vocal organs of the habitual speaker of French add something to the enunciation and voice that the vocal organs of the English are incapable of? It would seem so.

LABOR DAY PROCESSION.

Never did Toronto seem so veritable a beehive as on Monday last when her 250,000 citizens augmented by thousands from other parts of the

Dominion and the States united in honoring the cause of labor. For hours the people lined her thoroughfares patiently awaiting the great procession; for miles along Yonge, Queen, Spadina and other streets of the route the banks of humanity made themselves a solid and very enthusiastic guard of honor, and when at length the procession appeared words of praise and looks of pride greeted it on every side; for about an hour and a half one could stand at a given point, and still see the serpentine lengths go flying by; each union as it passed was preceded by banner and band, and distinguished by uniform or other device; the many ornamented vans in which the different handicrafts were piled were admired and favorably commented upon; the bakers, printers and plumbers were particularly fine, but far and beyond all others in glory of color and richness of apparatus were our city firemen. These in their high helmet, smart coat of scarlet with light blue facings and altogether military appearance made a gallant show; away in the distance their column apparently a quarter of a mile in length appeared a perfect forest of waving flags and shining reels and ladders. The beautiful horses with feathered coronets for the occasion were objects of special remark. The morale of the procession, and indeed of the day in Toronto is that unionism is every day becoming stronger; the motto on the face of many of the beautiful banners is being acted in the daily life of our citizens "in union there is strength."

THE "DARK AGES."

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It was Protestantism that first applied to that period known as the Middle Ages, the term "dark." It did so through a spirit of prejudice against the Catholic institutions that flourished so grandly in those remote times, and it had equally in view the misrepresentation of the grand institution for the destruction of which it had come into existence. Catholic writers, times out of mind, have proven how wrongfully this term "dark" has been used in this connection; but these Catholic representations, no matter how abundantly established by facts, have had little or no weight in checking the calumny. Either they were never read by the fanatical men who continued to reiterate the same words, decade after decade, or else, they were read and purposely ignored as being antagonistic to the purposes of the enemies of Catholicity. It has so long been a recognized fact that no matter how much, how strongly, or how often Catholics disprove calumnies against their faith, their opponents continue on repeating perfectly regardless of facts, of history, of truth. So much so has this become accepted that the Catholic Church has long since ceased to take any pains to repeat her strong arguments and proofs.

It is well, then, that from that very Protestantism, which originated the term "dark ages," the recognition of the injustice thereof should come. Hence it is that we feel a pleasure in reproducing some very pertinent remarks from a correspondence in the "Holy Cross Magazine," an Anglican organ, touching upon this very subject.

After describing a visit to Dorchester, in England, where a beautiful abbey church was founded by St. Birinus, and which edifice is now being restored at great personal sacrifice of the Anglican vicar of the place, the correspondent says:—

"This (Dark Ages) is one of the most vicious and misleading terms that has ever been applied to any period of history. I use the words advisedly. Our whole conception of the Middle Ages is distorted on account of this word 'dark.' We think that the people were sunk in superstition and idolatry, whereas the missionary spirit never shone so brightly since the days of the Apostles as it did then. These same 'Dark Ages' produced some of the greatest thinkers, whose writings are still read with profit and pleasure; produced buildings which are still the wonder and delight of the beholder. And, what is more significant, they produced saints—men who, like the blessed Apostle, were in journeyings often, who gave up everything to carry the Gospel to the heathen. There were no missionary societies behind their backs to guarantee their living. We are told that the old monkish missionaries were mistaken, but they did the work for the Kingdom in a manner which we can but feebly imitate."

Even this tardy but sincere disavowal of the appropriateness of the term "dark ages" is welcome.

HYGIENIC EDUCATION

(By An Old Subscriber.)

The many articles that I have read in the "True Witness" on matters concerning education, all of which were from a strict Catholic point of view, have encouraged me to attempt the criticism of a very elaborate contribution to the New York "Evening Post," which I had occasion to read last week. The title of the article is "The Hygiene of the Schools," and its sub-headings leave us to understand that the writer thereof has to do with the bearing of hygiene upon child life; and that the attention now given to this subject is desultory and spasmodic, while the State is the proper agent through which the home must be stimulated to do all that it can for the training of child life.

The name and occupation of the author of that article equally point to the fact that it has to do with the physical and material aspects of education alone, and in no way considers the moral, religious, or other higher phases of the subject. The author is Thomas D. Wood, M. D., Professor of Physical Education, at Columbia University. I may as well preface my few comments with the statement that this medical gentleman is given to the use of what Goldsmith called "Words of learned length and thundering sound," and to what Dr. Whately styled, "a superabundance of intricate sentences." The result is that I had some difficulty in mastering his effusion. I had to read and re-read several times many passages before I could exactly grasp the meaning and the purport of them. In fine, I believe, although I have not the slightest pretension to be a writer, that I could express in half a column all that is contained in the four closely printed columns of that article. I have been careful to select from it just the absolutely necessary passages—the rest is of no utility, adding nothing to the sense, but rather serving to confound and confuse the reader. I will, then, repeat, in order to be better understood later on, that this Dr. Wood has no intention of dealing with any aspect of the subject beyond the purely material one. What his ideas might be concerning moral and religious training we cannot say, unless we try to discover them by process of inference. For example, he claims that the State alone can and should influence the home (that is the parents) in the manner they should train their children physically. Probably he would extend this same principle to the moral and religious education of children in the home. If so, and it looks that way, he advocates the invasion of the home by the State, the usurpation of the parents' sacred rights by the civil authority, and the consequent frustration of the grand plan of the Almighty in regard to humanity. I need not insist on the fact that God instilled into the parents' hearts a love for the child that no State can possibly possess. The State is a body politic, with no soul to be held responsible before His tribunal for the punishment. It cannot conceive for a child the sentiments with which God has inspired the parents of that young being. Nor can it be held responsible before His tribunal for the care that it gave that little growing creature. It has neither the affections nor the interest of parents; therefore, it is criminal for it to intrude upon the sanctuary of the home, to wrench therefrom the children that cling, according to the instincts of nature, and the pulsations of the heart, to the authors of their being. Therefore, on a general principle, I am against all interference on the part of the State in the education of children in the home. I am not now going to deal with the State and more advanced education, for the good reason that the subject is so vast that it would lead me into an essay that would assume the formidable proportions of a book.

With this much to lay down the Catholic principles whereon I base my criticism, and to obviate the necessity of any return to the same, I purpose taking the beads of that chain work, leaving aside the long connecting links that serve very well to show the author's command of big words, but that are an impediment for the reader. Dr. Wood thus opens:—

"The attention given to school hygiene at the present time is desultory and spasmodic. This department of school work has no well-defined and established place as yet in educational theory and practice. The best developed phase of this field is the medical inspection of schools for

the control and prevention of infectious and contagious diseases. This is important for school and community, and is conducted measurably well in a number of our cities. It is primarily, however, a public health measure and represents only an external phase of school hygiene."

I have nothing to say to this; the author is a professor of physical culture, and very natural has his own branch in mind when he writes—and has it to the exclusion of all other branches. That medical examinations in schools, and even certain treatments (such as vaccination in times of epidemic) constitute a measure of public utility, we all admit; but that is not part of the system our author would have enforced. What he would like the State to attend to is that which is set forth in the following:—

"This subject, particularly in some of its more vital aspects, will not have the recognition in practical education which it deserves so long as the schooling process is so abstractly cultural on the one side and so concretely utilitarian on the other; so long, again, as the conscious end of education is so partial and temporary, as compared with its responsibility for the entire life of the individual and the welfare of human society."

It may be that I am very obtuse; it is quite possible that my mental culture is as lacking as the physical culture in the system of which Dr. Wood complains; but I confess I do not quite grasp his meaning. Yet I would like to very much, for this is the key to his whole article. A schooling process that is abstractly cultural and concretely utilitarian, with its conscious end partial and temporary as compared with its responsibility for the entire life of the individual, is a process that I fail to understand. Possibly the succeeding passages may cast some light on the subject. I would be exceedingly glad to assist in correcting that "school process"—not a system of education, you see—if it is proven to be injurious, but before expressing myself upon it, I would like to understand what it is. As I said, what follows may explain, for it is evident the writer wishes to uphold public, or State education, as contrasted with home and paternal education. He says:—

"Public education is the process by which the State prepares the individual for his immediate and larger life in society. The State, as the responsible agent of society, should, through public education, instruct and stimulate the home, as the most fundamental and important human institution, to do all that it can and will for the training of child life."

I would understand by this that it is the duty of the home (the parents) "as the most fundamental and important institution" to train the child, while the State should instruct the parents, and stimulate them in their duties, while leaving to them the performance of such duties. If so I am in accord with him. But he comes at once with the conflicting idea of the State usurping the parents' duties and privileges, rights and obligations, when he says:—

"But, after all, it is the function and duty of public education to do all for the preparation of the child for society and complete citizenship which cannot be, or is not, done in the home or elsewhere, even if this involves provision for physical and health needs."

No amount of twisted phrases and peculiar theories can make me believe otherwise than that Dr. Wood wants to make the State supreme in matters that are primarily of conscience.

Let us then turn to this hygienic or physical education, abstraction made of all other training—moral or otherwise. Dr. Wood says:—

"The first care of education should be the preservation and improvement of health."

Suppose, then, such is the case, although he means the first care of those who are the educators. What then does he propose to have done in order to secure this preservation and improvement of health? Anything that is not being done, at least in our Catholic institutions, to-day? Let us see. He says:—

"With reference to the scope of this subject, the first factor is one directly related to the field of child study. This is the biologic examination of the child. The investigation of the physical and organic condition and tendencies of the child should be repeated at intervals varying according to age and individual necessity. It is not simply to determine the physical state; to measure and test the body. It is not solely for the purpose of improving health, though all of these are important enough."

What is this biologic examination of a child, which the family physician cannot perform, he tells us, and that is not solely for the purpose of improving the health, and which must be performed frequently? I would be glad to know in what it

consists, for it is an apparently novel process. He says:—

"The examination should be conducted from the standpoint of education, in a uniform manner and with a common purpose so far as any school or locality is concerned. This examination will not, in fact, for many reasons cannot, be made by the family physician."

For pity sake, let us know what kind of an examination this can be. A family physician cannot perform it, and it must be conducted from a standpoint of education in a universal manner—and yet it must be physical since it has to do with hygiene and physical health. You have no idea of how anxiously I read on in the hope of learning something about this great, mysterious process. It would be so useful if we only could put it into practice.

Now we have it. After a full column and a half of introductory matter, we came to the mighty revelation of this great mystery. He says:—

"These examinations should include the information about the child's health, habits, and tendencies furnished to the school by the home; the observation of the keen-eyed teacher, trained to note important signs, and the result of the study of the special examiner. More specifically, the examination should include some measurements, not too many, but those which are worth while. There should be tests of sight, hearing, and of the nervous and muscular systems. Further, there should be examinations of general form and symmetry of the body; of posture and mechanical adjustment; of spine and feet, of heart and lungs, of teeth, of throat and nasal passages, where, in younger children more particularly, the presence of enlarged tonsils and adenoid growths often injures health and interferes, perhaps seriously, with mental and bodily development. The information gained should be furnished to the home and through the home the attention of the family physician."

This is all highly interesting. But it is merely physical examination, with details given. Why could not the family physician perform it? And if he is incapable of ascertaining the facts what is the use of drawing his attention to them, through the family, who gets them from the biologic examination?

The only same remark in the entire composition is the following:—

"Health is not everything. It is not to be considered in itself as an exclusive end of living. It should not be the main or final goal of education."

This is true. There is a much higher end of living and a much more important final goal of education than mere considerations of the body's health. But, speaking of education, he adds:—

"Its first care and effort, as has been stated earlier, should be preservation and improvement of health and organic power and efficiency, as the fundamental condition of individual and social well-being."

Somewhat contradictory I would say. Still we are as far as ever from the solution of this problem.

We are told that:—

"Finally, school hygiene should provide for the instruction of the pupil in matters relating to health and hygiene. No knowledge is of more worth than that which bears upon the immediate problems of living. Human life must always rest upon a biologic basis."

And then:—

"All school instruction of a vital interest, more particularly in science and nature study, should be related directly or indirectly to the problem of practical living, and the application to health and life should be made throughout school work wherever there is a rational and reasonable opportunity."

Having gleaned this much information, with great difficulty, from this long, elaborate, and exhaustive article, from the pen of one who has the reputation of an authority, I regret deeply to say that I am not, personally, one whit advanced in knowledge regarding his educational process. The truth is that I have come to the conclusion that this is a kind of hobby with this particular doctor and professor, and that he wants very badly to pose as a deep thinker, an original inspirer of principles, a wise guide in the physical branch of education. He may be all these things, but why on earth does he not confine his labors to his class at the University, instead of filling columns of a paper with a heap of matter that has no meaning either in theory or in practice? I have taken the liberty of drawing attention to this article, not so much on account of any importance I attach to it, as on account of the splendid illustration it affords of the amount of nonsense and confused and confusing humbug that is written, published, pawed off on the public and swallowed by the world, as if it were so much logic, philosophy and sane wisdom combined.

Chapel Of Reparation.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

From the last issue of that elegant and charmingly written publication—"Le Journal de Francoise"—we translate the following:—

"Already have signal favors been obtained in that chapel erected, at Pointe-aux-Trembles, by pious hands, in reparation for the blasphemies perpetrated throughout the entire world. The piety of fervent souls, that knows no relaxing, has turned this place into a shrine of pilgrimage now well known and above all generally frequented. No day passes without that persons go there from all parts of the city and the surroundings, to deposit, in the holy and elegant Chapel of Reparation, the offerings of pure hearts and the thanksgivings of grateful souls. We could not recommend a place more suitable for such purposes and more within the reach of everybody. Had it not been for the Terminal Street Railway it would have been difficult for us to reach the miraculous Chapel at Pointe-aux-Trembles. Not only does the line pass through the village of Pointe-aux-Trembles, but the management has erected a station and a branch line that takes the pilgrims across the fields that lie between the main line and the door of the Chapel of Reparation. Thus the sick, children, aged persons may undertake the trip without any fear of fatigue. It is exceedingly comfortable travelling by way of electric cars and those in charge are prepared to furnish the traveller with all necessary information."

It is a well known fact that in many centres in Europe it has been a pious custom to erect just such chapels as the one that we possess at Pointe-aux-Trembles. Unfortunately both here and abroad too little attention is paid to such shrines and too few take the trouble to find out where they are situated and what is their purpose.

As far as the situation is concerned, the foregoing quotation tells us pretty clearly how we can reach the Chapel of Reparation just outside our own city. But the object and great benefit of that Chapel are subjects that may well claim a moment's attention. As has been stated above the purpose of the shrine is to offer reparation to outraged Divinity for the awful sin of blasphemy so fearfully prevalent in the world to-day. We have contemplative orders of monks and nuns—the Trappists, for example, or the Sisters of the Precious Blood—whose aim in life it is to intervene between heaven and earth and to protect humanity from the anger of God, when humanity has, by cruel blasphemy, insulted and raised the just ire of that Almighty Father. The Irish poet has beautifully pictured this mission, when addressing the Sister in prayer:—

"Still mindful, as now, of the sufferer's story,
Arresting the thunders of wrath e'er they roll,
Intervene, as a cloud, between us and His glory,
And shield from His lightnings, the shuddering soul."

And in the same way are the prayers that are offered and the gifts that are bestowed at the shrine, so many lightning rods of a spiritual character to check and turn aside from us the flashes of Divine anger, when the clouds of blasphemy arise and ascending towards heaven awaken the anger that drove our first parents forth from their terrestrial paradise.

And miracles have been performed at the shrine of Reparation at Pointe-aux-Trembles. Above all miracles of conversion that are frequently more astounding than those that merely concern the body or the temporal well-being of the favored ones. And in all corners of the earth are blasphemies being committed. It is quite possible that our readers have but slight idea of the extent to which this sin of outrage on God is perpetrated. They live not in the centres where it prevails, nor are they accustomed to the association of the classes of people who are given to it. But while the Divine Sacrifice ascends daily from tens of thousands of altars, all the world over, we find that from the altars erected by Satan in the hearts of perverted men, the smoke of the unholy sacrifice to the demon of blasphemy curls upwards and is as offensive to heaven as that from the al-

lars of Faith is acceptable. And they who blaspheme rarely do aught to repair the wrong inflicted. It consequently behooves others, true children of God, true children of His Holy Church, to step in and to efface, in as far as in them lies, the evil effects of the sin that is most abominable in the eyes of heaven and that is calculated to draw down upon humanity the most severe, punishments that God inflicts upon His ungrateful creatures.

There are several ways whereby one can participate in this work of Reparation. Of course, the first is to make a pilgrimage to the shrine itself. That alone is an act of Faith, openly performed, that is certain to have its great merit in the eyes of God. Then the giving of alms in the intention of the shrine and the purpose thereof, and the performance of given prayers, with a donation for the decoration or improvement of the shrine. All so many means whereby the individual may participate in the grand and holy work of Reparation.

The Chapel of the Reparation at Pointe-aux-Trembles owes its existence to the devotion of Rev. Clement Brisset and his family. It was in 1896 that the Chapel was built, and blessed that year by Rev. Mr. Bourgeault. Around the shrine is the magnificent Way of the Cross which pilgrims follow in their devotions. Recently His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal attached 40 days indulgence to each visit to the shrine. During the present year fully fifty thousand pilgrims from all the surrounding parishes and from the city have visited the Chapel of Reparation. The Irish Catholics of the city love to go to the shrine, and all who have been aware of its existence have, at one time or another, taken advantage thereof to perform this act of faith and devotion. The only drawback has been a lack of instructions in the English language. But a pilgrimage has been arranged for Friday next, the 18th September, when one of the priests of our Irish parishes will conduct the service of the Way of the Cross, and will preach a sermon at the grotto. This ceremony will commence at three in the afternoon, and be followed by a procession. At eleven in the forenoon a solemn Mass of Reparation will be chanted.

Should the weather be such that the pilgrimage cannot be undertaken on that day, it will be postponed till Friday, the 25th September, the following week. But only in case of very bad weather.

The Holy See And the Press

"In a semi-official article the 'Osservatore Romano,' draws attention to the right of the Pope to be freed from the pressure of the press, which might affect the efficacy of his future acts and lead astray public opinion in the appreciation of those acts.

"The 'Osservatore' recognizes that the press, in recent events, did service for the Holy See. Now it invites, notably the Catholic journals, to keep within the limits of respectful expectancy and to abstain from predictions and commentaries of a nature calculated to prejudice those acts."

Commenting on the foregoing "La Semaine Religieuse" of last week says:—"This note says enough and allows much more to be imagined regarding the abuses of the press in what concerns the Apostolic See. Christians and all serious men should, then, accept with a reasonable distrust the statements of certain newspapers and the so-called authentic facts that they report. They should be still more careful in the matter of tentative articles, of those tens of thousands of pages of prose that a journalist can with astounding facility fabricate and send abroad with the slightest scruple for the purpose of selling the paper for which he corresponds, and increase its circulation, by making believe that he is always better and more fully informed than others. It is easily understood that we will name no paper, but they who follow, in a periodical organ, the march of events, may apply, for themselves, to the newspapers that they read, these observations coming from the Holy See."

A NEW CATHEDRAL.

The site for a magnificent new Cathedral for Los Angeles, Cal., was purchased a couple of weeks ago by Bishop Conaty.

The Austrian "Veto."

The large subject of the accession of Pius X., and all the incidental events, connected with the Conclave have furnished the Roman correspondents to the American Catholic press with a considerable amount of very good material during the past few weeks. One of the best letters that we have read is that of "Vox Urbis," of the New York "Freeman's Journal," which was written in the middle of August last. His subject is the "Veto," and the use of it during the recent conclave, as well as the very interesting historical account of the origin of that peculiar prerogative. We cannot afford space to review the entire history of the "Veto," which was exercised by France, Spain and Austria—or rather which these three Powers had a right to exercise, in case the person elected as Pope did not accord with the views of either of them. On the face of it the privilege was wrong, for it was simply a permitting of temporal Powers to have a voice in the selection of a Pontiff, when that election can only be rightly held under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost. It is a function that belongs entirely to the spiritual domain and should not be interfered with by any mere temporal authority.

After explaining how the "Voce della Verita" wrote some weeks before about the "Veto" in a hypothetical manner—telling what "might have happened," "if it had been" exercised, and then issuing a second article, later on, denouncing it in unmeasured terms, the correspondent reproduces the admirable piece of sarcasm that comes from the Italian organ. The "Voce della Verita" places in the mouth of one of the Cardinals, who is supposed to represent Austria, a supposed speech, or address to the conclave, announcing his mission, on the part of his King, to object to the election of the present Pope. That supposed speech brings out the "Veto" in a most absurd light, and is calculated to serve as the funeral oration of the detestable thing. The correspondent tells us that "at the recent conclave there were sixty-two princes of the Church gathered at the Vatican to perform the most solemn office of their lives—to elect a successor to the great Leo XIII., to appoint a ruler for the Catholic Church, to name an infallible teacher for all the faithful. Just half of them had recorded their suffrages in favor of a Cardinal distinguished for his wisdom and his virtues, when one of the others rose in his place" to enter his protest in the name of his sovereign. Read carefully the words placed on that Cardinal's lips. It is a magnificent piece of irony:—

"Princes of the Church, chosen especially for this office by the wisest of Pontiffs, now gathered here in the centre of Christendom from France, Belgium, America, Ireland, Germany, Spain, Portugal, to elect a head for the Universal Church under the guidance of the Holy Ghost:

"I regret to have to inform you that in spite of the assistance of the Holy Ghost, in spite of your prayers for light, in spite of the wisdom, virtue and prudence for which you have been chosen from the whole world for this high office, I regret to inform you that my master positively forbids you, forbids you, I repeat, to elect the one on whom you have set your hearts. My master, as many of you are aware, happens to be the figure-head of one of the more backward provinces of the Catholic Church; he is an old man whose intellectual faculties are perhaps not so clear as they were thirty or forty years ago. He has little or no power over his own little district—he cannot even enact the most insignificant of laws for his subjects; his interests are, I grieve to say, bound up with those of a Protestant and an anti-Catholic prince, who are not able to speak for themselves in this gathering, but who can speak through him. But, illustrious colleagues, notwithstanding his obvious, nay, I will admit, his ludicrous incapacity for passing an opinion on your verdict, my master positively forbids you to elect as head of the Church the one for whom thirty of you have just voted. It is true that there are here present nearly forty Italian Cardinals, and that nobody has the right to intrust any of them with such a prohibition; it is true that Cardinal Logue, the descendant of St. Patrick and the representative of the most Catholic nation in the world, does not claim—nay, would shrink, from horror from claiming—any such right; that Cardinal Goos-

ens, from Belgium, the most progressive of Catholic countries to-day, never even dreamt of vetoing anybody in this august assemblage, that Cardinal Gibbons speaks in the name of the millions upon millions of Catholics in the United States, yet would be scandalized if it were suggested that he should interfere with your liberty of choice; it is true that both France and Spain have abandoned their own absurd claims, but my master, my poor old master, with one leg in the grave and the rest of him seated on a throne which is not worth five years' purchase, forbids you to choose the Vicar of Christ as you think best. And he has no reason to allege for his prohibition—he simply says you must not elect such a one, sic volo, sic jubeo; and you, the Senate of God's Universal Church, have no choice but to obey. Thirty of you have already cast your suffrages in favor of him to whom my aged and unfortunate master objects, it would not matter in the least if the sixty-one of you, or indeed, the sixty-two of us, wished him to be Pope—my master has still the right to veto him. The 'right,' I say, for though the custom began in a gross usurpation centuries ago, my master and his predecessors have used it on every possible occasion. Fathers of the Conclave, I am thoroughly ashamed of the utter degradation of my position before you at this moment, but unfortunately I am only a court cardinal, and I must obey."

The correspondent adds, by way of comment, which was scarcely necessary: "His Eminence did not—at least it is to be supposed that he did not—use these exact words, but what he said amounted to this." In conclusion, after showing how ineffective that attempt at reviving an obsolete privilege has been, the writer says: "But Catholics everywhere will rejoice to know neither kings, nor emperors, nor politicians of any rank or hue will ever have another opportunity for the exercise of formal impertinence in the election of a Sovereign Pontiff—and for this we are indebted in some measure to the recent 'Veto,' with its unspeakable stupidity. The 'Veto' is vanishing into the domain of history—let us have a parting glance and a parting kick at the foul thing as it flies."

This is followed by a lengthy historical review of the "Veto." Suffice it for us to know that it is now a thing of the past.

PIUS X. AS HE IS

Many a time have we had occasion to refer to the contributions of "Innominate"; sometimes we have felt our duty to criticise them, at other times to praise them, and always to draw from them lessons of no small importance. This week we have before us another of that correspondent's letters; it is one in which he brings out, in lines as clear as crystal, the characteristics of Our Holy Father, Pius X., the affection in which he was held by Leo XIII., and the manner in which he is calculated to perpetuate, or rather to complete the policy of the late Pontiff. There is in this article something exceptionally interesting. The instructiveness of it is the more evident on account of its great simplicity, and the absence of all intricate reasoning. We cannot do better than extract from a few passages, in which the three points that we have indicated are brought out with the most force. It will be seen that we do not exaggerate when we say that the correspondent has, this time, presented us with a wonderful picture—or rather, a series of pictures.

"Leo XIII. was fond of Cardinal Sarto, for he liked all the men whom he had picked out and selected personally. Pius X. was buried in his country parish priest's house at Salzano in the Venetian territory, where he had led a calm and beneficent life up to his fortieth year. In 1884 Leo XIII. appointed him Bishop of Mantua, from which he advanced to Patriarch of Venice in 1893. He showed himself to be a wonderful administrator, a father of the people. His crystal soul, his heart of gold, his angelic piety, his popular activity, his expeditions among the people and the seamen, his affability, won the hearts of the people. He was the Pope of the peasants and the gondoliers before becoming the Pope of Christendom.

"The Government respected his personality and his office. The popularity of the Patriarch disarmed hostility. At the beginning of his incumbency he had to endure the persecutions of Signor Crispi, then President of the Council. The dictator dared to set his hand on that venerable head. In former times the Popes had granted to the House of Hapsburg the privilege of nominat-

ing the Patriarch of St. Mark's. On entering Venice the King of Italy demanded that this favor should be continued. But the Pope declined; he knew not the 'King of Rome,' and the conquest had put an end to the Austrian right.

"Victor Emmanuel II. and Humbert I., easy-going and not quarrelsome, bowed before the firmness of Pius IX., and Leo XIII.; but on his second return to power, in 1893, after the rebellion in the 'isle of fire,' the Sicilian Crispi had the audacious pretension of being the appointer of the Patriarch of Venice. It was a vain effort. The Prime Minister suspended the episcopal stipend and the ecclesiastical salaries. He thought he had to do with an Abbe Constantin, gentle and weak. The 'good curate' concealed under his smiling and attractive good nature, inflexible firmness. 'Let him strike,' said the Patriarch; 'I can wait; I will wait.'"

Then we are treated to a picture of the great firmness, combined with the simplicity of heart and homeliness of manner that have characterized the priest, the Bishop, the Cardinal-Patriarch, and that now are as evident in the Sovereign Pontiff. It is, after telling of his co-operation with Leo XIII., in the reorganization of "Opera dei Congressi" on a popular basis, that he gives in this closing appreciation:—

"Pius X. from this point of view will be a living and ardent executor of the doctrines and efforts of Leo XIII. He has breadth of views; his popular voice will be listened to by the crowd; the Vatican will become the Sinai of the multitude.

"His wisdom, his winning gentleness and his loyalty to the Holy See brought to the former parish priest the favor and affection of Leo XIII. He was beaming whenever he came from one of his long interviews with the Pope. The Patriarch used to tell the old man, full of great things and of great ideas, about the working of his bishopric, the social movement, the joy with which Venice and her people loved the Pope, through the Cardinal, his echo and intermediary.

"One day he said: 'The Pope is very queer; he never speaks to me without predicting that I shall wear the tiara!' It seems to me that with his intuition, his infallible sense of opportunities, Leo XIII. was trying to train this Benjamin, this beloved favorite, to continue his Pontificate. He foresaw that in the coming Papacy it would be necessary to substitute for the initiating Pope an administering Pope, who should carry out, gently and patiently, the immortal ideas of the preceding reign. Pius X. will frame the picture Leo XIII. painted, and will give it the final touches.

"Another point deserves special mention. The firmness of the Patriarch toward Crispi, the force joined to gentleness he has shown, and his close intimacy with the masses and the poor, seem to presage that if Pius X. will not modify the attitude of the Papacy toward nations, toward France, for instance, he may change its conduct toward Governments. Pius X. will continue the work of Leo XIII. after the manner of Pius VII."

After all that has been written about the recently elected Vicar of Christ, and all that has been conjectured by those interested in his future attitude, we can well say that this single letter, written in a frank and honest tone, gives us a crowning description of the Pontiff and a very fair glance at what probably, even almost certainly, will be the policy that he shall carry out, in the name of humanity, the name of the Church that he governs, and the name of God whom he represents.

OTHER CITIES WANT THEM.

Cleveland is getting to be a big city. What we need now is big Catholics. Not trimmers, the minimizing, apologizing Catholics who may have a little money or social prominence, but men and women, rich or poor, who exemplify in themselves Catholic principles and Catholic ideals.—Catholic Universe.

ALWAYS THE SAME.

Expert statisticians of life insurance companies, who lately held a conference in New York city, asserted that the span of human life is now longer than it ever was.

SITUATIONS VACANT

WANTED—A good cook, and also a nurse for two children, ages 6 and 3½ years. No washing or ironing. Must both have good references. Apply in the evenings to
MRS. J. G. MCCARTHY,
61 Drummond Street

English As Spoken In Ireland.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

A correspondent in the London "Spectator" has been writing a series of articles upon "English as spoken in Ireland," and has displayed, in his studied contributions, about as much lack of knowledge as he has evident excess of prejudice. It is not our intention to enter into any lengthy analysis of these peculiar attacks on the Irish. Suffice to say that the main purpose seems to be to hold the Irish up to ridicule, especially in the eyes of the English public. This correspondent appears to ignore the facts that the very best English is spoken by educated Irishmen, that the English public cannot be hoodwinked into believing that the language is murdered in Ireland, when they have perpetually before them, in the British House of Commons, the leading members of the Irish party, whose classic and delightful English is the subject of their greatest admiration, that the very worst English is spoken in England, in London, in Yorkshire, in Cornwall, and in other sections of the Island. Yet, despite the evident prejudice that underlies the whole correspondence, and despite the evident fact that it is only used as an excuse for publishing other and less bearable attacks upon the habits, manners and customs of the people, this writer is obliged to acknowledge the general absence of that "brogue" which the stage-Irishman affects. He says in opening one letter:—

"Speaking generally, some of the leading features of English as spoken in Ireland are the marked absence of all local dialects, except in Ulster, where broad Scotch more or less prevails."

As to the trend of his articles one sample, and not the worst one will suffice to show the spirit in which they are written. Here is an example:—

"How well! It is very hard to convey the Irish sense of this ejaculation. An Englishman would say, 'How well you look!' or, 'How well you did that!' but not so in Ireland. An Irish beggar woman said to the writer within the last few days: 'How well, your Reverence, you didn't go to the races!' Take other instances fresh from the mint. 'How well Mikee Keefe can't drink Mrs. Walsh's whiskey when we all can drink it!' or, 'We had a grand mission in the parish, glory be to God! last month; but how well the Kellys stole the nuns' ducks all the same!' There is a subtle delicate flavor in this Irish use of 'How well' which it is extremely hard for an outsider to perceive and appreciate. It is really very hard to define it; when spoken, its meaning is perhaps more clearly conveyed. The root idea seems to be contrast. Thus, 'How well you didn't go to the races!' means that in spite of all their attractions, and although so many others went, you didn't go; or, 'How well the Kellys stole the nuns' ducks!' how, even in spite of the mission, they did it. This seems to be the main idea of the expression, but it is very undefinable; it is perfectly and peculiarly Irish."

Thus does he run on through two, three and four columns. Now, the object is not so much to bring out the peculiarity of the meaning attached to words in Ireland, as it is to keep before the public the idea of "Mrs. Walsh's whiskey" or of the "Kellys stealing the nuns' ducks," in spite of the mission going on. And so it is throughout the entire article. But we have reached a time in the history of the world, in general, and that of Ireland, in particular, when all these ugly outpourings of anti-Irish bigotry fall absolutely flat. The public, in England, as well as elsewhere, is now too familiar with Irish character and characteristics to "take any stock" in them—as the Yankee says. Thank God, we can now pass over such writers with the contempt of silence and the equanimity of triumph. We merely mention this case in order to show that a few of an almost extinct species of writers still survive.

AMUSING.
A dog was playing a piano in a circus in Yorkshire the other day, when one of the audience called out "rats." The dog immediately vacated his seat and "went for" the rodents. But as the piano kept right on playing there is some question as to the dog's musical ability.

Notes From En

In announcing the Bishop Bourne, as late Archbishop Vaughan's of London, says

Archbishop Bourne, officially when the Brockton arrives from Rome is true, attained venerable is still young, and only borderland of forty. his career of one purp uplifting of men, espe lies, to a higher ideal, in ecclesiastical and ep marks a man and a p yond the ordinary.

Ever a student in ad years, when nearing th of his ordinary course were to be kept back t canonical age for ordi was able in consequence his studies in unusuall gree. St. Cuthbert's, St. Edmund's, Old Hall offspring of Douay, each times had Francis Bourr of students, whilst in courses St. Sulpice, Par of many holy priests, an hold him in honor.

Ordained priest in 188 Bourne served, of course diocese, Southwark, in Clapham, he had been March 23, 1861. His life was begun at Black he afterwards worked at West Grinstead, and Hen sex, so that he has had a simple priest in each diocese of Southwark.

The work on which of his dignity in the Ch built was his organization torate of St. John's Seminary, which he made a m class. That work it was doubt prompted Dr. B. Bishop of Southwark, to assistance in the administr diocese, and led to Missio being consecrated Bishop nia in May, 1896, and to pointment as coadjutor t with the right of successio remarkable dignity for a had not yet passed his se tre.

Such progress, however, Bourne make in his episcop that the next year Dr. B. the growing infirmity of proved the firm trust he h coadjutor by resigning. April 9, 1897, at the age six years, Dr. Bourne rec charge of one of the chief England, which under his r shown a progress entitling still higher.

For a long time past Bourne, in spite of the gro portance and work of his g case, which for a less energ might have taken all his ca also much to do with certai in the archdiocese, when t Cardinal Vaughan's health fail, so that his translatio higher dignity will be, as it but the extension of a te work into a permanent.

for months regarded it as m ly that the successor of Vaughan would be his collea the water, and the long stay Bourne made at Rome earl year but strengthened or which was based not so muc wonderful success of his ad tion of the Southwark dioc the fact that the master southern half of London w better qualified than any oth succeed to the administration northern, where Catholicity i such another stimulus as Sou has received, and honorably.

It is said that there is not olic Church in Southwark Bishop Bourne has not preac his seven years of rule, and t ords of the Catholic Press st many ways the zeal of the de Bishop. The only great vic London on the education q was that of Bermondsey ear year, when Dr. Bourne preside number of conversions in the has been great, the number churches founded—on one o two in a day—has been witho allel, and yet, in his strenuo Dr. Bourne has seemed to lo more work. That his latest ap ment gives him. To rouse the olics of London north of the T to a sense of their power wh waked, and of their inglorioi terness, which limited Catho tion over the education questio contents itself with what ma given instead of what should right, which allows priests att public institutions to be paid porters, or not at all, and wh

Irish Spoken in Ireland.

Regular Contributor.

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NG. g a piano in a the other day, dience called out mediately vacat- ion for" the ro- diano kept right some question as ability.

Notes From England.

In announcing the appointment of Bishop Bourne, as successor to the late Archbishop Vaughan, "The Universe" of London, says:—

Archbishop Bourne, as he will be officially when the brief of appointment arrives from Rome, has not it is true, attained venerable years, he is still young, and only just over the borderland of forty. But looking at his career of one purposefulness, the uplifting of men, especially Catholics, to a higher ideal, his rapid rise in ecclesiastical and episcopal ranks marks a man and a priest far beyond the ordinary.

Ever a student in advance of his years, when nearing the completion of his ordinary course he had, as it were to be kept back to await the canonical age for ordination, and was able in consequence to prosecute his studies in unusually varied degree. St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw, and St. Edmund's, Old Hall, the twin offspring of Douay, each at different times had Francis Bourne on its list of students, whilst in his higher courses St. Sulpice, Paris, a trainer of many holy priests, and Louvain, hold him in honor.

Ordained priest in 1884. Father Bourne served, of course, his chosen diocese, Southwark, in which at Clapham, he had been born on March 23, 1861. His missionary life was begun at Blackheath, and he afterwards worked at Mortlake, West Grinstead, and Henfield, in Sussex, so that he has had experience as a simple priest in each county of his diocese of Southwark.

The work on which the foundation of his dignity in the Church was built was his organization and rectorate of St. John's Seminary, Woreah, which he made a model of its class. That work it was which no doubt prompted Dr. Butt, then Bishop of Southwark, to seek his assistance in the administration of the diocese, and led to Monsignor Bourne being consecrated Bishop of Epiphania in May, 1896, and to his appointment as coadjutor to Dr. Butt, with the right of succession, a truly remarkable dignity for a priest who had not yet passed his seventh lustre.

Such progress, however, did Bishop Bourne make in his episcopal charge that the next year Dr. Butt, feeling the growing infirmity of ill-health, proved the firm trust he had in his coadjutor by resigning. Thus on April 9, 1897, at the age of thirty-six years, Dr. Bourne received full charge of one of the chief dioceses of England, which under his rule has shown a progress entitling it to rank still higher.

For a long time past Bishop Bourne, in spite of the growing importance and work of his great diocese, which for a less energetic man might have taken all his care, had also much to do with certain details in the archdiocese, when the late Cardinal Vaughan's health began to fall, so that his translation to the higher dignity will be, as it were, but the extension of a temporary work into a permanent. We have for months regarded it as most likely that the successor of Cardinal Vaughan would be his colleague over the water, and the long stay Bishop Bourne made at Rome early in the year but strengthened our opinion, which was based not so much on the wonderful success of his administration of the Southwark diocese as on the fact that the master of the southern half of London would be better qualified than any other to succeed to the administration of the northern, where Catholicity requires such another stimulus as Southwark has received, and honorably.

It is said that there is not a Catholic Church in Southwark where Bishop Bourne has not preached in his seven years of rule, and the records of the Catholic Press show in many ways the zeal of the departing Bishop. The only great voicing of London on the education question was that of Bermondsey early last year, when Dr. Bourne presided; the number of conversions in the diocese has been great, the number of new churches founded—on one occasion two in a day—has been without parallel, and yet, in his strenuous life, Dr. Bourne has seemed to look for more work. That his latest appointment gives him. To rouse the Catholics of London north of the Thames to a sense of their power when awakened, and of their inglorious scatteredness, which limited Catholic action over the education question, and contents itself with what may be given instead of what should be by right, which allows priests attending public institutions to be paid like porters, or not at all, and which is

proud of a handful of figurehead representatives in public bodies, who fear to do anything vigorously lest they may be styled "bigots." There is plenty of room for a change of attitude here.

There is room for a little improvement, too, in the archdiocese, in a matter which especially affects the Catholic Press, namely, the bottling up of Catholic official news so that the secular papers may receive it fresh, and the dregs be left to the Catholic papers. To our mind, and we will not allow we are influenced by self-interest, the Catholic Press, which Heaven knows has had a hard fight for the support of the faith, should receive prior consideration to that given to secular papers, which, as often as not, are openly hostile.

But however these things may be, and however they may go on, we doubt there is none of our readers who will not full heartedly welcome as Archbishop the prelate who has in his diocese of Southwark been known as the poor man's Bishop. Than that there is no prouder title, and no surer passport to a generous Catholic heart's welcome. Long Live the Archbishop-Elect!

Lessons and Examples

THE POLISH CATHOLICS of the United States have addressed a petition to His Holiness the Pope, asking for the appointment of Polish Bishops. The document is a peculiar one in many respects, especially that portion of it which details the reasons for making the request. It is claimed in the petition that there are 2,000,000 Poles in the United States.

DELINQUENTS.—An American editor has advertised in the press that he will sell by public auction all accounts due to him for arrears of subscription. In the notice of sale he gives the names, and addresses, and amounts due.

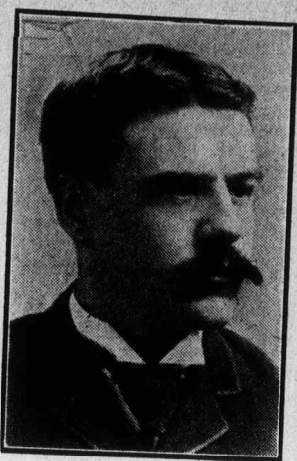
INSURANCE.—A novel kind of insurance has been started in Denmark. By paying down \$220 at the birth of a daughter, her parents insure for her an annuity of \$25 if she should not be married at 30, of \$50 at 40, of \$60 at 50, and so on. If she, however, marries before her thirtieth year, the whole \$220 is paid over to her.

MANY are the ways devised by priests who realize the constantly growing necessity of institutions to provide education of various grades for the young. An exchange tells of a plan proposed by the Very Rev. Joseph H. Conroy, Vicar-General of the diocese of Ogdensburg, N.Y., and rector of St. Mary's Cathedral in that city, who has been long considering the means of securing for an existing educational institution a permanent endowment.

The details of the project as announced by Father Conroy are as follows: The lowest contribution will be \$100. To make this donation within the reach of all his parishioners, he has entered into an agreement with the entered into an agreement with the Columbian National Life Insurance Company of Boston, whereby twenty-year endowment policies of various denominations from \$100 upward may be taken out in the names of subscribers to the fund. At the date of issue the policies will be assigned to the corporation now being formed for the purpose of receiving and investing the moneys from said policies and applying the interest for the maintenance of the school. The average premium per year will be \$5 on each \$100. Father Conroy will be the company's agent in connection with all business pertaining to the endowment fund. A slight commission will be allowed him for his services, and this commission will be used to pay the premiums in times of financial inability of individual subscribers until they themselves are able to pay. He hopes that no more will require this assistance than the commission fund will be able to meet.

Father Conroy purposes later on to erect, if possible, a large and commodious school building and in the main entrance of the building will be a large brass tablet on which the names of the policy-holders and the amounts of their donations will be inscribed. A written guarantee will also be given by Father Conroy to each subscriber that for a period of fifty years at least public prayers will be offered once a year on Sunday in the Cathedral and a High Mass celebrated during the week for the benefit of the donors.

Catholic Sailors' Club



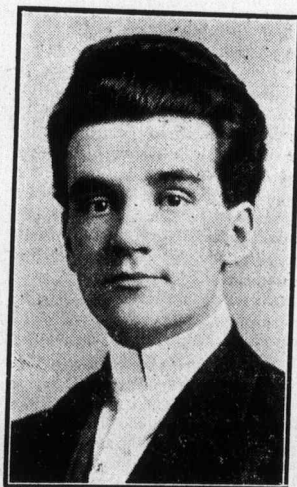
MR. S. MCGARRY.

The C. O. F. Sarsfield Court, No. 133, had the direction of the concert held at the Catholic Sailors' Club, on Wednesday last, and they have every reason to be proud of the result. The large hall was crowded by the members of the Court and their friends and patrons.

Mr. S. McGarry, the enthusiastic and popular Chief Ranger, occupied the chair, and made a practical speech during the course of which he dwelt upon the necessity of such an organization as the Catholic Sailors' Club. The following ladies and gentlemen contributed to the programme:—Miss Klock, Miss Murphy, Miss Rose O'Brien, Miss Minnie Harkins, Messrs. G. Morgan, E. Jackson, W. Biggs, Jos. Alywin, — Rowley, Seaman R. Strachan, C. O'Donnell, steamship Mount Calvin; Force and O'Donnell, steamship Montclair; E. Bottomley, steamship Manchester Corporation; James Kennedy, steamship Kensington; David Allen, steamship Parisian; Miss Orton was the accompanist.

Next Wednesday's concert will be given by St. Anthony's Court, Catholic Order of Foresters.

OUR MUSICIANS.



MR. JOHN I. MCCAFFREY.

Among the many talented young Irish Catholic musicians of Montreal none is held in higher esteem than Mr. John I. McCaffrey, the able organist and choir-master of St. Michael's Church. Mr. McCaffrey has been for many years a prominent figure in Irish national celebrations. During the recent celebration of the silver jubilee of the esteemed pastor of St. Michael's, Rev. John Kiernan, Mr. McCaffrey was a member of the committee, which had the direction of the Garden Party which proved to be such a grand success.

LOCAL NOTES.

PERSONAL.—Rev. Joseph Desautier, of Central City, Colorado, called at the "True Witness" office, this week. He was at one time associated with St. Patrick's.

AT VERDUN.—A beautiful statue of St. Patrick will be blessed tomorrow, at 3 o'clock p.m., at the Church of "Our Lady of Sorrows," Verdun. Rev. Father P. McGinnis, the assistant priest of that parish, extends a cordial invitation to all English-speaking Catholics to attend the ceremony. Rev. Thomas Heffernan, of St. Anthony's, will preach the sermon.

PERSONAL.—Dr. W. G. Kennedy, the well known dentist of Dorchester street, who has been spending his vacation in Maine, has returned to the city.

How The Church Is Maligned.

The week before last we had occasion to mention the conversion, or return to the Church, of a Mrs. Andrews, at Richmond, Va., who was said to have been an "ex-nun" and who ended her career in an hospital, broken in health and spirit, but regenerated in soul and sustained by the sacraments of the Church she was said to have abandoned. In justice to Mrs. Andrews; in justice to the community at Emmetsburg, and in justice to the Church, we publish the following extracts of a letter written by her on her death bed. The letter is dated "City Hospital, Richmond, Va., Aug. 21, 1903," and is addressed to the "Richmond News Leader." We need not occupy space with the long biographical sketch in which Mrs. Andrews tells of her birth in 1830, of Episcopal parents; her conversion to Catholicity in her tender years; her entry as a novice in the community of the Sisters of Charity, at the age of 16; her four years' novitiate, at the end of each year the vows being renewed; of her departure from the convent and return home; of her three years with her father, as head of the house and mother—so to speak—to eight other children of the family (their mother being dead; of her marriage to Dr. Andrews; and of the advice of her confessor, in the beginning not to enter religious life, and of the perfect willingness of the Sisters to have her depart when it was her desire; of the birth, life, and early death of her son; and of the desertion of her by Dr. Andrews. All these facts we condense for brevity sake. "The ultra Protestant element paraded her name as an "ex-nun," and published a book of attack on the Church and of abuse of the religious, over her signature. The balance of her letter tells the story of that infamous imposture. She thus closes her statement:—

"During the many years that have elapsed from the death of my son until now I have seen many vicissitudes and suffered many sorrows, but my faith in the Catholic religion has ever remained as it will remain until death, unshaken.

"With regard to the infamous calumnies contained in the book entitled, 'An Escaped Nun,' and whose authorship has been attributed to me I deny in toto any connection with the book, except that, through a decision of the Supreme Court of New York, I succeeded in having the publication of the same suppressed.

"The publication of the infamous book mentioned above was brought about by others whose object was the making of money by the sale of sensational publications designated to calumniate the Catholic religion.

"A certain literary man of Norfolk, whose name there is no need of mentioning, hit upon the idea of making my life the subject of a book, with object as already stated. I knew nothing of his ideas. I had in my desk a little sketch of my childhood days, before my entrance to St. Joseph's Academy. This was stolen from me and the contents woven into the story of the escaped nun. I knew nothing about the book and its contents until after its publication.

"I solemnly assert before Almighty God that I had nothing to do with the composition of the book mentioned above other than being the author of the little sketch of my childhood days, which was woven into the book, and which, in point of time, did not extend to the period of my entrance into St. Joseph's Academy. On one occasion I remember that I was forced by those around me to sign my name to a piece of folded foolscap paper, I at the time not knowing the reason of the signature, but was told it was necessary to sign the document. This occurred in the Astor House, New York. This signature, I found out afterward, was used in a book entitled "Testimony of a Novice," with the writing of which I had absolutely nothing to do. The use of my name in connection with the book is a veritable forgery.

"In conclusion, I call Almighty God to witness the truth of what I say when I state that during my residence in the academy at Emmetsburg I saw or knew of absolutely no practices there in any sense derogatory to the character of the good sisters. Further, I assert that I

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association Grand Celebration of EMMET'S CENTENARY, Monument National, St. Lawrence Street, Monday Evening, September 21st, 1903.

Address by SENATOR H. J. CLORAN on "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT EMMET." The Dramatic Section will also produce the sterling drama entitled—"THE IRISH CAPTAIN" or "THE WEARING OF THE GREEN." Competent Cast, Special Scenery and Stage Settings. IRISH MELODIES, MUSIC and WIT to be contributed by specially engaged talent. Fancy Marching by No. 1 Company, St. Patrick's Cadets, Under Command of Captain J. J. Ryan. First Class Orchestra of Selected Musicians, under leadership of Prof. P. J. Shea. Prices—Box Seats 75c; Reserved Seats 50c; General Admission 25c. Reserved Seats on sale at MULCAIR BROS., 1942 Notre Dame Street; Phone Main 2645. Further particulars to be had from programme, which will be issued Sunday, September 13th. J. J. RANKIN, Secretary-Treasurer. GOD SAVE IRELAND.

Championship Lacrosse !!

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON. Capitals vs. Shamrocks [CHAMPIONS.] S.A.A.A. GROUNDS, SATURDAY, 12th Sept., 1903! Ball Faced at 3 p.m. 1-2 hours play, rain or shine. Reserved Seats, \$1.00. Grand Stand, 75c. St. Lawrence Street Stand, 50c. St. Denis Street Stand, 85c. Admission South Entrance, 25c. Reserved Seats on sale at Brennan Bros., 1907 St. Catherine street. Jno. T. Lyons, corner Craig and Bleury streets. T. Davis, corner St. Catherine and Bleury streets. Reserved Seat Coupons sold to members at regular prices. W. J. MCGEE, Hon. Sec., S.L.C.

There are no finer RED AND WHITE BORDEAUX WINES

in existence than the wines shipped by the old and reliable Bordeaux Shipping House of Messrs. NATHANIEL JOHNSTON & SONS, Established away back in the centuries. We append a list of our holdings of JOHNSTON'S WINES and to out-of-town customers we will deliver the Wines in lots of 5 or more cases, to any point in Ontario, Quebec or the Maritime Provinces. Here they are:

Table with columns for wine types (CLARET WINES, WHITE WINES), brand names (Nathaniel Johnston & Sons), and prices per bottle and per case.

Half pound packages, 25 cents each LILAC TEA

One pound packages, 50 cents each. FRASER, VICER & CO., Sole Proprietors, 211 St. James Street.

GLOOMY HARVEST PROSPECTS.

Not since 1879 has the agricultural outlook seemed so gloomy as it does just now, in Ireland, says a correspondent of the "Catholic Times." Owing to destructive rains which have prevailed throughout the summer and the inclement state of the weather generally, the harvest is irretrievably damaged, and no amount of fine weather can now save it. From Antrim to Cork the same sad story is told. The potato crop, the staple food of the small farmer, has suffered most of all.

A NEW ORPHANAGE.

A new Catholic orphanage has been erected in Edinburgh, Scotland. It is under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

Visiting Canada.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Heretofore Canada has been an exceedingly pleasant field for a certain class of summer tourists. Our great St. Lawrence, the frowning terrors of the Saguenay, the expanding beauties of the Thousand Islands, the historic memories of old Quebec, the developing grandeur of Montreal, have all drawn thousands to our Dominion, and the season of travel has long since been looked forward to as a time of harvest for our hotel people, our railways, our steamboat lines, and for all who have to do with either the transportation or the entertainment of strangers. But these tourists were never interested in our country beyond the enjoyment of the scenery and the hospitality to be found here. A change has gradually been operating, and having reached a given point, it commences now to assume exceptional proportions. While the numbers of our summer visitors may not have increased beyond the naturally expected ratio, the character and intentions, the aims and the results of those visits have taken on another and very different aspect. Not that our scenery has become less attractive, nor that less attention is paid to it, but because the scenery now begins to occupy a secondary instead of a first place in the minds and intentions of the tourists. They who now come here have other and more important aims. They seek pleasure, as have all those of the past, but there is an undercurrent of business speculation hidden beneath that flood of enjoyment. Beyond the grand scenery they behold resources far exceeding aught that their fondest dreams ever anticipated in other lands.

Let us just glance, for a moment, at the class of visitors we have had this year. In the first place we behold the representatives of the Chambers of Commerce, from all over Great Britain. They come here, to the commercial metropolis of Canada, to hold a grand conference. The events associated with that visit point to a growing recognition of Canada by the leaders of commerce in the great world of affairs beyond the Atlantic. A few years ago these leading men in the domain of finance and trade would have as soon thought of going to Philippines to hold their conference as to come to Canada. To-day Montreal is as important to them as Manchester, or Liverpool; and in one sense even more so.

Then the next batch of our summer visitors consists of members of the Imperial House of Commons, with a few representatives of the House of Lords. Enchanted with all they have seen they return perfectly bewildered and expressing loudly their astonishment that Canada, with a population scarcely larger than London, should possess such magnificent cities, buildings, institutions. That our methods and species of education necessary for them in a rational and useful discussion of Canadian questions in the press of the Old World during the coming important political and other struggles that are sure to be waged with a constant view to the attitude and needs of the colonies.

And, if in another sphere, still no less significant is the visit of the famous band of the Coldstream Guards. Never before has this body of trained and picked musicians been allowed to go outside England—in time of peace. But the King has accorded permission to its members to visit Canada and to give concerts in the chief centres of the Dominion.

In this we note another step in advance, another recognition of Canada's importance, another proof of the rapid strides our young Dominion is making up the slopes of that eminence from which it can be seen by all the people's of earth, and equally from which it can glance over their respective domains and form its own views as to its attitude towards each of them. Decidedly, in all these things, there is a marked change in Canada, and a mighty evidence of the growing importance of our Dominion in the eyes of Europe. Comparatively unknown and unthought-of a few years ago, we are almost inclined to consider our country, now, as the spoiled-child of the older nations.

It is thus that we note the difference in the purposes of those who come now to visit the Dominion. And all this is but a very natural

outcome of events and expansion. For example, the systems of international and of trans-Oceanic communication are so improved and developed that no land can now long remain unknown to the rest of the world, above all when that land is one of resources that are yet undeveloped, and to a great extent still undreamed of. From ocean to ocean our Dominion is bound by a railway system; our extreme west is connected with Japan, China and Oceania; our extreme East is connected with Europe; telegraphic lines run over land, cables run under ocean, and the telephone plays its own part in the general system of communication. We have all that the Old World has, except its ruins; we have what the Old World has not in our mighty water-powers, our prairie wheat fields, our unlimited mineral deposits, our unending forests, and in our illimitable future. Hence we can well say that Canada is becoming the paradise of the tourist—the tourist of the future.

Diocesan Appointments

Each year at the close of the second ecclesiastical retreat it is customary for the ordinary of the diocese to make whatever changes are deemed necessary in the personal of the parish priests and their assistants. It is a time of importance for those who are thus changed. It is also one of those occasions when the fact comes home to the priest that he is a soldier in the ranks of the Church Militant, and most be prepared to obey any order, no matter what the field into which he may be sent to "fight the good fight." It also reminds him that, no matter how long he may have been in charge of any one parish, no matter what ties, personal or otherwise, that he may have formed, his home is not there, nor anywhere else on earth—in heaven only is he to rest from his labors, and there alone is he to find a permanent home. This year the changes made are as follows:—

Rev. Father J. M. Leclerc, S. M., parish priest of Dorval; Rev. J. Jodoin, acting parish priest at Our Lady of Mercy; Rev. Z. Therien, curate at St. Benoit; Rev. M. Jolicoeur, curate at St. Elizabeth Church, Montreal; Rev. P. McGinnis, curate, Verdun; Rev. J. B. Desrosiers, curate, Joliette; Rev. J. H. Ducharme, curate, Berthier; Rev. J. E. Prevost, curate, St. Louis de France, Montreal; Rev. M. Clermont, curate, Saint Remi; Rev. A. Lapalme, curate, Maisonneuve; Rev. M. Desrosiers, curate, St. Henri; Rev. D. Couvrette, curate, St. Jean de la Croix; Rev. S. Barrette, curate St. Thomas, Joliette; Rev. J. Dufort, curate, St. Jean Baptiste; Rev. A. E. Olivier, curate St. Cuthbert; Rev. V. Ducharme, curate, St. Felix de Valois; Rev. E. Deschenes, curate, St. Ambrose; Rev. M. Morini, curate, Joliette; Rev. C. Poirier, curate, St. Helen's, Montreal; Rev. F. Poirier, St. Paul de Joliette; Rev. J. A. LaJeunesse, curate, Varennes; Rev. N. Houle, curate, St. Eusebe, Montreal; Rev. E. F. Bernier, professor at Ste. Therese College; Rev. T. Charbonneau, professor at Montreal College; Rev. J. O. Maurice, professor at L'Assomption College; Rev. J. C. Jette, professor at L'Assomption College; Rev. E. Cloutier, professor at L'Assomption College.

LABOR DAY.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The demonstration this year, on the occasion of Labor Day celebration, was one of a most successful character and exceedingly creditable to all who took part. Now that Labor Day is a statutory Dominion holiday, it has become what we might style an institution in the land. It has often been remarked that Labor Day is exactly the day upon which no work is done. This suggests a misconception of the significance of the event. Other holidays are commemorative in some way of great and important events. Apart from the national holidays the meaning of which is quite obvious, we have such occasions as the twenty-fourth of May, the first of July, and Thanksgiving Day. The last mentioned is of a class special entirely and apart from all others. The Queen's, or King's birthday is commemorative of the coming into the world of a special sovereign; Dominion Day is commemorative of the birth of our Confederation, the commencement of the special system of government under which we live. Labor Day is equally commemorative, but in another sense. It is a day of

rest from the routine of work for the purpose of acknowledging the dignity of labor. To work is to fulfill a law of God; to carry out, in life an obligation imposed upon humanity, from the very beginning, by the Almighty. From the hour that man was condemned to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," whosoever honestly works fulfills a strict duty and does honor to his manhood.

Work is not only mere physical labor; it consists of any operation that demands a strain, that calls for application, that engenders fatigue, and that finally commands remuneration—or in other words, a livelihood. It matters not whether that work is of the hands or of the brain, or of both combined.

"Blessed the child of humanity, Happiest man amongst men; Who, with hammer, or chisel, or pencil, With rudder, or ploughshare, or pen"—

labors in the morning and on through the noon of life. He is the one who has earned the repose that comes to declining years, or, at least, that should come in the natural course of affairs. There is truth in the compliment to the verse just quoted:—

"Round swings the hammer of industry, Quickly the sharp chisel rings; And the heart of the toiler has throbbings That stir not the bosom of Kings."

There is peace, happiness, plenty, contentment, and the sweets of repose, as well as the far greater recompense of a consciousness of duty performed that become the portion of the one who has fought life's battle, who—

"A home has won in the conflict of labor, With Truth for his armor And Faith for his saber."

It is in recognition of this grand, universal principle that the first Monday of September, in each year, has been set aside as a day on which to turn from the weekly task, to look back over the good work done during the year that has elapsed, and to glance along the lines of the future and to form resolutions for the continuation of the same noble endeavors during the year that is about to commence. In this spirit, we doubt not, all who took part in the creditable and successful demonstration of last Monday, celebrated the day.

Street-Begging to End.

If the new French-Canadian Society, for the Protection of Women and Children, only carries out its splendid programme, the day is at hand when our city will be freed from street beggars. According to the principal organizers of the new association, the beggars will be divided into three classes. Finally, those that are strangers to the city, and whom the law will be called upon to send back to their respective parishes, or to whence they came, be it in Canada or the United States. Secondly, beggars who are on imposition on the public, who have friends able to look after them, or who are able to work and will not do so. These are to be handed over to such friends, or else to be sent to prison and to be treated without any consideration. Thirdly, beggars who actually need to beg in order to live. Poor and unfortunate creatures, broken in health, deformed in body, demented, or unable to work through old age, or for some other legitimate cause. These will be taken charge of at the refuge established by the Society at 32 Dorchester street, or else in the different charitable institutions of the city. Such the plan of campaign, and it will be a mercy if it be fully carried into practice.

A PRIEST'S MEMORIAL.

Over fifty thousand people gathered in Cologne on July 12, to witness the unveiling of the monument to Rev. Adolf Koplmg, the "Father" of the German workingmen's societies.

A NEW BISHOP.

Rev. Charles J. O'Reilly, former pastor of St. Mary's Church, Portland, Ore., and editor of the "Catholic Sentinel," was consecrated Bishop of the new diocese of Baker City, Ore., August 25, by Archbishop Christie.

Drinking Water.

(By a Tax-payer.)

All of us, who are called upon annually to pay out certain sums to the public treasury, by way of taxes, either because we own property or because we use water, feel an interest in whatever concerns real estate and the use of the most natural of all liquids. Leaving aside the land part of the question, I will ask space to make a few comments upon the subject of water. I was led to this consideration by an article I recently read, and at the same time by certain suspicions I have entertained regarding the water with which our good city furnishes us—at 7 per cent. on our rent.

I will commence with the article before, from "Good Housekeeping," a very popular publication on domestic economy. The writer is George Thomas Palmer, M.D., evidently a person who should know something upon the subject. He begins by informing us that the human body contains a complete sewerage system in which poisonous and diseased producing refuse is constantly gathering and jeopardizing the health. From this he concludes that the same rule which applies to municipal sanitation will also apply to personal sanitation, and the danger of disease may be forestalled by flushing out this sewerage system with an excess of water. "Just as truly," he says, "as the gathering of filth from the city in the 'sewerage veins' endangers the lives of the inhabitants, so the poisons generated by the bodily metabolism, collected in the excretory organs, will jeopardize the lives of the millions of inhabitants of the body; the living cells." He then proceeds to tell us of the dangers that are incurred by the body. As these have not much to do directly with the subject in hand, still are of considerable information of a useful character, we will take, on this latter account, a couple of extracts therefrom.

The doctor says:—"Aside from the mere 'choking of the flues,' we must bear in mind that the body is constantly generating poisons, which, if eliminated freely, will do no harm; but which, if retained, will be productive of disease. Such a poison is uric acid, which is charged justly with causing rheumatism, gout, constant headaches, dizziness and a train of other symptoms, and it must be seen that if the accumulation of refuse is the cause of such conditions, the logical means of cure is its elimination. Other 'products of metabolism,' create their own types of disease, and all may be prevented by the free use of water. A beginning of kidney trouble lies in the fact that people, especially women, do not drink enough water. They pour down tumblerfuls of ice water as an accompaniment to a meal, but that is worse than no water, the chill preventing digestion, and indigestion being an indirect promoter of kidney disease. A tumbler of water sipped in the morning immediately on rising, another at night, are recommended by physicians."

As a prescription regarding the use of water the doctor lays down this rule:—

"Try to drink as little water as possible with meals, but take a glassful half an hour to an hour before eating. This rule persisted in day after day, month after month, the complexion will improve, and the general health likewise. Water drink with meals should be sipped, as well as taken sparingly."

In as far as this rule goes, especially as to drinking water during meals, we are under the impression that much depends upon the more or less complete manner in which the food is masticated. But, having given the readers the benefit of the foregoing advice, there is nothing more left for a non-professional person to say on this phase of the subject. But it brings us to the consideration of another topic, and one of exceedingly grave importance.

Judging from the foregoing we come to the simple conclusion that when the sewerage system of a city is choked with foreign matter, a flush of water through it will clear it out, and, in like manner, when the human system needs to be freed from injurious accumulations strong or large quantities of water will help to clean it out. So far the compar-

ison may be exact. But, then, unlike the sewerage, the human body is subject in all its parts, vital and otherwise, to be influenced by the quality of the water that pass through it. If the system be choked with poisonous matter collected therein, and you pour in water that is charged with equally poisonous germs, the fluid may clear out the undesirable matter already gathered, but will leave behind it the equally dangerous substances which it has brought with it into the system. Therefore, this theory, same as it is, presupposes pure water. Anything other than the very purest of water cannot fail to be injurious and to leave behind it results far more detrimental than would have followed from the continuous presence of that which it has helped to wash away.

This brings us to the consideration of the character of the water that we drink. As far as the country districts and small towns or villages go there is not much need of anxiety; for the water is there taken from streams, creeks, wells, springs, and other natural sources, where it is of the purest and the best. It is in the large city, provided with all the modern conveniences of water-works that the danger lies. And not, as many imagine, in the system of pipes—for the constant flow of water, wider high pressure, through the pipes (when the water is good) keeps them constantly clean. But in order to secure that pressure there must be a reservoir some place in the vicinity, and at a suitable height. It is this immense bulk of water that engenders all the danger. The reservoir is not subject to the perpetual rush that goes on in the pipes. It fills and empties gradually, matter has ample time to gather and to settle there; it is open, and within reach of people in its neighborhood; all manner of undesirable things may be easily cast into it; once there they become decomposed; and the result is that the water which permeates the city is contaminated and of a most dangerous character. The rule of Doctor Palmer surely will not apply, then, in the case of city water, supplied by an ordinary system of water-works. In fact, the less of that water people drink the better for their health; and even that little should be boiled before being used as a beverage.

It is not my place to pass any judgment upon the system in this city, yet as one who is frequently obliged to use the water, and always obliged to pay for it—whether I use it or not—I can say that the water tax is at least five per cent. too high for the value received by the citizen. If a household pays 7 per cent. on the rental of the house as a water tax, it is certain that for ordinary purposes not more than 2 cent. worth is used. You cannot include in this a bath, because for each bath you pay an extra dollar of tax. If the water is injurious, and in some cases actually poisonous, surely the lack of water for beverage, and risk run in using that which is furnished, and the medical expenses consequent upon its use, should be worth the other five per cent. It is high time that those who represent our interests in the council should take the matter in hand, and if they cannot reduce the water tax, at least let them see to it that we get pure water.

I will close with a comparison drawn from history. In olden times the Romans spent millions of money, and the lives of millions of slaves, in building those immense aqueducts that stand to-day in stupendous ruins, like mighty stone and mortar creatures of mythological ages, extending their vast proportions across the Camagna. These huge troughs served to supply the city, the public baths, and the private fountains and residences, with water from the lakes away up in the Apennines. It was pure water, and despite the pontine marshes, and the low lands around the Tiber, the Caesars were enabled to keep the demon of malaria at bay. To-day they have a system of modern water-works, a tap in every room, and all the conveniences of our twentieth century progress and invention. Yet the water is not only impure, but actually causes a veritable plague as soon as the damp or rainy season comes to that portion of Italy. They have the modern conveniences, but equally have they the modern class of City Fathers. It is not that the great old, heavy aqueducts brought more water—for they did not—but they brought it from nature's purest sources. The fact that history repeats itself is as true of waterworks as of anything else. And it is as true in Rome as it is in Montreal that there is need of a class of aldermen who can understand that much of the people's health depends upon the character of the water that is supplied. Possibly I have now intruded more than the subject would warrant upon space, so I will simply close in the hopes of better days and better water, and lower taxes in this good city.

Household Notes.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

A few helpful hints for housekeepers, learned by experimental knowledge, may be acceptable.

First, let me mention that a soft, woolen cloth, plenty of rubbing and one tablespoon of vinegar mixed with three of pure linseed oil will make mahogany furniture shine like a mirror.

White marks on mahogany are often caused by hot dishes having been put on a table without a mat underneath. To remove, rub with a little sweet oil, then with spirits of wine and polish with a soft clean cloth. For ink stains drop one drop of nitre on the spot and then wash it off, using luke warm water and a soft rag.

When piano keys are in need of cleaning they should be wiped off with a cloth dampened in alcohol.

An excellent way to freshen a carpet is to put a tablespoonful of ammonia into a pail of warm water and wipe the carpet with a cloth wrung out of it. This removes the dust, brightens the colors, and will kill any insect harboring there.

To remove oil spots from matting, clothing, etc., wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap and wash with cold water.

When silverware gets tarnished, if it is washed in a pint of very hot water to which has been added one teaspoonful of aqua ammonia, rubbed with a soft brush and dried with a clean linen towel, then rubbed very dry with chamois, it will become again very brilliant and will last much longer than if polished with powders.

To remove grass stains from children's clothing, wet stains well with alcohol, then wash. Mildewed articles should be wet in soap suds, the spots covered with a paste of soft soap and powdered chalk, and the article exposed to the sun for several hours. When washed the spots will usually disappear after one treatment. If not, repeat it.

When ink is spilled on the carpet, take up as much as possible with blotting paper. Then apply milk with a cloth, changing the milk often. When the ink has been removed, wash with ammonia and water and the stain will vanish.

A few tablespoonfuls of kerosene in the wash water will loosen the dirt, and the clothes will wash easier and be whiter.

There is nothing like kerosene for cleaning a soiled clothes wringer. Wet a small cloth with kerosene, wash the rollers, and the dirt disappears as if by magic.

Rub window panes with kerosene, then wash with warm water, and polish. They will be cleaner and brighter than where soapuds is used.

A tablespoonful of kerosene added to four or five quarts of starch makes the colored starched clothes iron easier.

To remove blood stains from cloth saturate with kerosene and after letting stand a little, wash in warm water.

FRIAR

One day in the reign of Edward the Confessor of England—it was June, 1579—in the far west of Ireland, a small party of men rode towards the mountains, and in the far west of the island they found a beautiful landscape in sunshine, save where the white clouds sailing in the blue sky and venerable Gothic windows, and square campanile, or soaring over all. To the party rode onward, to the bright estuary of the river beyond it the yellow sand of Barra, and beyond them left lay billowy green up to the sea, decked with sweeping woods, with the pasture and tillage. The breath of the brine came with the sweet fragrance of blossoms. There was a summer smile on the face of the land. People were in their homes and fleeing woods for safety. Men with loud shouts were driving their cattle—the black, shaggy Irish cattle that ran along with infants clad in their trembling arms. Girting the smooth or ribbon of their binding their tresses dragged their little brothers and sisters was a general frantic run for safety—a stampede which but too frequent occurrence parts of Ireland in these days—for from the south was a terrible dark cloud charged with the lightning of rapine, ruination.

Straight to the monastic horsemen galloped, and at the door, which was round-headed surmounted by a winged angel in stone, the leader dismounted his armor and weapons clattered on the sward. He was a stalwart man, with a huge or mustache, and his hair masses, native Irish fashion, shoulders. He entered the reverently doffed his helmet and called.

"Ho, Father John, Father John."

As his voice rolled and through the spacious interior abashed at his boldness in the pervading solemn hush of the place was deserted, stony solitude. To the left a wall hung with sacred pictures showed the marks and tears of close usage. To the right three round arches joining the nave still wider space provided for worshippers. In front of the under the bell tower, crossed screen of metal trellis work, through which were seen the chancel, the oaken stalls of the friars high altar and the noble orient window. The metal screen was twisted in places, many of the doors were broken, the wooden were chipped and gashed, and were other marring tokens of the Reformers.

"The wanton, sinful ruffian commented the visitor. 'I wonder what mischief they'll do to the old place this turn.' And again called: 'Ho, Father John, are you here?'"

Receiving no reply he walked jingling spurs up the nave and entered the chancel through an archway in the thickness of the wall. Then he opened the leading to the cloisters. Some previously no Catholic layman had such an intrusion, but the confusion of the times, the stress of the great passing away of the friars made havoc of strict monastic rule. The visitor found himself in a cool square of handsomely carved arches, enclosing a sun-lighted space where now rank weeds and grass covered where once lay beds and beds of medicinal herbs used by the monks in their province as physicians. Upon this walk of the doors of many arched cells and around it the dark-robed sons of St. Francis had paced, read, meditated for more than one hundred years.

A famous piece, by the way, of its heyday this fine old monastery was founded in 1460 by Thomas Age (or the young) Bourke, one of the western lords.

FRIAR O'DOWD'S VICTORY.

One day in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England—it was the 9th of June, 1579—in the full heat of the persecution of the Catholic Church in Ireland, a small party of horsemen rode towards the monastery of Moyne, in the far west of that racked and war-wasted island.

The pleasant landscape was bathed in sunshine, save where over mead and woodland flitted the shadows of the white clouds sailing aloft in the blue. Solemn and venerable, even in its pathetic semi-dilapidation, lay the stately old Franciscan house, with all its picturesque grey gables and gothic windows, and the tall square campanile, or bell tower, soaring over all.

But there was an oppressive sense of dread in the air, a panic of terror on the land. People were abandoning their homes and fleeing into the woods for safety. Men and boys with loud shouts were driving off their cattle—the black, shaggy, long-horned Irish cattle that ran like buffaloes.

Straight to the monastery, the horsemen galloped, and at the church door, which was round-headed and surmounted by a winged angel carved in stone, the leader dismounted, his armor and weapons clanging as he leaped on the sward. He was a stalwart man, with a huge commal or mustache, and his hair fell in masses, native Irish fashion, on his shoulders.

As his voice rolled and echoed through the spacious interior he felt abashed at his boldness in breaking the pervading solemn hush of sanctity. The place was deserted, a vast stony solitude. To the left a sheer wall hung with sacred pictures that showed the marks and tears of malicious usage.

Receiving no reply he walked with jingling spurs up the nave and entered the chancel through a low archway in the thickness of the tower wall. Then he opened the door leading to the cloisters. Some years previously no Catholic layman would have attempted or even dreamed of such an intrusion, but the confusion of the times, the stress of danger, the great passing away of the friars made havoc of strict monastic rules.

A famous place, by the way, was his heyday this fine old monastery of Moyne. Founded in 1480 by Thomas Aze (or the young) Bourke, one of the western territory,

at the instance of Provincial-General Nehemias O'Donohoe (sent by Pope Nicholas V. to introduce into Ireland the reformed Franciscan rule known as the "strict observance," it took two years in the building, and was consecrated by Bishop Donat O'Connor of Killala exactly thirty years before Columbus sailed with his caravels into the mysterious West. The consecrating prelate was a member of the Order of St. Dominic, whose sons had established themselves in this district two centuries previously.

Sad, yet sublime, telling of the struggles of an oppressed, indomitable race for light, liberty and freedom of worship, are the memories that breathe around that cloister square of Moyne.

"Well, Tibbot Bourke, my son, God bless you," he said cheerily. "Make haste, father, there is no time to lose," said the cavalier. "The English Queen's soldiers have crossed the Moy at Ballina and are coming this way. They have taken us by surprise and they are too strong for us, so we can do nothing but alarm the country. Come—we have horses at the door for yourself and Father Cathal."

"Father Cathal has been called to a sick bed two miles hence," said Father O'Dowd, "and for me, surely I am not going to run away and abandon this holy place to desecration. 'You know,' he said, with a sad smile, 'of the whole community there are now but two of us left, but we must not be false to our trust.'"

He alluded to a tragedy of the previous year. On the approach of a party of English raiders the monks then in the monastery took to their fishing boats and rowed for safety out into the bay—all but one, the venerable lay brother Felix O'Hara, brother of the Lord of Leyney, who insisted on staying behind, urging that the soldiers would not harm one so aged as he and that his presence might induce them to respect the sacred place.

The last, lone monk in the great deserted monastery! To him a soldier, bitter, Gethsemane-like hour

was that in the Church of Moyne. The old race crushed and humbled, the old creed banned, the alien powers of persecution and death turned loose. There, beneath his sculptured slab on the gospel side of the altar, showing the De Burgo lion and hand, with the crescent which symbolized a second son, lay the dust of the founder of the monastery, the pious young Lord Thomas Bourke, head of the tribe, recalling the prosperous old days when he and his warriors, bards and brehons assembled to lay the foundation stone of the sacred edifice.

"Poor old abbey!" thought the lonely friar, "your halcyon days are indeed gone."

"Many a bitter storm and tempest That your roof-tree turned away Since you first were turned a temple To the Lord of night and day."

"Holy house of ivied gables That were once the country's pride, Houseless now in weary wandering Roam your inmates far and wide."

"Refractory cold and empty, Dormitory bleak and bare, Where are now your pious uses, Simple bed and frugal fare?"

"Shrive this arch traitor and rebel," commanded the officer. "No doubt he has some very interesting secrets for your ear, and he may like to unload himself of them before he make reparation on the gallows tree for having dared to bear arms against her highness."

"I mean," said the officer, nervously twitching his ruff and fingering his sword hilt, "that for the service of our gracious Queen you shall reveal to me the secrets which the traitor confided to you or else share his fate. Come, stretch, give me at once a clear account of all he told you."

ed the officer. "Refuse to reveal all and this minute you shall hang."

"Sir, I refuse," said the intrepid friar, with quiet dignity and resolution. "Take him out and hang him," commanded the Queen's man with a volley of oaths. Then, reconsidering, he said: "Hold, he shall tell in spite of himself; I know a sure way of loosening the tongues of such as he."

The victim slipped through the hands of the torturers and lay motionless on the floor. "Take off that cord and pick him up. He is only in a faint or shaming. We shall soon make him speak."

"But no; the saintly John O'Dowd, constant to the death, had in mercy been taken out of the cruel hands of his persecutors, wreak what ignominy they might on the lifeless remains of the brave martyr. Triumphant in death he had passed away, bearing the palm of victory, to join the white-robed host that follows the Lamb.—P. G. Smith in the Rosary Magazine.

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

- CANADA. 81,969—Wm. Jas. Cummings, Dexter, Ont. Bag fastener. 82,675—Fred. Cords, Elmwood, Ont. Cattle guard. 82,676—Charles P. Cox, Winnipeg, Man. Locomotive driving mechanism. 82,700.—Wm. Rath, Conjuring Creek, N.W.T. Smut mills. 82,750—Jules Ernest Fortin, Montreal, Que. Thermostatic alarm. Nos. UNITED STATES. 736,379—Jas. Alf. Gemmill, Carleton Place, Ont. Curtain display rack. 736,618—Wm. M. McCallum, Amherst, N.S. Lamp chimney holder. 737,628—Edwin Holmes, Canning, N.S. Lamp chimney holder.

Every Catholic diocese in the United States is to be asked to contribute a statue or painting of the ruling bishop to be presented to Statuary Hall in the Catholic University at Washington. Each province, it has been suggested, will present a statue of its archbishop as the gift of the clergy of the diocese. Boston has been the first to adopt the plan. The clergy of that archdiocese have ordered a life-size portrait of Archbishop John Joseph Williams.

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ABOUT EAGLES

(By J. P. I. Callaghan.)

Of the family of falconidae or birds of prey, the largest, grandest and most powerful is the eagle. It has a curved beak, large, strong and slightly rounded wings, its fourth primary feather being the longest; its legs feathered to the toes, and their claws are curved and sharp, fitted for tearing their prey.

The eagle may be divided into three classes, viz.: The Golden, (*Aquila chrysaetos*); the Imperial of Europe, (*A. imperialis*); the Bald eagle of America, (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*); the great Harpy, (*Harpyia destructor*).

The first and most noted is the Golden eagle, distinguished for its majestic size, great power of vision, strength of wing, rapid flight, indomitable courage, and almost irresistible powers of attack. It is justly considered the king of birds, and is to be found both in Europe and America. The mountainous parts of Scotland are particularly noted for them. It is seldom seen in the Eastern States, but is common in the Northwest. It is of a dark brownish color, the back of the head, the neck and the end of the tail feathers are of a golden hue, whence it derives its name. In flight it is singularly beautiful and imposing, but on land its gait is encumbered by its long talons. Its food usually consists of sea-birds, and smaller quadrupeds, such as hares, rabbits, etc., etc. Its nest is built of sticks, rushes and grass, on some high cliff or tree, and it lays two small dull white eggs, shaded about the beginning of August.

The parent birds are very solicitous for their young, and provide liberally for the wants of the helpless brood. While they occupy the nest it is very dangerous to approach, as the eagles are then extremely fierce and daring. As soon as the eaglets are able to cater for themselves, they are roused to exertion by their natural guardians, constrained to quit the nest, incited to ply their wings, instructed by example how to use them, and aided in their early attempts, till with confidence and courage, they can cleave the air like their parents.

That children have been carried off by this bird is extremely improbable, and some of these pretty stories in which children have thrilling escapes, are more the invention of their author's fertile brain, than authentic facts. Still, when very hungry it has been known to carry off young lambs.

Next to the Golden eagle comes the Imperial one; its figure is commonly used as an heraldic emblem. The bicapital or double-headed eagle is now the emblem of the Austrian and Russian empires.

Next in order the white-headed or bald eagle, which spreads over nearly the whole northern part of America, but notably around Niagara. This splendid bird is about three feet long, and seven feet from the tip of one wing to the other. The head, neck and tail are pure white, the rest of the plumage nearly black. The representation of the Bald eagle forms the national emblem of the United States, and is often introduced as an opposite symbol of human royalty in sacred and secular literature. On the monuments of Nineveh, the head and wings frequently occur as the emblem of kingly power. The mode in which this bird obtains its prey is thus graphically described by Audubon. The scene is in Mississippi, and the eagle is perched on the top of the tallest tree, on the margin of the stream.

"The wild, trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. The eagle shakes the whole of his body, and with a few touches of his bill, he arranges his plumage in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly. So irksome do her exertions seem, that her legs are spread beneath her tail to aid her flight. She approaches, however. The eagle has marked her for his prey. As the swan is passing, he starts from his perch, in full preparation for the chase, with an awful scream that, to the swan's ear, brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun.

"Now is the moment to witness the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and like a flash of lightning comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks

by various manoeuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons; it mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with its talons from beneath.

"The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and strength of its antagonist. Its last grasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under-side of its wing, and with unresisted power, forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore. He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws deep into the heart of the dying swan. He then, with his mate, gorges himself with the blood of the luckless victim."

The third and last is the Harpy eagle, belonging to the South and Central America, Mexico, and has been in Texas. Its body is ashy-grey and black, head and under-parts dull white, and feet yellowish. It is of about the same dimensions as the Bald eagle. If taken young it can be tamed. The Incas of Peru and the Aztecs used to train Harpies to hunt just as falcons were trained in Europe.

Millions And Titles

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

One of our American contemporaries says:—

"An American heiress to \$30,000,000, Miss Goelet, is to marry a titled Englishman. The Duke of Roxburg is not supposed to be a fortune hunter, but a lover who is well able to marry the heiress of Ogden Goelet. The heiress has been engaged to other nobles at various times, as has been reported, but the winning of the prize fell to the house of Roxburg. Thus more American millions go out of this country to swell the coffers of English 'me luds.'"

And it could be added, "the coffers of the titled ones of almost every land in Europe." But who has any right to complain? Surely not the Americans. With all their land vaunted democracy, there is not on earth a people more hungry for titles, for honors, for aristocratic privileges than these same Americans. In fact, it may be reasonably concluded that the lord, or prince, or whatever else he may be who secures a wife and millions has the right to feel that he receives only what can be got by any man, while on the American side is received that which cannot be found at home, on this side of the Atlantic. Go to New York and you find the most haughty, high-headed, blue-blooded imitation of aristocracy in the upper 400, the select sets, the descendants of the old Dutch settlers. Go to Newport and you have that same spirit carried to an extreme that is only rendered the more ridiculous when it is accompanied with protestations of distaste for titles and detestation of aristocratic principles. No land in the world is as lavish with its "Honorable," its "Generals," its "Colonels," its "Captains," its "Professors," its "Doctors," and all its titles of distinction; and in no land do the ordinary people show such a desire to bestow on a person every title possible. Thus they imagine that they demonstrate to the stranger that they associate with men who bear such titles—a mere fevered hankering after distinction. In Europe they are still worse. They use every imaginable means to secure an entry into the very society of the "me luds," and they cringe and resort to any kind of demeaning methods in order to attain that very coveted honor. If they would make no fuss about it no person would pay any attention; but this perpetual disclaiming all care for titles and honors merely accentuates the fact that with all their democracy they are utterly subservient in this regard, and the few who are not crying out on account of it being, with them, a case of "sour grapes."

Subscribe to the True Witness

OBITUARY.

MRS. MCCARTHY.—The death of Mrs. Catherine McCarthy, wife of Mr. D. K. McCarthy of Duluth, Minn., and daughter of the late Mr. John Cantwell, Quebec, is announced. The sad event occurred at Duluth, July 11th. The funeral was held to St. James Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Feehely, who also, at the conclusion of the Mass made allusion to the many good works in which the deceased had taken part in the parish of which she had been so long a member. The remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery. —R. I. P.

PLAIN TALK.

At Calgary the Catholics are about a fourth of the population, which is 6,000. They are not all Catholics of the best type, however! Most of them speak English.—Missionary Record of O. M. I.

A VICE OF THE VIRTUOUS.

The peculiarity of ill-temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men and women who are all but perfect but for an easily ruffled, quick-tempered or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill-temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest, problems of ethics.—Henry Drummond.

EDITOR AND HIS CRITICS.

It never occurs to us to call upon any of our customers who are butchers, bakers, grocers or bootmakers to tell them how they should run their businesses. Everybody, however, seems to consider himself fit to run a newspaper, and we have seen many efforts by such people come to an ignominious end. We have little hope, however, that these will serve as a warning to others, for the crop of skillful newspaper conductors (in their own opinion) seems to increase rather than diminish.—From the London Monitor and New Era.

A NON-CATHOLIC VIEW.

Speaking the other day at the laying of the foundation stone of a new Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., said that sometimes they criticised the Roman Catholic Church very severely, but there was no church that had made a surer and deeper search into human nature. That Church, the greatest religious organization in the whole world, conducted its worship in a common tongue. The Roman Catholics conducted their worship in the language of worship. Their Church utilized every means for taking people away from everyday interests, and sought to induce them to forget what was outside. The language of commerce and of everyday occupations was thus left outside, and the people were taught the language of worship. This showed a shrewd, deep insight into the human mind. The Welsh preserved their language for the hearth and for worship. English would become the language of commerce, the language of professions, the language of the street, even for Welshmen, he was afraid, but the Welsh language, when it died, would die at the steps of the altar.

IN THE NORTHWEST.

Father Cherrier, a parish priest in Winnipeg, and editor of the "Northwest Review," spoke in his church a few Sundays ago about the oppression practised upon the Catholics of Manitoba, in reference to school affairs, by the Protestant settlers in the province. Referring to the bigotry which will not allow a nun's dress to be worn by the teachers of Catholic children, "he pointed the finger of scorn at the hypocrites who, while laying the corner-stones of their own schools with all the tomfoolery insignia of secret societies yet profess to be shocked at those teachers who prefer to wear a decent uniform rather than to encourage the vanity of their pupils by the ostentatious display of their own."

—Missionary Record, O. M. I.

One hundred years ago there were in the whole United States 25,000 Catholics. To-day there are easily 12,000,000. And yet we occasionally read articles on the leakage in the church.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EXHIBITIONS
OTTAWA AND RETURN.
Sept. 14, 16, 18 \$2 60
Sept. 11, 13, 15, 17 \$3 50
Return Limit—Sept. 21, 1908.

ST. JOHNS AND RETURN.
Sept. 5 to 12 inc. Limited to date of sale & including One Admission to Exposition \$1.00

PORTLAND. Through Parlor and Sleeping Car Service as far as Portland only. Trains Lv. Windsor St. a.m. week days, 8 p.m. daily, except Saturday.

ST. ANDREWS. Through Sleeping Car Service from Montreal and after Monday, Sept. 14th, from St. Andrews

CITY TICKET AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
295 F. JAMES STREET, next Post Office

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EXHIBITIONS
Ottawa and Return.
Sept. 14, 16, 18 \$2 60
Sept. 11, 13, 15, 17 \$3 50
Return Limit—Sept. 21, 1908.

Train Service—Going—Leave Montreal week days at 8:40 a.m., 4:20 p.m., 7:00 p.m. Sundays 7:40 p.m. Arrive Ottawa 11:40 a.m., 7:10 p.m., 10:00 p.m. Returning—Leave Ottawa, week days 8:20 a.m., 3:30 p.m., 6:35 p.m. Sundays at 8:20 a.m. Arrive Montreal 11:20 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 9:35 p.m.

St Johns and Return
Until Sept. 12 inc. Limited to date of sale & including One Admission to Exposition \$1.00
Return Limit Sept. 11, 1908 \$1.00

Montreal—Old Orchard
Parlor and Sleeping Car Service.
After Sept. 5, 1908, the Through Parlor and Sleeping Car Service running between Montreal and Old Orchard, will run to Portland (G. T. R. Station) only.

CITY TICKET OFFICES,
37 St. James Street Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Beausartre Station.

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ALL SAILORS WELCOME.
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All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit.
MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday.
Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.
Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.
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AT LOURDES.

Mr. Henry Blount, who is one of the Hospitaliers at Lourdes, writing recently, stated that there were over 80,000 pilgrims then at Lourdes.

A MEMORIAL CROSS.

A splendid memorial cross has been erected over the grave of the late Dr. J. E. Kenny in Glasnevin Cemetery. It was unveiled by Mr. John Redmond, M.P., recently.

CLERGY AND LAITY.

The reception accorded to the Rev. Arthur Murphy, P.P. of Brosna, by the people of Castleisland and Brosna as he travelled to the latter place on a recent Friday for the purpose of taking up the pastoral charge left vacant by the death of Father Neligan affords, says the "Cork Examiner," a striking instance of the indissoluble ties of affection, veneration, and abiding love which exist between the priests and people of Ireland. When it became known in Castleisland that the rev. gentleman was to pass through the town on his way to the scene of his future spiritual labors, the people turned out en masse, and accorded him a cordial and enthusiastic reception as he will have occasion to remember during the rest of his life.

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CURTAIN VALUES CONTINUE TO IMPROVE
Our buyer is continually on the lookout for chances to buy at under-value figures. This is what puts The Big Store in the enviable position of always being able to offer special values.

White Nottingham Lace Curtains, 60 inches wide x 34 yards long, in the newest effects. Special price, per pair, \$1.86

FLOOR COVERINGS FOR SCHOOLS.

Excellent variety of everything you would choose for the purpose to be found at The Big Store. The reasonable prices prove a strong inducement to purchase, and win the order whenever comparisons are instituted.

Consignments of Fall Carpets are beginning to make their appearance. These hints of some first arrivals:

New Ingrain Carpets, in pretty colorings and designs, reversible, 1 yard wide, most suitable to cover bedrooms. Per yard, from 20c to \$1.10

Single width Tapestry Carpets, a range that includes everything new and desirable, with handsome borders to match. Per yard, 48c and 60c

Double width Tapestry Carpets, economical, because less waste occurs in matching. Per yard, the assortment of colorings and patterns will influence your purchases, with harmonious borders to match. Per yard, 80c, 97c, and \$1.25

Velvet Carpets, everything that's new to meet your vision in this assortment, with borders to match. Per yard, 98c

PILLOW CASES—REQUIRED IN THE BOARDING SCHOOL

50 Dozen Pillow Cases, made of fine heavy cotton, wide hem, size 26 x 40 in. Values large quantity buyers will approve. Per pair, 26c

TABLE NAPKINS FOR BOARDING SCHOOLS

Fine Satin Damask Table Napkins, hemmed to us, 6 size; another sure to be appreciated value, per dozen, \$1.30

LAUNDRY BAGS FOR THE COLLEGIAN

Made of Plain and Striped Linen, or Duck, average size 24 x 36 inches. So reasonable in price that none will go elsewhere to purchase, 33c, 40c and 50c

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S REEFERS.

Children's Navy Blue Beaver Cloth Reefers, made with large shoulder cape, trimmed with fancy blue and white braid, sizes from 4 to 12 years. Price, according to size, from \$2.85

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THOMAS LIGGETT'S

Magnificent Showings and Fall Openings of Carpets is worthy of great attention. Also, Beds and Bedding.

THOMAS LIGGETT, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

A LETTER AND LESSON.

Mr. Maurice Murphy writes as follows from the Crown Hotel, Castleisland, to the "Kerry People," his letter being dated August 6, 1908:—

"Sir,—Miss Leahy gave me enclosed copy of letter from Daniel O'Connell which she found recently amongst her father's papers. It appears he was in the habit of travelling to Dublin by coach from Castleisland and Abbeyleah, the old mail coach road. I thought it may interest your readers, especially that part where he shows great regard for the Mass. Letters cost 10d. postage in those days, and it was the person who received the communication had to pay the money." The copy of O'Connell's letter is as follows:—

"Tralee, 15th January, Friday, Sir,—I will be at your house about two o'clock on Sunday. Have four horses ready for me by two o'clock. Take care the driver hears Mass. I will not arrive until after the last Mass, and will not allow any man to drive me who lost Mass.—Truly yours, Daniel O'Connell." The letter was written on January 15, 1836. Mr. Leahy, to whom it was addressed, was an innkeeper at Abbeyleah.

A CATHOLIC GENTLEMAN.

"A Catholic gentleman," said the Rev. Owen H. Hill, S.J., in his baccalaureate address to the graduates of Fordham College, U.S.A., "is a saint in private life and a public spirited citizen of right principles and sound integrity. He takes a strong hand in the stirring affairs of his time. He is possessed of every true virtue from love of God and religion to love of country and authority."

IRISH FISHERIES.

During last year the Irish fisheries produced 22 per cent. less than in the preceding year.

Lady Blessington

By "CRUX"

EW Irishwomen known, half than Lady Blessington. A prolific mind, her tribulations to literature, tion with all the lead tions, politicians and st her time, her patronage letters, her wonderful receptions, her palace-like her connection by blood thy with some of the great, and the mem tions of persecution in tended to make her nam hold word during almost three score years of her attractive life. She lived sixty years. She was born, 1789, and died in 1849.

The leading events of life constitute almost a the struggles of Ireland triumphs of literature whole first half of the century. And in all gre friends she had her part. S. friend of Moore and of I her home was the meeting all the celebrities, many have gone down to compa vision, since the advent of a different generation. Lady ton was a Miss Marguerite. The family of the Powers, those of the County Water played a most important r history of Munster, Bish of religious houses—male landed proprietors, publi men and women of letters been the offspring of this sly. Marguerite was born sly, in 1789, at Knockbr Clonmel, in the County of Clonmel is on the bank of Suir, which divides the c Tipperary and Waterford. Castle, the princely residen Powers, is within a short d the historic old city. H Edmond Power, although a lic, was one of the magistr active, in 1798, in hunting prosecuting the rebels. T was one to which she, in a never cared to make allusi deep patriotism seems to h to her more fully from her side. Her mother's name v Sheehy; she was Edmond who was executed for reb 1766. Her cousin, the lam the Nicholas Sheehy, was drawn and quarter at Clor 1766, for political offences, and was spiked on the West gate mel, the face looking out u suburbs called the Irish tow And fame that is attache name of Blessington is due lady who assumed it on r the Lord to whom it belong it not been for her nam have figured in "Burke's P but is very little known by immediate horizon of a cert led class of the aristocracy Blessington had reached the thirty-three before she dawn the world of letters. Up t time she had been famed fo beauty, her wit, and her c charms. But from that per ward she became the objec most careful literary observa was then, in 1822, that she ed "The Magic Lantern; or, S or Scenes in the Metropolis," was followed by "Sketches an ments," published in 1823. Yo works, interesting and deli written as they were, gave idea of the merit that her productions would evidence. I years she was silent, or rath pen seemed to have ceased wor in 1833 came forth her first "Grace Cassidy; or the Reape And in the same year she leg many year's editorship of the of Beauty, to which she wa most industrious contributor. same time, in 1834, she pul "Conversations with Lord B This is one of the best work, class, in English literature. I real biography of Byron, acci himself. It might be said th friendship and the encouragem well as the advice of Lady B ton, helped to bring out all was best in Byron, and to many a mad folly that would otherwise, choked off some finest productions. She knew to humor him, and then to him, to awaken the finest of pur luty ambition and to quench of ignoble sentiments and cons passions, all unworthy of the end of his genius.

In 1835 appeared her novel

IRISH STATISTICS.

The thirty-ninth detailed annual report of the Registrar-General for Ireland containing a full abstract of the number of births, marriages and deaths in Ireland during the year 1902 has just been published. In the general summary with which the report opens we are told that the births registered in Ireland during the year numbered 101,863, the marriages 22,949, and the deaths 77,676. The marriage rate, which stood at 5.18 per 1000 of the estimated population, showed an increase of 0.10 as compared with that for the preceding year, and was 0.27 above the average for the ten years 1892-1901, and higher than the rate for any of those years. The birth-rate, 23.0 per 1,000, was 0.3 above the rate for the preceding year, but 0.1 under the average rate for the same ten years. The death-rate, 17.5 per 1,000, was 0.3 below the rate for the preceding year, and 0.8 below the average rate for the ten years 1892-1901. The recorded natural increase of population or excess of births over deaths was 24,187. The loss by emigration amounted to 40,190. There would thus appear to have been a decrease of 16,003 in the population during the year, but against this decrease there is a small set-off in immigration, of which no official record has been obtained. The estimated population in the middle of the year was 4,432,274.

A SUGGESTION.

The Duke of Norfolk, in subscribing £5 ss. to the National Memorial to the Venerable Bede, writes to the secretary:—"May I venture to express a hope that in any inscription on the monument the expression 'set up' may be used instead of the 'erected' so painfully common in the present day."

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gns, reversible, 1 yard \$2.00 to \$2.50

WARE FOR BOARDING SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Toilet Sets, English pieces in each. If it is an unfrequent purchase ware of this price, per set, \$1.25

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PIECE SUITS. \$1.50 to \$2.50

EEFERS. Large shoulder cape, 2 years. Price, accord-

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NET'S

ill Openings of attention.

MPRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 CATHERINE STREET.

H STATISTICS.

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NGESTION. Norfolk, in subscrib-

Lady Blessington.

By "CRUX"

EW Irishwomen were better known, half a century ago, than Lady Blessington. Her extraordinary beauty, her prolific mind, her vast contributions to literature, her association with all the leading litterateurs, politicians and statesmen of her time, her patronage of art and letters, her wonderfully attractive receptions, her palace-like home, and her connection by blood and sympathy with some of the noteworthy, the great, and the memorable victims of persecution in Ireland, all tended to make her name a household word during almost the entire three score years of her active and attractive life. She lived exactly sixty years. She was born in September, 1789, and died in September, 1849.

The leading events of this lady's life constitute almost a history of the struggles of Ireland and of the triumphs of literature during the whole first half of the nineteenth century. And in all great movements she had her part. She was the friend of Moore and of Byron, and her home was the meeting place of all the celebrities, many of whom have gone down to comparative oblivion, since the advent of another and different generation. Lady Blessington was a Miss Marguerite Power. The family of the Powers, especially those of the County Waterford, has played a most important part in the history of Munster, Bishops, heads of religious houses—male and female—landed proprietors, public officials, men and women of letters have all been the offspring of this great family. Marguerite was born, as we said, in 1789, at Knockbrit, near Clonmel, in the County Tipperary. Clonmel is on the bank of the river Suir, which divides the counties of Tipperary and Waterford. Gurteen Castle, the princely residence of the Powers, is within a short distance of the historic old city. Her father, Edmond Power, although a Catholic, was one of the magistrates most active, in 1798, in hunting down and prosecuting the rebels. This fact was one to which she, in after life, never cared to make allusion. Her deep patriotism seems to have come to her more fully from her mother's side. Her mother's name was Ellen Sheehy; she was Edmond Sheehy, who was executed for rebellion in 1766. Her cousin, the lamented Father Nicholas Sheehy, was hanged, drawn and quartered at Clonmel, in 1766, for political offenses, and his head was spiked on the West gate of Clonmel, the face looking out upon the suburbs called the Irishtown.

And fame that is attached to the name of Blessington is due to the lady who assumed it on marrying the Lord to whom it belonged. Had it not been for her the name would have figured in "Burke's Peerage," but for very little known beyond the immediate horizon of a certain limited class of the aristocracy. Lady Blessington had reached the age of thirty-three before she dawned upon the world of letters. Up to that time she had been famed for her beauty, her wit, and her personal charms. But from that period onward she became the object of the most careful literary observation. It was then, in 1822, that she published "The Magic Lantern; or, Sketches or Scenes in the Metropolis." This was followed by "Sketches and Fragments," published in 1823. Yet these works, interesting and delightfully written as they were, gave no just idea of the merit that her future productions would evidence. For ten years she was silent, or rather her pen seemed to have ceased work. But in 1833 came forth her first novel, "Grace Cassidy; or the Reapalers." And in the same year she began her many years' editorship of the Book of Beauty, to which she was the most industrious contributor. At the same time, in 1834, she published "Conversations with Lord Byron." This is one of the best works, of its class, in English literature. It is a real biography of Byron, most of it gleaned from his own accounts of himself. It might be said that the friendship and the encouragement, as well as the advice of Lady Blessington, helped to bring out all that was best in Byron, and to check many a mad folly that would have, otherwise, choked off some of his finest productions. She knew how to humor him, and then to check him, to awaken the finest of pure and lofty ambition and to quench those of ignoble sentiments and consuming passions, all unworthy of the man and of his genius.

In 1835 appeared her novel "The

Two Friends," followed by her "Flowers of Loneliness," and her "Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman." This might seem to have been enough to immortalize any one woman; but, with Lady Blessington, it was only the commencement of her wonderful literary outpourings. In 1837 she published "Victims of Society." In 1838 came "Gems of Beauty;" "The Confessions of an Elderly Lady;" "The Governess;" "Desultory Thoughts and Reflections;" and "The Idler in Italy"—a work which she did not complete till 1840. That year saw the budding of another flower. Heretofore it was prose—prose lofty, prose gay, prose serious, prose charming—but now she comes along with verse. Her first effort was "The Belle of a Season." In 1841 she produced her "Idler in France;" and at the same time, after her return from the continent, began her ten years' editorship of "The Keepsake." In 1842 and 1843 appeared "Lottery of Life and Other Tales" and "Srathern, or Life at Home and Abroad." These were soon followed by her smaller verses in a neat little volume—a casket of tiny gems. In 1846 and 1847 she produced "Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre;" "Lionel Deerhurst;" and "Marmaduke Herbert, or the Fatal Error." Her last work was "Country Quarters." But this was not published until 1850, some months after her death. When this book was written Lady Blessington appeared as one who had fully twenty more years of life and activity ahead of her.

In 1849 she retired to Paris where she took up her residence, evidently with the intention of their continuing her literary work and of gathering fresh material for the future. The very day after she had taken possession of her new home she was attacked with heart disease, and expired in a few hours. Death came in the midst of a thousand and one schemes for future work and enjoyment, and the shock was such that her friends could not realize that Lady Blessington had actually passed away forever from the scene.

She was buried in a mausoleum in the village cemetery at Chambourg. Two inscriptions to her memory, one by Barry Cornwall, (Proctor, the poet and jurist, father of the sweet Catholic poetess Adelaide Proctor), and the other by Walter Savage Landor, are still to be seen on the walls of that mausoleum. That by Proctor gives a very fine and concise sketch of her. It reads thus:—"In her life she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men, famous for art and science, in distant lands, sought her friendship; and historians and scholars, poets and wits, and painters of her own country found an unfeeling welcome in her ever hospitable home. She gave cheerfully to all who were in need, help and sympathy and useful counsel; she died, lamented by many friends. Those who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over her resting place."

One of her biographers has told of her beauty in the following language:—"The perfection of matured beauty, her form was exquisitely molded, her movements graceful and natural. The peculiar character of her beauty consisted in the correspondence of every feature with the motion of her mind. The instant a joyous thought took possession of her fancy you read it in her sparkling eye, her smiling lips; you heard it in her ringing laugh, clear and sweet as childhood's merriest tones. There was a glowing sunshine of good humor and good nature seldom surpassed in the genial wit of this woman. Her voice was sweetly modulated and clear; all her beauty without the witchery of its silvery tones would have been only a secondary charm."

This is a delightful description, and we go to-day can form but slight idea of the physical beauty, the mental endowments, and the combined charms of that splendid specimen of Irish womanhood. Yet in all this there is a lingering cloud. I miss something about here and about all the tributes paid to her. I see the queen, in all her radiance of genius and of grandeur, but I find that the picture lacks the only fitting crown to such a life. Nowhere do I find, in letter, comment, inscription, or memorial, the simple words: "May her soul rest in peace."

A SAINT'S REPLY. St. Aloysius was once taking his recreation with some companions, and in the course of the conversation the question was asked what should be done if the hour of judgment had come. One said he would fall on his knees and repent of his sins. Another said he would hasten to confession. When the turn of Aloysius came he remarked: "I would continue my recreation, for I began it in God's name, and in his honor I would end it."

The Week's Anniversaries

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Here are a few of the notable anniversaries for the week that has just gone. Monday last was the 31st of August, a day upon which several memorable events are commemorated. On that date in the year 651, the great Bishop Aidan of Lindisfarne died; he was the founder of that institution which has been one of the glories of Ireland as the "Land of Saints and Martyrs." In 1682, Delaware was granted to the famous William Penn, the old puritan leader after whom the State of Pennsylvania has been called. In 1767, a noted Irish patriot, and one whose name figures in the annals of 1798—Henry Joy McCracken—was born. In 1809, Charles Lever, the author of "Charles O'Malley," "Tom Burke of Ours," and a long series of rollicking Irish novels, came into this world. In 1870, after the invasion of France by the Prussians, the Vendome Column was restored. In 1886 the memorable and fatal earthquake at Charleston, S.C., took place—one of the greatest catastrophes of the eighty decade.

Tuesday last was the 1st of September. On that day, in 1159, the learned Pope Adrian IV., died. In 1785, "le Grand Monarche," King Louis XIV., of France, closed the most wonderful reign in the annals of French history. Like Elizabeth of England, Louis XIV. derived his glory and renown, not so much from his personal qualities and achievements, as from the length of his reign combined with the galaxy of great men that spanned the three score years from the regency till his death. In 1870 the great battle of Sedan was fought, the Waterloo of Napoleon III., and the finishing stroke of the Franco-Prussian war. In 1850, Jenny Lind, the once wonderful singer, arrived for a first time in New York. And in 1862 was fought the battle of Chantilly, at which the dashing general Phil. Kearney was killed.

Wednesday was the 2nd September. In 1666, on that date, took place the great fire in London—the most fatal event in the annals of the British metropolis. In 1742, on the 2nd September, began the Reign of Terror in France. On that day was the guillotine first set up on the Place de la Greve, and were the first fatal tumbrils hear rolling along the stone pavements from the Conciergerie to the place of execution. In 1870, on the same fateful day, Napoleon III., Emperor of France, surrendered to the Prussians.

Thursday was the 3rd September. On that day, in 1189, Richard I., (Coeur de Lion), was crowned King of England; and on the same date did he depart for his famous crusade to the Holy Land. On the 3rd September, 1652, Bibles were served out with rations to the English army in Ireland. That was the beginning of a system the evil results of which have been ever since felt and the last relics of which seem to be only now dying away. On the same date in 1653, one year later, to the day, Oliver Cromwell died. Needless to refer to his career. In 1783 the treaty of peace between England and the United States was signed at Versailles. And in 1877, the ex-President of France, the noted statesman and author, M. Thiers, closed his eventful career.

Friday, yesterday, the 4th September, commemorates quite a number of events. In 272 Constantine the Great was born; he it was who saw the cross in the heavens, and promised that if victory were his he would become a Christian; he won the victory, was converted, had the cross emblazoned on his national standard and became one of the greatest of Christian rulers. Byzantium was called Constantinople in his honor. In 1768 the great French writer Chateaubriand was born. He is principally remembered for his two great works, "The Martyrs" and "The Genius of Christianity." In 1792 John D'Aiton, the great Irish scientist, was born. In 1844, on the 4th September, the House of Lords in England declared that the trial and imprisonment of Daniel O'Connell was illegal. This was one of the great triumphs of O'Connell's life. The carrying of Emancipation in 1829; the success of this second election for Clare, after being unseated in the House for not taking the

oath; and this the vindication of his career by the Lords. He lived only three years to enjoy the liberty he had gained. On the 4th September, 1870, the French Republic was proclaimed, with McMahon as its first President. The same Republic that Combes disgraces to-day.

OUR LADY'S NATIVITY

(September 8th.)

Small offering have I for thee, Dear mother, on thy natal day, For what by me might valued be Is gift too trifling far to lay Before thy feet to full express My homage to thy worthiness.

A wearied, life-tired heart is mine;— To give to thee 'tis all unfit, But, Lady, deign to claim it, Where goodness rare and virtue fair May bloom in kindly soil fore'er!

'Tis what one fain would be is best, Not what one is; so, Mother, take The little good I have; the rest . . . Make better for thy Son's dear sake;

Thus, one day, I may hope to be An off-ring worthier of thee! —Amadeus, O.S.F. In St. Anthony's Messenger.

Goes to Sing for Lepers

Archbishop Farley has granted to two Franciscan Sisters in Syracuse permission to go to the Sandwich Islands to nurse the lepers of that territory. They are Sister Mary Leonida and Sister Beata. The former was Miss Theresa Kilmurry, of Newark, N.J., and the latter comes from Louisville, Ky.

Sister Leonida is one of the youngest nuns in the Order, having received the veil last year. She is also one of the most accomplished, having devoted her life to music and being the possessor of a beautifully developed voice. It has long been her ambition to brighten the lives of those greatly afflicted, and this was the incentive for the development of a talent which would give pleasure to the exiled lepers.

The leper law of the Sandwich Islands forbids the return of any who enters the leper colony, or even direct communication with the world by such a person.

With Our Subscribers,

I enclose \$1.00 subscription to your valuable paper from May, 1903, to May, 1904. I am very sorry to have neglected sending in my subscription in May. I shall be more careful in the future for I assure I could not do without the "True Witness." My father received the first issue of the paper, and it has always been our family paper since that time, with the exception of one year.

Yours respectfully, T. E. D.

Enclosed please find one dollar for my subscription from June, 1903, to June, 1904, for your good paper, which I find is improving all the time.

Yours truly, M. K.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Statement of earnings and expenses under date of August 8, and signed by Mr. C. Drinkwater, secretary, just received, is as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. July, 1903. Gross earnings \$3,997,343.75 Working expenses 2,678,816.63 Net profits \$1,318,527.12

In July, 1902, the net profits were \$1,175,711.26 The gain in net profits over the same period last year is therefore, for July, \$142,815.86.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE. make delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble now. In small and large bottles from all grocers. GUARANTEED PURE.

Our Curbstone Observer

Thrilling Experience With a Would-be Suicide.

LET it not be supposed that because I select this subject of suicides for my notes of this week that I have ever observed the perpetration of the crime of suicide, either from my curbstone, or from any other point of vantage. No more is it my intention to moralize upon the sin. I have not the faintest inclination to go into the religious or the moral aspect of the subject. Simply I desire to give a few hints, not to intentional suicides, but to those who may have to do with such maniacs. I have had a couple of very queer experiences in my time, one of which I will presume to relate as best I can; but before so doing I wish to draw attention to some of the conclusions that I have come to in regard to this subject of suicide—of self destruction.

...A FEW HINTS.—As far as the person who desires to become a suicide is concerned I have nothing to say. I never did and I never can believe that any perfectly rational being could ever dream of self-killing. The one so inclined may to all appearances be sane, but there is "a screw loose" somewhere. The mind is unhinged; no matter whether it be from drink, or disappointment, or misery, or disgrace, or fear, or any other cause—the mind is not sound. No matter how slight and how thin the gaze of insanity that envelopes it, that alien substance, that abnormal condition most certainly exists. It may not be to the extent of positive madness, but it is certainly a corruption or weakening of the mental fabric. As a rule, the one who seeks to change a suicide from his fell purpose, begins by arguing with him, by reasoning, by pointing out his folly, by pleading with him. Now I have discovered, from both observation and experience that this is merely throwing away an opportunity and may be called a pure loss of time. The more you reason with the mentally unbalanced, the more you are liable to confirm him in his purpose. In a word, I have found that the only means of changing the mind, of uprooting the purpose of such an individual is to turn his attention to something calculated to make a more serious and if possible more exciting and lasting impression on him than whatever is the cause of his unfortunate infatuation. It is not always easy to strike the right note, and frequently you will need to run up and down the gamut many times before touching it. I will tell of an experience I had, by way of illustration.

AN EXPERIENCE.—It was about the middle of January in the year 1890; I was sitting in my office very late at night. I happened to have had some work that kept me there until near midnight. A storm was abroad, a veritable blizzard. The wind howled, the snow drifted, and the thermometer registered 18 below. I was in the midst of a very important piece of work, when the door slowly opened and an acquaintance walked in. He was a man of about fifty years of age, low sized, thick-set, wearing glasses, and dressed in accordance with the season. He resided at the other side of the river, and was accustomed to go home either with his own horse and cutter, or else by train. It was evident to me that there was something wrong the very moment that I got a look at him. His eyes were wild, haggard, blood-shot, and his face was the picture of death—the genius of despair—and I actually felt a little nervous. He stood in front of me for fully two minutes before he spoke. I may remark that we were very intimate friends, but I had not seen him for some time. He had been drinking; he was in the worst stage of a delirium tremens—so I concluded. At last he found power to speak, and he said, in a calm, determined, maniacal manner: "I am going to commit suicide to-night."

There was no mistaking that look; I never saw it before in any face, and I never want to see it again. I knew, and I knew positively that he meant what he said. I made no reply. He, then, added: "I am going to drown myself in the St. Lawrence. I am not able to stand it any longer. There's no hell—this is hell—I am going to end it all—I'll do it now—good-bye." He turned

on his heel, he gave me one more fearful look and moved on towards the door. I was so taken by surprise that I could not find utterance. But I felt that something must be done. What prompted me I will never tell, but as soon as I found power to speak, I called after him and said: "Did you say it was in the river you intended to commit suicide?" He wheeled back, like a maniac, and said:—"Yes, of course—where else?" "Oh, never mind," I said, "I merely asked the question, as I was afraid you'd find some little trouble in view of the ice." He seemed to be forcibly struck with the thought. "What do you mean?" he asked. Ever since I have wondered at my own coolness and calmness; certainly I was deeply agitated, yet I spoke with an air of indifference and said: "You see all the hardware shops are closed at this hour, and most of the people are in bed." He seemed puzzled. "What do I want with a hardware shop?" he asked. "Sit down there," I said, "and I will explain." He sat down and waited in wonderment for my explanation. So I thus began slowly:—"You see the stores are closed, and for the life of you it would be impossible to get a pick, axe, shovel, spade or any implement to-night. Now you cannot dig a hole in the ice with your hands. That ice is fully three feet thick. Then there is such a snow-storm blowing, that as fast as you could work your way downwards just as rapidly would the snow drift in and fill up the hole. To dig a hole in that ice, big enough for a man's body to go through would take you till noon to-morrow, and ten to one you would be frozen to death before you could get the work done." As I spoke I could see the wonderful change coming over his features. The fixed determination vanished, and some other wild passion was evidently stirring up in his breast. I did not, however, expect what followed. All of a sudden he stood up, and fixing his gaze on me with a fierceness that seemed only softened by a doubt or an uncertainty in his mind, he said: "So you want me to commit suicide!"—"So you are only sorry that I can't do it!"—"So you would not prevent me from killing myself." I saw that I had him. I went on again: "Of course, it is none of my business. If you want to drown yourself it is none of my affairs; it interests yourself only. But I thought that I would just point out to you all the difficulties in the way. Moreover I would be afraid of your being frozen on the river at this hour." He was thoroughly indignant by that time, and he almost shouted: "You black-hearted scoundrel; you could sit there and calmly speculate upon all the trouble I might have to commit suicide, while you pretend to be anxious about my safety on the river in a storm, of all the heartless characters I've ever met you are the very worst." He foamed on and raged for fully five minutes. I saw, by that time, that the thought of suicide had completely vanished and that a rage, tempered with contempt for me, had succeeded in his breast. He gave me a lecture the like of which I had never heard before. And he ended by telling me that it was too late for his train that night, and that he would go over and take a room at the St. Lawrence Hall for the night. We parted, he in a fearful fit of anger with me, I in a state of doubt and anxiety about him. When he was well out of the building, I closed my office and followed. I went to the Hall, and as I came in towards the office, I saw him going off with a bell-boy towards the stairs. I was perfectly satisfied that he was safe, and I went home. Next day I met him, and he had but a dim and hazy recollection of having seen me the night before. This experience I think tells clearly the tale and illustrates my idea of dealing with would-be suicides.

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ABOUT EAGLES

(By J. P. I. Callaghan.)

Of the family of falconidae or birds of prey, the largest, grandest and most powerful is the eagle. It has a curved beak, large, strong and slightly rounded wings, its fourth primary feather being the longest; its legs feathered to the toes, and their claws are curved and sharp, fitted for tearing their prey.

The eagle may be divided into three classes, viz.: The Golden (Aquila chrysaetos); the Imperial of Europe, (A. imperialis); the Bald eagle of America, (Haliaeetus leucocephalus); the great Harpy, (Harpyia destructor).

The first and most noted is the Golden eagle, distinguished for its majestic size, great power of vision, strength of wing, rapid flight, indomitable courage, and almost irresistible powers of attack. It is justly considered the king of birds, and is to be found both in Europe and America. The mountainous parts of Scotland are particularly noted for them. It is seldom seen in the Eastern States, but is common in the Northwest. It is of a dark brownish color, the back of the head, the neck and the end of the tail feathers are of a golden hue, whence it derives its name. In flight it is singularly beautiful and imposing, but on land its gait is encumbered by its long talons. Its food usually consists of sea-birds, and smaller quadrupeds, such as hares, rabbits, etc., etc. Its nest is built of sticks, rushes and grass, on some high cliff or tree, and it lays two small dull white eggs, shaded with brown. The young are fledged about the beginning of August.

by various manoeuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons; it mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with its talons from beneath.

"The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and strength of its antagonist. Its last grasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under-side of its wing, and with unresisted power, forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore. He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws deep into the heart of the dying swan. He then, with his mate, gorges himself with the blood of the luckless victim."

The third and last is the Harpy eagle, belonging to the South and Central Americas, Mexico, and has been in Texas. Its body is ashy-grey and black, head and under-parts dull white, and feet yellowish. It is of about the same dimensions as the Bald eagle. If taken young it can be tamed. The Incas of Peru and the Aztec used to train Harpies to hunt just as falcons were trained in Europe.

Millions And Titles

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

The parent birds are very solicitous for their young, and provide liberally for the wants of the helpless brood. While they occupy the nest it is very dangerous to approach, as the eagles are then extremely fierce and daring. As soon as the eaglets are able to cater for themselves, they are roused to exertion by their natural guardians, constrained to quit the nest, incited to ply their wings, instructed by example how to use them, and aided in their early attempts, till with confidence and courage, they can cleave the air like their parents.

One of our American contemporaries says:—

"An American heiress to \$30,000,000, Miss Golet, is to marry a titled Englishman. The Duke of Roxburg is not supposed to be a fortune hunter, but a lover who is well able to marry the heiress of Ogden Golet. The heiress has been engaged to other nobles at various times, as has been reported, but the winning of the prize fell to the house of Roxburg. Thus more American millions go out of this country to swell the coffers of English 'me luds.'"

That children have been carried off by this bird is extremely improbable, and some of these pretty stories in which children have thrilling escapes, are more the invention of their author's fertile brain, than authentic facts. Still, when very hungry it has been known to carry off young lambs.

Next to the Golden eagle comes the Imperial one; its figure is commonly used as a heraldic emblem. The bicapitate or double-headed eagle is now the emblem of the Austrian and Russian empires.

Next in order the white-headed or bald eagle, which spreads over nearly the whole northern part of America, but notably around Niagara. This splendid bird is about three feet long, and seven feet from the tip of one wing to the other. The head, neck and tail are pure white, the rest of the plumage nearly black. The representation of the Bald eagle forms the national emblem of the United States, and is often introduced as an opposite symbol of human royalty in sacred and secular literature. On the monuments of Nineveh, the head and wings frequently occur as the emblem of kingly power. The mode in which this bird obtains its prey is thus graphically described by Audubon. The scene is in Mississippi, and the eagle is perched on the top of the tallest tree, on the margin of the stream.

And it could be added, "the coffers of the titled ones of almost every land in Europe." But who has any right to complain? Surely not the Americans. With all their land vaunted democracy, there is not on earth a people more hungry for titles, for honors, for aristocratic privileges than these same Americans. In fact, it may be reasonably concluded that the lord, or prince, or whatever else he may be who secures a wife and millions has the right to feel that he receives only what can be got by any man, while on the American side is received that which cannot be found at home, on this side of the Atlantic. Go to New York and you find the most haughty, high-headed, blue-blooded imitation of aristocracy in the upper 400, the select sets, the descendants of the old Dutch settlers. Go to Newport and you have that same spirit carried to an extreme that is only rendered the more ridiculous when it is accompanied with protestations of distaste for titles and detestation of aristocratic principles. No land in the world is as lavish with its "Honorable's," its "Generals," its "Colonels," its "Captains," its "Professors," its "Doctors," and all its titles of distinction; and in no land do the ordinary people show such a desire to bestow on a person every title possible. Thus they imagine that they demonstrate to the stranger that they associate with men who bear such titles—a mere fevered hankering after distinction. In Europe they are still worse. They use every imaginable means to secure an entry into the very society of the "me luds," and they cringe and resort to any kind of demeaning methods in order to attain that very coveted honor. If they would make no fuss about it no person would pay any attention; but this perpetual disclaiming all care for titles, and honors merely accentuates the fact that with all their democracy they are utterly subservient in this regard, and the few who are not crying out on account of it being, with them, a case of "sour grapes."

"The wild, trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. The eagle shakes the whole of his body, and with a few touches of his bill, he arranges his plumage in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly. So irksome do her exertions seem, that her legs are spread beneath her tail to aid her flight. She approaches, however. The eagle has marked her for his prey. As the swan is passing, he starts from his perch, in full preparation for the chase, with an awful scream that, to the swan's ear, brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun.

"Now is the moment to witness the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and like a flash of lightning comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks,

OBITUARY.

MRS. McCARTHY.—The death of Mrs. Catherine McCarthy, wife of Mr. D. K. McCarthy of Duluth, Minn., and daughter of the late Mr. John Cantwell, Quebec, is announced. The sad event occurred at Duluth, July 11th. The funeral was held to St. James Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Feehely, who also, at the conclusion of the Mass made allusion to the many good works in which the deceased had taken part in the parish of which she had been so long a member. The remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery.—R. I. P.

PLAIN TALK.

At Calgary the Catholics are about a fourth of the population, which is 6,000. They are not all Catholics of the best type, however! Most of them speak English.—Missionary Record of O. M. I.

A VICE OF THE VIRTUOUS.

The peculiarity of ill-temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men and women who are all but perfect, but for an easily ruffled, quick-tempered or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill-temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest, problems of ethics.—Henry Drummond.

EDITOR AND HIS CRITICS.

It never occurs to us to call upon any of our customers who are butchers, bakers, grocers or bootmakers to tell them how they should run their businesses. Everybody, however, seems to consider himself fit to run a newspaper, and we have seen many efforts by such people come to an ignominious end. We have little hope, however, that these will serve as a warning to others, for the crop of skillful newspaper conductors (in their own opinion) seems to increase rather than diminish.—From the London Monitor and New Era.

A NON-CATHOLIC VIEW.

Speaking the other day at the laying of the foundation stone of a new Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., said that sometimes they criticised the Roman Catholic Church very severely, but there was no church that had made a surer and deeper search into human nature. That Church, the greatest religious organization in the whole world, conducted its worship in a common tongue. The Roman Catholics conducted their worship in the language of worship. Their Church utilized every means for taking people away from everyday interests, and sought to induce them to forget what was outside. The language of commerce and of everyday occupations was thus left outside, and the people were taught the language of worship. This showed a shrewd, deep insight into the human mind. The Welsh preserved their language for the hearth and for worship. English would become the language of commerce, the language of professions, the language of the street, even for Welshmen, he was afraid, but the Welsh language, when it died, would die at the steps of the altar.

IN THE NORTHWEST.

Father Cherrier, a parish priest in Winnipeg, and editor of the "Northwest Review," spoke in his church a few Sundays ago about the oppression practised upon the Catholics of Manitoba, in reference to school affairs, by the Protestant settlers in the province. Referring to the bigotry which will not allow a nun's dress to be worn by the teachers of Catholic children, "he pointed the finger of scorn at the hypocrites who, while laying the corner-stones of their own schools with all the tomfoolery insignia of secret societies yet profess to be shocked at those teachers who prefer to wear a decent uniform rather than to encourage the vanity of their pupils by the ostentatious display of their own."—Missionary Record, O. M. I.

One hundred years ago there were in the whole United States 25,000 Catholics. To-day there are easily 12,000,000. And yet we occasionally read articles on the leakage in the church.

RAILROADS.

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AT LOURDES.

Mr. Henry Blount, who is one of the Hospitaliers at Lourdes, writing recently, stated that there were over 80,000 pilgrims then at Lourdes.

A MEMORIAL CROSS.

A splendid memorial cross has been erected over the grave of the late Dr. J. E. Kenny in Glasnevin Cemetery. It was unveiled by Mr. John Redmond, M.P., recently.

CLERGY AND LAITY.

The reception accorded to the Rev. Arthur Murphy, P.P. of Bronna, by the people of Castleisland and Bronna as he travelled to the latter place on a recent Friday for the purpose of taking up the pastoral charge left vacant by the death of Father Neligan affords, says the "Cork Examiner," a striking instance of the indissoluble ties of affection, veneration, and abiding love which exist between the priests and people of Ireland. When it became known in Castleisland that the gentleman was to pass through the town on his way to the scene of his future spiritual labors, the people turned out en masse, and accorded him a cordial and enthusiastic reception as he will have occasion to remember during the rest of his life.

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New Ingrain Carpets, in pretty colorings and designs, reversible, 1 yard wide, most suitable to cover bedrooms. Per yard, from 30c.....\$1.10
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A LETTER AND LESSON.

Mr. Maurice Murphy writes as follows from the Crown Hotel, Castleisland, to the "Kerry People," his letter being dated August 6, 1903:—"Sir, Miss Leahy gave me enclosed copy of letter from Daniel O'Connell which she found recently amongst her father's papers. It appears he was in the habit of travelling to Dublin by coach from Castleisland and Abbeyfeale, the old mail coach road. I thought it may interest your readers, especially that part where he shows great regard for the Mass. Letters cost 10d. postage in those days, and it was the person who received the communication had to pay the money." The copy of O'Connell's letter is as follows:—"Tralee, 15th January, Friday, Sir,—I will be at your house about two o'clock on Sunday. Have four horses ready for me by two o'clock. Take care the driver hears Mass. I will not arrive until after the last Mass, and will not allow any man to drive me who lost Mass.—Truly yours, Daniel O'Connell." The letter was written on January 15, 1836. Mr. Leahy, to whom it was addressed, was an innkeeper at Abbeyfeale.

A CATHOLIC GENTLEMAN.

"A Catholic gentleman," said the Rev. Owen H. Hill, S.J., in his baccalaureate address to the graduates of Fordham College, U.S.A., "is a saint in private life and a public spirited citizen of right principles and sound integrity. He takes a strong hand in the stirring affairs of his time. He is possessed of every true virtue from love of God and religion to love of country and authority."

IRISH FISHERIES.

During last year the Irish fisheries produced 29 per cent. less than in the preceding year.

IRISH STATISTICS.

The thirty-ninth detailed annual report of the Registrar-General for Ireland containing a full abstract of the number of births, marriages and deaths in Ireland during the year 1902 has just been published. In the general summary with which the report opens we are told that the births registered in Ireland during the year numbered 101,863, the marriages 22,949, and the deaths 77,676. The marriage rate, which stood at 5.18 per 1000 of the estimated population, showed an increase of 0.10 as compared with that for the preceding year, and was 0.27 above the average for the ten years 1892-1901, and higher than the rate for any of those years. The birth-rate, 23.0 per 1,000, was 0.3 above the rate for the preceding year, but 0.1 under the average rate for the same ten years. The death-rate, 17.5 per 1,000, was 0.3 below the rate for the preceding year, and 0.8 below the average rate for the ten years 1892-1901. The recorded natural increase of population or excess of births over deaths was 24,187. The loss by emigration amounted to 40,190. There would thus appear to have been a decrease of 16,003 in the population during the year, but against this decrease there is a small set-off in immigration, of which no official record has been obtained. The estimated population in the middle of the year was 4,432,274.

A SUGGESTION.

The Duke of Norfolk, in subscribing £5 5s. to the National Memorial to the Venerable Bede, writes to the secretary:—"May I venture to express a hope that in any inscription on the monument the expression 'set up' may be used instead of the word 'erected' so painfully common in the present day."

Lady Blessington

By "CRUX"

EW Irishwomen known, half as extraordinary as Lady Blessington. Her prolific mind, her contributions to literature, her connection with all the leading spirits of the time, her patronage of letters, her wonderful reception, her palace-like connection by blood with some of the great, and the memory of her persecution in Ireland tended to make her name hold world during almost three score years of her attractive life. She lived sixty years. She was born in 1789, and died in 1849.

The leading events of her life constitute almost a history of the struggles of Ireland and the triumphs of literature of the whole first half of the century. And in all great events she had her part. She was the friend of Moore and of Byron, her home was the meeting place of the celebrities, many have gone down to compare her, since the advent of a different generation. Lady Blessington was a Miss Marguerite de la Roche, the daughter of the Countess of Blessington, who was a member of the family of the County Waterford, played a most important part in the history of Munster, Bishop of Cloyne, and a landed proprietor, public man and woman of letters, and the offspring of this great family. Marguerite was born in 1789, at Knockree, County Tipperary, in the County of Tipperary and Waterford. Castle, the princely residence of the family, is within a short distance of the historic old city. Her father, Edmund Power, although a Catholic, was one of the magistrates in 1798, in hunting down the rebels, and prosecuting the rebels. It was one to which she, in after years, never cared to make allusion. Deep patriotism seems to have been her mother's name was Sheehy; she was Edmund Sheehy who was executed for rebel in 1766. Her cousin, the lamented Nicholas Sheehy, was drawn and quartered at Clontarf in 1798 for political offenses, and was spiked on the West gate, the face looking out upon the suburbs called the Irishtown. And fame that is attached to the name of Blessington is due to a lady who assumed it on the Lord to whom it belonged. It did not seem for her name had figured in "Burke's Peep into the History of the Aristocracy." Blessington had reached the thirty-third before she dawned the world of letters. Up to time she had been famed for beauty, her wit, and her charms. But from that period she became the object of most careful literary observation. It was then, in 1822, that she published "The Magic Lantern; or, Scenes in the Metropolis," which was followed by "Sketches and Impressions," published in 1823. Yet works, interesting and delightful as they were, gave no idea of the merit that her productions would evidence. For years she was silent, or rather seemed to have ceased work in 1833 came forth her first work, "Grace Cassidy; or the Reapea." And in the same year she began many a year's editorship of the "Beauties," to which she was most industrious contributor. At the same time, in 1834, she published "Conversations with Lord Byron," which is one of the best works in English literature. It is a real biography of Byron, most gleaned from his own accounts himself. It might be said that friendship and the encouragement well as the advice of Lady Blessington, helped to bring out all that was best in Byron, and to many a mad folly that would otherwise, choked off some of the finest productions. She knew how to humor him, and then to encourage him, and then to quench his lofty ambition and to quench the ignoble sentiments and consumptions, all unworthy of the man and of his genius.

In 1835 appeared her novel "The Lady Blessington's Story."

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GET'S

ill Openings of attention.

EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 CATHARINE STREET.

H STATISTICS.

Birth rate, 1902, was 0.3 above the preceding year, but 0.1 below the rate for 1901.

Deaths, 1902, were 0.2 above the rate for 1901.

Marriages, 1902, were 0.1 below the rate for 1901.

Divorces, 1902, were 0.2 above the rate for 1901.

Population, 1902, was 0.1 below the rate for 1901.

Immigration, 1902, was 0.2 above the rate for 1901.

Emigration, 1902, was 0.1 below the rate for 1901.

Net profit, 1902, was 0.3 above the rate for 1901.

Lady Blessington.

By "CRUX"

NEW Irishwomen were better known, half a century ago, than Lady Blessington. Her extraordinary beauty, her prolific mind, her vast contributions to literature, her association with all the leading litterateurs, politicians and statesmen of her time, her patronage of art and letters, her wonderfully attractive receptions, her palace-like home, and her connection by blood and sympathy with some of the noteworthy, the great, and the memorable victims of persecution in Ireland, all tended to make her name a household word during almost the entire three score years of her active and attractive life. She lived exactly sixty years. She was born in September, 1789, and died in September, 1849.

The leading events of this lady's life constitute almost a history of the struggles of Ireland and of the triumphs of literature during the whole first half of the nineteenth century. And in all great movements she had her part. She was the friend of Moore and of Byron, and her home was the meeting place of all the celebrities, many of whom have gone down to comparative oblivion, since the advent of another and different generation. Lady Blessington was a Miss Marguerite Power. The family of the Powers, especially those of the County Waterford, has played a most important part in the history of Munster, Bishops, heads of religious houses—male and female—landed proprietors, public officials, men and women of letters have all been the offspring of this great family. Marguerite was born, as we said, in 1789, at Knockbrit, near Clonmel, in the County Tipperary. Clonmel is on the bank of the river Suir, which divides the counties of Tipperary and Waterford. Gurteen Castle, the princely residence of the Powers, is within a short distance of the historic old city. Her father, Edmond Power, although a Catholic, was one of the magistrates most active, in 1798, in hunting down and prosecuting the rebels. This fact was one to which she, in after life, never cared to make allusion. Her deep patriotism seems to have come to her more fully from her mother's side. Her mother's name was Ellen Sheehy; she was Edmond Sheehy, who was executed for rebellion in 1766. Her cousin, the lamented Father Nicholas Sheehy, was hanged, drawn and quartered at Clonmel, in 1766, for political offenses, and his head was spiked on the West gate of Clonmel; the face looking out upon the suburbs called the Irish town.

And fame that is attached to the name of Blessington is due to the lady who assumed it on marrying the Lord to whom it belonged. Had it not been for her the name would have figured in "Burke's Peerage," but for very little known beyond the immediate horizon of a certain limited class of the aristocracy. Lady Blessington had reached the age of thirty-three before she dawned upon the world of letters. Up to that time she had been famed for her beauty, her wit, and her personal charms. But from that period onward she became the object of the most careful literary observation. It was then, in 1822, that she published "The Magic Lantern; or, Sketches or Scenes in the Metropolis." This was followed by "Sketches and Fragments," published in 1823. Yet these works, interesting and delightfully written as they were, gave no just idea of the merit that her future productions would evidence. For ten years she was silent, or rather her pen seemed to have ceased work. But in 1833 came forth her first novel, "Grace Cassidy; or the Repealers." And in the same year she began her many year's editorship of the Book of Beauty, to which she was the most industrious contributor. At the same time, in 1834, she published "Conversations with Lord Byron."

This is one of the best works of its class, in English literature. It is a real biography of Byron, most of it gleaned from his own accounts of himself. It might be said that the friendship and the encouragement, as well as the advice of Lady Blessington, helped to bring out all that was best in Byron, and to check many a mad folly that would have, otherwise, choked off some of his finest productions. She knew how to humor him, and then to check him, to awaken the finest of pure and lofty ambition and to quench those of ignoble sentiments and consuming passions, all unworthy of the man and of his genius.

In 1835 appeared her novel "The Two Friends;" followed by her "Flowers of Loneliness," and her "Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman." This might seem to have been enough to immortalize any one woman; but, with Lady Blessington, it was only the commencement of her wonderful literary outpourings. In 1837 she published "Victims of Society." In 1838 came "Gems of Beauty." "The Confessions of an Elderly Lady;" "The Governess;" "Desultory Thoughts and Reflections;" and "The Idler in Italy"—a work which she did not complete till 1840. That year saw the budding of another flower. Heretofore it was prose—prose lofty, prose gay, prose serious, prose charming—but now she comes along with verse. Her first effort was "The Belle of a Season." In 1841 she produced her "Idler in France;" and at the same time, after her return from the continent, began her ten years' editorship of "The Keepsake." In 1842 and 1843 appeared "Lottery of Life and Other Tales" and "Srathern, or Life at Home and Abroad." These were soon followed by her smaller verses in a neat little volume—a casket of tiny gems. In 1846 and 1847 she produced "Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre;" "Lionel Deerpurst;" and "Marmaduke Herbert, or the Fatal Error." Her last work was "County Quarters." But this was not published until 1850, some months after her death. When this book was written Lady Blessington appeared as one who had fully twenty more years of life and activity ahead of her.

In 1849 she retired to Paris where she took up her residence, evidently with the intention of their continuing her literary work and of gathering fresh material for the future. The very day after she had taken possession of her new home she was attacked with heart disease, and expired in a few hours. Death came in the midst of a thousand and one schemes for future work and enjoyment, and the shock was such that her friends could not realize that Lady Blessington had actually passed away forever from the scene. She was buried in a mausoleum in the village cemetery at Chambourg. Two inscriptions to her memory, one by Barry Cornwall, (Proctor), the poet and jurist, father of the sweet Catholic poetess Adelaide Proctor), and the other by Walter Savage Landor, are still to be seen on the walls of that mausoleum. That by Proctor gives a very fine and concise sketch of her. It reads thus:—"In her life she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men, famous for art and science, in distant lands, sought her friendship; and historians and scholars, poets and wits, and painters of her own country found an unfeeling welcome in her ever hospitable home. She gave cheerfully to all who were in need, help and sympathy and useful counsel; she died, lamented by many friends. Those who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over her resting place."

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One of her biographers has told of her beauty in the following language:—"The perfection of matured beauty, her form was exquisitely molded, her movements graceful and natural. The peculiar character of her beauty consisted in the correspondence of every feature with the motion of her mind. The instant a joyous thought took possession of her fancy you read it in her sparkling eye, her smiling lips; you heard it in her ringing laugh, clear and sweet as childhood's merriest tones. There was a glowing sunshine of good humor and good nature seldom surpassed in the genial wit of this woman. Her voice was sweetly modulated and clear; all her beauty without the witchery of its silvery tones would have been only a secondary charm."

This is a delightful description, and we to-day can form but slight idea of the physical beauty, the mental endowments, and the combined charms of that splendid specimen of Irish womanhood. Yet in all this there is a lingering cloud. I miss something about here and about all the tributes paid to her. I see the queen, in all her radiance of genius and of grandeur, but I find that the picture lacks the only fitting crown to such a life. Nowhere do I find, in letter, comment, inscription, or memorial, the simple words: "May her soul rest in peace."

A SAINT'S REPLY.

St. Aloysius was once taking his recreation with some companions, and in the course of the conversation the question was asked what should be done if the hour of judgment had come. One said he would fall on his knees and repent of his sins. Another said he would hasten to confession. When the turn of Aloysius came he remarked: "I would continue my recreation, for I began it in God's name, and in his honor I would end it."

The Week's Anniversaries

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Here are a few of the notable anniversaries for the week that has just gone. Monday last was the 31st of August, a day upon which several memorable events are commemorated. On that date in the year 651, the great Bishop Aidan of Lindisfarne died; he was the founder of that institution which has been one of the glories of Ireland as the "Land of Saints and Martyrs." In 1682, Delaware was granted to the famous William Penn, the old puritan leader after whom the State of Pennsylvania has been called. In 1767, a noted Irish patriot, and one whose name figures in the annals of 1798—Henry Joy McCracken—was born. In 1809, Charles Lever, the author of "Charles O'Malley," "Tom Burke of Ours," and a long series of rollicking Irish novels, came into this world. In 1870, after the invasion of France by the Prussians, the Vendome Column was restored. In 1886 the memorable and fatal earthquake at Charleston, S.C., took place—one of the greatest catastrophes of the eighty decade.

Tuesday last was the 1st of September. On that day, in 1159, the learned Pope Adrian IV., died. In 1785, "le Grand Monarche," King Louis XIV., of France, closed the most wonderful reign in the annals of French history. Like Elizabeth of England, Louis XIV. derived his glory and renown, not so much from his personal qualities and achievements, as from the length of his reign combined with the galaxy of great men that spanned the three score years from the regency till his death. In 1870 the great battle of Sedan was fought, the Waterloo of Napoleon III., and the finishing stroke of the Franco-Prussian war. In 1850, Jenny Lind, the once wonderful singer, arrived for a first time in New York. And in 1862 was fought the battle of Chantilly, at which the dashing general Phil. Kearney was killed.

Wednesday was the 2nd September. In 1666, on that date, took place the great fire in London—the most fatal event in the annals of the British metropolis. In 1742, on the 2nd September, began the Reign of Terror in France. On that day was the guillotine first set up on the Place de la Greve, and were the first fatal tumbrils hear rolling along the stone pavements from the Conciergerie to the place of execution. In 1870, on the same fateful day, Napoleon III., Emperor of France, surrendered to the Prussians.

Thursday was the 3rd September. On that day, in 1189, Richard I., (Coeur de Lion), was crowned King of England; and on the same date did he depart for his famous crusade to the Holy Land. On the 3rd September, 1652, Bibles were served out with rations to the English army in Ireland. That was the beginning of a system the evil results of which have been ever since felt and the last relics of which seem to be only now dying away. On the same date in 1653, one year later, to the day, Oliver Cromwell died. Needless to refer to his career. In 1783 the treaty of peace between England and the United States was signed at Versailles. And in 1877, the ex-President of France, the noted statesman and author, M. Thiers, closed his eventful career.

Friday, yesterday, the 4th September, commemorates quite a number of events. In 272 Constantine the Great was born; he it was who saw the cross in the heavens, and promised that if victory were his he would become a Christian; he won the victory, was converted, had the cross emblazoned on his national standard and became one of the greatest of Christian rulers. Byzantium was called Constantinople in his honor. In 1768 the great French writer Chateaubriand was born. He is principally remembered for his two great works, "The Martyrs" and "The Genius of Christianity." In 1792 John D'Alton, the great Irish scientist, was born. In 1844, on the 4th September, the House of Lords in England declared that the trial and imprisonment of Daniel O'Connell was illegal. This was one of the great triumphs of O'Connell's life. The carrying of Emancipation in 1829; the success of this second election for Clare, after being unseated in the House for not taking the

oath; and this the vindication of his career by the Lords. He lived only three years to enjoy the liberty he had gained. On the 4th September, 1870, the French Republic was proclaimed, with McMahon as its first President. The same Republic that Combes disgraces to-day.

OUR LADY'S NATIVITY

(September 8th.)

Small offering have I for thee, Dear mother, on thy natal day. For what by me might valued be Is gift too trifling far to lay Before thy feet to full express My homage to thy worthiness.

A wearied, life-tired heart is mine,— To give to thee 'tis all unfit, But, Lady, deign to claim it, Where goodness rare and virtue fair May bloom in kindly soil for'er!

'Tis what one fain would be is best, Not what one is; so, Mother, take The little good I have; the rest Make letter for thy Son's dear sake;

Thus, one day, I may hope to be An offering worthier of thee! —Amadeus, O.S.F. In St. Anthony's Messenger.

Goes to Sing for Lepers

Archbishop Farley has granted to two Franciscan Sisters in Syracuse permission to go to the Sandwich Islands to nurse the lepers of that territory. They are Sister Mary Leonida and Sister Beata. The former was Miss Theresa Kilmurry, of Newark, N.J., and the latter comes from Louisville, Ky. Sister Leonida is one of the youngest nuns in the Order, having received the veil last year. She is also one of the most accomplished, having devoted her life to music and being the possessor of a beautifully developed voice. It has long been her ambition to brighten the lives of those greatly afflicted, and this was the incentive for the development of a talent which would give pleasure to the exiled lepers. The leper law of the Sandwich Islands forbids the return of any who enters the leper colony, or even direct communication with the world by such a person.

With Our Subscribers.

I enclose \$1.00 subscription to your valuable paper from May, 1903, to May, 1904. I am very sorry to have neglected sending in my subscription in May. I shall be more careful in the future for I assure I could not do without the "True Witness." My father received the first issue of the paper, and it has always been our family paper since that time, with the exception of one year.

Yours respectfully,

T. E. D.

Enclosed please find one dollar for my subscription from June, 1903, to June, 1904, for your good paper, which I find is improving all the time.

Yours truly,

M. K.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Statement of earnings and expenses under date of August 8, and signed by Mr. C. Drinkwater, secretary, just received, is as follows:—

July, 1903.
Gross earnings ... \$3,997,343.75
Working expenses ... 2,678,816.63

Net profits ... \$1,318,527.12

In July, 1902, the net

profits were ... \$1,175,711.26

The gain in net profits over the same period last year is therefore, for July, \$142,816.86.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

Our Curbstone Observer

Thrilling Experience With a Would-be Suicide.

LET it not be supposed that because I select this subject of suicides for my notes of this week that I have ever observed the perpetration of the crime of suicide, either from my curbstone, or from any other point of vantage. No more is it my intention to moralize upon the sin. I have not the faintest inclination to go into the religious or the moral aspect of the subject. Simply I desire to give a few hints, not to intentional suicides, but to those who may have to do with such maniacs. I have had a couple of very queer experiences in my time, one of which I will presume to relate as best I can; but before so doing I wish to draw attention to some of the conclusions that I have come to in regard to this subject of suicide—of self destruction.

A FEW HINTS.—As far as the person who desires to become a suicide is concerned I have nothing to say. I never did and I never can believe that any perfectly rational being could ever dream of self-killing. The one so inclined may to all appearances be sane, but there is "a screw loose" somewhere. The mind is unhinged; no matter whether it be from drink, or disappointment, or misery, or disgrace, or fear, or any other cause—the mind is not sound. No matter how slight and how thin the gaze of insanity that envelops it, that alien substance, that abnormal condition most certainly exists. It may not be to the extent of positive madness, but it is certainly a corruption or weakening of the mental fabric. As a rule, the one who seeks to change a suicide from his fell purpose, begins by arguing with him, by reasoning, by pointing out his folly, by pleading with him. Now I have discovered, from both observation and experience that this is merely throwing away an opportunity and may be called a pure loss of time. The more you reason with the mentally unbalanced, the more you are liable to confirm him in his purpose. In a word, I have found that the only means of changing the mind, of uprooting the purpose of such an individual is to turn his attention to something calculated to make a more serious and if possible more exciting and lasting impression on him than whatever is the cause of his unfortunate infatuation. It is not always easy to strike the right note, and frequently you will need to run up and down the gamut many times before touching it. I will tell of an experience I had, by way of illustration.

AN EXPERIENCE.—It was about the middle of January in the year 1890; I was sitting in my office very late at night. I happened to have had some work that kept me there until near midnight. A storm v—abroad, a veritable blizzard. The wind howled, the snow drifted, and the thermometer registered 18 below. I was in the midst of a very important piece of work, when the door slowly opened and an acquaintance walked in. He was a man of about fifty years of age, low sized, thick-set, wearing glasses, and dressed in accordance with the season. He resided at the other side of the river, and was accustomed to go home either with his own horse and cutter, or else by train. It was evident to me that there was something wrong the very moment that I got a look at him. His eyes were wild, haggard, blood-shot, and his face was the picture of death—of the genius of despair—and I actually felt a little nervous. He stood in front of me for fully two minutes before he spoke. I may remark that we were very intimate friends, but I had not seen him for some time. He had been drinking; he was in the worst stage of a delirium tremens—so I concluded. At last he found power to speak, and he said, in a calm, determined, maniacal manner: "I am going to commit suicide to-night." There was no mistaking that look; I never saw it before in any face, and I never want to see it again. I knew, and I knew positively that he meant what he said. I made no reply. He, then, added: "I am going to drown myself in the St. Lawrence. I am not able to stand it any longer. There's no hell—this is hell—I am going to end it all—I'll do it now—good-bye." He turned

on his heel, he gave me one more fearful look and moved on towards the door. I was so taken by surprise that I could not find utterance. But I felt that something must be done. What prompted me I will never tell, but as soon as I found power to speak, I called after him and said: "Did you say it was in the river you intended to commit suicide?" He wheeled back, like a maniac, and said:—"Yes, of course—where else?" "Oh, never mind," I said, "I merely asked the question, as I was afraid you'd find some little trouble in view of the ice." He seemed to be forcibly struck with the thought. "What do you mean?" he asked. Ever since I have wondered at my own coolness and calmness; certainly I was deeply agitated, yet I spoke with an air of indifference and said: "You see all the hardware shops are closed at this hour, and most of the people are in bed." He seemed puzzled. "What do I want with a hardware shop?" he asked. "Sit down there," I said, "and I will explain." He sat down and waited in wonderment for my explanation. So I thus began slowly:—"You see the stores are closed, and for the life of you it would be impossible to get a pick, axe, shovel, spade or any implement to-night. Now you cannot dig a hole in the ice with your hands. That ice is fully three feet thick. Then there is such a snow-storm blowing, that as fast as you could work your way downwards just as rapidly would the snow drift in and fill up the hole. To dig a hole in that ice, big enough for a man's body to go through would take you till noon to-morrow, and ten to one you would be frozen to death before you could get the work done." As I spoke I could see the wonderful change coming over his features. The fixed determination vanished, and some other wild passion was evidently stirring up in his breast. I did not, however, expect what followed. All of a sudden he stood up, and fixing his gaze on me with a fierceness that seemed only softened by a doubt or an uncertainty in his mind, he said: "So you want me to commit suicide!"—"So you are only sorry that I can't do it!"—"So you would not prevent me from killing myself." I saw that I had him. I went on again: "Of course, it is none of my business. If you want to drown yourself it is none of my affairs; it interests yourself only. But I thought that I would just point out to you all the difficulties in the way. Moreover I would be afraid of your being frozen on the river at this hour." He was thoroughly indignant by that time, and he almost shouted: "You black-hearted scoundrel; you could sit there and calmly speculate upon all the trouble I might have to commit suicide, while you pretend to be anxious about my safety on the river in a storm, of all the heartless characters I've ever met you are the very worst." He foamed on and raged for fully five minutes. I saw, by that time, that the thought of suicide had completely vanished and that a rage, tempered with contempt for me, had succeeded in his breast. He gave me a lecture the like of which I had never heard before. And he ended by telling me that it was too late for his train that night, and that he would go over and take a room at the St. Lawrence Hall for the night. We parted, he in a fearful fit of anger with me, I in a state of doubt and anxiety about him. When he was well out of the building, I closed my office and followed. I went to the Hall, and as I came in towards the office, I saw him going off with a bell-boy towards the stairs. I was perfectly satisfied that he was safe, and I went home. Next day I met him, and he had but a dim and hazy recollection of having seen me the night before. This experience I think tells clearly the tale and illustrates my idea of dealing with would-be suicides.

Premium TO Subscribers.

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

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

Bishop O'Connell On the Religious Orders.

At the laying of the corner stone of the new Dominican Monastery in the course of construction north of Washington, D.C., on the Bunker Hill Road recently the principal address was delivered by Rt. Rev. William H. O'Connell, D.D., Bishop of Portland, Me.

Bishop O'Connell said among other things:—

"We are assembled here upon a memorable occasion—the wedding of the old and new. The old order of St. Dominic comes to enrich the new university with its centuries of learning and experience, with its holy and glorious traditions. It is the union of strength and wisdom, of high hope and solid achievement. It is typical of the occasion. Thus does the Catholic Church pursue her unflinching course through the centuries; thus does she renew herself from age to age, bringing forth from the treasure of her divine traditions and her history those principles of wise administration which exert their mild, yet indomitable, sway upon generation after generation and which transform the world.

"Time passes and institutions change. The Church looks out upon them all with the calm gaze of the strong and loving mother of the nations. No revolution disturbs her vigilance, for her mere human experience and historic precedent are older far than those of any government the world has seen.

"As we stand here in the shadow of this university the mind calls up the spectacle of that unparalleled phenomenon in the annals of knowledge, the rise and progress of the great mediaeval universities, and the imagination brings back those days when a fever of learning fell upon Europe, when men in city and hamlet began to study and argue on the whole body of extant knowledge and students journeyed from the remote corners of civilization to the seats of famous schools, buoyed up by their poverty and hardship by the spirit of the Crusaders.

"That wonderful awakening of the nations in the thirteenth century, coming, though it did, with the suddenness and swiftness of the spring-time, after a long period of invasion, occupation and wreck of civil institutions, when the Church was the only power that stood between Europe and barbarism, and found the Church active and ready. She rose up to welcome these pilgrims of knowledge; she encouraged, guided and regulated the inundation of students; she divided them into their respective nations; framed for them a body of law; incorporated them under her own jurisdiction; sought far and wide for the best and wisest teachers and summoned forth the zeal and genius of the great religious orders that this fierce craving for knowledge might be satisfied, that learning might be sanctified and that education and instruction might be directed to the salvation of souls.

"Behold now with what admirable wisdom the Church adapts the old learning, the tried methods to conditions that are new. Now that the faith is spread abroad over the land, that everywhere throughout the country are her churches and her schools, that in every community are devoted ministers, laboring for the care of souls—when the time is ripe and the spirits of men are ready she finds here, in the capital city of the land, a scholium generale—a modern university.

"It is certainly a glory to the Church in this land and especially to this school that it has gathered here these various orders and congregations, whose very differences are so singular a manifestation of the unity and catholicity of the Church. For it is to the perfection of this institution that, as it aims to give instruction in all branches of human knowledge, it should also manifest its university quality by uniting under its auspices these diverse houses. For each of the great religious orders stands for some definite idea in the history of the Church. Each has been established by the holy men who founded them to do a special work in the vineyard of the Lord, to cultivate a certain spiritual growth in that vineyard with loving care. So this richness of variety adds a

new beauty to this university, a new completeness, that intensifies its unity and multiplies its usefulness and makes it a greater power for good in the educational world and in the Church.

"What, therefore, is this religious life which, exemplified in so many forms, has been so potent a factor in the history of the Church, and which is bound up in the life of the schools? What is the secret of this mysterious power which, manifested in so many different institutes, yet keeps a nature of its own in each? Is it something which has been present in the Church from the beginning, or an ornament added on as time passed and the spiritual life diversified in the souls of men? And, lastly, what is its precise function in this university, and why do we rejoice in the founding of this Dominican college?

"In the Christian life a two-fold perfection has to be considered: One is essential and consists in the life of grace and charity, and in order to at least attain this perfection the Christian profession is ordained and it brings within the reach of all who embrace it the necessary and sufficient means. It is called the state of common life. Not as if men may not do works of supererogation, and increase the spiritual perfection as much as they please with the aid of God, but inasmuch as this state does not of itself oblige to such works or increase it does not of itself afford special means. It possesses whatever of perfection and stability is necessarily included in every other state of Christian life as being the substance and foundation of such life.

"The condition of those people who in the world observe the evangelical counsels to a high degree embraces all that is in the religious state so called; but there is this difference between their life and that of the religious, that the latter is an organized state of perfection. This, then, is the peculiar gift and excellence of the religious state that it organizes by rules, exercises and surroundings a system of life which makes it easier for the religious minded man or woman to keep the evangelical counsels in their purity and excellence than if these people lived in the world amid all kinds of mundane excitement and temptation. Therefore, the religious orders have no monopoly of the religious life or of the perfection of the religious life, for there have been very many saints in the history of the Church who never belonged to any order. But the religious orders have made the religious state a strong and well-ordered system.

"The religious life itself is nothing new—it is as old as Christianity—and the wonderful flowering of divers institutes under the inspiration and genius of the saints who have become founders of religious orders has not depleted its energy and fruitfulness which ever flourished in the bosom of God's Church while men love and keep His counsels.

"In our own day we see Leo XIII. proclaiming as patron of the schools of the world St. Thomas Aquinas, that wonder of sanctity and learning, who brought order into mediaeval erudition and laid the lines of modern theological method. Thomas Aquinas lived and died a simple friar-preacher.

"The world to-day is as the world of that wonderful thirteenth century, instinct with energy, fiery with enthusiasm, eager for the word of God, if it is preached to them as St. Dominic preached it to the Albigenses.

"And especially in this great land, whose future is but beginning to unfold—a land which is as Europe was in opportunity when the saint sent forth his sons, a little band of apostles, to conquer it. And we can say, in the words of the Council of Lateran, that among all means of promoting the salvation of Christian people the bread of the Divine Word is above all things necessary."

EXAMPLE.

Good Catholics of bad Catholics, all, in one way or another, will for good or evil influence the non-Catholic world around them.—Exchange.

CATHOLIC BEQUESTS.

The will of Mrs. Martin of Baltimore, contains bequests for religious and charitable purposes aggregating \$416,216, including \$2,000 to Cardinal Gibbons, \$50,000 for the establishment of a home for old Catholic ladies, \$10,000 to the Carmelite Sisters, \$10,000 to the Baltimore Academy of Visitation, \$2,000 for scholarships in Calvert Hall and Loyola College, \$2,500 for a scholarship at St. Catherine's Institute, \$1,000 to the associated professors of St. Mary's Seminary, \$2,000 to St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, and St. Joseph's Home of Industry, \$2,000 to the Clerical Benefit Association.

A Convert's Reply.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

We have many times, and even recently, written about the contentment, the happiness, and the generous spirit of converts to the Catholic faith. We have pointed out how kindly they always think of and speak about those whom they have left; how they never descend to abuse even the faith that they abandoned because they knew it to be false; how they experience a sense of relief, of repose, of promise, of comfort, once within the fold of the Catholic Church.

The other day a fact came to our notice that tells an eloquent story. It is customary with Protestants to constantly seek to impress their friends with the idea that converts to Catholicity are not contented with their lot. A couple of months ago the diocesan paper of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Milwaukee stated that Father Maturin, a famed convert, was not contented in the Catholic Church. Thereupon Mr. Jesse Albert Locke, of Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, wrote to him, to inquire frankly if the statement were true. This is the convert's answer:—

St. Mary's Church, Cadogan street, Chelsea, London, July 25, 1903.

Dear Mr. Locke: You ask me if there is any truth in the rumors which you say are very persistent in America that I am inclined to return to the Church of England.

I am sure such rumors cannot have their origin from any of my American friends who have known me or heard from me since I became a Catholic, and how any persons can take it upon themselves to say such things merely because they imagine them or wish them to be true I cannot imagine; if they say them in order to influence others from doing as I have done, I think their conduct can only be characterized by a very ugly word.

However, as you ask me, I will answer you. There is absolutely not one fragment of truth in such statements; I could not imagine any conceivable circumstances inducing me even to consider for a moment such a step; in fact, I have found in the Catholic Church all that I desire, and the question has for the last six years ceased to be a "question" with me any more. I am perfectly happy and at peace in the Roman Catholic Church. From the day I made up my mind and went to Beaumont to be received the English Church melted before my eyes and as a church has never taken substantial form again. As Newman said: "I went by, and lo! it was gone; I sought it and its place could nowhere be found."

Perhaps I could convince some of those who say the kind of things you mention how untrue they are by telling them in unmeasured words what the English Church has seemed to me since I left it, but I will not stoop to such means, either to convince or silence them. It affords me no consolation to abuse what once was a great reality to me and what most of my dearest friends still belong to, and I have never been able to understand or respect those who seem to think that it does honor to their present convictions to ridicule what once they revered.

It has been enough for me to try and follow our Lord's words: "Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God," and I have endeavored to use what powers I have in preaching what I know with a certainty (that I believe and pray may never be less) is the kingdom of God in truth, and I believe such positive preaching in the long run must be more effective than any bitterness toward what to me is dead and buried.

Very truly yours, B. W. MATURIN.

IRISH RELICS.

Some years ago a number of ancient Irish relics were ploughed up on the banks of Lough Foyle; they were purchased by the British Museum for \$3,000. For some six years there has been a regular legal battle over them. Finally Judge Farwell, who had the case before him, has decided that these relics were treasure-trove, and has ordered that the British Museum deliver them up to

the Crown. His Lordship refused to accept the contention of the British Museum authorities, that the articles were votive offerings made by Irish sea kings to the sea gods. He did not believe the sea ever covered the field where the Linnavady ploughman turned up the relics. He thought that the articles were deposited for safety by some chief during the raids of the Norsemen or sea pirates in Ulster, with the intention of reclaiming them when an opportunity occurred. The period in which they were hidden about between 300 B.C. and 700 A.D. The treasure now goes to the Royal Irish Academy. The ornaments have been exhibited for several years in the gold room of the British Museum, and were there labeled "Ancient British and Irish Gold Ornaments." They consist of a tongue, or collar, of ornamental work such as was worn by the old Irish kings; fibulae, or bracelets, and shallow drinking cups, all of fine soft gold of a light color. We are very much inclined to agree with Judge Farwell, much as it disturbs our pleasant visions of the old sea kings, whom the pencil of mythology has painted on the background of Irish history. We feel not unlike Davis when his dreams of olden Irish legends were dispelled by Mr. Petrie's solidly historical work. What Davis then wrote, we can repeat in this instance. He said: "Yet, we repeat, we jealously watched for flaws in Mr. Petrie's reasoning; exulted, as he set down the extracts from his opponents, in the hope that he would fall in answering them, and at last surrendered in sullen despair. Looking now more calmly at the discussion, we are grateful to Mr. Petrie for having driven away on idle fancy. In its stead he has given us new and unlooked-for trophies, and more solid information on Irish antiquities than any of his predecessors." This fairly describes our feelings in regard to Judge Farwell's decision; we know he is right, but we dislike to believe it.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Even a death-bed repentance is preferable to none at all, yet it is not always given to those who sin greatly to come back to God and the Church at the very last moment. To doubt of the possibility of such a close to a career of error and sin would be to doubt the infinite mercy of God; but to live in the hopes of such a closing, without taking steps to attain it, is a presumption and a defiance of the Almighty. Still none can tell what great good a poor erring creature may have at some time or other done; and just as a life of misery is the punishment of sin, so a death-bed repentance is the reward for that one virtue, or that one good deed. We have a very striking example of this in a case that recently took place in Richmond, Va. On the 17th August last a certain Mrs. Joseph Andrews died, and in her last moments, at her own request, she had the services of a priest. She received the last sacraments and closed a life of a most erratic kind in the peaceful bosom of the Church. Thirty years ago this woman was an inmate of a convent at Frederick, Md. She dies an inmate of the almshouse, where for six years she has been kept as a pauper and an infirm person. Her approaching end brought forth her sad story. She fled from the convent where she had been; after which she published a pamphlet that created some sensation. She described herself as an ex-nun, and wrote in no friendly terms of her recent convent home. Her maiden name was Josephine Burnley. She married a man named Andrews. A child was born to the couple, but in a short time both husband and child died, and she was forced to seek the aid of charity. Not long ago she fell and broke her hip and has since been helpless. She led a life of untold misery. She repented of all the wrong she had done, especially when she came to recognize that she was undergoing the penalty for her mistakes and for the scandal she had given. In this condition, and feeling that the end was at hand, she asked for the help of a Catholic priest. Rev. Joseph Magri, of St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, called upon her, heard her sad story, received her into the Church again, and assisted her upon that last sad journey into the world beyond. It was not to those for whom she had led such a foolish life that she had to turn in the last hour: it was to the very Church that she had denied and belied. But there is the mercy of Christ exemplified in the forgiveness and mercy of the Church. And the repentant sinner was won back at the eleventh hour. A lesson that many might take to heart.

Health Of the Holy Father.

From the Roman correspondence of the "Catholic Times," we take the following notes:—

The alarm caused by the swoon of the Holy Father has, I think, entirely passed away in Rome. For one thing, there would be no ground for surprise at anybody fainting in the close Pauline Chapel, the less so if the system of ventilation obtaining in the Papal apartment of the Vatican under Leo XIII. still prevails. The aged Pontiff led an entirely artificial life, out of contact with fresh air, save on rare occasions such as his visits to the gardens or to the Basilica of St. Peter. Dr. Laponi explained to me a couple of years ago an elaborate system by which he managed to have the air always pure and renewed, but never freshly from without, in the rooms which His Holiness was to enter or pass through. On the other hand, Leo XIII. was so chill by blood that he used to take sun-baths at his windows even in August. By an oversight the robust and full-blooded Pius X. was subjected for a morning to an experiment in the system under which Leo XIII. lived. There has been very little concern about the health of the new Pope, with whom one associates no idea of illness or constitutional malady.

The supposed heart trouble has been whispered about only as a danger, and both of the doctors who examined Pius X. on the day of his swoon have denied that he suffers from it. Hence it was that on the morning of the audience Dr. Laponi, instead of being in attendance, was at the Hospital of the Fatebenefratelli, on the island of the Tiber, of which he is the principal physician. Those who do not know Rome will be surprised to hear that Dr. Laponi resides, not at the Vatican, but in a villa of his own, built of late years on the Via dei Cracchi, off the Piazza Cola di Rienzo, in the Prati di Castello, and that he devotes a large portion of his time to work in the hospital above-mentioned and much of the remainder to his very large practice.

But the cause of the Pope's faintness was the exhausting emotions of the preceding days. The Conclave brought many; the election more; the days intervening between this and the Coronation continued to supply them; then came the Coronation, which was all a long pain. To his surprise, against his desire, despite his entreaties and reasonings, the Patriarch of Venice had become the Pope of Rome, and the whole heritage of Christian sorrow and care was laid upon his shoulders.

How he bore it we may learn from the letter of the parish priest at the Santi Apostoli at Venice, written on August 8, and therefore a day before the Coronation: "The Pope enters the throne hall. We enter hurriedly. I, the first, throw myself at his feet. The Pope groans (singhiozza). I also am stricken with the greatest emotion. I kiss the foot and hand of the Holy Father, and so do the others. A dumb, moving, heart-rending scene; no words but tears from the Pope, from all. This scene lasts ten minutes. The Noble Guards, the Monsignori, the Chamberlains wept. The Pope made us all get up, and said with disconsolate (straziante) voice: 'Voglio vederlo tutti.' I wish to see you all.' Poor man, he had not recognized us at first, because tears veiled his eyes. Clapping my hand, he said to me: 'I know about the ceremony at the Santi Apostoli, and I thank you.' Then to all: 'Make the sacrifice as I made it on my part. Pray for me, but very much, for the cross which God has given me is heavy. I love you so much, and I bless you with your families; I bless the sick and the poor.' He withdrew, and we heard his groans (singhiozzi). Oh! what an unforgettable scene. We left the Pope's room our eyes swollen with crying. . . . 'Addio, addio.'—Your most affectionate brother, Don Luigi."

"Make the sacrifice as I made it," he said to his Venetians, as if to say, "I tore myself away, you must accustom yourself to the separation." So let us hope that the iron will of this large-hearted Pope will help him to love his cross. But its high-priest Christendom never before saw so weep at his superb and joyous Coronation. Those were not tears of contentment, however holy, which marked his cheeks on Sunday, August 9, in St. Peter's, and their answering, if they left a question, was to be found in the unrelieved mourn-

fulness of the Pope's face, the manifest effort with which he aroused himself to bless, the almost stern repression by waving of hand and setting of finger to lip by which he checked each renewed outburst of enthusiasm, the ready, or, rather, the sudden heaviness with which he withdrew into himself after each effort, as the blessing or the gesture over, his expression fixed, his eyes dropped again, and his head inclined forward. But all these things will cause him to be loved the more, and already, long before his consecration, the advent of a "democratic" Pope—"un Papa democratico"—had stirred the heart of revolutionized Italy. His plebeian origin effected almost a miracle in the general feeling of Italy, while the greatness of heart of the new Pius has gained for the Papacy an esteem and affection with the Italian people. Every act and word reported of him has deepened the impression that he is still the admirable Bishop who pawned his ring for the poor.

Thus only the extreme organs of Liberal opinion have anything but praise for the popular Pope. And these exceptions have nothing of blame to say except that Cardinal Sarto was intransigent—word of wonderfully wide meaning and of vagueness vaster still; that he was astute and a political success—whatever this may be; that he is not of an elevated order of intelligence—something which conflicts with his asserted acuteness and success; that he was not enthusiastically loyal to the House of Savoy—something about which many distinctions would have to be made; and that he will not be a conciliator Pope—as though he had not already become a reconciliation in himself. They might at least wait to judge him until he has chosen a Secretary of State. The Pope's only official utterance has been his speech to the Diplomatic Corps a few days ago, and this was directed to the furtherance of peace between the nations.

NATIONAL SONGS.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Recently, more than ever, has the authorship of the famous French national hymn the "Marseillaise" been disputed. It is said that the researches of musical scholars, both in France and Germany, seem to prove that the melody was not composed by Rouget de Lisle, but was copied from the "Credo" of the fourth Mass of Holtzmann of Mursberg, who composed it in 1776, and that it was first heard in Strasbourg in the hotel of Mme. de Montesson, in 1782.

This may be the case, but it is certain that combination of words and music known as the "Marseillaise" was the work of Rouget de Lisle, in Strasbourg, in 1792, and that it left his hand to be taken up and sung by millions of Frenchmen at the time of the great Revolution. Its popularity was immediate and its fiery strains contributed greatly to the victories of the French revolutionary armies.

Rouget de Lisle was a good musician, and had often made verses. He was an engineer in the French army and rose to the rank of captain. In 1792, he being in his thirty-second year, de Lisle was quartered with his command at Strasbourg. He was not an ardent revolutionist, and his purpose in writing the song was far from stirring the heart of France in to red hot revolution, as was the result. It was the influence of some speeches that he had heard at a public dinner that caused him to conceive the verses; and on returning to his quarters he lost no time in writing them out. He entitled his work "The Song of the Army of the Rhine." Later on a band of Marseilles revolutionists came to Paris, and took part in the storming of the Tuilleries. They were called "Les Marseillais." Their song was taken up by soldiers and people, and soon travelled all over the country, and was called—for lack of knowing its real name—"La Marseillaise." The author of it, being a moderate Republican, was cashiered and cast into prison, but the counter revolution set him at liberty. He wrote a great deal of other verses, but his one great song so overshadowed all his other work that none of it was ever known in the realm of French letters. He did not receive any compensation for his immortal composition, nor any pension or mark of favor until the accession of Louis Philippe. Then, it seems, he was given a small stipend whereon to ek out a poor existence in the close of his day. He died at Choisy, in 1836.

He was seventy-six years of age, and it is said that he grew in later years to dislike hearing either the music or the song that had made his name famous.



CHAPTER XXXV

"There, before yau Falvey. 'There's wh to go through one t the Christian as well 't would be well for had as little to ans poor pointer, after this world.

The other gentlema lected around, with m of condolece on the s servant of the chae. peared to be affected manner by the transa had witnessed. His vague and unsettled, deadly pale, and his l exceedingly. This was he had fired in the cou and the nature of the he was engaged had n red to him until he s flowing at his feet. T his, always sensitive o and rendered doubly se se associations of the months, the picture of poor quadrup was se palling than it might the person of a fellow felt his head grow dizz ed away from the spot feeble paces, he fell see the rushes.

The gentlemen hasten lief, with looks of asto ther than pity. Some t perfectly acquainted wit ter, or perplexed by th ary change which it h dergone, who winked a part when he was lifted earth; and though no o openly to impute any e character to the youn yet, whenever they spol currence in the course o was not without exchan scious smile. On anothe boating party was fo Hardess, as usual, took in hand. His father, on little vessel, was somew ed at seeing a new boat forecastle.

"Hello!" he said, "w name, my honest fellow? "Larry Kett, sir, plas or," returned the man, a person, with a face as b storn.

"Why, Hardress! had y rel with your little hunc Hardress stooped sudd as if for the purpose of a block, and after a little plied:

"No quarrel, sir, but h seek another service, and think I have made a bad The conversation chang party (among whom w Chute) proceeded on their

The wind freshened consic the course of the forenoon fore they had reached the river which flowed by the tage of Mr. Daly, it blew atale. The boatman, ious for the comfort of than really apprehensive boat, suggested the exped putting about on the course before the tide shot

"If you hold on," said with a significant look, "wind an' tide come conthr 'll be a swell in the chan it is as much as you can d through it with the two r Hardress assented, but it ready too late. They were considerable distance below tage, with a strong wester and a tide within twenty n the flood.

"What are you doing, Hardress?" said the "Won't you haul home the sheet and jib?"

Hardress, whose eyes had ed on the rocky point before tage, started suddenly, and ed to execute the nautical m In question. The little vessi cle to her helm as a well-hunter to his rider, threw h away from the wind, and roaring through the surges fuller and a fiercer energy. A fering her to run for a few before the wind, Hardress o ed with due caution, the di process of jibbing or shifti mainsail from one side of t to the other.

"Down with yer heads, in v place: take care of the bo All the heads were lower the boom swung rapidly acc the vessel heeled with the sud

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.

"There, before your eyes, sir," said Falvey. "There's what we'll all have to go through one time or another, the Christian as well as the baste!

The other gentleman had now collected around, with many expressions of condolence on the fate of the poor servant of the chase. Hardress appeared to be affected in a peculiar manner by the transaction which he had witnessed. His glances were vague and unsettled, his cheek was deadly pale, and his limbs trembled exceedingly.

The gentlemen hastened to his relief, with looks of astonishment rather than pity. Some there were imperfectly acquainted with his character, or perplexed by the extraordinary change which it had lately undergone, who winked and sneered apart when he was lifted from the earth; and though no one ventured openly to impute any effeminacy of character to the young gentleman, yet, whenever they spoke of the occurrence in the course of the day, it was not without exchanging a conscious smile.

"Hello!" he said, "what's your name, my honest fellow?" "Larry Kett, sir, please your honor," returned the man, a sturdy old person, with a face as black as a storm.

"Why, Hardress! had you a quarrel with your little hunchback?" Hardress stooped suddenly down, as if for the purpose of arranging a block, and after a little silence replied:

"No quarrel, sir, but he chose to seek another service, and I do not think I have made a bad exchange." The conversation changed, and the party (among whom was Anne Chute) proceeded on their excursion. The wind freshened considerably in the course of the forenoon, and before they had reached the part of the river which flowed by the dairy-cottage of Mr. Daly, it blew a desperate gale. The boatman, more anxious for the comfort of the ladies than really apprehensive for the boat, suggested the expediency of putting about on the homeward course before the tide should turn.

"If you hold on," said the man, with a significant look, "until the wind an' tide come contrary, there'll be a swell in the channel, that it is as much as you can do to come through it with the two reefs." Hardress assented, but it was already too late. They were now a considerable distance below the cottage, with a strong westerly wind, and a tide within twenty minutes of the flood.

"What are you doing, Masther Hardress?" said the boatman. "Won't you haul home the mainsheet and jib?"

Hardress, whose eyes had been fixed on the rocky point before the cottage, started suddenly, and proceeded to execute the nautical manoeuvre in question. The little vessel, as docile to her helm as a well-mounted hunter to his rider, threw her bow away from the wind, and rushed roaring through the surge with a fuller and a fiercer energy. After suffering her to run for a few minutes before the wind, Hardress commenced with due caution, the dangerous process of jibing or shifting the mainsail from one side of the vessel to the other.

pulse, until her leeward gunwale slipped the brine. "Give her a free sheet now, Masther Hardress," said Kett, "and we'll be up in two hours."

All boatmen know that it requires a much steadier hand and more watchful eye to govern a vessel when the wind is fair than when it is adverse. A still greater nicety of attention was requisite in the present instance, as the wind was high, and the now returning tide occasioned, as the boatman predicted, a heavy sea in the channel. It was, therefore, with considerable chagrin that Larry Kett perceived his master's mind wandering, and his attention frequently altogether withdrawn from the occupation which he had in hand.

That nervous disease to which he had become a slave for many weeks, approached a species of prolym when Hardress found himself once more upon the very scene where he had first encountered danger with the unfortunate Eily, and before that dwelling, beneath whose roof he had plighted, to his forgotten friend, the faith which he had since betrayed. It was impossible his reason could preserve its calmness amid those terrible remembrances. As the shades of evening fell, assisted by the gloomy clouds that scowled upon the brow of Heaven, he became subject to the imaginative weakness of a child. The faces of his companions darkened and grew strange in his eye. The roar of the waters was redoubled, and the howling of the wind, along the barren shores brought to his mind the horrid cry of the hounds, by which his guilt and his misery had been so fearfully revealed. The shapes of those whom he had wronged seemed to menace him from the gloomy chasms that gaped around between the enormous billows, and the blast came after with a voice of reproach, as if to hurry him onward to a place of dreadful retribution. Sometimes the corpse of Eily, wrapped in the blue mantle which she generally wore, seemed to be rolled downward from the ridge of a foaming breaker; sometimes the arms seemed to be stretched to him for aid; and sometimes the pale and shrouded figure of Mrs. Daly seemed, from the gloom, to bend a look on him of quiet sadness and upbraiding. While wholly absorbed in the contemplation of these phantoms, a rough grasp was suddenly laid upon his arm, and a rough voice shouted in his ear:

"Are you deaf or dreaming? Mind your hand, or you'll put us down!" Hardress looked around like one who suddenly awakes from slumber, and saw his father looking on him with an inflamed and angry countenance. In his reverie a change had taken place of which he was totally unconscious. A heavy shower drove full upon the party, the sky had grown still darker, and the wind had risen still higher. The time had gone by when the spirits of Hardress caught fire from the sight of danger, and when his energies were concentrated by difficulty as the firmness of an arch is augmented by the weight which it is made to sustain. The suddenness of his father's action startled him to the very heart; the strange, and as it appeared to him, sudden change in the weather, confirmed the disorder of his senses, and springing forward, as a culprit might do from the sudden arrest of an officer of justice, he abandoned the rudder, and fled with murmurs of affright into the centre of the boat, where he sank exhausted upon the ballast.

The scene of confusion which ensued it is not needful that we should describe. Larry Kett, utterly unable to comprehend what he beheld, took charge of the helm, while the remainder of the party busied themselves in restoring Hardress to some degree of composure. There was no remark made at the time, but when the party were separating, some touched their foreheads and compressed their lips in a serious manner; while others, in secret whispers, ventured for the first time, to couple the name of Hardress Cregan with that epithet which is so deeply dreaded by young men, that they will burst the ties of moral justice, religion, of humanity, and even incur the guilt of murder, to avoid its imputation—the epithet of coward.

Never was there a being more constitutionally formed for deeds of courage and enterprise than Hardress, and yet (such is the power of conscience!) never was a stigmatized

fixed with greater justice. He hurried early to his room where he passed a night of feverish restlessness, secured, indeed, from the observations of others, but still subjected to the unwinking gaze of memory, whose glance, like the diamond eyes of the famous idol, seemed to follow him witherover he turned with the same deadly and avenging expression.

Another occurrence, mingled with somewhat more of the ridiculous, but not less powerful in its effect upon the mind of Hardress, took place in a few days afterwards. In the lack of some equally exciting exercise, and in order to form a pretext for his frequent absence from the Castle, Hardress was once more tempted to take up his gun, and look for shore-fowl in the neighborhood. One morning, when he was occupied in drawing a charge in the hall, Falvey came running into let him know that a flock of May-birds had pitched in one of the gullies in the creek, which was now almost deserted by the fallen tide.

"Are there many?" said Hardress, a little interested. "Oceans, oceans of 'em, sir," was the reply of the figurative valet. "Very well; do you take this bag, and follow me to the shore. I think we shall get at them conveniently from behind the lime-kiln."

This was a commission which Falvey executed with the worst grace in the world. This talkative person was, in fact, a perfect, and even absurd coward, nor did he consider the absence of any hostile intention as security, when the power of injury was in his neighborhood. His dread of fire-arms, like that of Griday, approached to a degree of superstition, and it would appear from his conduct that he had anything but a steady faith in the common opinion that a gun must throw its contents in the direction of the bore. Accordingly, it was always with considerable reluctance and apprehension that he accompanied his young master on his shooting excursions. He followed him now with a dejected face, and a sharp and prudent eye, directed ever and anon at the loaded weapon which Hardress balanced in his hand.

They approached the game under cover of a low, ruined building which had once been used as a limekiln, and now served as a blind to those who made it an amusement to scatter destruction among the feathered visitants of the little creek. Arrived at this spot, Hardress perceived that he could take the quarry at a better advantage from a sand-bank at some distance on the right. He moved, accordingly, in that direction, and Falvey, after conjecturing how he might best get out of harm's way, crept into the ruined kiln, and took his seat on the loose stones at the bottom. The walls, though broken down on every side, were yet sufficient height to conceal his person when in a sitting posture, from all observation of man or fowl. Rubbing his hands in glee, and smiling, to find himself thus snugly ensconced from danger, he awaited with an anxiety not quelled, indeed, but yet somewhat diminished, the explosion of the distant engine of death.

But his evil genius, envious of his satisfaction, found means of putting his tranquillity to naught. Hardress altered his judgment of the two stations, and accordingly crept back to the lime-kiln with as little noise as he had used in leaving it. He marvelled what had become of Falvey; but, reserving the search for him until he had done his part upon the curlews, he went on his knee, and rested the barrel of his piece on the grass covered wall of the ruin, in such a manner that the muzzle was two inches above the head of

the unseen, and smiling, and unconscious Falvey. Having levelled on the centre of the flock, he fired, and an uproar ensued which it is almost hopeless to describe. Half a dozen of the birds fell without hearing the shot; several fluttered a few paces, and then sunk gasping on the slob. The great mass of the flock rose screaming into the calm air, and were chorused by the whistling of myriads of sea-larks, red-shanks, and other diminutive waterfowl. But the most alarming strain in the concert was played by poor Falvey, who gave himself up for dead on hearing the shot fired close to his ear in so unexpected a manner. He sprang at one bound clear out of the lime-kiln, and fell flat on his face and hands upon the short grass, roaring and kicking his heels in the air like one in the agonies of the colica pictorum. Terrified to the soul by this startling incident, Hardress threw down his gun, and fled as from the face of a fiend.

In the meantime the cries of the prostrate Falvey attracted to his relief a stranger, who had hitherto lain concealed under a projection of the bank. He jumped upon the wall of the kiln, and remained gazing for some moments on the fallen man, with an expression which partook more of curiosity than of compassion. Seeing the gun, he imagined that Falvey had fired the shot himself, and experienced some injury from the recoil. It was with a kind of sneer, therefore, that he took up the weapon, and proceeded to question the sufferer.

"What's de matter wid you, man alive? What makes you be roarin' dat way?" "I'm hot!" returned Falvey, with a groan. "I'm hot. The masther holed me with the shot. Will I get the priest? Will I get the priest itself?" "Where did he hole you?" "There, in the lime-kiln, this minute. Will I get the priest?" "I mane, where are you hot? In what part o' your body?" "Oyeh, it is all one," said Falvey, a little perplexed by the question. "I felt it in the very middle o' my heart. Sure I know I'm a gone man!"

"How do you know, aye? Straighten yourself, an' sit up a bit. I don't see any signs of a hole." Falvey sat up, and began to feel his person in various places moaning the whole time in the most piteous tone, and looking occasionally on his hands, as if expecting to find them covered with blood. After a minute examination, however, no such symptom could be discovered. "Ah, dere's nottin' de matter wid you, man," said the stranger. "Stand up, man; you're as well as ever you wor."

"Faiks, may be so," returned Falvey, rising and looking about him with some briskness of eye. "But sure I know," he added, suddenly drooping, "tis the way always with people when they are holed by a gun; they never feel it until the moment they drop."

"Well, an' isn't it time for you to tink of it when you begin to feel it?" returned the stranger. "Faiks, may be so," returned Falvey, with increasing confidence. "That I may be blest," he added, swinging his arms, and moving a few paces with greater freedom, "that I may be blest if I feel any pain! Faiks, I thought I was hot. But there's one thing, anyway; as long as ever I live, I never again will go shooting with any man, gentle or simple, during duration."

"Stay a minute," said the stranger; "won't you go out for the curlews?" "Go out for 'em yourself, an' have 'em if you like," returned Falvey, "it's bother enough I got with them for birds."

He took up the gun and pouch, and walked slowly away, while the stranger, after slipping off his shoes and stockings, and turning up the knees of his under-garments, walked out for the game. He had picked up one or two of the birds, and was proceeding further along the brink of the gully, when a sudden shout was heard upon the rocky shore on the other side of the creek. The stranger started and looked, like a frightened deer in that direction, where Falvey beheld a party of soldiers running down the rocks, as if with the purpose of intercepting his passage round a distant point by which the high road turned. The stranger, possibly aware of their intention, left his shoes, the game, and all, behind him, and fled rapidly across the slob, in the direction of the point. It was clear the soldiers could not overtake him. They halted, therefore, on the shore, and levelling their pieces with deliberation, fired several shots at the fugitive, as after a run-away prisoner. With lips agape with horror, Falvey beheld the shining face of the mud torn up by the bullets within a few feet of the latter. He still, however, continued his course unhurt, and was not many yards distant from the op-

posite shore, when (either caught by a trip, or brought down by some bullet better aimed) he staggered and fell in the mark. He rose again, and again sank down upon his elbow, panting for breath and overpowered by fatigue and fear. Falvey delayed to see no more, being uncertain at whom their muskets would be next directed. Lowering his person as far as might be consistent with a suitable speed, he ran along the hedge-ways in the direction of the Castle.

In the meantime, Hardress, full of horror at the supposed catastrophe, had hurried to his sleeping room, where he flung himself upon the bed, and sought, but found not, relief in exclamations of terror and of agony. "What!" he muttered through his clenched teeth, "shall my hands be always teething? Can I not move but death must dog my steps? Must I only breathe to suffer and destroy?"

A low and broken moan, uttered near his bed-side, made him start with a superstitious apprehension. He looked around, and beheld his mother kneeling at a chair, her face pale, excepting the eyes, which were inflamed with tears. Her hands were wreathed together as if with a straining exertion, and sobs came thick and fast upon her breath, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them. In a few minutes, while he remained gazing on her in some perplexity, she arose, and, standing by his bed-side, laid her hand quietly upon his head.

"I have been trying to pray," she said, "but I fear in vain. It was a selfish prayer—if it was offered up for you. If you fear death and shame, you will soon have cause to tremble. For a mother who loves her son guilty as he is, and for a son who would not see his parents to infamy, there have been fearful things here since morning."

Hardress could only look the intense anxiety which he felt, to learn what those tidings were. "In a few words," said Mrs. Cregan, "the dress of that unhappy girl has been recognized, and by a train of circumstances (command yourself awhile)—circumstances which this sick head of mine will hardly allow me to detail, suspicion has fallen upon your former boatman and his family. Do you know where he is?"

"I have not seen him since the—the I know now. My orders were that he should leave the country, and I gave him money for the purpose."

"Thank Heaven for that!" Mrs. Cregan, exclaimed, with her usual steady energy, while she clasped her hands together, and looked upward with a wrapt fervor of expression. The action, however, was quickly altered to a chilly shudder. She looked suddenly to the earth, veiling her eyes with her hand, as if a rapid light had dazzled her. "Thank Heaven!" she repeated, in a tone of terrified surprise. "Oh! mighty Being, Origin of justice, and Judge of the guilty, forgive me for that impious gratitude! Oh, Dora Cregan, if any one had told you in your youth that you should one day thank Heaven to find a murderer safe from justice! I do not mean you, my child," she said, turning to Hardress; "you are no murderer."

Hardress made no reply, and Mrs. Cregan remained silent for a few minutes, as if deliberating on the course which it would be necessary for her to adopt. The deception practised on Anne Chute was not among the least circumstances which made her situation one of agonizing perplexity. But her fate had been already decided, and it would be only to make the ruin of her son assured if she attempted now to separate the destiny of Anne from theirs.

"We must hasten this marriage," Mrs. Cregan continued, after a silence of some minutes, "and, in the meantime, endeavor to get those people, the Naughtens, out of the way. They will be sought for without delay. Mr. Warner has been inquiring for you; that he might obtain information of your boatman. I told him that you had parted with the man long since, and you did not know whether he had gone. Do you think you could sustain an interview with him?"

Hardress, who was not sitting upon the bed-side, pale, and with features distorted by terror, replied to this question by a chilly shudder and a vacant stare.

"We must keep him out, then," said his mother; "or, if he must see you, it shall be in your chamber. There is still one way by which you might be saved—the way which you proposed yourself, though I was not then sufficiently at ease to perceive its advantages. Go boldly forward and denounce this wretch; lay all the information in your power before the magistrates, and aid the officers of justice in bringing him to punishment."

Hardress turned his dull and blood-shot eyes upon his mother, as if to examine whether she was serious in this proposition. If a corpse, rigid in death, could be stimulated to a galvanic laugh, one might expect to

find it such a hideous convulsion as Hardress used on discovering that she did not mock.

"No, mother," he said, curbing the Sardonian impulse, "I am not innocent enough for that."

"Why will you perversely wrong yourself?" said Mrs. Cregan. "Neither in your innocence, nor in your culpability, do you seem to form a true estimate of your conduct. You are not so guilty as—"

"Very true, mother," said Hardress, impatient of the subject, and cutting it short with a burst of fierceness, scarcely less shocking than his laughter. "If the plea of conscious guilt will not suffice, you may take my refusal upon your own ground. I am too innocent for that. I am not fiend enough for such treachery. Pray let me hear no more of it, or I shall sicken. There's some one has knocked three times at the room door. I am quite weary of playing the traitor, and if I had nothing but pure heart-sickness to restrain me, I should yet long for a reform. My brain will bear no more; a single crime would crush me now. Again! There's some one at the door."

"Well, Hardress, I will speak with you of this at night."

"With all my heart. You say things sometimes that go near to drive me mad, but yet you always talk to me as a friend, for my own sake, and kindly. Mother!" he added, suddenly laying his hand on her arm, as she passed him and as the light fell brighter on her thin and gloomy features: "Mother, how changed you are since this unhappy act! You are worn out with fear and sorrows. It has been my fate or fault (I will not contend for the distinction!) to scatter poison in the way of all who knew me. A lost love for one; for another, falsehood, desertion, death; for a third, duplicity and ingratitude; and even for you, my mother, ill health, a sinking heart, and a pining frame. I can promise nothing now. My mind is so distracted with a thousand images and recollections (each one of which, a year since, I would have thought, sufficient to unsettle my reason), that I know not how to offer you a word of comfort. But if these gloomy days should be destined to pass away, and (whether by penitence or some sudden mercy) my heart should once again be visited with a quieter grief, I will then remember your affection."

There was a time, when this speech would have been moonlight music to the ear of Mrs. Cregan. Now, her esteem for Hardress being fled, and a good deal of self-reproach brought in to sour the feeling with which she regarded his conduct, it was only in his moments of danger, of anger, or distress that her natural affections were forcibly aroused in his behalf. Still, however, it did not fail to strike upon her heart. She sunk weeping upon his neck, and loaded him with blessings and carresses.

"I do not look for thanks, Hardress," she said, at length, disengaging herself, as if in reproof of her weakness, "because I do the part of a mother. All that you have said, my child, in my regard, is very vain and idle. A quiet, at least, a happy, fire-side is a blessing that I never more can enjoy, nor do I even hope for it. It is not because I think your guilt not worthy of the extreme punishment of the laws, that therefore I should deem it possible we can either of us forget our share in the horrid deed that has been done. We are a wretched and a guilty pair, with enough sin upon our hands to make our future life a load of fear and penitence."

"I did not speak it," said the son, with some peevishness of tone, "in consideration of your suffering."

"I wish, Hardress, that you had considered me a little more early."

"You did not encourage me to a confidence," said Hardress. "You repressed it."

"You should not," retorted the mother, "have needed encouragement under circumstances so decisive. Married! if you had breathed a word of it to me, I would have sooner died than urge you as I did."

"I told you I was pledged."

(To be continued.)

MEDICINE OF THE FUTURE.

Electricity will be the sole medicine of the future. As the action of the mysterious fluid upon the human body comes to be more clearly understood, it will bring changes in the treatment of disease, which will be well high revolutionary in its effect. Drugs, against the administration of which there is even to-day a growing prejudice, and justly so, because of the uncertainty of their action, and the additions to which they so often lead, will be wholly discarded, and electricity will step into the place left vacant, with quick and certain results.—M. D'Arsonval, Paris.

SONGS.

Occasional Contributor.)

more than ever, has the of the famous French na- "Marseillaise" been said that the re-musical scholars, both in Germany, seem to prove body was not composed de Lisle, but was copied redo" of the fourth Mass of Mursberg, who com- 1776, and that it was a Strasburg in the hotel Montesson, in 1782.

Lisle was a good musi- often made verses. He eer in the French army in the rank of captain. In his thirty-second he was quartered with at Strasburg. He was a revolutionist, and his writing the song was far the heart of France in olution, as was the re- the influence of some he had heard at a pub- caused him to con- and on returning to the lost no time in writ- He entitled his work the Army of the on a band of Mar- onists came to Paris, in the storming of the they were called "Les Their song was taken and people, and soon ver the country, and lack of knowing its a Marseillaise."

being a moderate Re- cashiered and cast in- the counter revolution- erty. He wrote a other verses, but his so overshadowed all that none of it was the realm of French not receive any com- immortal composi- pension or mark of accession of Louis n, it seems, he was tipend whereon to ele- stence in the close of ed at Cholsy, in 1880.

six years of age, and he grew in later years prefer either the music it had made his name

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

AGRICULTURE.—Last week I reproduced a letter from the book on "Agricultural Improvement" (1837) by Mr. William Evans. I find a chapter in that volume from which I desire to take a few extracts for the purpose, firstly of contrasting the conditions in this province sixty years ago with those of to-day, and secondly, of giving the readers some of the ideas of the men of that time on the general subject of female education. To this I can only take the extracts that suit the purpose I have in view, for the chapter would fill a whole page of this paper. Consequently I commence with Mr. Evans' plans of study in regard to the subject of education for the agricultural classes in the Province of Quebec. He says, by way of preface:—

"In discussing this subject, I shall endeavor first to ascertain the number of persons who require to be receiving education; the number of schools necessary; the number of teachers; their qualifications, and duties; the probable costs; out of what funds expenses might be paid and provided for, etc., etc."

This just gives a general idea of the scope of this chapter. We will just touch upon the first part, which deals with the probable number of the agricultural class "who should now be receiving education in Lower Canada." The object in reproducing the following extract is only to show, by way of contrast, the vast strides made in this province since 1837.

"By the statistical returns of 1831, the number of persons over five and under fourteen years of age was 93,000 of all classes. At the present, I suppose we may conclude that they amount to at least 100,000, and that the whole population is at least 600,000 souls, of whom 500,000 may belong to the agricultural class. In England they compute that near one-third of the population are over two and under fifteen years of age. If the same rule would apply here, we would have 166,000 of that age who belong to the agricultural class; and if so, there should be near 100,000 whose education should be provided for. I would not include in this number children under seven years of age. I think that in the country parts children require to be under the mother's care until that age. Infant schools may be very good in cities and towns for those who wish to have their children out of their way. But I think if children be kept regularly at school from seven to fourteen years of age, they will be able to obtain a respectable education, if it is possible to teach them, and the school masters and mistresses competent to do their duties."

Leaving aside the next few pages of comment, we came to this:—

"What number of schools would be necessary for the accommodation of 100,000 scholars, of both sexes? I would say that 1,000 schools, that would give separate accommodation to males and females, would suffice. This would give 100 scholars of both sexes for each. A good master or mistress will be competent to instruct 50 scholars, provided a proper system is adopted, the scholars formed into classes, and the best instructed appointed monitors in each class."

The foregoing gives us an idea of what the educational system in this province has grown to since the days when Mr. Evans calculated on a population of 600,000 thousand souls—double only, for the whole province the actual population of the city of Montreal. This brings us to a consideration of grave importance, and one that is equally as applicable to-day as it was in 1837. Mr. Evans says:—

"It is of the greatest importance to attend to female education; and in the appointment of female teachers, the strictest attention should be given to have people of irreproachable conduct in every respect and none other. We should recollect that the girls who may now attend the schools, will be mothers of a future generation—that they will be capable of giving some instruction to their children—and that the education of the mother will have an influence on the education of her children, as her conduct in life must have on that of her husband." Further on we find some very sane remarks on this branch of the subject, but I would here remark that this is dealing with country schools and schools for boys and girls, and the



SURPRISE
is **SOAP**
Pure Hard Soap.

female teachers to whom reference is made are not to be confounded with the ladies belonging to religious communities—who constitute the vast bulk of the female teachers in Canada. Mr. Evans then proceeds:—

"Writers on political economy have, in general, considered female education as making no part of the system; but surely, if the wealth and happiness of mankind is the end in view, there can scarcely be a greater object, for none is more nearly connected with it." (Here we must observe that no account is taken of the higher spiritual object of education, the moral one that belongs to the domain of religion and that affects the preparation for a future life as well as for the one in this world.) "Let it be granted that, in the first instance, women are not educated with any view to carry on those labors on which wealth is considered as depending. Yet, surely, when they become wives and mothers when the economy of the family, and the education of the younger children depend chiefly on them, they are then of very great importance to society. Their conduct in that important situation must be greatly influenced by their education. Female education ought then to be considered as one of the things, as the conducting of which well, the prosperity of a state does in a great measure depend, it ought, therefore, to be attended to in the same manner as the education of the youth of the other sex. The great general error consists in considering the woman in her identical self, without thinking of her influence on others; but we find no state in which the virtue of men has been preserved where the woman had none; though there are examples of women preserving their virtue notwithstanding the torrent of corruption by which that of men has been swept away."

"I am perfectly convinced that in any general system of education, it is fully as necessary the females should receive proper instruction as the males. I do not say that they should learn all that it would be proper for males to be instructed in at schools, but they should know all that was calculated to produce pleasure and satisfaction to themselves and those with whom they may be associated. The knowledge that is good for human nature is good for them, and they ought to have it in their power to be effective contributors to the welfare and intelligence of the human family. In intellectual as well as in other affairs they ought to be fit helps to man, and if they receive a suitable education they will be so. Women should be so instructed that in everything, social, intellectual and religious, they would be fitted to cooperate with man, and to cheer and assist him in his endeavors to promote his own happiness and the happiness of his family, his country, and the world."

Before concluding this letter I will take one more extract, a brief one, from the closing thereof: "Youth badly educated make bad men, and bad men neglect the education of their children; they set them a wrong example; such is the case where a government does not interfere." I am at a loss to see exactly how this inference follows. As these extracts have now occupied considerable space, I will not impose any more upon the readers this week. I will, however, beg to be allowed to devote a little from my beaten path of old letters, to comment upon the one I have just quoted. Next week I will occupy whatever space the management of the "True Witness" can allow me, to point out wherein Mr. Evans has made some mistakes. I am perfectly aware that all these comments and views of Mr. Evans were written sixty years ago and that conditions have since greatly changed. I also know that he had in view mere country schools, and that he considered them from the non-Catholic point of view. But as far as the Catholic is concerned, it would not be easy for him to accept all the foregoing. Especially has experience taught us the danger of exactly what Mr. Evans advocates, the interference of the State

in the education of children. I will, therefore, reserve for myself the privilege of commenting more fully on this subject, in the next week's issue of the "True Witness."

Our Boys And Girls

THROWING STONES.—The following dialogue between an old gentleman and young boy contains a lesson for boys who are inclined to indulge in such a dangerous practice as stone-throwing. It is thus reported:—

The factory had not been occupied for months. It stood at a distance from any other building; there was nobody to guard it, and the long stretches of unshuttered windows appealed to the boy irresistibly. Other boys had found them equally inviting. There was hardly a whole pane of glass in the north side, where the windows were most numerous.

But, yes—there was one. That was the one Ray Lewis was trying for, choosing his stones with due regard to size and weight, calculating distance with an anxious eye and chuckling whenever he shattered glass, even though it was not the glass.

He was so absorbed in the fascinating enterprise that the sudden interruption of it brought on a sort of paralysis. An old gentleman, standing very near, was watching him! He was absolutely too startled to run. The stone fell from his hand. He stood staring and trembling—until the spectator spoke.

"Used to do that myself," the old gentleman said, amiably. "Pretty good shot, aren't you?"

Ray plucked up courage. It was evident that this old fellow had nothing to say about the factory. "Yes, sir, I guess so," he answered, modestly enough.

"Think you could hit that little boy down the road there?"

"Course I could! Want to see me?"

Ray picked up the stone he had dropped. But just as he was about to make the throw the stranger laid a hand on his arm.

"No, never mind," the old gentleman said. "I'll take your word for it. I suppose, anyway, you'd rather stone grown people and occupied houses than babies and empty buildings, wouldn't you?"

Ray eyed him wonderingly. That was a funny question! Yet it seemed to be asked in all seriousness. "I don't believe I would," the boy replied.

"You wouldn't? Oh, I see. The grown people would defend themselves, and the little people can't. If you broke glass in that house over on the hill you'd be caught and your father would have to pay; but when you break the windows in this factory there's nobody to tell on you is that about the size of it?"

Ray nodded.

"Seems kind of cowardly when you put it into words, doesn't it?" the old gentleman suggested. "A friend of mine used to say every stone-thrower isn't a coward, but every coward is a stone-thrower."

Ray flushed, but he did not speak.

"I wouldn't have thought of that when I was your age," he went on, steadily. "But I've wondered since what I thought I was doing when I was throwing stones. I wasn't playing soldier or Indian either, because they don't fight that way. Only city hoodlums use bricks and paving stones on each other, and I wasn't trying to imitate them, for I was a country boy and didn't know about them."

"I couldn't have had any serious idea of training my hand and eye by stone throwing, because if I had I should have set up a target down the field and practiced where I

wouldn't destroy property or run the risk of putting out somebody's eye—or taking his life. And yet I can't admit that I threw stones because I wanted to smash things and hurt people. Put it to yourself. You wouldn't like to think you were that kind of boy, would you?"

Ray shook his head. He did not raise it.

"Of course not," the old gentleman said, briskly. "I don't believe I was that kind of boy, either. But you're better off than I was. There are baseball clubs now, and a boy can learn to throw straight without being ashamed when he grows up of the way he learned. Since I've owned property—this factory, for instance—it has been very easy for me to realize what a mean trick I was guilty of when I used to break windows."

Once more Ray wanted to run. But the old gentleman clapped a hand on his shoulder in a friendly but compelling fashion.

"But I'm glad the boys-who-didn't think have practiced on my windows instead of on smaller boys and girls," the old gentleman added cheerily. "I'm glad that practice has made some of us perfect, too. You and me for instance. We've graduated sure-shots. We don't need to throw any more stones, and I don't think we will. Shake hands on it?"

Ray shook hands on it. Then he gasped and stammered and tried to speak a word or two. Failing, he fled down the road. But the old gentleman sent a smile after him and nodded his head with a satisfied air. He knew one boy who would throw no more stones.

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

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

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Place street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCaff, Vice-President; J. Emmet Quinn, Recording-Secretary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

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



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EPISTOLARY

NOTES

FALSE NOTIONS.—A danger for the Catholic is a state of indifference. Indifference now-a-days to be tolerated—and by that broad-minded, the opposite. Yet there is no bigotry in the Catholic. To be intolerant of error is the enemy of truth, it is bigotted. Bigotry consists to all others the rightful faculties and to be content simply because the our way of thinking. Bigotry to crush and oppose individuals and a total thing to decline to accept form the errors that they propagate. The moment he grows tolerant of wrong error in any form, he is tolerant to truth, and in the first step towards indifference what stands good in religion is equally good in education. It is a false allow that one religion is another one, and it is a false to say that one religion is as good as another. Rarely have we ever found coupling of indifference and more clearly and briefly than in an address delivered on the occasion of the closing of St. Cuthbert, at New Tyne, by Rev. Horace Maccomplaining of the lack of a day scholars the gentleman proceeded to point out the causes of this falling off. He said that people poverty, but the principal difference on the part of the In this part of his splendid he said that "the age is to cause it is indifferent." And he said, "I am, however, pleased that I am addressing a body of people who are not tolerant, not indifferent in this respect. We will now take from a dress a couple of extracts present to our readers, especially parents amongst them, in that they will read them on them carefully. Rev. Father said:—

"I am addressing a body of people who are so far from believing one religion is as good as another that they firmly hold that truth is as one, absolute and as any other body of truth who hold that of all forms of heresy is the worst, because it error, which regards pounds, shillings, and but Heaven and the but souls He has made. It well nigh impossible to live in particular environment and to be affected by it. I am not to go into the question and to show far even in this matter they are influenced by their surroundings. However, there is no that Catholics are deeply influenced by the prevailing indifference towards education which persons competent to judge confidently to be the attribute of the court large.

"It of course stands to reason if a nation is indifferent as to relations towards God, it will be different on matters of less importance. Hence no less an authority education than the Hon. Mr. Bryce declared a month or two that its greatest enemy was that indifference on the subject where manifested by the British. His idea on education see be much the same as on religion form of education is as good as any. It matters very much whether a boy receives a primary education or a secondary, or a

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