

SSION NO. 3, meets on Wednesday at 10:30 a.m. at 2568 Notre Dame Street. Officers: Al-Gallagher, M.P., President; J. F. Quinn, Vice-President; Devin, Sec.-Secretary; ...

The True Witness



Vol. LII, No. 32 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1903. PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & C. CO., Limited, 2568 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1188. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—City of Montreal (delivered), \$1.50; other parts of Canada, \$1.00; United States, \$1.00; Newfoundland, \$1.00; Great Britain, Ireland and France, \$1.50; Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00. Terms, payable in advance. All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & C. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1188.

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 noble work." —PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A BUSINESS POLICY.—In this issue we publish almost in its entirety the masterly address recently delivered by Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., in Edinburgh. It is a splendid review of the actual situation in Ireland, and we need add no comment to what the leader of the Nationalist party has so clearly expressed. However, we desire to draw the attention of our readers to one special characteristic of the speech. It will be remarked that it is a regular business address. There are no flights of rhetoric, nor efforts of the imagination, no appeals to mere sentiment or to the passions; it is a calm, dignified and logical exposition of a very difficult and critical situation.

It cannot be denied that Max O'Rell was right when he said that "if you want to get at John Bull's heart, you must reach it through his pocket." The Britisher, if anything, is practical, and the commercial, or business instinct in him predominates every other influence. Show him clearly that a transaction is to his pecuniary, or business interest, and he will sweep aside many a prejudice rather than neglect to take advantage of the deal. This is exactly the feeling, or sentiment to which Mr. Redmond appeals. There is no cry for justice, for the erasing of past impositions, or tyrannies; the address is a clear statement of a case from a commercial, or rather business standpoint. He shows that it is to England's advantage, both politically and commercially to enact such measures as will satisfy all elements in Ireland. The amounts required from the British Treasury are proven to be a safe, a profitable, a judicious investment. He indicates how the returns will not only be in the form of pecuniary interest, but also of political freedom of action. Then he is careful to safeguard the interests of the landlords, who, without positive security, would be reduced to destitution by the enforcement of the sales that are proposed. There is a spirit of fairness, unselfishness, of honesty, of purpose evident throughout the address that cannot fail to appeal to the higher and better feelings of those whom he seeks to convince.

Decidedly, if Ireland's situation be not ameliorated, within the very near future, under conditions such as exist to-day in the political arena, it is vain to hope, within the lifetime of any of us for a favorable change in that unfortunate land. But we feel a great, an abiding confidence in the situation. It seems to us that nothing, practically, has been left undone to ensure success in the land question. And as soon as that paramount matter is fairly and satisfactorily settled, there can no longer exist any reasonable objection to Home Rule. And we may add that we have even greater faith in the permanency of any measure of the kind since it must be established on a business basis.

FAITHFUL TO THE OLD LAND.—We read, from time to time, advice to the effect that Irishmen in Canada should seek to adapt themselves more to the new land to forget all they have imported from the old land. We are told that if we look at the United States we will find the second generation of Irishmen, in that land, growing up Americans in every sense, and not hampering their future in the new world with useless dreams of the old country and all its native associations. Possibly the advice is not worded quite as plainly as this.

Dangers of Child Labor.

One of our exchanges we met with the following comment:—"In Glasgow (Scotland) the municipal ownership and working of the trolley car system realized last year for the city treasury the sum of \$500,000. American cities allow far larger profits to go into the pockets of private individuals. Which in these matters is the more progressive—the old country or the new?" In view of the strike that has taken the breath out of Montreal during the past few days, we might find this question of municipal ownership of city trolley systems very interesting. But possibly the same results might be met with no matter who were the owners of the system. Decidedly Glasgow has given strong evidence, of a practical kind, in favor of municipal ownership. But the success of Glasgow does not constitute, of itself, a proof of old country progress. No more "does one swallow make a summer." Glasgow is an exception; it is a very exceptional city. Possibly no city, on either side of the Atlantic, has ever been more successfully governed and had its affairs more satisfactorily administered, than has Glasgow. And it is just quite possible that the Glasgow aldermen, were they elected to represent the wards of any other city, would carry out a like policy and transfer to that other city the reputation that they have made for Glasgow. We, therefore, conclude that the question is not so much one of policy as one of individual worth; let us begin by securing the very best municipal representation, and all the rest will follow.

A GREAT ANNIVERSARY.—On the 20th of February, this year, the universal Church will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the election of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, to the Papal throne. The third of March will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coronation. Sixty years ago next Tuesday, the 17th February, the present Pontiff was consecrated titular Archbishop of Damietta; fifty years ago next December, he was proclaimed Cardinal. On the 2nd March, he will be ninety-three years of age, and he will have been sixty-five years a priest. When the leading events in a human life are to be counted by fifty, and sixty, and eighty, and ninety odd years, it becomes a matter of astonishment for the ordinary observer, and we cannot fail to perceive something, not only Providential, but even beyond and above the natural, in such a wonderful preservation. And at the age of ninety-three we find this extraordinary man writing a poem, that is most highly appreciated by the best literary critics of Italy, upon the "Means of Preserving Life." There is, after all, too much in the life of Leo XIII, of greatness, of exceptional qualities, of striking talents, of exalted virtues, of mental and of physical vitality, for any person to adequately grasp the full meaning of such a career. When the proper time comes we trust to be able to give our readers a fair appreciation of the life and reign of the most illustrious Pontiff that has occupied the papal throne since the days of St. Peter.

LATE EDWARD M. ROWAN.

The firm of Rowan Bros. & Co. has again sustained a heavy loss in the death of Edward, which occurred on the 28th of January, after a lingering illness of several months. Mr. Rowan was a sincere Catholic, devoted husband and earnest worker, promising much for the prosperity of the young firm. During his illness he was attended by the Rev. Father McGinnis, of St. Michael's Church. The deceased was only 29 years, and leaves a wife and two small children to mourn his untimely death. To Mrs. Rowan his afflicted parents and family we extend our deepest sympathy. The funeral took place on Friday, the 30th Jan., from his residence 447 Clarke street, to St. Michael's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Kiernan, assisted by Rev. Father Pauze, Chartier and McGinnis. The musical portion was under the direction of Professor Fowler, of St. Patrick's choir, and a number of the choir, of whom the deceased was a member.

The C. M. B. A. Euchre.

The progressive euchre party and social, to be held under the auspices of Branch No. 232, Grand Council of Canada, will take place in the Windor Hall, on Friday evening next, February 20th, at 8 p.m. sharp. It promises to be the most successful ever held in this city. The committee in charge of the arrangements have completed their labors. All the tickets have been disposed of, and the committee, owing to the great demand for them, have been compelled to announce through these columns that under no circumstance whatsoever will any tickets be sold at the door. The full complement of 200 tickets (which are double) calls for 400 persons, and as the committee have decided to only have 100 card tables in operation, it will be readily understood that it will be futile for those who have been unfortunate enough to delay in procuring tickets for this "great event" to think that they can secure them at the hall on the evening of the entertainment. Another matter that the committee desire to make known is that the tickets issued will admit a lady and gentleman, or two ladies, and that no extra ladies' tickets are issued, or will be accepted at the door. The committee request their many friends to come early, and avoid the crush, as they desire to commence the euchre sharp on the advertised time, otherwise late comers will lessen their chances to participate in the prize winnings. Twelve very handsome and costly prizes are to be given. Six for the ladies, and a similar number for the gentlemen. An efficient orchestra has been engaged for the occasion. Invitations have been extended to the Grand President of the C. M. B. A. of Canada, Hon. M. F. Hackett; Grand Solicitor, Hon. F. R. Lathford; and to Grand President Bro. P. F. McCaffrey, of the Quebec Council of the C. M. B. A., and acceptances from these gentlemen have been received by the committee. The refreshments will be under the personal supervision of Bro. Walter J. Shea, who will be aided by a corps of competent assistants. The Committee of Management intend doing everything possible in their power to make the forthcoming entertainment the social event of the season.

In Aid of Building Fund Of St. Mary's Church.

On Tuesday next a dramatic entertainment will be held in St. Bridget's hall, corner of St. Rose and Maisonneuve street, in aid of the fund for the re-building of St. Mary's Church. St. Ann's Young Men's Society, dramatic section, and a number of other talented performers will take part in the programme. The object for which the proceeds of the entertainment is intended, is one which should receive the support of Irish Catholics generally, and we hope that St. Bridget's hall will be crowded on the occasion.

Attendance at Vespers

One of the New Year's resolutions we would suggest to Catholics is a more faithful attendance at vespers. There are many Catholics who never think of missing Mass on Sundays or holydays, but who are extremely indifferent about assisting at vespers. This is not as it should be. Of course the obligation is not so binding in the one case as in the other, but this is a poor excuse to give for neglecting this beautiful service of the Church. If we did nothing save what we were obliged to under pain of mortal sin, it is very poor Catholics we would be at all. Vesper service is almost as old as the Mass, and is second only to it in beauty and significance. It was the custom of the earliest Christians to assemble in the evening, when the work of the day was done, and sing the songs of Israel. Thus they glorified God with their hymns of praise, and brought peace and joy to the hearts of men. So should we, and such is the intention of the Church in the service she has appointed for our afternoon or evening devotion. To reward those who attend she has added the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament wherein Our Lord Himself closes the day with a blessing upon us.

Health Talks by Catholic Doctors.

The second series of "Health Talks" was inaugurated on Monday evening in St. Anthony's Hall, St. Antoine street, by Dr. Edward Semple. About 400 women were present. The lecturer treated his subject in an able manner and dwelt at length on the treatment of disease. Fresh air, rest and overfeeding, he claimed were the chief things to combat disease in its infancy. The next lecture will be given Monday, the 16th inst., by Dr. Hugh Lennon.

What to do While Waiting for the Doctor.

"What to do While Waiting for the Doctor," will be his subject. There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes under their fingers like jets of light. Their influence is an inevitable gleaming of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine.—F. W. Faber

Mr. John E. Redmond In Edinburgh.

As announced in our last issue, we now present our readers with the principal portions of the characteristic and able address delivered recently by Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., at the Nationalist demonstration in Edinburgh. It must have been noticed by our readers that we rarely, if ever, make use of the brief and unsatisfactory despatches that give incomplete information on important subjects. Be they matters concerning the Church or in connection with the Irish cause we prefer to await the authentic reports. Then we know what we are giving and we can vouch for its accuracy. In the present instance we have before us a complete and detailed report of that demonstration, held in connection with the East of Scotland branches of the United Irish League. Mr. Redmond was the recipient of a beautiful address, in which entire confidence in his leadership was expressed, and complete satisfaction with all his movements and achievements was conveyed to him. The report of Mr. Redmond's reply is certainly very complete and we will reproduce as much as is possible for us, considering our limited space, and our wealth of important material, to do. After some complimentary remarks concerning the Irishmen in Scotland, and especially in that district Mr. Redmond said:—

"The Irish vote was an instrument of enormous power, and if wisely used it could exercise untold influence upon the vote of British parties, and he knew no part of Great Britain where the Irish vote had as great a power as in the very district represented by the men who had signed the address. The Irish vote was powerful only when it acted as one man, when it was prepared to cast its influence on one side or upon the other at the word of command from the Irish leaders. No man could foretell how that vote would be advised to go at the election. The decision must be moulded by the circumstances of the moment, but he felt confident that when the advice was given it would be acted upon as one man. His opinion was that the prospects in Ireland at the present moment were bright. Of course, it was never wise to be over sanguine about Irish affairs. One could never forecast with anything like certainty or safety.

"The whole history of English rule in Ireland was one long story of perverse misunderstanding of Irish problems and of wasted opportunities of conciliating the people by wise and timely measures of reform. But, making due allowance for all that, he still said that he could describe the prospects of Ireland as bright, and he thought he could safely say that in his opinion the chances were that there would be soon passed into law a great measure of reform which would heal the wounds of centuries and give the Irish people at long last the chance of living in peace and prosperity on their own soil. The conference which had taken place between the representatives of the landlords and of the tenants offered to the present Government a chance unparalleled since the union of settling the worst portion of the Irish question, and he said that the mere coming together of such a conference was the most serviceable event in the lifetime of any of them. The representatives of the two contending parties had come together, recognizing that some concessions should be made upon one side and upon the other for the sake of settlement, and they had arrived at a compromise which could be carried into effect without delay without risk of serious loss to the State, which if carried into effect would most certainly end for ever that chapter of history which was stained by the tears, by the blood, by the misery, and the crime of centuries of wrong-doing. That conference had declared that dual ownership of land in Ireland must cease and the land retained by an occupying proprietary. The leaders of the Liberal party voted recently in favor of the creation of an occupying proprietary by compulsion. So far as he knew, on the broad principle of the creation of an occupying proprietary, there was absolute unanimity. The problem was how was it to be brought about."

After dealing with the subject of the Dublin conference, and the aim of those who met to offer the landlords inducements to sell and the tenants' inducements to buy. Mr. Redmond referred to two classes of

critics—despite whom he admitted that both in England and Ireland the comments had been reasonable and favorable. He then continued:—

"Firstly, there were those who said that they had offered too much to the landlords and too little to the tenants, and secondly, there were those who said that they made an unreasonable demand on what was called, he was sure he did not know why, the British Exchequer. The conference unanimously declared that on the purchase transaction the tenants should receive a reduction in their annual payments equal to from 15 to 25 per cent. on their second term rents. They proposed that a tenant should be allowed to purchase his farm, and that, he should repay the purchase money by instalments covering principal and interest spread over a long number of years. They said that these yearly instalments must be from 15 to 25 per cent. less than his reduced rent, so that a tenant who paid £100 in 1881, and who now was bound to pay £60, would only be called on to pay from £45 to £41, and the annual instalment would be subject to another reduction in 10 years, and a reduction in 20 years, and these instalments after a certain number of years would cease and the land would be the tenant's or his children's. In making that proposal they were careful that no class of tenants should be exempted. The tenants' representatives at the conference would have been beneath contempt if they had agreed to any report which did not provide that the evicted tenants should be restored to their homes. Further, in the West of Ireland, where the circumstances were so different, and peculiar special treatment was proposed, the landlords at the conference realized the risks and dangers of agriculture—they did not forget the liabilities and the burdens—and in view of these the reduction sought was moderate and must be taken as the low water mark. With regard to the landlords, the real obstacle to the working of voluntary purchase in Ireland had been simply that the landlords could not afford to sell, and it would have been childish to propose any voluntary scheme of purchase which the landlords could not avail themselves of without ruin, beggary, and bankruptcy. Therefore it was their business to offer inducements that would assure the landlords that the transaction would not mean absolute ruin for them and their families. The terms offered were generous, and had astonished their opponents. They said they had fought against landlordism, but not against landlords. They wanted to banish the system, but not the men, whom they wished to remain and take part in the governing of the country, and become good Irishmen—and joining with the rest of their countrymen in the noble task of lifting up and dignifying and enriching and emancipating their country. He did not, however, believe that these terms were too generous or too big for peace. The crux of the whole business was the assertion that they were making an unreasonable demand upon the British treasury."

Dealing with this portion of his subject, and coming down to details, Mr. Redmond said that:—
"He read with some surprise a speech made the other day by Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, who seemed to have formed a most exaggerated idea as to the probable amount that would be required, and the effect of that speech seemed to him to be to throw cold water on the whole proposal. He scarcely thought that was intended, for Sir Henry himself voted in favor of a compulsory land settlement, which, of course, would have necessitated a more lavish expenditure than under a voluntary scheme. The O'Connor Don had suggested that the amount would be £165,000 a year. Other financiers had gone to the extreme length of saying that the deficit would amount to a million a year. He believed the O'Connor Don was very much nearer the truth. A sum not half a single week's expenditure on the war would be sufficient. Almost the whole of the deficit would disappear immediately by the reduction in the cost of governing Ireland. In ten years not only would the deficit be made up, but the Treasury would have a considerable balance over and above. The Treasury was bound to provide the money, for England was responsible for the land system in Ireland. It was

the work of England's hands. Mr. Gladstone once said, "Those landlords are our garrison in Ireland; we planted them there in 1641, in 1688, and again in 1798; we conquered the country for them. Their deeds are our deeds." (cheers). That creation of England had been her shame and her torture; and if in order to put an end to that system a moderate use of Imperial credit is necessary, it did not lie in the mouths of English statesmen to say that there was no reason in asking for help from the British Treasury. A second reason was that England owed an obligation to the Irish landlords, who, century after century, had held Ireland for England. They had done England's work, most of it very cheerless and dirty work at the best—(cheers)—and England could not in any decency refuse now to come to the aid of these Irish landlords, and help them to get out of the quagmire into which they had sunk. A third reason was that England owed a vast sum of money to Ireland arising out of the financial relations which had existed between Great Britain and Ireland for many years. (Cheers). Surely then it was a small thing to ask England to afford the temporary aid requested to carry out this great policy of appeasement; but were there no overwhelming considerations of self-interest and of sound policy to take this step?"

Having dwelt upon the fact that it would be a wise, safe and profitable investment for England, and having pointed out how the neglect to settle the Irish question has long been one of the most potent factors in the congestion of business in the House of Commons, and of paralysis of the English Parliament, Mr. Redmond closed with a few words about the position of the Irish people. He said that "they know perfectly well how the present position had been brought about. If this chance be lost, if once again English statesmen acted with perverse stupidity, not only to Irish interests, but to British interests, all he had got to say was the men who would suffer would be the Irish landlords on the one side and those who desired to maintain the connection between England and Ireland on the other. If this great scheme which they had agreed to as a compromise be rejected, then, he said, never in the whole history of the Irish landlord movement was there so overwhelming a justification as there would then be for such a strong, menacing, dangerous, public movement in Ireland, as he for one would be sorry to see come into existence again. He hoped that no such future of turmoil, misery and suffering was before the people, and it was well to be forewarned and forearmed; it was well not to run away. He hoped that at length real wisdom might inspire English statesmen on this Irish question, and that the spirit of conciliation which was shown at the conference in Dublin might be reproduced on the floor of the House of Commons, and then all political parties in this country might set themselves to the blessed work of righting the wrongs and healing the wounds of centuries by a great and good piece of appeasement and justice for Ireland."

together and it was resolved, with sighs and tears, to let fate decide who should be the victims, by drawing lots. Those who had fired on the Germans did not belong to the community; they came from a distance, following the Prussian column.

The day was spent in discussion, lamentation, and sorrow. The mayor, the cure, and two old men bent with the weight of more than eighty years, vainly begged the Prussian officer for mercy. The women came weeping. All was in vain.

The six unhappy men designated were delivered to him at five o'clock that evening and confined in the hall of the school-room, on the ground floor of the mayor's house. The Prussian officer authorized the cure to carry to the men the consolations of religion. Their hands were tied behind their backs and the same rope tied their legs together. They were so prostrated that they could scarcely understand what the cure said. Two of them had fainted. At one end of the line, with his head raised and his brow apparently unruined, stood a man of about forty years of age, the father of five motherless children, whose only support he was. He wept over his children whom he was to leave to poverty, perhaps to starvation.

All the efforts of the cure were unable to bring peace to this crushed spirit. Finally he went out and walked slowly to the guard-house where the officer was quartered. The latter was smoking a large porcelain pipe. He continued to smoke and listened to the cure without interrupting him.

"Captain," said the cure, "six hostages are in your hands who within a few hours are to be shot down. Not one of them has fired upon your troops. The guilty ones have escaped, and your intention is to give an example that will serve as a warning to the inhabitants of other localities. It makes little difference to you whether you shoot one or another. I would say, though, the better known the victim the stronger would be the warning. So I come to ask you as a favor to let me take the place of a father whose death would leave five little children in misery. He and I are both innocent, but my death will be less regretted than his."

"Just as you please," said the officer.

Four soldiers led the cure to prison; he was tied hand and foot with the other victims. The peasant whose place he took, the father of the five children, embraced his benefactor.

We will not try to paint the anguish of that night. When daybreak came the cure had revived the courage of his companions in misery.

The poor fellows, at first stupefied with fear, had now become, at the voice of the priest, glorious martyrs who were supported by Christian faith and the hope of a better life. At 11 o'clock a military escort halted at the door and the prisoners were marched out. The cure at their head recited aloud the Office of the Dead. Along the road knelt the villagers waiting to get a last look of execution when a major in the Prussian army, who happened to be passing with an order, stopped.

The sight of the priest attracted his attention. The captain explained. The major ordered the execution delayed and reported to the general-in-chief. The general ordered the cure brought before him. The explanation was short.

Like this simple priest, we would not man. He said to the cure: "Sir, I do not wish your death. Go, and tell your parishioners that for your sake I show mercy to them all."

When the cure was gone the Prussian general said to the officers who had witnessed the scene: "If every Frenchman had a heart like this simple priest, we would not stay long on this side of the Rhine."

—Virginia McSherry in St. Anthony.

HEROISM REWARDED

A terrible fight was going on a mile or two from the village of Hooties. The air resounded with the noise of the rifles; cannon awakened the echoes, and in the distance could be seen dark, heavy columns of smoke and powder.

The cure knelt before the altar praying for his people. Around him, pale with fright, the villagers were begging God to protect them.

Two young lads stealing from bush to bush, and softly approaching the ranks, fired on the Prussians. "Fire two loads in pursuit!" said the officer.

Then a detachment of German soldiers galloped toward the village. There they arrested six of the inhabitants, the first they met, and took them before the mayor. "You are the highest in authority," said the commanding officer to this official. "I come, then, to tell you that some one has fired on his Majesty's troops near your village. Being nearest to the scene of the crime you are held responsible. You must hand over the guilty ones or else all of the inhabitants of the village will be shot as an example. I will wait until to-morrow at 11 o'clock. The execution must take place at noon. In the meantime your village is under martial law and I will guard the prisoners."

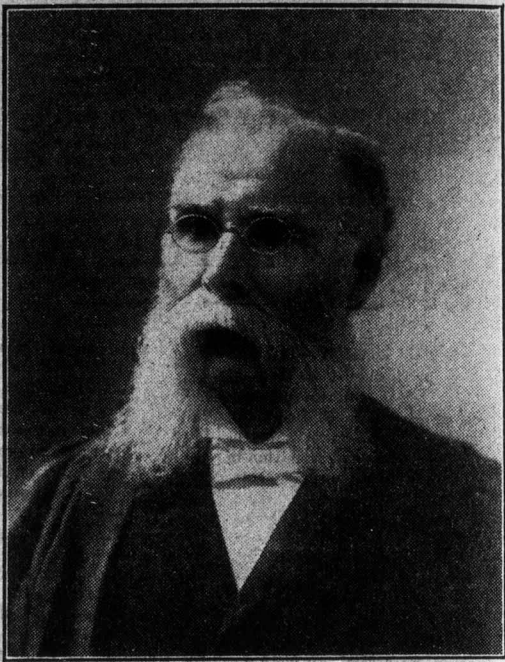
It would be impossible to describe the feelings of the poor village people. The women uttered the most lamentable cries. The people met

Judge Doyle's Promotion.

The "Huron Signal," the local organ of Huron County, published at Goderich, contains the following comment upon the recent elevation of Judge Doyle, of that district, from the junior to the senior judgeship:—

"Owing to the retirement of Judge Masson, on account of ill-health, which every friend of the Judge deplores, a new appointment has been made, and we are pleased to see

ship of the Surrogate Court of Huron. We have every reason to unite in the hearty congratulations that pour in, from every side, on the recipient of these two appointments. We have not the advantage of a personal acquaintanceship with Judge Doyle, nor are we in a position to follow as closely the careers of our eminent fellow-countrymen in Ontario as we do those in our own province; but we feel a legitimate pride and a thorough satisfaction in



MR. JUSTICE DOYLE.

that Junior Judge Doyle has been raised to the senior judgeship. The Government is to be congratulated upon their action in this instance, as Judge Doyle has always been a scrupulously upright and painstaking judge, and his elevation meets with an entire endorsement from the people of Huron County."

At the moment that this act of deserved recognition was being performed the Ontario Government appointed Judge Doyle to the judge-

learning that such an eminent member of the legal profession, and such a distinguished occupant of the Bench, should have been the object of high recognition—especially is it so when we consider that an Irish-Catholic is the one who finds his ability and his merits so justly rewarded. We trust that Judge Doyle may enjoy many long years in health and happiness, to perform the important duties of his exalted position.

Random Notes And Gleanings.

SECRETARY TO DELEGATE.—The Rev. Louis Stickney, of Beaufort, Md., connected with the American College at Rome, and ordained in Rome, has been appointed secretary to Monsignor Sbarretti, apostolic delegate in Canada.

A MODICUM OF JUSTICE.—His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan is one of the contributors to the New Britannica. "The Roman Catholic Church" is the title of the article he has written.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—The Catholic parochial schools of New York contain 145,702 children. The cost of maintenance is \$8 a pupil.

BOLD BURGLARS.—The residence of Archbishop Elder was entered by burglars a few days ago, and a quantity of clothing and about \$300 worth of silverware stolen. The thieves failed to reach a safe containing considerable money.

TOO MUCH FREEDOM.—An illustration of the danger of free libraries comes from Connecticut. A freethinker has offered a large sum of money towards the establishment of a free library to a town in that state on condition that the works of Voltaire and Paine should be placed on its shelves. His offer has been accepted.

CATHOLIC AMBASSADORS.—King Edward of England has just appointed Sir Francis Bertie to be British Ambassador to the Holy See. Sir Francis is a Catholic. The British Ambassadors at Vienna,

Lisbon, The Hague and Constantinople, are also Catholics.

A PRELATE'S POVERTY.—The poverty in which the late Bishop of Plymouth, Dr. Vaughan, lived and died, is shown by the smallness of the amount left by him at death; his goods and chattels, for which "probate" was provided amounted to the small figure of £145—and this he left entirely to his reverend successor, Dr. Graham, the present venerable occupant of the See of St. Boniface.

A CATHOLIC APPOINTED.—President Roosevelt has appointed Mr. John T. McDonough, ex-secretary of state for New York as a justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines. Mr. McDonough is a Catholic.

FOR THE NEEDY.—The work of the Council of St. Vincent de Paul Society of New York, in which sixty-five parish conferences are united, has been gratifying. During the past year 46,587 visits were made; 5,497 families, consisting of 23,938 persons were assisted, at an expenditure of \$67,804, besides giving much fuel, food and clothing. All of this work was performed by volunteers.

Millionaires in Search of Health

Standard Oil Rockefeller has, it is alleged, offered his physician one million to put his stomach in a condition as good as new. Worn out inwards, like frayed consciences, are not readily replaceable at any price.

Steel President Schwab is said to be incurably ill. His salary of a million a year is of little use to him. It might to be some consolation to those not of their class to reflect that physical unfitness appears to be the usual state of multi-millionaires.—San Francisco Monitor.

Christ Th

"Christ, the Only One in History and the One former of Society," was of Cardinal Gibbons' High Mass in the Cathedral. The Cardinal said:

Jesus Christ is the name in history. He is a vital influence on the social as well as on the religious world, such a world by any earthly trust with the founders of systems of religion, framers of laws, we know Him, in the language of "They shall perish, but remain, and all of them old as a garment. And ure Thou shalt change they shall be changed; Christ, are always the same. Thy years shall not fail Kings and Emperors have in various ways to perpetuate name and fame. But their very name has way in the lapse of ages have left after them the a once mighty name evokes no enthusiasm and no lofty sentiments.

The Kings of Egypt themselves "those mighty" which were to serve and preserve their mortal remains as monuments to immortal glorious deeds. The Pharaohs unto this day amid the Egypt after a lapse of 5 and they seem destined to during as the mountains. are the Kings that built have they done in their diligent researches of historians leave us to less conjecture as to the monarchs who erected Christ our Lord built for no tomb, and He left no disciples to His disciples for Him. When living He of Himself: "The foxes have and the birds of the air the Son of man hath not lay His head." and monument when dead which called His own. He was the tomb of a stranger, Arimathea. There was a tion on His tomb, but He emblazoned on the pages and is indelibly stamped heart of humanity.

And even His tomb is honored before or since He The Prophet Isaiah had said that "His tomb shall be filled; it is now the rendezvous of the nations of the earth, and Mohammedans, Greeks and Christians are contending among selves as to which of them have the honor of guarding the church where He was interred.

Other men have sought to realize themselves by military exploits and conquests. Alexander Great extended his dominion the continent of Asia. King of Kingdom yielded to him. He longed for new worlds to might subdue them. But he was laid to rest in his great vast empire was divided and parceled out among his ants. Who cares now for Alexander? What enthusiasm does he evoke? Where is the monument erected to him? His history known to a few scholars, great mass of humanity know care as little for Alexander Great as they know or care Alexander the copper-smith ed by St. Paul.

Nearly 2,000 years ago Christ founded a spiritual Kingdom. He established it not by the sword, but by the word of Spirit, which is the word of God. He established it not by brute force, but by an appeal to the intellect of humanity. He did not conquer by enslaving the men, but by rescuing them from the bondage of sin. He did not conquer by shedding the blood of others, but by the shedding of his own blood. And the spiritual Kingdom which He founded exists today, and is continually extending; and it is maintained and defended not by frowning terrors and standing armies, but by the invincible influence of His moral sanctions.

Jesus Christ hanging from the cross has drawn to Himself mightier host than ever followed the standard of Caesar and Alexander. "When I am lifted up from the earth," He declared, "I will draw all things to Myself. I will

Promotion.

Surrogate Court of Hu... every reason to unite... congratulations that... every side, on the re... two appointments... the advantage of a pe... tance with Judge... e we in a position to... sely the careers of our... -countrymen in Onta... those in our own prov... feel a legitimate pride... ough satisfaction in

Christ The Only True Reformer

"Christ, the Only Enduring Name in History and the Only True Reformer of Society," was the subject of Cardinal Gibbons' sermon at High Mass in the Cathedral recently. The Cardinal said:-

Jesus Christ is the only enduring name in history. He exerts to-day a vital influence on the political and social as well as on the moral and religious world, such as was never wielded by any earthly ruler. In contrast with the founders of empires, of systems of religion, and of the framers of laws, we may say of Him, in the language of Holy Writ: "They shall perish, but Thou shalt remain, and all of them shall grow old as a garment. And as a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed; but Thou, O Christ, art always the selfsame, and Thy years shall not fail."

Kings and Emperors have sought in various ways to perpetuate their name and fame. But their deeds and their very name have faded away in the lapse of ages; or they have left after them the shadow of a once mighty name which now evokes no enthusiasm and inspires no lofty sentiments.

The Kings of Egypt erected for themselves those mighty Pyramids, which were to serve as tombs to preserve their mortal remains and as monuments to immortalize their glorious deeds. The Pyramids exist unto this day amid the sands of Egypt after a lapse of 5,000 years, and they seem destined to be as enduring as the mountains. But who are the Kings that built them? The diligent researches of historians and antiquarians leave us to more or less conjecture as to the names of the monarchs who erected them.

Christ our Lord built for Himself no tomb, and He left no instructions to His disciples to erect one for Him. When living He could say of Himself: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head;" and He had no monument when dead which could be called His own. He was buried in the tomb of a stranger, Joseph of Arimathea. There was no inscription on His tomb, but His name is emblazoned on the pages of history and is indelibly stamped on the heart of humanity.

And even His tomb is honored to-day as no resting place was ever honored before or since His time. The Prophet Isaiah had predicted that "His tomb shall be glorious." And how well is the prophecy fulfilled! It is now the rendezvous of the nations of the earth. Christians and Mohammedans, Greeks and Latins are contending among themselves as to which of them shall have the honor of guarding and adoring the church where His body was interred.

Other men have sought to immortalize themselves by military exploits and conquests. Alexander the Great extended his dominion over the continent of Asia. Kingdom after Kingdom yielded to his sway. He longed for new worlds that he might subdue them. But scarcely was he laid to rest in his grave when his vast empire was dismembered and parceled out among his lieutenants. Who cares now for Alexander? What enthusiasm does his name evoke? Where is the mausoleum erected to him? His history is known to a few scholars, but the great mass of humanity know or care as little for Alexander the Great as they know or care for Alexander the coppersmith mentioned by St. Paul.

Nearly 2,000 years ago Jesus Christ founded a spiritual republic. He established it not by the material sword, but by the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

He established it not by brute force, but by an appeal to the conscience and intellect of humanity. He conquered not by enslaving the bodies of men, but by rescuing their souls from the bondage of sin. He conquered not by shedding the blood of others, but by the shedding of His own blood. And the spiritual kingdom which He founded exists to this day, and is continually extending its lines; and it is maintained and consolidated not by frowning fortifications and standing armies, but by the invincible influence of religious and moral sanctions.

Jesus Christ hanging from the cross has drawn to Himself a mightier host than ever followed the standard of Caesar and Alexander. "When I am lifted up from the earth," He declared, "I will draw all things to Myself. I will draw

them by the cords of love." Other leaders have captured cities. Jesus has captured the citadel of the heart.

In contemplating those great men who have been conspicuous in history, the predominant sentiment we feel toward them is one of admiration. And our admiration increases in proportion as we see them ascending the pinnacle of fame. But we cannot be said to love them. They are too far removed from us to be loved. They dazzle us by their splendor, but do not warm our hearts. A man to be loved must come down to our own level. We must be on familiar terms with him. Christ in this respect differs from all other great men. We not only admire and worship Him, we love Him. He has come down among us. He has become one of us. He has lowered Himself to our estate. He has shared in our sorrows and infirmities. He has become the Son of Man that we might be made the sons of God. He has been our Friend, our Brother, our Counselor. The great Christian world loves Him. Millions in every age have enrolled themselves under His banner, and are ready to die for Him.

Other sovereigns have signified their reigns by framing laws for the government of their respective countries. Numa Pompilius, and long after him, Justinian, made laws for Rome. Solon and Lycurgus framed laws for ancient Greece. Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor legislated for England. Napoleon compiled laws for France, which are well known by the title of the Code Napoleon. All these statutes were most useful in their day and generation. They were justly admired for their wisdom. But these laws were national in character. They were suited to the type of one particular people, and were framed for one particular form of government. They grew more or less obsolete in the course of ages. The people outgrew them, and a change in the form of government involved a change in the fundamental laws of the country.

Christ has left us a code of laws in the Gospels. These moral precepts are immutable, because they are founded on the eternal principles of truth and justice. They have already stood the test of 2,000 years; they are as vigorous and as authoritative to-day as when they came from the lips of their divine Founder. And they will be binding in the consciences of men as long as human society itself shall last.

They are adapted to all times, to all places, to all circumstances and conditions of life. They are in force in every system of government, in absolute Empires, in constitutional Monarchies and in free Republics.

They appealed to the intellect and conscience of the ancient Greek and Roman; they appeal now to the subjects of Great Britain and to the citizens of the United States, as well as to the native tribes of Australasia and North America. The Sermon on the Mount and the Great Commandment of charity:—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and soul, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," are as much binding on us as they were on the primitive Christians.

Christ, then, is not merely a man of history. He is not like other great men who have appeared in the theatre of life, have played their part and disappeared from view. He is not a meteor that has flashed across the firmament of the world and was suddenly extinguished. No, He is the Sun of Justice, shining on men down the ages, enlightening their minds, warming their hearts and causing the fruits of grace and sanctification to grow in their souls.

He is walking to-day on the troubled waters of life, as He walked of old on the Lake of Genesareth. When Peter beheld his Master walking on the sea, he fancied it was only an apparition. But Christ was there all the same. No less truly is He moving on the agitated ocean of the world. He is lifting up many a sinking soul from the sea of sorrow and tribulation, and saying to the wavering elements, "Peace, be still."

Countless multitudes of hungering souls are following our Saviour to-day as they followed Him of old in the desert, and are receiving from Him the bread of heavenly consolation. Oh! how many a desolate heart cries out to Him in its anguish with Peter and says, "Lord, to whom shall we go but to Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Jesus Christ confronts us at every step. We see Him with the eyes of

faith. We hear His friendly voice, we feel the warm pressure of His hand. His name is on everybody's lips. Volumes are published commenting on every word that fell from His sacred lips. During the recent Christmas holidays the Christian world celebrated with joy the anniversary of His birth. Both houses of congress were prorogued; the courts of justice adjourned; the schools and academies were closed for the season that all might take part in the festivities. And thus the whole civilized world unites in paying homage to Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Mary.

Christ is the only living force that can regenerate society. He is the only genuine social Reformer. The nation is sick and the malady is all the more dangerous, because the patient is unconscious of the disease. We are so intoxicated by material prosperity that we are become indifferent to the higher aspirations of the soul.

If Christianity is the highest type of civilization, and who can deny it, then is it not true that we are retrograding instead of advancing in certain lines? We glory in our system of universal education, in our enormous wealth and in our territorial expansion. But these advantages are not evidences of Christian progress. Two thousand years ago pagan Rome had all these temporal blessings. The wealth of the nations poured into her lap. Her empire extended over three continents. She far excelled us in the arts, in oratory, poetry, philosophy and literature, and in all the refinements of cultivated society. Her paintings and sculpture, her literary productions are still our models. And yet, while she was in the zenith of her material splendor she was in a state of moral and political decay. In fact, she was lapsing into barbarism.

There is a barbarism more dense than the barbarism of the savage tribes of the forest. For the children of the forest, taught by the God of nature, adored the Great Spirit. I speak of a barbarism which eliminates God and an overruling Providence from the moral government of the world which takes no account of a life to come, and of the responsibilities attached to it.

There is a social scourge more blighting and more destructive of family life than Mormonism. It is the fearfully increasing number of divorce mills throughout the United States. These mills, like the mills of the gods, are slowly but surely grinding the domestic altars of the nation. Husband and wife are separated on the most flimsy pretexts. And as if the different States of the Union were not sufficiently accommodating in this respect, South Dakota has the unenviable distinction of granting a decree of divorce for the mere asking of it, on the sole condition of a brief sojourn within her borders.

I can conceive no scene more pathetic or that appeals more touchingly to our sympathies, than the contemplation of a child emerging into the years of discretion, seeing her father and mother estranged from one another. Her little heart is yearning to love. She longs to embrace both her parents. But she finds that she cannot give her affection to one without exciting the resentment or displeasure of the other.

A lady prominent in social life said to me last year in Newport:—"I do not recognize any law, human or divine, that can deprive a husband or wife of the right to separate and to enter fresh espousals when they do not live in harmony together." You speak of your rights, your privileges. But you have not a word to say of your duties and responsibilities, their rights would take care of themselves! There can be no rights where there are no corresponding obligations. There are no rights against the law of God.

O, Thou who art "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles," cast a ray of Thy divine light on our beloved country, that the spiritual and moral growth of the nation may keep pace with its material prosperity. Teach us to realize the fact that saving knowledge consists in knowing and worshipping Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent. Teach us that he alone is free who enjoys the glorious liberty of the children of God, and that freedom which delivers us from the bondage of sin. That he alone is truly rich who abounds in grace and righteousness. Above all we learn from Thee that true national honor and glory and genuine imperialism is found in the empire of the soul over its passions, and that greater is he who conquereth himself than he who taketh cities; that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin maketh people miserable."

What Catholics Are Doing in Russia and Egypt.

Appropos of the outrageous treatment accorded to the religious congregations in France by the Combes ministry, comes a significant piece of news from Russia. The Archbishop of Mohile, metropolitan of the Roman obedience in Russia, has officially requested for the congregations and ecclesiastical schools under his jurisdiction the permission to locate in certain provinces of the empire. The Czar has caused to be returned through his Minister of the Interior a favorable response. By this action of Nicholas the Imperial Minister of the Interior is authorized to give without further recourse to the Emperor full authorization to every Catholic congregation or ecclesiastical school which it is desired to establish in Russia (especially those recently expelled from France). The authorization extends to all the provinces in which the Catholic hierarchy is established. It embraces the whole of Western Russia, the Baltic Provinces, Lithuania, Samogonia, Poland, the province of the South West, and certain provinces of Russia in Asia.

Interesting details come from Smyrna of the excavations now being made at Ephesus for the Museum of Vienna. The explorers have unearthed a triumphal arch of the Hellenic epoch, situated at the foot of a street paved with marble. This street dated from the time of Arcadius, or from 395 A.D. In close proximity to the arch the excavators have found a beautiful Roman arch of the time of Antonius.

A notable addition to the beautiful and characteristic architecture of Paris will be the new Armenian Catholic Church now in progress of erection by M. A. Mantachoff, a wealthy Armenian merchant. It is situated on the rue Jean-Goujon. The architect is Mr. Guilbert, who designed the chapel of the Bazar de la Charite, for which he received the medal of honor at the Salon of French artists. The new temple will be one of the most striking in the Capitol. The design is in the Byzantine style, but modernized and original, and it has been erected on the exact spot of the Bazar de la Charite, the destruction of which by fire with its awful loss of life is yet fresh in the minds of American readers.

The saturnalistic of Turkish atrocities in Macedonia goes on without protest from the powers. The following private dispatches have just reached Paris: Many Christian villages of Djoumayna have been visited by the Turks with terrible refinements of cruelty. At Zalenta a Christian named Gheorgieff, aged 30, was set upon by a body of armed Turkish marauders, was abused and tortured in an unspeakable fashion because he would not disclose the names of certain notables of Aclentza, who were charged with having money and arms secreted.

The same band of miscreants captured the sister-in-law of Gheorgieff, cut off her hands and feet and subjected her to the most horrible cruelty and outrage. They then fell upon two women of the neighborhood, named respectively, Yava Anghelora and Ghura Betkora, and left them lying in the road with their throats cut.

The horrible scenes have produced a reign of terror throughout the territory of Macedonia where they have occurred. Complaints have been made to the authorities, but up to now the perpetrators of the crimes have gone unpunished.

During the past six months the scourge of Cholera has been making itself felt with fatal results in many towns and villages from the Arabian confines to Alexandria. In an age like the present, when civilized governments display so much zeal in sanitary affairs, the carelessness of the Eastern authorities in this vital matter becomes powerfully evident. It would be difficult to give the exact cause of these sad visitations, doubtless, they are owing to numerous particular incidents and general sanitary neglect. However, the following partial explanation is not uninteresting. The Omdeh (the Mayor) of Moncha recently returned from Mecca, at which place one might say the cholera is to be found at all seasons of the year. The Mayor brought back to his native town two skins filled with water which he had devoutly drawn from the sacred fountain. Naturally upon his return to his native villages

there was a great demand for this water impregnated, as we would profanely say, with the bacilli of cholera and the germs of sanctity. However, as the supply was extremely limited, he conceived the delightful plan of communicating to the various native wells the bacilli and power of the Meccan fountain. The people who drank from the wells were immediately seized with this fatal disease and the government somewhat tardily caused the said wells to be filled up and new ones to be dug.

Considerable difficulty has been encountered in various places, particularly at Cairo by the Catholic priests, who wanted to enter the hospitals and minister consolation and assistance to the afflicted. However, in many towns the Turkish authorities were only too willing to grant the unselfish requests of our priests and sisters. Here again in old Egypt has been repeated that impressive spectacle so often presented by the Catholic Church in all lands and all times, when death is claiming its victims. For example, in the town of Munich a striking contrast not unnoticed by the Turks themselves, was presented between the Catholic priest and the Coptic schismatic clergy. In this place at the very first appearance of the awful scourge the bishops and priests attached to the above mentioned church deserted their flock. On the feast of Assumption, one of the most solemn in their liturgy there was no office, no Mass, in their temple. Many of the Copts openly expressed their chagrin and at the sight of our priests ministering, not only to their own people, but to their co-religionists, they declared a firm intention of frequenting our churches in the future. The good pastor gives up his life for his sheep, and many of these poor people have during the past few months have been coming to our instructions. Here and now the eternal lesson is taught that Christ's love for mankind, immanent in His Church, is the best credential of the divinity of her mission.—I. C. T. S. Paris, Jan., 1903.

Father and Son Dead.

(From an Occasional Correspondent)

Danville, Feb. 6, 1903.

On Jan. 30th, 1903, one of the oldest residents of this district, Mr. Lawrence Gorman, aged 80 years passed to his reward. He was a native of the County Carlow, Ireland, and had resided in the Eastern Townships since 1837. Deceased was a man of great energy and decision of character. Although ardently attached to the land of his adoption he never forgot the land of his birth always manifesting a keen interest in the political struggles through which his countrymen were passing. He enjoyed good health, retained all his faculties until about eighteen months before his death, when he sustained injuries, by falling from his carriage, from which he never wholly recovered. His family perceived his strength failing and requested his youngest son, John, of Tilton, N.H., to visit his father. He arrived in time to spend the beautiful feast of Christmas at his paternal home. But the following day the son, who came to cheer his father, was struck down with paralysis. All that loving hearts and medical skill could do were unavailing. He sank rapidly, and on the 17th of January, after receiving the last Sacraments of our holy religion, he breathed his last, surrounded by heartbroken friends and loving school-fellows who vied with each other in giving help and comfort to the friend who left his father's fireside a sunny-haired and many youth just twenty-five years previous.

The shock was too great for the aged father and he sank under his great sorrow. After receiving the Holy Viaticum he died, invoking blessings on his bereaved family. He leaves a son, two daughters, five grandchildren and two great grandchildren to mourn his loss.

The esteem in which Mr. Gorman was held, was evinced by the large number of people from the surrounding parishes who attended his funeral. The last sad rites were performed by Rev. Father Gervais, the venerable pastor, Rev. Father Mason being prevented through illness in taking part in the service.

The remains were laid to rest beside his devoted wife, Mary A. Lingard, and his beloved son, there to await the call of the Angel of God. May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen. C. D. L.

THE PLANET MARS.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

In "The Youth's Companion," Professor Simon Newcomb, has an elaborate article upon the question whether Mars is, or is not, inhabited. It would be exceedingly interesting, had we time to throw away and nothing more profitable to do, to read the professor's entire contribution. Decidedly, from an astronomical point of view, his study of the indications on the surface of that great planet, as we can detect them with our telescopes, is of very deep interest. The conclusion that one draws from it all is that Mars cannot have an atmosphere, or—if there be one, it is immeasurably lighter than that which surrounds the earth. In fact, every scientific statement made by the professor is an additional evidence that Mars is devoid of every element necessary to animal life. Despite all this, the learned gentleman thus concludes:—"All this does not militate against the possibility that Mars is inhabited. Very likely it is. But granting that such is the case, we can not say whether its inhabitants are rational beings, or whether they are superior or inferior to ourselves."

We have just reproduced this conclusion in order to accentuate the fact that even great students, scientific delvers, and masters of varied knowledge, can be devoid of any acquaintanceship with the rules of logic, and that their conclusions frequently prove the instability of their premises, and the vagueness of their discoveries. Here is a learned professor, one who has devoted almost a lifetime to the study of astronomy, and who, after clearly and exactly explaining the conditions that exist in a certain planet, comes to an uncertainty as a conclusion. We are tempted to ask ourselves what can be the use, the practical utility, of so much time, labor, study, research, dedicated to a special science, if, in the end, the one who has acquired so much knowledge cannot come to any positive conclusion regarding the very subject of his investigation.

Professor Newcomb proves, in many a lengthy passage, to his own satisfaction, and possibly to that of others, that Mars has no atmosphere, that the indentations, and lines on its surface, cannot be (as some say) canals constructed artificially, since, owing to the distance from the earth, they must be several hundreds of miles from side to side; he also shows that the white caps, visible at the two poles of Mars, must be masses of vapor clinging to the orb, while, had the planet an atmosphere, clouds would float in it and obscure at times the face of the planet. In a word he adduces every scientific proof that animal life could not exist upon such a planet. Having done all this, thanks to his scientific research, he comes to the conclusion that "all this does not militate against the possibility that Mars is inhabited." He even adds: "Very likely it is." Now, could ever a man of science stultify himself in a more remarkable manner? In other words he confesses that he knows nothing at all about the matter.

He tries to save the situation by admitting that, in case Mars is inhabited (which he has already proven to be impossible), he cannot say whether the inhabitants are superior or inferior to ourselves. Decidedly he cannot. But under all this mixture of investigation and meaningless conclusions, there lies an antagonism to the great truths of revelation. If Mars were inhabited, whether the beings thereon were inferior or superior to man, in either case we would be face to face with a fact contradictory of the Christian teaching, disproving Genesis, and effacing the entire story of the creation. Wipe out the creation, and Redemption follows the same fate. It is thus, that men of science seek to confront God and Christianity with their pigmy efforts to investigate that which is beyond their powers of research; and when they can reach no definite conclusions, and must acknowledge their inability to know or to positively assert, they cover their retreat by insinuating statements absolutely devoid of any foundation or support—scientific or otherwise.

It has ever been so: down through the ages the same story is repeated. Science does not clash with religion, rather does it invariably serve to establish the truth of revelation; but, despite the animus of the anti-Christian scientist, it has ever been found that religion confounds science.

Mr. Bourassa's Reply To Our Remarks.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir,—A good Irish friend of mine has just sent me your issue of January 31st, in which I find myself qualified as a "disturber of public harmony," a "calumniator," etc. I can well afford to pass over such strong words, as well as to leave unanswered your appreciation of my character and standing as a public man. I have been used to a similar treatment at the hands of the Anglo prophets, when I fought against the introduction in Canada of the policy that has made of Ireland the land of martyrdom.

But I have too many faithful friends among your own compatriots to suffer myself to be painted under the false colors of an enemy of the Irish people.

The article to which you referred had nothing of a controversial character. It was a mere study of the historical and political features of the French-Canadian people. What I thought to be the truth I stated plainly, without discussion, without apology or condemnation. To put in full the sentence which has raised your temper, I wrote: "Strange to say he (the French-Canadian) seems to agree better with the Protestant, Scotch or English than with the Catholic Irish."

Now this statement may be fairly contradicted. I acknowledge the right of every one to dispute it and prove its lack of foundation. But allow me to say that to conclude therefrom that I am a disturber of peace and a calumniator is unworthy of an impartial critic.

I am sincerely convinced that I asserted a true fact—a fact that I deplore as one of our national drawbacks, and one which, within the modest sphere of my influence, I have constantly tried to cure, not without success. Ever since I was able to read and to understand a book of history, I have been an ardent admirer of the Irish nation. In the summer of 1901, as I was traveling through Ireland, I wrote a few letters to "La Verite," of Quebec, and I endeavored to fight what I then called and what I still call, the prejudices which exist in the minds of my compatriots against the Irish people. Either in public or in private life, I have never missed a propitious occasion to insist upon the mutual benefit which might spring of a loyal and peaceful alliance of both races.

You may not be acquainted with the fact that I was the main instrument through which my good friend, Mr. C. R. Devlin, the first and last Irish Catholic who represented Ottawa County, was chosen as a candidate and elected to the House of Commons in 1891. Of course, I have not the pretension of claiming his electoral success as mine. But I brought solid for him at the convention, against one of my own race, the whole French-Canadian delegation from the section of the county where I lived, and thereby secured his candidature. Without undue self-praise, I may say that I also had something to do with the majority that sent him to Parliament, and never did I work for a more sincere and devoted friend of the French-Canadians! His opponent was a Scotch Protestant, and a fair-minded man too. Nevertheless, it was in this instance that I was first confronted with this strange fact that it was harder to make the French-Canadians and the Irish work together, than to bring either of them in harmony with the Protestant element.

Since then, I have travelled a good deal throughout Canada and the United States. I have come in contact with very few boodlers and wire-pullers; but I have met bishops and priests, lawyers and tradesmen, farmers and laborers, belonging to both races. And almost everywhere I have noticed the same unfortunate misunderstanding, though, of course, not always to the same degree of acuteness.

From this very cause, I have seen parishes and even dioceses threatened with schism. I have seen Irish Catholics and Orangemen united together, in order to crush the French-Canadians, and likewise French-Canadians and Protestants coalesced against the Irish. I have heard of Irish Catholics demanding that the teaching of the French language be suppressed in schools and universities where the French-Canadians occupied an important position. I have heard also of Irish bishops refusing

the Sacrament of Confirmation to French-Canadian children, because they had not learned their catechism in the language of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth and Cromwell. On the other hand, I have seen whole communities of French-Canadians ready to boycott their church, because their parish priest was an Irishman. I have witnessed, in a whole province, the Irish and the French-Canadians, while they suffered from a common persecution at the hands of a Protestant majority, still weakening their weakness and fighting each other.

I am not prepared to discuss here and now where the wrong lies. As in every human dispute, there is right and wrong on both sides.

To encourage such feuds and check the natural alliance which should exist between the two great Catholic populations of this country is undoubtedly a crime against the nation.

To acknowledge the truth with courage in order to bring harmony where discord exists should be the duty of every true Irish and French-Canadian.

Believe me, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
HENRI BOURASSA.
Papineauville, Feb. 8, 1903.

Our Challenge To Mr. Bourassa To Produce His Proof.

The columns of the "True Witness" are open to Mr. Bourassa on this and every other occasion of a similar kind. We do so as a matter of right. Although as an apostle of peace, his arraignment of the two races sounds strangely, whilst his letter contains more than one feature that must give pain to every child of the Church.

A few observations on his communication are called for.

Let the case be fairly stated. He put forth to the world, as a matter of fact, that his French-Canadian fellow-countrymen agree better with the "Protestant, Scotch and English" than with the "Catholic Irish."

The "True Witness" has been published in this city for more than fifty years; it has followed the intercourse, between French-Canadians and Irish Canadians, in this new land with anxious care for good-will and harmony, more especially amongst these two sections of the Catholic people, felt bound to take exception to the statement of Mr. Bourassa. We stated that in our opinion his statement is not in accordance with the facts, and that the history of the past relations of the two races in Canada does not bear him out. Certain well known episodes, in days not very distant, were given and these he has not judged fit to dispute.

In the long letter of Mr. Bourassa there is just one fact that I can vouch for and singularly enough it gives a flat contradiction to his own pretension, although he does not appear to see it.

He tells us that he was able to secure for his friend Mr. Devlin, an Irish Catholic, the votes of his fellow-countrymen against his opponent a Scotch Protestant who was a fair-minded man. At that time he says he was first confronted with this race antipathy, but evidently his people were open to conviction and their prejudices were not insurmountable.

Mr. Bourassa tells us about his travels through the United States. Let there be no travelling outside the boundaries, we discussed Canadian relations and Canada is large enough for the present dispute.

Referring to the difference between

French-Canadians and Irish Catholics, Mr. Bourassa writes:—

1. "From this very cause I have seen parishes and even dioceses threatened with schism."
Will Mr. Bourassa be good enough to tell us if such a thing has ever taken place in Canada?

2. Again: "I have seen Irish Catholics and Orangemen united together to crush the French-Canadians and likewise French-Canadians and Protestants coalesced against the Irish."
Will Mr. Bourassa please give the time, place and circumstances of this attempted crushing and of this coalescing?

3. "I have heard of Irish Catholics demanding that the teaching of the French language be suppressed in schools and universities where the French-Canadians occupied an important position."
Again: When and where was this suppression demanded?
Instances there have been of French-Canadians and Irish, both complaining of English not being sufficiently or properly taught in some schools.

4. But here is a choice. "I have heard also of Irish Bishops refusing the Sacrament of Confirmation to French-Canadian children because they had not learned their catechism in the language of Henry VIII, etc."

We challenge Mr. Bourassa to prove this terrible charge. He has "heard" it, he says. Would a friend of harmony and peace, and good-will, a faithful son of the Church, pen such an accusation against an individual Bishop without the most positive proof?

Yet Mr. Bourassa, in his mission of unification and consolidation of the races, does not hesitate to launch it forth against Irish Bishops! We have in memory the names of most of the prelates who have presided over the various dioceses of Canada, men of Irish origin, all distinguished for their elevation of character and devotion to the Church, examples of Christian charity to all. Does Mr. Bourassa mean that they are guilty of the outrage he imputes?

As it were to balance the scales, he tells us: "I have seen whole communities of French-Canadians ready to boycott their Church because their parish priest was an Irishman."
This, Mr. Bourassa says, he has seen. We will venture to state that it never took place on Canadian soil between the Atlantic and Pacific.

It is to be feared that Mr. Bourassa has a heated imagination. But instead of mere assertion, or what is worse, simple hearsay against Bishops, priests and people, if he thinks he is doing good by his attempt to make it clear, that the "Catholic Irish" and French-Canadians hate each other then let him produce his proofs.

With the Catholic Press.

SOCIALISM REBUKED.—The influence of the Church was made evident at the United Mine Workers' Convention in Indianapolis last Friday.

As related by the telegraph, three separate attempts were made to bind the organization to Socialism. In each instance the stalwart laboring men of the country, through their delegates, voted the efforts down. They refused to align themselves with the demands of International Socialism, they refused to establish co-operative stores, they defeated the proposition of a six-hour day.

It is a significant fact that, of all the hundreds of delegates present, only 300 votes could be mustered in favor of the Socialistic demands. Is there any explanation of the cause?

There is. One who was present as a delegate, himself a Catholic, tells the Union and Times that Catholic influence was strong in the hall of the convention. A large number of the delegates were practical Catholics, and through the influence they wielded, were able to prevent a stampede toward the proposition of their comrades. So ably did they present the conservative view that they carried the convention with them.

If this be true, and it seems reasonable, one of the greatest and most popular labor organizations of the country has been saved from making itself ridiculous by the excellent work done by the Church during the last few years. This is a direct result of Catholic teaching. By beginning in time, the Church has been able to train a number of representative workmen along right lines. They, in turn, have been able to hold many more of their non-Catholic brethren in check at a crucial moment, and save their union from the menace of a declared Socialistic labor organization.

Civilization is safe so long as labor refuses to chase after vanishing Utopias. The American workman has just shown himself a better thinker than is the workman of France. The fact that he has done so inevitably will encourage the Church to redouble her efforts. Give her the workmen of America and she will right their wrongs, purify such evil social conditions as exist and save social order from destruction. To-day her priests are awake in ten thousand pulpits, the great Catholic races of the world are flowing hither and she beholds white dawn beyond the present darkness.—Catholic Union and Times.

BANE OF FREE LIBRARIES.—The "Catholic Universe" puts the case against Mr. Carnegie very well when it speaks as follows: Any one who frequently visits the public libraries of our large cities must be struck with dismay when he sees the never-decreasing throngs that besiege the fiction department, in marked contrast to the few who seek more solid entertainment in the departments of history, science, literature or philosophy. If he be a thoughtful visitor he will note something else besides the number of novel readers. He will notice that the trashiest and frothiest of novels are most in demand, and that in the faces of those who occupy the chairs in the reading room, spending hours in reading those novels or the lighter magazines, there is a peculiar sameness of expression—a kind of aimless preoccupation, the vacant aloofness of people who have lost sight of the real demands of life in the cheap illusions of an unhealthy imagination.

On New Year's Day Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, received a delegation of the County Donegal Association of that city, who presented him handsome archiepiscopal cross and a bunch of American Beauty roses. In response the Archbishop said:—

"Sons of Donegal! I hold in my hands your archiepiscopal cross and hope some inspiration will come from its presence. I am delighted with the address, and especially with the reference to Columbkille, who was in a manner a symbolic saint exhibiting Irish characteristics. He was a man of great piety, devoted to the faith, and of great learning. The island was distinguished for its learning, being, as it were, the university of Europe. To it went, as the Venerable (now Saint) Bede testified, scholars from every country seeking knowledge, and where they were poor they were supported by the inhabitants of the island. King Alfred sent to the island for teachers. St. Columbkille possessed great sanctity, great faith, great learning and great courage. He might be called the fighting saint. Hence he is an excellent model for those who maintained the standard of faith amidst opposition and persecution."

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God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you cannot have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates.

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OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Feb. 10, 1903.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.—The best evidence of the progress being made by the Capital is the ever increasing necessity for larger buildings. Last week I mentioned about the addition needed to the new St. Patrick's Hall. Now we find that the City Council has under consideration quite a number of construction schemes of great importance. In the first place there is to be an additional wing to the City Hall, in order to relieve the congested state of business affairs at present. Then the Registry office is found to be entirely inadequate, and a new one is proposed. Finally it is intended to pave in a permanent manner the by-law market place. In fact, every indication leads to the conclusion that the civic business and the commercial and industrial affairs of the Capital are rapidly outgrowing the present facilities, space and accommodations.

ABOUT IRON CLADS.—The "Evening Journal" of this city has published a long account of inventions that have surprised the men of our age, but which actually are not new. Amongst others it makes mention of motor cars and flying machines. But the noteworthy is contained in the following paragraph:—

"Neither the steamboat nor the ironclad can claim to be nineteenth century inventions. In the year 1585, the Duke of Parma invested Antwerp so closely that the burghers were almost at their wits' end. They set to work and built a large ship, the hull of which they plated thickly with iron, to protect it from Spanish shot. In its construction they embodied another peculiarity, usually supposed to be a modern invention. Roomy platforms were built upon its masts, where sharpshooters might lie concealed—regular fighting tops, in fact. The Dutch launched this ship with so certain a hope that by its aids the war would be ended that the christened it 'Finis Belli'—the end of the war. Unluckily, the ship ran upon a shoal and was captured by the Spaniards before it could be got off."

This is carrying the history of the ironclad back a number of centuries; but we can go back another five hundred years, and we will find, in the ninth century, that the Danish pirates that infested the coast of Ireland had "vessels of oak covered over with sheets of iron armor, just like the mail-clad warriors themselves." We have this on no less an authority than Vallancey the great Irish antiquarian.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—At a meeting of the St. Patrick's Society, held in the Maria Street Hall, on Sunday last, it was decided to hold the annual St. Patrick's Day Church parade on Sunday, March 15th. Every effort will be put forth to make the parade a successful one. There was a good attendance at the meeting. Hibernians were present, and also some of the leading members of the United Irish League. The usual celebration will be held on St. Patrick's Day, March 17th.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.—The annual convention of Catholic School Teachers will take place at the Ottawa University on the 26 and 27 February. It is expected that about two hundred and fifty teachers will take part in the meeting. Mgr. Duhamel, the energetic Archbishop of Ottawa, will preside at the opening of the convention. School Inspector Rochon is the chief organizer of the event.

A USEFUL INSTITUTION.—A number of Irish Catholic ladies, of Ottawa, have undertaken to found in this city an institution after the plan of the Young Women's Christian Association, which the Protestant element established some years ago. The object of the Association is to help young Irish Catholic girls by securing them work, or by giving them an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the place, and of finding homes and suitable employment. Numbers of Catholic girls, from the old country, arrive here without any special guides, or any real directions where to go or what to do. They are exposed to countless dangers, and it is for their

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Notes And Comments Of Irish Events

Directory United Irish Dublin, Jan. 31
MR. JUSTIN M'CARTE Nationalists will be glad that Mr. Justin M'Carthy's eyesight is still weak, improved in general health, though he is at present give any definite assurance point. Mr. M'Carthy hopes the improvement in his health, and should the weather be favorable, to come up to London the St. Patrick's Day, at the Hotel Cecil.

A MEMORIAL.—A public connection with the memorial to commemorate the memory of Mr. Michael O'Dwyer, cohey, was held in Tippet Jan. 27. Mr. John Cullinan, president, and announced the result of the previous meeting of £110 had been raised. Letters strongly sympathetic to the object of the meeting, closing subscriptions, were from Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and communication was received from Michael Davitt stating that a £25 would be voted from the fund of the Evicted Tenant Subscriptions amounting were handed in.

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Directory United Irish League. Dublin, Jan. 31st, 1903.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY.— Irish Nationalists will be glad to learn that Mr. Justin McCarthy, though his eyesight is still weak, has much improved in general health of late. Though he is at present unable to give any definite assurance on the point, Mr. McCarthy hopes, should the improvement in his health continue, and should the weather be favorable, to come up to London to attend the St. Patrick's Day banquet at the Hotel Cecil.

A MEMORIAL.—A public meeting in connection with the movement to commemorate the memory of the late Mr. Michael O'Dwyer, of Ballycooney, was held in Tipperary on Jan. 27. Mr. John Cullinan, M.P., presided, and announced that as the result of the previous meeting a sum of £110 had been collected. Letters strongly sympathizing with the object of the meeting, and enclosing subscriptions, were received from Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., and Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and a communication was received from Mr. Michael Davitt stating that a sum of £25 would be voted from the remnant of the Evicted Tenants' Fund. Subscriptions amounting to £40 were handed in.

"Ballycooney," in the annals of the Land War thus as large a space as Rathcoomack and Carrickshock in the annals of the Tithing War. Its name competed with Clerkenwell and Manchester thirty-four years ago as a symbol of the tragic misgovernment of Ireland. The desperate fight to the death which Michael O'Dwyer made against his eviction rang through the land and brought the period of Land Reform in with a rush. It revealed the depths of the passion which exterminating landlordism was stirring to explosion point, and reduced the gabbler about the unreality of Irish grievances to silence for nearly a generation. We have travelled away from the days when the only fight a tenant could make for his home was a fight under the shadow of the gallows. "Ballycooney" made the change possible. Michael O'Dwyer died the other day. The men of Tipperary are taking over the care of his widow and preparing a monument for him. They should have the help of the farmers and peasants of Ireland and their friends, Michael O'Dwyer's epitaph was long ago composed, by a County Court Judge of Tipperary. "Could you explain, Judge," this candid member of the Judiciary was asked before the Bessborough Commission, "why evictions are now fewer in Tipperary than elsewhere in Ireland?" "It was because the Tipperary men showed they were not to be trifled with," answered the judge. A terrible verdict on the results of British law in Ireland.

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Mr. Johnson, in opening the case for the Crown, stated that on the night in question it appeared there had been a meeting in the Town Hall of some association—the Ulster Farmers' and Laborers' Association, he believed. An attack was made on one of the gentlemen who addressed the meeting—Mr. T. W. Russell,

M.P.—and had it not been for the police the attack might have been much more serious. Subsequently, when leaving the town, stones were thrown at Mr. Russell, but, fortunately, no person appeared to have been injured. One of the policemen was struck, but the injury was a slight one.

Sergeant McNaughton said he was in charge of the district at Dromore for four months. He was on duty with other constables in Dromore on the 19th November. On that night there was a meeting of the Farmers' and Laborers' Union held in the town. After the meeting was over, and when the people were coming out, witness was on the street. Witness knew a man named Alexander McNally, whom he pointed out in court. McNally was in front of the band, opposite the door. Mr. Russell, M.P., was one of the party in the hall. Witness saw Mr. Russell come out of the door of the hall. The crowd then rushed to the door. There were stones thrown, and witness was struck on the face, but not seriously. The stones came from the direction of the bands. Witness, when he saw this, rushed after Mr. Russell. One of the constables took Mr. Russell by the arm across the street, and witness kept the crowd back. Mr. Russell went into Mr. Robert J. Haslett's, which was twenty-seven yards distant from the hall. After Mr. Russell had gone in the disturbance continued. Mr. Russell left at about a quarter to ten o'clock. Witness did not see any stones thrown on that occasion. He believed the crowd was disorderly.

Cross-examined by Mr. Black.—The Sergeant stated that the band absolutely confined itself to marching around the square—except once when they went to a public house (laughter). Constable J. Boyle, stationed at Dromore, said he knew Robert Cloakey, one of the defendants, who was in the crowd that made the rush after Mr. Russell came out towards Mr. Haslett's door. He heard Cloakey shout. He saw Martin Hamilton in the crowd also, opposite Mr. Haslett's door, and he was shouting. He (the constable) remembered when Mr. Russell left Mr. McGeon's. There was a crowd there, amongst whom was Samuel Cunningham, another defendant.

Constable Craig, who was in duty, said he saw none of the defendants misbehaving themselves. Constable Hanna deposed that when the meeting was over he saw Hamilton in the crowd outside shouting and cheering. Mr. Black addressed the Court for the defence, after which the magistrates retired, and after a short consultation, Mr. Gibson said the magistrates were unanimous in deciding that there was no case to go before a jury, and they discharged the defendants. The decision was greeted with loud cheering.

A Well Known Irish Priest Dead.

The death is announced from Ireland, on January 11, of the Very Rev. James Connolly, who had ministered to the faithful of Urney, of the diocese of Derry, as curate and pastor, for the remarkable period of fifty-four years. Father Connolly was the uncle of the Rev. Francis J. O'Neill, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Berea, and was known to many among the clergy and laity of this diocese.

According to a sketch of his long and eventful life, which appears in the Strabane "Chronicle," of January 17, Father Connolly was born in the parish of Ballinascree, County Derry, about the year 1820. After going through the usual preparatory training in the local schools, he entered St. Kiernan's College, Kilkenny, where he was ordained in 1846—a year that owing to the sad scourge that afflicted the people called for additional laborers in the Irish mission. Father Connolly's first appointment was as assistant to the late Most Rev. Dr. Maginn at Bunrana. But he had been there only a few months when the exigencies of the diocese called him to another district. The country at this time was seething with fever, the result of the famine. Temporary sheds, to supplement the too limited hospital accommodation, had to be erected for the reception of fever-stricken patients in almost every important center of population throughout the diocese. Omagh was one of those centers with its overcrowded fever sheds. Father Connolly's next mission was to Omagh to assist in administering the consolations of religion to the numerous sick and dying there. It was a mission that required all the heroism and devotion so characteristic

of the Catholic priest. After the malignancy of the fever epidemic had somewhat abated, and Father Connolly had himself recovered from an attack of the fell disease, contracted in the discharge of his trying duties, he was next, in 1848, transferred to Urney, where successively in the capacity of curate, administrator and parish priest, he remained up to the day of his death. At the time of Father Connolly's appointment Urney was still suffering from the effects of the famine and the fever, and the people were so weakened down that they had little power left to resist sickness. Sick calls were so numerous that the priest was often engaged twenty-four hours at a stretch in attending them. And what made the priest's work there still more onerous was that, owing to the poverty of the times, he was unable to keep a horse, and had to attend to the wants of a widely scattered population on foot. Though most of those who witnessed the heroic labors of the then young priest in Urney have passed away, the memory of those trying days is still engraven in the hearts of a faithful people, and many a time it is rehearsed how ready at all times—though weary and worn—the good soughar was, to respond to every call of duty. And truly the spirit of the young priest accompanied him through life—always ready, ever willing, ever of his people. Nor did he overlook the material interests of religion in his parish, as is evidenced by the fine, well-appointed churches and the other parochial buildings he erected. Indeed, it would be difficult for mere outsiders to comprehend a tithe of all Father Connolly did for the good of religion in the parish of Urney, or the extraordinary hold he had on the hearts of the people. The present generation of parishioners had all grown up under his fatherly care. The flock knew the voice of the pastor, and his life was a light to guide them. Well may the good people of Urney mourn their loss, and the priests of the diocese lament the death of their elder brother in the ministry. Father Connolly's mission was a unique one, full of days and works.

In a merited tribute to the character of the patriarchal pastor, the "Chronicle" calls attention to the loyalty and unity of his flock, to the zeal and gentleness of his rule, to his life-long interest in the cause of Catholic education, not only in his own parish, but throughout the country. He was just to all, and ever ready to recognize what was praiseworthy in those who differed from him as well as in those who agreed with him. Those who had known him longest could not recall a single word uttered by him that could wound the feelings of susceptibilities of others. His public spirit, his broad-mindedness, and his simplicity earned for him the regard and esteem of men of all classes and creeds. Little children loved him and looked upon him as a father. He retained his mental faculties unimpaired to the last, and died a most edifying death, a fitting crown for a life of singular devotion and virtue. The funeral was one of the most notable ever held in the diocese of Derry. From all the neighboring country people of all creeds and classes came to pay a last tribute of respect to Father Connolly's memory. Every parish in the diocese was represented by its pastor, and the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty officiated at the last prayers over the grave. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. William O'Laughlin, C.C., of Urney. Father Connolly's own chapel at Donnyloop was crowded far beyond its capacity by the throngs of mourners.

Requiem Mass at Which The Pope Assisted.

The Requiem Mass celebrated in Rome, Feb. 7, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Pope Pius IX., was an unusually striking ceremonial. Cardinal Satolli officiated. The Pope, who was surrounded by the members of the Sacred College, the Pontifical Court, and the Roman aristocracy, gave the absolution and the Apostolic Benediction, although he was suffering from a slight cold. There were many Americans in the overflowing congregation, including Dr. Kennedy, rector of the American College; Bishop Burke of St. Joseph, Mo., and Bishop Beaven of Springfield, Mass.

We prefer soil which produces abundant harvests after we have cultivated it in preference to that which, though it have not thorn, yet yields but little fruit.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy DEAD.

We have just learned of the death of that aged and noble old Irish patriot, poet, journalist and statesman, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The sad event took place at Nice, where for some years back, he had been residing for the benefit of his health. He was in his eighty-seventh year, and is the last of the gallant and brilliant trio that founded the first "Dublin Nation."

Charles Gavan Duffy was born in Monaghan, Ireland, in 1816, descended of a native family, which produced eminent scholars and ecclesiastics. In his twentieth year Mr. Duffy became sub-editor of the Dublin "Morning Register," and a little later editor of an influential journal in Belfast. He returned to Dublin in 1842.

Young Duffy felt that a departure from the usual routine of Irish journalism was called for by the changes of the times, and he joined warmly in the plan of Davis and Dillon for starting the "Nation." The "Nation" was not merely a new journal, but it was a type of journalism that was new both in Ireland and elsewhere. It combined the functions of gathering news with those of awakening the Irish people to their own intellectual strength. Duffy was its registered proprietor, and took an active part in its editorial as well as its general management. Some of his lyrics, such as "Innishowen" and the "Irish Chiefs," are perfect models in their way and breathe the full spirit of Thomas Davis.

Hard trials, however, were soon to come on the enthusiastic band. Duffy, as proprietor of the "Nation," was made a co-defendant with O'Connell in the State trials of 1844, when the English Government attempted to crush the growing Repeal Movement by imprisoning its chief. He shared the Liberator's imprisonment in Dublin and also in his triumphant release, when the verdict of the Irish courts was quashed by the House of Lords.

Worse troubles, however, were at hand. Davis died in 1845, and at the most critical period the Young Ireland party were left without a leader. Duffy worked hard to continue the task begun by Davis, and the "Liberty of Ireland," a collection of works, historical, poetical, and imaginative, was issued steadily from the "Nation" office. Many were masterpieces, and Duffy's own collection of "Irish Songs and Ballads," which was one of them, has long ago exhausted 50 editions and still continues a favorite in Irish households everywhere.

In the following year, however, a scourge worse than anything that had been dreamed of by friend or foe fell on the hapless land of his birth in the awful famine. The eight millions of stalwart peasants on whom O'Connell had been wont to rely as the force which had won Emancipation from the conqueror of Waterloo, and which would win the freedom of the land from his successors, melted away before starvation on a scale unknown in modern history. The great Tribune himself sickened and died, and the more fiery of the Young Ireland writers called for an appeal to arms, even with an untrained and unprovided population, rather than let the people lie down and die in helpless misery.

Lord John Russell, was the English Prime Minister, and he met Irish agitation with remorseless coercion. The "Nation" was suppressed by the police. Most of the prominent Young Irelanders were arrested and tried on various charges, and Duffy among the number. John Mitchel and John Martin, with Meagher, O'Doherty, O'Donoghue, Smith O'Brien, and others, were transported to the Australian settlements. Dillon, O'Gorman, and Devin Reilly escaped, and finally when all attempts at resistance were over, Duffy was released after four trials, in which the juries, though carefully packed, refused to convict. When released Duffy resumed the publication of the "Nation." The band of brilliant young men who had gathered to its call eight years before were dead or exiled, and the crowds that used to swell the monster meetings where O'Connell's mighty voice could be heard by hundreds and thousands, had been decimated by the famine and eviction.

Duffy made an effort to stay by political action the destruction of the Irish population, and in 1852 he joined hands with Frederick Lucas and Sherman Crawford, a Presbyterian member of Parliament, in founding a party to obtain deliverance for the Irish tenants from the

absolute sway of the landlords. He was returned to Parliament for New Ross, and proved himself a good speaker and honest political guide; but the movement in which he was engaged was unable to effect anything owing to the strength of the English opposition and the treachery of some Irish politicians who took an active part in the agitation, and urged wild measures of retaliation only to sell themselves for places under the government.

Duffy lost heart after the death of Lucas, and with his family emigrated to Australia, where he took up his abode in Melbourne, and began life anew as a lawyer. In Australia the career of public honors was at once opened for him. He became Minister of Public Works for Victoria the year after his arrival, and in 1871 he rose to the control of the Colonial Government as Prime Minister. This latter post he did not retain long, but he subsequently was elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, in 1876 was knighted and contributed his full share to the development of the colony under self-government.

Duffy again revisited Ireland about the beginning of the Home Rule movement, in which he took a lively interest, as might be expected. He finally returned to Europe about eleven years ago, and has since devoted himself in his old age exclusively to literature. He has since published the "History of the Young Ireland Movement," which is his most important work, and is marked with high literary power. He was also the author of a life of Thomas Davis, "A Birdseye View of Irish History," and "Conversations with Carlyle."

The Last Communion of Marie Antoinette.

It was midnight when Marie Antoinette was torn from the embraces of her daughter and the saintly Madame Elizabeth, and conducted to the Conciergerie, there to await judgment and death. A cold, damp dungeon was assigned to her in this dreary prison. The floor, far below the level of the courtyard, was paved with bricks, and down the mouldy walls trickled little streams of water which added to the loathsomeness and gloom. A wooden partition, with a window in recesses, was reserved for the centre, divided the cell into two gardeners who had charge of the prisoner, in the other was placed the unfortunate Queen. A small window, destitute of either blinds or shutters, looked out upon the courtyard; near it stood a rude bed, which, with a little table and two chairs, completed the furniture of the miserable dungeon. Here it was that this Queen, once so "full of life, and splendor, and joy," passed the sad days of anguish that separated her from the scaffold. But, here, too, she tasted the purest celestial joy; here she had moments of delight and calm that were to her a foretaste of Paradise, for in the midst of her desolation the Eucharistic God entered the gloomy portals of her prison, to console by His Divine Presence her anguish-stricken soul.

Thanks to the courage and devotedness of an heroic young girl, Mlle. Fouché, and the benevolence of the gaolers, Richard and Bault, the Abbe Magnin had gained admittance to the prison, and comforted and sustained by his holy counsels the poor broken-hearted Queen. Encouraged by the success of her plans, Mlle. Fouché grew bolder, and one day suggested to the gaoler Bault that the Abbe should be permitted to celebrate Mass in the dungeon of the august prisoner. But with all his devotedness Bault hesitated, for he was not ignorant of the dangers to which he exposed himself in permitting a refractory priest to have access to the dungeon in which the Queen was confined. But, even if this Queen was confined, But, even if this plained away, but if he yielded to Mlle. Fouché's wishes the danger would be great. Supposing that one of the officers chanced to visit the Queen's cell while the Holy Sacrifice was being offered? Such visits, at untimely hours, were not unusual, and no explanation would avail. A priest in sacerdotal vestments, lighted candles, sacred vessels, could not be readily hidden away! His reason told him that the undertaking was fraught with terrible danger, but his devotion to the tortured and suffering Queen outweighed his prudence, and who will blame him? Divine Wisdom absolved him. So eloquently did Mlle. Fouché plead the cause of the Queen, so earnestly did she point out to him the immense happiness this last earthly joy would bring her, that the gaoler was vanquished.

But how was he to obtain the necessaries for the Holy Sacrifice without exciting suspicion? "Only procure for me two small candlesticks," said the young girl; "I will take charge of everything else." The following night she returned, accompanied by the Abbe Magnin, carrying with her all that was required, a red chasuble, linen, altar cloths, a small silver chalice, a little missal, a consecrated altar-stone, the size only of the base of the chalice, cruets, and two wax-tapers, all of which she carried in a bag hidden under her own garments.

The poor Queen had been forewarned, and waited their coming with anxious longing. The window had been covered with a mattress, lest the light of the tapers might betray them. In a few moments the preparations were made, the table covered with white linen on which were placed the waxen tapers and a small crucifix, and then the priest began the Mystic Sacrifice. What tongue can speak adequately of the joy that inundated the sorrowing heart of Marie Antoinette when she saw accomplished in the semi-darkness of her gloomy prison, amid danger and poverty, the august Mysteries which for more than a year she had yearned to participate in? Amid the splendors of her throne she had, perhaps, sacrifice somewhat to the love of the world the sentiments of piety which were the result of her Christian education. But now, thrust from that throne into the depths of a prison, and guided by sorrow into the arms of Divine Providence, she had learned to raise her eyes far beyond the fleeting joys of earth, and to beg of Heaven the help and consolation denied her by man. As she knelt upon the damp floor of her dungeon to receive for the last time the God of Love into her crushed and broken heart—the God Who was to be her strength in that terrible hour when she would stand alone to endure trial, humiliation and death—her admirable courage and self-abasement must have touched and astonished the hearts of the faithful few who knelt around her. They beheld a woman whose birth and destiny had promised her a life of happiness, embracing sorrow and abandonment; a Queen proud and high-spirited, accepting humiliation and pain; a mother whose heart was wrung with agony, pardoning the persecutors of her innocent children. As she knelt there peace came to her troubled soul, and the dark prison was illumined by the Presence of Him Who is the world's true Light, and Who, in the dreary night of woe, brought peace, light and refreshment to the anguish-stricken heart of Marie Antoinette.—E. de M., in Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

DOMESTIC READING.

He who never in his life was foolish was never a wise man.

Truth, however broad, is necessarily single-sided. Only falsehood presents two faces.

Happy he who speaks little; for words beget accidents, gloom, and interior trouble.

We are always more profitably employed in praising God than even in despising ourselves.

Mind is that which perceives, feels, remembers, acts, and is conscious of continued existence.

Every moment of time may be made to bear the burden of something which is eternal.

Hope is the virtue which most glorifies God. Hope has its root in faith, its fruit in charity.

Always there is wine or there is oil, the grape must be crushed and the olive must be pressed.

God regards not how much we do, but from how much it proceeds; he does much that loves much.

Sincerity is the basis of all true friendship. Without sincerity it is like a ship without ballast.

If a man is not greater than the greatest things he does, the less said about him and them the better.

Jesus Christ, our great Model, suffered much for us; let us ease our afflictions cheerfully, seeing that through them we have the happiness of resembling Him.

It is wrong to look upon everything we suffer as an evil. The chastening of God is a manifestation of His love, strange as that statement may appear to us. It means that He is ever mindful of our future as well as of our present welfare.

OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

While I have another manuscript, from the pen of the late Dr. Cahill, before me, I think it appropriate to reproduce it. This is not exactly a letter; rather is it a few pages of notes for a lecture. But seeing the tendency of contributions on the Irish language and Irish antiquities that "Crux" is sending in to the columns of the "True Witness," it struck me that the following passages, composed by that great prelate and learned priest, might be timely and acceptable. So, without further preface, I will transcribe Dr. Cahill's notes on "Education in Ireland." It must be remembered that what follows was written in 1859, and that the eloquent patriot was then in his decline—a victim to paralysis and rheumatism; yet, what learning and vigor he displays. "When Lord Byron visited Greece the most remarkable fact which he observed in the education of the lower classes was, that not one in one hundred had ever heard of the names of Philip or Alexander; the speeches of Demosthenes were unknown to the second or middle ranks of society there and a total ignorance of the past history of their country covered like a mantle of night the general intellect of the population. The Turkish domination had robbed them of every record of their national celebrity; and Turkish tyranny at the same time had trampled out of their patriotic nature the very last remnant of the feeling of the Lacedaemonian race. As an instance and a proof of this latter assertion, Byron adduces some conversations which he occasionally had with the shopkeepers of Athens, in which interviews the inhabitants, both male and female, boasted of 'wearing the turban,' and talked with pride of being noticed in Turkish society. "The cruelties inflicted on the Hellenic blood by Turkish atrocity have no parallel in the history of the world, except in the sanguinary records of the early Roman Emperors against the Christians. Whole tribes of people in some small islands of the Archipelago were exterminated; old men were flayed alive; men were subjected to the slow death of sawing off the joints; and women were hung up by the heels and burned alive with fagots. Ibrahim Pasha, son of the late Mochemet Ali (once a visitor in Dublin, London and Paris), put to death not less than thirty thousand persons of all ages, sexes, and conditions, in this terrible rage of effacing the Grecian name. "Without wishing to draw any comparison between the Egyptian Lieutenants and the Irish officials of Elizabeth, I dare say no one will contradict me when I assert that neither Ibrahim Pasha nor his father (the tobaccoist king), nor any of their predecessors ever devised or inflicted more stunning horrors on the sons of Thermopylae, than were poured out on the sainted followers of St. Patrick in Ireland. "If Lord Byron came to Clonmel

or to Derry, instead of going to Athens or Corinth, he would soon have learned the difference in historical knowledge between Ireland and Greece; he would see that our Irish generations had not forgotten the precise date of the English conquest. The children of Ireland thirty years ago had a vivid recollection of our past historical events, like the daily transactions of our household affairs. They had English histories in their schools; and they learned their lessons of patriotism and of faith from Catholic masters of tried Irish feeling and of practical religious example. "Here there are four or five pages of manuscript missing. The next passage shows that there should be a context. "Give me the old schools of Bishop Plunkett, Arthur O'Leary, and Doctor Doyle, with their mud walls and love of country; with their stone benches and ardent faith with their old red-wig teachers and their veneration for the Church; and I positively prefer them to the modern gewgaws of Marlborough street, with their anthems, their standing in curves, their songs, their Presbyterian commissioners, their soper masters, their Know-Nothing books of religion, and their blank pages of Irish history. Out of three-quarters of a million scholars who attend these national schools, let any one of them be examined in the history of England or Ireland; and one will learn that they are totally ignorant of the English invasion, or of the subsequent persecution. They are equally unacquainted with the cruelty of Wentworth, the ingratitude of James, and the perfidy of William. If this system is to continue for the next half century they will forget Grattan, O'Connell and Doyle; they will be the modern Athens of Lord Byron—ignorant of the names and actions of their ancestors; and they will feel pride in wearing the dress, and imitating the manners and the language and the feelings of their national enemies. Yes, give me the schools that produced the Forty Shilling Freeholders, the Electors of Clare, the old Munster Classical teachers, the old rude Algebraists of Ireland; and let us totally extinguish and radically change the piebald aggregate of Presbyterian, Methodist, Unitarian, Arian educationalists. I mean no offence to the head managers of the members of this mixum-gatherum system; they are all good in their way, but I denounce them as unfit persons to govern the fold of Christ in Ireland. The history of this system is the record of all British undertakings for the benefit of Catholic Ireland. Commenced in fair promises, carried on by plausible conduct for a time, till the Irish officials introduce the small end of the Souper wedge; and then follow suspicion, distrust, opposition, hatred, and total failure. D. W. C. November 19, 1859.

Rev. Dr. McGinnis Speaks at Catholic Club

The Rev. Dr. William F. McGinnis of Brooklyn, president of the International Catholic Truth Society, in an address, delivered before the Catholic Converts' League at the Catholic Club in New York last week, spoke of the necessity of exercising more zeal, if the Church is to hold her ground in face of the growing tendencies of the age. "We are called Catholics," the Rev. Dr. McGinnis said, "but I fear that our Catholicity is reflected more on our inward and spiritual side than on the side we have turned toward the world. I think in the latter respect there is more Catholicity found among non-Catholics than in our Church. The hour has come when we must awaken to a true realization of the Catholic spirit and apply it to our work. When we do, but not before, will we be able to make the sacrifices for our faith which we have not yet been able to make, but which is necessary if we are to arise to the demands made upon us by this day and generation. "If you want me to give you a reason for addressing you as I do, let me remind you, as true Catholics, that we are fast approaching an age where the old aristocracy of

learning is giving way to a democracy of learning in which almost every man we meet on the street, no matter how humble his station, has an excuse to consider himself wise in his own generation, and where the voice from the pulpit no longer holds the sway that it did of old. "A laboring man told me not long ago that if we would not lose the last vestige of our influence upon the masses which alone can save them perdition, we must lose no time. If you look about you in the street cars you will find that the papers read by workmen are not the papers which are the most desirable from a moral or philosophical point of view. "Important questions are to be solved in this country. There is, for instance, the question of divorce. I think experience and common sense should tell us that that question can be settled only by the Catholic Church. When the Catholic Church says that the marriage tie is inviolable, every true follower of the Church will accept that without question. "And if we should need any further proof, here is the spectacle of the Episcopal Bishop of Long Island, who only last week told a gathering of clergy and prominent laymen that the Episcopal Church must swing into line with us on the question of divorce. "And then there is the labor question. That also must be settled by the Catholic Church in order to be settled in a righteous manner."

Donation by a Priest.

There is a lesson in the following item, which we clip from one of our exchanges:— Rev. Edward Didier, chaplain of the Carmelite Convent, Baltimore, has presented to the professors of Loyola College, the property on Center street, near St. Paul street, lately occupied by the United Catholic Literary Associations of Baltimore. This property was deeded by Father Didier some years ago to the trustees of these societies with the condition that if ever the societies disbanded the house should revert to him. This contingency having occurred, Father Didier deeded the house to the college.

With Our Subscribers.

Managing Director True Witness.— Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find my subscription for year 1903. Pardon my delay in not remitting money sooner, as I consider the "True Witness" of inestimable value in the family circle. Yours truly, B. L.

Elections in New Brunswick.

The Provincial general election is on, the Legislative Assembly having been dissolved on Thursday. Nomination day is fixed for the 21st instant, and polling day for the 28th. The general impression, says the "New Freeman" of St. John, is that the campaign will be somewhat vigorous, although there is no very exciting issue in sight. Both sides are pretty well organized and the indications are that, with the possible exception of Gloucester, every county in the province will be contested. An effort was made in certain quarters some time ago to have the present contest conducted on Dominion lines, but it is doubtful if this idea will prevail. Premiers Blair, Mitchell and Emmerson, as well as Mr. Tweedie himself, are on record against the introduction of Federal party lines in the Provincial field, and their views have been endorsed by the people at the polls. Such being the case, the electors are not likely to get excited over the question of Grit or Tory, and it is probable that in most of the constituencies the battle will be fought on the record of the administration. We are glad to observe that our co-religionists are taking an active interest in the contest, and that representative Catholics will be on the tickets of both parties in several of the counties. That is as it should be.

MOTHER DIGBY HAD AUDIENCE WITH POPE.

Mother Digby, Superioress of the Institute of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, accompanied by a large number of the members of that community, has had a special audience with the Holy Father.

SETTLERS FOR CANADA.

The emigration figures for January, according to a despatch from London, Eng., show that 901 English persons, 75 Scotch, 94 Irish and 2,068 foreigners left to take up their residence in Canada. To Australia there went 831 English-speaking persons, 160 Scotch, 49 Irish and 11 foreigners; to Cape Colony, 2,665 English, 515 Scotch, 117 Irish and 1,830 foreigners; to the United States, 2,873 English; 445 Scotch, 562 Irish and 3,700 foreigners.

Self-love may be mortified in us, but it never dies; from time to time it sends forth shoots which prove that, though cut down to the root, it is never completely destroyed.—St. Francis de Sales.

Practice every virtue with a prudence that is expedient and consequently use the salutary aid of true and unflinching direction, for it accrues to the advantage of our salvation and the glory of Our Lord Jesus Christ.—St. Catherine of Bologna.

Wit and Humor.

It is a poor consolation to the girl who has been stung by a bee to know that bees are partial to sweet things.

"That tall man seems to be the busiest person in the establishment. What does he do?" "It is his duty to see whether the others are working or not."

"Now, Charles, having listened to all you have said, let me make out a list of your debts." "One moment, dear father, till I've filled up your inkstand."

"Who is the hero of this piece?" asked the man who was coming out of the theatre. And the manager thoughtfully replied: "The man who is financing it."

Sufferer: Do you pull teeth without pain? Dentist: Well, not always. I sprained my wrist last time I pulled a tooth, and it hurts me yet occasionally.

Teacher: Johnnie, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him. Johnnie: Don't keep if ye do; he wrote it for me.

Barber (testing razor): Do I hurt you, sir? Baird: No; not so badly as the last man who had me in his chair. Barber (highly gratified): Who was that? Baird: The dentist.

Lenders: Do you ever think of that £ 10 you borrowed of me? Burroughs: Don't worry. I still have it in mind. Lenders: Don't you think it about time you relieved your mind?

Passenger: This train is nearly one hour behind time, is it not? Guard: Yes, but that's all right. We'll get in at the usual time. Passenger: What time is that? Guard: Two hours late.

A certain quack doctor advertised in a newspaper as follows: "Wanted a man to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."

The Widow: I want a man to do odd jobs about the house and run errands—one that never answers back and is always ready to do my bidding. Applicant: You're looking for a husband, ma'am.

Father: The idea of marrying that young fellow! He couldn't scrape enough money together to buy a square meal. Daughter: But what difference need that make? We haven't either of us had a bit of appetite for months.

Looking Back.—He: "Do you remember the night I proposed to you?" She: "Yes, dear." "We sat for one hour and you never opened your mouth." "Yes, I remember, dear." "Believe me, that was the happiest hour of my life."

"This collar stud is my own invention," said the street hawker, "and the name I have given it is 'Fault.'" "Because everybody has faults," suggested a man in the crowd. "No, my dear sir, simply because it's so easy to find."

does strange things, eminently philosophical, but queer, you know. And so it was that upon becoming engaged to be married he presented to the young lady a ring, on the inside of which was engraved the motto: "In time of peace prepare for war."

Easy to Go Down.—"Did you see the account of the new submarine boat?" "Yes, but I didn't read it. It doesn't interest me, you know." "It certainly indicates extraordinary progress." "Of course, but in the wrong direction. Enough boats go down now. What I want to see is one that is guaranteed to stay up."

"Tell the truth, now. You are a professional beggar, are you not?" said the keen-faced individual who had been approached. "I used to think I was," replied the weary wayfarer, "but since threepence ha'penny is all I have to show for a day's work I am forced to the conclusion that I am merely an amateur."

In Aid of Rebuilding St. Mary's Church.

A BROTHER'S CRIME.

—BY THE— Dramatic Section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, —TO BE HELD—

Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1903

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE A. O. H., Div. No. 4,

ST. BRIDGET'S HALL,

Cor. St. Rose and Nelsonneuve. Admission, 25c. Reserved Seats, 35c. Doors open at 7.30 p.m. Curtain rises at 8 p.m.

WALTER G. KENNEDY, DENTIST, 768 Lagachetiers (Palace St.), MONTREAL. Two Doors West of Beaver Hall.

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LOUIS D. MASSON

will petition the Quebec Legislature to confirm a deed revoking a donation made by Antoine Masson and uxore, dated 27th April, 1864.

NOTICE.

Application will be made to the Legislature of Quebec at its next session, for an act to incorporate a company for the purpose of building a railway from "Grandes-Piles" to "La-Tuque," in the county of Champlain, thence, in a northerly direction to any point in the same county with power to build branches to connect with the Great Northern railway and the Quebec and Lake Saint John railway. E. GUERIN, Attorney for petitioners. Montreal, 4th February, 1903.

SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. No. 2116. Dame Myrtle Hungerford, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of George H. Hogle of the same place, livery stable keeper, Plaintiff, vs. The said George H. Hogle, Defendant. Public notice is hereby given that the Plaintiff has this day instituted an action for separation as to property from the said Defendant. Montreal, February 6th, 1903. SMITH, MARKEY & MONTGOMERY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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THE last week's issue that Davis had placed his opinions what is mythical authentic in regard to land's far away past. W. delightful to dwell, in upon scenes painted in h by the vivid pencil of tion, it is far more useful to have the exact photograph of the misty was this correcting of all spreading abroad of truth that the editors of the has set before themselves. This week I will take the quoting again, from the ful and powerful writer. the readers, once more, the guiding pen of Davis' the days of the famous I. The time will not be lost do not think it could be fitably employed by all to learn the true history Irish race, while enjoying tery manner in which it ordered by the great "Celt ever, I wish to here remark following essay—or rather of an essay—is a series of upon a work published, in times, in 1843, entitled "The kringle or Chronicle of the Norway, translated from landic of Snorro Sturleson preliminary dissertation b Laing, Esq." This much I missed I proceed to transcribe commentaries that Davis in the "Nation" in 1844. mer numbers I will not tr reader with quotation m what follows is entirely f article, or essay in questio These Sea Kings were ol and old foes of Ireland, does not reach back to the which ships passed not bet land and Scandinavia. I highly probable that the themselves—that Scotie (thian) race who gave our name of Scotia Major—reac shore, having sailed from th They were old Sea Kings the Jutes of Getae, who ca der Hengist, and Horsa to in the fifth century, and rec isle of Thanet as a reward pelling the Irish invaders; content with this pay, use axes (or short swords) whence we name them Saxo all the east of England them. So, too, were the Dan conquered that same Englai again in the tenth century. The Black and White Strang held our coast and ravaged land till Brian of Thormond led their raven at Clontar 23rd April, 1014. And the themselves, too, were of the same blood. Mr. Laing has given us fr terials for judging the race s ed to Ireland. He has tra the greatest of their historio preface it by an account cued, literature, and social tion of the Scandinavians. T strong reasons for believing these people came from the through Muscovy, and pr the fish-filled bays and gan hills of Norway and Swede that plains of Germany, settl north. Such is the traditio country and the expressed of all its writers. The analo their language to the Sanscri polygamy and their use of flesh, all tend to prove that were once an equestrian tribe per Asia. However this may find them, from remote times, in the great Peninsula of the Their manners were simpli hardy, and their creed natu Cimbric, or Kynry, whom Mar countered, and the Milesians, apparently from Scandia, s equal valor, though not wi same fortune. Their paganism was grand, dark. Idolaters they were, but atry is but an outward sign, people who bow to a stone got a notion of a god beyon That this northern paganism s ed in the natural custom people to express their beli some soul mightier and bette their soul—some ruler of the and the sun—we may agree Mr. Laing. But surely he is to jumping from this to a den Hero-worship. Nothing seems likely, nothing in mythology te proved, than that this i took the shape of reverence to sent of some dead chief who conducted superior might would obscure his history an ty his attributes till he beea

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J. MASSON, the Quebec Legislature, 100 St. James Street, Montreal.

NOTICE, will be made to the Quebec at its next act to incorporate a purpose of building "Grandes-Piles" in the county of... E. GUERIN, 100 St. James Street, Montreal.

COURT, F. QUEBEC, Montreal.

Hungerford, of the... Plaintiff, vs. George H. Hogle, Defendant.

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THE SEA - KINGS.

By "CRUX."

In last week's issue we found that Davis had plainly expressed his opinions concerning what is mythical and what is authentic in regard to Ireland's far away past. While it is delightful to dwell, in imagination, upon scenes painted in heroic colors by the vivid pencil of the imagination, it is far more useful and beneficial to have the exact historical photograph of the misty past. It was this correcting of all errors and spreading abroad of true history that the editors of the "Nation" has set before themselves as a task. This week I will take the liberty of quoting again, from the same careful and powerful writer. I will ask the readers, once more, to follow the guiding pen of Davis back to the days of the famous Sea Kings. The time will not be lost; in fact, I do not think it could be more profitably employed by all who wish to learn the true history of the Irish race, while enjoying the masterly manner in which it was recorded by the great "Celt." However, I wish to here remark that the following essay—rather portion of an essay—is a series of comments upon a work published, in three volumes, in 1843, entitled "The Henskringla or Chronicle of the Kings of Norway, translated from the Icelandic of Snorro Sturleson, with a preliminary dissertation by Samuel Laing, Esq." This much being premised I proceed to transcribe the commentaries that Davis published in the "Nation" in 1844. As in former numbers I will not trouble the reader with quotation marks, as what follows is entirely from the article, or essay in question.

These Sea Kings were old friends and old foes of Ireland. History does not reach back to the age in which ships passed not between Ireland and Scandinavia. It seems highly probable that the Milesians themselves—that Celtic (or Scythian) race who gave our isle the name of Scotia Major—reached our shore, having sailed from the Baltic. They were old Sea Kings. So were the Jutes of Getae, who came under Hengist, and Horsa to England in the fifth century, and received the isle of Thanet as a reward for repelling the Irish invaders; and not content with this pay, used their axes (or short swords) from whence we name them Saxons, till all the east of England obeyed them. So, too, were the Danes, who conquered that same England over again in the tenth century. So were the Black and White Strangers, who held our coast and ravaged our island till Brian of Thomond trampled their raven at Clontarf on the 23rd April, 1014. And the Normans themselves, too, were of that self-same blood.

Mr. Laing has given us fresh materials for judging the race so related to Ireland. He has translated the greatest of their histories, and prefaced it by an account of the creed, literature, and social condition of the Scandinavians. There are strong reasons for believing that these people came from the East, through Muscovy, and preferring the fish-filled bays and game-filled hills of Norway and Sweden to the flat plains of Germany, settled far north. Such is the tradition of the country and the expressed opinion of all its writers. The analogy of their language to the Sanscrit, their polygamy and their use of horse-dress, all tend to prove that they were once an equestrian tribe in Upper Asia. However this may be, we find them, from remote times, living in the great Peninsula of the North. Their manners were simple and hardy, and their creed natural. The Cimbric, or Kymric, whom Marius encountered, and the Milesians, both apparently from Scandinavia, showed equal valor, though not with the same fortune.

Their paganism was grand, though dark. Idolaters they were, but idolatry is but an outward sign. The people who bow to a stone have got a notion of a god beyond it. That this northern paganism originated in the natural custom of all people to express their belief in some soul mightier and better than their own—some ruler of the storm and the sun—we may agree with Mr. Laing. But surely he is wrong in jumping from this to a denial of Hero-worship. Nothing seems more likely, nothing in mythology is better proved, than that this feeling took the shape of reverence for the soul of some dead chief who had manifested superior might. Time would obscure his history and glorify his attributes till he became a

demi-god. The pagan gods rarely seem to be absolute deities. Behind the greatest in renown of these heroes lurks some Fate or Wisdom whose creature he is.

The materials for the mythology of the Scandinavians are, according to Mr. Laing, very small. The principal work is the older Edda, composed by Soemund. Of this there are only three fragments. (Here these fragments are reproduced; but as they are of little purpose and very lengthy, we will pass on to Davis' comments thereon.)

The priesthood consisted of the descendants of the twelve diars or goddars, who accompanied Odin from Asia; but they were judges as well as priests. Their temples were few, small, and rude. Their chief religious festivals were three in number. The first possesses a peculiar interest for us. It was called Yule from one of Odin's names, though god of the Scandinavians. Occurring in mid-winter it became mixed with the Christmas festival, and gave its name thereto. The other festivals were in honor of the goddess Friggia (pronounced Freya), and of Odin or Woden, the demi-god or prophet. From these deities our Wednesday, Thursday and Friday take their names. The Valhalla, or heaven of these Pagans, reserved for warriors, free from women, and abounding in beer and mead, is sufficiently known. Centuries after Christianity had been received by their neighbors these Pagans held to Odinism and Paganism they were when, in the 9th century, their great colonies went out.

The spread of the North men at that time came to pass in this way. Along the broken coast of the Northern peninsula reigned a crowd of independent chiefs, who lived partly on fishing and hunting, but much more by piracy. In the beginning of the 9th century their expeditions became formidable. The north, and finally the whole of England, was overrun, and it took the genius of Alfred, Edmund, and Athelstane to deliver it even for a time. Ireland suffered hardly less. Some of these rovers penetrated even the Mediterranean, and Charlemagne is said to have wept at the sight of their galleys laden with wrath. The achievements of one of them, Regner Lodbrog, have been as nobly described in an Icelandic poem as anything Homer wrote of the Sea Kings of Greece who warred against Troy.

So powerful abroad, they paid slight allegiance to the King of Norway. At length, about 870, King Harald Haarfaeger (or the Fair Haired) resolved to stop their iniquities, or at least to free his own dominions from them. In a series of wars he subdued these Sea Kings, and forbade piracy on his coast or isles. Thus debarred from their old life at home they went out in still greater colonies than before. One of these colonies was led by Rolf, who was surnamed Gariger, or the Walker, as from his great stature he could get no horse to carry him, and walked with his followers. Sailing South they entered the Seine, took Rouen, besieged Paris, and finally extorted from Charles the Bald that tract to which they gave the name of Normandy. But these events took many years.

Other hands came to the aid of their friends in England, Ireland, and the Scotch Isles, while a large and illustrious colony went to Iceland. In that land of snow they found fish and game. They abandoned piracy and became merchants, trading through the whole west of Europe. Nor did they remain at this side of the Atlantic. Sailing north-west, they occupied Greenland, and visited some more southerly part of America, which they called Vineland.

But still higher honor belongs to the Icelanders. They were the most famous Scalds or Bards who spoke the Norse tongue. Amongst the earliest institutions of the North were the laws of Gravelkind, and a strict entail of lands. Lands could not be sold or devised, the next of blood took them in equal shares. It was, therefore, of great value to preserve a knowledge of relationship, and this office fell to the literary class or Scalds. There was no law limiting the bardic office to natives of Iceland, yet, in fact, their superior skill won such an eminence for them that an Icelandic Scald was as needed in every Norse settlement, from Rouen to Drontheim, as an Irish saint was in every part of Christian Europe.

Mr. Laing prints a list of about two hundred Norse histories, romances and poems. It seems that there is no manuscript older than the end of the 14th century in existence. In Mr. Laing's opinion the best parts of the English constitution are due to the Norsemen. The writings of the Anglo-Saxons were a few dry chronicles in Latin; while the Northern had an endless mass of histories and popular ballads. But even here is an excess. He seems forgetful of the Saxon ballads of Brunanburgh, of Beowulf, and others. If we can trust our recollections, or Thierry's quotations, there are many touching and lofty passages even in those old Latin chronicles. His proof of the knowledge of the useful arts possessed by the North men is very ingenious. It rests on the account of their shipping. One ship is described as being as large as a 40-gun frigate. To make vessels so large and efficient as even their smaller ships required skill in working timber, in raising, smelting, and preparing iron, masts, sails, ropes, and anchors for such ships; and the necessity of cooping water vessels, and salting meat for long voyages, imply the existence of several arts. His translation comes fresh and racy. Cast a few centuries earlier he had made a famous Viking. Notwithstanding his Benthamic notions, his heart is strong and natural, and he relishes vigorous humanity wherever it is found.

St. Michael's Parish.

A representative of the "True Witness" called on Rev. Father Kiernan at his residence on Tuesday last, to ascertain what progress had been made in regard to the erection of a church, and other matters effecting this new parish in which our readers in Montreal are interested. In answer to the question as to what had been done, Father Kiernan stated, that the enthusiasm displayed by the parishioners at the time of the organization of the parish has been kept up with unabated fervor since, and during the interval between the organization and the present, much valuable work has been done which will be made more evident when the work of erecting the Church has been entered upon.

The Rev. Father informed our representative that the site, upon which the Church and presbytery are to be erected, has been purchased, and is located on the corner of St. Ignace and St. Denis street, and that applications has been made to have the name of St. Ignace street changed to that of St. Michael. It will be very gratifying to the parishioners, and we may add, to all the friends of this new parish, to learn, that considering the many responsibilities associated with the formation of a new parish, the financial results so far have been very satisfactory. After having provided for all the expenditures during the period of eight months which has elapsed since the organization of the parish, Father Kiernan informed our representative that there was a balance in the treasury of over \$1,500.

The representative of the "True Witness" asked the pastor what had been done, if anything, in regard to the schools of the parish. Father Kiernan replied that some time ago he opened a school for the children of the parish which has shown excellent results and that he is now considering the question of the administration so that better results may be obtained.

It goes without saying that the spiritual welfare of the parishioners is well and carefully looked after and that the parishioners respond most cheerfully to every request made upon them by their pastor.

On Sunday evening next a notable celebration will take place, when the first society will be formed and enter upon its work, namely, the Holy Name Society. Later on it is the intention of the pastor to organize other societies, particularly in regard to the youth of the parish, so that when they have attained manhood or womanhood estate, they will be familiar with their duties and be a great source of strength to their parish.

Rev. Father McDonald, of St. Gabriel's, will be the preacher on Sunday evening at the inauguration of the Holy Name Society. We may add that St. Michael's parish possesses a choir, which is under the direction of the well known musician, Mr. J. I. McCaffrey, and it bids fair to make other Catholic choral organizations of this city, look to their laurels in the future.

The acting churchwardens for the term have displayed great interest in the work of parish organization, they are Messrs. Thomas Tobin, John Kegan, Timothy Gorman, John Dillon, Cornelius McGee, Edward Cox, Richard Meahan and Thomas Flood.

Another Outbreak in China Predicted.

The situation in China is, according to Dr. Robert Coltman, jr., in correspondence to the New York "Herald," dated from San Francisco, growing more serious and another outbreak against foreigners is imminent. Dr. Goltman was at one time private physician to the Chinese courts. We take the following extracts from his communication. He says:—

The Boxers' outbreak of 1900 was due to the belief, held by the Chinese court, that they could exterminate the foreigners in China and prevent others from again entering the country. Only the ignorant and fanatical masses will believe such doctrine this time.

The court, which really means but two persons, the Empress Dowager and Jung Lu, are manoeuvring this outbreak, as they did the last, regarding it as a means to save their faces. Even if the saving of their faces cost them a few lives and the loss of the empire, they will not hesitate an instant. Their faces can only be saved by the wiping out of the now armed legation quarters in Peking.

The allies had the opportunity to displace the Manchu dynasty and place a Chinese ruler on the throne, or they could have reinstated the well intentioned young Emperor. They did neither, but allowed the treacherous Dowager and her Prime Minister, Jung Lu, to return as victors to Peking with pomp and ceremony to resume their plotting on a larger scale than before.

The policy of the United States, while well intentioned, was the principal factor that brought this about, and I believe the influence of Count Cassini and Wu Ting-fang to have moulded this policy, working through the Secretary of State. Li Hung Chang informed me in May, 1902, that Jung Lu had, in January, 1900, told him of his plan to drive all foreigners from China, and when Li assured him that the scheme was utterly impossible, replied:—

"Well, I intend trying it, anyhow."

Li asked for and obtained the Viceroyship of Canton to be out of the way. Li expressed greatest surprise that Jung Lu should be allowed to escape punishment, but admitted that he himself had pleaded for him, excusing himself to me on the ground that Jung had always been his friend and he could not act otherwise. Before the court's return from Hsianfu, and immediately after their return to Peking, many edicts were promulgated, promising an end of the anti-foreign policy and ordering reforms and the establishment of educational institutions. Even then the astute officials declared that the edicts were issued to blind foreigners and were never intended for home consumption.

The year past has proved this. No reform has been instituted anywhere, but on the contrary, the officials have had secret instructions to keep on as of old. Tung Fu Hsiang, the Kansu general, has kept his command and been well supplied with money. Prince Tung has been living with his father-in-law, in Alaskan Mongolia, and both he and his chief lieutenant, Prince Lien, have been drilling Mongolian troops for the uprising.

And, although Pu Chun, the son of Prince Tuan, who had been named as the heir apparent in January, 1900, was by decree cashiered before the return of the court, he has since been brought to Peking, and is now again by the Mongolians proclaimed their Emperor without remonstrance by the Dowager.

As the preparations of Tung Fu Hsiang and Prince Tung became more open, the reformers in China and the better class of officials became convinced beyond a doubt of the government's intentions, so that the Foreign Ministers in Peking in December addressed a joint letter to the Chinese Foreign Office, inquiring into the truth of the numerous reports. They received a reply stating that there was some truth in the reports of the warlike preparations of Tung Fu Hsiang, but that most of the stories were exaggerated and the Governors of the provinces had sufficient forces to subdue him.

The latter statement that they could subdue him is true. They could decapitate him, and would if they did not know fully well that the court's pleasure was to aid him in every way. When the time is considered ripe, all the imperial soldiers will join him, just as they did in 1900.

All the merchant classes of natives in the port cities and many younger

officials are opposed to an anti-foreign outbreak, but the imperious Dowager will brook no counsel opposed to her wishes, and her example in beholding Hsu Ching Cheng, Yin Huan and Juan Chang, progressive and able Ministers of the Foreign Office, in 1900, for offering opinions to Jung Lu, deters any like minded officials now.

The rebellion in Kuangsi, which has been in progress nearly two years and is now growing each day, is the work of the reformers and friends of the banished Kang Yu Wei against the Manchu dynasty. It must grow.

There is in the minds of all Chinese holding high offices under the Empress Dowager a hatred of the Manchu dynasty, and this the Dowager knows. She relies on the followers of Prince Tung and Tung Fu Hsiang to support her not only against the hated foreigners but against her discontented people, whom she is taxing heavily to pay the indemnity created by her own folly.

With all the experience of the outbreak of 1900, mutterings of the gathering storm should not pass unheeded. If the consensus of opinion of all old residents of "China" and of the progressive Chinese themselves is any guide, the allies made a very poor job of the settlement. Greatly to my surprise, a member of the royal family said to me:— "The punishment we have had is the best thing that could have happened, only it has been so light that I fear it will not be lasting."

Another said:— "While I must press for the retirement of the foreign forces, I sincerely hope that they will refuse to go until they have evidence that an administration is in office that will insure good government and enlightened progress. That we will never get under Jung Lu."

Still another said:— "High as my rank and position are, I cannot for my family's sake counsel against the known wishes of my Empress, with the example of the slain Ministers so fresh in mind."

Another, a prince, said:— "Although I am a Manchu, I would gladly see a Chinese rule, if he would raise us to the position that the Japanese now occupy."

While the foreign troops remained in Shanghai, even Tung Fu Hsiang and Prince Tuan, though far away and active, were cautious. Just as soon as the news of the evacuation reached them they became much bolder, and the activities received renewed impetus. It is impossible to keep up a combined occupation of China indefinitely. Much friction occurred in the short time the scheme was practised, so that all the Powers were relieved to have it over. But they left an uncompleted task and will soon be again face to face with the difficulty, complicated this time by the reformers so called rebellion against the dynasty.

A mistaken impression exists in this country that China is a poor country. China vastly exceeds the United States in soil and mineral resources; that is why all the Powers want to own China.

To my mind there exist only two solutions of the China problem—division or establishment by the Powers of a new Chinese dynasty. Before either can be worked out it will be found necessary to invade China again with an army of occupation to insure adequate protection of the vast foreign interests while the problem is being solved.

"Foreign war is inevitable. The sooner the Powers recognize the situation and send an adequate force the greater will be the conservation of life and property."

I was called an alarmist, and my danger cry was unheeded, no one then believing, except Li Hung Chang's private secretary, William N. Pethick, that the Manchus would dare to proceed to such extremes.

Now again I repeat the warning: Foreign war is inevitable unless the allies immediately return and depose the Dowager Empress for her breach of faith. They can obtain abundant testimony to her treachery if they can guarantee safety to the witnesses. Take no unfair advantage of the weakness of the country, but let it be known that the occupation is temporary and only to instal good government, and the people, not the mandarins, of course, would rejoice.

If the situation as it now exists is allowed to continue, we may expect more frightful horrors than in 1900, for the district involved will be greater, and none who profess the Christian religion or has had any intercourse with foreigners can hope to escape.

Shocking as the barbarities were then, they will be exceeded, but Christendom, having had experience with the tender mercies of the Chinese barbarian, will have no excuse for not having protected her own.

Churches now rebuilding, Christian native communities only just regathered, are threatened with immolation by this intensely anti-Christian usurper of her nephew's empire.

My knowledge of the intentions and state of mind of the Dowager and Jung Lu are not conjectures. I know every Prince and grand secretary in Peking personally, from Jung Lu down. I speak mandarin fluently and have taught medicine in that language for many years. My information is from sources that cannot be doubted except by those who will not believe.

Some Queer Notions.

(By An Occasional Correspondent.)

Our friend the "Daily Witness" wishes to say something new on the subject of the Carnegie library, and it happens to fall into its old-time habit of growing confused. In its issue the 9th February, it tells us that:—

"There is at the present time a general thirst for real knowledge. Apart from the mere novel readers, those who go beyond the newspapers for reading are the thinking class in any community and its natural leaders. The demand for exact knowledge is shown by the enormous sale of the many encyclopaedias that are constantly being published."

We have not so much fault to find with the foregoing. But we certainly are of opinion that we could question, and reasonably so, the conclusions that naturally flow from such statements. But what most interests us is the conclusion of the editorial, in which our contemporary says:—

"Time was when men everywhere accepted authority as truth. They now demand truth as authority. Herein lies the controversy between authority and books and on the side of authority it is a losing struggle." This is sophistry pushed to its extreme point. Take the matter of religion for example. We have the most striking instance of authority and truth in the story of the Catholic Church. "Time was when men everywhere accepted authority as truth." Not so. Men accepted Divinely instituted authority as the Exponent of Truth, the Teacher of Truth; but not as Truth itself. Time never was when men accepted the authority of a professor as science. But men accept his authority as a proof of scientific truth. "They now demand Truth as authority." This is pure nonsense. Truth is the foundation of the authority which is invested with the right to expound itself—the Truth. But Truth is not the authority. It is the source of and equally the effect of authority. It creates the authority, and the authority cannot err, because springing from Truth, consequently its creations, or emanations cannot be other than the Truth. As to the controversy between authority and books, in which books are the victor, we are unable to see any sense in it, so we have to let it pass.

In Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

The pastor and parishioners of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Mount Adams, Cincinnati, Ohio, have determined to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception by erecting on the site of their Church a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin. It is to be illuminated by such powerful electric lights that the image will be seen at a great distance. The valley of the Ohio will nightly have a beacon the glorious sheen of which will be a fit symbol of Mary's attitude, during the night-time of sorrow and of sin, towards all who dwell in "this valley of tears." High over the clouds that gather around humanity, in more than electric glory, the Immaculate Mother of God, appears. And in the night of our misery we look up and ever behold that glorious beacon to guide and protect us.

A Study of A Child.

In the current number of the "Catholic World" magazine, S. M. J., under the caption "A Study of the Child," says:-

St. Francis de Sales is the patron of story-tellers. "He used to compose little stories for recreation," as St. Jane Frances de Chantal testified during the process of his beatification. A little story! Do you know of anything more charming? Is there in all literature a more fascinating career than that of the maker of stories? To clothe one's cherished ideas, forgotten or opposed by others, in flesh and blood; to bring them forward through the development of a simple plot; to lead them by mysterious paths to the very gates of the unsuspecting, and perhaps rebellious, human mind; or, without a hint of motive or of purpose, to confide our dearest memories to a personage of our own creation, and thus cause admirers of him, or her, to fall in love with our own ideals; to amuse little children by the story of strange adventures; to distract the mind, calm the feelings, or console the heart of the grown-up children which, thanks to the spiritual transformation brought about by the sorrows and banalities of life, we all remain; these are the privileges of the maker of stories (p. 36).

Madame Lavergne was an incomparable mother. In her maidenhood she had been impressed by the words of St. Paul: "The mother shall be saved by the children she brings into the world." So, after the birth of her eighth child, she could write: "The number of these little pensioners of the good God does not alarm us. He is rich enough to provide for them, wise and good enough to keep them in the right path; moreover, who knows but that He may do us the honor to choose one or other of them for his special service?" (p. 43).

Madame Lavergne passed the first seven and twenty years of married life in the ordinary occupations of a good, sensible wife and mother. Many a young girl, no doubt, whose head has been filled with romantic notions, will find such a life very commonplace, very far from her ideal. Now I think that, on the contrary, those uneventful days of household accounts, business letters, and the care of children, were steeped in the truest poetry and laid the foundations of a literary work which would have been less exquisite if it had not clung with the deepest of roots to those early days of simple devotion to duty, of labor and of prayer. (p. 45).

Many look upon poetry as a luxurious sort of occupation, the charm, or the pride, of hours of sentimentality and reverie. Misunderstanding it thus, and disfiguring it, they either laud it to the skies in the simplicity of their enthusiasm, or drag it to the ground in the name of common sense. True poetry is something more solid. With feet always firmly fixed on the earth, its glance is upward and inward; it is always in touch with the real; nay, more, it is itself the real, not as viewed with disdain by an indifferent or careless passer-by, but transfused in the heart of a lover. Bending over the real with a tender and benevolent curiosity, the poet perceives what there is profoundly human beneath the thick, rough outer covering of things; and, at the same time, divines and pays homage to the invisible presence of God, so good, who has chosen every creature as the temple and the symbol of his own beauty. To interest one's self thus in all things which lie in our path; to see first, and through all, the soul, always attractive in its essence; to read in that soul God's tender ways,—this is the secret of poetry in action, the most beautiful of all, which we name "Charity."

While artists are translating into verse, or on canvas, the impressions they receive from the realities of life thus transformed, there are charming souls who express an emotion analogous, but purer and more sincere, by the smile on their lip, the gentleness of their glance, the tender forethought of their daily acts. (p. 46).

"There is one thing wanting to you, my child," said the priest, "and up to this time it has not entered into your religion. It is the understanding of the friendship of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is man, just as you yourself are; you have a right to speak to Him, to unburden your mind to Him, to talk with Him at length, impudently, on trivial matters even, just as you would talk with other men. For all that He is really God. He has lost nothing of His divinity. Everything

that, in any human being, would reassure you, win your affection, dispel your fears, encourage your confidence, you will find in Jesus; and you will find it in so exquisite and perfect a manner, that the mere thought of it is enough to bring tears to the eyes. What is there human that is not in Him, except sin—the only thing that one never has wanted to share with one's friends, the only utterly useless evil, which adds nothing to human nature? No, Alex, you have no conception who Jesus is, for you think to possess Him only in heaven. It rests with you, my child, to draw close to Him on earth." (p. 237).

Tidal Waves Cause Loss of Life.

The report of a sad loss of human lives in a storm that swept over the South Sea Islands in January reached San Francisco this week by the steamer Mariposa from Tahiti. The loss of life is estimated at 1,000 persons.

On Jan. 13 a huge tidal wave, accompanied by a terrific hurricane, struck the Society Islands and the Tuamotu group with fearful force, causing death and devastation never before equalled in a land of dreaded storms.

The storm raged several days, reaching its maximum strength between Jan. 14 and Jan. 16. From meagre news received at Tahiti up to the time of the sailing of the Mariposa it is estimated that 1,000 of the islanders lost their lives.

The first news of the disaster reached Papeeta, Tahiti, Jan. 26, by the schooner Eimeo, whose captain placed the fatalities at 500. The steamer Excelsior arrived at Papeeta the following day with 400 destitute survivors. The captain of the Excelsior estimated the total loss of life to be 800. These figures comprised only the deaths on the three islands of Hao, Hikueru and Makooka, whose ordinary population is 1,800.

On Hikueru Island, where 1,000 inhabitants were engaged in pearl diving, nearly one-half were drowned. On an adjacent island 100 more were washed out to sea, Makooka and Hao were depopulated.

All the islands are under the control of the French governor at Tahiti.

The French Government, upon receipt of news of the disaster, dispatched two warships with fresh water and provisions. The Italian man-of-war Calabria accompanied the French vessels.

As far as is known eight white people were among the drowned. Included in these were Alexander Drander, H. P. Plunkett of Oakland, T. D. Donnelly, formerly a fireman on the steamship Australia, and the local agent of C. Coppenrath, a merchant of Papeeta. Added to this was an unknown woman who committed suicide from fright.

As the islands were barely 20 feet above the sea level, and were not surrounded by coral reefs, it was necessary for all the inhabitants to take to the cocoanut trees when the tidal wave began to cover the land. These trees grow to an immense height, many reaching an altitude of 100 feet.

The 400 survivors brought by the Excelsior to Papeeta gained the ship's side by swimming. The Eimeo, though badly damaged by the storm, brought off as many persons as could swim to her sides, she, like the Excelsior, being unable to run close to the shores because of the violence of the ocean swells, which continued to run abnormally high for a week after the tidal disturbances.

Another schooner, the Gaulois, from the Marquesas Island, 600 miles from Tahiti, encountered the hurricane while on the way to the latter place, but came safely through it, losing only one man.

One of the many acts of heroism reported is that of a woman who climbed one of the tall cocoanut trees and lashed her babe to the branches, hanging to the body of the tree beneath the child as best she could. There they remained 10 hours, suffering great torture, until finally rescued.

Thousands of tons of copra and more than 200 tons of mother-of-pearl shells are known to have been lost. The pearl shells are valued at \$1,800 a ton.

Jimson bought a business through an agent as a thorough going concern. After six months he failed, but took his trouble very lightly. Meeting the agent some time later, he said: "Do you remember, selling me a business as a going concern?" "Yes, of course I do," replied the agent. "Well," said Jimson, "it's gone."

St. Patrick's Cadets Present Arms.

St. Patrick's Cadets held their first muster in the presence of a large and enthusiastic gathering of admirers and sympathizers, in the Monument National, on St. Lawrence street, on Monday evening last. The programme was as follows:-

1. Overture, orchestra.
2. General salute, St. Patrick's Cadets.
3. Fancy march, No. 1 Co.
4. Dumb Bells, St. Patrick's Cadets.
5. Music, orchestra.
6. The Dumb Spy, prologue.
7. Music, orchestra.
8. The Dumb Spy, or the Siege of Constantinople; a military drama in three acts with prologue, produced by the St. Louis Dramatic Union, for the benefit of St. Patrick's Cadets.

PROLOGUE.

General de Meric, Mr. Ed. Cummings.
 Harold and Alfred, General's children, Mr. J. Mulcair, Mr. D. Jack-son.
 Mohammed, an Arab, Mr. Thos. Kearney.
 Belrac and Roustin, assassins, Mr. D. Duffy, Mr. Jas. Kennedy.
 Cyrus, an old servant, Mr. Wm. Kearney.

DRAMA.

General Damremont, in the French service, Mr. J. Wallace.
 Colonel de Meric, Mr. R. Quigley.
 Capt. Didier, Mr. D. Duffy.
 Harold (Paul), the Dumb Spy, Mr. Wm. Kearney.
 Alfred, Harold's brother, Mr. J. Mulcair.
 Capt. Dubourg, Mr. Ed. Cummings.
 Louis, Dubourg's son, Mr. D. Jack-son.
 Tony Bavard, a brave soldier, Mr. Wm. Kinsella.
 Achmet Bey, Mr. Jas. Kennedy.
 Murad, Bey's first councillor, Mr. D. Duffy.
 Osnim, interpreter for the Bey, Mr. H. Mason.
 Mohammed, Arab spy, Mr. T. Kearney.
 Ibrahim, a guard, Mr. J. Brown.
 Belrac and Roustin, Mohammed's aids, Mr. D. Duffy, Mr. Jas. Kennedy.
 French soldiers, sentinels, Arabian soldiers, spies, officers, etc.
 9. Music, orchestra.
 10. Music, orchestra.

(Tableau.)

11. Finale.

When the orchestra had concluded its excellent opening number, all eyes were directed to the stage as the curtain raised. Everyone seemed to be anxious for a first glimpse of the new contingent, of Catholic Irish-Canadian lads, to the cadet forces of this metropolis. When they marched out in their handsome and appropriately designed uniforms the audience greeted them with cheer after cheer. The general salute was executed with a precision which was well worthy of the applause which followed each movement. When the Cadets had retired from the stage, Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., of St. Patrick's parish, addressed the audience. He said in part:-

"If I were a youth once more. I would be in the ranks of the cadets now upon the stage. What a magnificent spectacle it presents and what a potent factor it may become in the preservation of our rights and liberties. The soldier is all that is most sublime in the line of sacrifice."

"If I were a Carnegie, I would be strongly inclined to spend a large proportion of my income in establishing a similar corps, wherever I might be privileged to do so."

"I claim for myself the honor of having, by a suggestion, started the St. Patrick's Cadet Corps. It is a Christian Brother who has carried this idea into execution, Brother James has personally seen to and carried out all the details in the formation of the St. Patrick's Cadets, and has stopped at nothing to place them in first-class condition, and on a good footing. He is a credit to the Emerald Isle, and to Canadiana, the land of his adoption; he is entitled to the esteem of his community and to the gratitude of the public at large, more especially the Irish population."

"Praise is due to Sergeant Major Phillips, that the members of St. Patrick's Cadet Corps are so thoroughly drilled. The corps has been sustained by the Government, and

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 a.m.
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 7.20 a.m.
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the rifles have been supplied direct Irish population.

"The uniform is second to no other in the city, and is as good as what is best in the United States. The object and cause of the corps you all appreciate, and that you take the liveliest interest in it is manifested by your presence here this evening. His Worship, Mayor Cochrane, is lending it all the influence of his position, as chief magistrate in this city.

"It appeals to your patriotism, nationality and creed, to encourage it by all practical expressions of your co-operation, by urging whom you can reach to join the St. Patrick's Cadets, and by giving the almighty dollar a chance to see what it can do."

Of the drama in which the past and present students of Mount St. Louis College took part, but one opinion can be expressed — that it was an artistic performance. In the midst of the young men who essayed the various roles were those whom the "True Witness" believes, in the future, will be found in the real battle of life just as enthusiastically and equally as intelligently defending the rights and privileges of their religion and nationality in this city, as they interpreted the stirring scenes of the past on the stage.

The fancy drill and other exercises which were introduced at intervals during the drama and in which the Cadets took part were most creditable.

A Frenchman was paying his first visit to London, and was walking through Hyde Park on one of the many foggy December mornings with an English friend. "Fog! Ha, ha, mon friend!" ejaculated the Frenchman; "now I understand what you mean when you say ze sun nevaire set on your dominion. Ma foi, it does not rise!"

Examining Medical Professor:— Now, sir, tell me how you would treat a case of typhoid fever. Student: Well, sir, I should first — I should first — E. M. P. (Impatiently): Yes, yes; go on. Student (seized with brilliant idea): I should first call you in for consultation. Passes. He is an eccentric chap, and often with honors.

Had His Money's Worth.— On one occasion, when a boarder had devoured almost everything eatable on the table within his reach, and when the landlady had supplied him until her strength and patience were well-nigh exhausted, she suddenly broke out with: "I shall certainly have to raise the price of your board."

"Don't think of doing such a thing," he replied; "it is nearly killing me now to eat all I pay for, and should you raise my board and compel me to eat more, it will be the death of me."

EARLY CLOSING. The Big Store closes at 1 o'clock Saturdays during the month of February. We trust the public will encourage the early closing movement by making their purchases early Saturday morning.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 1908.

The Furniture Sale.

A special degree of interest is at present attached to the arrivals of new furniture for the special sale. You'll be amazed at the extreme moderation in prices that prevail throughout the entire lot; there's a superabundance of style and value in every article, dollars never had such buying power as at present. Let these hints prove our mastery in furniture values.

Bedroom Suites.
 9 only Bedroom Suites, 3 pieces, bureau fitted with 20 x 24 bevelled mirror, combination washstand, full size bed, all nicely hand carved and well finished in golden elm finish. Our special price \$15.70.

Kitchen Cupboards.
 5 Kitchen Cupboards, fitted with top, two large glass doors, 3 shelves, case fitted with 2 drawers and large double cupboards, width 42 in. x 7 feet high, nicely hand carved and well finished. Our special price \$8.35.

Kitchen Tables
 24 Kitchen Tables, top 30 x 48 in., hardwood legs and rails, white bass-wood tops, without drawer, \$1.90.
 With drawer, \$1.15.
 Three feet long, \$1.60.

Hall Racks.
 4 only Hall Racks in Elm, golden finish, fitted with 4 large double doors and coat hooks, bevelled mirror, box seat, and brass umbrella rack. Our special price \$6.65.

Pictures Below Cost.

150 beautiful Picture, sample line, comprising Steel Engravings, Etchings and Photo color, neatly framed in ebony, oak and gilt, \$1.50 to \$3.50. While they last 80c each.

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The Big Store will offer all odd lengths of Carpets of 20 yards or less which includes Tapestry, Brussels, Velvet, Wilton, Axminster, etc. at a

Reduction of 25 per cent. Off Regular Prices.
Oilcloths and Linoleums.
 All ends of Oilcloths, Linoleums, Cork Carpets to be cleared at
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THOMAS LIGGETT, 1875 and 1877, ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

Popular F

Recently, in speaking of one of our C...ines, he assured m...ly that "our people...do not know why, b...get them to read. It...training with them, a...ing to train them."

is well illustrated, is...down with anything...profound, and one wo...the great Catholic re...which is supposed to...where looking for...things, would seize...avidity. Yet this is...Shortly after, I met...woman who was trying...a literary and educat...ine among our people...of weakness she confid...experiences, led, perhap...dent sympathy and int...cessarily, one who mak...less precarious living b...what appears in public...terested in their subscri...

She told me first...call upon a learned...clergyman, with a...for a few names of p...his parish whom sh...anything like that...school teachers, wh...that is all you'll get...the mark! What a...thing it is that the...a few school teach...

Then she, keeping in m...posed literary and educa...acter of the magazine...the directress of a literar...ing circle. The answer...once, "Oh, our ladies do...that; they hardly ever...Why not?" "Oh, it isn't...ing; it hasn't any pictur...One might have asked w...ladies had not passed th...book stage, but presum...young woman was too c...her various defeats in c...she looked for signal su...think of the retort courte...This is a surprisingly...agreement that "our peop...read" in an age when ev...supposed to read, not o...of the college and the y...of the college or academy...boy of the street and th...school boy and the high s...and girl, they all read...too, in the parish school...the convents. Now, then...they not read when they...of school? Or, if they re...do they read?

In the first place, it...sometimes, as if there w...lies whose belief that not...can come out of a Cathol...so firm, that, if they saw...the publication illustrat...greater art, filled with m...striking and as sensatio...Catholic morality will al...cheaper than the adver...padded and paid general m...they would still turn to...invariably. And Catholics...are, by no means, the leas...tious as to opinion.

There is another class wh...is vitiated by unformed, or...ate, reading habits, who ar...less when offered anything...mperical mental food of se...al plays. These minds are...ly amiable enough, becau...have no opinions at all. A...gain, let it be said, neither...always those in whom "ig...might meet naturally be ex...Yet it is not thus everw...Catholics have their being...As a contrast to this e...that "our people do not re...statement in a recent "Mess...quoted from the "Courier d...is notable as saying: "g...gum: "What is the bond...unites all sane forces, all m...goodwill in the country, in...of law, order, and libert...The resisting force of an e...and public opinion.

"The explanation of the...all this is the Catholic Un...of Louvain. There are near...thousand students at Louvai...by all Religions. Since the...tion of the university by the...plan episcopacy, thousand...thousands have gone forth, w...they are everywhere, and ar...the legitimate and true...of knowledge, and the...and, on the other

THOMAS LIGGETT, 1875 and 1877, ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

Popular Reading and Catholic Opinion.

Recently, in speaking to the editor of one of our Catholic magazines, he assured me somewhat gravely that "our people do not read. I do not know why, but we cannot get them to read. It is a process of training with them, and we are trying to train them." His magazine is well illustrated, is never weighted down with anything abstruse nor profound, and one would think that the great Catholic reading public, which is supposed to exist somewhere looking for simple, easy things, would seize upon it with avidity. Yet this is his testimony. Shortly after, I met with a young woman who was trying to introduce a literary and educational magazine among our people. In a moment of weakness she confided to me her experiences, led, perhaps, by my evident sympathy and interest; for necessarily, one who makes a more or less precarious living by the sale of what appears in publications, is interested in their subscription list.

These fortunate possessors of a high intellectual culture are in contact with a population which has itself received the best training in Catholic primary schools, and free middle and secondary schools. These forces immediately understand each other and unite in a common action.

It will be noticed that the writer does not place the vital bond that holds the forces for right together in Belgium in organizations, but in public opinion. And Belgium is a monarchy, free and enlightened, but yet a monarchy. And if public opinion is much in Belgium, it is everything here in a republic where public opinion is the final law, as witness the following instance:

Recently, in discussing the coal strike, one of our great dailies said that compulsory arbitration is against the genius of the American people. But what a Commission of Arbitration could really do would be to put before the public in a fair, clear, and unprejudiced manner the points on both sides, and in this way create an honest and intelligent public opinion, and such a public opinion would be irresistible.

But the best possible opinions and statements of the Commission would form no public opinion if the people did not read its conclusions. Now, we come upon the crucial point in the statement that "our people do not read." We may form federations, organizations, and fraternities to no end, but there is a power more invincible than any of these—less smacking of class, less liable to prejudice, less given to set formulas, less prone to injustice, than all of these, because of its very largeness and impersonality—because, too, of the fact that it exists not absolutely within the limits of any of these, but resides ultimately in the individual consciousness of right and wrong, and is inevitably potent, for good or evil, according to the integrity and intelligence of that consciousness.

This power is public opinion, and this we never will have as we ought to have it, so long as our people insist that the standard of their religious and ethical literature rests with the notices of marriages, deaths, and religious festivals in the more or less local papers, and when they crave something more important, broader, or even more entertaining, they feel bound to turn to matter dominated by Protestant thought.

Now, however, this is a democratic country, and here, even more than in Belgium, we need not only the opinion of a chosen few, but we must have the mind of all the people.

As stated before, pupils learn to read in parish schools and in the public schools also, and if they have acquired a taste for intelligent reading, ten or twenty years will sometimes find them far ahead of the college men or convent graduates who closed their serious books with their commencement papers. This taste which will bring the point of view of the man of average chances, and the favored man at his best, within the range of common and sympathetic understanding, is what we need, not in a few of our men, but in many. Moreover, not only need our men to have a taste for reading, but the women too, because, by a sort of unformed law, a natural gravitation, perhaps, towards the fitness of things, higher culture in our country seems to have drifted into the hands of the women, while the men provide the means. But it must be remembered that culture is not merely information and facts, but their effect as expressed by the use we make of what we have learned in our daily lives.

If, however, women who are supposed to have a superior education and are known to be women of leisure—the very fact of their belonging to certain organizations being evidence that their time is largely their own—will say to you, and not only say to you, but give evidence by their conversation and their appreciation, or lack of appreciation, of vital points, that they do not read anything but superficialities, what are we going to do about it? It is true that some of the literary education, or supposed literary education, is as ineffectual in the matter of really teaching a love for literature and an understanding of

the questions that move the age, as is the mere copying of somebody's painting ineffectual in either teaching painting itself, or the appreciation of other people's painting.

Some of the trouble has undoubtedly been in this sort of superficial teaching. Some of it is undoubtedly in the constantly reiterated phrase that "we do not read nor think," until we are convinced that we do not need to, and some of it in the apish imitation of people who are supposed to show us what good form is in this country, and who, according to their own historians, trouble their heads very little with things so ordinary as literature or motives that may be merely uplifting to the general mind.

The perniciousness of such superficiality goes into everything. When we are satisfied with an imitation of anything, we are apt to have a certain amount of imitation creep into our characters. We read some certain passing things, popular for the day, so as to be able to make talk about them. We sew, perhaps, for charity more or less neatly, and at a safe distance from the needy recipients of our handiwork. Yet if the story we read is to be merely a species of emotional intoxication for the time, or a little social vanity, it were far better that we confine ourselves to our prayer-books and the Lives of the Saints, and go to bed when the sun goes down and the candles burn low, as our great-grandmothers and grandmothers probably did.

And if, in doing our handiwork for charity, we cannot put ourselves in the place of the one for whom it is, and put in with it something of sympathy and of fellow feeling as well as gossip, we had better let that alone too.

There is something eternally inadequate about superficiality and lack of realism. In the words of St. John to the angel of Laodicea: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot."

But because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold, nor hot, I will bring to vomit thee out of my mouth. "Because thou sayest: I am rich, and made wealthy, and have need of nothing; and knowest not, that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked."

There is, then, before us, if it is impossible to awaken in the grown ones that progressive desire for growth, for leading themselves out in every way, morally and intellectually, for their own good and for the good of the community in which they live, the project of turning the minds now forming into more fruitful channels, so that it may not be said justly of another generation that "it does not read" intelligently something more than the yellow journals and story papers.

As an encouraging illustration of a step in the direction of laying the foundation of a sound taste and fostering a desire for intelligent formative reading in after life, even those who are not teachers might, with profit and pleasure, read the new McBride literature and art series.

Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, who is the editor, has brought to this work a wide and peculiarly rich experience in the needs and methods both of public and religious schools and a cultivated and discriminating taste in literature and in art, and the whole work is informed by her zeal for the faith and for the advancement of Catholic education and Catholic understanding.

The teachers' manuals that go with the series are so suggestive and illuminative that even the least imaginative of teachers could become interesting under their inspiration.

The series takes the pupil into the presence of the best of those who have formed and used the English tongue, and shows him reproductions of the works of the greatest painters, and when he is through he turns away, not with a mind oppressed by the futility of things offered by his own people, but filled with the dignity of one who has been in a goodly company and many of his own kin.

And the student whose mind is so filled and stayed will probably always remember loyally, and, perhaps, even joyously, that in this world we must belong to the Church Militant, and not to the Church ornamental. There will be between him and everyone of like mind a tacit pact to oppose the wrong and to uphold the right in every aspect of life.

We may well think of the powers of such a feeling with the recent examples before us of two great publishing houses revising their encyclopedias according to Catholic history, as a result of an agitation that began in, and was followed up, by the "Messenger"—Eugenie Uhlrich, in Mosher's Magazine.

Praying for Temporal Favors.

The Athenian philosopher, Socrates, used to teach that, since only the gods know what is advantageous to us, men ought to ask nothing from the immortal gods except that they would grant what is good for those who ask. And, as prayer is defined to be a petition to God for what is becoming, this view might seem to fit in very well with Christian morality. Besides, does not St. James say: "You ask, and you receive not, because you ask amiss." (St. James iv., 3.) And St. Paul: "For we know not what we should pray for as we ought." (Romans viii., 26)—texts which might seem to favor the teaching of the Athenian sage. Yet in the sixth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel we find the Lord's Prayer set forth, with its seven distinct petitions. Our Lord Jesus Christ, then, has commanded us, not only to pray, but to pray for definite, specific favors. The fact is that the teaching of Socrates is in part false and in part true. God has in His gift two classes of favors; those which we cannot misuse or misapply, and those which we may pervert to our own destruction. The former, such as the gift of repentance, or the gift of final perseverance, or the gift of charity, we may pray for unconditionally. In asking for these our wills are always conformed to the right direction; always conformed to the holy will of God, since, according to St. Paul, "God will have all men to be saved." The latter favors, such as riches, honors and the like, are in themselves true gifts of God, but are capable of being perverted by us into instruments of our ruin. What is to be said about these? May we make them the object of our prayer? Or, to put the question in slightly different words, may we ask God in our prayers for temporal favors? It is an admitted principle that we may lawfully pray for that which we may lawfully desire. Temporal favors are truly gifts of God, and are capable of being used as instruments in His service. Therefore they may be lawfully desired, and in consequence it is not wrong to make them the object of our prayer. True, our Divine Master has said: "Be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body, what you shall put on." By these words, however, He does not condemn all solicitude, but only that which is excessive or inordinate. A little lower down He says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice." By telling us to seek first the kingdom of God, He clearly implies that we may make the temporal gifts of which He had been speaking—food, clothing and the rest—the object of our petitions, provided we give them only a secondary place in our desires. In themselves they are indifferent, capable of being used as instruments in God's service and our own salvation; capable, too, alas, of being used as instruments of sin and of our own eternal ruin. Therefore we may ask them, but only conditionally; that is, in so far as God in His wisdom may foresee that we shall use them as means to His service and our own salvation. Weak as we are, carnal as we are in our apprehension and appreciation of what are and what are not favors, we do not readily admit that slights and crosses and tribulations may be God's choicest gifts. We naturally shrink from them, and as naturally pray to be rid of them. Yet God intends them for our sanctification, to exercise us in humility and patience, or as merciful chastisements for our sins, instead of reserving us for the wrath to come, or as means to detach us from the unstable and fleeting pleasures of this life. But, because we are liable to look on such things as unmixed evils, and not at all as gifts of God, because we inordinately desire to be freed from them, we fall under the rebuke of St. James and St. Paul: "You ask, and you receive not, because you ask amiss." "For we know not what we should pray for as we ought." In trials and tribulations we know not how to comport ourselves or what to pray for if God leaves us to ourselves, but if we hearken to the Holy Spirit He will teach us. This is that help so necessary for us which is suggested by St. Paul: "For we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit Himself asketh for us with unexpressed groanings" (Romans viii., 26). "The Spirit Himself asketh for us," that is, He teaches us what to ask, and how to ask, as St. Paul explains in the same place: "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity." It is only by aid of the grace which the Spirit of God will give us, if we ask for it, that we can ever hope to take a just view of our trials

Lessons and Examples

COURAGE OF CONVICTIONS.—An intelligent and vigorous people know how to prepare themselves to defend their religious unity, which furnishes a secure basis for the unity of the fatherland. If at any time they find themselves confronted by untoward events they take steps to secure for themselves a firm foothold in the giddy fluctuations of political changes. The reason for this is that men of heart and of intelligence foresee that disastrous consequences will flow from the adoption of false principles and that evil causes will produce evil effects. They know that cowardice in the presence of the enemy will sunder the bonds of friendship and that discords and divisions among a people will result in the desolation of hearths and in the ruin of homes.—Extract from Pastoral Letter of Apostolic Administrator of Manila.

TREND OF THE TIMES.—Holy Writ repeatedly reminds the individual Christian not to neglect his sanctification, and exhorts him not to defile his body, remembering that God intended it to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, Mankind, in its social capacity in organized national life, no less than the individual, stands in need of this lesson. The body politic, no less than the individual body, is to be kept pure and undefiled. The history of nations is not to be merely the history of politics.—He who writes history thus has never mastered the object and nature of the historian. The history of nations should be the record of God's dealings with them, the external manifestation of the inner process and evolution of national sanctification, the delineation of the progress of national elevation. And the Church of God is to impress this upon the nation in whose midst she is established.

I know that statesmen and modern politicians will not deign to heed such language; that the very word "sanctification" must be a jarring and discordant sound in their ears, a word too medieval to be treated with respect. And yet in this very time and country we cry out against corruption in politics, against bribery in elections, against blackmail in official life, against municipal disorder, against unscrupulous and ignorant political bossism. On all sides reform parties arise every year and plots are formed and combinations made, and often to no purpose. The word "sanctification" is rejected and the word "reform" substituted; but the kernel, the heart, the essence, is squeezed out of it. The heart of true reform is to be found in the Christian religion, of which the Catholic Church is the only true exponent, and is expressed in the word "sanctification." Reform without religion, without God, without His holy laws, must prove a failure. On all sides, and especially in this great and Greater City of New York, we have to fight a thousand evils daily in national life, and we find ourselves helpless and powerless. We have secularized the whole of national life; we have dechristianized education; we have loosened the domestic bonds; we have destroyed reverence for things holy and divine; we have made light of perjury, of official chicanery, and reduced government to a scramble of the mob for political jobs; we have defiled the body politic.—Rev. Father O'Hare, LL.D.

NO ONE INDISPENSABLE.—"But we must remember the Church always remains the same. No one is necessary to the Church. Pastors, devout priests and zealous apostles may pass away, but God can raise from the stones of the earth those who will fill their places, but always the Church, the sacrament and the hierarchy will endure forever."—Archbishop Farley.

FAME THAT LIVES.—One of the most hopeful signs of Catholicism in this country is the enthusiasm felt by the generation which is now growing up for the writings of Cardinal Newman. His is a name to conjure by; his an authority to invoke. Though he published the bulk of his best work more than forty years ago, his sermons and essays are still found to be rich in quotable material.—Providence Visitor.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.—Report for week ending Sunday, 8th Feb., 1908.—Males 239, females 59, Irish 153, French 137, English 22, Scotch and other nationalities 7. Total 289.

CROSS BABIES.

How to Make Them Bright, God-Natured and Well.

A crying baby is an unwell baby. The little chap is not cross for the fun of it. He cries because that is the only way he has of expressing the fact that he is either in pain or discomfort. Most of his little troubles are due to some disorder of the stomach or bowels and if Baby's Own Tablets are given both the trouble and resulting crossness will disappear. You can take a mother's word for it, and Mrs. John T. Sutherland, of Blissfield, N.B., says:—"I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones. My baby was very cross and used to keep me awake half the night before I got the Tablets. Now she sleeps soundly, is good natured and is growing splendidly." You can give these Tablets with perfect safety to a new born babe. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous sleepy stuff, and are a sure cure for all the minor ailments from which little ones suffer. Sold by medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A STRIKING COMPARISON.—A Scotch paper observes that "it is a somewhat remarkable fact that the British Ambassadors at Constantinople, Vienna, Lisbon and The Hague are Catholics."

Is there even one Catholic among the Ambassadors or Ministers representing the United States in foreign countries?—New York Freeman's Journal.

Catholic v. Protestant Teaching.

At the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Liverpool, on a recent Sunday evening, the Rev. Father James Nicholson, S.J., preached the second of a course of sermons that he is delivering on "Catholic v. Protestant; A Contrast."

At the outset of his sermon Father Nicholson explained what was the primary meaning of the word "Church." He said it was the "calling together," a collection of men called together for a religious purpose, to teach and instruct the collection of the believers in Jesus Christ.

The preacher then showed how this organization (the Church) was a kingdom, for in St. Matthew's Gospel it was called "the kingdom of heaven," it was called "the kingdom of God."

It was quite different in the Catholic Church—the authority of Pope, Bishop, and priest did not come from the people, but from God.

The Temperance Cause

The world has always honored the Vincent de Pauls, the Father Mathews and the Father Damians who, in the spirit of self-sacrifice have spent their lives to make men better.

this by the ordinance of Jesus Christ and His Apostles—the Apostles who took the place of Christ our Lord, who came as Priest, King and Prophet.

May God keep you and I as Catholics fettered in these sweet bonds! Each of us could if we wished, but would we if we could, free our intellect from this fetter for uncertain teaching to be fettered by untruth?

As well preach social economy to anarchism or the beauties of literature to a band of Comanches. We must look for an apostolate by which to reach the source of private and public life, to preach self-denial and sacrifice for the sake of humanity.

The accident which befell Lord Rosebery's notes at Plymouth has set people discussing the practice of various speakers in regard to the preparation of their speeches.

aid in the moral reform against the great evil of intemperance. We need not be told that drink is not an evil in itself.

We know that and we always preach that, but we have to remember that it is an occasion of evil and that the abuse of drink is the cause of intemperance.

We cannot organize against them all except in that Christian spirit which must resist all evil.

When great evils result to society and public security is endangered, it is wrong to combine for salvation; it is wrong to take measures commensurate with the evil?

Intemperance, like a fire, stalks through our communities. Threatening our destruction like a pestilence, it enters into our cherished resting places; like war it lays its hands on our liberties, and shall we cry Peace! Peace! Shall we preach to the besotted victims?

As well preach social economy to anarchism or the beauties of literature to a band of Comanches. We must look for an apostolate by which to reach the source of private and public life, to preach self-denial and sacrifice for the sake of humanity.

HABITS OF ORATORS

The accident which befell Lord Rosebery's notes at Plymouth has set people discussing the practice of various speakers in regard to the preparation of their speeches.

Our Boys And Girls.

ACCOMPLISHED GIRLS.

A girl should learn to make a bed, To make good biscuit, cake and bread;

A girl should learn to darn and mend, To care for sick, the baby tend;

A girl should learn to value time, A picture hang, a ladder climb,

A girl should learn to dress with speed, And hold tight lacing 'gainst her creed;

To buy her shoes to fit her feet; In fact, above all, shun deceit.

A girl should learn to keep her word To spread no farther gossip heard,

To be reliant, strong and wise; To every patient, gentle be,

A CHILD'S FAITH.—In a town of Holland there once lived a very poor widow. One night her children asked her in vain to give them bread, for she had none.

"Yes, my son," the mother answered, "but that was very long ago."

"But, mother, what God has done may He not do again? I will go and unclothe the door and let the birds fly in."

Then little Dick, in simple faith, threw the door wide open, so that the light of their lamp fell on the path outside.

Soon afterward the burgomaster passing by, noticing the light, paused, and thinking it very strange, he entered the cottage and inquired why they left their door open at night.

"Indeed!" cried the burgomaster, "then here's a raven, my boy. Come to my home, and you shall see where bread may soon be had."

After supper Dick went to the open door, and looking up he said: "Many thanks, good Lord," then shut it fast again, for though no birds had come, he knew that God had heard his mother's prayer and sent this timely help.

AN UNTIDY GIRL.—She comes tripping home from school, rushes into the house, throws her hat on a chair, her cloak on another, and rubbers in the middle of the floor, gives her mamma a kiss, and then hurries up stairs to change her dress.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.—A little boy was sailing a boat with a play-

mate a good deal larger than he was. The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said: "Go in Jim and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me I mustn't dare to."

"Who's she?" "My mother," replied Jim, rather softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy. "That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail our boats, and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid; you know I'm not; only she did not want me to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?

ONLY AS LIGHT COLD.

Yet It May Lead to Consumption and an Early Grave.

If your blood is poor or watery, a touch of cold or influenza will settle in your lungs, and the slight cough of to-day may turn to the racking consumptive's cough of to-morrow.

Weak lungs are caused by weak blood; weak blood is an open invitation for consumption to lay upon you the hand of death.

Stop that cough by enriching your blood and strengthening your lungs with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich, red blood. They add resisting power to the lungs. They have saved hundreds from a consumptive's grave.

All diseases which come from poor blood or weak nerves can be driven from the system by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which may be had from any dealer in medicine, or will be sent post paid at 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Remember that substitutes and medicines said to be "just as good" do not cure.

WITH THE SCIENTISTS

VACCINATION.—In an article in "Nature," John C. McVail declares that the present position of the law relating to vaccination in England is indefensible.

Miss Pretty Poore (anxious to give him a lead): Why do so many folks think it's unucky to marry in May? Gussie Richboy: Don't know—unless it's because so many folks have married in May!

THE COLI

From this time forward, the mother of Eily O'Connor should have undergone a second, or former gravity returned, did not reappear under the circumstances as before.

One morning, when Mihill left his room, he was surprised to find the breakfast table laid as usual and the daughter was not in the house.

On the fair day of Garryowen sustaining a long and dingy altercation with her father, the mountain suitor, Eily O'Connor threw her blue cloak over her shoulders, and walked into the hall, did not return to dinner, and father felt angry at what he took of a resentful feeling.

The history of vaccination in the Prussian army is stated as follows: "The law of 1874 made no difference in the vaccination of the Prussian army, which enjoyed good vaccination ever since 1834; every recruit being vaccinated on joining—twice if necessary.

CHAPTER III. HOW MR. DALY, THE MIDDLEMAN, SAT DOWN TO BREAKFAST.

The Dalys, (a very respectable middle life) occupied a house of which we write, a house

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

until primary vaccination no requiring revaccination holds that the Dr. Jenner, that a was sufficient, is use of the defect in that revaccination is compulsory as on.

protection of the obligatory vac- all says: "The arm-to-arm vac- and were greatly anti-vaccinationists. population was nation more uni- than in the fami- and the Royal h sat for the long ears, concluded, af- ury, that the risks and were diminish- injury from vaccin- the fear of syn- on was a potent ng people from section of their chil- lipox. Quite inde- fears - and this, the Commission s the obvious duty take every practi- prevent harm to ough the operation. This ap- ociation and to a. If, for the pub- is removed from t to a public hos- ity so removing it, especially "in loco and to exercise the protection of the vaccination differs plation in respect directly for the bene- and only indirectly the public, yet the. Every risk, no that, should be mini- practicable and rea- means before the e parent to procure the of his child. The de- that Government y for every required lymph treated ac- best known methods have been much im- Commission issued all efficiently super- duction of lymph by is a most reason- as the support alike isal opinion."

is made by Mr. Mc- an obligatory the age for the uld be about twelve the vaccination off- furnished from time the registers of the ols, with the list of to attain the speci- tify his proposition, e revaccination act d gives the following Germany, vaccina- in the course of r is compulsory, and on of all school chil- elfth year. That since 1874. In the nine the smallpox deaths Prussia were, respect- 188, 194, 175, 2, 7, 95. In the years corresponding figures 31, 3, 7, 13, 26, 36, 5, 5, 3, 5, 1, 1, 3, 2, 0.4. In Austria, sory vaccination, the 887-1896 have been 250, 290, 260, 250. The figures for all ot begin until 1886, s follows in the years, 5, 4.1, 1.2, 1.0, 2.1, 2, 0.1, 0.3, 0.5. In epidemics are utterly Germany, and only a deaths occur, each on the frontiers (Bas- a)." The history of the Prussian army is llows: "The law of difference in the vac- the Prussian army, good vaccination ever y recruit being vac- -twice if neces- law of 1874, which affected infants and e, made a great and in the smallpox w deaths, one or two, year; only after 1874 t a single death for and only two deaths 98) for the whole pe- The first death in ervist twice unsuccess- in the army. This e protection which an- ures by vaccination is his being surrounded cinated community."

Poore (anxious to ad): Why do so many e's unlucky to marry e's hobby: Don't it's because so many arrived in May!

From this time forward, the character of Eily O'Connor seemed to have undergone a second change. Her former gravity returned, but it did not reappear under the same circumstances as before. In her days of religious retirement it appeared only in her dress and in her choice of amusements. Now, both her re- tations and her attire were much sayer than ever, so much so as al- most to approach a degree of dis- tinction, but her cheerfulness of and was gone, and the sadness which had settled on her heart, like a black reef under sunny waters, was plainly visible through all her ways. Her father was too much occupied in his eternal rope-twisting to take particular notice of this change, and, beside, it is notorious that one's constant companions are the last to observe any alteration in one's manner or appearance.

One morning, when Mihl J'Con- nor left his room, he was surprised to find that the breakfast table was not laid as usual and that his daughter was not in the house. She made her appearance, however, while he was himself making the ne- cessary arrangements. They ex- changed a greeting somewhat col'der on the one side, and more embar- rassed on the other, than was usual at the morning meetings of the father and daughter. But when she told him, that she had been only to the chapel, the old man was perfect- ly satisfied, for he knew that Eily would as readily think of telling a falsehood to the priest as she would to her father. And when Mihl O'Connor heard that people were at the chapel, he generally concluded (poor old man!) that it was only to pray they went there.

In the meantime, Myles Murphy renewed his proposal to Eily and succeeded in gaining over the father to his interests. The latter was an- noyed at his daughter's obstinate re- jection of a fine fellow like Myles, with a comfortable property, and pressed her either to give consent to the match, or a good reason for her refusal. But this request, though reasonable, was not complied with; and the rope-maker, though not so hot as Capulet, was as much dis- pleased at the contumacy of his daughter. Eily, on her part was so much afflicted at the anger of her only parent, that it is probable her grief would have made away with her if she had not prevented that catastrophe by making away with herself.

On the fair day of Garryowen, af- ter sustaining a long and distress- ing altercation with her father and her mountain suitor, Eily O'Connor threw her blue cloak over her shoul- ders, and walked into the air. She did not return to dinner, and her father felt angry at what he thought a token of resentful feeling. Night came and she did not make her ap- pearance. The poor old man, in an agony of terror, reproached himself for his vehemence and spent the whole night in recalling, with a feel- ing of remorse, every intemperate word which he had used in the vio- lence of dispute. In the morning, more like a ghost than a living being he went from the house of one acquaintance to another, to inquire after his child. No one, however, had seen her, except Foxy Dunat, the hair-cutter, and he had only caught a glimpse of her as she pass- ed his door on the previous even- ing. It was evident that she was not to return. Her father was dis- tracted. Her young admirers feared that she had got privately married, and run away with some shabby fel- low. Her female friends insinuated that the case might still be worse, and some pious old people shook their heads when the report reached them, and said they knew what was likely to come of it, when Eily O'Connor left off attending her daily Mass in the morning, and went to the dance at Garryowen.

CHAPTER III.
HOW MR. DALY, THE MIDDLEMAN, SAT DOWN TO BREAKFAST.

The floor was handsomely carpeted, a lofty green fender fortified the fireplace, and supplied Mr. Daly in his facetious moments with occasions for the frequent repetition of a fa- vorite conundrum—"Why is that fender like Westminster Abbey?"—a problem with which he never failed to try the wit of any stranger who happened to spend a night beneath his roof. The wainscoted walls were ornamented with several of the popu- lar prints of the day, such as Hog- arth's Roast Beef, Prince Eugene, Schomberg at the Boyne, Mr. Bet- terton playing Cato in all the glory of "Full wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair;" of the royal Man- dane, in the person of Mrs. Moun- tain, strutting among the arbors of her Persian palace in a lofty tete and hooped petticoat. There were also some family drawings done by Mrs. Daly in her school days, of which we feel no inclination to say more than that they were prettily framed. In justice to the fair art- ist, it should also be mentioned that contrary to the established practice, her sketches were never retouched by the hand of her master, a fact which Mr. Daly was fond of insinuating, and which no one who saw the pic- tures was tempted to call in ques- tion. A small book-case, with the edges of the shelves handsomely gilded, was suspended in one corner of the room, and, on examination, might be found to contain a con- siderable number of works on Irish history, for which study Mr. Daly had a national predilection, a cir- cumstance much deplored by all the impatient listeners in his neighbor- hood, and (some people hinted) in his own household; some religious books, and a few volumes on cook- ery and farming. The space over the lofty chimney-piece was assigned to some ornaments of a more start- ling description. A gun rack, on which were suspended a long shore gun, a brass-barrelled blunderbuss, a cutlass, and a case of horse pis- tols, manifested Mr. Daly's deter- mination to maintain, if necessary, by force of arms, his claim to the fair possessions which his honest industry had acquired.

"Kyrle," said Mr. Daly, putting his fork into a breast of cold goose, and looking at his son—"you had better let me put a little goose (with an emphasis) on your plate. You know you are going a wooing to-day."

The young gentleman appeared not to hear him. Mrs. Daly, who under- stood more intimately the nature of her son's reflections, deprecated, by a significant look at her husband, the continuance of any rallery upon so delicate a subject.

"Kyrle, some coffee?" said the lady of the house, but without be- ing more successful in awakening the attention of the young gentleman.

Mr. Daly winked at his wife.

"Kyrle!" he called aloud, in a tone against which even a lover's absence was not proof, "do you hear what your mother says?"

"I ask pardon, sir—I was absent— I—what were you saying, mother?"

"She was saying," continued Mr. Daly, with a smile, "that you were manufacturing a fine speech for Anna Chute, and that you were just medi- tating whether you should deliver it on your knees, or out of brief, as if you were addressing the Bench in the Four Courts."

"For shame, my dear! Never mind him, Kyrle, I said no such thing; I wonder how you can say that, my dear, and the children listening."

"Pooh! the little angels are too busy and too innocent to pay us any attention," said Mr. Daly, lowering his voice, however. "But, speaking seriously, my boy, you take this af- fair too deeply to heart; and whe- ther it be in our pursuit of wealth, or fame, or even in love itself, an extreme solicitude to be successful is the surest means of defeating its own object. Besides, it argues an unquiet and unresigned condition. I have had a little experience, you know, in affairs of this kind," he added, smiling and glancing at his fair helpmate, who blushed with the simplicity of a young girl.

"Ah, sir," said Kyrle, as he drew nearer to the breakfast-table, with a magnanimous affectation of cheer- fulness, "I fear I have not so good a ground for hope as you may have had. It is very easy, sir, for one to be resigned to disappointment, when he is certain of success."

"Why I was not bidden to de- spair, indeed," said Mr. Daly, es-

tending his hand to his wife, while they exchanged a quiet smile, which had in it an expression of tenderness and of melancholy remembrance.

"I have, I believe, been more for- tunate than more deserving persons. I have never been vexed with useless fears in my wooing days, nor with vain regrets when those days were ended. I do not know, my dear lad, what hopes you have formed, or what prospects you may have shaped out of the future, but I will not wish you a better fortune, than that you may as nearly approach to their accomplishment as I have done, and that Time may deal as fairly with you as he has done with your father." After saying this, Mr. Daly leaned forward on the table, with his temple supported by one finger, and glanced alternately from his children to his wife, while he sang in a low tone the following verse of a popular song:—

"How should I love the pretty crea- tures, While round my knees they fondly clung! To see them look their mother's fea- tures, To hear them lisp their mother's tongue, And when with envy Time trans- ported, Shall think to rob us of our joys, You'll in your girls again be court- ed, And I"—

with a glance at Kyrle—

"And I go wooing with the boys."

"And this," thought young Kyrle, in the affectionate pause that en- sued, "this is the question which I go to decide upon this morning— whether my old age shall resemble the picture which I see before me, or whether I shall be doomed to creep into the winter of my life, a lonely, selfish, cheerless, money- hunting old bachelor. Is not this enough to make a little solicitude excusable, or pardonable at least?"

"It is a long time now," resumed Mr. Daly, "since I have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Chute. She was a very beautiful, but a very wild girl when I knew her. Nothing has ever been more inexplicable to me than the choice she made of a second husband, Tom Chute, or you would be equally astonished. You saw him, my love—did you not?"

Mrs. Daly laughed, and answered in the affirmative.

"It showed, indeed, a singular taste," said Mr. Daly. "They tell a curious story, too, about the man- ner of their courtship."

"What was that, sir?" asked Kyrle, who felt a strong sympathetic interest in all stories connected with woosers and wooing.

"I have it, I confess, upon ques- tionable authority; but you shall hear it, such as it is. Now, look at that young thief!" he added, laughing, and directing Kyrle's at- tention to one of the children, a chubby young fellow, who, having deserted the potato-eating corps at the side-table, was taking advantage of the deep interest excited by the conversation, to make a sudden de- scent upon the contents of the jap- aned bread-basket. Perceiving that he was detected, the little fellow re- laxed his fingers, and drew back a little, glancing, from beneath his eye-lashes, a half dismayed and bashful look at the laughing counte- nance of his parent.

"Charles is not well to-day," said the mother, in a compassionate tone, cutting him a large wedge of her best home-made bread, which the lad began to demolish with a de- gree of rapidity that scarcely cor- roborated the assertion.

"But that story. Well, little Tom Chute (he might have been better called little Tom-tit, only that he was not half so sprightly) was a very extraordinary man, for al- though he was small and fat, he was not merry nor talkative. You would have pitied him to see him walking about a ball-room, with ruffles that looked like small buckles and a queue half as long as himself, reminding one of the handle of a pump when the sucker is up—with the most forlorn aspect in the world, as if he were looking for a runaway wife. It was a curious an- omaly in his character, that al- though he—(Silence, there! My dear, will you speak to those children?)—that although he always looked mis- erable in the midst of society, he really was so when out of it, as if the continued embarrassment and mortification which he experienced were a stimulus which he could not do without. Round, fat, shy, awk- ward, and oily, as he was, however, he tumbled his little rotund figure into the heart of Mrs. Trenchard, who was at that time, though a widow, one of the leading belles in Munster. A fair friend was the first to disclose this rapturous secret to

poor Tom, for he might have known Mrs. Trenchard for a century with- out being able to make it out him- self. He did not know whether he should be most frightened or pleased at the intelligence; but certain it is that in the warmth of his first feel- ings he made a tender of his hand to the lady, and was instantly accept- ed. A dashing, handsome fellow, who had been rejected by her some time before, and who knew Chute's irresolute temper, resolved to in- demnify himself for the mortification he had received, by throwing some embarrassment in the way of the nuptials, and effected it simply enough. It seems the lady's accom- plishments were of a very general description, for besides playing the harpsichord to admiration, she could manage a horse with any hero of the County Club, and was known to join their hunting parties, and even to ride a steeple chase with eclat. Indeed it was generally ad- mitted that she possessed more spir- it than might have answered her purposes, or her husband's either. What fancy she could have taken to Tom Chute, I cannot for my life conceive. Well, this fellow met Tom going to her house one evening, as spruce as a water-wagtail, with his queue poking up behind, like the flag staff in the stern of a privateer. They got into conversation about the widow. "Beautiful creature, isn't she?" simpered Tom, blushing up to the eyes, for it was another funny foible of Tom's to red- den up like a rose whenever there was any discourse of ladies; even when no- body dreamed of anything like rally- ery. "Beautiful creature, isn't she?" says Tom. "Beautiful, indeed," re- plied the other. And Tom stood on his toes, threw out his right elbow, and took snuff. "And accomplished, I think?" "And very sensible," says the other. "And lively," says Tom. "And high spirited," says the other, "so, they say, her late husband found, poor man, to his cost." Tom dropped his jaw a little, and looked inquisitive. But the other, who saw that his business was done, declined all explanation, and hurried off with a concluding remark, that "the lady was unquestionably a capital whip." Well, Tom got a sudden at- tack of—I don't know what com- plaint—went home that night, and sent an apology to the widow. He was not seen near her house for a fortnight after, and a report reach- ed her ears that he had some no- tion of quitting the country. But if he had, she put a stop to it. One morning when Tom was looking over his books, he was startled by the apparition of a tall woman in a riding dress, with a horsewhip in one hand and a case of duelling pis- tols in the other. She nodded to Tom. "I understand, said she—"

At this moment a potato-peel, flung from the side-table, whisted past Mr. Daly's nose, and with hap- pier aim, lighted on that of Prince Eugene in the print before mention- ed. The venerable but too little venerated story-teller, who had been for the last few minutes endeavoring to raise his voice so as to make it audible above the increasing uproar of the young people, now turned round at this unparalleled and vio- lent aggression, and confronted the daring group in awful silence. Sat- isfied, however, with the sudden sus- pense of terror which this action occasion- ed, and willing to reserve the burst of wrath for a future transgression, he turned again in silence, and di- recting the servant girl who was in the room, to take the potato-peel off Prince Eugene's nose, he resumed the thread of his narrative.

"I understand," said Mrs. Trench- ard—for it was no other than the widow—that you intend leaving Ire- land?" Tom stammered and hesitat- ed. "If my brother were living," continued the lady, "he would horse- whip you; but although he is not, Hetty Trenchard is able to fight her own way. Come, sir, my carriage is at the door below; either step in- to it with me this minute, or take one of these pistols, and stand at the other end of the room." Well, Tom looked as like a fool, as any man in Ireland. He wouldn't fight, and he wouldn't be horsewhipped; so the business ended in his going into the carriage, and marrying the lady. Some persons, indeed, insin- uated that Tom was observed in the course of the day to chafe his shoulders two or three times with an expression of pain, as if his change of condition had been the result of a still harsher mode of reasoning than I have mentioned; but this part of the story is with- out foundation."

"What a bold creature!" said the gentle Mrs. Daly.

"And is it possible, sir," asked Kyrle, "that this Amazon is the kind old lady whom Anne Chute at- tends with so much affection and tenderness in her infirmity?"

"Ah, ha! Kyrle, I see the nature of the bolt that has wounded you, and I like you the better for it, my boy. A good face is a pippin that grows on every hedge; but a good

heart, that is to say a well regulat- ed one, is the apple of the Hesper- ides, worth even the risk of ease and life itself."

Kyrle assented to this sagacious aphorism with a deep sigh.

"Are the Cregans and they on terms now?" asked Mrs. Daly.

"As much on terms as two fami- lies of such opposite habits can be. The Chutes invite the Cregans to a family dinner one or twice in the year, and the Cregans ask the Chutes to their Killarney cottage, both of which invitations are taken as French compliments, and never ac- cepted. Cregan himself hates going to Castle Chute, because he has no- body there to make jovial the night with him, and your Hardress (your friend, Kyrle) is too wild a lad to confine himself to mere drawing- room society. Apropos talk of— 'tis a vulgar proverb, and let it pass; but there goes his trim pleas- ure boat, the Nora Creina, lying down the river, and there sits the youth himself, tiler in hand as usual. Patsy, bring me the tele- scope; I think I see a female dress on board."

The telescope was brought and ad- justed to the proper focus, while a dozen eager faces were collected about the small window, one over another, in the manner of those groups in painting, called "Studies of Heads."

"That is he, indeed," continued Mr. Daly, resting the glass on the window frame, and directing it to- wards the object of their attention—"there is no mistaking that dark and handsome face, buried up as it is in the huge oiled porthouse hat, and there is his hunch-backed boat- man, Danny Mann, or Danny the Lord, as the people call him since his misfortune, tending the foresheet in the bow. But that female—there is a female there unquestionably in a blue mantle, with the hood brought low over her eyes, sitting on the ballast. Who can she be?"

"Perhaps Danny Mann's cousin, Cotch Connerty," said Mrs. Daly.

"Or, some western dealing woman, who has come up to Limerick to purchase a reinforcement of pins, needles, whisky, and reading-made- easys for her village counter, and is getting a free passage home from young master Hardress."

"Like enough, like enough; it is just his way. Hello! the fellow is going to run down that fishing cot, I believe!"

A hoarse cry of "Bear away! — hold up your hand!" was heard from the water, and reiterated with the addition of a few expletives, which those who know the energy of a boatman's dialect will understand without our transcribing them here. The pleasure boat, however, heedless of those rough remonstrances, and apparently indisposed to yield any portion of her way, still held her bowsprit close to the wind, and sail- ed on, paying no more regard to the peril of the plebeian craft, than a French aristocrat of the vieille cour might be supposed to exhibit for that of a sans culottes, about to be trodden down by his leaders in the Rue St. Honoré. The fisher- men, with many curses, backed wa- ter, and put about as rapidly as pos- sible, but without being able to avoid the shock of the Nora Creina, which just touched their stern with sufficient force to make the cot dart forward nearly an oar's length through the water, and to lay the rowers sprawling on their backs in the bottom. Fortunately the wind, which had sprung up with the re- turning tide, was not sufficiently strong to render the concussion more dangerous.

"Like his proud mother in every feature," said Mr. Daly. "Is it not singular that while we were speak- ing of the characters of the family, he could not pass our window with- out furnishing us with a slight spec- imen of his own? See how statel- ly the fellow turns round and con- templates the confusion he has oc- casioned. There is his mother's grandeur, blended with the hair- brained wildness and idle spirit of his father."

"Hardress Cregan's is the hand- somest boat in the river," said Pat- cy, a stout, sunburnt boy—"She'd beat all the Galway hookers from this to Beale. What a nice green hull!—and white sails, and beautiful green colors flying over her peak and gaff-topsail! Oh! how I'd like to be steering her!"

Mr. Daly winked at his wife, and whispered her that he had known rear-admirals come of smaller beginnings. Mrs. Daly, with a little shudder, replied that she should not wish to see him a rear-admiral; the navy was so dangerous a service. Her husband, in order to soothe her, observed that the danger was not very near at hand.

(To be continued.)

"I am a broken man," said the playwright. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

The floor was handsomely carpeted, a lofty green fender fortified the fireplace, and supplied Mr. Daly in his facetious moments with occasions for the frequent repetition of a fa- vorite conundrum—"Why is that fender like Westminster Abbey?"—a problem with which he never failed to try the wit of any stranger who happened to spend a night beneath his roof. The wainscoted walls were ornamented with several of the popu- lar prints of the day, such as Hog- arth's Roast Beef, Prince Eugene, Schomberg at the Boyne, Mr. Bet- terton playing Cato in all the glory of "Full wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair;" of the royal Man- dane, in the person of Mrs. Moun- tain, strutting among the arbors of her Persian palace in a lofty tete and hooped petticoat. There were also some family drawings done by Mrs. Daly in her school days, of which we feel no inclination to say more than that they were prettily framed. In justice to the fair art- ist, it should also be mentioned that contrary to the established practice, her sketches were never retouched by the hand of her master, a fact which Mr. Daly was fond of insinuating, and which no one who saw the pic- tures was tempted to call in ques- tion. A small book-case, with the edges of the shelves handsomely gilded, was suspended in one corner of the room, and, on examination, might be found to contain a con- siderable number of works on Irish history, for which study Mr. Daly had a national predilection, a cir- cumstance much deplored by all the impatient listeners in his neighbor- hood, and (some people hinted) in his own household; some religious books, and a few volumes on cook- ery and farming. The space over the lofty chimney-piece was assigned to some ornaments of a more start- ling description. A gun rack, on which were suspended a long shore gun, a brass-barrelled blunderbuss, a cutlass, and a case of horse pis- tols, manifested Mr. Daly's deter- mination to maintain, if necessary, by force of arms, his claim to the fair possessions which his honest industry had acquired.

"Kyrle," said Mr. Daly, putting his fork into a breast of cold goose, and looking at his son—"you had better let me put a little goose (with an emphasis) on your plate. You know you are going a wooing to-day."

The young gentleman appeared not to hear him. Mrs. Daly, who under- stood more intimately the nature of her son's reflections, deprecated, by a significant look at her husband, the continuance of any rallery upon so delicate a subject.

"Kyrle, some coffee?" said the lady of the house, but without be- ing more successful in awakening the attention of the young gentleman.

Mr. Daly winked at his wife.

"Kyrle!" he called aloud, in a tone against which even a lover's absence was not proof, "do you hear what your mother says?"

"I ask pardon, sir—I was absent— I—what were you saying, mother?"

"She was saying," continued Mr. Daly, with a smile, "that you were manufacturing a fine speech for Anna Chute, and that you were just medi- tating whether you should deliver it on your knees, or out of brief, as if you were addressing the Bench in the Four Courts."

"For shame, my dear! Never mind him, Kyrle, I said no such thing; I wonder how you can say that, my dear, and the children listening."

"Pooh! the little angels are too busy and too innocent to pay us any attention," said Mr. Daly, lowering his voice, however. "But, speaking seriously, my boy, you take this af- fair too deeply to heart; and whe- ther it be in our pursuit of wealth, or fame, or even in love itself, an extreme solicitude to be successful is the surest means of defeating its own object. Besides, it argues an unquiet and unresigned condition. I have had a little experience, you know, in affairs of this kind," he added, smiling and glancing at his fair helpmate, who blushed with the simplicity of a young girl.

"Ah, sir," said Kyrle, as he drew nearer to the breakfast-table, with a magnanimous affectation of cheer- fulness, "I fear I have not so good a ground for hope as you may have had. It is very easy, sir, for one to be resigned to disappointment, when he is certain of success."

"Why I was not bidden to de- spair, indeed," said Mr. Daly, es-

